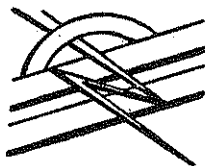


RAYNES PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

THE

SPUR

SUMMER TERM 1961



VOLUME XVI

NUMBER 3

THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

"To each his need, from each his power"

Vol. XVI

Summer Term, 1961

No. 3

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SCHOOL OFFICERS

SUMMER TERM, 1961

Head Boy : R. F. D. Crowe.

Prefects :

M. Barker, J. J. Brown, R. Clark, N. E. Cole, R. C. Cottee, C. L. Courtenay, P. L. Davies, M. A. G. Evans, K. L. Forsdyke, H. A. Glass, P. T. Greene, K. D. R. Hanson, J. A. R. Higham, M. J. Lawrenson, G. J. Mansell, R. I. Megan, P. E. Nicholls, C. C. Parish, A. J. Phillips, D. I. Shaw, B. W. Spencer, C. J. Steer, I. Stephenson, R. C. True, P. F. White, J. H. G. Wilbraham.

Captain of Cricket : P. E. Nicholls.

Secretary of Cricket : P. F. White.

Captain of Athletics : J. J. Brown.

Captain of Tennis : B. T. Elsdon.

Secretary of the Games Committee : P. T. Green.

Prefect of Hall : M. J. Lawrenson.

Prefect of Library : B. W. Spencer.

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

We have an unusual number of farewells to say this term, much to our regret. Mr. Marks leaves us for a senior post in his own part of the country, Mr. Grainge for a Training College lectureship in Derby, Mr. Hindle for the headship of a large Physical Education Department in Hertfordshire. We shall miss very much the contribution which, in their different ways, they have made to our work, our hobbies and our games, and hope they remember us with as pleasant associations as we shall certainly remember them. Mr. Timpson will not be very far away, and we congratulate him most cordially on becoming Headmaster of Rydens School, Hersham. But his loss will be felt by everyone here. He has spent ten years at Raynes Park, the last six of them as Deputy Headmaster. The Geographers, the rugby and cricket teams, perhaps above all the A.T.C. which he has commanded with great success, in competition with other squadrons and in its own life, will greatly regret his departure; but so too will every man and boy here, and hope to see him often as a visitor.

Mlle. Fers, also, having finished her year as French assistant, returns to Nice, (disappointed that our climate failed to live up to its foggy and snowy reputation). Oral French, not usually popular, has this year been a favourite subject, and Mlle. Fers will be remembered affectionately.

It was a great satisfaction that the Appointments Board nominated someone we knew and not a stranger as Deputy Headmaster. Mr. Horler takes up this exacting and difficult work with the best wishes of his colleagues, as well those senior to him as junior, and without doubt will do

all that the post requires very thoroughly and very well. He has the cordial good wishes of us all, the Headmaster not least, for a smooth and prosperous period of office—and a long one.

In place of those we lose, we welcome next term Mr. D. D. Gibson, B.Sc., mainly for Mathematics, Mr. N. M. Greenwell for Craft, Mr. A. R. Pannell for Physical Education, and Mr. M. J. Shaw, B.A., for Geography. By the time this number of *The Spur* appears we hope they will all feel at home, and will long continue to do so.

As usual nowadays, university places remain uncertain until Advanced G.C.E. results are out. J. A. Bull goes to Jesus College, Oxford, to read English: provisional promises have been made of university places to many others, and a list of those successful should be published in the next number of *The Spur*.T.H.P.

GENERAL SCHOOL FUND

The Balance Sheet of our General School Fund for 1960-61, recently audited, shows an income of £724 15s. 6d. and expenditure—on games, clubs and amenities—of £732 5s. 7d., leaving us £7 10s. 1d. "in the red" for the year. Our new quarters naturally mean more expense for the transition period, and this is a not unsatisfactory balance.

In round figures, INCOME is mainly the termly subscriptions, totalling £370, and £345 from the 1960 Garden Party. (Scouts, needing new tents for old and other things, had the other £100 of Garden Party profits.)

EXPENDITURE showed the following main items: on *The Spur* and Diaries, £159; on games expenses, fares, hospitality, etc., £221; on Library, £26 (plus as much raised by the Librarians at their Open Night bookstall), and on subscriptions another £27; subsidies to clubs, A.T.C., etc., took £38; repairs to the printing press and the like cost £33; and there were a number of special, non-current, expenses such as £33 (plus a County grant) for the tape recorder, £46 for stage gear, £16 for a back-curtain and £30 for the amplifier, £21 for garden plants, £24 for orchestral instruments, £15 for picture frames, £23 for conferences, films and visits, and other smaller items totalling £20: which brings the grand total of outgoings to £732, and means taking a modest £7 from old balances.

Apart from the main General Fund, there are other outgoings: the orchestra costs £31 more to run (apart from buying instruments) than we get in grants and fees, and leaving them the £25 taken at the concert and carols we met this £31 from Tuck Shop profits. The Tuck Shop also finances Prizegiving, to the extent of £54. The General Fund also acts as banker for the Stage Account (little used lately, alas), and Craft and Printers' Accounts (both in debt), the Puppet Club, VI Form Society and others. The detailed accounts, here summarised, occupy four foolscap pages; they are fully and properly kept, and we are again indebted to S. W. Billingham Esq., J. P., a very old and valued friend of the School, Vice-Chairman and past Chairman of Governors, for undertaking their audit. And the School

should echo the appreciation he expressed, in presenting them to the Governors, for the apple-pie order preserved by the School Secretary. With daily ins and outs on a score of different heads Miss Woodhouse has a task most accountants would baulk at, and for this—and much else,—we are all in her debt.

T.H.P.

HOUSE PLAYS 1961

A SCHOOL IS AS GOOD AS ITS DRAMA

That's not wholly true, of course, but there is surely some truth in it. Education is concerned not only with developing intellectual abilities, but also with "cultivating the feelings". And any school worthy of the name provides (and its members take advantage of) opportunities to use the creative power of imagination in such activities as music, art, craft, original writing and drama. Of all these, drama is most directly concerned with people and is therefore particularly valuable. Through taking part in it and being involved as spectators we can learn more about people, others and ourselves. So I was pleased to be asked to return to Raynes Park to see and adjudicate the House Plays this year.

A judge should always be required to make clear the standards by which he judges, just what he is looking for. I hoped to find evidence, first, that producer and cast had a clear idea of what the play of their choice was 'saying', and that they had chosen it because it was something they wanted to say—to an audience. And secondly, that the actors, bringing their personal experience to bear upon the words of the playwright, had seized their opportunities to persuade us of the 'truth' of the experiences and relationships presented on the stage, that what they were doing there was relevant to the way we live our lives. Finally, that the means used to these ends, the set and costumes and lighting, the concentration, grouping, speech, timing and movement of the actors were at least adequate to their purpose.

The curtain went up on NEWSOM'S production of 'St. Simeon Stylites' to reveal a simple and satisfying set built by S. Lewis and B. Taylor, representing the top of a column with some witty clouds floating by. On it sat K. D. R. Hanson as St. Simeon, obstinate, world-weary, tempted in vain by a series of visitors to forsake his column for the world below. The static nature of the situation put considerable strain upon the powers of characterisation of the actors and I thought for the most part they coped well. The costumes were generally good and each new entrance aroused our expectations. The youthful earnestness of the Young Pilgrim was particularly well portrayed by R. C. Cottee, whose voice and movements were, as always, clear and well-defined. I was sorry that the part did not allow him to develop the character further. P. T. Greene as an informal and worried King and S. J. Chipperfield as his pert and likeable Jester made a comic, if rather restless, pair (several of the visitors to the column seemed improbably indifferent to the danger of falling over the edge to the ground below!). The Delilah-like wiles of the Lady were quite well

managed by B. R. Manger (though did he wear skirts at all rehearsals?) and C. C. Russel as the Lady's flighty Attendant 'chatted' the boyfriend from a great height very convincingly. The arrival of the Devil (B. M. Emmings, who else?) and his Friend (A. D. Crowe), followed a moment later by a puff of smoke, was spectacular in a hap-hazard kind of way and though the comedy was not as sharply defined as it ought to have been, the proceedings were certainly enlivened. But of course the brunt of the performance fell upon K. D. R. Hanson as the unsociable saint. He had authority and spoke very clearly with the right kind of lofty disdain for ordinary mortals and, I thought, manfully struggled with the variations of tone in the part, from the prophetic to the comic. But, as the play went on it became more and more clear that actors and producer were defeated really by the absence of direction in the play itself. It had nothing to say and consequently the production lacked "bite."

Unfortunately, HALLIWELL'S chose to present a play by the same author (who shall be nameless) with some of the same faults: "The Saint's Comedy." The point of the play, that good intentions do not always lead to good ends, was made, but the playwright's characterisation was so implausible that the best that could be hoped was that producer and actors would triumph over their material; and to a certain extent they did. The opening of the play, both visually and aurally, was particularly good and the stage staff (M. J. Lawrenson, R. I. Megan and S. L. Cotterell) are to be congratulated. The tone of the play veered somewhat inconclusively from the serious to the farcical and on the whole it was the farcical element which came over best. M. Dudley's Old Husband (though he had some difficulty with his lines) was a good piece of grotesque characterisation, and on the same level the well-contrasted pair of Villains (played by J. Higham, a sturdy performance, and the volatile L. Humphrey) and the hunchbacked Old Woman of R. Crittenden kept the play moving along. I. Corbett as the Monk (he also produced) caught the note of tendentiousness accurately and spoke well, though sometimes he seemed rather detached from the proceedings. Perhaps he was concerned, as I was, by the timing of some of the exchanges: actors seemed unsure sometimes of where it was all leading. D. Shaw as the upright lover, Angelo, was an exception here; he was admirably direct and firm in his dealings with Beatrice (played becomingly, despite a not very appropriate costume, by C. Rendell). The chief object of the Monk's paradoxical humour was the Saint, starry-eyed and guileless, played with authority by A. Robinson, who, like the cast as a whole, was worthy of much better material than this. (Perhaps future producers will heed the warning: the number of meaningful one-act plays in English can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Better do a single act from a worthwhile play....even Shakespeare.)

With GIBB'S production of "Our Town" I felt that producer and cast had really been caught up by the play and were working together to tell us about it. This is a play both brilliant and warm-hearted: Thornton Wilder presents us with an American small town, demonstrates that beneath its apparently humdrum routine there is tension and drama,

comedy and pathos. And he clearly intends to recommend to us the virtues of the small community whose members take responsibility one for another. The tone of all this was set firmly from the beginning by P. J. Loveday's Stage Manager, relaxed, humorous, informative, establishing a direct relationship with his audience. This was a well-played part which, it was clear, would have developed enormously with more performances. He introduced us to a large cast who used the stage with its open set to create a convincing impression of the bustle and the quiet of a small town. The actors here were clearly drawing on their own experience and observation of family life, and presented us with some very effective moments. C. C. Parish as Doc Gibbs (he also did well as Professor Willard) was convincing as a rather "heavy" father, and one of the best points in the production was his rebuking of his son George, well played by P. J. Riley, who figured too in an excellent scene discussing homework with Emily Webb, the neighbour's daughter (a good performance by P. Chapman). The other "children," played by J. M. Lee and R. P. King, were good too. Of the two women, R. Oakes as Mrs. Gibbs looked effective as a rather slatternly housewife and spoke expressively, if over-vigorously sometimes, while J. A. Major as Mrs. Webb gained his effects by a quiet concentration on the reality of what he was doing. P. J. Andrews played Mr. Webb excellently, with a good deal of presence, a portly, deliberate man, knowing his own worth. (His accent too was more consistent than some!). M. S. Sheehan and P. L. Davies (that quick-change artiste!) filled out the remaining parts, together with R. J. York who gave a thoughtful performance as Simon Stimson, the town's choirmaster and alcoholic. He also produced the play and is to be congratulated on getting such a large cast to work together as they did. The "improvised" set was absolutely right for the play and lighting and sound effects were well thought out. (Responsible were D. Williams, A. D. Smith, C. J. Rose, J. D. Sole, H. Dalton, G. M. Elmore (prompter) and C. M. Borland, K. A. Brinkman, A. R. Croft, B. A. R. Dixon, W. R. Maidment, G. J. Miller.) "Our Town" is a play with something to say and GIBB'S did well to present it so purposefully.

Another play with a purpose was "The Quare Fellow" presented by MILTON'S. Brendan Behan has had experience of the inside of a prison and draws upon it to present a moving indictment of the death penalty which Britain, almost alone of civilised communities, still retains. But despite the seriousness of its intention it is not a solemn play and I thought the producers, H. A. Glass and K. L. Forsdyke, had understood both its theme and the nature of its "gallows-humour." The simple sets were well-designed and the staging (in the hands of M. Barker, R. Smalley, Bothams and Butcher) was efficient. The opening scene with the prisoners cleaning out their cells quickly established the world of the prison, a society-in-miniature mirroring the larger one outside. C. L. Courtenay as the prisoner Dunlavin moved convincingly, though his Irish brogue was sometimes difficult to follow. He was ably backed by J. J. Brown who gave a good thoughtful performance, and by Calanan who with "Neighbour" made up the resident prisoner community. J. McIntyre played his last part with

considerable liveliness and variety of gesture. In common with most of the prisoners his performance suffered though from occasional lack of discipline—for example, in the exercise-yard scene where some of their "gagging" distracted attention from the main points being made. An exception to this was A. J. Phillips as the Lifer whose performance was effectively restrained. Part of the strength of the play is that the characters are not represented as all black or white: the prisoners are not all good, nor the prison officials all bad. A. L. Smith understood this in his able portrayal of Regan, the apparently humane gaoler who is yet doing the job "just for the money." K. Rusling and J. Hunt portrayed sharply the less gentle aspects of prison warders, while M. Burgoyne and Harvey showed the possibly more alarming quiet efficiency of the senior officials. As the tension of the play increased with the approach of the execution, H. A. Glass made a splendid entrance as the drunken, jocular, obsessed Hangman, supported (literally!) by his hymn-singing Assistant (played and sung fetchingly by Alexander). This was the high point of the production, with the Hangman calculating the exact proportions of the rope needed while his assistant sang a sweet and quite inappropriate hymn; and it led effectively into the last scene where the execution takes place off-stage to the awesome accompaniment of deafening door-banging. MILTON'S I thought had imaginatively entered into and interested us in a world very different from our normal one—or is it?

Finally, COBB'S presented a production of Sam Beckett's "Endgame." One of the most valuable things which the theatre (and art generally) can do for us is to enable us to see the world through a different pair of eyes than our own. Even when we cannot assent fully to the vision the artist projects for us, our sense of the richness of potential human experience may be immeasurably deepened. In this play Beckett shows us humanity "in extremis"; the world is dead, these four characters are dying, communication is barely possible, there is no future, and there is nothing to be done. A picture of utter despair one would have thought, and yet—through the occasional flashes of human warmth and the sense of mutual need, through the (quickly-stifled) memories of a better past, through the extraordinary humour which arises from the wry recognition of human frailty, and through the power of the language with its elemental spare imagery—there emerges from the play a clear sense of the tenacity of men in even the most hostile circumstances and of their dependance upon one another. The producer, J. A. Bull, had clearly responded to the vision of the play and had worked with his cast to present a tightly controlled and purposeful production. The set (constructed by G. R. Capper and D. Forster) was ingeniously economical and the lighting effective, and the stage staff is to be congratulated for getting the play off to a good start (J. D. Attwood, M. P. Ness, S. Carlow, E. P. Jones, R. F. White). This first good impression was maintained by the actors and the whole performance achieved a high level of concentration. M. A. G. Evans as Hamm had a very difficult rôle. Confined throughout to his wheel-chair, he was on stage all the time, and I thought he conveyed very well the mixture of brutality and feebleness which the part demanded

(though he had not the variety of tone and gesture to make his characterisation wholly convincing). The parts of D. L. Brodie and G. R. Capper as the aged parents Nagg and Nell, were possibly less demanding, but, inured as they were in their dustbins, each made the most of his opportunities, fully realising the humour of the lines, but conveying too the pathos and indignity of their situation. C. J. Steer as Clov, servant to Hamm, gave a remarkable performance. He had really got under the skin of his part and, calling on a wide variety of expression, gesture and movement, presented a fully-rounded character, with all the over-burdened servant's hangdog pathos, his almost infinite patience and his occasional jauntiness. His playing of Clov was an object-lesson to all taking part in the House plays for its thoughtful concentration upon the inner reality of the character he was presenting. Altogether, a fine production by COBB'S of a difficult play.

It will be clear from what I have written that I enjoyed seeing these plays. There were many minor failings that I could have mentioned of course, but I have preferred to write of my dominant impressions. For the future, most important perhaps is the choice of play (or part of play) : producer, cast and stage staff must choose something which really *engages* them, which they are convinced has something relevant to say both to them and to their audience. Then, if they can achieve a fully-involved *concentration* in their presentation of it, there is no reason why the standard of the best moments in House Plays 1961 should not be the standard of all in the House Plays yet to come. And if that came about, and if you can accept my opening sentence, Raynes Park and we all would be the gainers.

NORMAN STEPHENSON.

THE SUMMER CONCERT

The high standard of performance set by last year's Summer Concert was fully maintained and perhaps surpassed by this year's playing and singing on the evening of July 18th.

The programme was very varied, probably a good thing in an evening of so many items.

The choir, fresh from their recent successes elsewhere, performed admirably in works ranging from the religious meditation and joy of "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," and Handel's "And the Glory" from the "Messiah" to the cheerful liveliness of "Cuckoo" and "Didn't it Rain!" The standard of singing was at a very high level throughout and they deserve congratulation for their sense of occasion and their obvious delight in what they were doing.

The orchestra played their pieces with musicianship and gusto, achieving a richness of tone in the Andante from Schubert's Ninth Symphony that was most moving, and playing the Sousa March "Stars and Stripes for ever" with true military panache. Dvorak's "Slavonic Dance," the march theme from the "Meistersingers" and an arrangement of "Admiral Benbow" by Mr. Ayton were lively and interesting pieces.

The standard of solo playing was high, in some cases very high indeed. Special mention must be made of Munro and Knapp for their performances of oboe and piano works respectively. There were competent performances also by Terry (piano), L. F. Humphrey (guitar), Stone (piano), Messrs. True, Mottershead, Brown, Standish and Elliot (recorders), Smith (tenor), Messrs. Timpson, Gambling, and True (trio for clarinet, piano and 'cello), Crowe (guitar), Messrs. Lawrenson and True (kettledrums and piano), and Wilbraham (trumpet). We congratulate Wilbraham on his success on this occasion and elsewhere, and wish him success on his travels. It was with regret that we saw Mr. Timpson playing with the orchestra for the last time, and we wish him all success. He will be missed.

Finally, our congratulations must go to Messrs. Aldersea, Ayton, and the other teachers who have done so much to make the music of the school such a happy and successful feature of our life here.

KENNETH KILBURN.

DA VINCI SOCIETY MUSIC COMPETITION

This term's music competition was a new departure in Da Vinci activities, and a welcome one, to judge by the high standard of the entries performed. There were two sections, one for composition by boys who had had tuition for more than a year, the other for boys with less than a year's tuition or who were self-taught.

In the first section Messrs. True and Wilbraham presented ambitious works for voices and small orchestra respectively. True's four-part settings of three short anthems were meditative and restrained. The "Prayer of St. Francis" was quiet, but deeply felt, while the second piece, a setting of the lullaby "Bululalow," was appropriately more direct in its emotion. The third piece was extremely exacting to sing, but the choral group made a good attempt to cope with the intricacies of a most moving and reverent setting of Grenville Cook's "Here Beauty Dwells and Holiness." Wilbraham's Suite for Orchestra was a delightful piece in the eighteenth-century style of Handel. The themes were imaginative, the harmonies sonorous and rich, and the whole a pleasing musical experience. Both True and Wilbraham are to be congratulated on training their own groups of musicians so ably.

Cottrell played his own piano work "Triumphant Sonata," a suitably stately and majestic piece, again in eighteenth-century style, ending in a flourish of scales and single chords. Windsor presented a funeral march for viola and piano, a short piece with a powerful, flowing theme played with variations on both instruments. Mottershead performed his own Rondo on the piano. He had invented a delightful theme reminiscent of Mozart, and the whole piece bubbled with cheerfulness. Stone's piano work "Mythological Impressions" was in a different genre, and showed a competent handling of modern rhythms and tricks of style to achieve his effects. Messrs. Knapp and True played Knapp's scherzo for two pianos, a

dramatic and stirring piece originally written for piano and bassoon, with a delightful waltz theme in the middle section.

In the "non-professional" section, Fleming presented his "Waltz in D," a simple, short, pleasant piece for piano, played by Cottrell; Fleming himself cannot play a note, and is to be congratulated on the competence of this little item. Crowe performed his "Spanish Dance" for guitar, a strongly rhythmic work with the melody mostly in the base, exploiting the special tonal effects of the guitar.

Prizes were awarded to Messrs. True, Wilbraham, and Crowe.

KENNETH KILBURN.

THE TEMPEST

On Thursday, July 13th, a party of boys from 4J went with Mr. Wyatt to the Vanburgh Theatre to see the Tempest. The theatre is small, so that the audience and players are brought close together. The producer, John Fernald, took advantage of this fact, using a single evocative setting throughout the play, except for the ship-wreck scene, which took place upon a darkened stage, the players alone being illuminated by the spot lights. The entire play took place on an island and this proved a little confusing as there was no curtain fall between scenes.

The acting was good, but in the opening scene, when the ship was caught in the tempest's turbulence and was supposedly rolling from side to side, the players did not always sway in the same direction; some also stopped swaying when speaking their lines. Gonzalo was handicapped in that although he could imitate the walk of an old man, his voice had too much youthfulness, and too much piety; this rather reminded me of a school play. Trinculo and Stephano provided much amusement, and were nobly played.

The background music, specially composed by Clifton Parker, was extremely good but where the spirits accompanied it, it was marred by the quality of the voices. The effect of the ship being tossed around in the storm was originally done by having a white, silhouetted "sail" suspended above the actors and being pulled from side to side on the stage.

The costumes were seemingly authentic, but I am not too sure if Prospero's magic cloak was a converted Pak-a-mac or not, and the nymphs' masks were rather too fantastic to be credible, but this did not spoil our enjoyment of the play in any way. Ariel's costume as a harpy was very well done, the wings having an austere quality, which was strangely suitable.

On the whole, I think that the play was very well done, although the absence of divisions between scenes led, as I have previously stated, to some confusion at times, but this confusion could have been rectified if one had read the text.

In conclusion, I would like to thank Mr. Wyatt on behalf of all of us who went, for a most enjoyable evening.

G. M. BRADSHAW, 4J.

CONFLICTS

I stand and with my eye
I circumambulate the world—
My domain.

I stand and look about me
And know myself to be
A tower looming upwards from the mists,
The standing axis of the universe;
(Copernicus was totally mistaken).

I stand : I accept.
But sometimes, I'll reject, to prove
That I am in command.

You are an insect on the edge of time,
Which is in any case a mere illusion.
You are a speck of dust buzzing round
An average star on the edge of space,
Which is of infinite extension.

You cannot command your destiny, let alone the universe.
Your every move is pre-dictated
By logical necessity and the Mind
Of a timeless God whose love, Spinoza says,
You cannot even seek.

If you exist.

I,

I know

That I exist, if only by
Descartes' Cogito.

Oh, I might try
To dispute these things with you,
But why?

Revelation confirms what I know to be true.

And so I shall discard

That which, amongst your arguments, is hard
To correlate

With what my senses openly dictate :

I am no inquisitive fool.

I think : I am : I think I rule

And so I rule because I wish and think I rule

Myself, the world I see laid out before me,

The universe, if it exists

PAUL F. WHITE, 6A2.

ALTRUISM, Etc.

What is written here may or may not coincide with what was written by de la Rochefoucauld, but I find it necessary to point out to some of my more romantic and idealistic friends that altruism, noble and true, does not exist. Now, of course, I must give some justification for this perhaps seemingly rash statement.

The mere fact that we are, each of us, a living organism, completely detached from everything outside ourselves save by such unreliable contrivances as ears, eyes and that remarkable edifice the nose, should give an indication of our inability to perform anything which would be of no benefit, ay of detriment, to the said living organism. The frontal lobes of our brain seem to contain that ability which those of us who approximate to the norm seem to possess—the ability to discern between that which is good and bad for us individually; in other words our sense of self preservation. In all normal circumstances this tells us what we should do to benefit us most, but when this breaks down it is found that decisions are made wrongly by the individual concerned and the effect of his subsequent action may result in physical or mental damage to himself. In many cases, this benefits another individual and this is called altruism, but I would like to submit that these occurrences are not a selfless wish of the self to benefit someone else, but merely a failure in one's sense of judgement.

The fact which most people seem to overlook is that there are so many conflicting forces acting upon us when we make the aforesaid decision, forces which do not necessarily attempt to benefit us physically but rather mentally. With some people it may perhaps be principles, an unfounded belief, or simply a hope that this so-called selfless action will be reciprocated and all will be equal, whatever. A great deal of the confusion is due to people mixing-up what we shall call for convenience's sake, endo-and-exo-selfishness. When a person refuses to share some morsel with someone else he is termed selfish, but in point of fact this is a one-sided view. If the person had shared the morsel, what would have been his motives? Would it have been a noble gesture to his friend with no thought whatsoever for himself? I, I am afraid, doubt it. It is far more likely to have been an attempt to gain his friend's affections, even an attempt to avoid some form of chastisement in the event of his being endo-selfish, or merely, as we have said before, in the hope that his friend will repay the deed. One can see, of course, after some thought, that there can be many other motives for this particular form of selfishness. This is exo-selfishness, where one is trying to appease some force within one, which is striving towards some end. Those frontal lobes of ours, devoted to judge for us the best course to take, will always be striving to reconcile between these two basic forms of selfishness. If, in our little anecdote, the man with the food were starving and his fellow merely hungry, it is likely that his endo-selfish impulses would prevail and he would consume it all himself: but if the tables were turned and if he liked his friend well enough to miss him should he die from lack of food, he would proudly donate some of his food to the starving man

and feel very pleased with his exo-selfish self. Here we come to the same point. If he had not given food to his fellow, and his fellow had died, he would probably have felt badly about it, perhaps for the rest of his life; thus, giving the food had averted this tragedy, and furthermore had made him feel rather proud of himself. Can this be called Altruism?

On the battlefield, can the fear-crazed hero, blindly and suicidally dashing in to the fray, incidentally saving his comrades and gaining the Victoria Cross to boot, be called Altruistic? Can the mother, sacrificing something for her small child while all her innate maternal impulses scream at her to do so, be called altruistic? Can the pathetically love-sick lover, giving up his life for his loved-one while he believes that if he does not he will lose that nebulous factor, honour, and therefore lead a miserable life, and also harbouring a secret sense of glory, be called altruistic? I doubt it. People have called me a warped and twisted cynic because of what I have written here, but it is my opinion that I am merely being reasonable.

G. R. CAPPER, 6 Science I.

THEME FOR BURNING EVENING

Strap, strap of hands, trample of loosetoe trampling feet, shout of harsh-throat hoarsing voices crying fierce joysounds against the song of breathing horns.

Drummer: hunched head, hands dabbling from the wrists, delicate drumming bursting into heady fire in a thrusting movement of joyful singularity, omnipotent in a world of wristing rhythm, then flicking out as a lizard's tongue to slash at a symbol, then receding....

Back of him: pianist fingers ripple along the stained teeth, ripplefingers ripplenotes like motes dancing in the sun only this is dimlit, blue sleepy cigarette swirling lazy in the halfnightness....

Trumpet is a horn of brazen fire, living flame gripped in cornknuckled hands as the leandark figure, part of the nightness, arches his body in glorious agony of moment, bursting with delightful cacophony, squirming with smoke, long spined hardgut notes, defenestrated and carried on the lone night winds out under Godbelly skies....

Bass vibrates within itself deeply down in its heart, its loving stomach where notes are churned in its hollow rounded soul under strumming sinews, under searching fingers seeking secrets down low under the other streams, lifting them upon its broad back....

Clarinet is thin, black, high, reedy, searching sounds that lie high, flying, swimming, singing, sometime lost in whirlpool of deeper sounds about, sounds that grow low to smooth smother the hard, dry song....

Hard lips crushed against metal, loving the strong smoothness of the bitter sax that howls to the night and the crowd jelly shapes swaying on the stamping floor that dances with them crying; Hurt, heart, heat, live, love, loot, leave....

This is pattern weaved with wisdom, locked in horns, released by eager fingers, eager lips, transmitted to primeval, stomphungry, stamping crowd-bodies damp with darkness, soursweet with summersweat, stamping, stomping, stumping, sweating, swirling, swinging, stamping summer stamping....

The crowds are crying and laughing with their feet. Cool man cool!
Snap your fingers, sway your hips, there's life in your loins.

P. J. LOVEDAY, 6AI.

WATERS OF HUMANITY

Dark cascading waters, always falling
Lower into the shaftless well,
Unending in the swirling place
Where everything is gone.
The feathering flakes of decay
Cling
And squeeze the last moisture from
The exposed nerve of Man.
The water glistens like the eyes
Of a quivering spider guarding its prey:
A maggot crawls
From a generation's winding sheet
To live again on borrowed thoughts.
The brightness of a fresh and breathing world
Fades
And the eternal bubble is lost
In the dimmed waters
of frustration.

M. RICHARDSON, 6 Econ. I.

A BUILDING SITE

Along the walls that hedge the brickyard
Pipes of brittle clay reside,
Standing and stocked in endless lines
Watching helpless whilst a crane
Whines and cracks in motion bending,
Snarls, and bites the clinging earth,
Sweeping upwards in its triumph
Opening wide to laugh in mirth.

R. HIGGS, 3c.

THE OPERATION

So I had to have an operation. The news was announced. But of course, as they all said, it was nothing to worry about. For there is nothing in having a six-inch cut in one's stomach through which a green-robed man pulls out part of one's interior and neatly cuts off a small mass of skin.... Nothing to worry about at all.... Then why was I shivering?.... All my life I have dreaded hospitals. I had only been to a hospital once before this occasion, and that was to have two stitches because someone had been over enthusiastic with his hockey stick in the first ten minutes of the first practice of the season, and, naturally, the return visit to have the stitches removed.

It was on the thirty-first of November that I bade a tearful farewell to my mother and was driven to St. A—'s Hospital, a private one. The hospital was staffed by Roman Catholics. It was a large red-brick building with scores of women and windows, the former all talking Irish and the latter emitting the usual antiseptic smell of hospitals in exchange for the cold winter air. We passed the chapel, its statue of Our Lady blessing us as we drove up to the main entrance. We were received by a Sister dressed in white with a kind face above a silver crucifix who directed us to another similarly dressed Sister who looked exactly the same as the first, except that her kind face was different. Its features were smaller. She lead us to Ward E, the second floor ward for young men. On arriving I said goodbye to my father and carried out the unusual practice of going to bed at ten o'clock in the morning.

The other patients in the ward had by now settled down, occupying themselves with magazines, books, and watching the arrival of their new companion under the pragmatical directions of a rather praepositorial nurse who sat at the desk in the middle of the ward.

My bed was the first on the left as one entered and was watched over by a Madonna and Child which stood in the window in the wall between the ward and the adjoining office. By sitting up I could look through the window and see the occupants at their work.

I soon settled down to reading the large pile of magazines thoughtfully placed on my bedside table. At approximately twelve-thirty everyone continually glanced at the doorway especially whenever someone made a noise outside. I conjectured that the dinner trolley was due, but first to come through the door was one of the doctors, who looked exactly like Michael Bentine. He was carrying what his Irish accent and ethos suggested to be a shillelagh wrapped in tissue paper and proceeded to the desk and talked to the nurse using the shillelagh to emphasize certain points which he made to her. He soon left, clouting imaginary Bumbles as he went. On the arrival of the dinner trolley the nurse supervised the distribution of the food. I was given a slice of chicken, a potato and a couple of brussels sprouts made rather dank by the thin gravy. Richard Blackie, as the person on my left was called, received twice as much and an extra helping of vegetables. "Why can't this lad have some more potatoes?" he asked.

"He needs only enough to keep the little birdie alive," was the reply. The second course was a miserly portion of fruit and custard for me, and a large hunk of suet pudding soaked in syrup for Richard.

After the dinner things had been cleared away and everyone had settled down again, my surgeon came through the door. He closed the curtains round my bed, sat down and then folded his arms, unfolded them, and put his hands on his ample stomach before speaking. His bucolic face was comforting as he told me about that bugaboo of my mind, the operation. After "I will make an incision . . ." he lapsed into a vast nomenclature of medical terminology, and so, despite the infinite trouble taken in the explanations, I was no wiser when twenty minutes later a quiet, attractive, monkey-faced man entered and was announced as my anaesthetist. The doctor left and I was initiated into the rites of anaesthetization. He had a gentle air as he expressed definite opinions and ideas, and possessed the trick of complete concentration on the person he was in conversation with. I was left with no doubts about my anaesthesia thanks to his prompt answers to my questions and I increased my vocabulary by learning the pronunciation of all the words to do with anaesthetics. When he left he opened the curtains and I was able to see the visitors.

My parents arrived towards the end of the visiting period bringing magazines, a few books, and the ritual bunch of grapes. When the bell rang they left with the host of other visitors and the ward became as silent as it had been before their arrival. Tea was brought round at five and dinner at seven o'clock. I spent most of the time reading Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's "Hound of the Baskervilles" and at the doctor's request lay down to sleep, the night nurse having given me an opiate.

The ward was still quite brightly lit when I closed my eyes. There were muffled coughs and sounds of movement . . . It was not usual practice to have an operation the day after entering the hospital, except in emergency cases, yet the fact remained that within twenty four hours it would all be over, I would be well again . . . The pain would no longer be spasmodic, but non-existent . . . But then, surely it would hurt for a time after the operation? . . . Supposing it was unsuccessful and I had to have another? or I died on the table?—It was then I remembered I had not said my prayers, and I prayed. O Lord, how I prayed!—God, save me from death! O Lord, let not my sins count against me!—Forgotten was everlasting life, this life had been too precious, and that he who would enter the kingdom of heaven must be as a child. It must have been during this time, or shortly after, that I fell asleep—yet my sleep was no oblivion for my dread continued to haunt me and the night was a restless one, and the awakening, one of fear. I was suspicious, nay, rather afraid of this man with the knife who could slay me as I lay on the table, an altar to his God, like so many sacrifices in Greek times. Had I not had much to occupy me and many to watch over me I should have fled in my nervousness.

Then came the prick and shortly after my body was limp; sacrificed to those gods in green in whose hands my destiny now lay. Again I fell into

the black word of unconsciousness, an uneasy unconsciousness: my mind still worked on my fear, yet I did not dream, all was dark, and quiet, and negative. Then slowly I seemed to wake and methought I opened my eyes and saw, bending over me, the hideous green mask of the surgeon, and he appeared to have a horn on each side of his head, and I yelled, I screamed: "You Devil! You dirty, rotten, hateful Devil!" and then returned to unconsciousness, all the while my mind repeating, "You Devil!.... You rotten Devil!...."

The darkness lasted ages and the thought remained superimposed on my mind and then, again, I woke and saw only a blur, a dark, stuffy quiet and then a shape, living and mortal, passed before my eyes and I screamed again, "I hate you! I hate you! I HATE YOU!" and methought I dreamed a second time. Next I thought my parents came and stood by my side, but I could not see them clearly and could not speak to them and still I was in that dark stuffy room. Then one joyous morning I awoke and found all around me hustle and bustle, and I realised I was alive, alive, alive!

That afternoon my parents came and I saw the joy in their eyes when they saw I recognized them. I was back in the ward now, no longer imprisoned in that small private room. When the trolley came round the curtains were drawn back and I saw Richard's beaming face. "Well, where have you been?" he asked. Later, in the evening, the surgeon came round and he too smiled to see me well again, and I thanked him again and again—I almost cried in my happiness.

Two days after that my stitches were removed and the only pain I experienced was an outside soreness. The remainder of my stay was lively and interesting. Every other day someone new would come into the ward to take the place of another who had left the previous day having said goodbye to everyone else. It was always a pleasure to watch their delighted look as they wished us goodbye for they knew they would be home for Christmas. The Irish doctor married the night nurse and they took three days off for their honeymoon. They went to Wales, Snowdon I think, and "were trapped by a heavy fall of snow" and weren't seen until the afternoon of Christmas Eve over a week later. I did not see their return because I, too, left in time for Christmas at home, and Richard left the day before me.

I often go past that red-brick building with its chapel and figure of Our Lady, and when I do I think of my new friend—the surgeon.

M. J. LAWRENSON, 6 Sc. 2.

EVENING

Lonely signpost, silhouetted against an orange blotch,
And grey skies flecked with rainbow hues.
The road bends into the light of the setting sun,
And the air turns suddenly chill.

J. R. MURPHY, 4J.

TIME

Pendulums swing, their energies changing,
Potential, kinetic, potential again,
Backwards and forwards, perpetually ranging,
Potential, kinetic, potential again.

Hands creep round a cyphered face,
Potential, kinetic, potential again,
Fulfillment at top, incompleteness at base
Potential, kinetic, potential again.

Pendulums swing to the end of time,
Potential, kinetic, potential again,
Hands, to eternity round the dials climb,
Potential, kinetic, potential again.

Pendulums swing through life's eternal flight,
Potential, kinetic, potential again,
Then when life is over through perpetual night,
Potential, kinetic, potential again.

Time crawls up to eternity's top,
Potential, kinetic, potential again,
To the end of death, the infinite stop,
Potential, kinetic, no potential again.

G. M. BRADSHAW, 4J.

"THE WHIP"

Every once in a while the drab night-life of Tolworth is rudely awakened by the annual fair which visits the patch of waste land along the Broadway with all its money-extorting devices. Every teenager who has learnt of its existence flocks to the fair-ground to waste his, or her, hard-earned income; and all of one accord, to meet someone of the opposite sex.

The majority of the crowd seemed to be centred around the aptly-named "whip," where the added thrill of speed was the attraction. When the motor, controlled by a gross-looking woman with a perpetual cough, unleashed all its power the "cars," pivoted on rather uncertain arms, accelerated to an incredible speed, which made me wonder what would happen if one of the bolts gave way and catapulted a "car" into the nearby congregation of motor-cycle addicts.

The incessant pounding of the "cars" over the loosely-riveted boards added to the excitement, but before the sixpenny ride was over several of

the boys, who had been waiting impatiently at the perimeter of the amusement, leapt onto the "cars" (some unfortunately missed and went skidding across the floor on their back-sides), jostling for places. Before the previous passengers had time to get out a young man, with a pair of brass curtain rings through his ears, was round collecting the money again. He was a magnificent sight, jumping from "car" to "car" as it built up speed for another journey through the never-changing environment to nowhere. The "cars" seemed to be straining to break away from their master, the motor, as the people who knew how to work the foot-brake (only because they never gave other people a chance to get on) worked their respective "car" backwards and forwards.

Everybody was taking this advantage of a final wild fling, for tonight was Saturday night and soon would come the return to normality, and another year would have to elapse before Tolworth got this new lease of life again.

R. WHITE, 51.

LIMERICK

There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was a great breeder of fleas,
But after a time,
He gave up this line
Because they tickled his knees.

J. D. MASTERS, 1x.

A CAUTIONARY TALE

The frivolous cake
with a knife in its wake
sailed across the silver sea
with its curranty crew
it rapidly flew
to escape attempted rape.

G. J. MANSELL, 6 Econ. 2.

FILLING THE GAP

Kick the gate open, up the path, and stuff it through, and away before they discover they've got the Mirror instead of the Times. Next house three hundred yards down the road the way you came. Why can't these news-

agents put them right? Down the road, up the path, and after an abortive attempt to stuff the massive wad of newsprint through the tiger-like jaws of the box, four inches by one and a half, leave it in a puddle on the doorstep and hope they do not recognise you.

A thin trickle of rain runs down your forehead as you squelch along, cursing Lord Beaverbrook, Roy Thompson, Cecil King and the rest. With a sadistic shove you force the paper through its slit, leaving half the front page hanging in shreds from the letter box, while the rest lies soggy on the floor. Then home, along the straight avenues of suburbia, slowly becoming a super-saturated solution.

Thus ends another morning's employment under the auspices of Rickett & Co., High Street, Newsagents and Stationers. This noble establishment presents itself to the public as a frontage consisting mainly of advertisements, promising prospective buyers everything from the inside story on white slave traffic to a pair of cricket flannels 25 inch waist, suitable boy 10-12 years, phone....

Inside, the dominating feature is the magazine and book rack, which contains just about everything from Debrett to Lady C., via the parish magazine and Reveille. The Times disdainfully views the scene from its compartment, while the Daily Mirror clamours, with six columns and three inch type headlines, for the money of the rabble.

I was roped in to deliver these purveyors of news, views and sundry other items of interest to Mr. Average Public one Thursday evening, as I was browsing through a copy of "Life International." I was approached by Mr. Rickett, who made the lucrative offer of 12s. 6d. per week if I would promise to deliver his newspapers every morning, rain or shine at 7 o'clock, including Sundays. I've never been the same since. Mind you, the job has its advantages.

One day I was walking up a path when the front door opened and this gorgeous blonde....

(See page 42)

D. WILLIAMS, 51.

SEEING ONCE AGAIN A FRONTPIECE IN A BIBLE

Once again I'm five yeared
as I gaze at the Sea the Sea of Galilee
and I hear a lone Israel boy playing a flute,
as he lies in the grass on the hills by the blue
with his tink tinkling sheep
warm drowsing the air, with unmarked hands.

PETER J. ANDREWS, 6A1.

THE U.S.S.R. INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

On Thursday, July 13th, a party of students of Russian, including myself, visited the Soviet Industrial Exhibition at Earl's Court, London. We arrived there at 1.30 p.m. and we were really anxious to see if Russia really had something to boast about industrially.

After we had passed the ticket barrier, we were in the entrance hall which was very impressive with a low blue ceiling bearing myriads of small gold lights. Great pictures of Lenin and Khrushchev dominated the walls, giving the public their first impressions of domineering Russia.

Then following on into the science hall we saw a display of the latest experimental work in the U.S.S.R.: cross breeding of different strains of hens to produce better egg yields; soil erosion, the structure of complex chemical compounds, plant acclimatisation, and many other interesting displays. What struck me was the amount and material of the pamphlets accompanying the various exhibits. Each had its own science pamphlet from the U.S.S.R. Academy of Science, most fully presented with seven to ten pages dealing lavishly with the particular topic in simple language.

Having spent a long time in this section we proceeded to the Outer Space Hall which, as was expected, proved the most popular for visitors.

Hanging up in the representation of the Solar System were the Earth and the Moon with the illuminated paths of the Russian satellites running among them. Five screens on the wall showed films of the flights of various satellites with English commentary. Natural-size models of the three Soviet Sputniks, the last stage of the Lunic space rocket and many pictures of Yuri Gagarin were also in this hall.

Moving on, we found facts about the Soviet Union as a whole, its territory and population, the state and political system, and the principal indices of economic development.

Engineering is really that aspect in which the Russians have excelled, and this display gives a vivid idea of the achievements and development of Soviet industry and its prospects for further technical progress. Exhibits show progress in power engineering, metallurgy, the oil, gas and coal industries, machine building, civic and industrial construction (the models of which were very impressive) and air transport. Transport offers the visitor chances of seeing models of the latest aircraft, helicopters and river vessels. Agriculture is displayed by complex machines used in crop farming and in livestock breeding.

I could go on naming more exhibits—public health, culture, sport, medicine, optics, food, clothes, exports, cameras and so on, but space permits little about this very good exhibition.

I came away with the impression that engineering and industry were much advanced in Russia; except I didn't like their cars or motor cycles and their toys would not come up to our standards by any means. The

seven year plan is well under way and with everyone studying and an immense number becoming fully qualified, I see no reason why the U.S.S.R. should not continue to make great strides in the spheres of industry and education, following their very successful start.

J. R. McGAW, 6 Sc. I.

PARIS, 1961

THE JOURNEY OUT.

When everyone had assembled at the Boot's Kiosk in Victoria Station, we made our way to the train bound for Newhaven. Everybody managed eventually to manoeuvre themselves down the awkwardly narrow corridors, with cases in their hands and duffle-bags slung around their necks, into the party's reserved compartments.

There was an air of excitement as the train left Platform 15 and rushed through the slums of Battersea. Soon, however, this excitement died down and the remainder of the journey was taken up by reckless occupations of some sort or other. We soon reached Newhaven where we lumbered out of our carriages and went on board the waiting cross-Channel steamer. Before long the steamer was packed tight, and our luggage was buried under more luggage. Eventually, amidst the usual cheers, we started for France.

A calm, three and a half hour crossing brought us to Dieppe, with its picturesque shuttered windows and quayside shops. By this time most people had dug out their suitcases, and had formed some sort of orderly queue onto the quay.

Having disembarked we had no time to appreciate the thought of stepping onto French soil, as we were meant to have done, but had to drag our suitcases and bags to "Voiture 28" of an extremely long, dull-green train. "Voiture 28," as if we didn't know, was at the farthest end of the train.

Almost as soon as we had settled down in our seats the train started, and we began to move off along the quay-side, and so into the country-side between Dieppe and Paris, rushing over the frequent level-crossings with their bells and crumbling "Dubonnet" advertisements. After a surprisingly short journey the train arrived at Saint Lazare, where we were met by a man who apparently was a member of the travel agency. There was some trouble over the coach, which seemed to have disappeared, but that was soon cleared up, and when our luggage had been stowed away, the coach nosed out into the swirl of Parisian traffic. We passed the famous Moulin Rouge and then turned into a side-street not far from the Place Pigalle, after our short but hectic coach ride. Apparently this was it! We lugged our suitcases to Numero 7, Hôtel Crétet, went to our rooms via a twisting staircase, and fell, exhausted, on our beds.

PARIS—6th TO 13th APRIL.

After everybody had recovered and had done the necessary unpacking, we proceeded to discover what the wonderful French food we had heard about was really like. Before we went back to the hotel it was decided that we should visit the Metro.

Pushing through green doors, with "Byrrh" written all over them, brought us into the peculiarly smelling Metro. There were two characters, found in any Metro station, which fascinated me. There was the little man, or woman, who sat in a little cubicle absorbed by a book with a ticket puncher in his or her hand, punching tickets automatically, regardless of the piles of little orange roundels collecting on his or her lap. And the man in navy-blue overalls who walked up and down the platform with a perpetually supplied watering-can.

On the following morning we came down to our first Continental breakfast. This consisted of wonderful coffee, croissants and creamy butter. After breakfast we took the Metro to the Madeleine, with its huge Corinthian pillars, the main features being the bells which seemed to ring from nowhere, and the hundreds of candles. We then walked down towards the vast Place de la Concorde and so into the celebrated Champs-Élysées towards the Arc de Triomphe, with its unknown warrior and eternal flame. Reaching the top of the Arc meant climbing up what must have been about three hundred spiral steps. We soon realised that the French did not care particularly if anyone fell from the top, as the only prevention of this happening was a low parapet. We then made our way down, via the picture-postcard kiosks, and back to the hôtel.

After we had had our dinner there was a short trip to the Opera House and then we were left to ourselves. Most people, I think, just wandered about the nearby market or went back to the hôtel to rest after a rather full first day.

At about 8 o'clock we had our supper on the terrace and then some of us went for a stroll, with Mr. Atkin, around Montmartre. Apparently it is at this time that Montmartre starts getting lively. We saw the Sacré Coeur, and then walked towards la Place du Tertre, where everyone seemed to be tremendously gay and happy. Huge numbers of artists had their easels placed in the most precarious positions, and in a café a few girls were constantly singing.

Our second night proved to be extremely hot and humid and so when we awoke, it was not surprising that it looked as if it was going to be a pleasant morning. In actual fact, the morning was spent on the Ile de la Cité visiting la Sainte Chapelle, a church built by Saint Louis, King of France during the 13th century, to enshrine supposed relics of Christ, in particular the Crown of Thorns. The main features of la Sainte Chapelle were the long, narrow stain glass windows, enhanced by the morning sun. From here we walked past the flower market to Notre Dame with its wonderful Gothic Architecture. The inside of Notre Dame was, I thought,

rather uninteresting, but after we had been round the interior, we climbed a tremendous number of narrow stairs up a spiral staircase to reach the towers. The principal feature here was the famous gargoyles. Then more steps until the very top of our tower was reached. From here we had a wonderful view down the Seine and over Paris.

In the afternoon we visited the Sacré Coeur and some of us, willing to sacrifice a franc or so, decided to climb more stairs to the Dome, so to obtain a view over Montmartre. In the evening, after supper, Mr. Atkin offered us a mystery tour. This invitation tempted the majority of us and we decided to try it. But soon after we started Mr. Atkin was forced to reveal the route of the tour. Eventually, it seemed we were heading for the Grands Boulevards, where rich Parisian families spend their weekend evenings, and where all the illuminated Dubonnet advertisements are. The Paris, in fact, that American millionaires know.

Most people arrived late at the hôtel that night, so we started late in the morning for our trip to the Flea Market. When we had arrived at the Metro nearest the Market we split up and went together in small groups, exploring the stalls full of junk and trinkets. Practically everything can be bought here from African war drums to Pichelhauben, a Louis XIV writing desk to Japanese prints.

After quite an enjoyable dinner we went to make arrangements for the trip the following day to the Eiffel Tower, and also visited the Musée de l'Homme—the Natural History Museum of Paris—where we were quite surprised to have our cameras taken from us.

Then back to the hôtel where we rested and were left to ourselves. I, with some friends, went to see the Seine bookstores around the Louvre and Pont-Neuf. At these bookstores it is possible to buy coins, general junk, supposedly old maps, and sea charts, manuscripts and stacks of bent postcards.

On the following morning, after a wonderful breakfast, we packed our cameras and took the Metro to the Eiffel Tower. We walked across the Seine and then joined a queue to book a lift to the top. The doors closed, the lift moved and then we started to ascend that massive network of steel girders. The tower became steeper and steeper until it became necessary to change the lift to reach the final stage. The tower was being painted at the time and we passed many paint-spattered "spidermen" clinging onto the foot-wide girders. At the very top we had a marvellous view over the whole of Paris.

In the afternoon most of us went to the Louvre with Mr. Marks, the main attraction being the famed "Mona Lisa."

We had to wait before it was possible to enter, and while we were waiting we were pursued by a young man trying to sell us "New York Times." Anyway, we entered the Louvre and immediately noticed one peculiar musty smell. We saw the famous Venus de Milo and a number

of Rembrandt paintings as well as the Mona Lisa, but after a very short while it was time to go.

The entire following day was spent at Versailles. With packed lunches under our arms we took a most uncomfortable Metro to Les Invalides, where we walked across to the Versailles—Les Invalides Terminus. The station was more like a rock-garden. There was a mosaic floor and a very clean fountain in the middle of a small platform. But after only twenty minutes we reached Versailles and walked towards the great palace.

The palace had a huge cobbled courtyard with a statue of Louis XIV in the middle of it. We walked around a section of the palace and then went out into the huge gardens surrounding the palace. We settled down to our packed lunch and later made our way towards a huge artificial lake where rowing boats were for hire. The rest of the afternoon was taken up by rowing, or rather attempting to row, in the hot afternoon sun.

The last day in Paris was begun by shopping and wandering around Montmartre. After dinner we went to the Seine at the Eiffel Tower and had a final view of Paris from a boat: past Notre Dame, under Pont-Neuf, the Eiffel Tower, the Bois de Boulogne and back again.

Then back to the hôtel and packing. The rest of the day was spent generally lounging around the hôtel, and packing forgotten Eiffel Towers.

Thanks are due to Mr. Atkin for the wonderfully smooth way in which the whole visit was conducted, and to Mr. Grainge and Mr. Marks for sharing the responsibility.

LEE F. ELLIOT, 2B.

DA VINCI SOCIETY

The summer term is a period of comparative rest for the Society. It is, therefore, only necessary for me to give you the reports of the two competitions held this term. Our first Music Competition was a great success and readers will find a full report of it in another part of this issue.

This term's Art Competition, "The Furnace," was perhaps the best one to date. The standard of work was very high, particularly in the Senior Section. The judges had great difficulty in reaching a final decision but eventually we decided to place Munro of 6 Arts first in the Senior Section, Manger of 4F in the Middle Section, and Elliott of 2B in the Junior Section.

Next term we will be holding competitions in Photography, Drawing and Painting, Sculpture and Modelling, Music, and Poetry.

The Society continues to flourish. We have now completed our ninth year and look forward to the tenth, when perhaps we may be able to arrange a dinner for all past speakers to mark the event!

A.C.R.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical Society held its only meeting of the term on July 6th at Dr. Morgan's house; our guest speaker, Miss Jennifer Warren, a numismatist, delivered a talk about coins in Greece, both as works of art, and with reference to their connection with Greek economic and political history.

PAUL F. WHITE.

MUSIC NOTES

The term has been one of considerable activity for musicians in preparation for the Annual Concert. Although at one point it looked as if School examinations, hot weather and exhaustion, post G.C.E. projects and the attractions of the cricket field would make the event impossible, the concert miraculously materialised as scheduled. A report of the evening appears elsewhere: all music groups spent the term working for this and, earlier, for the Da Vinci Society musical composition contest, also reported elsewhere. We would only single out for mention the very satisfactory progress of the recently formed String Orchestra: we hope to see this flourish, in spite of the impending loss of Mr. Timpson, to whom so much is owed. It is hoped to form a Junior String Orchestra in the autumn.

For those on the Pianoforte and Musicianship Course only one examination result is available at this time and we offer congratulations to Robin Preece, choral scholar at Wimbledon Parish Church, on gaining 100 per cent. in his first theory examination.

We must express satisfaction, too, that John Wilbraham (National Youth Orchestra) has been one of those selected to represent Great Britain with his trumpet in Russia, Finland, Sweden and elsewhere as part of a cultural exchange during the summer holidays.

In spite of the imminent departure of Canon Leslie Wright and Dr. and Mrs. Brass, it is hoped that arrangements will not be impossible for the Raynes Park Grammar School Singers to perform "Messiah" again at Christmastide in Wimbledon Parish Church: nor, we understand, would some gesture after the performance be entirely ruled out! As previously hinted, there is the additional possibility of the Singers participating in a professional theatrical production.

DENIS ALDERSEA.

CHRISTIAN UNION

Why is the Christian Union considered less important and less urgent than every other duty or meeting that takes place on Friday dinner hours? Out of a school of about five hundred boys, an average of only eleven

have attended our meetings over the last year, and I am convinced that this is not because the remaining ninety-eight per cent. of the School are infidels. It is depressing to hear time and time again the same trivial excuses for not coming along and it is even more depressing when a large amount of preparation is rewarded by an audience of only four or five. When will Christians see that it is as much their duty to come to the Christian Union as it is to go to church and that Sunday religion alone is worse than no religion at all?

Our Friday meetings this term have been regular despite the G.C.E. examinations, and the programme has been very varied. We have very profitably studied the first seven chapters of the book of Romans and our speakers have included the Rev. Ross Maine and the Rev. Michael Baughan. Two filmstrips, "The Church on the Corner" and "Unforgettable Friday" were shown, and the term ended with a film-show when we saw "The Way of Salvation" and "Who then shall be Saved?" However antiquated these films may have been, their message lacked no vitality and it was a pity that so few people came to see them.

This last term has seen many changes in the organisation of the Christian Union. There is now a democratically elected committee, and a treasury to cover our expenses. Tuesday prayer meetings are also a regular part of our fellowship. I hand over leadership of the Christian Union for next year to John Cossins and wish him every success and blessing in his work to come.

T. COLE.

No. 565 SQUADRON AIR TRAINING CORPS

It is extremely gratifying to note the increase in the strength of the Junior Air Guild, as a result of the Squadron Open Night at the end of the spring term, and it is hoped that recruiting for both the squadron and J.A.G. will continue.

The first main event since the last notes were published was the recently introduced Gliding Air Experience at No. 615 Gliding School, at R.A.F. Kenley. In addition to flying, there was ample opportunity for all concerned to learn about the aircraft and their handling. In spite of a short period of bad weather, the C.O., Plt.-Off. Manger, and all ten cadets had four launches each. Everyone agreed—cadets at least—that gliding was more fun than "dirty old powered aircraft." While on the subject of gliding, Cpl. Faulkner successfully completed his Proficiency Course at Kenley.

Annual Training this year was at R.A.F. Swinderby, Lincolnshire, a station of Flying Training Command, and the base of No. 8 Flying Training School equipped with "Vampire" T.11's. Flying was in "Chipmunk" trainers, of which there were two on the station. Unfortunately, one of them

was permanently unserviceable, while the other had continuous magneto and inter-com trouble. The first few cadets to fly had about twenty minutes in the serviceable (?) Chipmunk, but after that, time was so short that flights had to be limited to a mere ten minutes. However, the pilots kept on flying until quite late in the evening, making the trips as interesting as possible—aerobatics, low flying, "beat-ups" of the airfield—and we were most grateful for their efforts. On our last day, a "Valetta" T.3 navigation trainer from the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, arrived. Approximately half of the cadets at camp enjoyed a half-hour flight around East Anglia in the Valetta, which included an aerial view of the famous College, while the remainder visited a local metal foundry.

Another of the highlights of the Swinderby camp was a hill-trek near Matlock. The whole squadron was transported to this well-known Derbyshire hill and pot-hole area in cars and R.A.F. coaches, the actual trek beginning about 9.30. It consisted of climbing and foot-slogging over a small range of hills, not a particularly great distance as the proverbial crow flies, but one which amounted to about four miles over rugged country. After this, the sight of two coaches loaded with urns of tea and sandwiches was most welcome.

In addition, there was shooting, the usual training in such subjects as air-sea rescue, nuclear defence, and engineering, and also a series of film shows on many aspects of Service activity: escape from P.O.W. camps, jungle survival, and the planning and execution of a low-level flight and raid on an enemy airfield in a "Hunter." The Camp was thoroughly enjoyed by all 24 cadets who attended, in spite of a somewhat rowdy last night.

On Sunday, May 28th, the squadron attended the annual Surrey Wing Inspection at Kenley. The Inspecting Officer, Air Chief Marshall Sir Leslie Hollinghurst, arrived during the early afternoon in a "Sycamore" helicopter. Attendances at Squadron Parades have, unfortunately, been marred by G.C.E. examinations, as is usual during the summer term. However, it is hoped that next term will see a better turnout. We have recently had a number of exercises, as a break from normal training, both in the vicinity of H.Q. and on Wimbledon Common. Also, during the course of the term, a number of members of the Squadron visited the Royal Tournament, at Earl's Court. On July 8th, nine cadets went to R.A.F. White Waltham for Air Experience; normal power flying this time, each cadet having half an hour in a "Chipmunk."

Senior Cadet Satchell is to be congratulated on his athletic activities. He has represented both the Squadron and Surrey Wing at cross-country running, with a considerable measure of success.

This term, regretfully, we have to say farewell to Commanding Officer, Flt.-Lt. J. D. Timpson, who has now served in 565 Squadron as C.O. for several years. As he is leaving the School to take up a new post, he has

also to leave the Squadron and the command of this Unit will be taken over by the present Adjutant, Flg.-Off. H. R. Jeffs. The whole Squadron joins in wishing Flt.-Lt. Timpson every success in his new appointment.

We welcome back to the Squadron Mr. V. E. Gibb, who has now rejoined us as an A.T.C. Warrant Officer, after having served previously as a Cadet W.O.

The final activities of this term will consist of an evening visit to London Airport and participation in the School Open Night. Nine cadets will be attending an extra camp this year, early in the summer holidays, at R.A.F. Little Rissington, Gloucestershire. This is the base of the R.A.F. Central Flying School, and the cadets from this Unit will be attending along with members of No. 350 (Carshalton and Wallington) Squadron.

Promotions this term are as follows :

Flt.-Sgt. Cole, R. S., to C.W.O. w.e.f. 13/3/61.

Cpl. Carlow, J. S., to Sgt. w.e.f. 2/6/61.

Cpl. Marsom, A. K., to Sgt. w.e.f. 2/6/61.

Cpl. Morley, D. J., to Sgt. w.e.f. 2/6/61.

Sen.-Cdt. Castle, S. M., to Cpl. w.e.f. 2/6/61.

Sen.-Cdt. Faulkner, J., to Cpl. w.e.f. 2/6/61.

Sen.-Cdt. Milton, P. V., to Cpl. w.e.f. 2/6/61.

Sen.-Cdt. Wood, M. K., to Cpl. w.e.f. 2/6/61.

Sen.-Cdt. York, R. J., to Cpl. w.e.f. 2/6/61.

J.F., R.J.Y.

19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

We say goodbye this term to Mr Grainge, thanking him for his three years' devoted service to the Group as G.S.M. We welcome Mr. Pannell in his stead, and Mr. Shaw ; and hope that their terms of office in the Group will be long and happy ones.

Summer Camp for the Boy Scouts this year was at St Ives in Huntingdonshire, and showed that the Troop's already high standard of proficiency has been maintained if not improved upon. For two of the five P/L's it was their last camp as Boy Scouts, for this term they will attach themselves to the two patrols of the Senior Troop.

For the Seniors the summer has been an eventful one. They have succeeded in completing an even wider programme than ever before of pioneering, hiking and such activities, which has culminated in the Summer Expedition—a hike starting from Perth and passing through about a hundred miles of the Scottish Highlands.

The major project for this term will be the painting and decoration of our H.Q., and the Group looks forward to a term as enjoyable and as rewarding as the last.

N. C. BOREHAM.

SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

Once again the Model Railway proved its popularity at the Garden Party, attracting young and old alike. It was not without feverish activity on the morning that the footbridge and booking hall at Milton Park were completed, and that the terminus could be opened for normal traffic. However, the continuous influx of visitors and the favourable comments which they passed more than justified the work done. The success of having the layout on view at the Garden Party has led to the decision also to display it at Open Night.

Continuing with the modernisation programme, work is proceeding at Oberon sidings, where the original goods shed has been removed, to be replaced by a more substantial and convenient structure. At the same time the opportunity has been taken to demolish the older buildings at Newsom Vale and re-erect a new booking hall and waiting room.

As Mr. Carlow will have to withdraw in the near future, the Club would be glad to hear from any parent interested in Model Railways, who would be prepared to spare one evening a week to help run the Club with Mr. Nutton. We know that with the co-operation of two parents and an enthusiastic band of members, the Club will continue to flourish as it has done so successfully since it was founded in 1949.

J. S. and S. G. CARLOW.

PRINTERS GUILD

This term the Guild has shown many of the improvements forecast, by those in charge, at the beginning of the year. The press has been overhauled and is running smoothly.

The latest addition to the Magazine/Newspaper line that the Guild has produced is the "Compositor." This newspaper comes out two or three times a year, and costs only threepence. Previous copies are still available. It contains articles by both members of the staff and the school. There is a problem page, and occasional wise-cracks often break out amongst the pages. The Guild is also producing a number of articles every week for different people. I would like to point out here that anyone, either from the School or from outside, can have letter headings or hand cards printed by us. We also print change of address cards, invitations and circulars.

The number of members in the Guild is continually changing as new join. It is never too late to join the Printers' Guild. All those who are interested in printing, or who might like to join a society which is free, should contact a senior member of the Guild during breaks or at four o'clock in the Light Craft Room.

B. G. BUTCHER, 5K.

HOUSE NOTES

COCK HOUSE COMPETITION, 1960-61

	Cobbs	Gibbs	Halliwells	Miltons	Newsoms
Rugby	4	10	15	9	2
Hockey	8	13	10	9	—
Cricket	4	8	12	10	6
Athletics	3	10	1	6	—
Swimming	6	10	1	3	—
Cross-country	4	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	7	—
Gymnastics	$\frac{1}{2}$	7	2	4	—
Chess	7	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	4	—
Dramatics	7	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	3	$\frac{1}{2}$
Debating	7	1	1	4	1
Tennis	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	3	$\frac{1}{2}$	7
<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	46 $\frac{1}{2}$	59 $\frac{1}{2}$	16 $\frac{1}{2}$

1st, Gibbs ; 2nd, Miltons ; 3rd, Cobbs ; 4th, Halliwells ; 5th, Newsoms.

COBBS

House Captain : C. J. Steer.

Prefects : M. A. Grant-Evans, P. F. White.

We entered the final phase of the School year deprived of the services of our former House captain, John Bull. We wish him well.

I can review a year of reasonable success for Cobbs, salient features being the possession of the three "intellectual" cups—chess, debating and dramatics—the enthusiasm and success of the lower forms and general barrenness among the seniors. We have gleaned a respectable number of points in the Cock House competition and it seems likely that we shall be placed third.

As far as the Summer Term was concerned our only material success was in the chess competition which was completed after a match lasting at least two months. The team of Attwood (captain), Blunden, Whittaker and Raison deserve our praise for their talent and endurance. The senior cricket team won one match and narrowly lost two (the remaining match was against Gibbs !). Players deserving honourable mention were Jones E., who displayed a brilliant mastery of the low shot ; Attwood, our non-playing captain, and Evans who inspired the team to greater things by his eloquence. The colt team won half their matches thanks largely to Quilliam, Ventham and Tickner. Both the first year and the second year cricket teams reached the final of their competitions and the second formers won their final match.

The athletics team, in spite of a poor effort in qualifying and a dismal display in the field events, re-asserted themselves on the track and pulled up to third position. Good performances came from Russell in the Junior

100 yds. and 220 yds., Warren in the Major 440 yds., and the Junior and Minor Relay teams, both of whom won their events.

Both the Tennis and Swimming competitions are as yet incomplete. However, the tennis team (under the leadership of Parkin) have already beaten Gibbs, and the swimmers of the House have achieved second position in the qualifying points, only 20 points behind Gibbs, a remarkable performance considering the relative swimming talent of the two Houses.

We can look back upon the year with qualified satisfaction and forward to the future with tempered optimism. During the past few years Cobbs' House has been passing through a difficult period but with our undisputed strength in the lower forms a resurgence of our pristine glories is imminent.

C. J. STEER.

If, as I fear, he leaves, we shall miss Steer's quiet leadership and are particularly indebted to him for his organisation and personal example in the House athletics competition.

G.J.A.

GIBBS

Captain : P. E. Nicholls.

Prefects :

R. M. Clark, P. L. Davies, C. C. Parish, B. W. Spencer, J. H. G. Wilbraham.

The term opened with our Cock House chances seeming very slim, but thanks to magnificent efforts in the various competitions, once again it appears we will retain the major trophy, the Cock House Cup.

The gymnastics and dramatic competitions were concluded at the end of last term with a victory in the former and an equal second in the latter. M. K. Wood and R. J. York must be congratulated on their efforts of organisation.

Two cups have so far been decided this term—the Athletics and Chess Trophies. The Athletics Cup was retained for the third year running, but only by the narrow margin of thirty points. This, however, was a splendid effort as we had finished second behind Miltons in the qualifying competition and most of the credit must be awarded to our captain, P. L. Davies, who throughout the term inspired us with his qualifying and then surprised us with his 100 yds. victory. Other winners were Cox, Eastwood and Holland, all of whom won two events, while Burgess, Clark, Chapman, Rance, and Castling had each a single victory to his credit.

Cricket has not fared so successfully as we had hoped, since both the Colts and Seniors have won only two matches. The Colts have been steady without being outstanding, while the Seniors relied on three or four members. One match was played with six members: how can one expect victory with so few people? H. Dalton has led the team and scored the majority of the runs; N. Preece has taken the wickets.

Tennis, owing to the congestion of School fixtures, has only just commenced, and so far we have had a victory and a loss. It is interesting to note that our captain, J. H. G. Wilbraham, with the help of R. M. Clark, has won both his matches.

Chess was finally concluded in the last weeks of this term; it should have been finished in the spring session. We finally secured third place, only a single point behind our near rivals, Miltons.

The Swimming Cup, which has become our personal property over recent years, seems likely to stay that way for at least another year, as we already have a substantial lead in the qualifying, and our swimming strength throughout the School is fantastically strong.

The first and second formers have been competing for the Junior Shield, but not finding much success. The first form have done well in their cricket matches, and people like Marsh, Early and Ridler, the captain, are likely to contribute much to both the House and the School in the near future.

The end of the summer term brings school leavers, and our greatest loss will be Peter Davies, whom I must thank for the tremendous support which he has given me throughout this worrying and hectic year, and I am sure we would like to congratulate him on being awarded the Eric Parker Cup. Other seniors will also be leaving: to them our very best wishes, and I hope the newcomers will be very happy in Gibbs, the most successful House in the School.

PETER E. NICHOLLS.

Such success as we may have had is very largely due to Peter Nicholls himself, whose modesty has prevented him from mentioning his outstanding contribution as House Captain.

H.A.P.

HALLIWELLS

Captain: R. F. D. Crowe.

Prefects:

Higham, Lawrenson, G. J. Mansell, R. I. Megan, D. I. Shaw, I. Stephenson.

The most regrettable of all our losses this term is that of Mr. Hindle, who, having served the House admirably for several years, is now moving on to a new post. He leaves with our thanks for his past services and our best wishes for his future.

There were two competitions this term in which every member of the House could and should have played his part, namely Athletics and Swimming. It is true that owing to a dearth of "stars" we did not expect to win either of these competitions, but nevertheless, had there been a greater all-round effort in qualifying, especially on the part of certain Colts, our low final position would have been much improved.

The tennis also proved rather disappointing for, despite our three School players, we won only two matches—those against Gibbs and Miltons.

Our success this term has been in cricket. The Colts paved the way for our victory by winning three of their matches, inspired by Lancaster and their captain, Featherstone, who is to be congratulated on several fine games for the School 1st XI. The Senior XI then won the Cricket Cup for us by winning three matches, the cup-deciding match being a terse and exciting battle with Cobbs, which we just won by four runs. Woodhall's skill with both bat and ball proved invaluable, while Shaw, who bore the brunt of the bowling, met with considerable success. Credit for our victory, however, belongs to the whole team, which performed most keenly and surprisingly well in the field. The Junior team, led by DeBuc, emulated the Seniors in winning their knock-out competition, and so we made a clean sweep of the cricket.

The outstanding feature of this year's activities has been our dominance in the major sports, and next year, if this superiority is supported by greater efforts in the lesser activities, the Cock House Cup can easily be ours. I wish you luck—the most important factor in winning House matches.

RICHARD F. D. CROWE.

MILTONS

House Captain : K. L. Forsdyke.

Prefects :

M. Barker, N. E. Cole, H. A. Glass, A. J. Phillips, J. J. Brown, C. L. Courtenay

As we come to the end of the term we can look back with mixed feelings on the year behind us ; a year of "so near and yet so far." The senior teams have performed excellently in all sports not having lost a single match in rugby, hockey or cricket. The Colts have played with mediocre spirit for the greater part, but our Juniors have triumphed in all fields and won the Junior Shield for which they deserve our sincere congratulations.

At the end of the spring term report the Dramatics Competition was still undecided, and it is with great pleasure that I report our gaining of second place in this competition. Cobbs House were the clear winners of this cup but our performance of "The Quare Fellow" by that controversial playwright Brendan Behan achieved an amazingly good standard considering that none of our actors had had any previous experience. The part of Prisoner A, taken by J. J. Brown, and that of the Hangman by H. A. Glass, were very well portrayed, and the play was over all very amusing and agreeable.

The Athletics Competition was the closest ever this year and all depended, at the end of an exciting afternoon, on the final senior relay in which we were narrowly defeated by Gibbs, leaving us second place once again. All the team must be congratulated on a fine performance on a very hot afternoon, and J. J. Brown (captain) did an excellent job with his team. Also in the fore of the Sports were C. L. Courtenay, Nisbet, Goulding and Marsh, all of whom gained us first places.

C. L. Courtenay led a successful cricket team onto the pitch in all the four house matches this season, the margins of victory being far from negligible. Players of special note were Jennings and Castagnola, whose bowling shattered many wickets, and Rusling and Sinfield both of whom played an excellent game. The colts, however, showed their usual enthusiasm by losing all but one of their matches, the win being a narrow, but definite, victory over Newsoms. These results gained us second place in yet another competition.

At the time of going to press the Tennis Cup is still undecided, but we should gain either second or third place.

A House Supper was held on Tuesday, July 11th, to celebrate the winning, last term, of the Cross-country Cup. Thanks are due to J. J. Brown (i/c catering) for an excellent meal of fish and chips, which were actually hot this year, and to Mrs. Sutherland for the use of the kitchen. After the supper the film "Yangtse Incident" was shown in the Geography Room and this proved a good choice.

In swimming the House came third. We went to the sports on Monday, July 17th, in third position in the qualifying points and although we gained three firsts, could not improve this position. A. J. Phillips must be congratulated on winning the plunge with a long, even if rather curved, float. The other first places were gained by Jennings in the open plain dive and Newman in the one length free style minor.

It is difficult to summarize such a mixed year as this in written words, but over all we have done well. All teams I am sure have played hard and the senior and junior sections of the School are to be praised for noble efforts not only on the field but in qualifying also. We have achieved second place in the competition for Cock House, a position only equalled in the 1957-58 season. If the Colts could play and work just that little harder, the House, I am sure, could break itself of the unique distinction of never having won Cock House, in the very near future. I wish the House every success next year and in the years to come, and look forward to the day when I can return to the School to find Miltons triumphant.

K. L. FORSDYKE.

NEWSOMS

Captain : P. T. Greene.

Prefects : R. C. Cottee, K D. R. Hanson, R. C. True.

At the time of writing last term, the House play competition had not been decided. We presented St Simeon Stylites but were unluckily placed fourth with Halliwell's after the final judgement. Hanson made a truly Olivierian effort as the Saint, and was well supported by producer Cottee as the Pilgrim and Emmings as the Jester.

We had hopes in the athletics this year but they were dashed by a very poor effort in the qualifying, especially in the upper part of the House.

On Sports Day we had very few events to cheer about, but George won the Major 100 yds. and 220 yds. races magnificently. We were more fortunate in the field events and surprised everybody when Barnes won the Senior long jump, and Taylor the Colt javelin. In all, we had two firsts and many thirds that day.

The Senior cricket this year was as unspectacular as last. Captained by Morley (and Thompson on two occasions), we lost every match in spite of Morley's accurate bowling. Thompson hit 37 off the Halliwell's attack, and Taylor viciously hit Nicholls for two successive fours in the match against Gibbs. All credit must go to the Colts for elevating us to fourth position in cricket. Despite evil prognostications earlier in the season, they won three out of four matches and lost to Miltons by one run in what can only be described as a suspicious match. Sime, their captain, proved to be an excellent all-rounder, as did Jackson, and Pett (the wicket-keeper) deserves special recognition as he was drafted into the team at very short notice and played very well.

In swimming luck deserted us yet again: there was again a poor effort in the qualifying, especially amongst the Colts, but the Juniors appear quite keen. On the night, we did not do as well as we anticipated, but Peter Barker (the swimming captain) was narrowly beaten into second place in the three lengths crawl, Milton had a dead heat for second place in the three lengths breast stroke and also came second in the two lengths butterfly. Spanos edged his way into second place in the two lengths crawl.

The final item to be mentioned is tennis. The House has won this trophy for the first time ever, and victory is due to a sound, evenly-balanced team of Elsdon, the captain, Barnes, Morley, McGaw and Miles, all of whom are School players. It was not surprising, therefore, that victory should have been predicted for us earlier in the year, and, in fact, every other House has capitulated to a combination of skill and team work.

It only remains for me to thank the House masters for their continual interest, and also the orchestra whose music is still superior to that of any other House. I would like to wish the House every success in the future, and ask them to remember that apathy will not win qualifying points, nor cups.

PETER T. GREENE.

CRICKET

1st XI

Master-in-charge: N. T. Poulter, Esq.

Captain: P. E. Nicholls.

Secretary: P. F. White.

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
13	2	10	1

RESULTS (School's score first)

- v. Hampton G.S., Lost, 68 for 7 dec.—71 for 5.
- v. Mitcham G.S., Lost, 86—124.
- v. St. Mary's, Lost, 95—159 for 3 dec.
- v. Salesians, Lost, 47—48 for 7.
- v. Purley, Lost, 44—158 for 8 dec.
- v. City Freeman's, Lost, 98—133.
- v. Bec G.S., Lost, 114—115 for 6.
- v. Hayes, Won 96 for 4—95.
- v. Battersea, Lost, 101—102 for 3.
- v. Surbiton G.S., Lost, 82—83 for 9.
- v. Old Boys, Lost, 93—162 for 4 dec.
- v. Wandsworth School, Drawn, 115 for 5 dec.—59 for 7.
- v. Gentlemen of the Staff, Won, 124 for 6—123.

It can be seen from the above results that the School has not enjoyed a successful season, but as many matches have been much closer than in previous years and promising Colts will be joining us next season, it is possible that we may have a successful time ahead of us.

The number of runs has certainly increased, but there has been a lack of good bowlers, which has meant that two people have had to bear the brunt of the attack. The fielding has been generally keen and particularly so behind the wicket on the leg side, but too many catches have been dropped in the slips.

Let it be freely confessed that we were outclassed at Purley. Some other matches could easily have been won. Surbiton recovered remarkably from 16 for 5 wickets; our batting failed miserably against the not very strong bowling of City Freeman's. Salesians scraped home on a "Headingley type" wicket, where grass appeared here and there. Our sole victory, apart from the Staff match, was against Hayes, where our all-round superiority was apparent.

The Oberon wicket, when well watered, has proved more reliable than in recent years and conditions are gradually improving. As an end of term project, K. Rusling, M. Eastwood, E. Jones and M. Jennings have done a very useful job painting the inside of the small pavilion.

The team usually included:

- D. Edwards*: He is very unsure at the beginning of an innings but has at last begun to play some positive scoring shots.
- C. Courtenay*: Has had an unhappy season after his triumphant entry last year, but on occasions has shown his true ability.
- H. Dalton* (vice-captain): But for a tendency to nibble outside the off-stump he is an attractive batsman, and has scored a large share of our runs.
- R. Crowe*: Can bat with determination. He has kept wicket very well this season, considering the loose bowling he has had to contend with. Thanks are due to him and his car for carrying the bag each week.

- M. Woodhall*: Can become a notable all-rounder, and should be a great asset to the team in the next two years.
- E. Jones*: Included in the team originally as a bowler, he has proved a reliable hitter and has usually added welcome runs at the end of the innings.
- K. Rusling*: He has some powerful strokes but his defence has rarely allowed him to stay long enough to use them. Is a brilliant fielder in the leg trap.
- J. Sinfield*: Came into the team against St. Mary's and proved a determined batsman.
- M. Jennings*: One of the best spin bowlers the School has had, taking many wickets in his first season for the 1st XI. He will prove even more effective when he learns to make full use of his field.
- J. Heaver*: He has his limitations as a batsman and a bowler but he has always been ready to serve when called upon.
- PETER NICHOLLS.
- P. Nicholls (Captain)*: He has shown great energy as a captain. He has fulfilled his task cheerfully in not always very favourable conditions. His bowling is much improved and has possessed a remarkable hostility considering the number of overs he has had to bowl.

HOWARD DALTON.

Also played: Attwood, Parkin, Shaw, R. White, Nisbet and Featherstone.

Colours awarded to P. E. Nicholls and M. Jennings.

BATTING AVERAGES

Qualification: 6 completed innings.

Batsman	No. of Innings	Times not out	Highest score	Total runs	Average
E. Jones	10	4	31 n.o.	125	20.7
R. F. D. Crowe	13	1	54 n.o.	169	14.1
H. Dalton	13	—	27	154	11.8
M. Woodhall ...	13	2	24	120	10.9
C. Courtenay ...	10	—	18	82	8.2

BOWLING AVERAGES

Bowler	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
M. Jennings ...	129.5	23	415	35	11.8
P. Nicholls ...	155	32	434	35	12.4
M. Woodhall ...	32	2	135	10	13.5

2nd XI

For the 2nd XI this season has been sharply divided into a phase of failure, and then one of moderate success. We started the season with a

reasonable paper strength: but due to rival attractions; the Cup Final, parties, tennis and Saturday jobs, the teams fielded were scarcely stronger than House sides. I would like to thank those who, not being natural cricketers, stood in for others too selfish or too lazy to play. Matches were lost heavily through a lack of menacing bowlers, slovenly fielding, and inept batting: even recognised batsmen lacked determination, particularly against fast bowling.

As the season progressed, however, morale, and consequently success, increased, despite the dampener of seventeen consecutive lost matches over two seasons. Later results were:

Raynes Park 124 for 6 dec., Bec 125 for 7. Lost.

Battersea 108, Raynes Park 70. Lost.

Raynes Park 137 for 7 dec., Surbiton 127 for 8. Drawn.

Old Boys 160 for 2 dec., Raynes Park 161 for 4. Won.

Raynes Park 106 for 4 dec., Wandsworth 64 for 9. Drawn.

The batting has vastly improved: although early spectacular and unnecessary collapses have been frequent, determined individual performances have always saved the side—R. White's 36 v. Battersea; Nisbet's 46 not out v. Surbiton; Sinfield's 76 v. the Old Boys; an unbroken stand of 88 between Attwood (51 not out) and Thompson (38 not out) v. Wandsworth. Barnes, Heaver, Parkin, Shaw and others have played some unorthodox but entertaining shots, and Nisbet's plodding defence has often provided stability. Most of the bowling has been done by Attwood, who, despite countless dropped catches, has headed both bowling and batting averages, and Shaw, who bowled particularly well against Bec. The ground fielding was usually good in spite of the Oberon's curious terrain, but the catching, not least that of the captain, was appalling, and prevented more victories.

We failed to draw against Battersea by three minutes, and failed to beat Wandsworth in a rain-affected match because of the opposition's delaying tactics and their umpire's insistence on leaving at 6 p.m. Despite several such disappointments we have always enjoyed our cricket and future prospects are considerably brighter.

The team often included: White, Attwood, Shaw, Nisbet, Cotterell, Thompson, Barnes, Preece, Parkin, Smith A. L., Corbett, Heaver, Sinfield, Taylor. Eighteen others also played.

PAUL F. WHITE.

Colt XI

RESULTS (School's score first)

v. Hampton, Drawn, 57—43 for 7.

v. Mitcham, Won, 112—13.

v. Salesians, Won, 46—41.

v. Purley, Won, 125 for 8 dec.—38.

- v. Bec, Won, 44 for 0—41.
- v. Alleyn's, Drawn, 103 for 8—108.
- v. Battersea, Drawn, 78 for 4—115 for 4 dec.
- v. Wandsworth, Lost, 40—106.

The Colts have had a successful season ; of eight matches played, four have been won, one lost, and the remainder drawn.

The opening pair, Lancaster and Jackson, have had a mixed success, their best performance being against Bec School, when they made 43 to win us the match. Ventham proved a steady No. 3, though rather slow. Then came Featherstone, Sime, Tickner, Jackman, Castling, Wright, Quilliam, with Laing, Dodds or Evans. Castling and Quilliam have made useful scores, even if their strokes were unorthodox at times.

Our main bowlers were Castling and Quilliam, who rarely needed support, taking most of the wickets themselves. Against Purley, Castling took a hat trick and Quilliam 5 wickets for 4 runs. When support was needed, Jackson and Tickner proved able change bowlers and Jackman bowled his leg-breaks well.

The fielding was usually good, very few catches being dropped. Jackson and Lancaster were good ground fielders, and Jackson also did well in the slips. Sime kept wicket well, though he should try to move more quickly and put his body behind the ball.

The good all round team-work, plus the practices organised by Mr. Atkin, have brought us our success.

G.A.F.

Featherstone has been an inspiring captain, and an unusually good bat.

G.J.A.

Under 14 XI

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
8	2	6	0

RESULTS (School's score first)

- v. Hampton, Lost, 21—41.
- v. Mitcham, Won, 57 for 8—55 (Jennings 5—16).
- v. Salesians, Lost, 47—48 for 5.
- v. Purley, Lost, 28—163.
- v. Bec, Lost, 56—90 for 9 dec. (Jennings 4—17).
- v. Alleyn's, Lost, 53 (Hammond 22)—96 (Corke 6-26).
- v. City Freeman's, Won, 52 for 5 (Corke 20 n.o.)—41 (Corke 5-14, Jennings 4-4).

The record on paper of the Junior team is dismal, but it reflects with disconcerting accuracy the limitations of the eleven in technique and experience. Fortunately there seems to be an abundance of enthusiasm, which it is hoped will show itself in steady and serious practice in all aspects of the game. Seriousness in practice is especially necessary to make

progress, and it is too often lacking. Jennings and Corke deserve mention as two all-rounders above average in technique, ability and seriousness of approach to the game. Hammond has batted successfully and Fleming should develop well, once he learns to concentrate while batting. Batten has kept wicket very competently. For the rest, let it be repeated that enthusiasm is present, but there must be much more careful practice to eliminate the abundance of fundamental weaknesses.

J.S.W.

Under 12½ XI

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
6	5	1	0

RESULTS (School's score first)

- v. Hampton G.S., Won, 53 for 8 dec.—41 (Marsh 6—14).
- v. Wandsworth, Lost, 41—42 for 3.
- v. Surbiton G.S., Won 47 for 1—46.
- v. Hampton G.S., Won, 74 for 8 (Pottinger 21)—73.
- v. Wandsworth, Won, 35 for 7—34 (Marsh 6—15).
- v. Surbiton, Won, 39 for 1—37.

This year for the first time we ran an Under 12½ XI as a regular School team and the results have been most encouraging, not only from the point of view of actual victories against our opponents but also, what is more important, because of the value of match practice and playing in a disciplined side at an early age. Our available talent, by no means negligible, has been supported by a keenness that puts some of the senior teams to shame. If this enthusiasm is maintained and there is no shirking of the hard work necessary to acquire the specialised techniques of the game, then there is a rosier future for cricket at Raynes Park.

The teams have been selected from: Salter, Marsh, Pottinger, King A. T., De Buc, Tickner, Colombo, Early, Howard, Vincent, Standish B. J., Standish P., Stimpson, Malam and Schwartz.

N.T.P.

TENNIS

Master-in-Charge: T. Horler, Esq.

Captain and Secretary: B. T. Elsdon.

The tennis teams proved to be the most successful of all the School's sporting teams, remaining undefeated in all their friendly matches.

1st VI

RESULTS

Mitcham G.S.	(A) Won	9-0
Wandsworth G.S.	(H) Won	9-0

Purley G.S.	(A)	Won	7-2
Ewell, Castle School	(A)	Won	44-37 (Games)
Mitcham G.S.	(H)	Won	5-4
Hinchley Wood	(A)	Won	8-1
Purley G.S.	(H)	Won	7-2
Tooting Bec School	(A)	Won	5-1
Ewell, Castle School	(H)	Won	2½-1½

Rain prevented further tennis matches with Hinchley Wood, Shere and Wandsworth.

Rootham Shield :

1st round, Wimbledon County	(A)	Won	4-1
2nd round, Rutlish School	(A)	Won	4-0
3rd round, King's College School ...	(A)	Lost	1½-3½

Glanville Cup :

1st round, Alleen's School	(A)	Lost	1-2
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This position is to be envied since we undertook a more extensive fixture list than any other season. We commenced with resounding victories against Mitcham and Wandsworth, and followed up with our first win against Purley for six years.

In the Rootham Shield, a knock-out tournament for Surrey Schools, which we entered only for the second time, we reached the quarter finals. After achieving comfortable wins against local opponents, Wimbledon County and Rutlish, we fell in a close battle with King's College School. The later game was played on a Wednesday afternoon, when the requirements of a School cricket team, engaged on the same afternoon, weakened our side. Had we been able to field a full team we may have had the edge. Victory here, together with confidence which would undoubtedly have been coupled with it, may well have helped us through the following round to the final.

Our other tournament entry was in the Glanville Cup, in which we participated for the first time. The first round took us to Alleen's School, where our optimistic team were unfortunate to encounter a junior Wimbledon semi-finalist. However, only defeat in the final set cost us the match.

Of the remaining friendly matches, we met with noteworthy resistance only from Ewell Castle School (who also boasted a junior Wimbledon contestant in their ranks), as indeed the results display.

The team, remaining largely unchanged throughout the season, consisted of Elsdon, Rusling, Crowe, Miles, Barnes, Parkin, with Wood R. R. making several successful appearances when any of the above was unavailable; the changes from last year's team being the promotion of the greatly improved Rusling, and the fortunate transfers to the School of three very talented players, Barnes, Miles and Parkin.

Despite the loss of Crowe and Rusling, we intend to go further next season and encounter more strenuous opposition. Our main hopes are centred on winning the Rootham Shield; and our chances would be considerably increased if we did not have to take second place to cricket, and were a court erected at School for practice purposes.

As a result of their successes this season, full Colours were awarded to Barnes, Elsdon, Miles, Parkin, Rusling, and Wood R. R.; half-Colours to Banks, Sinfield, Taylor and Woodhall.

BRIAN T. ELSDON.

ATHLETICS

Captain : J. J. Brown.

Masters-in-charge : Messrs. R. Hindle and M. Gleed.

For the last few years the Athletics reports have contained the same three points—that the results have been bad, that the team was young and that next year it is hoped to have a match at Oberon.

This season started off at a furious pace, with two matches in two days. Both times we came third. Nicholls, Burgess, Rance, Cox and Blunden put up good performances. In the Wimbledon District Sports, as usual we won the Intermediate Cup. In the Juniors we lost the shield to Pelham; however, we intend to rectify this next season. In the Surrey Grammar School Sports, we were disillusioned when we found we had only three seniors of good enough standard to enter, but superb performances by Eastwood, Featherstone, Cox, and Burgess restored our ego somewhat.

In a match with Coombe House and Ewell Castle, we came second. This was because a number of the team did not turn up and we had to field an incomplete team.

The relay match at Oberon, despite the non-appearance of two of the invited schools, was very successful. Unfortunately Kingston Grammar beat us by two points. We were well beaten by Rutlish School, losing 49—73 points, and only managed to produce two winners, Steer and Higham. But like the 1st XI we are optimistic about next year.

The School Sports went very well.... for Gibbs! They won the cup by a baton's length. The shock win of P L. Davies in the open 100 yds. even outshone the double victory of Steer in the 880 yds. and the mile.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all those who have run (and those who walked!) for the School. It has been a disappointment that only a few have attended (Goulding and Alexander deserve a mention for their regular attendance) the school training sessions. Mr. Gleed has spent many long hours training, encouraging and threatening the team. We are grateful to him for this. We are also indebted to Mr. Hindle for his work in organising the School's athletics. We are sorry to see him go and wish him every success in his new position.

J. J. BROWN.

School Sports

HOUSE RESULTS

First	Gibbs	1463 points
Second	Miltons	1429 "
Third	Cobbs	1142 "
Fourth	Halliwell's	1087 "
Fifth	Newsoms	795 "

INDIVIDUAL RESULTS

100 Yards :

Senior : 1st Davies (G), 2nd Barnes (N), 3rd Megan (H) ; 11.5 sec.
 Colt : 1st Cox (G), 2nd Spanos (N), 3rd Chapman (C) ; 11.0 sec.
 Junior : 1st Russell (C), 2nd Pickard (M), 3rd Amman (G) ; 11.8 sec.
 Major : 1st George (N), 2nd Zurfahs (C), 3rd Hutchins (M) ; 11.8 sec.
 Minor : 1st Lake (H), 2nd Colombo (C), 3rd Chapman (G) ; 12.5* sec.

220 Yards :

Senior : 1st Courtenay (M), 2nd Nicholls (G), 3rd Cottee (N) ; 25.8 sec.
 Colt : 1st Eastwood (G), 2nd Spanos (N), 3rd Featherstone (H) ;
 25.6 sec.
 Junior : 1st Russell (C), 2nd Rance (G), 3rd Goulding (M) ; 27.2 sec.
 Major : 1st George (N), 2nd Catton (H), 3rd Hutchins (M) ; 27.4 sec.
 Minor : 1st Malam (M), 2nd De Buc (H), 3rd Howard (N) ; 30.5 sec.

440 Yards :

Senior : 1st Courtenay (M), 2nd Clark (G), 3rd Miles (N) ; 55.0 sec.
 Colt : 1st Burgess (G), 2nd Nisbet (M), 3rd Chapman (C) ; 55.2 sec.
 Junior : 1st Goulding (M), 2nd Nelson (C), 3rd Onslow (G) ; 59.9* sec.
 Major : 1st Warren (C), 2nd King (M), 3rd Preece (G) ; 63.6 sec.
 Minor : 1st Whittambré (M), 2nd Bruce (H), 3rd Callander (G) ;
 70.5 sec.

880 Yards :

Senior : 1st Steer (C), 2nd Brown (M), 3rd Nicholls (G) ; 2 min. 8.8 sec.
 Colt : 1st Banks (C) ; 2nd Lonsdale (M), 3rd Keen (G) ; 2 min. 15.6 sec.
 Junior : 1st Holland (G), 2nd Shrubb (N), 3rd Alexander (M) ; 2 min.
 20.5 sec.

Mile :

Senior : 1st Steer (C), 2nd Brown (M), 3rd Heaver (M) ; 4 min. 52.0 sec.

Relays :

Senior : 1st Gibbs, 2nd Miltons, 3rd Newsoms ; 49.0 sec.
 Colt : 1st Gibbs, 2nd Halliwell's, 3rd Miltons ; 48.8* sec.
 Junior : 1st Cobbs : 2nd Miltons, 3rd Gibbs ; 53.3 sec.
 Major : 1st Cobbs, 2nd Miltons, 3rd Newsoms ; 57.0 sec.
 Minor : 1st Halliwell's, 2nd Miltons, 3rd Cobbs ; 57.5* sec.

High Jump :

Senior : 1st Clark (G), 2nd Mawer (M), 3rd Evans (C) ; 5 ft. 1 in.
Colt : 1st Featherstone (H), 2nd Eastwood (G), 3rd Spanos (N) ;
5 ft. 1 in.
Junior : 1st Holland (G), 2nd Blunden (C), 3rd Crowe (N) ; 4 ft. 7 in.
Major : 1st Marsh (M), 2nd Cotterell (C), 3rd Belcham (N) ; 4 ft. 3 in.
Minor : 1st Chapman (G), 2nd King (C), 3rd Clutterbuck (M) ; 3 ft.
11 in.

Long Jump :

Senior : 1st Barnes (N), 2nd Osborne (M), 3rd Stephenson (H) ;
17 ft. 4 in.
Colt : 1st Featherstone (H), 2nd Cox (G), 3rd Emmings (N) ; 18 ft. 5 in.
Junior : 1st Rance (G), 2nd Goulding (M), 3rd Hall (N) ; 16 ft. 2½ in.
Major : 1st Marsh (M), 2nd Catton (H), 3rd Humphrey (G) ; 15 ft.
Minor : 1st Lake (H), 2nd White (G), 3rd Howard (N) ; 14 ft. 9¼ in.*

Shot :

Senior : 1st Higham (H), 2nd Wood (G), 3rd Edwards (M) ; 34 ft. 10 in.
Colt : 1st Eastwood (G), 2nd Nisbet (M), 3rd Banks (C) ; 36 ft.
Junior : 1st Castling (G), 2nd Pickard (M), 3rd Rendell (H) ; 34 ft. 5 in.

Discus :

Senior : 1st Mawer (M), 2nd Wilton (G), 3rd Mansell (H) ; 86 ft. 1 in.
Colt : 1st Cox (G), 2nd Sinfield (M), 3rd Hedley (H) ; 120 ft. 4½ in.
Junior : 1st Crowe (N), 2nd Ventham (C), 3rd Maidment (G) ; 83 ft. 5 in.

Javelin :

Senior : 1st Higham (H), 2nd Clark (G), 3rd Castagnola (M) ;
122 ft. 7 in.
Colt : 1st Taylor (N), 2nd Evans (G), 3rd Seymour (C) ; 80 ft. 8 in.
Junior : 1st Lancaster (H), 2nd Mallet (G), 3rd Crowe (N) ; 112 ft. 11 in.

* Denotes new record.

SWIMMING

Master-in-Charge : L. R. King, Esq.

Captain : P. G. Trapp.

The Wimbledon and District Schools' Swimming Gala was held this year on Tuesday, July 4th, and the School entered teams in the Junior, Intermediate and Senior events. Although we did not win any of the three sections, or any of the Swimming events, Benée managed to win the Senior Diving Cup.

The School Swimming Sports were held as usual on the evening of the last Monday of the summer term. Qualifying has been carried on throughout most of the School year, thus allowing all swimmers to score points for their Houses. This year there has been an encouraging increase in the number of

qualifying points scored by the Houses. There have also been chances for boys to qualify on several Saturday mornings at Wimbledon Baths. The attendances on these occasions were, on the whole, better than last year, but more boys would have been welcome.

The positions of the Houses, according to the number of qualifying points obtained before the Gala, were as follows :

Gibbs	384
Cobbs	332
Miltons	273
Newsoms	238
Halliwells	229

The points awarded at the Sports were :

		1st	2nd	3rd
Relays	...	30	20	10
Other Events	...	15	10	5

Results of Swimming Sports

SENIOR EVENTS

Free Style 3L : 1st Sole (G), 2nd Barker (N), 3rd Cotterell (H) ; 73.4 sec.

Breast Stroke 3L : 1st Trapp (G), 2nd Milton (N), Jennings (M), dead heat ; 85.3 sec.

Back Stroke 3L : 1st Trapp (G), 2nd Carlow (C), 3rd Jennings (M) ; 80.1 sec.

Butterfly 2L : 1st Sole (G), 2nd Milton (N), 3rd Gambling (H) ; 59.8 sec.

Medley Relay 3L : 1st Gibbs, 2nd Cobbs, 3rd Newsoms ; 63.3 sec.*

Free Style Relay 4L : 1st Gibbs, 2nd Newsoms, 3rd Miltons ; 78.0 sec.*

COLT EVENTS

Free Style 2L : 1st Mallett (G), 2nd Spanos (N), 3rd English (C) ; 43.6 sec.

Breast Stroke 2L : 1st Castling (G), 2nd Robinson (H), 3rd Ventham (C) ; 57.7 sec.

Back Stroke 2L : 1st Evans (G), 2nd Spanos (N), 3rd Lonsdale (M) ; 58.5 sec.*

Butterfly 1L : 1st Castling (G), 2nd English (C), 3rd Butcher (M), 25.2 sec.

Medley Relay 3L : 1st Gibbs, 2nd Halliwells, 3rd Cobbs ; 71.7 sec.*

Free Style Relay 4L : 1st Gibbs, 2nd Cobbs, 3rd Halliwells ; 92.0 sec.

JUNIOR EVENTS

Free Style 1L : 1st Humphrey (G), 2nd Cocker (H), 3rd Marsh (M) ;
22.8 sec.

Breast Stroke 1L : 1st Jones (C), 2nd Gray (G), 3rd Terry (N) ; 27.0 sec.

Back Stroke 1L : 1st Catton (H), 2nd Holloway (M), 3rd Preece (G) ;
25.6 sec.

Medley Relay 3L : 1st Gibbs, 2nd Cobbs, 3rd Halliwells ; 80.4 sec.

Free Style Relay 4L : 1st Halliwells, 2nd Gibbs, 3rd Cobbs ; 106.1 sec.

MINOR EVENTS

Free Style 1L : 1st Newman (M), 2nd Tuley (C), 3rd Line (H) ; 24.4 sec.

Breast Stroke 1L : 1st Tuley (C), 2nd Line (H), 3rd Nutton (N) ; 32.2
sec.

Back Stroke 1L : 1st Culpin (C), 2nd Newman (M), 3rd Marsh (G) ;
31.8 sec.

DIVING EVENTS—OPEN

Plunge : 1st Phillips (M), 2nd Wood (G), 3rd Standish (H) ; 41 ft. 6 in.

Plain Dive : 1st Jennings (M), 2nd Wood (G), 3rd Trust (C).

Springboard Dive : 1st Mallett (G), 2nd Castagnola (M), 3rd
Standish (H).

* Denotes new record.

The points scored in the Sports by the Houses were :

Gibbs	360
Cobbs	167½
Halliwells	140
Miltons	112½
Newsoms	90

And the final positions of the Houses after the qualifying points had
been added to the points scored in the Sports were as follows :

Gibbs	744
Cobbs	499½
Miltons	385½
Halliwells	369
Newsoms	328

The Cray Swimming Cup was presented to the captain of the Gibbs
team, P. G. Trapp.

The standard of swimming this year was, as usual, extremely good. One
individual and three relay records were broken. Although a good number of

boys attended the Gala it would have been pleasant to have received more support.

The smooth running of the Swimming Sports was once again due to the hard work put in by Mr. King before and during the evening, and also to all the other Masters who assisted during the evening. Our grateful thanks are due to them all.

PETER TRAPP, JOHN SOLE.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Sir,

I wish to add my protest to that of the Hon. Rugby Secretary about the scandalous insult to the noble art of Rugby. The suggestion that Rugby can be played simply by the use of brute force is patently ridiculous. To add insult to injury, a person styled the "Chess Captain"—obviously not prepared to come out in the open and reveal his identity—makes the sterile excuse that this remark was intended as a joke. May I tell him that Rugby is no joking matter and one on which no true Englishman would think of making a joke. I would suggest to your readers that they treat the "Chess Captain," whoever he may be, and the game of Chess, with the contempt they deserve. Chess is a game invented by the Russians, and was originally based on warfare. He is obviously unpatriotic and unBritish to play it. Rugby, on the other hand, is a healthy British way of working off surplus energy. I advise your readers not to have anything more to do with the seditious game of chess.

Yours, etc.,

H. A. GLASS.

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EDITORS

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