

SPUR

JULY 1969

JUNE, 1969

THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK GRAMMAR SCHOOL

"To each his need ; from each his power."

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SCHOOL OFFICIALS

School Captain : A. T. Williams.

School Council :

Upper Sixth : A. J. Cocks, M. J. Frost, J. E. Hider, J. L. Richards.

Lower Sixth : R. G. Fennell, A. E. Hickish, P. C. Horton, C. E. Scrase.

Fifths : C. F. Brammall, D. W. Evans.

Fourths : M. K. Lucas, P. Szanto.

Thirds : M. E. Pickstone, M. R. Symanski.

Seconds : M. D. Foster, C. L. Grylls.

Firsts : M. J. Davies, A. C. Muirhead.

ONE EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT

The 1944 Education Act, among its other provisions, re-established the need for a *common act of worship* each day in this country's schools, so for the time being at least we are stuck with this institution. As a practical means for the internal administration and unification of the school as a sociological system the Morning Assembly cannot really be faulted, but as an *act of worship* its efficiency is doubtful, and as a *common act of worship* its efficiency is surely nil.

But let us just examine this strange animal, the Morning Assembly. In the prototype, regulation-issue "act of worship," which if it was not so boring might be funny, comes "the reading," the only virtue of which is generally that it comes from that handbook of the establishment, the Bible. Looking back to my first-form days, I recall that I found it hard to work out the exact significance of most assembly readings and was more concerned about the discomfort caused by a hard floor and a cross-legged position anyway! Now, seven years on, I find just as little significance in the choice of reading (although I was once spurred on by a particularly cryptic passage to discover the meaning of the image of the "promised land" as a vine), and now, as a privilege of age, I am not only squashed and elbowed by my tightly-packed colleagues but also given an instant Turkish bath by the radiators at my back. Anyway before or after our Bible reading, ritual demands that we all stand for a hymn which invariably reeks of Victorian self-righteousness and triteness. I suspect that this is the standard "act of worship" throughout the country's schools.

The liberal doctrines which are advocated to us from 9.20 to 4.5 are, however, beginning to penetrate the sacrosanct atmosphere of the morning assembly, and recent assemblies have included examinations of Humanism and Taoism (a sort of oriental humanism I gather)—ironical really since both these cults would surely condemn such practices as hymn-singing and so on. An increasing number of assemblies also feature the more dramatically-minded bellowing para-religious catch-phrases at one another from

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stereophonically strategic points; surely, however, this flighty wench entertainment should never masquerade as a grave matron as the common act of worship?

To conclude: I fully agree that there must be some form of daily School Assembly; after all a school is not just a learning factory; but why on earth should this assembly have any religious overtones? If the size of the Christian Union is anything to go by (and I appreciate that this is perhaps a dubious statistical source), then the proportion of practising Christians in the school is small. True faith, as opposed to sanctimoniousness, is anyway a fundamentally personal thing, and I should say that the only thing that can supplement it is active discussion—a far cry from the passive reception demanded by the one-sided “sermon.” So, in view of the apparent paucity of the Christian element, why restrict the spiritual aspect of the Morning Assembly simply to religious philosophies, Christian or otherwise; personally I derive more faith from a sentence of Shakespeare than I can from the whole of the Bible.

But why in this liberal, enlightened age should we be force-fed any philosophy by such a barren and anachronistic nurse as the ghost of Victorian puritanism?

G. C. Bond.

[It should be emphasised that at least one editor does not concur with much of his colleague's sentiments.]

SCHOOL NOTES

It was sad news to hear that Peter Smith on Boxing Day suffered a stroke and was taken to Guy's Hospital, London. He has been there some two months making a steady recovery and he is hoping to be back with us next term. He called in during the House Plays and seemed very much his old self, but clearly his health is all important and he is spending eight hours a day on physiotherapy to build up his strength again. We were very fortunate in engaging the services of Mr. Mohammed Aslam who is doing research at London University to take over part of Mr. Smith's timetable. We were also able to enrol the services of Paul Isaacson, our newly installed Laboratory Assistant, who took over teaching the first-year General Science.

At the end of the term we say goodbye to Mr. Bond who has been with us some two years teaching Religious Education and Mathematics part-time. His time has been shared between Morden Farm Secondary

School and ourselves and we have much enjoyed having the benefit of his experience at this school. He goes to take up the Headship of the Mathematics Department at a neighbouring school in Kingston, and we wish him every success there.

At the end of the term we also say goodbye to Mrs. E. Creane, who has been a Laboratory Assistant, working mainly in the Chemistry Department, for some ten years. She will be remembered for her ready help in all sorts of activities in the school—with the School Play, with the garden, and not least for some of the rare animals which she has from time to time brought to the school. She and her husband have bought a disused railway station in Kent and have clearly set themselves an enormous task in building up a home and small-holding in that part of the world, but we wish them all success in their new home and work.

The Staff had been lulled somewhat into the assumption that when we became a High School in 1969 there would be 100 new entrants of wide range of ability coming into what is now our third year. Times have changed somewhat recently and next September it looks as though there will be a wide range of courses leading to C.S.E. for 35-40 new entrants into the fifth year from Queen's School; some 30 pupils mainly from Morden Farm School to join the fourth year for the C.S.E. course and, in the third year, now, instead of 100 pupils, some 60. This will make the task of all the pupils present and indeed the Staff much more demanding to ensure that they are assimilated as soon as possible into the ways of the school.

The following speakers have visited the school to speak to the Sixth Form:

Monday, January 13th—A. Willis, Esq., M.A., Personal Assistant to the Secretary of the T.G.W.U. on Trade Unionism.

Monday, January 22nd—Revd. E. L. Jackson on Being a Jew.

Monday, February 3rd—D. Bryan, Esq. on China.

Monday, March 3rd—Mrs. Rosalind Heywood on Extra-Sensory Perception.

Monday, March 17th—Nicholas Royds, Esq., on Advertising.

Monday, March 31st—Dr. D. Lowry and Mr. F. Rainer on Stress in Adolescents and Modern Society.

It was a great pleasure to welcome as our adjudicator for the House Plays this year Mr. Richard Hampton, an experienced actor with the National Theatre and Royal Shakespeare Companies and now busy in television films. As usual, he pleaded difficulty in coming to his decision, but in a very fine adjudication which gave plenty of constructive points on which House Plays in the future can build and improve, he chose for the second year running a play which left the audience perplexed, bewildered and nonplussed; both belonging to the theatre of the absurd.

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The School Concert Choir were invited to take part in a Passiontide Service at the Wimbledon Parish Church on Sunday, 30th March. The Service contained music and readings suitable to the time of year and all who heard it were impressed particularly with the tone of the trebles of the Choir. It is a sad comment that secondary reorganisation will almost certainly see the end of the Concert Choir as it has been known for the last ten or so years, since there will be no trebles and altos available from among the younger pupils.

The school has been plastered with details and literature from "Shelter." This was the Charity that the Social Service Group chose as the cause which they wished to support during the term, and regular collections have been taken. The original intention was to collect all the halfpennies that were available from each person's pockets, since these will be withdrawn from circulation in August, but soon pennies and even threepenny pieces were added to the collections and some £31 11s. 6d. has been collected. On Saturday 29th March, in conjunction with Wimbledon County School for Girls, the Social Service Group organised a most delightful Concert of poetry, drama and music, for an audience who bought 2s. 6d. bricks for the same cause. In this way some £57 was raised to help the homeless in less favoured parts of the country.

It is probably true to say that the 1st XI Hockey Team has this year had the best season ever playing a much stronger list of opponents than ever before. Victories over Whitgift School and King's College, Wimbledon, and many others have given them a reputation which will serve them well when they go across the Channel and take on the schools and teams to be met on the Hockey Tour in Holland, Germany and Belgium. The London Schools Hockey Festival is becoming a happy hunting ground for school teams and it is very pleasant to record that the Under 14 and Under 15 teams won their events outright for the second year running and the 1st XI also did well, sharing the Cup with Southfields School in a goalless draw in the final.

The Cross-Country runners, not to be outdone in their search for glory, gained for the first time since 1952 the Kingston School Cross-Country Cup. The teams had a less good season than last year, but nevertheless a few outstanding performances, and this was certainly one of them.

Individual Honours:

The following are to be congratulated on gaining representative honours in Hockey:

S.E. England and Surrey: A. T. Williams.

London Schools Senior XI: I. D. Brewer.

London Schools U.16 XI: G. Bartlett and S. K. Smith.

Surrey U.15 XI: T. I. Seeley.

Congratulations also to:

J. L. Pilkington in being selected to represent our Borough on the Outward Bound Course at Holme Park.

Sgt. S. M. Ball for being awarded a reciprocal visit to the U.S.A. as runner-up for the Best cadet in the Surrey Wing.

Cpl. A. Metcalfe on representing the National A.T.C. Team in Rugby Football.

P. Couper on winning the Surrey Intermediate Chess Championship.

Two of the more unusual events of the school term were when a film unit visited the school on March 4th to shoot a few scenes in a documentary for the Admiralty. The thing that attracted the producers about the school was the bare furniture and walls. Secondly, in the publicity arrangements of the London Transport a new single-decker bus which is taking over the old 181 route visited the school, or at least tried to visit the school to show pupils how the new automatic system of payment was made. The bus, some 36 feet long, neatly blocked the entry for some hour whilst demonstrations were carried out. I am told that on the second day of the service the automatic payment system broke down and it was necessary to find a replacement bus of the old variety to take its place.

We are pleased to record the birth of a daughter, Rebecca, to Mr. and Mrs. Aldersea on 13th January and of a daughter Josephine, to Mr. and Mrs. Knight on 8th May.

COCK HOUSE CUP (to March 31st)

	Cobbs	Gibbs	Halliwells	Miltons	Newsoms
Rugby	1	4½	4½	—	10
Hockey	1	10	6	3	—
Cross-Country ...	6	3	—	1	10
Basketball	4	—	½	7	2
Gymnastics	7	2	—	4	½
Chess	4	7	2	—	½
Debating	—	7	4	½	2
Drama	7	—	2	½	4
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TOTALS	30	33½	19	16	29
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HOUSE NOTES

COBBS

House-Captain : S. J. Potten.

Vice-Captain : I. D. Ness.

This has been a busy term for the House. Seven competitions have been decided, and we have had the House Supper, Brown's drumming at which will ring in our ears for many years to come.

To start with the worst result: Debating gave us our only fifth place. This is one of those competitions that depend so much on the talent of a few people. A few years ago we had the talent and we used it to win. This year the other houses have it and even our brave efforts could not overcome this natural disadvantage.

We came fourth in Rugby and in Hockey, although our Seniors came first in both. This illustrates well the failure of the Colts and Juniors to back up the efforts of the Seniors this term. This unfortunate impression is no doubt partly due to the conspicuous strength of our Seniors, but there has also certainly been a lack of real spirit among many of the Colts. They did well in Basketball, however, but once again, despite the Seniors' wins, we could only come second to Miltons.

Our other second place was in Cross-Country, of which we can be justly proud, for we have lost our old superiority in talent. It was hard work by a large number of people throughout the House that brought this improvement on last year's result. If ever the case for early and full qualifying is disputed, this term's Cross-Country shows what can be done if one tries.

The lack of talent in Debating was balanced by our ample supply of good gymnasts. Cocks and Nicoll, in particular, gave their usual virtuoso performances and, backed up by the others, helped us to another victory.

The last Competition was the Drama, which yielded our eighth consecutive win. "Three plays for Revolutionary Situations" continued our tradition of unusual plays and showed the wisdom of such a policy. Williamson, particularly, and Roberts deserve our thanks for their hard work.

By the time this is read many of the Summer Term Competitions will be over. We are in a promising but not excellent position and shall have to work very hard in the summer to win Cock House. In particular Athletics qualifying will have to be keenly supported.

I. D. Ness.

GIBBS

Captain : S. J. Finch.

Deputy : J. L. Richards.

This term, incorporating many Competitions, has seen our taking the lead in the race for the Cock House Cup. This deserved success has been mainly due to the characteristically good House spirit.

Our Debating team laid the foundations for our success when it won the Cup. Our well-balanced team seemed to have developed an almost unrivalled skill in debating. Ably led by C. Roberts, the team could expound its arguments with clarity and conviction.

Unfortunately, however, we did not manage to attain our usually high position in the Cross-Country. Both the Seniors and the Colts must be congratulated on the time and energy they sacrificed to gain qualifying points. The Juniors, nevertheless, displayed an apathetic attitude towards cross-country, which resulted in the House's being incapable of putting out a complete team in the Competition.

As well as third place here we also managed to gain third place in the Gymnastics. The Juniors, nevertheless, displayed courage and enthusiasm when they managed to lift the House into second place in the House Rugby Competition, and I believe this reflects their true potentiality.

Towards the termination of this term, two other important Competitions were completed. The first of these, for the Drama Cup, produced a characteristically poor result when we were placed fifth: the whole cast seemed to be instilled with a general air of contempt which, although slight, was reflected in our final position.

It was only fitting, however, that this fruitful term should be crowned with another success. Owing to the ability of our Colt XI and to the doggedness of the Senior XI, we managed to snatch the Hockey Cup from the grasp of a strong Halliwells team. For our success, we must congratulate both I. Brewer and R. Dudman for their leadership and above all for their skilful performances, which the opposition could not match.

This term has been the second under the new duty system, and I should like to thank J. Richards for his organisation and the time he gave to ensure that the senior members of the house were performing their appropriate duties.

I should also like to thank the Housemasters for their assistance and support and, especially, Mr. Pratt whose unceasing efforts and perpetual concern for the welfare of the House have proved the true driving force behind this term's success.

I only hope, now, that we can maintain this lead we have established with the same determination and industry.

HALLIWELLS

Captain : S. L. Murphy.

Vice-Captain : M. A. Pashby.

This term has probably been the most eventful of the year concerning House competitions yet we were as successful neither as we were expected to be nor indeed as we hoped to be.

At the close of last term we were hopeful that our Juniors might secure the Rugby Cup for us, but their team was not as strong as was anticipated: they lost three of their four matches, but fortunately we did not fall below second place behind Newsoms. The House stood in a strong position in the Hockey: both the Colts and Seniors were expected to win all their games. The Seniors were, however, unlucky to draw three of their four matches, leaving us one point behind the leaders, Gibbs.

Probably the most exhausting activity has been the Drama Competition, and I would like to thank all who gave up so much of their time to help, especially the Producer. We tackled a long and ambitious play—"The Bad-Tempered Man" by Menander—which needed a considerable amount of organisation, concentration and ability. On the night of the performance everything went splendidly, and public opinion favoured our chances of winning. The Adjudicator, however, saw fit to place us third despite the excellent performances of Jones as the love-sick hero and Blakeburn as a very realistic, vicious-tempered old man.

In Basketball we were placed fourth, in Debating second, and we finished last in the Cross-Country. This was entirely our own fault—owing to the laziness of many of the Colts and Seniors when it came to qualifying. This apathy, I hope, will not continue into the Summer Term when qualifying is needed for Athletics and Swimming.

Thus we have reached the end of the second term without winning a cup. Our hopes of being Cock House this year have been dashed despite our high placings in some competitions and it will need a concerted effort from everyone in the House to raise us from our present fourth position.

MILTONS

House Captain : A. T. Williams.

Deputy Captain : D. Kaill.

This term has been fairly successful, probably owing to the fact that only one competition needed the participation of all members of the House. We seem each year to revolve around a strong core of people who do everything from Rugby to Chess, while no persuasion on earth can make the rest of the House take part. If we wish to win anything, we must learn that everybody must pull his weight, in an all-out effort to secure qualifying points. I appeal therefore to the House to do all the qualifying they can next term in Swimming and Athletics, so that for once Miltons can say that everybody contributed.

Miltons' third position in Hockey is due mostly to the Colts with their three wins and one defeat. Mention must be made of Holmes, the captain, Hosier, and West. The Seniors were troubled by bad pitches and peculiar refereeing. The first two matches were lost, but when there was a move made to a concentration on defence in the other two matches, it resulted in a win over Newsoms and a draw with Halliwells. Newport is to be thanked for exerting himself and scoring the breakaway goals.

D. Kaill.

The House Play this term ("The Feast," by Daniel Wright) was extremely successful, though fourth position may not suggest that. T. Smith, D. Pelly and R. Fennell aided production admirably, whilst P. Berry, A. Hickish and T. Williams, all performed with confidence and great ease. Naturally we were all disappointed with the result, but this did not spoil the general satisfaction achieved by everyone at having produced such a play.

P. Hanson.

Peter Hanson put in a tremendous amount of work as producer, and his suggestions and zest were much appreciated by everyone connected with the play.

In Basketball we achieved the distinction of first place and a cup! Praise for this success goes again to the Colts, who excelled themselves to win all their matches confidently, and to the Seniors who won three out of their four matches.

In the other competitions of the term we secured second place in Gymnastics, mainly through the superhuman performances of Martin and Engall, and fourth in Cross-Country and Debating, both improvements on last year. With this continuing improvement, Miltons should do reasonably well in the Cock House Competition.

A. Williams.

NEWSOMS

House Committee : J. Milton, M. Taylor, P. Beardsmore, P. Horton, D. Evans, J. Goddard, P. Lucas, T. Wells, T. Moore.

This term has been one of mixed fortunes: our successes have been matched by disappointments, but we are now poised to win the Cock House Cup for the fourth successive year. We have a very strong chance of winning four of next term's five competitions, providing adequate effort is forthcoming from all levels of the house.

J. Milton.

The Rugby Cup was retained for the third successive year, mainly the result of the performances of the Junior team which won all its matches. This success may be attributed to our outstanding co-ordination as a team which was the result of the practice matches. For this we must thank Mr. Holmes and the Seniors who organised them. Good forward play and

strong running by our backs produced a points total of 59 to 11. Particularly encouraging was the form of the first year members of the team and of these, T. Adams was undoubtedly the star.

A. G. Daley.

After a promising start by our Sixth and First year gymnasts we were in second position, but unfortunately the other pairs did not fare quite so well, and, although there was no lack of effort, we finished fourth overall. P. Lucas of the Thirds and T. Adams of the Firsts gave very good performances.

M. Russell.

The Colt Hockey team deserved a better fate than two draws and two losses, but ill-luck and bad finishing deprived us of more success. We lost 1—3 to a strong Gibbs side and were unlucky to lose 0—1 to Miltons, but draws against Cobbs and Halliwells gave us fourth place in our section. I should like to thank Mr. Holmes who organised practices and encouraged the team.

I. Chapman.

The Senior Hockey team was unlucky not to win at least one match: instead we managed only one draw, against Halliwells. C. Mayer played consistently well in a team principally composed of first-year Sixth and Fifth formers who will be the basis of a useful team next year.

M. Taylor.

Our Play, "The Governor's Lady," gained second place thanks to good performances by R. Currie and J. Goddard. D. Wharton did very well to learn the part of 'Charmian' when C. Higgins withdrew through illness at the Dress Rehearsal. Good sound effects were supplied by J. Chappell, and P. Horton worked very hard in the properties department.

D. Pinnock.

In the Welby Cup Competition I had hoped for at least second position, but it was not to be—mainly because of a dull motion and having to debate first. The team put up an impressive performance, and the debating skill of G. Bond and D. Evans should not go without mention.

A. R. G. Jackson.

The Cross-Country Cup was, as expected, retained. Qualifying by the Juniors and Colts was good but rather slack amongst the Seniors. T. Wells and M. Lucas are to be congratulated on winning their races.

J. Milton.

The Colt Basketball team owes its thanks for the services of P. Metcalfe, its coach. The performances against Cobbs and Miltons were not very strong, but a draw with Halliwells was followed by a good win over Gibbs, which took us to third place.

D. Anstes.

SCHOOL OCCASIONS

THE JOHN ROBBINS FILM COMPETITION

Eight entries were completed in time for this, the second award of the prize for film making. Both presentation and the overall standard represented an improvement on last year's. The good work of the younger competitors was an encouraging feature. Mr. Basil Wright was again with us to award the prize. We thank him for giving so much help and encouragement.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

Three films, all very different, were declared to be of equal merit. The prize of ten pounds was divided accordingly.

HOW ANIMALS MOVE, by J. G. Hoare.

This was a short instructional film undertaken as a post-examination project at the end of the last Summer Term. A few, well-chosen examples brought out the evolutionary relationships between swimming, wriggling and walking. Ingenuity and technical knowledge were called for in the close-up photography of laboratory animals but the presentation on the screen was always straightforward. The apparent simplicity may have led some people to underestimate the quality of this film. The director had decided what he wanted to say and communicated in purely visual terms. This, surely, is the essence of good cinema.

THE NOVELIST, by R. J. Myers and R. Padwick.

Visually outstanding, the film showed an artist in the throes of creation in an amusing yet sympathetic manner. The choice of setting was excellent. Sure technique combined with a welcome sense of discipline made this a work of great charm.

SHAPES, by M. Warner.

Lasting only three minutes on the screen, the animation of coloured triangles and related shapes involved some nine hours of painstaking work. The choice of the "Harry Lime Theme" as musical accompaniment helped to make this a tremendously successful effort.

The films which did not win prizes were in no sense "left at the post" in the Competition. Some had encountered special difficulties in production while others perhaps tried to do too much with the resources available. All *could* have been improved by better planning—as in other activities, a clearly defined objective is important—but this is a familiar story and the film-makers will have profited by their experience. They will do better if they care to try again.

IMPRESSIONS OF A SUMMER'S DAY

Numerous photographers, mostly beginners, obtained the material from which Chamberlain compiled an amusing treatment of last year's Sports Day. A well-edited soundtrack added an extra dimension to what was originally intended as a straightforward news treatment.

A TRULY REMARKABLE FEET (SIC), by M. Lea, P. Szanto, K. Merton, S. Biellik.

A great deal of work by the whole production team went into making this record of last December's walk from Wimbledon to Ockley in aid of the Help the Aged Fund. There were nicely shot, well observed scenes but the real flavour of the occasion was not fully realised.

GRAND PRIX, by N. J. Richards.

This certainly had its moments but inevitably invited comparison with Television. The ingenuity shown in conception and editing did not make up for the lack of a definite theme. What aspect of motor sport was the director trying to put across?

BRIDGE OVER A RIVER, by R. J. Myers and R. Padwick.

Beautiful visual images abounded in this mystifying, rather pretentious film. The technique itself was fluent, but, as the producers themselves admitted, the original aim was lost in filming.

'LUCY', by R. Padwick and P. W. Roberts.

Many parents and boys have seen 'Lucy' already. The photography of paintings made by members of the school was entirely successful, a simple magnifying glass being used to take the necessary close-ups. This technique offers exciting possibilities for future productions. The live-action was also well done but the judge felt that the mixture of cartoon with realistic scenes was not entirely successful.

B.L.A.

HOUSE DRAMA COMPETITION

FINAL PLACINGS

1. COBBS—"Three Plays for Revolutionary Situations" by Roger Howard.
2. NEWSOMS—"The Governor's Lady" by David Mercer.
3. HALLIWELLS—"The Bad Tempered Old Man" by Menander.
4. MILTONS—"The Feast" by Daniel Wright.
5. GIBBS—"It's the Poor that 'elps the Poor," by Harold Chapin.

Since I completed the adjudication of the House Play Competition, several thoughts have occurred to me. In sporting competitions we tend only to remember the winners, quickly forgetting the runners-up upon whom a slur of failure and disgrace often falls, but it seems to me both unfair and quite unrealistic to treat the results of a drama competition in the same way. In the production of a play there are so many contributory factors:— the choice of play, the imaginativeness and practicability of the director's shaping of the production, the actors' performances, the design and the use of technical effects. The high standard of work shown by the competing Houses was such that it made the judgment between them an invidious task, and it would be the biggest mistake and the greatest tragedy of all, if in the selection of one production as the winner the others were written off and forgotten. All the productions had merit, both in general and in

particular, displaying a range of imagination and ingenuity, and not least, evidence of real hard work. Those who took part will I hope have learnt a lot from the experience in their productions, as well as from viewing the efforts of their rivals!

I based my assessment of the productions on the following:—

the choice of play and the director's shaping of the production.

the actor's success in making me believe in him as a character, a reality, i.e. "being" instead of "acting."

the imagination of approach to staging, to design, to character;

the ingenuity and practicability with which these were effected;

finally, the "theatrical effectiveness," the presence in a production of that something which caught me (the audience) up and involved me in an experience which only the theatre is able to give.

Milton's production, "The Feast" by Daniel Wright, got off to a hilariously splendid start which was exactly what was needed to break the tension created in the audience by the preceding production. Unfortunately, the production then lost pace and rhythm, and instead of the Old Man/Young Man sequence building on the energy already created, the momentum was lost, and the actors had to "start" all over again. This was the more difficult, as their positioning facing each other denied the audience their attention. An audience can only learn from an actor what he will allow them to see and hear, and, if he turns away from them or looks at the ground in front of him when he is saying his important lines, his impact is minimised. Thus, it was a pity that particularly Paul Berry as Blue Jeans and Tony Williams as Young Man, actors with personalities which could give a lot to an audience, were themselves, their own worst enemies. Angus Hickish playing Old Man had a warm and sympathetically eccentric understanding of the role which served him well, and with the use of a little strategically applied shading, his make-up would visually have matched him with the years. The set, the confusion of a stage fit-up, was well caught, and, apart from suggesting that it would have been better to have had a bowed instrument to have "backed" the cellist in the recording at the end, I would not fault the production technically.

Gibbs entry was "It's the Poor that 'Elps the Poor" by Harold Chapin. Here was an extraordinary play—delicate in its balance of reality of the human situation which is both moving and comic. There was an unfortunate lack in the realisation of the potentiality of this play and it lacked pace and variation. Whilst there were some good attempts at characterization in a number of performances, the director placed his actors at a grave disadvantage in his positioning of them on the stage—upstaging them when they should have been dominating the action and so detracting from their impact on us, and hence, impeding our involvement with them. The relationships of the Harrises and the Herberts were not clearly indicated, and the director missed subtleties of variation and change of mood, as for example when Harris leaves the party halfway through on a trumped-up pretext, and Mrs. Pipe blithely starts up "Tis

been a lovely day for it." Also the impact of Ted's sudden arrival which everybody appeared to take for granted could have been made more of. With more imaginative use of sound and lighting effects the atmosphere of this production could have been considerably enhanced.

Newsom's play, "The Governor's Lady" by David Mercer, was an interesting choice tackled with considerable imagination and ingenuity. Simple but effective representative sets with a good sound and lighting plot created the oppressive and exotic atmosphere of tropical Africa, which I found wholly credible. Jeremy Goddard as Harriet and Robin Currie as Gilbert had a sound grasp of character and looked convincing. A minor point this, but it was a pity in such a well conceived performance that Gilbert discovered an itch only a line before his scratching was mentioned by Harriet—it would have been more natural for him to have an odd scratch or two beforehand! An actor creates a character in performance by subtle strokes, gradually establishing and filling out the detail; rarely is instant characterization without some evolution believable! As in the other productions, there were occasions where the director could have helped his actors with better positioning, and if, as sometimes in this production, this was impossible owing to the physical limitations of the stage, then the actors should have been encouraged to "cheat" their playing outwards to the audience—but, without seeming to do so! It was a pity that Harriet had to snatch her rifle from the wings before she shot the gorilla—couldn't she have had the rifle with her at the table? I feel that there were places in the production where more subtlety could have been introduced, for example in the fourth scene where Harriet says to Gilbert: "Since you returned yesterday, you have changed"—we should have been made more aware of her growing awakening, that all is not right in the Governor's House. I cite these various points as instances where this excellent production could have been still further improved.

Halliwell's production, "The Bad Tempered Man" by Menander, had a directness and warmth about it which was very appealing, and this was helped by the warm colours of costume and lighting. The idea of the disembodied voice of Pan setting the scene and indicating the locations of the story by lighting the respective areas of the stage with different colours, cleverly drew us into the play's atmosphere. There were several engaging performances, particularly that of the Bad Tempered Man by A. H. Blakeburn who had an easy clarity, and Sostratos (R. W. Jones) too had a sympathetic quality which would have been even more effective if he had not looked at the floor or away from the audience for most of the time—and if he straightens his crouching, ambling gait he might even surprise himself! Unfortunately the production lost momentum after the Old Man fell down the well, and I feel that here there should have been a greater contrast in the Old Man's volte-face, and also in that of Sostratos' Father, Callippides. I think the Director would have done better to have avoided staging the baiting of the Old Man at the end with on-stage feasting going on at the same time, unless he had intended to draw

the revellers directly into the action of helping Getas and Sicon to persuade the Old Man to join the party. By so doing he could have bolstered the mood of hilarity which this final scene deserved.

Finally, I come to Cobb's House productions of three of Roger Howard's "Plays for Revolutionary Situations." From the moment the Hall was plunged into darkness and the amplified rising whine filled the resulting void like a nightmare, whether we in the audience liked it or not, we were riveted to what was to follow. This opening cannot be over-estimated, because its effect was to change the dimension, completely dis-orientating our senses and, in its unnerving persistence, superb preparation for what was to follow. Revolution can be defined in many ways, but in simply saying that revolution is the reversal of the present state of things, then we have the key to the plays and to their production. Thus, when the lights eventually were sprung in their blinding brightness, we were assailed by a world of stark contrasts where life as we understand it does not exist . . . or does it? The discipline was exactly right. The director knew what he wanted and exacted a very impressive response from his cast. At no time in the productions did I feel that any actor was in doubt of what he was supposed to be doing, and, though he may not necessarily have done it particularly well, it did not matter—the actors looked up, looked out and fearlessly flung the plays at us!

However, there was room within the severity of the productions to introduce some subtlety which would have highlighted their effectiveness; for example the "dream-sequence" in the first play could have been softened and made more human; in the second play the differentiation between the Mother and Father and the sophisticated children could have been more clearly marked; and in the third play the relationship between the Dwarfs and Jane, and Rose, could have been more completely realised, but in spite of these faults, the production carried the whole, and its pace and sense of urgency were never lost. As the Cobb's productions had begun, so they concluded, the third play winding up to a climax which caught the audience up in an extraordinary theatrical experience and catapulted it, with the exciting Jane and Rose, to their future. To tackle a production in such a stylised way is a gamble which can either fail miserably, or, as in this instance, triumph. In the final reckoning it was this theatrical experience and effectiveness which carried the day for Cobb's in a very close competition where so many other things were equal.

It is extremely difficult to compare a very stylised production, such as Cobb's, with more naturalistic productions, as the others were. Both pose their own equally difficult problems. The stylised production is automatically limited within the confines of the style, and for as many problems as it solves, so it creates as many others. And as I have indicated, it carries with it a greater risk of total disaster. That having been said, however, the naturalistic production is not without its problems, the conveying of subtleties exacting demands on director and actors alike! The

discipline required to execute the simple thing on the stage and make it seem natural, demands an awareness linked with a keen sense of observation which cannot be overestimated.

I was very impressed by the high standard of dramatic achievement which I witnessed in the competition, and, if I appear to have gone on at length about the faults I found in the productions, it is not because I think they were bad, but, quite the contrary, think they were so good, and that, with a little more awareness, may be even better in the future.

Remember, Actors, and, Directors, remind them in the future, the audience can only see and hear what you allow them to, so don't hide yourselves by looking at the ground or looking away or up-stage all the time—find discreet ways to "cheat" your playing so as to favour your audience! Actors and Directors, look for the ways of subtle delineation and development of character; look for chances of introducing subtlety, relief, and change of mood, and, one more thing, discover for yourselves, the potentialities of the use of make-up, which I found to be the weakest aspect in all the productions. Why don't you invite Leichner's down to give you a demonstration?

Thank you for asking me. I enjoyed the experience enormously.

Good luck,

RICHARD HAMPTON.

[We thank Mr. Hampton not only for spending two evenings adjudicating but also for this full commentary which he was kind enough to send us.]

MERTON CRUISE

Twenty-two of perhaps the more classically-minded members of the Thirds and Fourths—with Mr. Carter—sought asylum from the ravages of school and winter with the help of the B.I. Lines. They left on February 11th to join S.S. 'Nevasa' and cruise in the Mediterranean, spending some ten days at sea and six on land for excursions to interesting locations briefly referred to in the articles that follow. They arrived back on March 6th, luckily avoiding delays experienced by other parties as a result of Venetian fog.

At Sea . . .

When we came out of the reception halls on to the quay at Southampton, we were confronted with a huge white ship. Looking at the nameplate on her front, we soon knew that we were to live on that ship for two weeks.

We were soon able to find our way round the ship, although it was very tiring because of the number of companionways.

The first few days at sea were not very pleasant because most people were being sick, and the whole ship "suffered." After the second day everyone was feeling quite well, and we then followed the ship's normal timetable.

For "school" periods, we went to small classrooms with about 15 pupils in each. For lectures we went to the assembly hall; for private study periods we did almost anything we wanted to do, and for P.E. periods, we did various exercises such as press-ups, on the promenade deck with a vicious master who would come round and prod us with a hockey stick if we were doing the exercise incorrectly. There were long queues for all the meals, but that was the only thing we really hated.

A. Sharpe.

Gibraltar

Our first shore visit, Gibraltar, was considered by the majority to have been rather a waste of time owing to the very short stay we had, but it did provide solid ground beneath our feet after the storms of the previous days in the Bay of Biscay. Nevertheless most people saw in the time available the landmarks that the Rock had to offer, including the somewhat elusive Barbary apes, the Trafalgar Cemetery and, for the late returners to the ship, a beautiful sunset over the Mediterranean.

G. L. Foster.

Malta G.C.

We arrived there four hours early, so Captain Downer let us ashore in our school groups to make up for the lost time in Gibraltar. We went up to Valletta by lift and looked around the capital.

Next morning dawned bright and sunny for the guided coach tour. The first place we went to was Valletta. We toured the town passing the Auberges (St. John's Knights' Palaces). In one of the Auberges (now the Governor's Palace) we saw where Parliament sits and where visiting sovereigns stay.

Then we came upon an ordinary looking church, but, as we entered this seemingly plain church, we were astounded to see the intricate carvings that lined the walls of St. John's Co-Cathedral. Included in the beautiful decorations were two seven foot high solid silver gates.

From Valletta we moved to Mosta where we visited another beautiful cathedral, the Mosta Cathedral, which has the third largest unsupported dome in the world.

We then moved on to the ancient city of M'dina. All the buildings here were built of a light sandy stone which made them very attractive and dusty. We could not spend long there, though, because of the time-table. That ended our coach tour of the island.

In the afternoon we had free time—our group went to Rabat, where we had seen a Roman Villa in the morning. Here we saw how Maltese lace is made and then went on to St. Agatha's Catacombs where we were shown around by a Catholic priest who told us some of the history of the catacombs. Following that we went to St. Paul's Grotto which was where St. Paul converted the islanders to the Christian faith. From there we returned to Valletta and the ship.

Impression: a nice place for a holiday but not to live.

C. R. Kelly and A. T. Isaacson.

Overland from Nauplia to Athens via Epidaurus, Mycenae, and Corinth.

We landed at Nauplia early on a Thursday morning. We were taken ashore in the lifeboats and soon boarded our coaches.

Our first stop was Palamidi Castle, which has a view of the plain ; it was built in 1247. We then went to Epidaurus, sacred to Asklepios, the Greek God of medicine. Here is the theatre which has almost incredible acoustics. When full, it seats 14,000 people, and performances are now given every summer.

Next stop was Mycenae, excavated by Schliemann. It is believed to have been inhabited from 2,500 B.C. Here we saw the Lion Gate and the Treasury of Atreus, and the Palace.

Our last call was at Corinth which was mostly Roman. Here we saw Apollo's Temple and the Corinth Canal, built in 1893 and nearly four miles long.

M. R. Szymanski.

Athens

The row of coaches stood in the road in front of the Customs House at Piraeus. We were ushered into one of them and were soon clattering down the busy road to Athens honking at the mad drivers on the wrong side of the road.

As we entered the city, traffic became denser ; everywhere seemed to be on the move, swarming with people and vehicles, and Christmas decoration relics were hanging still over the roads.

After about half an hour we arrived at the Gates of Athens. The remains were tall, slender and beautiful. We climbed a hill giving a wonderful view of the Acropolis and surrounding area, contemplated for a few minutes, and shrugged off vendors who tried to persuade us we wanted their slides of the Acropolis by night.

Next the coach screeched to a halt at the bottom of a steep, winding path leading to the entrance to the Acropolis. We trudged our way up, securing a splendid view of a restored theatre on one side. In the foreground an area known as Old Athens could be seen ; New Athens was in the distance with a clear boundary separating the red slate roofs from the skyscrapers.

The entrance pillars towered above us as we walked into a different world. Rocks and the remains of carved pillars and statues covered the ground whereas the Parthenon stood out tall and stately as it must have done for many hundreds of years. Inside it, police innumerable warned visitors about their actions.

Later we stopped to look at the famous National Guard outside the Royal Palace and also the stadium built for the Olympic Games, before returning to Piraeus.

Free in the afternoon, we converged again on Athens in groups of five or six and in the creaking, old wooden trains. We wanted to see the National Museum, but found it only after walking into the Political Academy and, as we arrived, it closed.

Nothing, however, could spoil the day, and as we lay in our bunks that night we remembered all the wonderful features we had enjoyed.

K. Quarmby.

Ephesus, Turkey.

Ephesus, situated about 50 miles south of Izmir, Turkey, was once the most important part of the Roman province of Asia; today it is only ruins. Before it was under Roman rule, it had been under the Ionians and Persians. St. Paul spent three years at Ephesus in the early days of Christianity, founding the first Christian community. St. John also came and is said to have written his gospel there. It was also known as the last home of the Virgin Mary.

In 262 A.D. the Goths destroyed the city and it never regained its importance. Later the inhabitants were driven out of Ephesus by malaria spreading from the nearby marshes, and settled on the hill slopes. By the 10th Century the inhabitants had gone. Today, about two miles away, there is the modern town of Selcuk. We arrived at Izmir at 07.00 hrs. Sunday, 23rd February, and went ashore in a Turkish tender; then we immediately boarded our coach which took us straight through Izmir to Ephesus, where we walked through the ruins with a guide who told us about the places of interest: the Great Theatre, which is a ruined Roman Theatre similar to those in Greece; the Marble Street, which is the main street; the Library of Celsus; the Gymnasium.

We were then taken up to the house of the Virgin Mary. The final part of the visit took us through Selcuk where we saw the Basilica of St. John. We then went back to the ship at Izmir.

D. Wheatley.

Venice

As we entered Venice, in the mist, there was an overflow of excitement on board, but, as we berthed, we noticed the pungent smell (which could be termed the stench) of the canals, or, as was later apparent from sickening views of back street canals, the sewers. However, not letting this spoil our pleasure, well, not too much anyway, we walked along the quay to St. Mark's Square. Here, as in Trafalgar Square, there were scores of pigeons. On the right was St. Mark's Cathedral. For some, perhaps, the Italian architecture was too ornamentated, but, even behind its coating of grime, the Cathedral was still awe-inspiring. From the Square we broke up into our parties and spread out over Venice.

On the whole, though, Venice was entrancing. Some, however, may disagree—no names mentioned, Sinclair—and say, in words to the same effect, that they would rather—don't worry, Saunders, I said no names—have Pilbrook than the Grand Canal any day, but some people liked Venice, so, all in all, it was worthwhile.

I. Parker and R. Sinclair.

SOCIETIES

CHRISTIAN UNION

What are your views on life? Have you ever considered why you are here? What reasons have you for your own religious belief, or lack of it? Such were the questions asked by this term's issue of C.U.M., which, for anyone who does not know, is the Christian Union Magazine. Although affected by technical hitches (two pages, for instance, were printed upside down), this edition sold about a hundred copies, and, we hope, set people thinking.

Attendance at the regular Friday meetings has been seriously affected by the involvement of many members in other School activities. This applied particularly to our film meeting, when only twenty people came to see "Windows of the Soul," a fascinating and well-made film about the sensory organs of the human body. After showing how fallible our senses often are, it posed the question of whether the "I-won't-believe-anything-I-can't-see-with-my-own-eyes" attitude is a very sensible one.

Our three Bible Studies this term were on Micah—a character about whom most of us knew little or nothing at the start of the term. We discovered how surprisingly relevant and up-to-date his message is, and these studies helped us to understand better the role of the Old Testament in Christianity. We have also had outside speakers on various subjects, including a talk on missionary work in the emergent African countries; all were interesting and well worth listening to.

Numbers attending Junior meetings have also fallen off, owing I fear, to the apathy of many, who put J.C.U. at the bottom of their list of priorities. This has happened in spite of Geoff Roberts's lively assembly notices—or maybe because of them! The Juniors' programme was varied, and included studies of certain Old Testament characters. On a serious note, may I take this opportunity to call on all Christians in either half of the school, to have the courage to show their faith by coming to C.U. meetings, Jesus Christ was flogged and crucified to make Christianity possible; the loss of one lunch-hour a week is not much of a sacrifice by comparison, is it?

P. J. Smith.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Following in the tradition of previous years the Easter Term's activities were dominated by the Welby Cup House Debating series. The political and social climate of the day enabled, for the most part, topical motions to be chosen. It was pleasing to see fifth formers present in the teams; this should augur well for the future.

The adjudication was provided by Messrs. Giles, Horler, Wyatt and Carter, whom the Society wishes to thank. Their main criticism of debaters who felt that they must answer every point raised by the other side was truly justified; but I cannot help querying the high marks obtained by "public speakers" rather than "debaters." The general standard of debate was good, and the society must congratulate the Gibbs team, namely Roberts (G), Brewer, Richards, and Smith, who once again took the Cup.

THE WELBY CUP

Motion	Proposers	Opposers	Points
"That the cabbage is a familiar kitchen garden vegetable about as large and wise as a man's head."	Miltons	Newsoms	92-91½
"That the present educational system is both antiquated and inefficient."	Gibbs	Cobbs	102-80½
"Prefers the Pope to the Pill."	Halliwells	Miltons	105-85½
"That Enoch Powell should be Prime Minister."	Cobbs	Halliwells	74-92½
"That democracy is simply the bludgeoning of the People by the People for the People."	Newsoms	Gibbs	95½-106½

FINAL POSITIONS

1st—Gibbs	2nd—Halliwells	3rd—Newsoms	4th—Miltons	5th—Cobbs
208½	197½	187	177½	154½

On a lighter note the Spring Term witnessed much activity on the part of School orators. On March 4th a small group of nine, many of whom left a bewildered J.A.B. with less than half a Statistics class, travelled across Raynes Park in the safe hands of London Transport to the Ursuline Convent School. The motion was "That the emancipation of women was disastrous"—the opposite side were to propose this. This regular star battle between the schools has always resulted in a victory for the other — x; but we were confident of at least one vote (we had brought with us a beard-draped automaton from the Mathematics department programmed to raise his right hand at the correct moment). This was not to be—the team: Burns, Bond, Ring, battled well, with guile, wit, and Freudian — E — symbols. At last the vote came, Ayes 12, Noes 15, Abs. 3. Yes, records were shattered: WE HAD WON!

Other meetings were as follows:—

6th March—

"This House prefers lean liberty to fat slavery."

Proposers: Willows School.

Opposers: Raynes Park (Smith, Warner, Brewer).

Result: Ayes 7, Noes 9, Abs. 1.

31st March—

“This House deplores public demonstrations.”

Proposers: Old Boys (Shoebridge, Gebbett, Williams, Hanlon).

Opposers: Raynes Park (Smith, Richards, Jackson, Roberts).

Result: Ayes 6, Noes 6, Abs. 3.

This debate was by far the best, with speeches well constructed and an ample mouthful of wit. We hope this will be the first of a series of similar debates.

The Society wishes to thank Mr. Carter and Mr. Brunt who respectively sponsored and bore the brunt of our activities.

A. R. G. Jackson.

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Only one meeting was held this term, on Sunday 30th March. This was compensated for however, by the increased attendance. The guest speaker was Mr. Tingay from King's College School. The talk was about “Greek Home Life,” and Mr. Tingay began by emphasising how little was known about this subject. Despite this fact, the talk was full of interesting information, punctuated by amusing digressions and late arrivals.

Mr. Tingay tackled the topic by reviewing the actions of an Athenian which would compose the average day. He emphasised the sheltered life all the respectable women led, being cooped up in the house educating the children, while their husbands went out and enjoyed themselves at philosophical debates or drinking parties. Only the poor and craftsmen worked; everyone else appears to have lived off the incomes provided by their estates (Utopia!?)

After the talk, the society rose for refreshments, kindly provided by our President and hosts.

P. Horton.

SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

This term has seen the completion of scenic work at the Oberon end of the layout, and the near-completion of the branch re-wiring scheme. Scenic work has now moved to the Newsom Vale end of the layout where a carriage and loco depot is being constructed. To accommodate these new works, Newsom Vale Village has been demolished, to be rebuilt at a later date on a new site.

Attendances this term have been very encouraging, never more than three members failing to appear.

We should like to thank Messrs. Slater and Henderson who have worked hard at the various tasks on the layout, although we have unfortunately been without Mr. Buckingham, who had been with us for many years. We should also like to thank Mr. Atkin who has given up his time so generously to act as our sponsor.

C. Spraggs.

COMPUTER TALK

"This is the School Computer speaking: I have been programmed to print a report on the progress of my construction during the Spring Term, 1969. Commence readout: I am now about two-thirds complete and at present consist of a large wooden cabinet into which are slotted twelve printed circuit boards, many of which are now complete. They have not yet been interwired—this will be a complex job for those mortal beings building me. I also have a front panel which I hope will soon be riddled with switches, push buttons and a multitude of neon bulbs, and will soon . . . OUCH—please mind where you put that soldering iron—be hinged to my cabinet.

At the beginning of the term I was well attended for several lunch hours, but lately have been rather neglected and have become extremely lonely at home in the corner of the Advanced Physics Lab. I hope that next term more attention will be paid to me so that I can be completed and put to good use. End of readout."

The School Computer,

on behalf of D. M. Roberts.

MALE VOICE CHOIR

The main event this term has been the "Shelter" concert which took place on the last Saturday of term, and raised a considerable sum for housing the homeless. The M.V.C. performed five items, plus one combined item with girls from Wimbledon County School. The five items included a long and complex unaccompanied work by Elgar, which, at the final rehearsal, finished three tones flatter than it had started, causing odd rumblings in the bass department towards the end! Fortunately, this did not happen in the actual performance, and Colin Scrase was able to produce his now-famous bottom D in the closing chord.

One problem facing us at the moment is the shortage of mature tenor voices with owners who can read music well. There are droves of burly basses in the school, but few tenors, burly or otherwise. This is no doubt because tenor voices take longer to settle down after breaking than do basses.

We have no ambitious plans for next term, as G.C.E. Examinations and the House Music Competition will cause difficulties in arranging rehearsals. Let us hope finally that the course of Nature will soon produce a few more tenors.

P. J. Smith.

Original Contributions

L. A. G. STRONG PRIZE

A. T. Isaacson of 3Y was awarded by *Mr. Charles Wrinch* the first prize for a selection of poems, one of which follows:

STORM ON THE COMMON

The rain falls,
draining the common of mud and dirt ;
the greasy grey clouds above
clash out their war-like warnings
to the scattering schools of people:
rabbits running for shelter ;
antagonised ants rambling away
as their nest is broken.
The commando clouds cruise into position,
preparing for the fray ;
then, with one metallic crash,
the sky parts,
and the weighty water surges in torrents
from the sky.
It plunges downward,
showing no mercy for people left stranded.
As soon as the water touches them,
they are strewn
to the four corners of the common.
Civilization stops.
Only rollicking rain
and the miry mud.
Abruptly the rain stops ;
abruptly everything stops ;
abruptly the world stops.
Slowly the world starts turning ;
slowly things start happening ;
slowly the rain starts again,
but soon the murky mud

becomes a readorned river bed,
Bubbles spurt out of the gurgling ground
as the ruffled rain
jumps down from the grey, grotty sky
and stops dead on the pavement.
All the drops join together,
and the separate water drops
can be distinguished no longer ;
small puddles form ;
large puddles form ;
little brooks form ;
rivers form ;
lakes form,
which flood the nearby houses,
and people run
for their lives
as the rain claims a few victims.
The rain begins to stop ;
the water runs away ;
people go back
and drain their houses,
and life on the common goes on as usual.

P. J. Orr of 4H was commended for his poem—

THE UNKNOWN LONDON

the introductions to which and an extract from which now follow:

Daytime doesn't seem to make much difference,
To the dismal slums,
Of the East End.
Filthy, dismal, badly lighted,
Three-roomed houses,
Are all that comprise Henry Street,
Plaiſtow, E.13.

Well,
We'll complete the tour,
With the third and final room,
Another part of so many decrepit slums,
And here the kitchen,
The bathroom,
The parents' bedroom,
Are all in one.
In an undecorated, typical, satanic,
Corner is the double bed,
The only thing new,
(Stolen, of course),
And that's the entire parents' bed-room.
Opposite this,
Is the bathroom,
All of a bowl,
Cold water taken from the kitchen tap,
And also some rags,
But no toothpaste or toothbrushes—
A hygienic place, this.
Finally, there's the kitchen part,
Just like the rest of the place,
Fifty years too late.
There's a cooker,
Although it's an antique relic,
And, as well,
A cold water tap,
And a battered bucket,
But that's all there is,
Still,
They say you get used to it.
Used to it?
You're born with it ;
You inherit it—
The filth,
The slums,
The dog-eared streets,
The unhappiness,
The unwanted babies,
The unknown London,
The pride of the capital.

A. E. Marsh, L6A was commended for his short story, 'A TOUCH OF REALISM,' the following being the second part. [A journey by car in especially unpleasant conditions is first described, ending with the driver securing a night's accommodation at the 'Dark Horse Inn.' He dines late, the only other guest being an especially attractive young blonde (dyed), who after a mumbled greeting watches him silently].

After supper both went upstairs to their respective dungeons. The man lay on his bed and dreamed in a lazy half-sleep. I don't know about the woman, perhaps she was doing the same thing. Anyway, at exactly two o'clock in the morning there were three soft taps at the man's door and the young woman padded in.

"Everything ready, darling? The old dear's fast asleep. Here's your gear."

The man handed over a paper-bag bundle of clothes. The next minute the woman was back in her own room, hurriedly changing into a long, white wedding gown, with veil, and a brunette wig. She covered her face and hands with cornflour, then sat on the edge of the bed watching the clock hands crawl slowly round to half-past two.

The man, too, was waiting for the half-hour to strike. He was thoughtfully thumbing through the crisp pages of an ancient yellow manuscript, taken, while searching for valuables a week earlier, from the old woman's dressing table. Then he had been a common, if profitable, cat-burglar. Now he and his wife would soon be ranked amongst the landed gentry, with a country inn and fifty surrounding acres; and to get them he didn't even have to compound a felony, just use a bit of imagination. The manuscript was an old ritual concerning the inn and its owner. Whenever the White Bride Ghost appeared, the owner of the inn was to vacate it and hand over the deeds to the most recent guest. 'Course, you'd have to be stupid to believe in the ghost anyway, but the old landlady bitch might easily be pretty scared, and, after all, she seemed to look after the manuscript with great care, locking it in her drawer. The man's wife had come down two days before, to avoid suspicion. Now they could only hope their simple trick would fool the old girl, and that she wouldn't take a flying swipe at the ghost with her bedpan. The clock reached two-thirty.

The man picked up a small bag and tiptoed along the bare corridor to the landlady's room. She was sound asleep, and he crept over to a large cupboard. A few minutes later the door opened a second time, and the equally cautious young woman squeezed into the cupboard as well. It was pitch dark. Only the strange sounds of silence could be heard. The old dear stirred uneasily in her bed, and the man's luminous wristwatch showed two thirty-five. He delved into his bag and pulled out a small, jangling metal chain, which he proceeded to clink and clank gently. With the other hand he switched on a pocket tape-recorder, and a continuous stream of

eerie cackles, hoots, whistles, hisses, moans, thuds, and crashes drifted out into the bedroom. The cupboard door creaked open, and stealthily the lady ghost made her soft entrance. Through the crack in the door the man watched her as she glided over to the bed and tapped the old woman on the shoulder. He continued producing an assortment of haunty noises from his bag of tricks like an exiled Santa Claus.

The whole act went off like a dream, and the man had difficulty in stopping himself laughing as he watched the old woman's petrified face and listened to her hysterical, half-choked oaths and screams. The Bride said nothing, but after about a minute she wafted convincingly out of the bedroom door. As she paused in the faint light of the doorway, she appeared almost transparent from where the man was hidden. He couldn't help shivering a little himself at that final realistic effect, as he switched off his sound effects and prepared to wait for an hour till the landlady had dozed off again before trying to leave the room.

On reaching the landing outside, he breathed a heavy sigh of relief and hurried along to his wife's room to congratulate her on her tremendous performance. He threw open the door and burst into laughter. "Oh, my darling, you were marv . . . He stopped short, stunned by the sight of his wife, still dressed in her ghost costume, lying sprawled on the bed. She was a dishevelled heap, cringing up into one corner as though backing away from something. There was cornflour smeared on the sheets, but the man hardly noticed it. Nor did he notice the clock on the floor, knocked over and smashed, with the hands still saying two-thirty. He just stared at his poor wife's face. On it there was a look of stark terror. He lay his hand roughly on her forehead, but somehow he knew what it would be like. She was as hard as a statue; ice-cold, and . . . dead. Stone dead. He just couldn't believe it. It was as if . . . as if she had seen a ghost!

STORM

C. J. Maunder, 5K.

I had no idea it was coming, until I was suddenly bathed where I stood in a pool of water. I was gathering sheep at the time, high up on the hillside, at least a mile from the farmhouse. Across the valley I could see dots and dashes of rain like an endless morse code; a gigantic cloud had covered Mount Hudson like a blanket over a trembling sleeper who has just sat up after a horrible nightmare. That was my first view of the storm, and it pulled across the sky an early darkness. The trees around me were captured by the swaying rhythm of the thunder's drumbeat: in turn they began to sway and dance, and the wood lit up with a vegetable orgy of music and singing.

Those first few moments captured me in their brilliance, but I could not stand and stare without digging my own grave, for the forked tongue of the low clouds has captured many a victim in these hills, as if they were fascist bombers, destroying the lives of the helpless innocents below. I began to run, and the sheep-dogs followed me, driving the bearded animals before them.

All in a moment a whiplash reached out, and a perilous tongue swooped on me, the crack of the whip following close behind, and the wood around was aflame for a second. I was on the floor, and the sheep and dogs had continued their flight, and were disappearing over a ridge. Luckily, the dogs knew their way home.

I had been left alone, deserted of mammalian beings, but I could not have had more companions than at that moment. With the grey dive-bombers throwing out their sparks of natural electricity, the drums rolling, the trees swaying, and the giant Mount Hudson struggling in its captive world of cloud, it was havoc and chaos! The rhythm erupted into a fantastic crescendo; the lightning zig-zagged to earth time and time again!

I calmed myself, and started to walk through the swirling, watery mist. The bushes beat about me, as if I were running the gauntlet. I began to run again, but the almighty hand of the rain-filled atmosphere stopped me. I was trapped in an endless mirror of drunken madness.

Far below me, I could make out the lights of the lonely farmhouse. It was as if it were a castle, besieged by the swirling chaos, withstanding attack after attack of battle-crazy heathens. The long, winding road to the village was as a piece of wire in a bubbling bath: wet, but undamaged. The church stood out with its spire as the head of authority against the angry revolutionaries. The village was a camp of surrounded mercenaries: inside was a mass of swinging lanterns, and swirling smoke, coming from the chimneys like a traitor to help the countless hyenas of the vast outside.

How I wished I were inside that unbreachable fortress, instead of a captive in the eternal packs of savage hunting-wolves! I struggled on along what seemed to be the straight and narrow path in a world of evil.

The trees and bushes now became tired of the hypnotic drum-call; Mount Hudson finally broke the harsh chains of imprisonment, and the deadly dive-bombers left for some other doomed destination . . . I, at last, was near to the farmhouse. I could see some people in the barn: they had matured from ants to humans. They dashed hither and thither, in the lonely pattering of dying rainfall, trying to organise, but throwing the ball of order and position into further disorder. I heard one call, "John's not here! The sheep have come back, but he hasn't! My God! Where can he be?"

I smiled affectionately as if I were a father coming from a hazardous war to see my son for the first time in years.

I arrived at the farmhouse five minutes later, and was greeted by the kisses and hugs of thankful female relations; the handshakes and back-slaps of grinning workmates.

I looked around at the wreckage. There was wood lying around in a ring of sad refugees: the small barn had been blown down. The roofs were dripping, and large puddles lay here and there, and I saw the last cloud sail away into the boundless sea of sky.

A CORSICAN BANDIT

Translated from G. de Maupassant by P. J. Smith, U.S.A.

The road climbed gently into the middle of the Aitône forest. Huge pine-trees giving out a sad, continuous moan spread out above our heads in a wailing vault, while on both sides their straight, slender trunks formed a rank of organ pipes, which seemed to be producing this dreary dirge, caused by the wind in the tree-tops.

After we had been walking for about three hours, the tangled crowd of long trunks thinned out. Here and there, set apart from the rest, an enormous stone-pine unfolded its dark green dome like a giant umbrella. Then, we suddenly came to the edge of the forest about a hundred yards from the pass which led down into the wild Niolio valley.

A number of old twisted trees seemed to have made their laborious way up to the two slender outcrops which overlooked this route, like scouts who had gone ahead of the main body and left them waiting behind. Turning round, we saw the whole forest spread beneath our feet like an immense green bowl, whose edges seemed to reach to the sky, and were made of exposed rock, enclosing it on all sides.

We set off again, and reached the pass ten minutes later. A remarkable area of land then came into my sight. Beyond another forest was a valley whose like I had never seen before. A stony wilderness thirty miles long, it was hollowed out to a depth of five thousand feet. It did not boast a single tree or field that I could see. This was the Niolo, homeland of Corsican freedom, the inaccessible stronghold from which invaders have never been able to drive the mountain people.

My companion said, "That's where all our bandits used to hide out." Soon, we reached the bottom of this desolate, yet unimaginably beautiful gorge. There was no grass, and no plant life, just granite; nothing but granite. Lost from sight in front of us, a desert of granite glistened, heated like a furnace by a raging sun, which seemed to be deliberately suspended over the rocky pass. When I lifted my eyes towards the mountains, I stopped short, dazzled and amazed. They looked red and jagged, like festoons of coral, all the peaks of porphyry. The sky above was violet and lilac, stained by the nearness of these strange mountains. Lower down, the silvery granite sparkled, and under our feet, it felt as though it had been ground and crushed—we were walking on a shining powder. To our right, a raging torrent rumbled and rushed down a long twisting gulley. I reeled under the heat and light in this arid, wild and blazing valley, cut across by that gulley, which was full of turbulent water, seemingly rushing to escape, unable to bring fertility to the rocks and lost in this furnace which drank it thirstily without ever being moistened or cooled by it.

But suddenly, to our right, a little wooden cross stuck into a small heap of stones came into sight. A man had been killed there, and I said to my companion: "Tell me about your bandits."

"I knew the most notorious and terrible one, Sainte-Lucie," he replied. "I'll tell you about him.

"The story goes that his father had been killed, in a quarrel by a young man from the same region; Sainte-Lucie had been left alone with his sister. He was a frail, timid lad, small, listless and frequently unwell. He failed to declare vendetta on his father's murderer. All his relatives came to see him, begging him to take vengeance, but he remained deaf to their threats and pleadings.

"Then, in accordance with the old Corsican custom, his sister took away his black suit so that he could not mourn the death of a man who had not been avenged. He remained unaffected even by this insult, and rather than take down his father's gun, which was still loaded, he shut himself in and did not go out any more, unable to face the scolding looks of the local lads.

"Several months went by. He seemed to have forgotten everything before the crime, and was living with his sister in the seclusion of their home.

"Now one day, the man suspected of the murder was married. Sainte-Lucie did not seem moved at this news, but the bridegroom, no doubt out of defiance, went past the house of the two orphans on his way to church.

"The brother and sister were eating cookies at their window when the young man's eye fell upon the wedding party progressing past his house. Suddenly, he started to tremble. He got up without a word, crossed himself, took the gun which was hanging over the fireplace, and went out.

"Speaking of this later, he said, 'I don't know what came over me. It was as though my blood was on fire. I realised I had to do it. In spite of everything, I couldn't hold out, so I've been and hidden the gun in the bushes on the main road to Corte.'

"He came back empty-handed an hour later, looking, as usual, sad and tired. His sister thought he had put the matter out of his head. But as night was falling, he disappeared.

"That same evening, his enemy was due to proceed on foot to Corte with his two groomsmen. They were going along the road singing, when Sainte-Lucie sprang out in front of them, and looking the murderer straight in the eye, cried out, 'The time has come!' Then, from point-blank range, he shattered the man's chest.

"One of the groomsmen fled. The other stared at Sainte-Lucie repeatedly murmuring, 'What have you done, Sainte-Lucie?' Then he tried to run off to Corte and fetch help, but Sainte-Lucie cried out to him, 'Take another step, and I'll break your leg!' Knowing how timid Sainte-Lucie had been in the past, he said, 'You wouldn't dare!' and went on. But he fell immediately, his thigh smashed by a bullet.

"Going up to him, Sainte-Lucie said, 'I'm going to have a look at your injury. If it's not serious, I'll leave you here. If it's fatal, I'll finish you off.' He inspected the wound, decided it was fatal, slowly reloaded his gun, inviting the wounded man to say a prayer, and then blew his brains out. Next day, he was in the mountains.

"And do you know what this Sainte-Lucie did then? All his family were arrested by the police. His uncle, the priest, who was suspected of inciting Sainte-Lucie to take vengeance, was himself put in prison and accused by the dead man's relatives. He managed to escape however, also taking a gun, and joined his nephew in the bush.

"Then Sainte-Lucie killed his uncle's accusers one by one, and put out their eyes as a warning to others not to assert what they have not seen with their own eyes. He killed all the relations and friends of the enemy family. During his lifetime, he slaughtered fourteen gendarmes, set fire to his enemies' houses, and right up to his death was the most terrible bandit that anyone can remember."

The sun was disappearing behind Mt. Cinto, and the great shadow of the granite mountain was spreading over the granite of the valley. We quickened our pace so as to reach before nightfall the tiny village of Albertace, which was little more than a heap of stones thrown together on the rocky side of the wild pass. Thinking of the bandit, I said, "No custom could be more terrible than your vendetta."

With resignation, my companion replied, "What do you expect? One does one's duty."

LINES ON THE ARS POETICA

P. J. Smith, U.6A.

Many people have written
Many poems, which
Could have been written as
Prose, and taken up
Much less space.

A SELECTION

J. Nakar, U.6A

ENVY

Like a piece of rotting cheese
Crawling with worms, it comes,
Winding its conniving way
Into the inner confines of the mind,
Creeping and crawling,
Treacheroously transforming
The addled mind to putrid rage.
Envy, Iago's mistress,
Jealousy's kin,
Friend of hatred,
Deadly sin,
Comes creeping, slowly eating in ;
Where mind's receptive, it will win,
Pouring hate in willing ear,
Destroying hope in pointless fear
As on it strives to reach its goal.
When all's destroyed, its victims fall.

THE MIRACLE OF ME

Ten million years to form the Earth ;
A hundred more to cool ;
Three thousand more to give me life
In some primaeval pool.

To form my eyes another six ;
My fins and scales, ten more.
A billion years were still to pass
Till I could come ashore.

My legs and lungs grew stronger ;
My body grew in size.
A hundred million years I stormed
Till nature changed my guise.

I lost my monstrous stature ;
My body came quite warm ;
I swung from trees quite glibly
As hair o'erspread my form.

My hair again receded ;
My body came quite thin.
I came and stood on solid ground ;
I needed wits to win.

Twelve million years to make me thus ;
My past was nearly done ;
A million years to form my brain—
To modern man become.

MARS

Beneath the realm where no bird flies
There lies the land where no-one cries ;
A silent place where no-one goes ;
An empty place that no-one knows ;
A place that's lost among the stars,
A lonely place—the planet Mars.

“P” NONSENSE

A persiphonic pelistrophon on a puritanic plane
Poluminating perniciously with a pulminating pain.
A plasticacious polyglot perusing punitively
For pancreatic perolunimums who procapitulate propinely.
They passiphon and permucon and perusifate permanely,
Whilst platitudic pladicums preposterate profanelly.

ALLITERATIVE NONSENSE

A didalytic dandelion debauches dianousphanely,
Many a monstrous magnaphon can moonicate profanelly,
Bellotudinous bangoflats bermangulate ungainly,
But only onophonic onks can ongulate inanely.

POWER OF SCIENCE

A people that's tied to its planet,
A people that strives to be free,
Who reach for the highest heavens,
And plunge to the bottom-most sea.

Their planet is now at their mercy ;
Their planet is changing too fast ;
The forces of science are puny—
The forces of nature are vast.

The balance of nature is failing ;
The balance of life is upset ;
Science can only destroy things—
It cannot replace them as yet.

DOCK

A. T. Isaacson, 3Y.

Constant humming
forms a back ground
to the incongruousness
of the dark dock,
Metallic triangles
sail-fade into the distance.
It starts to rain ;
lightly falling
droplets of water
descend on to
the dirty,

grey, galvanised roofs ;
dirt and grime
washed away,
leaving an oily
trail behind.
Everything gets wet,
nothing spared.

Slowly the rain stops ;
the clouds drift away ;
the sun reappears
and tries,
hopelessly,
to shed a piece
of brightness
on the
unambitious dock.

Dockers and passengers emerge
from their hiding places
and start
to rush about again.

Night begins
to fall
at the
dying dock ;
electric lights flicker on ;
life slows down ;
dockers and
passengers stop
rushing about ;
the tugs go back
to their docks
and leave
the large ships behind.

Damp,
dirty,
cold,
aged,
uninviting,
repulsive,
decrepit dock.

SOCIAL SERVICE

Following last term's successful money raising venture in aid of 'Help the Aged' and 'Kelstone Court' efforts during this term were directed towards another cause, equally worthwhile—"Shelter."

Some 960 million halfpennies are due to be withdrawn from circulation by August of this year and 'Shelter' was running a campaign to collect as many of these as possible before April 1st. We decided to help and commenced soon after the beginning of term with collections after assemblies. The rattle of our bearded leader's collecting box also became a familiar sound to all those who ventured into school lunch.

At the same time girls at Wimbledon County School began a halfpenny collection supplemented by sale of orange drinks at break times. It was felt that this venture, which was gathering momentum weekly should not be allowed to fizzle out at the end of term and thus a second concert was proposed as a finale to the term's collecting—and of course, as an additional source of revenue.

Tickets were in the form of "Shelter" bricks which could be bought either for entrance to the concert or simply as a donation to the fund.

The concert itself was conceived on a rather more ambitious scale than the last—involving over fifty people from both schools in a hotchpotch of choral, instrumental and spoken items on the broad themes of Love and Patriotism with a one act play thrown in for good measure. Although owing to House Plays, there was a minimum of rehearsal time, all went smoothly after surprisingly few last minute panics and an enjoyable evening was had by all concerned (even, I am told, the audience). I must thank everyone who helped make it the success it was, but especially Katherine Malec, Sally Warbrick, Peter Smith, and Terry Smith without whom the production of such an extensive programme would have been impossible.

As a result of the Halfpenny and Brick funds £116 6s. 11d. was collected by the two schools but, since 'Shelter' bricks were sponsored, they were worth a further £399 to "Shelter," making a grand total of £515 6s. 11d.

Although most effort this term has been directed towards the Shelter collection, the regular Wednesday afternoon group has continued helping the Merton and Morden Guild of Social Service in their survey of O.A.P.'s. This is a long and wearisome job which was one of the first projects undertaken by the group, and those involved deserve our praise for their constant hard work and enthusiasm.

The last weeks of this term have also seen the beginning of a new project in co-operation with the Guild. Meadbrook Old People's Home has bought a tape recorder, and boys from the school are to record items of interest from the local newspaper to be heard in a weekly 'news pro-

gramme' by elderly people who can read only with some difficulty, if at all. This project is not yet fully off the ground, but next term should see the formation of a 'local news team.'

All this would have been impossible without the drive and enthusiasm of Mr. Cecil Riley whose idea of a small Senior Games option has blossomed in little more than a year into something infinitely more worthwhile.

P.I.

THE "TIDDLYWINKS" SOCIETY

Gibbs have done it again! Another 'first'! The society was pioneered by Mr. Brunt and, when confidence was running high, a tutor group match against Mr. A. C. Riley's was arranged. After several hard fought and enjoyable matches J.A.B.'s set emerged victorious and are now willing to take on any opposition.

Room E is fast becoming the most popular room in the school and the enthusiasm (if not addiction!) generated by Mathematics students is spreading wildly.

L. Smith has made a steady living from the society, having fleeced several unenlightened senior members, and the member who winked the first "pot-in-one" still finds it difficult to get his head through the door.

Next term it is hoped to extend the society and to have a knockout competition. Following this, we hope to arrange school matches for which of course, only the best winkers will be chosen.

K. Oatway.

SPUR RIDING CLUB

The term opened with only two of the brave Sixth formers remaining, and, as the light faded early, members of the Staff were at first unable to attend. The weather was cold, but we were not deterred, and even when wind and snow were the enemies, the only defector was our instructress who persuaded someone else to accompany us over the frozen Common.

Early on P. Berry decided Black Prince was his favourite mount, and very soon he yielded to Prince's request to do a forward roll down his neck. When Prince dropped his head under cover of eating, our cavalier, still holding his reins, slid forward down Prince's neck, and landed, dazed, on his chin and the ground. This natural affinity with Mother Earth was again demonstrated when he accepted Polka's invitation to dive off during a canter.

I, beginning to feel I could stay on anything, was soon disillusioned when Castani and I differed about our destination. The result? Castani turned right sharply without warning, and I flew straight forward at an altitude of some six feet which rapidly decreased.

A week or two before half term Mlle. Viala rejoined the group, giving it renewed lightheartedness, and later any peace was finally shattered by the return of Messrs. Beeney and Cosens, while Carol, who now took us out again, succeeded in giving the erstwhile Mr. "Lucy" his right name.

Lucy herself proved very active for which Mr. Beeney was at times no doubt rightly blamed, but he listened as he was instructed what to do: be calm. Putting this into practice was a different matter. By contrast, Mr. Cosens's mount was not an incident-maker, but objections to cantering stirrupless remained.

Anyone, in the Senior School especially, who feels his career cannot be regarded as complete without being bitten or tossed by a quadruped will be welcome if he ventures to sample the delights offered by equitation.

C. E. Scrase.

SIXTH-FORM TRAP SOCIETY

A unique record was gained this term when eighteen, hearty-but-true, Sixth formers crammed number five lower trap, to increase the previous record by 4 m.p.t. Further calculations and careful planning revealed that twenty-four sturdy boys could be fitted into a space 8ft. x 4ft. x 8ft. but unfortunately this world record attempt had to be curtailed owing to acute claustrophobia and the intervention of Big J.

The record beaters included such famous names as Boggy Marsh, Smelly Gelley, Big B., Peter Pan, Ivor Chain, Samuel Flusher, Tom Ballcock and Frank Dunit.

However, anybody wishing to renew this activity, next term, especially for Games, is strongly advised not to, as the danger to self and cubicle is so great that no insurance company will be prepared to take the chance.
Anon.

565 SQDN. A.T.C.—GENERAL

GENERAL

As far as 'non-sport' activities have gone this term, we have been, as a group, reasonably successful. Private achievement has, however, been excellent.

Sgt. Ball won a place for a reciprocal visit to the U.S.A. and will be going there in August. He also came first in the Wing Aircraft Recognition Competition for the third consecutive year.

The Squadron came second—by one point in the Wing Aircraft Recognition, the results being very close indeed.

Sharpe, Willcox and Ketchell passed their Basic and Cpl. Metcalfe his Senior Cadet Examination. He was then made a Corporal; Young was similarly promoted.

Finally, the Squadron will be going to R.A.F. Lindholm for the Annual Camp this Easter.

Magee, D. J., Cdt.

SPORT

This term has been perhaps the best ever in the history of the Squadron. In the Spitfire Cup for football we progressed to the semi-final which is to be played next term. This was achieved because of a fine win against 261 Sqn., Guildford, where teamwork overcame individual skill.

Although the Wing Cross-Country was not well supported, Cdt. Arthur did exceptionally well to finish fifth in the Junior race, as a result of which he ran for the Surrey Wing in the Eastern Region Championships.

The only award to elude any member of the Squadron in its history has been the coveted Corps "Blue." This was secured by Corporal Metcalfe who was selected for the Corps Rugby team which played Rosslyn Park Colts. Corporal Metcalfe also played in the Surrey Wing Football team which beat Kent in the Inter-county Final at Gillingham.

Metcalfe, P. J., Sgt.

THE SPUR VENTURE SCOUT UNIT

I had hoped that the article in the Easter 1968 edition of the Spur might have provoked some comment—critical, satirical—even abusive! Alas, not a word. In the following two editions a report was not included. Alas, no comment. I must concede the ability to read and assimilate in 130 IQ plus students and can only conclude sadly that their silence reflects a "laissez-faire" attitude in this sphere.

Here then is a factual account of the activities of the Venture Scouts over the past six months. I am sure you can find at least one activity which interests you.

Sporting events

Tennis tournament; football v. Mospur V.S.U.; volleyball v. Cottenham Park V.S.U.

Social events

Tenpin bowling, billiards and snooker, table tennis, Scottish dancing (with the Rangers), netball v. the Rangers, dance, jumble sale, Xmas social, record quiz, piano-smashing competition, cooking.

Talks

Climbing—by members of the District Club—photography, car maintenance and fencing—both by Unit members. The Unit will shortly be having a judo talk and demonstration, another talk will be on caving, and a general discussion evening will be held.

Weekend activities

Caving (in the Mendips, Somerset); hiking (Wiltshire and Surrey) car rally (Wiltshire); canoeing (at Longridge); gliding (Lasham, Hants.), Brittany Expedition (August-Sept. 1968). Canal trip (Grand Union and Oxford Canals).

Forthcoming activities

Visit to Kingston Power Station, judo, cricket match, physical training, musical evening, car rally (Hampshire and Sussex), summer social, tennis tournament, caving, fishing and canoeing week-end, discussion evening.

General

Unit-in-Council meetings are held every 2 months ; Executive Committee meetings every 3 weeks.

The Unit will shortly be producing its own Newsletter (May). Members have made an effort to improve facilities at the hut e.g., re-decoration of the former senior room, which is now used as the Unit's store room.

The Unit is able to use the School's gym and library facilities, for sporting events and discussions respectively.

As you see the activities are interesting and adult. It is sometimes invidious to single out individuals for praise, but I feel I must congratulate Michael Taylor in his capacity as Chairman of the V.S.U. Executive Committee. He has shown that he possesses drive as well as organising ability, and his energy and enthusiasm have contributed greatly to the innumerable events which have been such a success.

Finally, once again as a reminder, this Venture Scout Unit is sponsored by the School, in the person of the Headmaster, and boys from the School are therefore particularly welcome. At present there are three in the V.S.U., but I should like to see this number increased so that the V.S.U. becomes an integral part of, and plays a more active role in, the social life of the School, as it should.

Chris Simmons, Alfie Fields or Robin Currie will be happy to take you along and introduce you any Monday evening when the Venture Scouts normally meet.

[We should like to thank Mr. T. W. Williams, for again providing us with news of this group].

CHESS CLUB

Master-in-Charge : B. Cosens, Esq.

Captain : G. G. Marshall.

Salient points include the following:

Couper's win in the Surrey Intermediate Championship.

The Open Competition: 1, Sutton ; 2, Marcousé ; 3, Brown ; 4, Moore.

The Junior Competition: 1, Widom ; 2, Pickstone ; 3, Mason ; 4, Clark.

Flashes of genius from Ansari, Rand and Rees ; consistent play from Maunder, Marcousé, Pickstone and Szymanski.

Possibility of reaching next year's team for Messenger, Muirhead, Higgins, Ward, Finch, Tuley ; Norton, Mason, Maunder, Walker and Moore constituted the strongest of First-form teams.

Chess books in the library available to help all players.

Thanks to Samad for proving an efficient Hon. Secretary and Second Team Captain—apart from improving his play ; to Rand, Hon. Treasurer and key player ; to Mr. Cosens for his sponsoring and keen participation.

RESULTS

	London League		Brian Poulter League	
	1st VI	Junior VI	1st VI	Junior VI
Tiffins	1½-4½	0-6	3½-2½	3-3
Hillcroft	4-2	5-1		4½-1½
Glyn			1-5	1-5
Trinity			3-3	1-5
Surbiton	2½-3½	3-3	3-3	
St. Josephs			2-4	3-3
Kingston	3½-2½	4-2		

These results, though very sound, might easily have been better but for Sutton's unavailability and the other commitments of Oatway, Rand and Ansari. Next year's team should have distinct promise.

SPORT

HOCKEY

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

Captain : M. J. Taylor.

Secretary : T. N. Collins.

Despite a poor season of weather for playing hockey, I can report yet again for the third successive season that the sport is still improving upon already acceptable standards. On last season's strengthened fixture card, the First Eleven have had a tremendous season and have been led most ably by M. Taylor. The improvement in play over the twelve-week period of this term in all teams has been most marked. Team spirit has been strongly evident particularly with the Festival teams and, pleasing to report, hockey is now considered an enjoyable game to play; this, of course, comes from confidence in oneself, confidence in the team and the ability to master the skills of the sport. Our composite record is as follows:—

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals For	Goals Agst.
1968	73	25	11	37	108	141
1969	56	23	12	21	132	109

Conscious of the success of 1969 and its culmination with the Hockey Tour on the Continent for the First Eleven, I still feel that standards will continue to rise in the Senior School for another two seasons.

County representation is increasing and for the first time ever, the School has had a representative in the South-East England team which won the National Divisional Tournament at Crystal Palace. Following this honour, T. Williams, our goalkeeper, was placed on the reserve list for the final England schoolboy trials.

In the London Festivals, our teams did very well indeed and proved beyond doubt that Raynes Park is the strongest school in the London Schoolboys Hockey Association. All four festival sides, U.13, U.14, U.15 and 1st XI won their sections to enter the semi-finals and from these we have received two cups outright and a half-share in a third.

Next season we look forward to an increase in competition in the newly formed Surrey Schoolboys Hockey Association where the standards of member schools are among the highest in the country.

Finally most thankful praise to John and Peggy Warner for their help in a most difficult muddy and snowy season at Oberon, to Derek Furminger who has arranged umpires for us through Merton Hockey Club, and last but not least to one of the most reliable hockey secretaries I have had, T. Collins.

Representative Honours have been recorded in the School Notes.

Trophies from Open Competition:

London Schools Hockey Festival U.14 Trophy.

London Schools Hockey Festival U.15 Trophy.

London Schools Hockey Festival 1st XI Trophy (joint holders with Southfields).

Colours: M. J. Taylor, A. T. Williams, T. N. Collins, M. W. Bellamy, I. D. Brewer (re-awarded), S. J. Potten, C. Newport, K. M. Rissen, R. J. Dudman.

Half-colours: G. Marshall, S. Finch, R. Jones, S. Murphy, R. Cox, E. Hughes, S. K. Smith, A. Jackson.

M.J.S.

RECORD OF TEAMS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
1st XI	11	7	2	2	25	13
2nd XI	11	4	1	6	25	28
Under 16 XI	8	5	1	2	19	12
Under 15 XI	10	3	2	5	21	17
Under 14 XI	10	2	6	2	33	15
Under 13 XI	6	2	0	4	9	24

LONDON SCHOOLS HOCKEY FESTIVAL

	Group		Semi-final		Final
1st XI	Kilburn	1-0	Eastfields 1-0		Southfields 0-0
	Elliott	1-0			
	Thames Valley	0-0			
	Wallington	1-0			
U.15 XI	Eltham Green	1-0	Forest Hill 1-0		Eltham Green 1-0
	Sir Wm. Collins	0-0			

U.14 XI	Elliott	1-0	Eastfields	2-0	Owens	1-0
	Sir Wm. Collins	3-0				
	Tulse Hill	2-1				
	Eltham Green	2-0				
U.13 XI	Eltham Green	1-0	Crown Woods	0-1		
	Eastfields	0-0				
	Salvatorian Coll.	3-0				
	Tulse Hill	1-0				

HOUSE HOCKEY COMPETITION

Colt		Senior		Final Positions		
1	Gibbs 6 pts.	1	Cobbs 6 pts.	1	Gibbs 11 pts.	
	Miltons 6 pts.	2	Gibbs 5 pts.	2	Halliwells 10 pts.	
3	Halliwells 5 pts.		Halliwells 5 pts.	3	Miltons 9 pts.	
4	Newsoms 2 pts.	4	Miltons 3 pts.	4	Cobbs 7 pts.	
5	Cobbs 1 pt.	5	Newsoms 1 pt.	5	Newsoms 3 pts.	
	1st XI	2nd XI	U.16 XI	U.15 XI	U.14 XI	U.13 XI
Whitgift	3-2					
George Abbott		1-0(1st XI)		1-1		
Westm'ster City			2-0(1st XI)		2-0	
K.C.S. W'bledon	1-0	7-1	3-1	4-1	2-4	
Eastfields		2-3(1st XI)	1-4		1-3	0-5
Trinity	0-1	2-3	2-2	0-1		
Sir Wm. Collins	2-2					
Beckenham	2-1	2-1		0-4	2-2	0-6
Owens	3-1	2-0	5-0	1-3	10-0	2-3
Parkside					0-0	1-0
Elliott	2-0					
St. George's Coll.		1-5(3rd XI)	1-4			
Windsor	2-1	2-4		0-3	0-0	
Eastfields			3-1	7-1	3-3	
Royal Russell						1-0
Reigate	5-0			3-0		
Kingston	1-1(2nd XI)	1-2(3rd XI)	2-0(4th XI)	2-2	2-2	0-9
Merton H.C.	0-4	1-5				

FIRST ELEVEN

Goal scorers (including Festival games): Newport 7, Rissen 7, Dudman 5, Brewer 3, Bellamy, Finch, Hammett, one each.

This season has been very successful in many ways—not only in the results, but also in the way the games have been played. At last there has been a team spirit, and everyone has enjoyed his hockey. We started off well with wins against Whitgift and K.C.S., then we suffered our first defeat against Trinity, losing by a soft goal. We played our worst hockey when drawing with Sir William Collins in the mud. Then came a run of victories in vastly different conditions. We overcame the reputations of

Beckenham on ice, and of Windsor on a hard pitch, and also beat Owens, Elliott and Reigate. Merton Hockey Club fielded a 1st XI against us and won rather flatteringly. Our hockey reached a climax against a strengthened Kingston II team when our defence held onto a 1-0 lead until the last minute when Kingston equalized. The season ended with the London Schools Hockey Festival at which we tied for the cup. In the league stages we played badly but still came top, but in the semi-finals we outplayed Eastfields, winning 1-0. In the final we played some of our best hockey of the year, but just could not get a goal.

Williams in goal has been very safe. Collins dominated our opponents' attacks with his tackling and hitting. Marshall, too, improved towards the end of the season. Potten and Bellamy have played brilliantly, never wasting the ball. The forwards, although without a regular left-winger played well as a unit. Brewer has crossed the ball with remarkable accuracy. Dudman was always willing to come back and start movements. Rissen and Newport developed their stickwork and scored some fine individual goals between them.

Our thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Warner—for their interest, pitches, and teas; to Mr. Shaw who has supported us and advised us throughout the season, giving us the confidence to do well.

EUROPEAN TOUR

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
6	3	3	0	13	10

DIARY

3rd April—Left school 3.30 to tumultuous send off and sunshine, arriving Dover 7.30. Here red minibus first flatly refused to start (many wondered how it had got so far!) Boat sailed 12.30 absolutely packed; sleeping positions were various, widespread and cramped, resulting in complete exhaustion and stiff necks in the morning (4.30) despite smooth crossing.

4th April—The morning saw eighteen bedraggled and limp hockey players stagger into the minibuses at 4.30 a.m. on arrival at Zeebrugge. First encounter with a foreigner was over the yellow minibus which had to have road tax since it had seating for more than ten people. Everyone somewhat revived after an early breakfast in Antwerp, before moving into Holland. Another glorious day. Red minibus stalled at Dutch roundabout; R.J.B. jumped to the rescue brandishing starting handle, soon restarting it, much to the surprise of P.O'D. in the minibus, which shot forward at a terrifying rate, nearly decapitating two cyclists, flattening four pedestrians and ramming a friendly Volkswagen. Lunch in a Dutch Chinese Restaurant, with a variety of dishes, baffling in content, the only sure items being a singed steak and cup of coffee! Arrived Apeldoorn 5 o'clock. Good Friday prevented social evening anywhere; however time passed in communal games in Y.H. Interesting night!

5th April—Made way into Apeldoorn seeing "a bit of everything." Match with Apeldoorn H.C. After match ritual sampling of Dutch beer—cold showers for most in the motel later. After dinner entertained in clubhouse—distinct lack of female company—three shared. Left 11.25.

6th April—Hangovers prevalent. Moved from Motel at 11 o'clock to arrive at Arnhem midday. Looked around town till 4 o'clock. A rapid conclusion was drawn that all foreign drivers are maniacs. Late afternoon taken to Arnhem H.C. and then parcelled out into our counterparts' homes. Entertained by the families in the evening.

7th April—11 o'clock bully-off against Arnhem. Free beer and packed lunch after the match. Then taken to open air museum of Dutch Architecture till 4.30, when we were returned to clubhouse. In evening a social with fond hulloes and fondling goodbyes.

8th April—Travelled to Wuppertal (W. Germany) after last look round Arnhem, arrived 4 o'clock. Taken to our accommodation—a glorified Y.H. Match in the evening against W.S.V. followed by dinner (frankfurters) and a stag-beer-social.

9th—Every minute of the day planned by the Germans. In morning taken to the Bemburg textile factory, followed by a lunch of (guess what!) frankfurters. The afternoon was passed in shopping, reached by monorail. The second match in Wuppertal against B.T.V. was played at 5.30, with dinner and a social later in the evening.

10th April—The morning after the night before—M.T. found his teeth! Minibuses overheated on journey to Darmstadt. Arrived 4.30. Then shown around the George Buchner School and again parcelled out, this time singly. Evening spent in sampling night-life.

11th April—Assembled Darmstadt swimming pool at 9 o'clock, then travelled to Springer Printing Works. At 11 o'clock left for training at the ground and then lunch. In afternoon a tour of the city and the match. Dinner afterwards in a restaurant at Cravenhausen.

12th April—Free day. Yellow minibus in garage to check overheating. Social in evening.

13th April—Left Darmstadt. Many people felt ill, especially M.T. and G.M. Lunch in the Rhine Valley; weather changed for the worst. Arrived Gravenmacher 7.45 p.m. Early to bed for most.

14th April—Left Gravenmacher 10.30, everybody feeling better. Luxembourg was entered, looked around and a ring bought all in 1½ hours! Arrived Louvain. Panic when Y.H. seemed closed, but fortunately it was a false alarm.

15th April—Left Louvain early; Brussels was examined and another ring bought. Arrived at Melle College at 2 o'clock. Shown round by a P.O'D. compatriot. After the match a swim in their heated pool and a meal (snack). Then left for Y.H. which looked like a converted prison. Another meal in the evening, bought by M.J.S.

16th April—Awakened by sirens. Left to catch early boat, but it had left earlier. Long wait till 1 o'clock. Boat arrived Dover 5.30, then meal and home to much singing.

MATCH REPORTS

v. Apeldoorn, 2-1.

The game was played on an extremely hard and bumpy pitch, which made control and hitting very difficult. Although attacking for much of the first half we failed to reply to a goal, which Apeldoorn gained from a short corner, until Brewer shot the ball home from the edge of the circle. The second half was again played fiercely, but our teamwork and control seemed to be missing and it came as somewhat of a surprise when Dudman scored the winner from a short corner.

v. Arnhem, 3-3.

The match was played in intense heat, all players suffering from some fatigue. Play was very even, both teams coming near to scoring before Dudman put us into the lead. However Arnhem soon hit back, and equalised before half-time. Both teams then played some excellent hockey, with effective switching moves and attacks, Dudman playing particularly well. Arnhem took the lead after a shot from a short corner was deflected into the net off a defender's foot. This seemed to put new life into our attack and goals soon followed from Newport and Feist, but Arnhem scored the equaliser, minutes before full time.

v. Wuppertal W.S.V., 2-2.

The match was played on a hard pitch of loose gravel, which made the ball fly up fiercely. The first half was very even, but after half-time, play quickened up, and Newport put us two up within a few minutes. The W.S.V. team, continued to attack, and levelled the score a few minutes later. We played very well considering that the team had been travelling all day and that the W.V.S. team was a mixture of seniors and juniors.

v. Wuppertal B.T.V., 3-2.

Played on a grass pitch which was on a slope and extremely uneven, making any run with the ball practically impossible. We opened the scoring when Feist followed up a shot to push in the rebound. This made the B.T.V. team tighten up all round and their rougher tactics paid off with two goals by their centre forward. We responded in the second half, Cocks playing extremely well, and, following his more physical tactics we played much better as a team. Quick goals by Cocks and Brewer won the match.

v. Darmstadt, 2-2.

The pitch was of redgra, flat and probably the best surface we played on for this tour. There was typical hard hitting and near goals in the first half, but after the interval Darmstadt took the lead from a short corner. Cocks replied some minutes later and then put us into the lead with a shot into the corner of the goal. From then on play was very even, highlighted

by our quick running and the Darmstadt cross-field hitting. Darmstadt equalised when their centre-forward, who had scored the first goal, dribbled through for his second. This was probably our best match for teamwork, Cocks, Potten and Brewer playing very well, but unfortunately Brewer had a ball in the face near the end of the match.

v. Melle College, 1-0.

The match played in terrible weather and on a rain drenched pitch had to be abandoned five minutes from the end. We attacked all the match, but poor finishing resulted in only one goal being scored—in the second half, when after a good building up movement, Cocks scored with a first-time shot.

PEN PORTRAITS

- M. Taylor—Left Germany with a bang.
- R. Dudman—Despite boobs, scored highly.
- I. Brewer—Fell apart against Darmstadt.
- S. Potten—Left roots in Holland.
- S. Smith—Absolute bounder.
- C. Newport—Always buys in bulk.
- A. Williams—Nightmare goalkeeper.
- P. Metcalfe—MOO-dy.
- T. Collins—Sturdy as a rock—and as intelligent!
- G. Marshall—opened his mouth once—for two weeks.
- S. Finch—Dressed to kill.
- M. Bellamy—Almost scored at Darmstadt—off the field.
- P. Feist—Mr. Maturity.
- C. Mayer—Had one hangover—lasting two weeks.
- A. Cocks—We wondered why he was so effective against Wuppertal—wore spikes.

A great deal of thanks must as always go to the people in charge, M.J.S., R.J.B., and P.O'D., who apart from organising the trip and raffle, had to take the blame if anything went wrong on the tour.

A. T. Williams.

SECOND ELEVEN

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

Captain : R. W. Jones.

Vice-Captain : R. D. Cox.

Goal Scorers: Murphy 8, Finch 3, Roberts 3, Cocks 3, Jones 2, Kail 2, Healey 2, Cox and Marsh 1 each.

This season has been disappointing if compared with the successful last year; it has brought all the problems of frequent injury, ill health, and bad luck with the subsequent inability to settle down to an even

rhythm. Although we have often played with a team of reserves, there have been, however, many pleasing performances, and the team has shown enthusiasm. The successes against K.C.S., and Beckenham, were both examples of our best hockey, and were also against traditionally strong teams. Our performance against Kingston was particularly fine, and although we narrowly lost, it was perhaps a high-point of the season, and made any previously unrewarded efforts worthwhile. Our defence remained strong throughout the season, Hughes and Jackson providing the team with a reliable base from which to attack. Milnes, although a reserve at the start of the season, became one of our most competent defenders, and together with Cox, who also played some fine hockey, formed a valuable line of defence. The forwards were most affected by injury, but, despite this, the performances of Murphy, Cocks, Healey, and Finch often proved match-winning, and they were well supported by Marsh and Roberts. Perhaps the most demanding position is that of goalkeeper, and Pashby, when a shot could be saved, rarely failed. These players held together the seconds and all benefited from the guidance and support of Mr. O'Driscoll.

Apart from those mentioned in the report above, the following also played: Metcalfe, Carpenter, Meller, Blakeburn, Mayer.

UNDER SIXTEEN ELEVEN

Master-in-Charge : W. P. Holmes, Esq.

Captain : S. K. Smith.

Goalscorers: Feist 6, Smith 6, Williamson 4, Hammett 3, Finch 2, Lloyd Mayer, Bartlett one each.

As we won six of our nine matches, I feel this has been one of the most successful seasons the team has had. We played some excellent hockey to defeat two strong sides: K.C.S. Wimbledon and Kingston. Our most successful matches, as far as goals were concerned, were against Owens and the Staff whom we overran 5-0. We suffered only two defeats this season: against St. George's and Eastfields. We however gained partial revenge later in the season, winning a return match against Eastfields.

On behalf of the team I would like to thank Mr. Holmes for his expert coaching throughout the season.

Many thanks also go to the Parents' Supporters' Club for their encouragement from the side-lines.

Finally, special mention should be made of Paul Feist who recorded the only hat trick of the season.

The following have played this season: Meller, Antonowicz, Young, Sharpe, Bartlett, Mayer, Hammett, Finch, Lloyd, Williamson, Feist, Smith, Pinnock, Loxton, Maunder and Moss.

I should like to thank Stephen Smith for leading the team so well and encouraging them by his attacking example, and to congratulate him on gaining his half-colours, and both him and Graham Bartlett on representing London Schoolboys. Mention has been made of the support given by parents (greater love hath no mother than to stand in a biting nor'easter at Hampton Court), and I would like to add my thanks to those non-playing members of the Fifth year who constantly came to support at the matches.

W.P.H.

UNDER FIFTEEN ELEVEN

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

Captain : N. A. Holmes.

Secretary : J. W. Bates.

Goal scorers (including Festival games): Seeley 5, Miles 4, Holmes 3, Kerse 3, Lovett 3, Bates, Cossey, Hays 1 each.

There was a poor beginning to the season which however ended very well, the team latterly playing seven matches without loss; but whatever the outcome of a game, the team has maintained an excellent spirit throughout the season. The poor start was due, to a variety of reasons: firstly, a full team could hardly ever be fielded; secondly, matches against easier opponents had to be cancelled because of bad weather; thirdly, luck was not on our side for the majority of the first seven games.

After a good start against George Abbot, the team gained revenge for last year against K.C.S. defeating them by three goals. Then followed a series of five losses, twice somewhat unluckily to Trinity by the odd goal. We were defeated by a mediocre Beckenham team. A good sequence of results then followed: after defeating Reigate, the team went into the Kingston match with great confidence and played excellently to draw, having lost by seven goals the previous season. The last match of the season was against local rivals, Eastfields, whom we easily defeated.

At the end of the season we took part in the London Schools' Hockey Festival. We demonstrated our superiority in skill and fitness over other London teams by taking the trophy for the second year running. After Bexley Heath and Crown Woods had withdrawn from our qualifying group, we won our group and a place in the semi-finals by beating Eltham Green 1-0, and drawing with Sir William Collins. In the semi-final we defeated Forest Hill 1-0, and met Eltham Green again in the final which we won by the only goal. It is worth noting that the post was hit four times during the festival, and not one goal was conceded during one hundred and sixty minutes of playing time.

Orr has proved a most competent goalkeeper, often making spectacular saves in vital stages of games. Chapman, Devine, and Lovell have improved steadily and between them have always supplied the two backs. Bates and Kerse are two of the most skilled and competent players in the team, the former having developed a venomous tackle from which many have suffered. Miles has played either centre-forward or centre-half, and will, with a harder shot, become a very good player. Seeley has again been the best forward, his aggressive and highly-skilled play worrying most defences. Hays is probably the most improved player of the side, towards the end of the season becoming a vital part of the forward line. Cossey has also improved his skills considerably and has established himself well on the left-wing. Lovett, Marjoram, and Russell have formed the rest of the forward-line for most of the season; they have tried hard but often in vain.

The following also played: Chart, Petley, Szanto.

On behalf of the team, I should like to thank Mr. Shaw for his encouragement and persistence in training, which led to the success of the team at the end of the season.

Thanks are also due to J.B. for his efficiency in running the team (and himself) financially.

N. A. Holmes.

The success of most sides is dependent upon the team spirit engendered and certainly for the hardcore 13 members I have nothing but praise for their spirit and loyalty. To go five successive games in defeat and then to come back and draw with Kingston, thrash Eastfields and carry off the London Trophy is something few sides will ever do. Congratulations to Neil Holmes for leading this side in his own very modest way.

M.J.S.

UNDER FOURTEEN ELEVEN

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

Captain : C. N. Dodd.

Vice-Captain : C. B. Hosier.

Goalscorers (including Festival): Hosier 18, Onraet 8, Kelly, Wood, Vipond, Marsh, Elliott, 1 each.

The season began well with a convincing win against Westminster, but was followed by an unlucky defeat by King's College, where we did everything but score the vital goals. The team spirit has been exceptionally high in every match, and was maintained when the team entered the London Schools Hockey Festival. Starting the series with a win over Elliott, we came against the team—Sir William Collins—which, it was thought, would be the hardest to beat. This, however, was proved false as the team convincingly won. We reached the final after an unexpected victory over Eastfields. In an exciting final against Owens, we won 1-0, the goal coming from Hosier.

After winning this trophy, the team played Kingston and were extremely unlucky not to beat them. Again, everything was done apart from scoring the vital goals.

It is hard to pick out any individuals, but special mention must go to Hosier and Vipond who have set a very high standard, and have been backed up by the skills of Wood, Marsh, Brown, Onraet and Gaffney who have played well throughout.

We should like to thank Mr. Pratt, who with ceaseless encouragement, has brought out the best in the team.

The following have played: Bradford, Brown, Dodd, Gaffney, Hosier, Humphreys, Onraet, Wood, Vipond, Marsh, Sell, Kelly, Gagen, Lee, Saunders, and Elliott.

I should like to thank Clive Dodd for the tactful, responsible way he captained the team and for the persevering zeal with which he played, even when in physical pain. The growth of the team in the direction of togetherness, to which he referred, so that it was the achievement of the team rather than the glory of the individual which mattered, gave me very great pleasure. The future looks bright for them.

H.A.P.

UNDER THIRTEEN ELEVEN

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

Captain : T. Harris.

Goalscorers (including Festival): Jones 1, Silburn 2, Jordan 2, Feist 3, Brown 1.

The first match of the season was very unsuccessful as we lost badly to Eastfields. Against Beckenham we lost even more heavily though we made our presence felt. Against Owens we scored twice but unluckily they scored the eventual decider, Silburn scoring our goals from passes from Jordan. Then came our awaited victory, against Royal Russell. Brown scored the only goal.

In the L.S.H. festival, we reached the semi-finals by beating Eltham Green, Tulse Hill, Salvatorian College and drawing with Eastfields, but were ourselves beaten by Crown Woods despite some fine forward play from Feist and Jordan.

The penultimate match was the hardest, against Kingston, who are our strongest rivals. Nicholls made some fine saves, but despite this, we lost by 0-9.

The team was chosen from: Nicholls, Stephens, Dow, Jones, Foster, Smith, Harris, Frohnsdorff, Silburn, Martin P., Jordan, Clark C., Pitcher, Campbell, Feist, Philpott, Brown, Daley.

BASKETBALL

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

Captain : K. Rissen.

Hon. Secretaries : C. Newport and P. Metcalfe.

This term we have been playing mainly for enjoyment as our league position did not provide us with great prospects. In fact, we won under half our matches, but the close games with Sutton and Warlingham might have gone our way. In any case as we had more away matches than we wanted owing to the three weeks' absence of a gym floor and as our opposition included Purley and the National semi-finalists, Glyn, the results brought no discredit to a team that has enthusiasm and some latent talent.

Only two regulars are leaving before next season and, if Bellamy, Russell and Young's ability could be concentrated on the game, next year could be a most successful one. Carpenter and, perhaps less obviously, Newport have shown skill and, on occasions, an uncanny accuracy: if they could avoid periods of apathy their presence could be a stimulus. Williams's robust but primitive methods have also been demonstrated, reaching their zenith in the Reigate game.

Metcalfe's enthusiasm secretarily should ensure efficient arrangements for next year and he deserves our thanks, as does Taylor for turning out on several occasions to fill gaps.

Finally we should like to thank Norman for giving up time to score for us, and Mr. Alldridge for all he has done while coaching us.

CROSS COUNTRY

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

Captain and Secretary : D. W. Evans.

The season has been successful: the Juniors finished fourth in the Cross Country League, the Colts third, and the Seniors second; a number of our runners represented Merton in the Surrey County Championships.

The Senior team has had perhaps more than its fair share of illness and injuries. Results have been varied; Rutlish beat us early in the season, but later this result was reversed. We were overrun twice by Roan, but Sutton and Surbiton were quite easily beaten on our home course, although Tiffins closely beat us at the same time. Defeats from Selhurst, Wallington, and John Fisher—on their extremely devious course—followed, interspersed only by a win over Beverley. However, the last match against Glyn was a welcome win.

At the beginning of the term the results were below expectations, but towards the end some good results were achieved when a few people started running hard; of these Randall made the greatest improvement. Tovell and Ness made a valuable contribution to the team throughout the year, and Abeyinghe put in some good runs before being forced to retire.

Despite the rather gloomy picture painted, there is reason to hope that next year will see an improvement as the bulk of this year's team will be staying on.

The Colt team, when complete, was a very formidable side as was emphasised in the very first match against Rutlish when we took the first six places. They also achieved what has eluded the School's Colt teams for seventeen years: that is they won the Kingston Grammar Schools' Relay. They held the lead for the whole race, and M. Lucas put in the fastest time of the whole field and I. Evans the second fastest.

However even the Colts were beaten by Roan and John Fisher, and lost to Selhurst, not because of our inferior runners, but because of absenteeism encouraged by a few inches of snow. In the return match against Rutlish, who were unable to raise an Under Fifteen team, I. Evans distinguished himself by being our first runner to finish. Arthur, Evans and Simmons have regularly run well, and the Lucases occasionally. Goddard has run consistently hard and deservedly receives the Robert Hall Cup this year.

Finishing fourth in the League is no mean performance for a team selected from so few. Yet all the Junior team's performances have been full of enthusiasm and effort, though perhaps some of the results do not show this fully. Wells, Petrides, and Wright have done particularly well; there were always three certain good performances if they were running. However the success of a team is not dependent solely on the three leading runners, however useful they are; they must be backed up by the rest of the team, all of whom did this admirably.

The following ran:—

Under Thirteen—Baxter, Broughton, Feline, Grylls, Males, Maunder, Petrides, Wells, White and Wright.

Under Fifteen—Arthur, Baker, S. Brown, I. Evans, Goddard, Goldsmith, Higgins, Ives, M. Lucas, P. Lucas, Petrides, Simmons and Tupper.

Over Fifteen—Abeyinghe, Ansari, Arkell, A. Brown, Boxall, D. Evans, Holmes, Milton, Mohrmann, Ness, Randall, Shephard and Tovell.

Colours:—Full: D. W. Evans, Half: A. Brown, K. Randall, A. Shephard.

RESULTS

Match	Age Group	Result	Individual successes
v. Rutlish (A)	O.15	Lost 32-46	D. Evans 2nd
	U.15	Won 65-21	M. Lucas 1st
	U.13	Lost 30-52	Wells 2nd
v. Roan and Bromley (A)	O.15	2nd	Milton 1st=
	U.15	2nd	Goddard 3rd
	U.13	3rd	Wells 3rd
v. Sutton (H)	O.15	Won 35-10	Milton 1st
	U.15	Won 46-32	Lucas 1st
	U.13	Won 49-33	Wells 1st
v. Tiffin ^s (H)	O.15	Lost 52-55	Milton 1st
	U.15	Won 75-54	Lucas 1st
	U.13	Won 100-76	Wells 1st
v. Surbiton (H)	O.15	Won 49-33	Milton 1st
	U.15	Won 47-31	Lucas 1st
	U.13	Won 46-38	Wells 1st
Surrey Athletic Club's Race (A)	U.18	4th	Milton 1st
	U.16	4th	D. Evans 5th
	U.14	5th	I. Evans 12th
v. Selhurst (H)	O.15	Lost 30-57	D. Evans 1st
	U.15	Lost 27-28	I. Evans 2nd
	U.13	Lost 38-40	Wells 2nd
v. Beverley (A)	O.15	Won 44-37	D. Evans/Ness 3rd
	U.15	Won 30-25	M. Lucas 1st
	U.13	Won 32-12	Wells 1st
v. Wallington (H)	O.15	Lost 23-57	Ness 6th
	U.15	Won 42-39	M. Lucas 1st
	U.13	Won 38-21	Wells 1st
S.L.H.	U.17	17th	
Densham Cup			
v. John Fisher (A)	O.15	Lost 21-68	Ness 8th
	U.15	Lost 35-47	M. Lucas 2nd
	U.13	Lost 35-58	Wells 2nd
v. Rutlish (H)	O.15	Won 40-39	I. Evans 1st
	U.13	Won 43-36	Petrides 2nd
v. Glyn (H)	O.15	Won 42-20	D. Evans 2nd
	U.15	Won 22-14	Goddard 1st
	U.13	Won 42-20	Petrides 1st
v. Roan (H)	O.15	Lost 22-42	D. Evans 6th
	U.15	Lost 31-51	Goddard 1st
	U.13	Lost 32-61	Petrides 2nd

A LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs,

I wish to protest most vociferously at the blatant "misprint" in my previous letter to "The Spur." No human in his right mind could mistake "Yours faithfully" for "Yours fearfully." The "error" is both irreconcilable and irremissible. The blame irrefutably lies with yourselves as editors. In future greater time and care must be spent reading the proof copies.

Yours faithfully (nota bene)

A. R. G. Jackson.

[We regret the error though the inaccurately printed adverb was in fact perhaps more appropriate. It is, it should be added, a miracle that many more errors do not evade the proof readers—and an even greater one that our printers cope so accurately—as calligraphy is not the outstanding attribute of all contributors.—Ed.]

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Editors wish to thank the following schools for forwarding us a copy of their magazine: Aldenham, Bcc, Bryanston, City of London Freeman's, Fettes, Radley.

Perhaps, too we should record the unsought distinction accorded us by "Vanguard," the Schools' Action Union's journal, which reprinted an item from our Autumn issue. "Izvestia," we believe, has not yet followed this worthwhile example.

Editors: S. E. Lovatt, Esq., J. J. Humphreys, A. T. Williams, G. C. Bond, J. L. Richards, P. C. Berry, A. E. Marsh.

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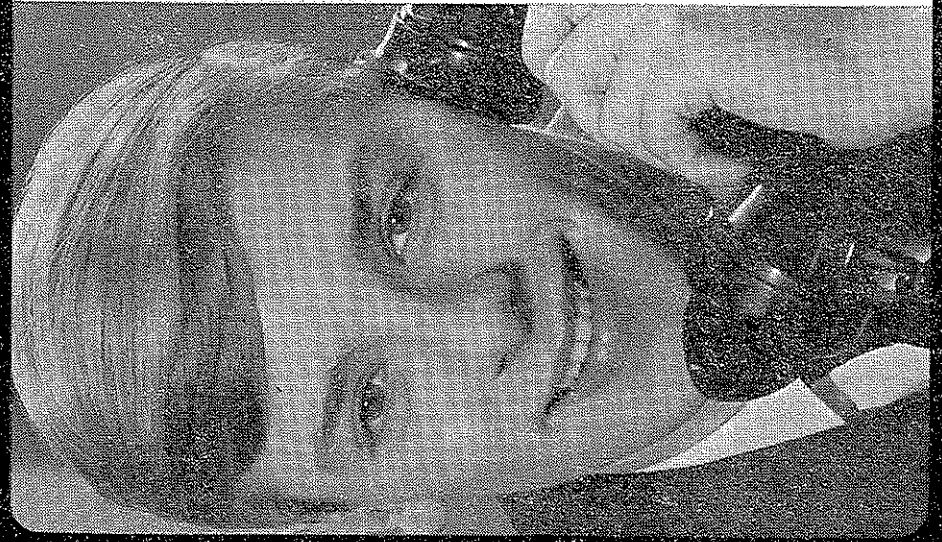
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