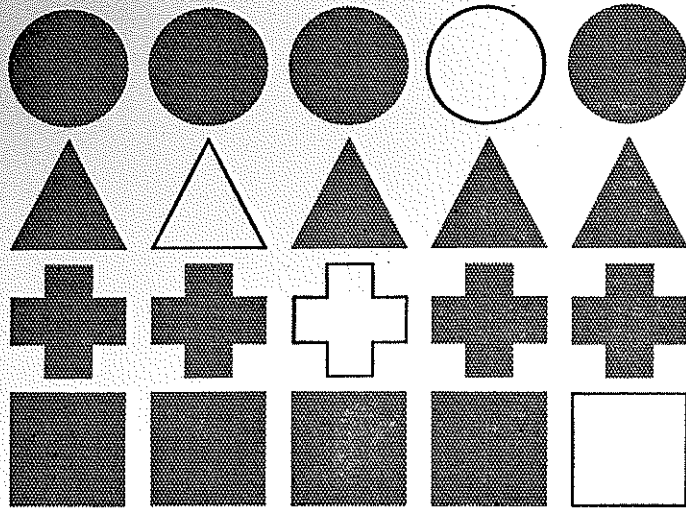


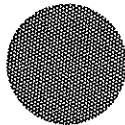
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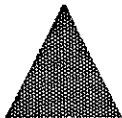
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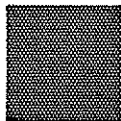
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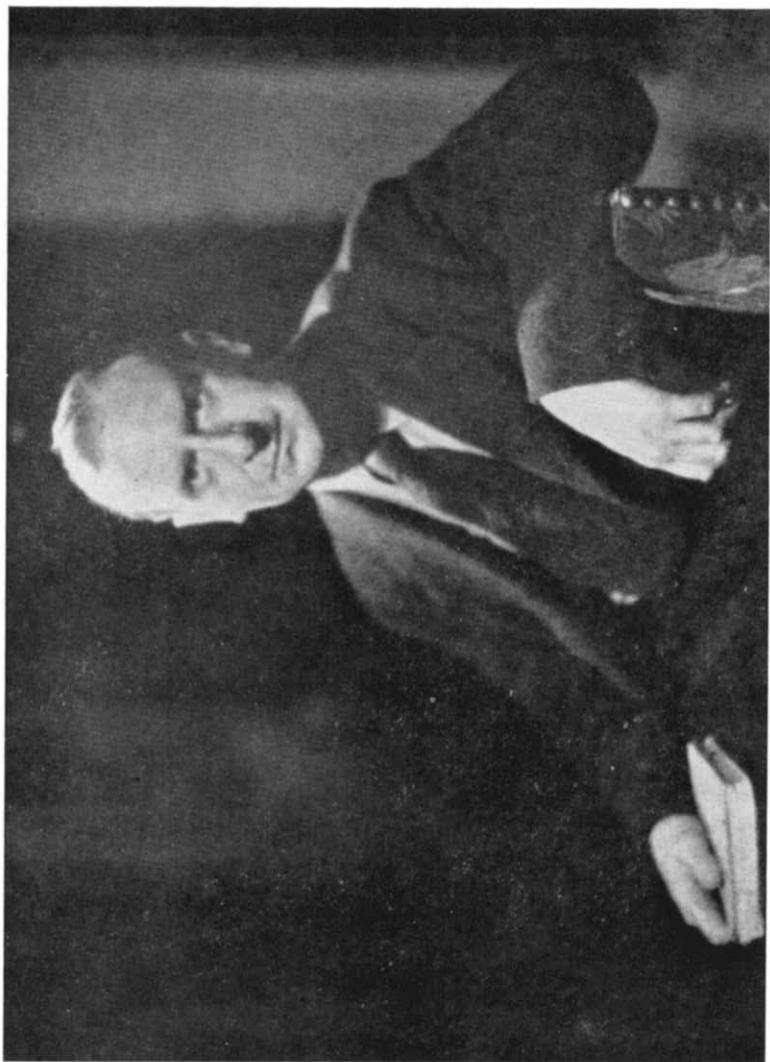
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DR. JOHN GARRETT

# THE SPUR

## RAYNES PARK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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## DOCTOR JOHN GARRETT HEADMASTER 1935-42

"From the very beginning I want you to regard your school as a place to which you *like* to come and in whose kindly walls you like to linger. We shall have failed you and you will have failed your school if you regard it as a place to which you come at 9 o'clock under compulsion and from which you race away at the earliest opportunity."

These words were spoken by the first Headmaster of the school at his first Assembly in the hall in 1935. They serve as a reminder to us all of the atmosphere that Dr. Garrett was anxious to achieve from the very beginning, and of a way of thinking that has become so much a part of the school philosophy for so many years. Tributes to Dr. Garrett and his work at the school follow, but it is particularly sad to record that just over a year after the death of Mr. Porter, yet another of the real founders of the school has been taken away from us.

At a time when a change in the organisation of this school is imminent, it is well to remember those first words and regard them as a challenge both to ourselves and the many other pupils that within two years will be joining the school.

Whatever planning or organisation is made, the attitude of staff and pupils to their school and the life that goes on within it are far more important and critical. We have to make sure that the School in its future will have as good and enthusiastic a record as it has enjoyed in the years since 1935.

G.D.N.G.

*One of the School's original Housemasters, Mr. Gibb, recalls the formative years of the School under its first Headmaster, 1935-42.*

In September, 1935, there was completed for the Surrey Education Committee a not very lovely new school; in an even less lovely locality of traffic chaos and unplanned industrial development on the Kingston by-pass. It was a building made even worse by a credit squeeze (yes, even in those days there were times of financial stringency!). And to it there came, as its first Headmaster, John Garrett with a background of teaching at Dartmouth, Head of the English Department at Whitgift and experience as dramatic critic on "The New Statesman."

On September 19th J.G., supported by a brand new staff of 5, faced for the first time 160 equally brand new boys who, like Wellington's generals, "came in all shapes and sizes": Raynes Park was launched as an embryonic school. During the next seven years it was to be welded into an educational entity by the drive and personality of its headmaster supported by a willingly hard driven staff—and equally willingly hard-driven boys.

Garrett was a single-minded (or more accurately perhaps multi-minded!) enthusiast in the cause of education; Raynes Park *must* become an outstanding school with all that that means to the community and to the individual. Every member of it, whether as teacher or learner, had to become involved not only in the class room but in the many activities of school life. "Those who lead anaemic lives here will inevitably get anaemic testimonials when they leave," I remember him once thundering to the school.

He insisted that a school must provide outlets for many and varied enthusiasms. Not unnaturally his own major one was drama and under the direction of Frank Beecroft no less than five Shakespeare plays were triumphantly produced between 1936 (Julius Caesar) and 1942 (Henry IV, Part I): a widening dramatic tradition was carried on even more triumphantly under Peter Smith from 1942. It was not long before the Raynes Park productions were of a quality to earn notices in *The Times*.

An outstanding part of school life was that played by visiting speakers. Garrett was able to induce a quite astonishing array of notable friends and acquaintances to talk to his Sixth Forms. To give a complete list would be quite impossible and a few examples must serve. They were drawn from so many walks of life—the Church, the Army, the stage, literature, politics, education—and included the Bishops of Southwark, Portsmouth and Lichfield, Lieut-General Nye (then Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff), Michael Redgrave, Sybil Thorndike, Cecil Day Lewis, Walter de la Mare, L. A. G. Strong, Arthur Bryant and the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury. Add to these the Headmasters of Westminster, Charterhouse, Harrow, and Eton, and numerous university dons. There must be hundreds of old boys who can look back with deep pleasure and appreciation on the challenging interest and variety that J.G. made possible.

Though not a games man himself (he once said to me how he wished he were!) there was in the early days hardly an occasion when he missed any school fixture, and his joy was unbounded when the XV went through an unbeaten season: so much so that he saw to it that the Governors (yes, he organised them, too!) sent a letter of congratulation to the master-in-charge of Rugby.

School societies grew and mostly flourished: involvement left few untouched. There was inevitably the trifling minority of parents who complained that their sons never came home from school—a complaint which, I think, secretly rather pleased J.G.!

With all his liberal enthusiasms Garrett had both feet (or on a very few occasions at least one foot) on the ground and he castigated any laxness of behaviour, manners or discipline in vigorous terms. To hear him thunder from the platform was reminiscent of the old-time prophets: his anger was largely simulated, but his demands were genuine and repeated; and they were usually carried out.

Not always, perhaps, an unfailing judge of character, he was apt to give sometimes more than the benefit of the doubt in cases of misdemeanour—a generosity no doubt remembered by some with nostalgic gratitude!

Those who worked closely with him realised how exhausted each term left him: the meticulous care and thought in the day to day problems of a growing school, the shaping of policy, and above all the vast enthusiasm and endless giving-out drained body and spirit. But somehow by sheer will power he always managed to finish the course to return as vigorous and dedicated as ever for each new term.

Before J.G. left in December, 1942, to become Headmaster of Bristol Grammar School, a probably unique reference to any L.E.A. school was made in the House during a debate on Education and duly reported in Hansard. "What," asked a member, "has Raynes Park got that other schools have not?"

The answer was, of course, John Garrett.

*Mr. Paul Vaughan, an Old Boy, who left for Oxford at the same time as Dr. Garrett left for Bristol writes:—*

At the time when it was all happening most of us had an idea the school we were at was rather unusual. We began to notice that no other schools seemed to get their plays reviewed in the *New Statesman*, or have famous poets and professors to give their prizes away. No one else could boast so glittering a list of visiting celebrities—novelists, film makers, dons, poets, critics, musicians, actors, producers, politicians. It also dawned on us fairly soon that the man responsible for all this was 'the Head' or, as we used to say, 'the old man'—though it is poignant to reflect that far from being old, he was as young then as we think we are now.

If it hadn't been for John Garrett, the lives of a great many of us would have been utterly different. Many of us would not have gone to Universities: and by the way when the first Raynes Park men (sudden transformation) went up to Oxford it was still more or less the preserve of the public schools—we were among the pathfinders, with John Garrett's encouragement, of a revolution that was to come. We left school having had communicated to us his respect for the arts, for scholarship: and what is more important, and seems much more unusual now than it did at the time, he badgered us to understand and value the acquisition of knowledge in other subjects than his own, being aware even in the forties of the hazardous, widening gap between science and the humanities.

So he helped us see beyond the daily chores of learning and interpreting to some of the lasting purposes of education. School wasn't something that began at nine and ended with a bang of desk-lids at four. And incidentally he made the whole aura of school enjoyable in a way that friends from other schools have often envied. Where other people evidently want to forget it all as soon as possible, Raynes Park old boys (and it can

be a terrible bore to outsiders) in my experience do not. And their reminiscences seem less the product of nostalgia ('that pale invalid of the emotions,' as Cecil Day Lewis called it) than of affectionate and spirited enjoyment.

John Garrett's personality made the place just as his physical presence somehow dominated it. I can still remember the frisson of expectation, often guilt-inspired no doubt, when one heard his step and saw his silhouette through the classroom windows. Would he go past or sweep in with some thunderous denunciation? His demeanour at prayers, too, would often be an index of what was to come, when he hurried in and either gently, firmly or angrily placed on the table his 'square' (he would have preferred the Oxford word for what we thought was a mortar-board). His disfavour was not lightly courted, what was more, though however flat you were crushed, you would emerge from those *mauvais quarts d'heure* in his study with the conviction that all was not lost and that he at least had hopes for your future.

It is hard to believe that John Garrett accomplished all the things he did at Raynes Park, starting from nothing and creating a tradition where there was none, in only seven years. When he left he permitted himself a grand, self-indulgent public gesture, saying goodbye and shaking hands with every boy as we filed out of hall. We thought it all a bit mawkish and embarrassing, and probably pinched from a scene in *In Which We Serve*, where Cmdr. Noel Coward had done the same thing with the men from his battleship. But the tears that then streamed from John Garrett's eyes brought us face to face with an emotion stronger than we realised at the time was seemly for the occasion, and looking back it seems a fitting expression, that spectacular farewell, of his solicitude for every boy in the place.

Even so, when he went I remember there was a feeling almost of resentment, of having been deserted. Things would never be quite the same again. Yet in a way the balance was restored when he came to live near the school after he left Bristol. His presence at Old Boys' dinners gave one a chance to say to him things one hadn't the wit to say twenty-five years ago, and to give voice to some of the inarticulate feelings one had then.

The pity of it is that by that time, illness had despoiled the spruce magisterial presence we all remember. But one seemed to see behind that ruined face, like a double exposure, the younger man with those mannerisms we cruelly imitated in the Library—the gusty laugh, the bellow of disapproval, the lips pursed in annoyance or smiling jovially. I see him clearly now, just as I still feel the influence he has had on my own, adult way of looking at things. And I hope I always shall.



*Mr. Norman Poulter, who was a School Prefect in 1942, remembers the impression that Doctor Garrett made on those with whom he had contact.*

To have been taught by John Garrett was to live through a rapid and seemingly never-ending succession of happenings. Each period, each appearance in morning assembly and even each chance meeting in the corridor was charged with importance. Everything mattered. Every person and every item of existence could yield interest to the man who had taken the trouble to train his mind and educate his emotions. His manner of dealing with young people may seem overwhelming when described to those who did not know him, but in fact some part of his own vitality always remained with and became the property of those he had just spoken to or perhaps, as a headmaster, dealt with. A rebuke from him could hurt, but one would recover from it with one's self-confidence not crushed but surprisingly enhanced.

He was not sentimental about youth. An eleven-year old in the first form or an eighteen-year old in the sixth could not fail to notice that his headmaster, who was more than twice or perhaps several times his age, had more energy and was enjoying being alive more than he was. There was nothing of the attitude that your schooldays are the best days of your life, rather that they are the best days so far, but just wait until you are twenty-five or thirty-five or fifty-five and then you'll see what you've been missing! His frequent quotation of "The mind is dyed the colour of its leisure thoughts" or of Henry Tilney's remark in *Northanger Abbey* that "it is well to have as many holds upon happiness as possible" served to accentuate this theme.

Anecdotes about great personalities usually betray a hint of eccentricity or of affectation assumed for a special occasion that was obviously going to warrant publicity. John Garrett was never eccentric. He raced along himself and sought to guide others right in the middle of the main stream of life. His "affectation" was continuous and consistent and thereby excluded insincerity. He did not put on an act to exhibit himself, he extracted as part of a method the theatricality that could be found even in the smallest incidents of daily school life. His aim was excellence. And if he was to take boys beyond the trivial suburban values that surrounded them, he had to show by example that there was a more brilliant way of living.

An astute prefect once said, "I sometimes think that our headmaster's superficiality is his greatest quality." He could only have meant in the context that whatever had depth and real worth could also be provided by John Garrett with a glittering surface which would attract the young, inexperienced or lazy mind and tempt to a deeper probing. He would ruthlessly exploit any means to display what he had found to be good. He would read a play with the sixth form in class with tears of wonderment in his eyes. Once at the end of a speech in *Antony and Cleopatra* he paused,

overcome. "Gosh, what a play it is, Charles!" he said. "Don't you agree, Paul?" (His use of Christian names always had the effect of sharpening one's identity and sense of being unique). "A play and a half . . ." As we resumed we felt that we had all received our own share of something valuable and indestructible. Contact, real communication had been struck. John Garrett was a man and a half.

For their memories of Dr. Garrett during the Raynes Park part of his career we thank our three contributors. It seems appropriate to record some other details of his distinguished life.

Born in 1902, he was educated at Trowbridge High School and Exeter College, Oxford. From there teaching posts were held at Victoria College, Jersey, R.N. College, Dartmouth, Crypt School, Gloucester, and Whitgift and it was while occupying the last post that he was in 1934 awarded a Walter Hines Page Travelling Scholarship to the U.S.A. which meant very much to him. It was in the following year, the year the Raynes Park appointment was secured, that Dr. Garrett joined forces with W. H. Auden in collecting an anthology of poems which was to become a very much used book in schools: this was the *Poet's Tongue*. He was at Bristol Grammar School from 1942 until his retirement in 1959, a retirement forced upon him by ill-health. In 1960 an Hon. D.Litt. was conferred on him by Bristol University.

He was always a respected contributor to literary magazines and the national press, and edited "Talking of Shakespeare" in 1954 and "More Talking of Shakespeare" in 1959. He was closely connected with the Stratford Summer School and a Governor of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre.

A final word, perhaps, might well come from the introduction to the *Poet's Tongue* for it seems to epitomise our first Headmaster's interpretation of life. "We shall do poetry a great disservice if we confine it only to the major experiences of life. Everything that we remember no matter how trivial: the mark on the wall, the joke at luncheon, word games, these like the dance of a stoat or the raven's gamble, are equally the subject of poetry . . . Poetry may illuminate, but it will not dictate."

## SCHOOL OFFICERS

*Head Prefect :* A. P. Howard

*Deputy*

*Head Prefect :* C. R. Shoebridge

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

*Left*

*during Term :* C. Q. Colombo    P. R. Hutchings    L. C. Williams  
T. C. Feline

*Library Prefects :* P. R. Phillips

*Hall Prefect :* S. H. Gebbett

## EDITORIAL

That well known college of further education, the London School of Economics and Political Science, has been in the headlines recently and has attracted much attention from all circles of life. Whether one agrees with what the students are protesting about or not, one could at least defend their right to say it, and therefore, should not condemn out-of-hand the demonstrations and "sit-ins" which have been held, merely by saying that students are to be taught, that they are causing trouble and that they are wasting the tax-payers' money.

The point that is being discussed at the L.S.E. is concerned with the relationship between members of the student body and members of the administration. The students feel that they ought to be consulted on matters which concern the college, or which may in the future, and that they should have some say in the running of the college. Naturally enough their senior overlords feel that this might undermine their own control and take the initiative away from them.

A basic question which one has to answer before any decision can be reached on the conflict is what function should an educational body have, and what form of institution should it be? This is where the break between the students and the administrators becomes apparent. The latter regard a university as a pure continuation of school education where one goes to

be taught and to learn as much as one can in the allotted time. A more realistic view, the students would claim, is one which regards a university as not merely another school, but as a place for gaining knowledge and for preparation for outside life, so that a feeling of a community life, and of participation in assessing what that life should be, is necessary.

Does the blame for this breakdown in communications lie with the "arrogant" administration who fail to accept any reasonable compromise, and who are intent on keeping to themselves the power to make decisions affecting the whole college or does it lie with even more "arrogant" students who . . . ?

P. M. Thomson.

## SCHOOL NOTES

Each term there seem to be some further developments to report on the scheme for secondary reorganisation. On January 25th, parents of the school were able to hear Alderman V. Talbot, Chairman of the Education Committee, and Mr. R. Greenwood, Chief Education Officer for Merton, explain the proposed scheme for Merton in detail, particularly in as far as it affects Raynes Park.

On February 22nd the Department of Education and Science announced that it had accepted Merton's scheme for comprehensive education. If plans are implemented in accordance with proposals, this will mean that the last intake of what are now first year boys will be in 1968, and the first forms of new 'third year' boys will be in 1969.

\* \* \* \*

In 1942 the boys of the school gave their departing Headmaster, John Garrett, Esq., a leaving present of a handsome and enormous desk: this he used throughout his seventeen years as Headmaster of Bristol Grammar School. One of the last notes that he left before he died was the request that this desk should come to the school. It is now installed in the Study and will remain there as long as the school exists.

\* \* \* \*

There can be few years when it is possible to report on a completely stable staffing situation for the whole academic year. The departure, however, of Mrs. J. Miller, for seven years one of the school's laboratory assistants, has taken place, and it is right to place on record our gratitude for her services in the school; these were by no means restricted to the needs of the scientists, as producers of the school play realise.

Outside speakers have been regularly invited to speak to the Sixth Form and thanks are due to them for being able to spend the time with us:—

- Jan. 16 A. C. J. Berg, Esq.—Painting towards a definitive statement.  
23 Rev. D. Skinner—Communication in the Sixties.  
30 John Hopkins, Esq.—Television—A writer's difficulties and anxieties about the audience.
- Feb. 20 H. Raymond King, Esq.—The Comprehensive School.  
27 Miss Jill Balcon—Poetry reading.
- Mar. 6 Rev. E. Jackson—Judaism.  
13 Dr. J. Brothwood—Medical care in the Welfare State.  
20 G. Radice, Esq.—Modern Trade Unionism.

\* \* \* \*

Other visitors to the school have been Mr. W. Jefferies, a retired Education Officer in West Africa, who spoke to the second year on Nigeria; Messrs. M. Hodgson and A. Blake, from the Institute of Comparative Studies, who are carrying out research in programmed learning techniques for Chemistry and Physics, and visited the sixth form to test their preliminary findings; and Mr. Leslie Smith, from Goldsmiths' College, who spoke to the staff on experiments connected with inter-disciplinary studies.

\* \* \* \*

The Parents' Association has held one meeting this term on February 23rd when Mr. L. R. King gave a talk and showed films on his two recent visits to Russia; the second trip, it will be remembered, was made possible by his winning one of the prizes on the television programme 'Double Your Money' where his knowledge of obscure Asiatic tribal costumes proved decisive.

\* \* \* \*

The year is proving a very full one for trips abroad. Apart from the skiing trip in Austria during the Christmas break taken by Mr. Innes, during this term, 33 boys from the School joined the Educational Cruise in the Mediterranean with Mr. Johnston. A party is already organised for Geographers touring Wales with Mr. O'Driscoll and Mr. Shaw in the Easter holidays, and for the summer Mr. Poulter is organising a trip to Bregenz, on Lake Constance. The Senior Scouts are also busy planning a tour of Sweden in the Summer holidays.

\* \* \* \*

The Hockey 1st XI, enjoying a very good season, are to be congratulated on winning the London Schools Hockey Festival Cup. The Under 14 Team played well and tied for first place with Eastfields School (also in Merton) thereby earning the right to hold the cup for their age group for half the year.

The Cross-country teams have this year enjoyed probably their best season ever and are to be congratulated in winning the Merton Senior and Intermediate Championships in January.

\* \* \* \*

The following deserve congratulations on being selected to play for the representative teams:

M. W. Bellamy and J. R. Pepperrell in Rugby for the Surrey Schools Colts XV; D. W. Evans in Cross-Country at District—and for Surrey—at National level; A. R. W. Marsh and C. C. Pottinger in Hockey for the London Schools XI.

Five boys were selected to represent Merton in U.15 District Basketball matches and eight in District Cross-Country matches.

\* \* \* \*

It is pleasing to report that 48 boys offered their services to assist delivering leaflets and collecting names for Oxfam's Pledged Gifts Campaign which was organised in Wimbledon.

\* \* \* \*

The School A.T.C. Squadron held a successful open night on March 3rd. For the third year running the winner of the Archer Trophy for Aircraft Recognition was a member of the school, L/Cdt. S. M. Ball. The team also won the Inter-squadron Competition and will represent the Surrey Wing at the National level later in the year.

\* \* \* \*

We are pleased to record the birth of a daughter, Catherine, to Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Alldridge in January.

## HOUSE NOTES

### COBBS

*House Captain*: A. Tickner.

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

This term has been full of various activities, despite its being short. This is so because no Competitions were completed last term. Regrettably, we have had to say farewell to our House Captain, C. Q. Colombo, and also to T. Feline; we wish them both the best of luck for the future.

The Basketball Competition started the term, and although handicapped by the loss of several players owing to the Greek cruise, our Colts, ably led by Williamson, finished in second position enabling the House to share the Trophy with Newsoms.

In the Cross-Country, we finished a very respectable third: our thanks must go to D. Wilson for all his hard work in this field. My hope for the future is that Cross-Country Captains will not have so much trouble 'making' boys complete their circuits once or twice.

Gymnastics has, over recent years, been one of our extremely strong points: this year proved no exception. Under the new system, in which qualifying was done away with, our representatives in all years excelled. We came first, 200 points ahead of the runners-up. Congratulations go to all competitors, and especially to McCubbin who captained the team.

After a very disappointing fifth position in last year's Competition, there has been a dramatic revival in Hockey this year. The Colts were undefeated in their games, including in their record a very good 5-0 win over Newsoms; thanks go to Marsh and Pepperell for all their hard work. The Seniors did not play as well as had been expected, but still managed to secure the Cup for us. Pottinger must be congratulated for his fine play both in attack and defence; King for some fine goals and 'Mac' for his persistent 'worrying' of opponents.

In great Cobbs tradition, our House Play was as far removed from the script as humanly possible. However brilliant production by Roberts, and a masterpiece of improvisation by himself and Flude, added the touch of originality which appealed to the adjudicator. Mr. John Hopkins remarked on the play as being a "tremendously exciting dramatic experience," which sums it up perfectly. Once again I must thank the producer and the cast for all their hard work in making it 'six-in-a-row' for us.

Our Junior Rugby team played their matches with great spirit and determination but, unfortunately, until the time of this report, have failed to record a win. With one game, against Newsoms, to be played, the fate of the Cup is still in the balance. A win would enable us to retain the Trophy, and we can only hope that the team, which has been extremely well captained by Orr can manage that, until now, elusive win.

In Debating, the House did as well as was expected, with the oratorical talent available. Oliver and Greenaway held numerous practice run-throughs, but when it came to the actual debate, we were rather out-classed. Despite all this, there seems added interest from the Juniors, and this leads to the hope of better things for the future.

The House Supper went extremely well despite its coming at a very busy time in the Term. I am sure everybody who attended enjoyed the evening and it was only unfortunate that more people could not have been there. Our thanks must go to all the parents who prepared the food for us, and also to Greenaway for helping so strenuously behind the scenes.

Owing to this Term's hard work by the majority of us, we are once again well poised to win the Cock House, but we must not sit back and relax. It will not be easy, but with your support, especially in Athletics qualifying next term, I believe we have the ability to come through victorious.

## GIBBS

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

*House Prefects:* P. H. J. Chapman, S. H. Gebbett, A. R. W. Marsh.

I believe in the last House notes we said that with M. Ridler and J. Lee producing the House Play anything could happen—we came last! There is, however, some consolation in the fact that our play gave the most enjoyment, and was acclaimed by all as the funniest. There must be a moral here somewhere.

In the Rugby Competition we can again congratulate our Juniors on their performances. They beat Newsoms and Cobbs and lost to Halliwells and Miltons, although the latter game was allegedly a little dubious in character. Unfortunately the Colts and Seniors could not attain a similar standard of play, and we shall finish well down the table.

In the Hockey our Colts started as the underdogs, but played like champions and were unlucky in their games. The Seniors won all their matches, A. R. W. Marsh working hard for these victories, so that we shall finish in third position overall.

In Gymnastics, the new system probably benefited Gibbs House more than any other, and consequently we came a surprising second to a strong Cobbs team.

The Colt Basketball team lived up to expectations and lost all their matches, but adverse criticism would not be constructive as we are lacking in that fundamental necessity, good players.

Chess is yet to be decided, but success in this is unlikely and our position will probably be low.

We now come to the two most satisfying competitions for us this term; Cross-Country and Debating. We won the Cross-Country Cup mainly because of the immense number of qualifying points that were accumulated before the actual race. For this we need to thank Brookes, who put a great deal of work into encouraging us to run, and whose toil has been rewarded by this fine result.

With one last Debate yet to be completed, we can be almost sure of taking first place. S. H. Gebbett takes much credit for this victory, as it was he who kept together a scratch team and spoke so admirably on both occasions. However, thanks must also go to M. J. Ridler who spoke with such eloquence, humour and comprehensibility, that I feel sure he swayed the judges in their verdicts!

This would be the appropriate place to record the great loss to the House of L. C. Williams—we shall miss his enthusiasm.

Thus has ended another term for Gibbs House. On the whole it has been a good one, both enjoyable and moderately successful! Thanks go to the House Masters for their help and guidance, and let us all join together next term for a grandstand finish to the school year.



## HALLIWELLS

*House Captain* : M. A. Bedford.

*Vice-Captain* : G. E. Emerick.

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

This Spring Term has proved very busy as regards House Competitions from which we have emerged quite successfully: however this does not mean to say that the House as a whole exerted its fullest effort.

The first major sporting event to be decided this term was the Cross-Country Championship. The qualifying for this event is all important, and owing to lack of support, mainly in the Juniors and Colts, we only had four and six runners respectively, instead of a possible twelve runners in each race. Despite excellent runs by the competitors, especially those of Perry and Ainger who shared third place, we were last in the Competition.

Our Gymnastics team came third in the new Competition. Our thanks are due to Ainger who organized the team.

Our Debating team, ably led by Hanlon, did not do very well in its first Debate, but redeemed itself in the second against Cobbs. Owing to this win by a large margin we came third in the Competition.

This term our Junior Rugby team played very competently under the leadership of Miles and won two out of three matches with one to play—we now stand a promising chance of regaining the Rugby Cup.

In the Dramatics Cup, Halliwells production of "The Jar" was praised by the adjudicator but we came only second to the worthy winners. Our thanks are due to R. P. Myers who spent long hours producing the play to this standard, and J. Street, who besides acting, gave great help in design and structure of the set.

Hockey, the main Competition this term, proved to be without luck. The Seniors lost two, drew one and have one match to play, but the Colts won all their games so we are likely to finish third. Our thanks go to Emerick and Bellamy who led the Senior and Colt teams respectively.

Yet another Competition to be decided this term was the Chess. With three matches still to come, our Juniors have ably supported the Seniors to the extent that we are well positioned to regain the Cup this year. Fischer produced yet another successful team.

With a little more effort this term could have proved the most successful for many years.

## MILTONS

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

The Spring term is always the shortest term of the school year, and usually the busiest. This year far from being an exception, has proved busier than ever before, with less time but more activities.

In addition to the chaos caused by shortage of time, the success of the house has been dogged by ill luck. The main sporting activity of the term, hockey, saw a very useful Senior team weakened by overlapping considerations, such as the house play, school matches, and illness. As a result, in spite of the gallant efforts of Standish and Freeman, many of the Seniors' matches ended in narrow defeats. The Colts, too, did not gain great successes for the same reasons, but the captains, Carpenter and Newport, must be praised for their work.

The reformed Gymnastics Competition was a regrettable disappointment for us. There is no doubt that we ought to have been second, and we would have been but for the totally apathetic attitude of the third year. This is the only example of apathy the house has experienced during the term, and one which should certainly never have occurred. The actual team from the thirds tried hard, but better people were available, and should have taken part. As a result, the house gymnasts, all of whom performed very efficiently, were let down to fourth position.

Cross-Country again found us in fourth position, but here the fault was leaving the qualifying until too late. We were in a very low fifth place before a last minute burst of energy salvaged fourth place. What a pity this burst of energy could not have come sooner and been more prolonged. Barnett, the captain, worked very hard at one of the most thankless tasks in the sporting activities of the houses and he deserves praise.

Colt Basketball was again an unlucky disappointment, but the Juniors covered themselves with glory by winning the Junior Shield for Rugby. They defeated every other house in thoroughly convincing style, and their captain, Holmes, gained the honour of collecting the shield.

We were hindered by illness in the first debate, and a totally inexperienced team had to battle on without real leadership. A fine example of approach, however, was set to the whole house by the game willingness with which Hickish undertook to make a speech for the first time in his life at some eight hours' notice.

The Dramatics result was very satisfying. The production of Shaw's "The Six of Calais" involved in all half the boys in the house, and, to

quote the adjudicator "had style." Most of the cast, including the leading actor, Cordey, had not acted before, but coped very well. The actors, however, could not have done as well without the expert stage management of Bishop, to whom, as producer, I am indebted. I should also like to thank Hawley for his help in production.

There is the opportunity next term for further gaining of qualifying points, as well as playing cricket. Let us hope that the "burst of energy" will not again be left until too late.

## NEWSOMS

*House Captain* : A. P. Howard.

*Vice-Captain* : P. C. Salter.

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

This has not been as successful a term as we desired, but it is becoming increasingly clear that there is not a "straight" fight for Cock House this year, as there was last: instead three Houses are in the running, with the others close behind. Hence competition is much keener.

It is partly due to this that we have not won so many competitions this term, although we have come second in Debating, Hockey and Cross-country—all of which we won last year. In Debating we must thank D. G. Rose, the captain, P. R. Phillips, and P. I. King for fighting a close, if losing battle, to come within two points of regaining the trophy. In the Hockey, our Colts won two matches, and our Seniors won two, drew one, and lost to Gibbs, though the result of this last game in no way affected our position in the final placings. Special mention must here go to D. D. Naylor, for scoring all of the Seniors' goals. In Cross-Country despite the efforts of S. R. Parr and G. A. Thompson it was lack of qualifying—particularly by the Colts—which lost us the Cup, but we by no means discredited ourselves, as can be seen from the results.

We have, however, improved in two Competitions this term, these being Rugby and Basketball, the trophies for which we share with Halliwells and Cobbs respectively. The Junior Rugby team, led by Goddard and Anstes won their vital match with Cobbs, although losing the remainder. The Colt Basketball team is to be congratulated for losing only to Cobbs, thus ensuring us of part, at least, of the Cup.

The House Play Competition—always an unpredictable effort—provided us only fourth place, despite the labours of P. R. Phillips and P. I. King, not to mention our "woman," C. D. Portway, who is still trying to live down his part. Thanks must go also to G. Borrett, V. H. Davies and D. H. Nutton for their work offstage.

We were sorry to say goodbye to P. R. Hutchings, A. E. Hollander and R. J. Biellik, whose contributions to House activity had been wholehearted. They will undoubtedly be missed.

At present we are lying a close second in 'Cock House,' which we can and will win if we retain the Cricket and Athletics cups, and are not beaten by the single point in the Swimming again. To do this EVERY SINGLE MEMBER of the House must qualify in Athletics and Swimming, and put his heart into the whole competition.

## HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

It was an odd and mixed sensation, sitting at the adjudicator's table, watching the house plays this year, knowing I would be expected, when the last play had been presented to step up on to the stage and make a judgement. The last time I saw the House Plays—as a matter of fact, I didn't see them—I was in one of them and I can remember quite clearly how it felt to have one's fate left in the hands of a stranger, who didn't know—couldn't know—the agony involved in making a play ready for the competition, the ten thousand things going wrong at the last moment, the extraordinary things that come off and the dead certainties that somehow misfire, without reason, without explanation, and how can anyone, except the people most intimately concerned with each individual play properly judge the one-time result in competition?

Someone has to and this year it was my pleasant and exciting duty to make the judgement.

One play has to open the competition and opinions differ widely about the advantage or disadvantage of being the first play. In this case, Halliwells made an impressive start to the occasion. It was a pity the play was not better supported. I think this must have been simply the problem of getting back to school in time for the start of the competition, because on the whole, the plays were well attended. The Producer's younger sister was there, however, and gave enthusiastic support, compensating for a large number of the missing audience and she was right to be enthusiastic. The play . . . "The Jar" by Pirandello . . . was a good choice for the competition, offering opportunities for ensemble acting, as well as giving the principals ample opportunity to display their talents.

I think the major disadvantage in the play was the set, not that it was a bad set: it was well designed and executed, but it left the players with insufficient room to manoeuvre in a play that called for continual movement. When the jar was added to the set and placed dead centre, the players were reduced to working in a very small area and this hampered their performances. The play called for ebullience, and Street provided this in quantity at a level which left no doubt about what he was saying, although I think occasionally he confused emotion with volume in an otherwise very enjoyable performance.

Necessarily, a critique of a play tends to concentrate on the less successful aspects of the production ; I hope constructively. In the case of this play, there are two points worth making : first, the Director lost sight of the overall shape of the play, I think, letting it play itself at a relatively even pace, without building towards the two climaxes . . . the breaking of the jar and the dancing round the mended jar, which results in its being broken for the second time : secondly, the supporting cast was allowed, occasionally, to get lost at the sides of the stage and drift into that limbo of non-involvement, which results so easily in slightly bored inattention.

"The Wall" by M. Walker . . . presented by Newsoms, showed a welcome ambition on the part of the Producers to present a play dealing with a contemporary and desperate problem. Unfortunately, in my opinion at any rate, the play they chose was inadequate to the demands they made on it. It hampered them, rather than helped them to make their statement.

Again, the set presented them with more problems than it solved. At first sight, in the very subdued light, it seemed dramatic and functional. Unfortunately, the standard of lighting was not sustained throughout and, as a consequence, the wall was revealed increasingly, as the play continued, to its disadvantage. The playing out of the action on either side of the wall needed a more clear beginning and end to each segment of action. In this production, actors were left trailing away into the darkness. I felt the play demanded a forthright, almost cinematic cut from side to side, until at the end, the two sides merge in the final action and catastrophe.

The acting was hampered by some very difficult lines for anyone to say and, particularly, boys acting the parts of women. Portway had the major part of these lines, and I thought he made a gallant attempt to convince us of the character's predicament and well deserves a mention. The producers avoided the major acting problem by making the soldiers on the "good" side English and not American, as they clearly are in the play as written. Having made this decision, I think they should have gone on and made a bolder attempt to convert the Soldier and his Captain into English characters, rather than saddle the actors with some inexplicable American idioms. A little less respect for the play would have done it no harm.

The feeling among the players of embarrassment was the fault of the play ; the make-up, which confused the definition between young and old in the play, was the fault of the producers. Make-up is always a problem in House Plays and I do not wish to censure this play in particular, when throughout the plays make-up was not of a high standard. One play solved the problem with a broad caricature of features, which was dramatic and valid, in the terms of the play. "The Little Man" provided much the best "old man's" make-up. But on the whole, make-up was not a feature of this year's competition.



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*For further particulars write to the Staff Managers at 54 Lombard Street, London EC3.*

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"The Six of Calais" by George Bernard Shaw . . . presented by Miltons was the most totally "presented" play in the competition and gained considerably by the concentration of the Producer on the smaller details of presentation. The play itself is a comedy of manners and demands a certain amount of refinement, if it is to be properly produced. The announcement of the play by the Producer, the use of music and the set itself all contributed to the overall pleasure the play gave. Since he paid so much attention to these details, it seems a pity he could not have taken a little more time over the appearance of the Burghers of Calais, unquestionably the youngest "elders" I have ever seen.

The play worked itself out through its words and word-play, in a typical Shavian manner, but without offering any great dramatic opportunity for players or producer. This is, I think, an easy trap to fall into. A play by Shaw seems to be such a good choice. In fact, the plays are so often static, even boring—in terms of dramatic colour, they defeat any but the most expert of players.

The Producer created an elaborate stage picture. The play gave him very little opportunity to do more than that. Cordey, as the King, moved about noisily, and Berry, as his Queen, more quietly, more persuasively. I should have enjoyed watching them at work with more rewarding material.

The Second Night of the House Plays began with the most ambitious play of the competition and in my opinion, the most successful. Perhaps, as an almost one-man show in a House Play competition, I should have been more critical, but the play swept on to the stage, in the manner of the most modern theatre and took the audience with it in a bustling, urgent production, which made much the most fluent use of the stage as an acting area, where a story should be told. Roberts dominated the production and made Andri the completely absorbing heart of the drama.

There were inadequacies in the production, problems of staging that had not been solved. I felt the placing of the Young Woman's bedroom in "the wings" as it were, detracted from the power of the moment. I felt Andri being compelled to "crawl" off the stage after he had been clearly killed was a pity.

This production of "Andorra" by Max Frisch . . . gave rise to a long discussion after the competition between myself and some of the masters about the basis for a fair judgement in the competition. Clearly "Andorra" came right at the right moment and so, in my opinion, won the competition. There was considerable argument about the validity of such a judgement—nothing that made me want to change my mind, I hasten to add. There was a feeling that the very fact, "Andorra" hovered on the brink of catastrophe throughout detracted from the final result. I disagree completely with this, although I can see its merit as an argument. The safer production should not be penalised, because it is safe. On this occasion, the courage of the production made the production the success it was, Roberts clearly gambled and he won, not because he gambled, but because his original conception deserved to work.

"The Little Man" by John Galsworthy . . . was presented by Gibb's and I think the play defeated them before the curtains opened—not because it was a bad play, necessarily, but because it was so totally static. People sat and talked to one another, never the most compelling stage exercise, unless the talk is first class and brilliantly delivered. This talk was not first class and some of it was not brilliantly delivered. In fact, in some ways, it was the most outright enjoyable play and the two performances of Marsh and Brewer afforded us and them considerable amusement.

I was very happy to attend the House Plays and privileged to be asked to adjudicate. I hope no one will feel I did less than my duty, if I confess to some pleasure at being able to give the Cup to my old house.

John Hopkins.

We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Hopkins for spending two long evenings on his adjudication, for addressing the audience at the end of the Competition and for providing us with this comprehensive and very helpful assessment of the productions.

## THE MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM

### CERCLIDES TAMED!

It was Christmas 1966. All over S.W. London people were talking.

"Who are they?"

"What do they look like?"

"Where did they come from?"

The Cerclide invasion had begun. These strange creatures who live on the planet Jupiter were stirring the imaginations of the local inhabitants. Their circular eye was fascinating, their immobility was puzzling and their method of reproduction was—to say the least—disturbing! But the question that caused the most unrest, perhaps because a prize was offered for the best solution, was:—How many Cerclides can stand on a square grid of dots (each Cerclide standing on a dot) so that no three Cerclides are standing in a straight line?

What conclusions were arrived at?

The winner of the prize, M. V. Uzumeri, said: ". . . by finding the minimum number of straight lines which will cover all the points on the grid . . . and multiplying this number by two, we get the maximum possible number of Cerclides." i.e., on a 5 x 5 square grid we would expect to be able to place 10 Cerclides. Although this was not proved for large grids, the following solutions back up Uzumeri's Hypothesis:



2 x 2

o o  
o o

3 x 3

o o .  
o . o  
. o o

4 x 4

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o . . o  
o . . o  
. o o .

5 x 5

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6 x 6

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7 x 7

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8 x 8

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10 x 10

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11 x 11

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Solutions are not unique

7 x 7

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o . . . . o . .  
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Most solutions had some degree of symmetry. Do we tend to look for symmetrical patterns?

Uzumeri came up with the idea that circular patterns were the best for we can not get three points in a straight line on a circle. Good examples of these are the solutions for 4 x 4, 6 x 6, 8 x 8, and 10 x 10. This was the only generalisation suggested for constructing the Cerclide formation on any size grid but wasn't extended to 12 x 12 etc. Will we ever get a generalisation for any size square?

R.J.B.

## “POP” OR “A CRY FROM NEW FOREST”

Once upon a time the word “Pop” would bring to mind the vague activities of the weasel in the nursery rhyme, a highly-coloured fizzy drink, a benign fatherly figure, or an exclusive Etonian Society, but today it has much more sinister implications.

Now the word evokes thoughts of a well-organised country-wide activity for the production of a certain type of sound, and the resultant exploitation of adolescents, who, for the present, have ample money at their disposal. Because of this groups arise like hydra-headed monsters, more numerous than those which have faded away, or individual performers, backed by skilful agents, thrust themselves to the fore, to produce records by the thousand, many of which are avidly bought by gullible teenagers. To make certain that the ‘sound’ is thoroughly distributed throughout the length and breadth of the land, the main broadcasting companies employ disc-jockeys for many hours of the day and night, and these are aided and abetted by possessors of transistor sets which can easily be carried to the remotest corners of the countryside. There is even a weekly jury, comprising revered national figures who go into serious conclave to decide which of the discs are likely to reach the ‘top ten’ or even the dizzy eminence of ‘Top of the Pops.’

There is, of course, a certain technique required for the production of ‘Pop.’ One must cultivate a powerful nasal whine, a pseudo-American accent, a bizarre mode of dress and an unkempt hair-style. Whilst ‘singing,’ one must be able to produce vague movements of the hands, suggestive of the removal of gyves, and undulations of the body indicative of acute physical discomfort. On the rare occasions when a high ‘note’ must be reached, the eyes must be firmly closed, the head thrown back, and the ‘sound’ delivered fortissimo regardless of the wear and tear on the larynx.

The 'melodies' must be very repetitive, within a very narrow range and be linked with 'lyrics' which contain frequent mention of 'lurv' and the emphatic 'never ever'; not that they are important because volume, not clarity is the ultimate aim. Great care must be taken to ensure adequate breathing space, viz. (to illustrate from a recent rendering by C—a B—k) :

Let there be you,  
(Pause, Pause, Pause, Pause)

Let there be me'  
(Pause, Pause, Pause, Pause)

etc.

The pauses, of course, are filled by the fearsome noise of electric guitars and/or an orchestra producing a beat usually associated with the jungle. Thus the full effect of sense dulling 'sound' is attained.

Perhaps there is something unconsciously appropriate in the names such as "Animals," "Rolling Stones," and "Dante and his Infernos," chosen by certain groups, and those who adopted the names "Sandy" and "Dusty" may have been oblivious of the grating quality indicated. We may, however, take comfort from the large number of young people who displayed such enthusiasm at the end of this year's Promenade Concerts.

W.H.H.

(A member of the Noise-Abatement Society)

## REMINISCENCES

My first recollection of Raynes Park was the small waiting-room with its low ceiling, ugly green brick walls, two benches and a trestle table; all that remains of the room today is the window outside the school office. Here, then, on an August evening, I listened to three other would-be Secretaries avidly discussing Surrey routine and the intricacies of form filling—mostly foreign to me, so I was completely taken by surprise an hour or so later on finding myself appointed School Secretary. After work in a Direct Grant boarding school the daily round was rather different, but staff and boys, ever helpful, quickly put me at my ease. I might perhaps be forgiven for suspecting a bit of schoolboy humour on the first occasion that I was addressed as 'Sir.'

What was the building like then? There was no front door; the 'Staff Entrance,' now bricked up, can be seen from outside between the Headmaster's Study and Mr. Horler's room. The latter was the School Office and what with the desk, the stationery cupboard and other chattels, getting in and out on dinner money days was a squeeze. The second Common Room, where Staff now have their morning and afternoon 'cuppa,' was

the Headmaster's Study. A few years later the late Headmaster, Mr. Porter, expressed himself in no uncertain manner when he found that his new Study was to be situated in the old boiler house and the School Office in the 'coal hole.' All must agree, however, that the conversions were tastefully done. There is a cavity some five feet deep below the Office, and into this tons of coke used to be poured through a hole that is now a window.

The Hall was constantly in use; the stage was at the opposite end (no balcony), and swing doors at the end led into the servery and kitchen, now the changingroom. Trestle tables and folding benches were put up during the morning in Hall, in readiness for dinner, and boys supervised by the Duty Master dismantled and stacked the lot before afternoon school. Tablecloths were then in use; clean on a Monday, they displayed the week's menus on Friday. Such was the pressure on usage of the Hall that, above the clatter of plates and cutlery, stage hands could frequently be heard hammering and sawing, and other weird sounds too emanated from behind the curtains. For some considerable time the Gym was out of action, the floor having to be completely renewed because of dry rot. So P.E., under the direction of Mr. Herdman also took place in Hall.

Originally there were 8 classrooms, ABCD and the four immediately above, now part of the Science Department. G plus H but without the dividing wall was a pleasant Craft Room; the Artists disported themselves in what is now the Geography Room while the Biologists had a humble Lab. in the present History Room.

That was the picture in 1946. The erection of that monstrosity 'The Annexe' was eagerly awaited and because of classroom shortage the school had the use, temporarily, of two rooms at Bushey. But when these were no longer available our smaller groups could be found working in the waitingroom, the adjoining medical-cum-prefects room, cloakrooms, the stationery cupboard, on the stage—in fact in any hole or corner they could find. The school was without a playingfield; games took place on the Alliance, Southern Railway, Sir Joseph Hood and any available grounds. However, before the area for the Annexe was needed, some matches took place on the home field, 'Big-Side'—as did the Annual Sports.

I was privileged to know for a short time two of the original House Masters—Mr. Allan Milton and Mr. Tom Cobb. Mr. Milton had special responsibility for an experimental form of boys who entered at 13 plus, and was a keen hockey player. Mr. Cobb, apart from his enthusiasm for tennis, was an expert gardener. The present generation cannot possibly envisage how beautiful the gardens were, with the herbaceous border, the heath garden, the rose garden, the orchard with its masses of daffodils in spring, and the rockery with countless treasures backed with azaleas and rhododendrons. Mr. Cobb's was the master-mind in the laying out of the gardens; because, alas, of a lack of experienced garden staff and the ravages wrought by the building extensions, little remains to be seen of his achievements.

At the Harvest-Camp at Eardisley, Herefordshire, in 1948, a large barn was our kitchen-cum-dining-room-cum store. It had previously housed sheep and for a start our stalwart advance party was faced with the task of ridding the stone floor of an inch or two of droppings and thoroughly disinfecting the place. We were entirely dependent upon a large portable kitchen range—a temperamental brute—for all our cooking and one member of staff nobly rose at 5 a.m. to clean the flue and get the range going for our very early breakfast. Most food, including bread, was rationed, and despite early application a deal of our supplies only began to arrive towards the end of camp, so the reserve we had amassed and taken with us to Eardisley was indeed a godsend. Water for all purposes had to be carried in buckets much further than we had been led to believe and 'a good wash' wasn't the fashion. Boys worked very long hours for local farmers and returned to camp tired and ravenous, comparing notes with one another, spinning many a yarn about the day's activities, and taking off the locals and their dialect. Yes, they were happy days spent doing a worthwhile job.

D.W.

For the above first instalment we thank Miss Woodhouse and look forward to the sequel which will bring us up-to-date with her retirement term.

## EXCURSIONS

### SKIING IN AUSTRIA

Last Christmas holidays, a compact group of Raynes Park pupils left the world of cold turkey and Christmas pudding to brave the challenges of the Austrian ski-ing slopes. We were joined by some girls from Apsley Grammar School, Hemel Hempstead.

After a long, tiring, and somewhat disorganised train journey across France and Switzerland, we arrived at Pertisau-am-Achensee. The Achensee is the largest lake in the Tyrol, and, according to Albert, one of our instructors, the water used to drain into Germany but is now used to provide electricity for Austrian villages.

Ski-ing is, if nothing else, spectacular. Most people managed to get in the most impossible positions having "sat down too far." The instructors, Toni, Albert, and Ehwald must have had great patience, but by the end of a very short week everybody was able to stop by snowploughing, except a certain young lady who managed to go about 75 yards further than anybody else! Several of the more intrepid beginners tried the "drag-lift" on the last day. This is a cable with a T-bar attached to it which hauls one up the mountain for about 100 yards. Once we reached the top, "Spud" gave us a demonstration of how a ski goes down a mountain by itself!

New Year's Eve coincided with our visit, and the "locals" celebrate it quite religiously. Fortunately, none of the other guests were at the hotel annexe to witness our celebrations. If they had been there, they would have been treated to the amazing sight of a Raynes Park youth in school scarf, overcoat, red long-johns, goggles and a shaving-foam "beard."

Some people complained of lack of amusement in the evenings, but we did not find it so. Was this due perhaps to the female company? During a snowball fight one evening with some Germans, we met some chaps from "'ackney" who were staying in a neighbouring hotel, and their Cockney charms attracted several of the girls out each night.

On the last day we went up the Karwendellift, a chair-lift going up to 4,900 feet. In dazzling sunshine many photographs were taken: of skiers, girl-friends, but especially of the Abominable Snowman who looked astonishingly like one of our party.

All good things come to an end and our holiday was, unfortunately, no exception. Everybody had a thoroughly enjoyable time, especially the girls, and there were no broken bones—only, perhaps, a few broken hearts.

Our thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Innes who accepted the considerable responsibility of taking nine boys and fifteen girls to Austria. It was quite a task at times, but we hope they enjoyed it as much as we did—we proffer our sincere thanks to them.

K. Mitchell.

## WHAT THE COLONEL GAVE US, ETC.

We had talked of the expedition before 'A'-levels ('66 version), but the picture before was far different from the one afterwards. With plans finalized, however, as soon as was possible after the end of last summer term, we were woken at 3 a.m. one Tuesday morning. Having breakfasted, we set off on a journey complete with loaded rucksacks an hour later.

The three of us were driven to a destination some 200 miles away, and after an uneventful five hours—apart from watching the dawn break, we had a snack, waved adieu to our chauffeuse, then started our expedition. This was to take us nearly four days and a total of 61½ miles approximately.

Needless to say, from somewhere above came that inevitable element, rain, just as we commenced our journey. This was not the only adverse element, however, as the Army—in the form of a mustied, moustached colonel—with armed guards, dogs and boots prevented our continuing. This colonel was trying to decide whether this day was suitable for the British Soldier to practise his missile shooting (Wombats), but after an hour of indecision he said to us, "It's all yours." How about that?—He had given us Dartmoor, and thus it was we were to spend the following days discovering our gain.

A word must be said here about the participants: the party consisted of a natural joker, a military adviser (very posh), and a leader, who originated and inspired the idea—all three were members of the Brotherhood of Scouts (people in shorts who help old ladies across roads).

We set off in strong spirits in a south-westerly direction, into the wind, with the rain flashing horizontally in our faces, and the mist reducing visibility to about half-a-mile. Within 30 minutes we were all soaked to the skin despite waterproofs, but nevertheless our joker kept joking, our military adviser kept advising "Come on, chaps!" and our leader kept leading between continued shouts of "How the . . . am I supposed to read this . . . map in this . . . weather?"—undoubtedly true military language. Like the little heroes that we were, we pressed on through ankle-deep bogs until the first "funny" incident, late in the afternoon—at least it was funny to 66⅔% of the party. Our leader was happily reading his map, minding his own business, whilst plodding through "a nice, grassy patch" when we made the discovery that he was really a pigmy! He was just three feet tall and for some unknown reason was swearing. However, we fished him out of the mire—a kind of dirty, brown colour and wearing the latest, long-lasting repellent—and that is no shaggy bog story, either!

After another two hours, which seemed like a lifetime, we found a sheltered valley, with a fast flowing stream in it. As we were exhausted, and it was getting late, we decided to pitch our tent on a flat, grassy area, and have some food. In the process of doing this we dried ourselves out as best we could; we also dried out our many £1 notes over the flame of a primus stove—the bank was, however, suspicious when we told them how we came by brown £1 notes. We switched on a thoroughly soaked BRITISH transistor radio, which still worked, and we learnt that some poor prisoner had escaped—he would have been welcome to share our soggy food.

Overnight the troubled skies cleared and sunshine prevailed, much to our relief—even our military adviser had been sceptical about continuing in over-damp conditions. Suspecting something was amiss—no wind, no rain—our leader went leaping out of the tent naked (from the ankles down) across sheeps' calling cards and he danced around in raptures of worship to Apollo. All the kit was dried in the sun, and after midday we packed up and continued our now joyous way—joyous (that is until the second "funny" incident. In crossing the stream, ten yards from our campsite, our natural joker decided he preferred himself and his kit as it was the day before—wet! Undaunted, however, we continued and admired the almost picture-book nature of the scenery—rolling green hills, blue streams, gently flowing downwards; wild, barren tors, majestically overlooking the valleys; the white specks that were sheep; the wild moorland ponies; the genuine Devonshire cider sampled in an auberge on the main road dividing the moor horizontally. Whilst refreshing ourselves in the early hours of the evening for a short spell before continuing, we checked the firing times of the Army on the moor, which we had previously omitted to do.

We proceeded into the late evening and camped not far from a reservoir, not long after being called "Louts" and "Lazy layabouts" by an irate landowner for walking along the edge of his field. Layabouts—and lazy, too! We soon told him in no uncertain terms his mistake—a pity he took our military adviser's remark about shoe-repairers the wrong way.

The following day we awoke to more rain, wind and poor visibility—which had started during the previous night. We proceeded for about an hour until we came to an old, still-inhabited village, consisting of four cottages, a church, several barns and pathways for roads. There were no street lights, no cars, just a barren wilderness. Here we knocked on several doors to verify our position—at least that was the leader's excuse, though we believe he had got us lost. We heard voices in the mist and found an actual, real live, native yokel of about 70 years, still hobbling, and no doubt to live for many years. He said we were fools to go on the moor on a day like that and directed us to some tarred roads marked on the map, and thereby to keep off the actual moorland wastes.

"Oi, dis be Pea' Co', dis be, Bu' deduswanna keep again' be dis fla', ntur' rojanded, ndee'm on deroa."—so we followed his instructions and finished up at Princetown, not far from our route, with visibility 20 yards. We then continued our journey, cursing road-hogs on narrow lanes, and we hiked for an age, until about 5 p.m., when we camped in a sheltered cove by the roadside. The tent was erected, and then our "funny" incident number three occurred—our military adviser discovered that his two-pint water bottle had lost its cork—and contents—somewhere amongst his kit.

The last day was no better—rain, mist and wind—but we set off on the final phase of our journey, and just tramped on and on (marching the way we were looking). When we finally came off the moor proper, in mid-afternoon, the sun came out and forced us to strip to our shirt-sleeves, and we completed the latter miles of our expedition amid stares from locals who seemed to wonder what kind of "teddy" boy we were. We answered their unexpressed questions with such comments as "We're Boy Scouts actually, madam."

At 3.30 p.m. on the Friday we walked away from what we had been given, to rejoin the sanity of the main road, with cars and lorries and fumes racing by. The Colonel could keep his moor for his soldiers to play on, but we were unable to find him to tell him so in words befitting the Army. We were met and driven back home to baths and beds. When we were completely dried out, we realized just how odorous we had become; what we also realised was the bliss of being dry, warm and secure once more.

Our experience, nevertheless, is now a memory never to be forgotten, and perhaps it will be a challenge for others to follow.



FOOTNOTE:—On a cold day in early February this year, two of our trio were summoned by the Equerry of the Duke of Edinburgh to attend a reception at a famous London residence near St. James' Park. Here we walked on the red carpet, gazed with awe at the crystal chandeliers, twinkling from the lofty gilded ornate ceilings, and passed by the walls, hung with priceless paintings, to receive, with others, our handshake and personal congratulations from the Duke for obtaining his Gold Award.

A. P. Howard, 6A3.

—for whom, without the hearty co-operation of:—

M. J. Ridler, 6A3 (Natural joker), and

C. P. B. Smith (ex K.C.S., Wimbledon, now of the Military Academy, Sandhurst—our military adviser),

the above adventure would not have been possible.

## ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

### THREE GREY DAYS LAST YEAR

R. P. Myers, L6A.

#### THE FIRST ONE. THE CROCUS.

Two prisoners lie on their bunks in their cell. One reads a newspaper while the other, on the top bunk stares through the ceiling. The man on the top bunk speaks,

"If a crocus grew down . . ."

"What's that, Mac? Didn't hear. I see Everton won yesterday."

"I said if a crocus grew downwards—you know, if someone planted the bulb upside down . . ."

"But who'd do that?"

"Just supposing."

"Oh," the man on the bottom bunk said. "Oh, I see, go on."

"Well, if this crocus grew down—you know, with all its leaves under the ground and the flower came out . . ."

"But they don't do that, because they always grow up, because of the sun."

"Just supposing. I'm saying just supposing."

"O.K. Go on."

"Well, this crocus flowers under the ground, but nobody can see it."

"That's why they plant them the other way up."

"But just supposing. Well then, there'd be this crocus under the ground and it'd be just like the ordinary ones only no-one can see it."

"What's the use then?"

"No use, it's just supposing. Can't you see?"

"O.K., O.K.—go on."

"Well this crocus is the same as others, only upside down. Well along comes this geezer that loves crocuses."

"Upside down or downside up?"

"Stupid. Anyway they're the same thing. Anyway along comes this geezer and, when he sees this bit of air above the crocus that's growing away, down there, upside down . . ."

"How'd he know it was there?"

"Just supposing he did. Well what would he do?"

"I just couldn't guess. You tell me."

"He'd just stand there and admire it."

"But he can't see it."

"Ah yes, but he knows it's there and he admires other crocuses so he'd do the same with this one."

"Stupid, I'd say."

## THE SECOND ONE. THE FLY.

"It's like a desert. There, in the middle, the light, that's the blazing sun scorching up everything, and in every direction it is flat with small soft bumps and ridges with a light side and a shadow, and see that tiny black spot, there to the left of the light grill, that's a man—a man alone, lost in the desert with no water left and we can see there's only one road left and we know he'll take it; sooner or later, he'll take it, but at the moment he keeps on, sweating in the sun, falling over the ridges that twist and spin in front of his crazy eyes and he keeps . . ."

"Oh for Christ's sake shut up can't you! I'm trying to sleep. Look, mate, you've done—what, a month maybe? —and you've done nothing but stare at that blasted ceiling and dream it's everything but something that's going to be between you and the sky for fifteen years. You'll drive me round the ruddy bend."

The man on the top bunk, the dreamer, lay quiet then. He was watching the black speck wandering blindly across the shifting sands that melted and swam like brown sugar under the furnace sun. Its body was slowly dehydrating. But it was only a black speck, probably a bit of snot flicked by some earlier inmate on the white ceiling, a tiny black spot on a cell lid. It was a beetle asleep upside down on the plaster. No, not a beetle, a fly . . . or, yes . . . that was it, a small mosquito, a mosquito that had no features, but it was there. Up close, it would look like a mosquito under a microscope with legs, wings with veins, and roving eyes, and it pulsated up and down. Perhaps it was asleep; perhaps it was just hanging there waiting, but it certainly was doing something.

He was tired—closed his eyes and thought, but the harsh light bored through his eyelids. And there was the mosquito, still there to the left of the light grill—waiting—searching the room, every detail with the roving eye of an old inquisitor—contemptuous—an impersonal, grotesque eye that moved over and took everything in.

He could hear a distant telephone ringing—ringing—ringing.

He was walking in the desert—in it but not in it—there, but only a spectator of the bleached bones and oscillating horizon. The scenery moved along around him. He knew it was hot but he could not feel it on his back—nor could he see any shadow in front of him. And he walked on through the towering dunes and drifts with wisps of spray whisked up off the peaks by the hot breeze. It blew imperceptibly on the breeze—no, it was nothing—but later it came again, but again it was nothing—then there it was—faintly, not audible but there it was—a faint buzzing—intermittent—without a sound but every now and then it was there. Distant buzzing from nowhere—from all round—a buzzing scratching at his mind.

Porridge—every morning it was porridge and he had tried to work out its specific heat by calculating the time it took to get to No. 243 and working out its original temperature, which was how No. 1 cell got it and by timing its journey along the halls to when he got it with the cold suburban attitude it had. Yes, he ate suburban porridge every morning and would do so for about 3550 mornings; if he got full remission, say 3400; 3400 plates of suburban porridge swilling about inside him—a grotesque, swollen body with a tiny head—and the same old day with the same old work and the slightly different but very old dinner followed by the same old tea, and an interminable game of snakes and ladders with all the numbers along the top row having snakes back to 1. You could climb up to 95 at the most, but always slid back—a long evening followed by a long night and always with the light on.

And, there on the left was the black spot. They read a bit or talked, but not much of either.

"I see Everton won again."

"Won what?"

"Soccer, you stupid ——."

"Oh."

A silence for a long while.

"What you doing?"

"Thinking."

"What?"

"About everyone living in boxes."

"Like us?"

"No, no walls."

"You're bent."

They read for a bit.

"Here, Joe . . ."

"What, dreamer?"

"Nothing."

"No, go on."

"Can you hear anything?"

"Thousands of things."

"Anything special?"

"Like what?"

"Unusual."

He listens for a while.

"Well?"

"Nothing unusual, why?"

"Not a sort of sawing noise, a long way off?"

"Nope. Can you?"

"No."

"You're bent I tell you."

He couldn't actually hear it—not receive sound waves on his ear drums, he could hear other things but not that. But it was there.

And there was the black spot—and that was there only he didn't look at it any more.

"G'night."

"G'night."

He wandered along a stream sort of thing and pushed through a hedge into a field—only it wasn't a field but his feet just went on into the yellow sea of miraging sand. And the same endless blue sky. And he knew he didn't want to go on and that there was nothing on further, but he went on. The sun was in front and he could hear the buzzing—louder but not a positive noise—an intuition. He looked at the flaming sun and near it in the luring blue was a black speck, an ink dot on a photograph, not part of the sky.

There was the porridge—staring idiotically at him. Through his left eye he was aware of Joe moving,, and he turned, but Joe was not there. All during that day and the next day—and all the same old suburban porridge days—he came increasingly aware of it—not actually visible but just a notion that it was there just out of sight . . . It grew, not in size but in being and he could hear it more definitely—all around, like you can smell paint in a newly painted house—not here or there but everywhere.

And the endless circles of men in the exercise yard, even there he could hear it. Like cogwheels the circles turned and at the point where they nearly touched if there was an equal number of men and if they walked at the same speed, then you always came round and met the same man in the other circle—only it never happened like that but he could not forget it even there in the open.

Now he would sleep on his stomach face down.

Some nights it was there, sometimes not, but when it was he could hear it buzzing louder and louder and he could see it growing.

He was moving there across the empty dunes and he looked up and there it was, a mosquito, not a speck any more but a mosquito with legs and wings and an eye, its tail quivering and growing larger, fatter, filling

the sky with gigantic wings patterned with criss-cross veins—not beating but entirely still like a picture and the globe eye staring coldly—coming down, but he couldn't run—he couldn't move—everything was darkening and he was silently screaming and running but his feet wouldn't move and he couldn't get away as the wings grew and grew—as the long tail swelled and came down on him. He was concentrating his whole mental effort into moving his feet but they wouldn't break into a run and he couldn't move and he screamed and he was there and he screamed and he screamed.

### THE THIRD ONE. THE PATIENT.

He had been lying there for nearly eight weeks, seven of them spent in a world lost from reality but now the gap had been spanned and he was slowly regaining a lost mind. For seven weeks after his mental breakdown the doctors had attempted treatment after treatment but all the time he had said and apparently heard nothing and remained as still as if he had left his body at one instant in the dimension of time; his eye lids sculpted open and the unfocused eyes lay dead in their sockets. To the unobservant he would certainly have appeared as fit for the grave and only the rhythmical agitations of the cardiograph showed otherwise.

For seven weeks they tried many different lines of action, both the more orthodox and the less conventional, but the cardiograph flickered on and that was all; drugs and electric shocks, but he still remained in an impenetrable dimension.

Then, after seven weeks, they discovered their treatment for the patient. All it involved was a small device attached to the cardiograph which emitted a very high pitched note simultaneously with his heart beats: even after six hours he had responded and his eyelids slowly shut like the first movements of a newly oiled, long disused engine. From then on his recovery was steady, as if they had suddenly found the right key to the lock—no deterioration or set backs. Several days passed and, with each one, another section of his brain was released from the freeze. He began to move—to see things and within a week he was speaking—nonsensically at first, then sentences began to take shape. Another week passed and he was eating normally, speaking and, apart from a not unexpected weakness, appeared to be progressing well. For three weeks, then, the clicks had been hovering about in the room, faintly audible, so that the doctors had ceased to be aware of them and the patient certainly had never even noticed the cause of his recovery.

On the third Wednesday after the cure had begun, one of the attendant doctors experimented with the electric clicks while the patient was asleep. He speeded them up to 130 beats every minute. The patient remained sleeping but the cardiograph reported for about ten seconds an inexplicable increase in the speed of the man's heart. He repeated the operation with the

same results—for a few seconds the heart followed the clicks then returned to normal. He then tried running them at 200 beats a minute and for a few seconds again the heart followed a corresponding increase, but this time a far greater marked increase.

When the patient awoke, the doctor questioned him on whether he had experienced anything unusual in his sleep.

"No. Should I have done?"

"No, I just wondered."

"I'm just fine. I feel great—sort of relaxed and at ease; like you do when you're a kid and you know you've got a big strong dad looking after you."

"That's fine then."

But it wasn't, and the doctor told his colleague of his experiment. Together, during the night they tried speeding up his heart.

"Tomorrow, we must try taking him out of the noise. He's obviously becoming too dependent on it."

"I agree," replied the other, "and the longer we leave him in here the more serious it's likely to get."

But it didn't happen like that. During the day it had been snowing hard and by nightfall the strong wind was piling up drifts several feet high. The temperature dropped and there was a power cut.

The little automatic device attached to the cardiograph stopped its batlike bleatings.

## MEMORIES OF AN OLD MAN

*N. Walker, 6 Econ. I.*

The old man staggered to his feet and brushed the dirt from his tattered clothes. He picked up his stick and started walking again, his scarf waving in the breeze, his shoes flopping on the pavement.

Suddenly a gang of children ran out from an alley and started shouting and swearing at him, but he felt nothing, saw nothing, for he didn't care anymore. After a while the children became bored because the old man didn't threaten them, and they ran away. The old man carried on walking, not knowing where he was going. Memories of the world he had known a long time ago came flooding into his mind, a world that had been happy and peaceful and without hatred. But that had all changed now, for the world had lost control of itself, and civilization had crumbled under its own weight, leaving the chaos that still reigned. Men had been so sure of themselves until it finally dawned on them that Space could never be conquered and that no-one would ever reach the moon.

After that it was just a matter of time, for there was nothing else for man to conquer or explore, so the will to live had faded away, and the decline of mankind had begun.

The old man hobbled along with tears in his eyes, until the crumbling buildings hid him from view.

Another experiment of Nature had failed.

## THE LONG PLAY AND IT'S POSSIBLE END

*P. W. Roberts, 5G.*

Mindless, I stride down empty streets, their dirty silver-stained reflections taunting my burning brain. My passion is intense yet for what I know not; all the time the drab and dreary scene frames my life, holding for one brief moment that which is sacred but letting it quickly fade as my vision blurs. On I go, on and on, into more and more grey-paved streets; futility—a word I use so often on other things—seems to boomerang on me, stripping the tawdry trimmings of my fruitless existence. I want, but is no satisfaction. Racked with methadrine, my thoughts succumb to any alien belief; my steps—they falter, but, through the growing mist I madly pluck at straws which scream through my hollow body.

Snap!

Back to reality, but this is even worse than my twilight world of paper dragons, sweets, and toys; lead-like my sinking feet groove their unknown way beneath a sobbing sky—I am only too tempted to believe it sobs for me, but, O God! I don't even exist and, if I do, I might as well be dead.

Long ago it was different, I thought, but the green grass, the tall trees, the blossoming flowers of yester years are just more salt in the harsh wounds round my heart. Trying so hard yet failing so severely, this I think must end again just like every waking—with death. The mortification of day lifts the burden—for some—yet what I cannot see I know exists, and the treadmill beneath my feet keeps turning; a sword of Damocles to remind me that I cannot escape my unwanted prison hangs over me, I am doomed to seek an escape for my sodden soul.

Later, comes the breaking hour where all the scenery for my play is painted by the waking sun—from grey to white, from brown to yellow, from death to life, but not for me. The part I have requires no skill—just thoughtless actions from the backdrop of my mind. I cannot even believe any more; my belief is used up, caught up in the social whirlpool I used to worship; it took that; it took me, and there's nothing left but hatred and nothing left to hate.

The backcloth drops; the doors unwind and I enter—a place; I even sit down yet my unreceiving eyes note nothing and my hollow features decay under a barrage from the world, destroying all resistance. I ask everything; I give nothing but, when I view myself objectively, I see I have nothing to give. A torn face, spare arms, my intestines, my heart, my brain—yet no soul—no life to give to ever-open arms which could have welcomed me but which now just hack a little at the abattoir on wheels that I call—myself.

Interlude.

I rest behind the curtain of my dreams, peeping at the road beyond, that straight motorway which I can never reach without being consumed by seven evils which guard the way.

The next scene is no different from the rest. Perhaps my unrehearsed lines fall upon attentive ears; they never have done, and why should they? I fail and go on failing. White-faced students protest around the stage. "Shoot Smith; end the war." It's Viet-land day. "Stupidity," my conscience whispers.

I used to think I was right when I shouted those foolish slogans. "No," they said, "you're wrong," they said. "You must think our way."

I encouraged war; I despised peace and I was happy in the butchery that surrounded me. I revelled in Kennedy's death. "Another Imperialist gone to join the other imperialists in a place where all 'good' imperialists go!" they said, and I thought I agreed. 'Macbird' was next in line.

But soon I tired and sought my own way out and here I am without a thing in a strange world of blackness and light in a play without grease-paint or lines. The world is my stage alright, but the only ending to this play can be a death: then will my perpetual soliloquising stop. I play all the parts yet they are all the same, the torture-streets, the blackened room, each setting has that familiar tone about it; each scene repeats itself; yet I who control this tragedy have no control over it at all; the twisted shapes of my waking hours soon begin to haunt my sleep, until one moment in time will burst, one wretched grain of dust will sink deep into the mire of centuries. I will not be remembered because I will not have been forgotten; the play of my life was a failure, the reward just the empty void which I knew so well in life and with which I must become even more familiar in the eternal blackness lying beyond.

## ESCAPE

*G. Roberts, 4F.*

Alone in a sea of grass, the blue sky  
Overhead, with fleecy clouds like tattered  
Banners, I just stand; the gusty wind blows  
My hair about; I listen to it as  
It whistles through the trees. Peace overflows  
My jumbled-up thoughts as I stand there, free,  
Alone in a wilderness of nature.  
Stark football posts break this placid pattern,  
And comes the nagging thought of Time passing;  
I know I have small time to linger here,  
But it is so peaceful. Yet I must go  
Back, back again to the rat race of life  
And bitterly I turn and walk away.



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## THE SAD IRONY OF ABERFAN

*G. Roberts, 4F.*

A Welsh school came alive as gay children came to play  
And wait through morning's lessons for afternoon's half-  
holiday

Of fun and games.

Like the adults of this town, they had no idea then  
That the happy peace of this routine day would be shattered  
when

Disaster came.

Slimy sludge descended on that unsuspecting town ;  
From the coal tip towering o'er it this agent of death flowed  
down

Engulfing all.

Thus poor Aberfan saw great havoc and destruction  
And children dead ; because of her own dumping of production  
Of waste from coal.

## THE END OF WAR

*G. Roberts, 4F.*

When asked "Is it all right to kill Germans ?"  
The Church said in reply, "Yes, it's okay :  
This war is for Freedom." In their sermons  
They urged "Fight !" but did their consciences say  
The same thing ? Are they as blind as the rest  
Of men in this un-Christian, sinful World ?  
Or do they know Man will ever contest  
His "rights" ; Love's banner will not be unfurled  
'Til the Millenium, when Christ comes again ?  
He said, "Love and give to your enemy ;  
Overcome evil with good. "Thus so plain  
Is God's plan. Obey, and Peace there will be.  
But man is afraid when such wisdom is heard,  
Thinking "cranks," "palaver"—but this is God's word.

*D. Peet, 4F.*

I was only young when it happened—  
When I was dragged away from the world I knew  
And loved.  
When I was recruited to save my country,  
To share fortune ? . . . To share fame ? . . .  
More likely to die !

To die in a way peculiar to me :  
For my body is healthy, yet my mind is dead.  
If only some other might share my fate,  
Together we could face it ; alone I cannot  
For I am alive in a seemingly alien world,  
Yet dead.

If I sit up and look around me,  
What do I find ?  
Do I find laughter ? Do I find love ?  
Do I find people aglow with creative happiness ?  
Only in my cherished memories.  
In their place I find desolation, destruction,  
Death.  
All I have ever stood for, have ever lived for  
Is dead.  
Soon, I shall die,  
And all trace of civilisation, of what might have been,  
Will be dead.

## **BREAK-OUT**

*P. J. Rand, 4F.*

At last the prisoner's night of freedom came :  
He'd soon be seeing his family again.  
He carefully removed the pre-sawn bars  
And climbed out to the light of the stars.  
The ladder of sheets he tied to the door,  
Then slowly descended to the yard-floor.  
He ran round the edge of this yard to the wall  
And a smuggled-in grapple was his next tool.  
He threw it up and it hooked on the top ;  
Then he looked around for a dreaded 'cop.'  
The coast was clear so on up he swarmed  
To reach the top as the car horn warned.  
The car pulled up, and down did he leap ;  
A door swung open, and in he did sweep,  
Away to a fresh start, a face, and a name.  
It's all so simple if you just know the game.

## A RETURN TO MY CHILDHOOD

*J. Street, 6A1.*

I manage to escape, in a permitted pause,  
From the complex influence of town,  
And step out of the present, soon too but a memory,  
To retread the portion of my soul  
That is my childhood.

As soon as I enter my birthplace,  
The smell recognises me and greets me as a friend,  
And it accompanies me as I stroll down the streets  
That have changed only superficially—  
From my memory.

I glance at the recreation ground,  
The swings still swaying from my last strain upon them,  
And I see, possibly, my double of ten years ago,  
And I never wish to return to this sweet-smelling  
Haven of ignorance.

I pass through an alley, flanked by the same buildings,  
As dirty and crumbling as I saw them last.  
The church looms before me—surely that should be clean ;  
                  but no.  
The spire hangs above me ; the churchyard grovels beneath me,  
And now I'm in my own road.

I count the even numbers, as proof of identity.  
At last I approach her, the house of my childhood,  
The guardian of my body, starting me on life.  
She's the best in the road, not a trace of dirt on her.  
And she's painted white.

As my pause runs out, I continue past dirty bricks ;  
An art student approaches : she's destroying its sanctity.  
My nostalgia is shattered by my increase in age.  
It's so fitting that my past is destroyed by my future—  
One cannot grow backwards.

## THE STUBBORN MALTESE

*J. Bulmer, 4F.*

The tiny island of Malta  
In the blue "Med" seas  
Brings this giant of Britain  
Slowly to its knees

'We're going to take our troops out,'  
Shouts Britain to the land,  
But that will bury Malta  
Beneath its glittering sands.

The natives starve the troops there,  
Of water, fuel and drink.  
Surely this is good enough  
To make 'great' Britain think.

The whole of Malta's economy  
Is clearly on the brink.  
If our troops move out,  
Malta's in the 'drink.'

Finally talks are settled ;  
The arguing is to end ;  
The stubborn Maltese Government  
Has made the British bend.

## A PHILOSOPHY

*S. H. Gebbett, 6 Econ. 2.*

Life, you know,  
Is like a jar of piccalilli :  
Somebody always beats you  
To the Gherkin.

## THE STRANGER

*R. A. Adams, 6 Econ. 2.*

In the night came she,  
A woman with pain in her heart and sorrow in her breast.  
To the village came she,  
The village lost in the hills and the forests and the snows of  
winter.

No fine carriage had she,  
A pair of sturdy boots to walk through the wreckage of the  
cold December.

No money had she,  
No furs, no ladies to wait upon her call.

The village lay in the grey light of dawn,  
And snow shone in the clear light of morn.  
The monstrous mountains, gleaming spires,  
And down below, the little wooden fires.

To the church went she,  
To the lonely church whose spire shone with the glory of  
the sun.

At the altar stood she,  
And praised the Eternal God who had brought her peace.

And then she cried,  
The tears of joy falling on the tomb of a boy.  
The tomb of a boy,  
A child who died 'neath the deep snows of savage winter.

The memory was strong,  
So strong within her that she moaned aloud,  
And cried again.

The woman left the town that evening,  
When silence in the snows was breathing,  
And stars were shining in a cloudless sky,  
And grief was left behind to die.

In the night she had come,  
Seen by many, known by none.  
In the night also she departed,  
Leaving warmth for the broken-hearted.

## A FIRST LOVE

*R. A. Adams, 6 Econ. 2.*

A summer came, a summer went,  
And now my store of love is spent.  
No tears will fall with autumn leaves,  
But laughter cheers the heart that grieves.

A peal of laughter ringing clear,  
A sob of sorrow and a tear  
A song of birds, a love so sweet—  
All these things make life complete.

My love for you was for the hour  
Like sunshine quelled by autumn shower.  
I can't look back to times gone by  
For we must part, our love must die.

The above two poems were entered in the L. A. G. Strong Prize Competition.

## LIFE INSIDE

*P. W. Roberts, 5G.*

Fire your shells, drop your bombs, explode your mines, kill  
the Yanks, I support you.  
In fact you're right in my view.  
In such a situation where support is so divided  
A solution will never be decided,  
Unless the side of right is supported.  
The murder, bloodshed, torture, and exploitation of the people  
will continue,  
And death expressions remain contorted.  
Unlike yours, my people have no real problems,  
And therefore do not know.  
I wish this were Viet-land  
And the smouldering bodies in the streets

Belonged to English bowler-hatted gentlemen,  
 I should like to see a gas attack on an English fête  
 Where fat English women could roll in their own gore and  
 Understand some of the minor problems in Vietnam.  
 When we see our own babies limbless in the streets ;  
 When we see Yankee bombs rain on our homes ;  
 When we see Imperialist hands cut our throats,  
 When we see the butchery for ourselves,  
 Then will we understand and shout  
 "Fire your shells ; drop your bombs ;  
 Explode your mines ; kill the Yanks—  
 We support **you** !"

Perhaps we may hear something from the 'other side' next.—Ed.

## EPITAPH FOR DONALD CAMPBELL

*P. W. Roberts, 5G.*

The foot of progress is set to move onward,  
 But that same foot can crush and kill.  
 The weeping god stood high above a tranquil lake  
 Beneath a troubled sky.  
 The scurrying ants beneath made ready the vicious bird.  
 He was watching. 'Why,' he thought, 'I made that man.  
 Could he not learn what was warned so often  
 That it is not right to test this world whether it be for good  
 or not ?'  
 Sad birds aware of an imminent fate  
 Watch with moistened wondering eyes,  
 As the swooping shape, the iron bird, swept across the  
 rippling waters  
 To return, and, as they pondered on this sight,  
 It screamed as its twisted writhing shape was thrust below.  
 He watched and he knew  
 That life revolves in circles  
 And one man's ended there.  
 The mortal frame would not be found,  
 But high on Olympus an honoured place  
 Was found by one who so desired.

The above poem was entered in the L. A. G. Strong Prize Competition.



## SOCIETIES

### THE CHRISTIAN UNION

'Can I know I am saved? —This term, in the first Letter of John, we found the answers and discussed them in a series of studies led by Christian Union members.

Towards the end of the term we welcomed John Knight at our Friday lunch-hour meeting entitled 'You need Christ,' when two of our number gave their own testimonies.

The Junior Christian Union continues to meet every Monday at 12.30 p.m. in the General Science Laboratory. They have recently had a number of discussions, one of which was on the provocative subject of the creation of man.

"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. : 6 : 23.

D. G. Rose.

### THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

During the Spring Term, the 62nd and 63rd meetings of the Society were held. The first was a reading of Louis MacNeice's translation of the "Cena Trimalchionis" which was broadcast by the BBC in both 1949 and 1964.

Mr. Carter's interpretation of Trimalchio as a self-made, go-ahead business man of Northern stock was lively and entertaining. The supporting cast read well, and the dialogue, ranging from astrology to the human bowel, was at all times enlightening.

The 63rd meeting heard a talk entitled "Relics and Rebels: a New Classical Tradition" delivered by Dr. S. A. Barlow, herself an authority on Euripides. She was educated at Cambridge and after a few years' teaching at Michigan is now lecturing in Classics at the University of Kent. She showed how, from the eighteenth to the twentieth centuries, each age has interpreted the Classical ideals in its own way. Her talk was varied, interesting and, at times, provocative, and we are indebted to Dr. Barlow for a very worthwhile evening.

M. J. Ridler.

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The Spring Term saw, as usual, much activity on the part of school orators. Of major importance was the success of C. R. Shoebridge and L. C. Williams, who argued their way into the semi-final of the Evening Standard Metropolitan Schools Debating Competition. Although finally defeated in the depths of Holborn, they produced some excellent speeches, and were seen by the judges to be "born debaters." Our congratulations to them both.

On a lighter note, the society entertained thirty denizens of the Ursuline Convent, and proposed that "This house would rather be a halfpenny!" The expected humour materialised, and one might have described events as farcical when the chairman, Mr. M. Oliver, perceived that they had only two speakers to Raynes Park's three! The Ursuline proved too strong for us (possibly owing to the fact that they mustered more supporters, who all voted along the party line) with the result that the motion was defeated by 35 votes to 11, with three abstentions. The school was represented by C. Coleman, S. H. Gebbett, and D. G. Rose.

The Welby House Cup debates were also completed this term, and resulted in a narrow victory for Gibbs by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  points. Motions and results were as follows:—

Motion	Proposers	Opposers	Score
"The Human Being is Obsolete"	Miltons	Newsoms	77-93½
"The Industrial Revolution was a mistake"	Newsoms	Gibbs	106½-110
"Manchester has been moved too near to London"	Gibbs	Halliwells	91½-89½
"Discussion is futile"	Halliwells	Cobbs	89½-79½
"This house believes in co-education"	Cobbs	Miltons	93-95

The final order was:

1st—Gibbs ...	201½ pts.
2nd—Newsoms ...	200 pts.
3rd—Halliwells ...	179 pts.
4th—Cobbs ...	172½ pts.
5th—Miltons ...	172 pts.

The society wishes to thank the members of staff who gave up their time to adjudicate, namely the Headmaster and Deputy Headmaster, who acted as spokesmen, plus J.S.W., M.J.M., L.R.K., J.A.R.I., A.C.R., and P.S.

Debating has not been confined solely to the senior school, and I must thank Mrs. Monroe and Mr. Carter for their active sponsorship of several junior debates.

S. H. Gebbett.

## THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

After fifteen lunchtime lectures, topics, and, indeed, speakers have become exhausted, but it is hoped to revive this most successful series after the summer holidays. Despite the Government-imposed £50 spending limit, the vacation will provide an opportunity for new countries to be visited and photographed. Will all holiday-makers bear the Geographical Society in mind when in distant parts?

The Society enticed, by fair means or foul, fifty boys to pay one shilling for the Film Evening, held on 6th March. The programme was perhaps the most topical ever shown. The conditions under which the Vietnam war is being fought were exposed by a film on the Mekong Delta. The late Donald Campbell's attempt at the world land speed record at Muloorina on the salt flats of Lake Eyre, Australia, was described. There was a film of a coach tour to the Isle of Skye, bringing reminiscences to members of the recent school party, who covered a similar route. Finally, the topical subject of 'A'-levels received some help from informative films, the first, of a journey from the Rhone to the Rhine, through Switzerland; the second concerning the industries of Geelong, Australia, recently in the news as a result of the educational visit of Prince Charles.

The projector behaved surprisingly well, as did the bunsen burners, which were ingeniously utilised to heat the Maxwell House. The members of the Geographical staff deserve commendation for their efforts.

S. H. Gebbett.

## THE SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

This term has seen considerable 'scenic' progress, especially at the Oberon end of the system, where the station platform and buildings, as well as nearby roads, have been reconstructed. The other branch station is semi-demolished at the moment, as is the village green at Halliwell Green, both areas being cleared in preparation for reconstruction. On the electrical side isolating sections, as well as two electric points, have been installed and wired up.

Despite these modifications membership this term has been low, but at least those members we have are dedicated and loyal. New members, however, will be made very welcome.

### FATHER WANTED

The Spur Model Railway Club is in dire need of a father (preferably with some interest in railways) who is willing to give up to 1½ hours on Wednesday evenings, from 7.30 p.m. — 9.00 p.m. to help supervise our meetings. Anyone interested will be made very welcome at any of our meetings.

S. L. Buckingham.

## THE CHESS CLUB

*Master-in-Charge* : J. A. Innes, Esq.

*Captain* : P. Fischer.

*Hon. Secretary* : G. Brookes.

Owing to the shortness of the term and the trial examinations, the School Chess team has not had many fixtures this term.

At the beginning of the term we played Hinchley Wood, and won fairly easily.

The Second team, consisting of juniors, reached the quarter-finals of their zone in a national competition, but met with very strong opposition from Roan Grammar School's first team, and lost heavily. This is the furthest stage of this national competition that a chess team from this school has ever reached.

In an eighteen board match against Rutlish, we were rather unlucky to lose, but against a very strong team from K.C.S. we won a convincing victory, the whole team producing a very high standard of play.

RESULTS (School's score first)

v. Hinchley Wood	W. 7-1
v. Roan	L. $\frac{1}{2}$ -5 $\frac{1}{2}$
v. Rutlish	L. 7-11
v. K.C.S.	W. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -3 $\frac{1}{2}$

The teams were :

Senior : Fischer (captain), Feline, Brookes, Peet, Haines, Rand.

Also played : Marshall.

Junior : Rand, Marshall, Ansari, Marcousé, Oatway, Maunder.

Also played : Evans, Hammett, Bramall, Barford, Lovell, Finch, Arkell.

The House Chess Competition is almost finished, with Halliwells looking the probable winners.

This year's Chess Competition, which is being run by G. Brookes, will continue into next term.

I should like to thank Mr. Innes for his sponsorship and his help in running the club.

## BRIDGE CLUB

The club was officially formed at the beginning of this term and, as such, is still in its embryonic stage. The club meets on Tuesday evenings, Friday lunchtimes, and any other time when a four can be found. It is hoped, next term, to start coaching for beginners and novices on both standard bridge and duplicate.

We have played five school matches this term, of which we won two and lost three. We also entered a team in a national tournament in which there were 117 entries; in our section there were 43 entrants, but we failed to be in the six qualifiers. There is a Staff versus Boys match in progress which, at present, is in the Staff's favour; it is hoped to conclude the match sometime next term.

S. F. Silver.

## GYM CLUB

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

The club has continued to meet every Friday, and numbers have increased owing to keen interest from the first formers.

While older members have improved their performance in general floorwork, the juniors have been experiencing all kinds of activity on new apparatus.

Cocks, Breeze, and Murphy, the senior members, all gave excellent performances in the House Gymnastic Competition, which was an exciting and demanding test for the fifty boys who took part; Cobbs were outstanding and romped home by 200 points.

It is hoped that a trampoline will get through the school estimates one day and also a new trampette, so that a wider range of activity can be experienced.

Lee, of the first form, is an excellent performer on floorwork as is Elliott of the second year. Slowly the junior repertoire increases, and standards rise in a sport demanding more bodily skill, strength and agility than in any other.

D.F.A.

## PRINTERS' GUILD

During the course of this term, the Guild has suffered numerous setbacks: broken equipment, faulty supplies of paper, and worst of all, the temporary loss of five valuable members who departed on the Greek Cruise.

The term began with the task of distributing and sorting most of the type used in the school play programmes. In addition, we had, and unfortunately still have, large quantities of new type to be transferred and checked.

By half-term, we had commenced work on next term's Sports' Programmes. Most of the composing was completed by first formers, ably guided by Spraggs, while Leonard and another group handled the large number of smaller orders, which included letterheadings, handcards, invitation cards, library slips and house play programmes.

With Chappell's assistance, on returning from Greece, we printed one half of the Sports Programmes. Numerous small orders, mainly letter-headings and handcards were completed by members for their own use. The results of these 'tests' were very promising, and some of our first formers show great potential.

Finally, I must mention our inability to respond to a request for House Play programmes which was received on the evening before the production of the play in question. By that time it was impossible to compose and print such an order. Many of our customers do not realise how long it takes to complete even a simple letterheading; please allow us at least a week to complete a reasonable-sized order.

A. F. Whitten.

## ANTI-APARTHEID MOVEMENT

This is a non-party organisation against racialism. This movement has only recently started activities in this school but already has one major success to record, namely the collection organised for six-year-old Josiah Chinamono. This little African boy is being flown over to England to be educated as both his parents are in restriction in Rhodesia. The school collected £6 12s., which is a good indication of the depth of humanitarian feeling in this school. I wish to thank the Headmaster for sponsoring the collection.

Next term we hope to see an expansion of our activities and the recruitment of new members. We hope to organise activities such as discussion meetings, 'demonstrations,' and further fund-raising. Anybody interested should see our School Representative or write to 89 Charlotte Street, London, W.1, enclosing five shillings membership fee.

School Representative, G. Wright,

## 19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT TROOP

During this term the Troop has expanded considerably, owing to the infusion of new blood from the 23rd Group. Nevertheless new recruits will be made most welcome.

Owing to his move to America, we have had to say 'Goodbye' to Mr. Burgess, but we have been fortunate in that the District Rovers ran the Troop until P. Trundle was able to take it over. Now his burden has been eased by Mr. Williams who has taken over the duties if not the uniform of G.S.M.

A considerable amount is owed to Mr. Beeney who is taking over as liaison man between Group and School. In this connection we were sorry to have to say goodbye to Mr. Shaw who is now concerned with the Cubs.

There was held earlier this term an ambitious but not fruitless Peruga, which was voted a success. The same can be said for the Winter Camp at Gilwell which a number of thawed boys can now look back on and laugh at.

We hope that the several hikes being organised will prove successful, and that the two camps during the holiday will also be enjoyed.

The Scouts now meet on Monday evening at 7 p.m. and look forward to a bright future.

The Seniors have taken part in the District Senior Competition winning the Cycle Rally and coming third in the Mystery Competition.

Some of the Seniors are camping in Wales with the Rovers this Easter in search of a site for an Adventure Camp.

The Summer Camp is arranged for Sweden, and we are looking forward to this visit.

Thanks are finally due to J. Fifield for his continued help as S.S.L.

## No. 565 SQUADRON AIR TRAINING CORPS

Although usually held to be the quietest of the three terms for squadron activities, the Spring Term has proved a highly successful one for the Squadron this year.

In the Wing Cross Country in February the Squadron's Junior team did well, being placed fourth with Cadet Burns leading the Team in seventh place. He was selected to run for Surrey Wing in the Regional Championships and did exceedingly well, coming 32nd out of over 100 runners.

Aircraft Recognition, however, was the Squadron's "pièce de résistance" this term, when the team took the individual prize for the third year in succession and the team prize for the sixth consecutive year. As a final touch the Second Team took third place, being narrowly beaten for second place by 714 Squadron. Congratulations are due to all who took part, especially to Cadet Ball who won the Individual Trophy and to Cadets Harper and Buckingham who completed the victorious team.

The Squadron was also active in the non-competitive field: this term saw a visit to B.E.A.'s Maintenance Sheds at London Airport, flying at White Waltham, where every cadet flew for at least 30 minutes (including one uninvited addition to the party!) and finally the Squadron's Open Evening. This event was well supported by the parents although few members of the School deigned to attend. Here, it should be emphasised that, although there is some importance attached to aeronautics in the A.T.C. you do NOT have to be "air-minded" to enjoy this worthwhile hobby.

Other regular activities, however, suffered this term, Saturday morning shooting being non-existent owing to lack of qualified range Officers to take the details. It is hoped that this will be resumed next term in conjunction with .303 shooting at Pirbright.

The proposed Whist Drive had to be cancelled at short notice because it clashed with the Dress Rehearsals for the House Plays. With luck this will be held in the Autumn Term.

The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme is progressing well, Cadet Ball having completed the Bronze Award whilst several others are reaching the conclusion of both Bronze and Silver Awards.

Congratulations must also go to Cadet Uzumeri on winning the John Faulkner Trophy for the Best Recruit in the Squadron. This is the first time that this Trophy, donated to the Squadron by ex-C.W.O. Faulkner, has been awarded.

The departure of instructors has continued this term with the loss, to the cause of Holy Matrimony, of Warrant Officer Gibb, whose efforts in training a long succession of Teams has led to the outstanding reputation the Squadron now has for Aircraft Recognition. He will be greatly missed although our best wishes go to both his wife and himself, together with the reminder that he will always be welcome at the headquarters of '565.'

Finally, this Easter will see a party of Cadets at camp at R.A.F. Wyton in Huntingdonshire, where they will live for a week under the same conditions as the Regular Air Force, taking part in the various activities that go to make up Service Life.

J. D. Needle.

## SPORT

### HOCKEY

*Master-in-Charge* : M. J. Shaw, Esq.

*Captain* : G. E. Emerick.

*Hon. Secretary* : G. A. Hopper.

This season has proved to be even more successful than the 1966 season; at times results and play have been really outstanding. The number of representative school teams has been increased from four to six by the addition of Under-16 and Under-13 elevens, and all six sides have achieved a high degree of success. Above all, the First Eleven has played with a rare combination of skill, determination and team spirit which has bred victory. Much of this has been due to the remarkable leadership of Emerick; he has shown qualities of captaincy which have been greatly admired.

The composite school record is worthy of note :—

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals For	Agst.
58	30	10	18	166	85

Two trophies have been won from the London Schoolboys' Hockey Festival at our first attempt, by the 1st and U.14 XI's; these victories were achieved under most difficult climatic and physically exhausting circumstances.



Vice-captain Marsh has been a regular player for the London Schools Hockey XI and he has been selected for a tour of Ulster during the Easter Holidays.

We have been indebted to the members of Merton Hockey Club throughout the term for their helpful comments on our play and for providing us with first class umpires for most of our home matches.

Finally our grateful thanks go to John Warner at Oberon, one of our most enthusiastic supporters, for all his work in the preparation of our pitches. It must be very frustrating for him to know how much easier and better the preparation and pitches respectively could be, if only he had some permanent form of mechanised transport to do the right job at the right time. We sincerely hope that a remedy will not be far off for the benefit not only of hockey but of all the sports using the ground.

Representative Honours:

A. R. W. Marsh—London Schools 1st XI.

C. C. Pottinger—London Schools 2nd XI.

Competitive achievements:

Winners—Senior Section of London Schoolboys Hockey Festival.

Joint-winners—U.14 Section of London Schoolboys Hockey Festival.

Winners—Merton Hockey Club Sixes.

Colours: G. Emerick, P. Standish, A. Tickner, G. Hopper, C. Pottinger, D. Naylor.

Half-Colours: A. Howard, A. King, L. Vincent, R. Schwartz, G. Borrett.

M.J.S.

## RESULTS

	1st XI	2nd XI	U.16 XI	U.15 XI	U.14 XI	U.13 XI
Westminster City	11-0			2-2	2-0	
Merton H.C. III		1-1				
Merton H.C. IV			1-4			
Tulse Hill	4-0					
Thames Valley		3-1	9-0			
		(v. 1st)	(v. 2nd)			
Kings College				1-1	0-4	
Eastfields I			4-3			
Kynaston	12-0					
Sir William Collins I		0-2				
Trinity	1-1	2-1	1-2	2-1	2-3	
Wandsworth	16-0	11-0				
Sir William Collins				1-1	4-1	
Eltham Green	3-0					
George Abbott I		1-3				
Fullbrook			1-0		3-0	
			(v. 1st)		(v. U.15)	
Hillcroft				6-0		

	1st XI	2nd XI	U.16 XI	U.15 XI	U.14XI	U.13 XI
St. George's Hospital	4-2					
Royal Russell		7-0				
Whitgift III			2-3			
Wandsworth				8-2		
Eastfields					2-3	
Fullbrook	7-0					
Wandsworth		1-1 (v. 1st)		3-0	1-1	
Elliott	1-0					
Eastfields I		2-0				
Whitgift			4-1			
Windsor	1-0	0-2		1-3	2-2	
Eastfields I			3-1			
St. George's College	2-0 (v. 2nd)					
Eastfields				1-0		2-0
Merton Composts	0-3					
Crown Woods I			1-4			
Kingston	0-4 (v. 2nd)	1-4 (v. 3rd)	1-5	0-3	0-5	
Staff		0-1	1-1	2-1		

#### LONDON SCHOOLS HOCKEY FESTIVAL

1st XI	Group	Semi-Final	Final
Elliott	1-1	Sir Wm. Collins 1-0	Tulse Hill 1-0
Crown Woods	3-0		
Eltham Green	2-1		
U.14 XI			
Kynaston	3-0	Wandsworth 0-0	Eastfields 1-1
St. Marylebone	3-0		
U.13 XI			
Tulse Hill	2-2		

#### FIRST ELEVEN

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals for	Goals agst.
13	10	1	2	62	10

Goalscorers: (including competitions)

Pottinger 18, Hopper 16, King 7, Colombo 7, Tickner 6, Emerick 5, Salter 5, Standish 4, Naylor 4, Marsh.

This year has without any doubt been the finest in the history of School hockey. We have suffered only two defeats, one against an extremely powerful Kingston side, and the other at the hands of Merton Hockey Club.

We began the season confidently, beating Westminster, Tulse Hill, and Kynaston convincingly, but Trinity temporarily halted the run in a fine game which we were somewhat unfortunate not to win. Despite the loss of Colombo, one of our most experienced players, the team continued to win well and to play most attractive hockey. Then began a series of tough matches. The first against "the old enemy," Elliott, resulted in a victory despite our being reduced to ten men after five minutes. We defeated Windsor in our most exciting match of the season, with a superb goal by Pottinger, and beat St. George's College in a very disappointing match.

Our stiffest test came in the London School's Hockey Festival. At Betting Shops Incorporated, we were six-four on favourites, and we arrived at Ewell determined to do well. We had been placed in the toughest group and we even had to share a dressing-room with Elliott, whom we defeated by short corners. We then beat Crown Woods without a great deal of trouble, and despite being a goal in arrears with only five minutes remaining, we defeated Eltham Green 2-1. In the semi-final we played our finest game, defeating Sir William Collins 1-0. The standard of play in the final against Tulse Hill was somewhat disappointing as we were extremely tired; Ticker however glided home a Marsh cross to give us victory and was duly engulfed by a mass of blue shirts. After the final whistle, our "Sir Alf" was seen to be moving among his battle-scarred heroes, congratulating them as they lay exhausted on the terrain. We ended the season on a very agreeable note when we entered the Merton Six-a-side Competition. After a great deal of luck, we reached the final which we won quite convincingly.

I should like to thank on behalf of the whole team, our manager, dubbed by the team after our Cup win, for making this season such a success. Without his encouragement, his valuable advice and the many hours he devoted to team practices we should not have been such an effective side. The tremendous spirit that reigned throughout the side, was largely promoted by his sense of humour and his ability to manage under any difficulties. I should also like to emphasise the support, encouragement and criticism given to us at Oberon by Mr. Warner and our home record of having scored forty-six goals without reply is indeed a tribute to Mrs. Warner's splendid catering. The enjoyment of hockey this term has mainly been due to the efficient umpiring by several members of Merton Hockey Club, to whom we are deeply indebted and with whom we have formed a close alliance.

## PEN PORTRAITS

PEAROE (Goal) : We were forced to muzzle him, after biting at close quarters.

MARSH (Right Back) : Self-appointed star of London Counties. Produced bursts of speed that even our goal-keeper could not rival.

HOWARD (Centre Back) : Had not played hockey before; should not play hockey again . . . Good chauffeur.

STANDISH (Left Back) : Penalty king. Hit right-winger against Trinity, hit right-winger against Wandsworth, missed right-winger against St. George's . . . swore.

EMERICK (Right Half) : Has never played better . . . and—unfortunately probably never will.

HOPPER (Forward Sweeper) : Used his baser instincts well; became very attached to our goal-keeper.

TICKNER (Left Half) : Scored "the" goal; wore white gloves; had trouble with his ballet shoes.

NAYLOR (Right Wing) : Made some dazzling runs down the wing, sometimes even took the ball with him.

KING (Inside Forward) : Found himself rather cut up against Elliott. Threatened much . . . achieved little.

POTTINGER (Inside Forward) : Gained the C.D.M. award against Eltham Green. Did not receive a good pass because we could not see him.

SALTER (Left Wing) : Complained of a stiff arm at the beginning of the season, complained of a stiff shoulder mid-season, complained of a stiff neck at the end of the season . . . bit of a stiff all round.

COLOMBO : Took up nursing half-way through the season . . . dead loss.

VINCENT : Surely he must score next year!

SCHWARTZ : The happiest member of the side; regarded his stick as an ornament, preferring to use his legs.

## SECOND ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge* : P. O'Driscoll, Esq.

*Captain* : G. Borrett.

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals for	Goals agst.
12	5	2	5	29	16

Goal scorers : King A. T. 7, Chapman 6, Schwartz 6, Freeman 5, Henry 4, Salter 1.

There is no doubt that this was the strongest 2nd XI the school has ever fielded—even in the palmy days of 20 years ago when the 1st XI could beat Kingston G.S., Caterham School and St. George's College, the

2nd XI could scarcely win a match. The major weakness this season was a lack of scoring power—especially when King (A.T.) was promoted to the 1st XI. Time and time again dominance in midfield was not translated into goals that had been worked for. This was due partly to a reluctance to shoot and partly to feebleness of shot, if and when it did come. The other feature was the inability to get away to a good start—of the 15 goals scored against, 12 occurred in the first half, most of them in the first quarter.

### CRITIQUES

**KING (P. I.):** Started weakly in several key matches but was always kicking strongly at the end.

**SMITH-BOYES & BISHOP:** blended well at full-back and had some outstanding games.

**BORRETT:** As captain and 'sweeper-up' had a lion's share in the team's success.

**FREEMAN:** a persistent forager, who backed up well.

**VINGENT & McCUBBIN:** although neither had a good hit, they were second to none in crossing and tackling.

**HENRY:** After a rough beginning improved greatly and often looked the only scoring forward.

**CHAPMAN:** His approach play was excellent, but his one-handed style let him down badly.

**SCHWARTZ & PADWICK:** Were also good in approach play but lacked much a scoring shot.

**SMITH & BUTCHER:** Often filled in at short notice and both improved steadily after somewhat shaky starts.

P. O'D.

### MATCH REPORTS

The first game against Merton H.C. was a difficult first match; the ground was in bad condition but a draw was a good result. An easier game against Thames Valley I followed and saw a comfortable win to recover from a bad start. Sir William Collins I proved too good but there was some improvement after a shaky start. An excellent win against Trinity School II followed, with two goals in the second half and good play by the whole team. Wandsworth III provided weak opposition and a chance for good open play. George Abbott I at Guildford proved too strong, especially because we started so poorly. Royal Russell School II were also weak and gave the forwards a rare chance of scoring. Wandsworth I provided fair opposition and a draw a good result. Eastfields School I, though not strong, proved troublesome because of missed opportunities. Windsor G.S. II, beaten only once in three years, proved strong and successful opponents, as were Kingston G.S. III in the season's last match, when only 10 players turned up, and the only home defeat was suffered; after conceding 3 goals in the first half, there was a good and even second half.

## UNDER SIXTEEN ELEVEN

*Masters-in-Charge* : W. P. Holmes, Esq., J. A. R. Innes, Esq.

*Captain* : I. D. Brewer.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals for	Goals agst.
	11	5	1	5	28	24

Goal Scorers (including 'Friendlies') :

Murphy 9, Dudman 7, Murrell 7, Cocks 5, Potten 2, Jones 1.

It was a good season on the whole, characterised by some excellent team work. The team played well in the mud but not quite so well when the pitches dried out.

Praise must go to Williams on his transition from full-back to goal-keeper. The backs played well throughout the season: Collins was always a steady and consistent player and Jackson settled down well as left back when Williams became goalkeeper. The half-back line was always strong and usually dominated mid-field play. Cox at right half and Potten at centre half worked well. The forwards, who scored many good goals at the beginning of the season, found some difficulty in doing so in the last few games. Cocks was a fast winger, on the right, while Reeve, on the left, played a very reliable if less spectacular game. The inside forwards, Murphy and Dudman, and centre forward Murrell, constantly looked dangerous in attack.

Our last match, against Kingston, although lost by a rather wide margin, was our best game, with the team playing well in both attack and defence. On such a fine pitch we certainly rose to the occasion but could not hold Kingston's strong team of skilful players.

Our thanks must go to Mr. Innes and Mr. Holmes for the services they rendered us, and the valuable time they gave up for our practices.

\* \* \* \*

The captain must also be thanked for his hard work in organising the team, and congratulated for some very fine performances this term.

Also played : Pashby, Jones, Copen.

J.A.R.I.

W.P.H.

## UNDER FIFTEEN ELEVEN

*Masters-in-Charge* : M. J. Shaw, Esq., D. F. Alldridge, Esq.

*Captain* : M. W. Bellamy.

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals for	Goals agst.
	11	6	3	2	27	14

Goal scorers: Pepperrell 11, Newport 10, Williamson 3, Healey, Paget-Clarke, Carpenter 1 each.

This has been another exceedingly sound season for the U.15 XI. We managed to keep our unbeaten record for most of the term, but were beaten 3-1 and 3-0 by very useful sides from Windsor and Kingston respectively. The season started well with good, hard matches against Westminster and

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Kings College, both of which ended as draws, and a well-deserved victory over Trinity. This was followed by a draw against Sir William Collins and three wins in a row during which we scored 17 goals and conceded only 2. A hard fought game against the Staff ended with the Colts emerging as victors 2-1 after being fooled into playing uphill for the first and the second half by a clever change of pitch at halftime.

It is a little unfair to single out for special praise individuals from an efficient team but Newport and Pepperrell deserve mention for their scoring consistency. Finally our thanks are due to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Aldridge for the time and patience they have given in coaching our team.

Those who have played in the side include: Carpenter, Russell, Blakeburn, Bellamy, Metcalfe, Williamson, Paget-Clarke, Newport, Pepperrell, Healey, North, Lawrence and Noquet.

## UNDER FOURTEEN ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge*: H. A. Pratt, Esq.

*Captain*: G. J. Hammett.

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals for	Goals agst.
9	3	2	4	16	19

Goalscorers: (including Festival games)

Feist 6, Hammett 5, Williamson 4, Finch 2, Shanpe, Maunder, Pinnock, Smith, Robinson 1 each.

Never has there been such a hockey season for the reserves! In three of our matches we played no fewer than eight in each. The main reason was the Greek trip, which has proved a blessing in disguise. For all the season through we have had virtually a second team standing on the touch line only waiting for the chance to participate. It would have been a pity if such enthusiasm had met with no reward. In fact, the whole season has been marked by enthusiasm and an excellent sporting spirit. One of our aims was to cheer louder than our opponents even when we lost.

The players, regulars and reserves, have naturally still much to learn. It took them a week or two to get away from rugby forward tactics and even at the end of the season it was difficult to get the wings to stay up and out, and difficult to get backs and halves to feed them adequately. Left-handers struggled valiantly with their special difficulties, in particular the avoidance of obstruction when using reverse sticks. The push stroke was still inclined to be weak and insufficiently used, while in the straight hit the ball was too often topped. But what we lacked in skill we made up in dash and staying power. A certain solo sweep from a half up the left wing, frequently ending in a goal, became famous. Our greatest game was our last. We probably learnt more about how to play in our five-nil defeat by Kingston than in all the rest of the season. When one considers the shortness of the season, with eight of the regulars away for three weeks, the progress made by the team can be seen in proportion—and it was very satisfactory indeed.



The following have played for the team in the course of the term: Meller, Young, Bartlett, Barford, Loxton, Brammall, Mayer, Hammett (capt.), Smith, Pinnock, Feist, Williamson, Sharpe, Lloyd, Armsby, Landsell, Fagence, Couper, Bec, Jensen, Finch, Maunder.

### UNDER THIRTEEN ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge* : R. J. Beeney, Esq.

*Captain* : P. J. Orr.

P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals for	Goals agst.
2	1	1	0	4	2

Goalscorers : Marjoram 2, Holmes, Russell 1 each.

During our short season, we were morally unbeaten. Our first match was against Eastfields, and we fielded a very keen team. By half-time Marjoram had given us the lead, and, in the second half, victory was assured when Russell scored our second goal.

On March 11th. we travelled to Priest Hill, Ewell, to play in the London Schools Hockey Festival. Wandsworth scratched from our group and we only had to beat Tulse Hill to play in the semi-finals. Unfortunately we were without Russell, and, during the first half, Tulse Hill built up a two goal lead. In the second half, Holmes led the team in a comeback and by full-time the scores were level; Holmes and Marjoram getting the goals. Under the Festival rules, a draw was impossible and because Tulse Hill had forced one more long corner than we had, they went into the semi-finals.

Holmes, Russell and Kerse deserve a mention for their high standard of play on the field.

Our thanks go to Mr. Beeney who patiently coached the team on Friday lunchtimes.

The team was selected from the following :

Orr, Williams, Miles, Petley, Holmes, Merton, Haines, Russell, Seeley, Marjoram, Kerse, Lovett and Rees.

### HOUSE HOCKEY COMPETITION

COLT				pts.	SENIOR				pts.
1	COBBS	...	...	8	1	GIBBS	...	...	8
2	HALLIWELLS	...	...	6	2	NEWSOMS	...	...	5
3	NEWSOMS	...	...	4	3	COBBS	...	...	4
4	MILTONS	...	...	2	4	MILTONS	...	...	2
5	GIBBS	...	...	0	5	HALLIWELLS	...	...	1

### FINAL POSITIONS

	pts.
1 COBBS ... ..	12
2 NEWSOMS ... ..	9
3 GIBBS ... ..	8
4 HALLIWELLS ... ..	7
5 MILTONS ... ..	4

# RUGBY

*Master-in-Charge* : D. F. Aldridge, Esq.

*Captain* : B. H. Perryman.

*Secretary* : A. T. Williams.

## RESULTS OF SCHOOL MATCHES

	U.13 XV	U.12 XV
v. St. Joseph's	A 3-21 B 0-11	
v. Shene		0-24
v. Hinchley Wood		6-9
v. City Freeman's	8-25	
v. Garth	3-20	6-3
v. Gunnersbury	0-17	0-17
v. Wimbledon	10-14	6-14

## RECORD OF TEAMS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Points	
					For	Against
U.13 'A' XV	5	0	0	5	24	97
U.13 'B' XV	1	0	0	1	0	11
U.12 XV	5	1	0	4	18	67

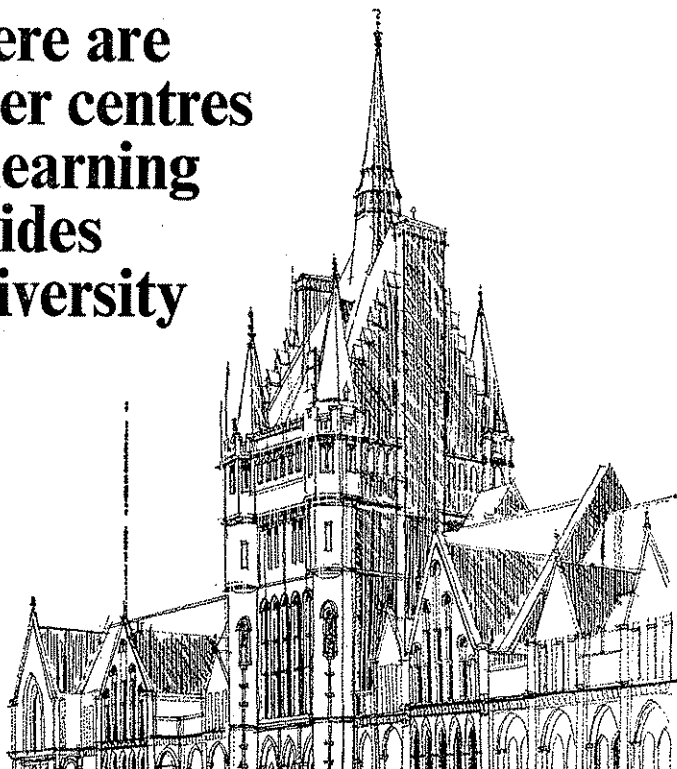
## SENIOR SEVENS

The Sevens this term can be split into three age groups: the Under Thirteen, Under Fifteen and Senior Sevens, participating in the Whitgift Tournament, the Surrey Colt Competition, and the Raynes Park Old Boys, Staines and Surrey Senior competitions, respectively.

The other Sevens' results are described in other reports, but the Senior Seven, boosted by a surge of keen Under Sixteens, trudged on to the marshes of the 'Old Boys' pitches to play in their tournament. The team fared surprisingly well, beating Shene 8-3, and School Nomads 11-0, but losing to Chiswick 0-16, who went on to the finals.

The following Sunday two Sevens teams reached the sun-drenched pitches of Staines after various setbacks, where the 2nd Seven was defeated by Windsor 0-28. The 1st Seven suffered a similar fate in the second round, for after beating Thomas Becket's 17-0, they lost 0-16 to Thames Valley.

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## COLT SEVENS

*Captain* : J. R. Pepperrell.

During this term we had our major Rugby event, the Surrey Seven-a-sides. The team was picked from a group of fifteen; practices were arranged for every Wednesday, and were well attended.

The conditions on the actual day were not particularly good, but a fine display of rugby skill was shown by all competitors.

During the afternoon, we had five games of which the first was against Battersea whom we defeated convincingly 18-0. In the second round we again enjoyed another victory, over Kennington, 13-0. The draw for the next round brought us up against a very strong Guildford team and in a very hard, exciting game we emerged the victors by 8-5. We had now reached the semi-final in which we were to meet our old enemy, Surbiton. Again in a close game we won, 6-5.

After only four minutes' rest and in half light we came up against Wandsworth, who by complete comparison had had a fairly easy afternoon's rugby. They defeated us by 0-28, in a game which was much closer than the score suggests.

The following played: Newport, Blakeburn, Parnham, Williamson, Pepperrell, Bellamy, Russell and Healey.

I think the whole team deserves praise and our thanks go to Mr. Alldridge for giving up so much of his time to coach us.

## UNDER-THIRTEEN FIFTEEN

*Master-in-Charge* : G. J. Atkin, Esq.

*Captain* : N. A. Holmes.

This term has not been a particularly successful one, mainly owing to absentees, but despite the fact that we did not win a single match, the spirit of the side has remained strong. Our losses, however, have not been as large in number or in points scored against us, as they were last term. An example of this is our match with St. Joseph's, which we lost by eighteen points in contrast to our previous defeat by 42 points.

The team played their hardest rugby against Garth and Gunnersbury and only lost because of the difference in size. Our last game, with Wimbledon, realized our highest score in points although we lost by a narrow margin.

Throughout the season we have been indebted to Mr. Atkin and Mr. Alldridge for the work they have done for us in training and organisation. Most of all, however, we must thank Mr. Anstes for the time he has given up for us, and for the wonderful evening's entertainment he provided near the end of term.

The following have played for the team: Anstes, Bates, Brack, Cossey, Fordham, Haynes, Holmes, Lovell, Lovett, Marjoram, McLachlan, Miles, Newman, Orr, Patty, Petley, Seeley, Szanto, Rees, Russell, West, and Williams.

## WHITGIFT SEVENS

In this tournament we were again handicapped by injuries, the absentees this time being Seeley and Russell. The team fared well, and managed to reach the semi-final of the Plate Competition. In the first round, we lost to Surbiton, then beat Worth by twelve points. In the semi-final, however, we lost narrowly to St. George's by three points.

The following took part: Patty, Haynes, Miles, Holmes, Marjoram, Cossey, Bates, Brack, Loveitt and West.

## UNDER TWELVE FIFTEEN

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

*Captain*: P. J. Kelly.

The team has grown from strength to strength with every game. Basic skills have been well learnt, but there is still a lack of determination in tackling, with some noticeable exceptions, particularly Marsh, Gagen, and Davies.

Hosier, as "Number 8," has been the backbone of the attacks and general tactician, whereas Kelly, as captain has been an outstanding forward, who has set a fine example in his play. He has been ably supported by Humphries and the front row of Pearson, Onraet and Sell has been most successful.

Behind the scrum, Gaffney and Brown have shown some flair at half-back, but need to be a little less selfish. Willcox has been trying hard at full back, and Dodd has proved to be a resourceful, attacking wing three-quarter.

Few wins and many narrow defeats have not disheartened the team—indeed they have been very keen and willing, attending all the practices arranged, and setting fine standards which will bring rewards later in the school.

The following have played for the team: Beckett, Brown, Cooper, Davies, Dodd, Gaffney, Gagen, Hosier, Kelly, Marsh, Onraet, Pearson, Sell, Sharpe, Smith, Szymanski, Willcox.

## CROSS COUNTRY

*Master-in-Charge*: M. C. Glead, Esq.

*Captain and Secretary*: S. R. Parr.

This term has completed perhaps the most successful all round season yet experienced by the School's cross-country teams. On aggregate of all three teams in school matches this season, 38 victories have been recorded as against 8 defeats. When it is considered that five of these defeats were the first five races of a junior team still in the process of formation, the record becomes even more impressive but, in spite of the very considerable success that the teams have achieved in school matches, they lost the edge in open competition, which converts a creditable performance into a really successful one.

The seniors, unbeaten last term, suffered two defeats in seven matches this term. In the first match, a triangular event with Wimbledon College and Rutlish, the team were beaten by a Wimbledon College squad who had, only the previous week, won the Surrey Youth Championships against all the athletic clubs from Surrey. To finish second to such a team was, therefore, no disgrace. Wallington, John Fisher, when eleven runners packed the first twelve places, Mitcham, and Surbiton were all competently and easily beaten to maintain an unbeaten home record for the season, and the double was completed over close rivals, Kingston. The shock of the season came with the defeat at Bec, always a difficult side to beat on their own flat and very fast course. A below-strength team and complacency were the chief causes of the defeat.

In open competition the team competed with the best school teams from South-East England in South London Harriers' "Densham" Cup, and to be seventh of the eighteen teams was a creditable performance. There were particularly commendable runs from Ainger and Brookes.

So often superior teamwise, we have maintained interest individually by rivalry within the team and by the quest to get as many R.P. runners as possible home before the first opponent. Ainger, Thompson and Parr have fought out the leading positions, records being elusive on courses made difficult by thick mud, while Ness, Barnett, Brookes, Milton, and Wilson have completed a strong all round team.

Before relating the achievements of the Colt team as a whole, special mention must be made of D. Evans who climaxed an individual season—in which he had a record of only one defeat in 30 school races—by finishing 7th while running for Merton in the Surrey School Championships over a tough, hilly course at Reigate, and was, on the strength of this performance, selected to run for the Surrey team in the All-England championships at Sheffield.

Yet again the Colt team has proved to be the most successful, being unbeaten this term, and incurring only one defeat throughout the season. The term began on a high note when the team won a triangular match against strong opposition from Wimbledon College and Rutlish and then followed this up two weeks later by crushing John Fisher, the only team to have beaten them earlier in the season. Kingston, Wallington, Battersea, Bec, and Mitcham suffered similar fates and, even without Evans, the team beat a strong Surbiton squad.

Much credit for the performances of the Colts must go to five members of the team. They are Evans, who has constantly, almost inevitably, occupied first position; Marshall, a newcomer to the ranks this term and who, for a person who finds anything over a mile exhausting, has proved a great asset; Rand, who when he decided to run instead of trot, showed he could compete with the best; Ansari and Tovell who were always in touch with the leaders and could be relied upon to finish well up. It was these five who provided the backbone upon which was built the success of the Colt team.

This term has seen a remarkable transformation in the Junior team. After losing the first five matches last term, they have remained unbeaten, being undefeated throughout this term, and reversing the results against the teams (Kingston, Mitcham, John Fisher, Rutlish, Surbiton) who had previously beaten them. As their numbers increased owing to the influx of first-formers, the team moulded itself into a formidable force. M. Lucas has run well individually, closely challenged by Goddard and I. Evans, following in the tracks of his brother. Younger members of the team, Vipond, Simmons, Beaumont, and P. Lucas, have adapted themselves well to school competition and should, with hard training and strong support from reserves, provide the basis for an even stronger team next year.

Finally, on behalf of the teams, I would like to thank Mr. Gleed for his organisation of the teams, their training, and matches, and to the markers whose services are necessary for the efficient running of home matches.

The following ran:

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

*Under 15*—Ansari, Bolt, Boxall, Brown, D. Evans, Finch, Marshall, Oatway, Rand, Randall, Scrase, Shephard, Spokes, Tovell.

*Under 13*—Baker, Beaumont, Brown, Bush, I., Evans, Goddard, Goldsmith, Ives, Ketchell, Lea, M. Lucas, P. Lucas, Petrides, Simmons, Sinclair, Tupper, Vipond.

Full Colours: J. Milton, I. Ness.

Half Colours: K. Mitchell.

Robert Hall Cup: D. Evans.

## RESULTS

Match	Age Group	Result	Individual Successes
v. Rutlish & Wimbledon College (A)	O.15	2nd 68pts.	Thompson 7th
	U.15	1st 32pts.	D. Evans 1st
v. Rutlish (A)	U.13	Won 38-40	Goddard 1st
v. Kingston (A)	O.15	Won 30-59	Thompson/Ainger 1st
	U.15	Won 36-43	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Won 33-45	Goddard 1st
v. John Fisher (H)	O.15	Won 11-37	Ainger 1st
	U.15	Won 26-59	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Won 16-20	I. Evans 1st
District Championships	U.19	1st/3	Thompson/Ainger 5th/28
	U.16	1st/8	Ness/Milt./Mitch. 5/64
	U.14	4th/9	D. Evans 2nd/69
v. Wallington (H)	O.15	Won 6-27	Ainger 1st
	U.15	Won 14-26	D. Evans 2nd
	U.13	Won 11-29	I. Evans 1st

v. Battersea (A)	U.15	Won 30-48	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Drew 40-40	I. Evans/M. Lucas 1st
v. Bec (A)	O.15	Lost 46-32	Parr 2nd
	U.15	Won 6-19	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Won 22-61	I. Ev./M. Lcs./God. 1st
v. Mitcham (H)	O.15	Won 24-58	Parr/Thpsn./Aingr. 1st
	U.15	Won 21-66	D. Evans 1st
	U.13	Won 31-51	M. Lucas 2nd
Kingston G.S. Relay	U.15	5th/6	Fastest lap D. Evans
S.L.H. "Densham" Cup	O.15	7th/18	Aingr 20th/116
v. Surbiton (H)	O.15	Won 24-58	Parr/Thpsn./Aingr. 1st
	U.15	Won 35-45	Rand 2nd
	U.13	Won 21-27	M. Lucas 1st

### INTER-HOUSE COMPETITION

JUNIOR RACE		COLT RACE		SENIOR RACE		QUALIFYING	
1st	Newsoms 402	Miltons 344	Newsoms 352	Gibbs 816			
2nd	Gibbs 331	Gibbs 341	Gibbs 331	Cobbs 661			
3rd	Cobbs 302	Newsoms 315	Cobbs 319	Newsoms 648			
4th	Halliwell's 225	Cobbs 224	Miltons 318	Miltons 637			
5th	Miltons 194	Halliwell's 197	Halliwell's 287	Halliwell's 607			

Individual: Junior Race—Goddard (N), M. Lucas (N) 1st; Colt Race—D. Evans (N) 1st; Senior Race—Parr (N), Thompson (N) 1st.  
 Championship: 1st, Gibbs; 2nd, Newsoms; 3rd, Cobbs; 4th, Miltons; 5th, Halliwell's.

## BASKETBALL

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

*Captain*: P. C. Salter.

*Hon. Secretary*: C. P. Ainger.

### RESULTS

	1st		Colt	
	Home	Away	Home	Away
v. Southborough			W. 33-22	L. 14-22
v. Mitcham	W. 41-37	L. 27-28		
v. Reigate	W. 44-36	W. 63-27		
v. Glyn	L. 25-32	L. 22-44		
v. Morden Farm			W. 43-14	W. 46-8
v. Purley	L. 44-81	L. 36-87		
v. Pollards Hill			W. 28-27	
v. Carshalton			L. 35-39	W. 32-23
v. St. Peters	L. 53-64	L. 34-66		
v. Garth			W. 70-14	W. 44-16
v. Warlingham	W. 43-36	L. 33-45		
v. Wimbledon	W. 56-24	L. 22-36	L. 25-27	W. W.O.



## UNDER EIGHTEEN SIX

This term the team succeeded in winning only three of their matches, leaving a trail of defeat similar to the one experienced in the first half of the season. Although defeat is the main theme of this season, the standard of basketball played has steadily risen.

Unfortunately Salter, the backbone of defence, was unable to play in all our matches this term because of injury. The team consequently lacked the drive and determination of this player; qualities which have always been present throughout his basketball career at this school.

Mitoham and Warlingham were both beaten in very close matches in which we succeeded in creeping ahead only inside the last five minutes. Wimbledon were easier prey at home but unexpectedly turned the tables on us when we visited them.

Our main three attacks, Hopper, Tickner, and Ainger, have each scored over 100 points this season, a point which emphasises the team work which has prevailed this season. Better times seem to be ahead as the team will basically be the same next year apart from Salter and Tickner.

The members of the team would all like to thank Mr. Alldridge for his energetic and enthusiastic coaching sessions, from which they feel they have greatly benefited.

\* \* \* \*

### PEN PORTRAITS

- C. Ainger: One of the hardest triers in the team; either plays very well or very badly, but towards the end of this term maintained consistent form.
- G. Hopper: Has not fulfilled the promise he showed last term although still an asset to the team. A useful basis for next year's side.
- A. Marsh: With his sudden reappearance on the basketball scene this player showed promise which will probably blossom when he returns next year.
- K. Rissen: A quiet but very strong player who next year will probably prove to be a mainstay of the side.
- S. Potten: Very keen, but leaves room for improvement in his shooting.
- A. Tickner: Perhaps the most improved player in the team; he seems to have gained his confidence although tending to miss easier chances.
- P. Salter: A worthy captain who set his team a fine example on the basketball court. Unfortunately injury kept him out of the side at a time when his leadership and individual skills were most needed.

C. P. Ainger.

A. Williams, K. Butcher, R. Smith must all be thanked for playing as reserves when the team required them.

Full Colours: P. Salter (re-awarded), C. P. Ainger, G. Hopper, A. Tickner.

Half Colours: K. Rissen.

## COLT SIX

*Captain* : M. Williamson.

We have done moderately well this term, winning two out of three matches. To be league champions we have either to win or to draw the match away to Pollard's Hill—our last. Although in our last encounter with this team we won by only one point, we are feeling more confident this time, and hope to increase the gap.

The whole team has been playing well, and, apart from Pepperrell, who is top scorer, with over 100 points to his credit, it would be unfair to mention anybody individually.

The following have all played for the team—Russell, Newport, Pepperrell, Carpenter, Metcalfe, Healey, Blakeburn, Parnham, Bellamy, Williamson.

Our thanks must also go to North whose solid figure at the scoring desk has often inspired us to victory.

## UNDER FOURTEEN SIX

*Captain* : Nicoll.

This term has seen the start of this team in preparation for next year when they will represent the school as Colts. The Thursday lunch-time practices have been most enthusiastically attended, and many of the players show keenness and promise although lacking skills at the moment. The team did, however, defeat a side from Garth 24-20; a notable achievement since our opponents had already played six matches whereas it was our first.

C. P. Ainger.

## S-CC-R?

### THE P.R.'s ELEVEN

*Master-in-Charge* : No volunteers.

*Captain* : T. Pearce.

The superiority, honour and esteem of the Prefectorial body has again been upheld. They have again completed a soccer season undefeated, the second in succession.

The first challenge manifested itself from the bowels of the Fifth form. The offer was accepted and the "P.R." boys rallied forth to assert themselves. Under the captaincy of 'Toad,' playing a solid, defensive left back, the superb skill and flow of movement of the razor-sharp attack swung into dynamic action. Fed by tireless, penetrating half-backs the strikers looked ever dangerous. Soon, as was an obvious eventuality, the well-oiled attack moved into scoring positions. B. "The Burns" Perryman collected the ball and, like an atomic explosion, pile-drove home the first cracking goal.

This was still the score at half-time, despite a penalty dubiously given against Toad, by an obviously unsighted 'ref.' Only the brilliance of A. "The Scab" Marsh, in goal, saved the equalizer.

The second half started full of vigour. The Prefects made the ball move like a lump of greasy butter. The second goal came soon after the second start. G. "The Legs" Hopper crashed a ball from his own half. The cross-

bar quivered as the ball ricocheted off. Emerick, diving, tells us he headed the ball. The author has his own ideas but makes no comment. The score was 2-0.

The third goal came from a brilliant centre from P. "The Stiff" Salter. A. "The Opportunist" Tickner, was as always, right there, and spun the ball in off his golden boot.

Now the pace hotted up. The Fifth form grew worried, and tempers became frayed. K. "The Retaliator" Rissen managed to sneak through the hitherto cast-iron defence, while the goalie was on his back. There was only one thing for it. In true patriotic style Toad launched himself at the ball. Unfortunately Rissen was in the way, and Toad executed what appeared to be a classic rugby tackle. This accident was ill-received, and Rissen put the boot in. This we consider to have been a trifle unsporting. The ensuing penalty gave the Fifth form their only score, 3-1. The final goal came from another blast away shot from "The Burns" and, when no-time was called, the Prefects left the field 4-1 victors.

The second challenge came from the Upper Sixth. The Prefects' team was somewhat depleted owing to "The Legs" and "The Burns" being called away to sevens duty. P. "The Spaz" Chapman sustained a leg injury in the morning of the match, and S. "Mr. Fitness" Hall was absent.

The game was calmer than the first match. The first score came from the Sixth form. P. "The Mouth" Henry floated across a "jammy" shot which caught "The Scab" unawares. Not disheartened, the "P.R." boys struck hard in the second half. "The Opportunist" lifted a beautiful corner right into the centre. "The Spaz" soared up and nodded into the goal. Unfortunately A. "The Aborigine" Freeman, totally unsportingly, sank to the depths of deliberately hand-balling on the line. A penalty was awarded and G. "Sunshine" Emerick equalized.

The Sixth again moved into action and soon, following a rare defensive mistake, C. "Turn-on-a-Sixpence" Pottinger put in another lucky shot.

Then came the turning point of the Prefects' fortunes. A devilishly cunning position-switch between "The Scab" and "The Stiff" was effected. The Sixth form were in possession and "The Mouth" was running down the wing. A. "The Boss Man" Howard, who had played a game no short of "BRITISH" was involved in a tackle with "The Mouth." G. "The Elder" McCubbin covered across, stumbled and found "The Mouth" grabbing both his arms with his right leg. As one can imagine, this would seem, erroneously, to the "ref." as though "The Elder" was fouling "The Mouth" and so a foul was given against "The Elder." However, from the free kick, "The Scab" collected the ball and disappeared down the left wing in a cloud of blue smoke. With the grace of Nureyev, the style of W. G. Grace and the power of Cassius Clay, he centred a lob right at the "Opportunist's" feet. The ball smashed the sound barrier as it crossed the line and the score was 2-2. This was the final score and the Prefects had obviously won a moral victory.

Thanks must be extended to "The Cordlebo" and Mr. R. J. Beeney, who refereed.

As with last season, no colours were awarded as, quite frankly, it would have been invidious to do so.

J. G. McCubbin.

## FIFTH FORM ELEVEN

*Captain : A. T. Williams.*

Two massacres occurred this term when, in spite of adverse scores, the fighting Fifth casually ran around the Prefects and Senior Maths. Sixth. Skill, expertise and extreme physical fitness overcame the flabby, inept performance of teams who had to resort to rugby tackles, big hands, big boots and big heads. The scores were of no consequence; moral victories were undeniably gained and a lesson in clever tactical procedures was calmly and effortlessly administered to our older brethren. The magnificent Fifth were inspired by the virtue, harsh tackling of "Lofty" Taylor, "Dirty" Dudman and Potten the "Pot"; heroic in defence were "Frail" Kaill, "Strawberry" Fields and "Risty" Rissen; other stalwarts were "Mauling" Paula, Charlie the "Chaplain," "Kill 'em" William and "Harpoon" Loon.

It is unfair to say that the Fifth were playing against eleven men and the referee, although it is significant that the official escaped unharmed and has been lurking ever since in the "P.R."

During one match an intimate conversation between one of our many supporters and our goalkeeper was interrupted when the ball hit the post. The goalkeeper suddenly became aware that the match was still in progress and without touching the ball, coolly conceded a corner with inborn judgement and a minimum of effort.

Many colours were awarded during but not after a match, some being more permanent than others! Finally, we earnestly appeal to the Prefects to produce the football which they hid ten minutes before time, in order to confirm our suspicion that two footballs were used at crucial times during the game.

## APOLOGY

In the last issue of the Spur, Messrs. Pratt and Riley were referred to as "Ape-man" and "Wonder-boy Less" in a report concerning Gibbs House. The Editors wish to apologise for any embarrassment caused to the two gentlemen and remind its readers that in the school magazine NO characters are fictitious! At the same time they remind contributors that very often their offerings prove to be beyond the deciphering powers of those who endeavour to collate, interpret, and quite possibly have to rewrite the material supplied.

## THE BICYCLE CHECK

At the request of the authors of this article—members of the Borough of Merton's Junior Accident Prevention Council—Mr. Richardson, Chief Accident Prevention Officer, his deputy, and the police kindly agreed to inspect the bicycles of the boys at school to see if they complied with minimum safety standards. Armed with tickets listing defects, each with a returnable counterfoil, the party spent two hours in both bicycle sheds, ankle-deep in mud, testing brakes, steering, lights and tyres. The results were little short of appalling. No less than thirty-five bicycles were found to be defective in one of these respects, and six were in such a dangerous condition that it was necessary to impound them. A figure of 40 per cent. of the bicycles being defective is certainly nothing of which to be proud. In today's traffic, the dangers need little underlining. Let us hope that at the next check, machines will be in better working order. It is your life you are gambling with.

S. H. Gebbett and D. G. Rose.

H.A.P.—"I borrowed this book from the library, read it, lent it to Mr. Wyatt, paid the fine . . ."

## LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs,

Once again the ugly head of House Plays has been reared, and, inevitably, the usual stream of complaints has followed. There is nothing wrong with house plays in themselves, except for the fact that although an unbelievable amount of work is put into them, they are still only regarded as a minor competition. It would be as well for the Games Committee to remember that Chess and Debating involves far fewer people and far less effort.

The real difficulty, however, obviously occurs through a lack of liaison; house plays have had to compete with hockey, basket-ball, cross-country, rugby sevens as well as debating, and in some cases, bridge. This would perhaps be bearable if house hockey and basket-ball matches could be played on games days, which would necessitate the sacrificing of, at the most, only two school fixtures. It would also help if the competitions were more evenly spread throughout the term (admittedly this has been a very short term), and if practices and fixtures in the last vital few weeks before house plays were more closely co-ordinated. We are not suggesting that sport should be brought to a sudden halt, but it is vital that rehearsals should be attended by ALL members of the cast, if a reasonable production is to be put on.

As we see it, if house plays are to continue and to be enjoyable and worthwhile, far more consideration must be given to them, and there must be far more co-operation between different spheres of interest within the school.

P. R. Phillips, G. J. Elliott, P. J. Twite, A. R. W. Marsh,  
P. W. Roberts, G. Flude, J. M. Lee.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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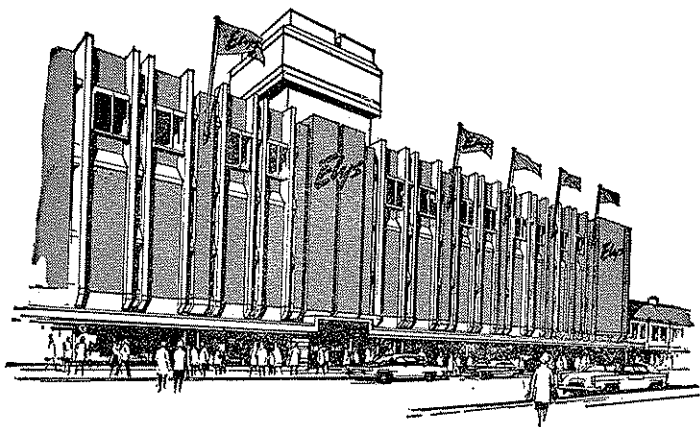
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