

SPUR

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THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK HIGH SCHOOL

"To each his need; from each his power"

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EDITORIAL

"Please don't do it to us."

Once upon a time before real men walked the earth there were three bears, as well as a nasty piece of work called Goldilocks whom nobody liked. Daddy Bear was very big and Baby Bear was very, very small. Baby Bear always did what Daddy Bear told him, but Goldilocks was often naughty. One day when the snow was falling and the wind was howling, Daddy Bear got together with Mummy Bear and said, "Let's have a school for Baby Bear and Goldilocks, and teach them how to be good, big bears."

Baby Bear enjoyed bear-school very much, and was very, very good, but Goldilocks hated it because he wasn't a bear: while Baby Bear was being taught Aristophanes and Rabelais, Goldilocks would be carving his name on the desk or playing truant. Daddy Bear said that he was very bad, and threatened to keep him away from school and make him look after himself and work very hard before he was given any porridge, but it would be years and years before Baby Bear had to work for his porridge.

Then one day Mummy and Daddy Bears bought an automatic dish washer and saw that Goldilocks would not have enough work to do if he left school. They called it Unemployment and made lots of fine speeches about it in the Bears' House of Commons. Their enemies called it Lack of Industrial Expansion and compared it with the Common Bear Market. So Daddy Bear made Goldilocks stay at school for ages and ages and had to keep on giving him his porridge and not make him work. Goldilocks was severely disgruntled and wanted to go and earn his own porridge, but by now as there were a lot more baby bears and all the good jobs were being kept for them, Goldilocks became much more naughty than had been usual, and everyone longed for the time when he would be sent out into the world to earn his own porridge.

When the time came to send out Goldilocks for good, there were so few vacancies at the Bear Employment Exchange that Mummy and Daddy Bears were on the proverbial horns of a dilemma. With reluctance they had to decide to keep Goldilocks at school even longer. Soon the number of schoolbears became far too large for the number of jobs ready for them. To solve this problem the Schoolbear Leaving Age was raised again, and more and more bear-schools had to be built to contain them. And so it all continued until nearly every bear had to stay at school for ever and ever because there were never any vacancies.

One day all the working bears caught workers' disease and they all fell down dead. As for the young bears at school, they had never done any work before, because they had never had acquaintance with industry, so Bear-civilisation just collapsed, and all the bears died, as well as Goldilocks. You see, there was nobody left who knew how to make porridge.

The moral of the above history is that raising the school leaving age is no solution to economic disease, and will probably bring serious diseases of its own!

A. J. Brown.

SPURANA

By the time the second part of the last academic year's events has been recorded in print, many of next year's will already be past history. The only possible advantage arising from this state of affairs would seem to be a degree of timelessness being added to our story. Things, indeed, are just not what they were, and with the spasmodic departure of the student doyens of a year once the summer solstice is near, attempts to secure contributions for the 'Spur' result in a mixture of hilarious hysteria or megamelancholia.

The comprehensive peace that, needless to say, has enveloped us in a haze over the reorganisation period was suddenly shattered not by the exploding of hidden genius but by the arrival of all those soul-tearing concomitants of the construction world. The prospects for best part of a year for those inhabiting the area adjacent to the tranquil, moss-covered tennis court are somewhat disturbing, to put it in a meiotic way. Excavators, monster bulldozers, drills, pumps, dumpers, hoists, cementation prodigies, and lunar buggies invaded us with supreme panache and though 'anon a fabric huge' has been gradually rising, it has hardly been doing so 'like an exhalation with the sound of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet'—the sequence of events occurring, so Milton tells us, with another Pandemonium erection. No doubt punctuation will now be in much greater supply, but syntax and fluency in writing are unlikely to be improved.

No gold-finds have yet been reported, but water was struck early, and, when the pumps came rapidly into pulsating action, Beverley Brook was privileged to record a higher level than is customary during Raynes Park's dry season. No doubt it is a prediction of much water flowing beneath the bridges of our new Youth Wing.

So that the rest of the School would not feel forgotten we were able to arrange, in July, a secondary invasion, which successfully white-washed the School's reputation. A major face-lift and internal purge have been endured, but the patient now looks better for the treatment.

It seems strange, however, that our Oberon colony was not simultaneously attacked—the conquest of that outpost and the establishment of an alien primary government would seem to have been an obvious part of any strategy aimed at our chaotic overthrow.

A still further invasion occurred late in the term when next year's Admissions—a force of some 180—fought their way in to be initiated into the mysteries of our Kingdom and, having sunk quantities of orange juice, retired to formulate plans for an early take-over.

Appropriately, we have not been entirely on the defensive, and the customary aestival efflux of raiding parties on places of cultural interest has continued, but plans have been somewhat modified so that, for one day, the student population might be at the mercy of the idiosyncracies of Housemaster or Tutor. On another occasion the majority of what was left of the School sympathised with the 'Loneliness of a Long Distance Runner,' before breaking up into groups to discuss the implications, and finally coming together again to hear a panel of their mentors attempt to show that there were as many different interpretations of the film. Most were impressed by the fact that the background music to Borstal life was remarkably similar to that which we regard as our School secondary song: "And did those feet . . ."

Others have been in retreat—not from military or religious points of view but from base in order that they might discover something about the employed world. Thus, the Fifths gained an insight into something new to many—Work Experience! This came in two sessions so that a comparison between two occupations might be made. This year it was more difficult to find 140 berths for the 70 concerned—a comment perhaps on a national problem—but Messrs. Poulter, Parry and Matthias, who were deeply engaged in this operation, deserve the appreciative thanks of all.

The Fourths were involved for the second time in a similar experiment, their briefer baptism being in the form of a programme of talks, films, and visits.

Some of the Sixth, with the help of Smith's Driving School, experimented with the frustrations and, perhaps, joys of vehicular management.

Reports of the School's incursions into the cultural scene follow later, but we should like to reiterate our thanks to the Headmistress of Ricards Lodge High School for allowing her girls to provide, once again, invaluable assistance in the 'Frogs' production by Messrs. Matthias and Poulter. The sight of 'House Full' notices was a clear indication of the encouraging support given by parents, friends and neighbouring schools.

In spite of continued treble problems, Mr. Aldersea's Concert Choir was invited to take part in the St. Mary's floral 'festivating'.

In the creative realm, it is a pleasure to thank for another year two of our benefactors, not only for presenting prizes but also for giving up their time to judge the contributions and to comment on their awards. Mr. Charles Wrinch, Headmaster 1943-45, awarded L. A. G. Strong prizes to A. T. Isaacson (Senior) and D. A. Stone (Junior). R. A. Keefe was commended in the Senior, C. Brambley in the Junior Competition.

On July 5th Mr. Basil Wright came to the School for the Film Evening and presented the John Robbins Individual Prizes to A. J. Shephard, J. Chappell and D. A. Stone, and a Team Prize to S. O'Sullivan, D. Barrow, M. Petrides, M. Ky. To all these we add our congratulations.

Other visitors have included the following gentlemen who have come to speak to the Sixth on an increasingly wide range of topics. We thank them for their help and interest:

- D. Lines, Esq., on 'The Policemen and Society'.
- Sir Cyril Black on 'Moral Questions and Parliament'.
- Martyn Goff, Esq., Director of the National Book League on 'Conformity'.
- Professor Boyd on 'Science and Faith'.
- Thomas Barman, Esq., former B.B.C. Diplomatic Correspondent, on 'The Common Market'.
- R. Ebsworth, Esq., from the N.U.G.M.W., on 'Trade Unions'.
- Dr. T. Bell, Reader in Economics at the University of Grahamstown, South Africa, on 'South Africa and the next ten years'.
- Dr. J. Barrow, Consultant Venereologist, on 'Venereal Disease'.

'Pot-addicts at 'Comprehensive' might well be the Press headlines for the School, though in our drug-berserk society such an apparently routine topic might scrape only in a corner. This obsession has, however, been displayed most conspicuously in three of our Sports, as witness the Publicity Case in the Vestibule, bulging with its local loot.

The Cross Country teams, under the leadership of Mr. Gleed and Mr. Forrest, won no fewer than seven trophies during the year. These included the Surrey Senior League Shield, the Junior Shield, which was shared jointly with John Fisher School, and the Merton U/15, U/17 and U/19 Championship Cups. The two quite outstanding achievements, however, were the winning of the Judge Cup, an invitation race organised by Tiffin School for all Surrey Schools, and the Densham Cup at the South London Harriers Meeting which is open to all Schools in South-East England.

In Hockey, Mr. Shaw, and his team of Staff responsible, deserve our congratulations and gratitude. The School won the Merton Schools Senior Cup and the Merton Schools U/15 Cup, but the best achievement was the winning by the 1st XI of the first London Schools' Knock-out Festival Cup and then in March of the London Schools' Senior Festival Cup. When the 1st XI went on tour to Eindhoven in Holland it was declared by all the officials of the Festival to be the team playing in the best manner and showing the highest qualities of sportsmanship, winning the Fair Play Cup.

The Athletics Team won the Intermediate and Senior Shields at the Merton District Sports.

The Parents' Association have continued in action and under a practically new Committee held a Jumble Sale and a Musical Evening at which Mr. and Mrs. Higgins and Mr. and Mrs. Quarmbly entertained with songs and instrumental works. In addition the Staff's Cricket potential was tested, and preparations were made for a September Barbecue when a draw would take place for a Raffle arranged to boost the School's 'Sinking' Fund(s).

Finally we draw together a list of those whose various achievements in the public sphere have been significant and of those who have gained annual prizes but have not so far been mentioned. To all we extend congratulations.

J. Pilkington, who left the School last year, but who as Flight Sergeant is still a member of the School A.T.C. Squadron, won the *Sydney Black Trophy* for the best Cadet in the whole of the Surrey Wing.

M. J. Davies, of the Third Year, who on the Educational Cruise on S.S. 'Nevasa', won the *Essay Prize* for his age group.

M. E. Pickstone who has been awarded by the Borough a very generous *Modern Language Prize* which will enable him to go abroad and stay with a family at practically no cost to himself.

Headmaster's Essay Prize—P. Szanto, G. R. Hays, D. A. McCulloch.

Old Boys' Association Prize—A. J. Shephard, A. J. Brown.

S. R. Hall Memorial Prize for General Studies—C. F. Brammall, S. Arthur.

Da Vinci Art Prizes—I. Fordham, R. A. Lea, R. J. Chatfield.

Commended Work Prize—T. Kilpin.

Eric Parker Cup—J. G. Goldsmith, D. J. Tupper, M. R. Szymanski.

Outstanding Sportsman—D. W. Evans jointly with S. K. Young.

Squash Trophy—I. C. Robertson.

STAFF NEWS

At the end of the Summer Term two members of Staff left for promotion—Mr. E. Parry, who had been with us as Head of Chemistry for three years, moved not-so-distant to a Comprehensive School of some 2000 in number. He will be remembered here particularly for his excellent organisation of the Department and the very full part he took in the School life particularly with respect to the First XV coaching, Work Experience, and visits abroad. His dedicated and forthright approach to School-mastering will be remembered by all who met him. Mr. Cosens, who had been on the Staff for four years, left to take up a post in Jamaica under contract to the Government there. During the four years he had been with us he had given up an enormous amount of time to School activities with particular respect to the First XI Cricket and the School Chess. He had also been responsible for building the Library bookshelves in the Henry Porter Memorial Library and also helping with the considerable extensions to the stage. His work in the Technical Studies Department was much respected and he will be an asset to the School lucky enough to employ him. We wish both these members of Staff every success in the future. The School also said goodbye to its two Assistants, Mlle. Saiah and Herr Zarbock, who returned to their respective countries, France and Germany, to continue their studies. In their place this term the School welcomes M. Carew from France and Herr Engelhardt from Germany.

With the expanding size of the School, new members of Staff have been appointed and the following are welcomed and will stay with us, we hope, for some considerable time:

Mr. L. J. Beaumont to teach Technical Studies; Mr. M. G. Dunman to teach P.E., Games, and English; Mr. N. R. Hurley to teach Chemistry; Mr. D. Turner to teach Physics and General Science; Mr. B. J. Young to teach Technical Studies; Mr. M. Love who, part-time, is organising the Pottery Department.

Others joining the School Staff include Mr. J. Earl, who is assisting with the caretaking of the Main School premises under Mr. Grogan's leadership, and Mrs. J. Ward who has been appointed as the first General Assistant, a post created to cope with the extra administrative needs of the School.

Our sympathy goes to Mrs. Grogan who has had to give up her work in the School owing to a serious operation.

SCHOOL PLAY

THE FROGS

Few activities in which the School involves itself cut across more barriers, concern people of more diverse abilities and interests, than does the School Play. The truth of this was again demonstrated in this year's presentation, 'The Frogs' by Aristophanes, produced by Alan Matthias and Norman Poulter.

Over fifty performers and forty technicians, excluding members of Staff and parents, combined to put on this, the first comedy for some years. The scope of the plot, like the cast-list, was extensive—a journey to Hell, no less—though laughter in plenty replaced the wailings and gnashings of teeth conventionally associated with such a trip.

Twenty-four hundred years separated this production from its first in the Theatre of Dionysus in Athens. How could the play, after such an age, come over as anything more than a curiosity of literature? Tragedy has an inherent factor which can move to pity after whatever lapse of time: the experiences of downfall and suffering have not altered in their impact over the years. But comedy! It is a funny business in more ways than one, as the dancing girl said to Euripides. Unpredictable, impossible to guarantee are the things that make people laugh.

Wisely the producers attempted no gimmicks in costume or characterisation, faithfully rendering David Barrett's witty translation. They presented it 'straight', on a large, open stage, in the 'framework of a fine set by Cecil Riley (which lent distinction to Assemblies as well as performances while it was there), lit with the warm colours of an Aegean evening. Unhindered by the imposition of a modern 'slant', Aristophanes' intentions came across clearly, and though many of the gags with a largely Athenian significance were lost on the audience, the pure comedy of character and situation was more than enough to prove that this 'Old' Attic drama was brimful of vital entertainment.

The body of conventions governing the composition of such a play is too complex to be explained here, but one convention at least gave it an entirely up-to-date aspect. Only three speaking actors were allowed on stage at any one time (not counting the chorus), and as a result characters tended to make brief, vivid appearances. When presented today, the sequence of fast-moving episodes that comprises the play are most reminiscent of 'Monty Python's Flying Circus' and the old 'Goon Show'.

As a result we enjoyed a host of comic cameos, vigorously played, involved with the main characters of the piece.

The basic idea of the play is straightforward enough. Dionysus, the god in whose honour the dramatic festivals were presented, decides to go to the Kingdom of the Dead to bring back a poet worthy to instruct and improve the Athenians. There are no suitable living candidates. Once in Hell, he has to judge between Euripides and Aeschylus for the post, and after a contest decides on the latter, returning with him to the upper world.

The actor who plays Dionysus is on stage for most of the evening, and that one so young as Kevin Quarmby should carry the rôle is not so remarkable as that he should carry it so maturely. He gave a new meaning to the term 'dionysiac' for me. Flapping about in a saffron skirt, conjuring up a multitude of innuendoes with an Indian club, he was high camp personified, by Frankie Howard out of Danny La Rue. But most important, he created and kept up a genial, relaxed atmosphere, maintaining a relationship with the audience that carried the play through its many episodes and over the occasionally rough ground of Athenian politics and poetics.

Mark Pickstone, as his comic slave, played up to him admirably, and Chris Brammall, as Hercules, John Bridgeman as Charon, John Francis as Aeacus, and the two terrifying landladies of Susan Dighton and Helen Sarkies came over as clearly defined, vigorous characters in their encounters with Dionysus.

The pair of squabbling poets, Aeschylus (Chris Mayer) and Euripides (Alan Isaacson) delivered their lines with intelligence and authority, though their seriousness was perhaps too realistic for the absurdity of the line-weighting contest to make its full impact.

Every Greek comedy has a Chorus to provide a sort of dancing commentary: this has two.

The Chorus of Frogs performed their celebrated interlude as if aware of the responsibilities depending on a title-rôle. Their diction was clear, their timing accurate, and their actions suited the words. These are difficult to achieve in favourable circumstances, so that encased as they were in frog-masks, smothered in green body-paint, and surrounded by Stygian semi-darkness, the performers deserve congratulation.

The Chorus of Initiates was led by Alan Marsh, and this he did with vocal drive and a commanding presence, needful attributes when the complexities of the rhythms and size of the Chorus are considered, though the essential anonymity of the part prevented him from displaying the talent for strong characterisation he showed in 'Danton's Death' last year. The Chorus itself moved well and spoke clearly (the girls being consistently good in the latter respect), and while it was in action looked and sounded impressive. When at rest, however, some lapses of concentration were evident which, while not impeding the crisp pace of the production, tended to intrude on the focus of the scene. But how hard a job this is, to sit and stare without participation, only those know who have had to do it: they also sweat who only stand and wait!

If a comedy is to move the heart, it is fitting that it should do so at the end, and this is where the actors, set, lighting and music (imaginatively arranged by Denis Aldersea and Jon Chappell) combined to create such a moment.

Dionysus and Aeschylus are setting off on their return journey, to an Athens divided in counsels and threatened with defeat in war; they are escorted by the Initiates chanting a slow hymn. The stage is bathed in level yellow light, the light not of sunrise and hope but of an ominous sunset 'threatening storms to come, woes and unrest'. The procession moves through the Hall, the hymn fades, the light dwindles, ebbs from the tall Ionic pillars and the massive pediment, the King of the Dead and his attendants glimmer like ghosts for a moment before total darkness obliterates them; and we in the audience are left with a pang of regret for departed glories and creeds now meaningless, and thoughts of the end of empire.

A poignant end to an evening full of laughs, and one which exemplified Aristophanes' own belief that 'the really great poet has been the one who has a useful lesson to teach'.

W.P.H.

THE CAST

Dionysus, <i>patron god of drama</i>	K. Quarmby
Xanthias, <i>his slave</i>	M. Pickstone
Hercules	C. Brammall
A Corpse	R. Sinclair
Charon, <i>ferryman of the dead</i>	J. Bridgeman
Aeacus, <i>doorkeeper of Pluto's palace</i>	J. Francis
Maid to <i>Persephone, wife of Pluto</i>	Jacqueline Maroni
Two Landladies	Susan Dighton, Helen Sarkies
Slave to <i>Pluto</i>	C. Brammall
Euripides, <i>dramatist</i>	A. Isaacson
Aeschylus, <i>dramatist</i>	C. Mayer
A Dancing Girl	Helen Sarkies
Pluto, <i>king of the dead</i>	I. Fordham
Chorus ... A. Marsh (leader), R. Antonowicz, M. Clark, R. Emory, J. Goddard, S. McLachlan, G. Petley, H. Rees, T. Seeley, P. Szanto. Susan Outred (leader), Elaine Church, Heather Harper, Alison Harvey, Melanie Heath, Valerie Hollis, Marion Lowe, Sarah Mihill, Karen Pegler, Linda Perry.	
Chorus of Frogs ... P. Males, C. Clark, R. Feline, L. Gridley, T. Moore, P. Norton, D. Sainsbury, N. Shaw, N. Williams, D. Wright.	
Corpse-bearers, slaves, distinguished corpses ... Z. Bhatti, H. Braganza, C. Brambley, U. Chakravorty, D. Clifton, C. Higgins, K. Lane, M. Suleri, R. Waghorn, Pauline Lloyd, Jane McCullum.	

CREDITS

Set Design: Cecil Riley.

Properties, Stage and Set Construction: Bruce Cosens, Frederick Gower, William Parker and Cecil Riley, assisted by T. Andrews, M. Bowyer, R. Bradley, G. Craven, S. Davis, P. Evans, A. Foster, M. Foster, M. Hoyle, S. Ishmael, J. Lea, J. Luck, G. Marshall, A. Miller, N. Devine, P. Pike, D. Sycamore.

Lighting: Eryl Parry, assisted by D. Evans, M. Elliott, C. Day, I. Evans, L. Martin, P. Martin, T. Mullins, D. Stone.

Dances arranged by Zelide Taylor.

Music arranged by Denis Aldersea and J. Chappell and played by J. Chappell, C. Higgins and R. Sinclair.

Sound Effects: R. Barford.

Front of House Arrangement and Publicity: John Carter and Richard Whitehouse, assisted by A. Brown, R. Emery, I. Fordham, G. Foster, A. Maguire, D. McCulloch, C. Mercer, P. Mullins, D. Norman, I. Parker, P. Szanto, M. Szymanski, D. Tupper.

Wardrobe Assistants: O. Muirhead, G. Burt.

Production Assistant: R. Sinclair.

We are specially grateful to Mrs. Earl, Mrs. Chappell and other parents for making costumes, and also to The Attic Players, who have allowed us to use a number of items from their wardrobe.

Handbills, tickets and programmes were printed by the Spur Press under the direction of R. Keefe, R. Emery and A. Isaacson.

The play was produced by Alan Matthias and Norman Poulter.

MUSIC FOR A SUMMER EVENING

It is well known that the sound of the 'Hallelujah Chorus' accompanied by furious, yet encouraging oaths emanating from the Music Room each lunch-break is a sure sign that the Summer Vacation cannot be far away, and indeed when this is frequently joined by the 'Radetsky March'—consecutively, that is, rather than concurrently—there can be no further doubt that we shall all soon be basking on rainswept beaches. The only misleading lunch-time strains to emerge this year were those of the beginning of Mozart's 40th Symphony which did not appear on the programme, so we must assume that this was either an attempt to throw us off the trail or a sop to those whose hearts rest with the more highly amplified entertainment available at that time in the Assembly Hall.

Thus, on a sweltering last evening of term, Denis Aldersea's Summer Concert was heard by a large audience packed into the building. The first half was divided equally between instrumental and choral performances. The School Orchestra, augmented for the occasion by several external players, began the evening with a spirited rendering of Handel's 'March from Scipio', and was followed by several solo and ensemble pieces. Outstanding among these were Paul Sutton's performance of a movement from Bach's B-flat Sonata for Violin, the playing of Chris Higgins in a Sonata in F by Handel, Jonathan Chappell's clarinet prelude by Finzi, and Ian Robertson's repetition of the Debussy piano piece with which he won the solo section of the House Music Competition.

The performances of the Choir were marked by exceptionally good balance, which indicated extensive and painstaking rehearsal. The mood of the pieces varied from the aural assault of Handel's 'Zadok the Priest' to a restrained performance of 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring', and was later rendered exotic by the inclusion of a series of African Wedding Songs, the

formality of their arrangement contrasting strangely with the abandoned nature of their content. The first half was concluded as the audience uncertainly followed H.M.'s example by standing to listen to the Choir sing the 'Hallelujah Chorus', certain members experiencing, from their unaccustomed upright position, great difficulty in resisting the temptation to join in.

The second half of the Concert contained a greater variety of musical styles than the first. The Orchestra changed to a more romantic mood with pieces by Schubert and Strauss; Newsoms House Orchestra performed their remarkably accomplished arrangement of Gershwin's 'I got rhythm'; Paul Sutton's delicate tenor voice gently encouraged the Fair Maid of Perth to open her bedroom window, and a choral group crooned 'Climb every Mountain' whilst the audience, doubtless imbued with a healthy respect for the financial success of 'The Sound of Music' appeared to take the dramatic flourishes seriously.

The most traumatic moment of the evening was Kevin Quarmby's appearance in drag to lead the assembled multitude in a medley of Old Time Music Hall songs, during one of which, after he/she had threatened to make tenors of us all, D.A. was inspired to an outpouring which can only be described as 'castrato'—an unexpected incursion of mediaeval Italian musical technique.

At 10.30 the Concert was over. D.A. and his protégés had succeeded again. The audience streamed out into the warm night, humming the Radestsky March accompanied only by the roar of car engines and the hollow click of closing violin cases.

J.W.D.

THE JOHN ROBBINS FILM PRIZE

Adjudication took place on the 5th July, 1971.

After all the films had been seen by the fairly large audience that had gathered in the School Hall, a few moments of blessed silence were enjoyed while the judge, Basil Wright, Esq., made up his mind. He commented on the high standard of the films—an increasingly high standard after four years of the competition—and went on to say how much more the movie camera was being used as a means of communication.

Mr. Wright criticised the films in the order of showing, starting with 'Blast-off' by G. Marshall, M. Foster, L. Smith, A. Feist and A. S. Jones of the 'Fourths'. After commenting on the skill and patience needed to make an animated film of this sort, he went on to commend some of the effects used, including the music, 'Jupiter' from 'The Planets' by Holst.

'Greek Cruise' came next and the judge said that he realised and took into account the fact that this type of holiday film was difficult to produce in that not as many facilities were available to the team who produced it (D. Barrow, S. O'Sullivan, R. Middlemiss, M. Ky, D. Sainsbury, M. S. Petrides)—all of the 'Thirds'. The economical use of film and steady shooting were commended but the street scenes and "funny walks" at the end were considered less appealing. This was all in all a good piece of team work.

As one who had, by his own admission, taken six years to master the Theorem of Pythagoras, Mr. Wright enjoyed the visual presentation by J. Leonard, R. Barford and J. Tuley (Sixth), commenting on its good use of colour, and realising the difficulties involved in an animation of this sort.

He thought the next film, 'Sock it to me' by A. J. Brown, D. E. Evans and S. Young (Sixth) was a fairly simple piece of animation work compared with some of the others and said that it could, perhaps, have been more imaginative and not as simple and crude.

Next, the judge came to 'Civilisation' by J. Chappell and A. Shephard (Sixth). He considered this to be a very imaginative piece of animation. He liked the use of coloured translucent plastic and the striking contrasts in the scenery, and he also wondered who wrote the music.

'Hi Day', another piece of teamwork, by D. Barrow and D. Johnson of the Thirds, did not have quite the same imaginative approach as 'Greek Cruise', but Mr. Wright liked the sensible way the team went about the job, starting with the preparations and going right to the end of the day instead of ending at the height of the festivities. He considered the shooting and planning were good and praised the use of the commentary at the end of the film.

Mr. Wright criticised the hand-held camera work in 'Easy Driver' by J. Humphreys and M. Buckland of the Fifts and said that, as a whole, the film depended too much on its musical backing.

Finally, he came to 'Savage Vegetation' by D. Stone, which he commended for its individual character although the story reminded him of 'The Day of the Triffids'. He liked the foliage and called B.L.A. a 'mad scientist' in the course of his remarks!

The moment of decision was reached at last and, after asking anyone with a gun to leave the hall, Mr. Wright awarded a first prize of £5 to 'Civilisation', a second prize of £2.50 to 'Savage Vegetation' and a team prize, also of £2.50, to 'Greek Cruise', after which he added commendations to 'Pythagoras', 'Blast-off' and 'Hi Day'.

D. A. Stone.

Note.—The music which contributed so much to the success of 'Civilisation' was selected by J. Chappell, who also operated the Hi-fi with his usual panache. Unfortunately, he omitted to note the relevant details. We can, however, assure our readers that the piece was definitely composed. Rumours that the sounds were, in reality, tapes of the House Music rehearsals played backwards are without foundation!

B.L.A.

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BARCLAYS

HOUSE NOTES

COBBS

House Captain: P. Couper.

Vice-Captain: M. Pickstone.

Once again we have finished fourth in the running for the Cock House Cup—a result which is somewhat disappointing. As throughout this term, however, the House has performed with reasonable success, I dare say that, had the Seniors exerted greater effort, we might have gained those few extra points to beat Miltons and attain a more respectable third place. The most encouraging result came in Athletics; as in all the other competitions this year, we have the Juniors to thank for the hard work involved in gaining this result. The prospects for next year are very rosy, especially as Newsoms and Gibbs lose their strong 2nd year Sixth, and we should aim for nothing less than 2nd place. Individual reports run as follows:

Athletics: The result in this field—we came second—is very good considering the talent we have. This, the best position we could have been expected to attain, was due mostly to the Juniors—and, in the Seniors, to I. Fordham.
S. Brown.

Cricket: It was a time of mixed fortune—each team winning once and losing once. The Seniors, after completing the expected win over Halliwells, lost to Newsoms in a high-scoring match; the Colts beat Miltons and lost to Gibbs, and the Under Fourteens beat Gibbs and lost to Halliwells. The overall position was equal second—with plenty of promise for the future.
S. Lovell.

Music: As usual this year's House Music Competition was devastated by Examinations. Cobbs, however, fought on, two items in particular meriting special comment: the Solo and the Orchestra. The Orchestra unfortunately owing to lack of rehearsal was abysmal; nevertheless the soloist (I. Robertson) was brilliant: had it not been for such outstanding manipulative manoeuvres over the keyboard. Cobbs could not have achieved third place—a respectable result considering our talent.
R. Sinclair.

Swimming: I think that the team did very well to finish third. The Juniors did well in all the events, and I think that we have a good chance next year. This was a great improvement on last year's result.

A. O'Shaughnessy.

Thanks now are due to all the Housemasters, in particular A.C.R., for leading us through a difficult year, when we are still hampered by teething troubles owing to the ever-changing inter-House systems. I hope that next year the House will endeavour to reward better the Staff's efforts.

We are sorry to have to say goodbye to B.C., who leaves us for Kingston, Jamaica. We wish him every success in his new position. His loss will be much felt in all areas of sport, particularly in Cricket, in which he has played a more than valuable part. M. E. Pickstone, D. J. Norman.

GIBBS

House Captain: C. Brammall.

Deputy House Captain: P. Feist.

I think it would be true to say that we had our fair share of success over the past year; we managed to hang on in Cock House to the second place that we held after the first term. However, that great chasm between Newsoms and us still has not been bridged.

Activities over the last six months have gone as follows:

Hockey: The Seniors, with an unusually strong team led by Kerse, finished top of their section; this, coupled with a fine effort from the Colts, gained us a good position.

Basketball: We seemed to lack top-class players in this sport—nevertheless we attained third position by hook or by crook!

Swimming: Much good work was done here by Antonowicz and Szanto, but we again lacked the cream of the School's swimmers and qualifying was relatively poor.

Athletics: Everyone contributed well on Sports Day, but qualifying—which has so often saved us in the past—was insufficient. This is an aspect of the House which will, without doubt, be improved on next year.

Tennis: As in past years, Gibbs was blessed with fine players. Finch, Russell and Kerse formed the nucleus of the team that carried off the Cup.

Cricket: The Seniors managed to win a couple of games with Russell as captain, but failures elsewhere meant that we finished last.

Music: Although so often this has been the highlight and climax of Gibbs's successes, we had this year to settle for second place behind "Chappell". Although the level of musical skill was very high, both in the solo and novice groups and in the choir and orchestral groups, we were just pipped. Praise is due to Maguire for his 'sound' organisation, especially with the choir, which was by far the biggest to perform.

Thus a very satisfactory position of second was gained in the Cock House Competition. However, I know I speak for many when I say that Gibbs will not be satisfied by a second place next year. Newsoms have got to be toppled some time and, led by one of the strongest Sixth-form groups this House has ever had, it must be Gibbs who will defeat them next year.

I am confident of achieving this, as are P. Szanto and the Housemasters—and this is the appropriate time to thank all four for their exuberant handling of affairs. Their friendliness and helpfulness typifies everything the House stands for.

T. Seeley.

Our thanks are due to all the leaders this year and in particular to Chris Brammall and Paul Feist, and to Peter Szanto and Trevor Seeley, the latter two acting as Captain and Deputy respectively from half-term.

There is a fine spirit abroad which augurs well for next year. Victory, of course, would be sweet, but victory or no victory, excellence is far more important, and come shine, come shower, this excellence must always be our aim.

H.A.P.

HALLIWELLS

Captain: J. Leonard.

Vice-Captain: P. Ward.

The term has sped along in very much the same way as the other six summer terms which I have witnessed: the end result for the House has been, from a general view, partial failure. A post-mortem on the activities may well prove beneficial.

The Juniors excelled themselves in the Cricket, thereby obtaining the Junior Shield. The more buoyant section of the House acquitted themselves well in the Swimming, which may augur well for the future—showing that we have at least a little sporting talent among us. The Athletics was not something to be remembered, owing to our fifth placing: on the day of the finals the athletes could give only a fair performance, and so we lost, because we were already so far behind in qualifying points.

It has been stressed many times that such competitions are won by sustained effort, in qualifying, by the mediocre and the poor; I know exactly how the unathletic feel—I hated attending after-school qualifying—but it is not so bad once you are changed and on the field. Until we can work as a House, united in our aim to be first, we shall fail in every competition that includes qualifying points.

Our effort in the House Music Competition, as usual, pleased the audience but not the judges—the explanation being that the former *expect* us to do badly! For several years we have had guitarists, and no pianists in the House; this causes the captain a great deal of trouble, but we manage. We *do* have a fair share of vocal aptitude, yet we perform badly. The reason is that people do not attend rehearsals or, when they do, they play about, certainly not acting their age. I do not remember a choir rehearsal after which I have not had a sore throat—because I had to shout to be

heard above the noise of talking. A solution to this ludicrous situation must be resolved before any success is tasted.

So, in my last report, I would ask all the members of the House to unite in their efforts for Cock House. Unless you—each one—strive for this, you will never attain the honour.

MILTONS

Captain: S. K. Young.

Vice-Captain: R. C. Sharpe.

We have at last shown signs of pulling up our socks and doing other metaphorical actions with the result that we are now the possessors of some Cups—for Hockey, Cricket, Swimming. At one time it even seemed possible that the Cock House Trophy was within our very long reach.

All the Hockey teams played consistently well, even the Seniors being able to field a full eleven. The shock Swimming victory was gained not by individual brilliance but by an outstanding team effort. In the Cricket, the Seniors uncharacteristically provided powerful leadership and, with the pleasant experience of full teams in all our matches, we comprehensively crushed all our opponents.

Despite these satisfying performances, any complacency is not justified, and we must try to improve our poorer efforts in other House activities, especially those which do not take place on the games field.

Let us not regard this year's success as an end, but rather the first steps on the ladder to overall supremacy.

NEWSOMS

House Captain: D. W. Evans.

Vice-Captain: J. Chappell.

For the sixth consecutive time we are Cock House, although this year we won by fewer points than has become usual, the result being in doubt until the Music Competition. This is a worrying sign—we are tending to become complacent—Cups are won, not given.

The Cricket Cup was a little disappointing: perhaps we were a little unlucky, but even so we should have done better. Mention must be made of the Colt team which dismissed Halliwells for 7 and made the required runs in an over.

The Swimming Cup was again a disappointment—qualifying let us down badly. Three years ago we threw away the Cross Country through lack of qualifying points, and apparently we still have not learnt our lesson. The team, led by N. Devine, however, performed well on the night.

Athletics was won as a result of good qualifying—early on we established an immense lead which we maintained—a pity we failed to repeat these tactics in Swimming.

Our other outstanding success of the term was in the Music Competition. The orchestra, again performing a lively piece arranged by J. Chappell, won their section; D. Bray won the Novice section, and the choir held its own against strong competition. Chakravorty, on the sitar (surely the most unusual class of entrant ever seen in the competition), took second place. Thus we won the whole competition. Tribute must be paid to the infinite patience and energy of J. Chappell, who held countless rehearsals—the result certainly justified all the effort.

This term also saw the completion of Chess and Tennis competitions—the positions gained do not, however, reflect the effort put in by some members of those teams.

So, on the whole this can be called a successful year—inasmuch as we have amassed more than our fair share of silverware—and I feel confident that we can be Cock House for a further six years if we do not become over-confident and complacent.

Finally, thanks go to our members of Staff, J.G.S., J.G.F. (best wishes to him on his impending matrimony), M.M. and W.P.H. They never failed to show interest and to devote their time to various House activities. I would like to add a special thank-you to W.P.H. for the tremendous job he does—we are immensely lucky to have him as our Housemaster.

COCK HOUSE COMPETITION, 1970-1971

	Cobbs	Gibbs	Halliwells	Miltons	Newsoms
Rugby	1	6	0	3	10
Hockey	3	6	0	10	1
Cricket	3½	3½	0	10	3½
Athletics	6	3	0	1	10
Cross Country	6	1	3	0	10
Swimming	3	1	6	10	0
Drama	½	6	½	3	10
Music	6	3	1	0	10
Tennis	½	7	0	4	2
Basketball	2	4	0	½	7
Gymnastics	7	2	½	0	4
Chess	5½	0	5½	2	½
Debates	0	7	2	½	4
Totals	43½	49½	18½	44	71½
Positions	4	2	5	3	1

ON SAFARI

THIS YEAR'S CANTERBURY TALE

At 9 o'clock of a fine summer's morning we seventy pilgrims set out to wend our weary way to the great Cathedral of Canterbury. This may be alliterative but is not strictly accurate; our way was in fact not all that weary, as we wended in a coach.

The journey there was not very interesting. It was dull, overcast, and no self-respecting Kent yokel would have touched his forelock and said, "Arr, and a very noice day furr it, sorr", because the heavens looked like opening up and pouring famine and pestilence on us. However, the gods were kind and no famine or pestilence was forthcoming. One edifying spectacle was provided when the three educationalists aboard participated for hours at pub-cricket, a remarkably enlightening performance for the uninitiated.

At 11.15 we reached the gloomy ramparts of the Cathedral city. The Roman walls stood stark against the modern landscape (which was enhanced after the last war as a result of the Luftwaffe's frequent and noisy visits). The Cathedral still stands out tall, magnificent and imposing against the clatter of modern life.

Our coach stopped in a clearing in the modern jungle, and we disembarked. Here our own native guide took over, assisted by a much renowned head-hunter, and one of his henchmen. We set off for the Cathedral. An hour later we emerged from the gloomy depths of the crypt and into the bright sunlight, all enlightened by the genius of the man who designed it.

After a two-hour lunch break—when the people of Canterbury were lucky enough to have us only in small doses as we spread ourselves quite widely and even obscurely in various groups of various tastes—we split into three groups for the next instalment. Under the guide and head hunter a small divided élite sought further culture in a look-at-the-Cathedral-again-then-go-on-to St. Martin's group or in a search-St. Augustine's clique, while the plebeian majority under the henchman sought to satisfy their nautical aspirations on or in the nearest crocodile-infested stream—the Stour.

In the Cathedral our guide especially emphasised the difference between Mediaeval and Victorian stained-glass. At St. Martin's, the first Christian church in these islands, a learned lady took over the lecturing. Every century had contributed something to the structure, the twentieth's being central heating. Strolling back to the coach the group popped in to say hullo to St. Augustine and bumped into the esoteric pair whose main objective the Abbey had been. It said 'Hullo' and strolled away.

Gradually the pilgrims reassembled for the return, the boating party having proved what everyone else knew: that they knew nothing about boats. In drips and drabs they appeared, the henchman's return being delayed until about 6 o'clock owing to a Canterburyan circumnavigation.

On the banks of the Medway a stop was made on the way back for off-loading and refuelling, the School eventually being sighted about 9 o'clock by wiser—and probably merrier—pilgrims.

A. Connell, 5C, provided this with the help of

A. T. Isaacson, 5B.

THE GOOD WOAD GUIDE

OR HOW DUE CARE WAS NOT TAKEN

Being insular, like most Britons, I tend to believe that those areas outside my personal spheres of activity are still inhabited by naked savages covered in woad, living in caves, and hunting wild bear. It was therefore a surprise to find in Chiswick, near the mud huts and burial grounds of the High Street, such a mark of civilisation as an eighteenth century building in a classical style, in the middle of a park, surrounded on one side by moat and vallum—indicating that the local savages always attacked from the side which was protected and never tried entering by the gate. Nevertheless, despite difficulties in reading the runes on the road signs, this was what three of us did find on a wet Wednesday morning.

Our fears of being sacrificed by Druids, however, were increased when we saw a U.F.O. in Wellingtons, overtrousers, bear skin and crash helmet, pass on two wheels in front of the house, but after an elaborate strip tease of protective clothing, which apparently was to keep off the rain and wolves, A.C.R. was revealed. Soon we were joined by other civilised beings together with an educated savage, an earlier member of whose tribe had had a hand in building the house which was, we were informed, called Chiswick House. J.S.W. thus knew a deal about the house, it having been in the family as it were, but A.C.R., whose tribe built nothing more than a sandcastle, tried to outdo him at times and in this he was helped by a native in uniform who discoursed on ceilings which went up and down and nudes who ended up as dartboards. In fact by the combined efforts of this trio we managed to see the entire interior including the cellar which seemed ideally suited for an orgy and the bedroom which lacked nothing, well, nothing but a bed. All having been revealed to us except the true purpose of the fountains-cum-paint sprayers in the floors, we departed, not of course forgetting to see James Wyatt's *pièce de résistance*, the bridge with the corrugated iron roof.

In time, despite London Transport, we all went for lunch by the river on the verandah of a hostelry, notable for its exorbitant prices but generosity with onions, and there we spent an hour watching the glasses fill up with rain.

We then staggered along a road to Syon Park and there encountered another savage—a little man who accosted us with the rude information that we were obliged to barter with him. J.S.W., thinking this was a form

of primitive game, answered his questions so facetiously that the savage turned on him and treated him much as one sees boys dealt with in the History Room: the savage savaged as it were! In the end, swearing blind we were all under seventeen we got in at a reduced fee and the savage enjoined our overseers to keep us under control.

We were shown round Syon House itself by a female native who tried to persuade us that only the night before there had been an orgy there and who took pleasure in telling us about bodies bursting in the ante-rooms on floors that were really just ceilings upside down. The day ended with J.S.W., irresponsible as ever, destroying the lawn outside, in order to cover us with grass, and, after all, what else would one expect of a savage?

J. G. Goldsmith.

SIXTH FORM GEOGRAPHY FIELD TRIP TO NORTH WALES

Well, another safari is over. This time it was up into the rugged and beautiful regions of Denbighshire and Caernarvonshire, with the dedicated efforts of 'It's-my-Geography-Field-Trip' Shaw and Chief Malone who drove the new, improved, 2.3 litre, super-white Transit, taking over from former racing driver Paddy O'Driscoll. We managed to survive the best part of 900 miles with only one slight mishap, the loss of freaky T. Seeley's moth-eaten hat.

Our odyssey began one Monday morning not so very long ago, when after the Transit had been checked for overheating, seven sturdy Geographers (at that time) plus Victor Mercer Sylvester, Drumlin K. Merton, Energy P. Mullins, Boulder Distributor S. McLachlan, Crinkly and Crackly Patrick, Mr. Maturity I. Johnson, Bunter N. Devine, and Sherpa Mannan set off for North Wales and its varied amenities. The journey there was surprisingly uneventful, and on arrival at Colwyn Bay we found that we were staying at the 'B . . . ' hotel there (and we all know what 'B . . . ' stands for!) That evening we spent looking around Colwyn Bay which was found to be a 'dump', and the night life was almost non-existent, but we didn't despair; J. Francis, S. Arnold, S. Patrick, J. Marjoram and J. Kerse found some pleasure in banging skinheads against brick walls as well as looking for the local female talent.

The next day, in fact it was called Tuesday, began on a good note with the chorus of 'All things bright and beautiful' being sung at the breakfast table by the other guests staying at the hotel. After breakfast we heard that we were to survey some obscure river valley despite the virtual desert conditions outside. Nearly nine hours and heaven alone knows how many miles later we dragged our wet and weary bodies back to the vehicles

through pools of perspiration, while T.S. chatted to an old lady, and J.F., who was so modest, just waved to coach loads of them.

On the Wednesday we climbed all the 3,500 ft. of Snowden. The severity of the climb was so great that three people had to drop out on the way for various reasons. Mountain-goat K.M. first set the pace for the climb but when he found that it was not Box Hill he lost his grip on the lead to the summit. Through reasons inexplicable we lost the Pyg Track which we were expecting to follow, and found ourselves climbing vertical cliffs (some overhanging) and scree slopes a few thousand feet up. Nevertheless, Trunky S. Lovell decided to take the top route while the thought-to-be more experienced foursome of J.F., J.K., S.M. and J.M., taking very difficult obstacles on the way (J.F. resorting to crawling on his knees at times) and showing the professionals how to climb, thrust ahead, finding new challenging routes, showing the rest of the expedition the way to the top, meeting S.L. halfway. When M.J.S. and M.M. finally caught up, their knees were found to be trembling. After gathering on the summit for refreshments we set off down the side of Snowden, on towards the Glaslyn, where we dipped our sore feet and in J.K.'s case his whole body in the cool waters of the lake, then setting off, once again, for the vehicles and Colwyn Bay.

The next day we spent recovering from the day before, but we did manage to see the Tal-y-llyn Lake in the morning and the local nuclear power station in the afternoon. In the evening sanity was lost, once more.

Friday was the turn of Conway in the morning and Llanrwst in the afternoon. We had to make surveys of both these towns, finding out about their main occupations, communications, building and housing. To extract this information from the public such questions as 'Where do you hang out?' and 'Do you get taken for a ride every day?' were asked, while S.A. and J.M. also decided to join the 'dole' queue at the Labour Exchange to find out more about the occupations, leaving S.M., J.S., K.M. and N.D. to chat to the local librarian. When we had finished our survey at Conway, we moved on to Llanrwst, where S.P. and J.M. were immediately made local heroes by refusing a pro-Welsh language pamphlet at a Welsh language demonstration.

The evening brought new entertainment with J.F. and J.M. going to the nearby holiday resort of Llandudno with some local talent (J.F. was taken for a Joy ride), while S.A. and S.P. took out three of the hotel staff, returning with two.

The next day, the hotel saw the last of us in the morning. We set off at 9.30, arriving back at School about eight hours later.

Seriously, though, it was a very enjoyable and interesting trip and our thanks are extended to M.J.S. and M.M. for making it so.

J. Marjoram.

NOWARDS

On the bright morning of Tuesday, 6th July, accompanied by a variety of masters, most of 3L went 'Nowhere', after arriving at the School at about 8.45 a.m.

Under Mr. Carter's guidance (and an illustrated book), they went "excavating" for a period of some 35 minutes, finding gems of Romanic information from Hadrian's Wall, Canterbury, and various other places. The members of 3L who had not been buried by falling masonry and earth were then obliged to see Mr. Smith who, acting as a computer, played Gale with them for 1½ half-hours. Mr. Aldersea then guided them round the exhibition of vibrations making artificial noises. A short break after this was enjoyed by all, and after it almost all were ready to play volley-ball supervised by a track-suited Mr. Nicholls. After an interesting half-hour of this, 3L was escorted to the confines of Room 'B' for a taste of 'French'(!) After numerous games of Bingo(?) had been suffered, food was eaten in too small quantities, and another, longer break enjoyed/suffered/endured.

The afternoon was devoted to the playing of various games, such as cricket, volley-ball, on the field and in the Gym. This relaxing afternoon ended, games-wise, at 3 o'clock and they were taken back to the School, from where they made their separate ways home.

Thanks are due to the masters who organised and endured these interesting activities. Could next year's report be entitled 'Somewhere', please?

D. A. Stone.



SOCIETIES

CHRISTIAN UNION

It would seem, at last, that the age-old plea of the C.U. for more people from the School to come along and see what the meetings are really like has had some effect. During the last term a large number of Fourth-formers attended our Friday lunch-time meetings at 1.10 p.m. in the History Room, to join in our discussions—we hoped—to listen to our speakers, and to question us on our beliefs. Too often all sense of order broke down, and meetings became an uproar. Even the very popular film was persistently interrupted by those wishing to disrupt the meeting altogether. Polo mints in the collection plate is one thing, but flashing lights above the screen is the limit!

Why, we ask ourselves, did such a situation arise? Contrary to popular belief the Christian Union has in fact arranged quite worthwhile discussions and not "a load of old rubbish". The problem, however, is that the C.U. has for too long had to arrange its meetings to suit an almost entirely Christian group of people, owing to lack of response from others. This, in turn, tended to give the impression of the C.U. being a closed shop, and thus we found people arriving on our doorstep, so to speak, with their pre-conceived ideas about Christianity, ready to shout down as "ridiculous" anything that sounded like Christian doctrine. The C.U., it seemed, provided the golden opportunity to attack an authoritarian society since it lacked the powers to exert its authority.

Looking back, I think that the happenings of last term came as somewhat of a shock to those of us who enjoyed our nice, peaceful little room on Friday lunchtimes. Of course, we were previously benefiting from our discussions and Bible studies, but perhaps we were too often so pre-occupied with our own spiritual fulfilment that we ignored the needs of the School. One might say "we were so heavenly-minded that we were no earthly use". There is no point in publicising a meeting which is designed to appeal to all members of the School and getting them to come along, unless the other meetings of the term continue to suit their requirements.

We trust, however, that these self-criticisms of ours will be obsolete by the time this magazine appears: we have learned something of value from our experience and, in turn, we are sure that you can gain a great deal from us if you come to the History Room at 1.10 p.m. on Fridays as advertised.

You will certainly be welcome.

S. J. Gregory.

THE SPUR PRESS

Recent activity has been as busy as usually. An amazing number of orders have been completed since our last report was written, including handbills, tickets, and programmes for the School Play which were of a very good standard considering the amount of time we were left after we received the copy, and the customary number of last-minute alterations by the producers. This order, as a total, was the largest executed this term. Previously we had tackled one of our annual orders, the London School-boys' Hockey Association's booklet of rules, members and fixtures. The booklets were completed, not too late, and delivered to a delighted M.J.S. Another regular order, that of printing 1000 Accession Labels for the Library, was made this term. As always, we have printed numerous handcards, letterheads and tickets.

Recently our second treadle press (Press "B") has finally been broken beyond repair, and so, at present, the hunt is going on for another to replace it. It is needed very much indeed as next term the House Play programmes will have to be printed.

Anyone wishing to join the Spur Press is welcome to come to the Printing Room in the Workshop Centre any lunch-time or any day after School.

Any enquiries about orders should be addressed to the Secretary, The Spur Press, Raynes Park High School, Bushey Road, S.W.20.

Finally, since our last report, our Senior Foreman, R. A. Keefe, has left, his position being taken over by R. J. Emery.

A. T. Isaacson.

SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

This term has seen the commencement of large-scale engineering works, involving the construction of a new base board and the re-designing of the track layout in the Cobb Castle Junction area.

These alterations will give us greatly increased locomotive and rolling-stock storage area, allowing also point-to-point running, making the operation of the layout considerably more complex and interesting. All the above alterations are due to cause a few headaches in the Electrical Department when the whole "shooting match" has to be wired up! All this work has been carried out by our small but dedicated band of railway modellers.

For those who have been impressed by the above account and wish to join us, we meet every Wednesday evening at 19.30 hours, or, for the unenlightened, 7.30 p.m.

D. Slater.

565 SQUADRON A.T.C.

Since the last report, the A.T.C. has taken part in many activities. In March the Squadron put on an Open Evening, which comprised a drill display, a dinner, and an initiative exercise. There was also a film show depicting Squadron activities, followed by a model aircraft exhibition presided over by Mr. J. W. R. Taylor. The competition was won by C. W. O. Ball.

On the 14th April, sixteen cadets set off from Paddington Station to attend the Squadron's Annual Camp at R.A.F. St. Mawgan in Cornwall. Although the accommodation was relatively primitive, a great time was had by all. Everybody had a chance to fly in Chipmunk trainers and there were also many interesting exercises, such as bridge-building and a nine-mile trek. Cdt. Amin, N., obtained his R.A.F. Marksman's Badge on his first attempt at .303 shooting, several others coming close but missing by fractions of an inch.

As St. Mawgan is a maritime reconnaissance base, the cadets were shown over a Shackleton and the new jet-powered Nimrod.

The Squadron would like to give thanks to F.O. Blyth and our C.I.s, Mr. Needle and Mr. Richardson, for looking after us throughout this camp.

On the 23rd May, eight members of the Squadron took part in the Wing Sports and between them nine first and second place medals were gained.

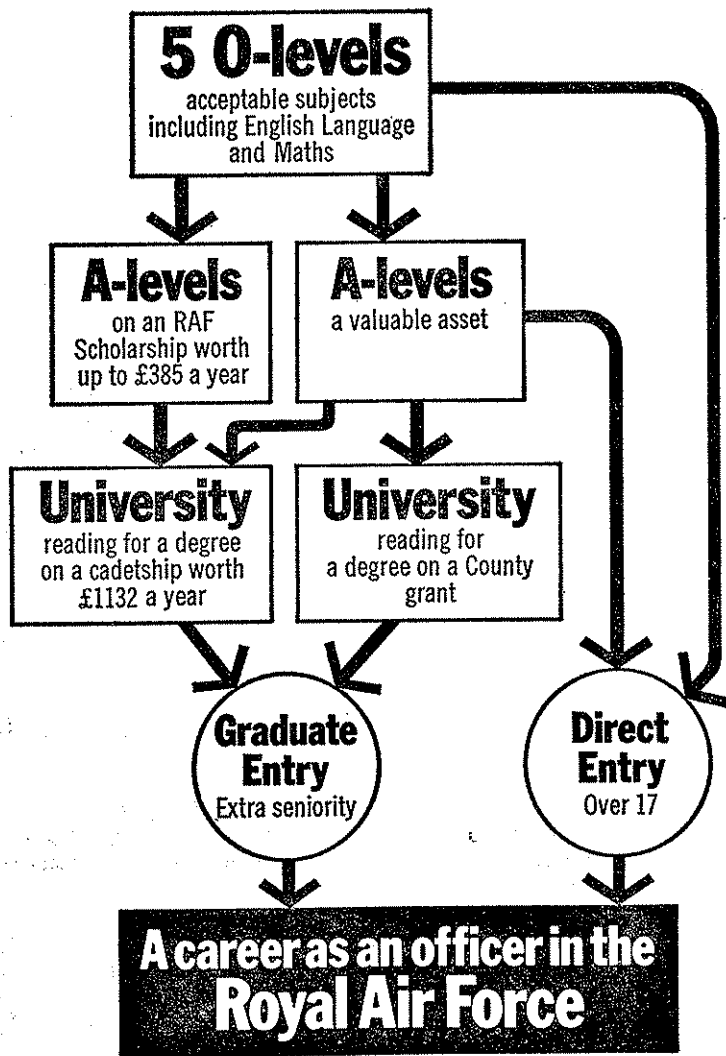
Cadet Evans won the Guy Gibson Trophy for the most outstanding athlete and was chosen to represent Surrey Wing in the South-East Region Sports. Here he also gained a victory and now goes on to represent the region in the Corps Championships.

Cpl. Marsh passed his Staff Cadet; Cpl. Saunders his Senior Cadet; Cdts. M. J. Davies and North their Leading Cadet Examinations.

Promotions were as follows: Sgt. Metcalfe to Flight Sergeant and Cadet Saunders to Corporal.

I. Saunders (Cpl.).





If you are interested — in flying, engineering, logistics or administration — now is the time to do something about it. Your careers master has full information and, if you like, he can arrange for you to meet your RAF Schools Liaison Officer; this is quite informal, and an excellent way to find out more about the RAF.

Two more ideas: Write to Group Captain E. Batchelar, RAF, Adastral House (25ZD1) London WC1X 8RU, giving your date of

birth and details of your present and expected educational qualifications; or pick up some leaflets at the nearest RAF Careers Information Office — address in phone book.

Royal Air Force



PERSONAL CONTRIBUTIONS

HOLD-UP!

S. M. Wood, 5c.

A long, low sigh of acceptance escaped from between clenched teeth — as on every Monday morning — when I realised, with some regret, that I had submitted to society and had arrived once again. This morning was like all the rest: I was fed up with life's blue print and filled with the same Monday morning feeling which I always experienced. I was stuck in this job, had gone as far as I could go up the cul-de-sac of cash and was stranded. It was like climbing a stick of dynamite; the fuse was burning out below and, if I went any higher, I would be sitting on a powder-keg which would take me with it. 'I would not mind so much if I was a Bank Manager,' I thought, 'then I could spend the day in some lady's wardrobe, and supply her needs financial or otherwise.'

Just then any further thoughts were censored by the curt arrival of a cheque; I held it in both hands and read that it was made out for me and it was for a million pounds. I blinked, but saw that neither was it made out for me nor was it for a million pounds. My dreams dashed, I soon lost interest and looked to see who had given it to me: Mrs. Rearden, wife of a wealthy business executive, born and bred with the proverbial silver spoon clenched firmly between her gold-filled teeth, stood before me. The impatient frown she wore cracked her face like an empty shell. My gaze lingered on her richly made-up mask: the thick red lips, pale face and deep rouge, reliving memories of the war and the emotionless masks worn by the oriental prostitutes waiting in every dimly lit doorway.

My gaze continued past the mask and took in the rest of the room. In one corner was a man in his early twenties trying to decipher one of our withdrawal forms. His clothes looked as if they had been thrown on him; a faded, worn, tweed jacket, with one skeletal elbow sagging out of a jagged tear, hung dejectedly from drooping shoulders; patched jeans, several years old, and seemingly held together by the slogans scrawled over them proudly displayed the Union Jack from the rear; long, straggly hair hung drably down to his shoulders like wet seaweed draped across a rock in the sun. To complete the picture of today's generation was the high-

speed quivering eyelids of the hopeless addict — 'juiced up to the eye-balls' — I spat, silently, savagely, then turned to continue my scrutiny of the other customers.

The only other client was Mr. Green, a hard-working greengrocer with a surprisingly profitable store in the High Street. He was short and squat but with shoulders that suggested immense power for such a small man. He walked with a cat-like spring which made me wonder why he had never won anything more than a pair of cauliflower ears and putty nose in the fight game. Subconsciously I winced at the flattened nose and distorted features savagely moulded over the years by the constant battering of leather.

He was being attended by Sharon, the only other person in the bank, the typical modern-miss, every executive's dream-secretary and every executive's wife's nightmare. She lived life to the full, bubbling with excitement and anticipation of the coming night and the inevitable party and suitor.

My thoughts were cruelly interrupted by the astonished squeal that escaped from Mrs. Rearden's red lips as she was roughly pushed aside. My eyes immediately riveted on the thin, weak face, the bowler-hat, pin-striped suit of the city dweller, then fractionally lowered to rest on the cold muzzle of a Smith and Wesson .45. A quick glance told me that Sharon, as well, was staring at an identical weapon and that the third man, a carbon copy of the other two, impeccably, identically dressed was stationed at the door, packing a crudely made sawn-off shotgun.

"Everybody against the wall!" The voice erupted from the man covering the door. Everybody moved.

"Not you". I froze, then turned to realise the man was motioning to Sharon and not me. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the sudden horror as she realised that she was the chosen one and not me. The laughing eyes filled with apprehension and fear as the face dropped in shock and she numbly obeyed. Sympathetically I felt the sudden, slow sinking in her stomach as any ounce of courage tried to resist being drowned by the torrent of terror that began to envelop her. The sickness froze on her face as she knew the end of her gay life lay only six inches away and the voice sentenced her to hell, a hell which might last seconds or might not.

I joined the others. Mrs. Rearden's geisha mask had now assumed the shape of an Egyptian death mask, sickly white with the carved, gaping mouth of one entering a state of shock. Through her mind's eye I could see the chairs and desk dance towards her tantalisingly, then dance sadistically back, and the light above rise and fall like a yo-yo, then crash down on her as her legs buckled and she folded like a puppet with its lifeline cut. The fingers of consciousness no longer manipulated her, and she was in the sweaty grasp of deep shock. I quickly bent to break her fall and was

greeted by the momentary burning as the cold muzzle was raked viciously down the side of my cheek, opening a long snake-like gash which immediately filled, then flooded with blood. I wiped the blood with the back of my hand and noticed that the initial sweating of my palms had dried in an uncomfortable crust. The tightening of my stomach muscles relaxed, and I clenched my fists so hard that the whites of the knuckles stood out like cultured pearls on a bronzed neck. Adrenalin continued to pump, but now more through hate than fear, and I had to bite hard into my bottom lip to silence the scream swelling in my lungs. I stiffened, and slowly straightened to look into the cold grey eyes which met mine.

I moved my head a fraction and saw on the ex-boxer's face the look which he must have given several boxers as he looked up from the canvas and the count of nine rang in his ears — a look of determination and sheer guts with his square jaw thrown out defiantly and the piercing gaze which ached to be engaged in battle. For his sake, for all our sakes, I hoped he would get off the canvas today.

A sideways glance to the other side showed me that the hippie was now shaking uncontrollably as the contents of his morning hypo began to take effect. The now closed eyes continued to quiver as did the bottom lip. The eyes opened and looked but saw nothing: his senses had failed to register; he no longer saw, felt or heard what he did. Isolated in his own world, he began to mutter, incoherently and inaudibly at first; then the muttering grew louder, and the words such as 'peace, love, brothers, good defeats evil', were repeated over and over again, until he was screaming the words with a hypnotic effect. The shouting was suddenly silenced as the shotgun exploded ripping his chest, gouging out a huge, bloody chasm. The body convulsed once and slumped to the floor.

I looked again at Sharon still in a zombie-like trance, mechanically filling the leather attache cases with old notes.

I closed my eyes and prayed, prayed hard; only a few seconds had passed when Sharon's broken sobs brought me back from my conference with the Almighty. I opened my eyes and saw that they were all gone.



IT'S A PATIENT'S LIFE

J. L. Marsh, 5c.

It was night. The low lying tug steered sluggishly under Lambeth Bridge. Behind it six large coal barges churned the Thames into a black

oily mess. The Houses of Parliament crouched like some giant insect, casting an even darker shadow on to the boats as the tug's rhythmic chug reverberated loudly between the river banks. All at once, and without warning, the silence was shattered by three brain-numbing siren blasts that echoed away down the river. I stirred, and the bed once again resumed its lumpy self. Fumbling for the clock and at last holding it at point blank range, I saw the dial swim into focus. The time was almost three in the morning. I cursed the Coal Board for operating their barges at this time of night.

By now the remnants of sleep had completely gone from me, and I awoke fully to the horrific significance of the time. A cold terror swept down on me and in desperation I plunged my head under my pillow, but all was in vain. The clock had reached virtually skyward like the hands of a high priest at the climax of his prayers when the awesome shockwaves of Big Ben smashed their way through into the hundred-year old ward. The night light started to sway, casting its eerie green halo in an elliptical orbit across the beds. The windows vibrated and the syringes in the drawers rattled against one another as if talking in some alien tongue. The Americans had purchased London Bridge and, as far as I was concerned, they could have Big Ben as well!

I was, however, to learn from other patients that this effect of waking to the clock, on the hour, every hour, soon wore off. I found this to be true and, as time passed, the nights became undisturbed.

The mornings provided, as I look back on it now, the next source of discomfort and amusement. For some as yet still unexplained reason, I awoke regularly at 6 a.m. Nobody woke me; no alarms went; I just woke up. I did not mind this for I found myself fresh each time after a good night's sleep but, there were two hours to waste until breakfast. This was an eternity on its own as, by the time I had washed, read the paper cover to cover and drunk the morning tea, it was still only 7 a.m. The hour's wait until eight o'clock marked the start of the day's boredom. It was the last duty of the night nurses to administer food to the patients who were racing up and down like lions in a cage, and, as most of the night nurses by this time acted like zombies, eyes propped open to stay awake, it was easy to get 2 or 3 breakfasts. I presume this meant that someone else went without, but in any hospital it is every patient for himself and the survival of the fittest. If I ate as much as I could as slowly as I could, breakfast could be stretched to 9 a.m. when, once again, the day's emptiness continued.

Because St. Thomas's is a training hospital I was invaded every now and then by a regiment of students, each armed with his own hammer, needles and a different idea as to what was wrong with me. Well, they had to practise thumping reflexes, jabbing people, and generally probing around in someone, but why they picked on me every time I do not know. I seemed to attract them like a magnet does iron filings. They were in such dire need

of practice that, although one student faithfully maintained that he was trying to locate my spleen, I am still convinced to this day that he was trying to rip it out with his bare hands. When they became tired of playing with their hammers, they gleefully found a syringe and rushed away, to my relief, to another patient, doubtless I expect for more practice. With the morning's activity gone, I slipped once again into the vast wastelands of boredom. However food was never far from my thoughts as I fast learnt that the only thing I could do in the place was to eat. Unfortunately George Ward was the first to smell food but the last to get it.

Comfortably bloated from lunch, I lay back to doze. Peace was, however, short-lived in the afternoons as I was wakened regularly by the House Doctor and his Boffins doing their rounds. It was on one of these rounds when I decided to break the monotony and play the oldest joke in the book on them. Owing to some bleeding into my elbow joint I was unable to move my left arm. I asked the House Doctor, Dr. Davis, whether, when my arm was better, I would be able to play the piano.

"Oh yes, of course you will", he replied.

"That's good," I said, "I could never play it before." Feeling utterly defeated, all the doctors moved away, and I, with a feeling of stupendous victory, settled down to continue my nap.

It seemed to me that they were to have revenge. Just after afternoon tea at about 3.30, the doctor in charge of my case, Dr. Kingston, came up for a marrow sample. Despite about four gallons of 'local' I still hit the ceiling as he attacked, dug and lunged at my hip with a syringe in a manner similar to that of a forceful lion tamer. Still I didn't blame him: it was my condition making it hard and I am happy to say he has had plenty of dart practice since and with a skilful flick of the wrist the sample is now painlessly removed; well, almost painlessly. Such perfection in this field is only found in very few doctors, and I am pleased to say that he is in medical terms, 'one of the few'. At my local hospital a similar sample was taken from my chest by a lady doctor sprouting bristles all over, harbouring iron-like muscles appropriate to those of a circus strongman. From that experience I learnt two things. Firstly, I now know what a dart board must feel like having just being stabbed at double top and, secondly, she was not 'one of the few'.

To settle me for the evenings came tea. Exhausted after the trials and tribulations of the day I used to settle myself down for quiet evenings. The night nurses returned at 10 p.m. Once I offered one of them a 'choc.' and suddenly the whole lot swarmed down on to my locker like locusts and consumed everything edible. The hospital looked after my hunger, but apparently not so the nurses'. After the drugs-trolley had been round, and I had had my supper consisting entirely of about 3-4 million tablets of

various dimensions, colours and tastes I 'hit the deck'. (Believe me with those beds that's nearer the truth than you think!)

The day described was a typical one. The routine described was constant, and the name of the day ceased to have any significance. My greatest enemy was boredom. It may come as a surprise, but I actually looked forward to the 'O' Levels as at least something to do. To miss them would be admitting defeat, so I told the doctors where the rumours of my not being well enough could go. In fact, as a boost, they gave me a top up of good red juice before the examinations.

None of this however would have been possible without a lot of work by the Professor of Haematology's bending the treatment times to leave the examination week free. Also Mr. Giles and Mr. Horler racked their brains to find a way to let me take the papers. They found the answer via the Staff who acted as a team and took on the task of journeying up to London to supervise me. If I did not tire them, the three flights of stairs did, and I would like to thank them all for the planning and execution of the whole operation especially to Mr. Riley whose spirit was willing to supervise but whose flesh was not. It might have seemed a pity to wake him, but the examination had to come to an end!

Of course everyone in the ward was trying to help. I received plenty of assistance revision-wise for the Biology; it was a pity all the information they gave me was completely useless. One patient in the ward was a teacher of Physics, Maths and Chemistry so I went into Chemistry knowing that if I was quizzed on explosives I would be well away. It was a pity I was not. Still, I went into Maths knowing the quickest way to prove that one equals two, and into Physics knowing 101 ways to commit suicide on Nuffield apparatus. Not surprisingly those topics did not appear.

As quickly as I was taken into hospital, I was kicked out with gusto and, as far as I know (luck with me) I shall not be making a return appearance there as an in-patient. So long, St. Thomas's, and, if I never have to see you again, I shall be all the happier!

* * * *

[It is very pleasant to read Jeffrey Marsh's cheerful account of life at St. Thomas's during his serious illness, to congratulate him on his determination to take his 'O' Level papers at the hospital, and to thank the Staff there for their care of him and for their assistance over the examination invigilation.—Eds.]

TO WINCO MAC ON THE DEATH OF WIT

A.T.C. Stores Personnel.

Instead of waving our phalanges in a 'V'-formation, the A.T.C. has more subtle ways of dealing with problems such as the apostate Winco Mac. Our Chairman, if he were asked, would, we are sure, express his regret that amongst a responsible Sixth Form there could be a being whose intelligence and wit are so low as to waste paper in a worthwhile magazine on such a virulent report as Winco Mac's. We would merely say that with its full time-table of flying, gliding and shooting the A.T.C. still offers far more interesting opportunities than those provided by other youth organisations.

The proud claim made by Winco Mac that his organisation—C.A.T. or Communists' Atrocity Training Establishment—was able to kill 15 Naval Cadets and seriously injure 22 others merely emphasises his organisation's lack of common sense regarding range security and safety.

Mac may have gained for his group a summons from Moscow, but we find more honour in accepting paid holidays in the United States and excelling ourselves in fostering civilised community relations. In any case his one claimed award looks small beside the regular trips our members make to America, which are surely further proof—if it were needed—of the value of and justification for the A.T.C. in today's society.

OUR ROO

We see you in the morning light,
Perched upon your rusting bike,
With bobble hat and fringe that's curled,
Blowing raspberries to the world.



CONTRASTS

M. J. Davies, 3L.

My soft suede shoes flattened the fresh grass as I toiled up the hill, and, if I cared to look behind me, I could see the imprints of those trade-marks of a town across one of the trade-marks of the country—the lush, soft grass—and compare them with the bootmarks of an Arctic explorer across the barren snow-wastes. The grass had just been cut in the adjacent field, the beautiful, unique smell of freshly-mown grass drifting up the incline of the slope towards me. The bees were buzzing busily amongst

the clover leaves, and their drowsy, soporific monotone was like a sweet melody to my ears. All these marvellous characteristics of the countryside flowed in and around me like a gently gurgling stream as I neared the summit of the small hill that had confronted me when I quitted that urban monstrosity of a car for the sweeter delights of the softly beckoning greenness of this gentle slope.

At last I completed my pleasant labours, and arrived at the top of the hill, slightly out of breath, but enjoying the scenery greatly. I flopped down to the ground amongst the daisies and idly glanced out from amongst the grass-stalks to the valley on my right. The view was magnificent. There were three large lakes dominating the dip in the ground and each was an astonishingly clear blue. Delicious thoughts of a cool swim easing the heat off my body like a discarded garment had to be reluctantly rejected, as the lakes were too far away. I contented myself, however, with taking in the panorama of lakeland beauty. Between the lakes were tall pine-trees giving to me, in my hilltop viewpoint, just a hint of the soothing smell of pine-needles that was emanating from them. The breathtakingly beautiful combination of the clear waters lapping against the grey rocks of the shore, and the dark-green pine-trees rearing their heads like playful stallions merged into a symphony of colour, scents and beauty. The hills in the background offset the beautiful scene with their striking brown colours. I followed the long sweep of these hills around this wonderful valley, until I had traversed fully to my left.

It was awful! My symphony had turned into a terrible cacophony. A mining village sprawled across this valley like a drunken tramp trying to force his kisses on a gorgeous maiden. This collection of regiments of uniformed Victorian terraced houses marched across the valley like an awful army of smut and grime, contrasting sharply, almost unbearably, with the perfectly balanced scene on the other side of the hill. Rearing above the range of hills—that had seemed so magnificent before—was the top of a slag-heap, black and filthy, bearing lurid promises of a coal-mine with its awkward skeleton of a pit-head on the other side. Never had I seen such a glaring discord of scenery as was on show in these two valleys. On the one hand were the lakes, clear blue, and a haven for small dinghy owners, and on the other was the menacing sight of the terraced houses like a scar on a beautiful complexion.

To me, it seemed impossible that Nature could, in her soul, harbour two such extremes so close together, and I left the hill, glum with the remembrance of that ghastly, filthy village, erected solely so that men might plunder Mother Nature's treasures for their own benefit; established only to rob our homeland of its natural reserves so that we might use its coal to keep ourselves warm. I still retain, however, the haunting memory of that glorious lakeland valley as I drove off down the road, and my heart v arms with the thought.

[This contribution and the one which follows and gained first prize in an Essay Competition held on the Merton 'Nevasa' Cruise, are the parting offerings of Martin Davies who will, unfortunately, be leaving shortly, with his older brother, for Aberystwyth.—Eds.]

* * * *

MY VISIT TO THE ENGINE-ROOM

I hurried impatiently along the passageway towards the door of the engine-room. I was going down there at last! I arrived, breathlessly, at the door and waited—becoming more and more frustrated—for the last member of the group to come. At last he arrived, and we stepped through the huge door.

The first thing that struck me was the terrific contrast between the quiet outside and the noise inside. It was the contrast itself that made the noise seem so loud, but after a while, I began to get used to it, and at the same time, I began to hear individual noises such as the hissing of the boilers, the humming of the generators, and many others all contributing to the general workmanlike hubbub. Immediately we entered, we began walking down some very steep steps, taking our guide's advice and holding on tightly to the rail so that we should not slip and fall. The further we went down these stairs, the greater the heat became. It did not, however, become excessively hot, and the temperature finished rising at the level of comfortable heat.

The first part of our tour was in the main engine-room. We stopped by the main engine manoeuvring station first, and our guide began to show us the various pressure gauges, and also how the ship could be steered to port by putting the port engine to go astern and leaving the starboard engine forward, and vice-versa, and showing us the controls by which this theory could be put into practice. Our guide also showed us the main engine turbines and explained their working to us. This splendid array of machinery and dials impressed me greatly.

Next we entered the boiler room. This was really magnificent. The four massive boilers stretching away up above me to the ceiling, each with its one flaming red eye of fiery fury, peeping through a small circle of glass, seemed to me to be power itself. The guide explained to us that these boilers were like gargantuan kettles producing tremendous amounts of steam from water by boiling it with their huge fires. After marvelling at these giants, we moved on into the electrical generating room. Here we saw the two large steam turbo generators, and the one small one. The really tremendous impression that I gained from this room was one of a terrific blowing of air.

After visiting this home of the ship's electricity (it is DC compared with the mains AC) we moved into the stabiliser compartment. Here we were shown the gyros that controlled the ship's stabilisers and the huge

ramrod-like hydraulically-controlled pushers. We also saw the scale on which the stabilisers operate, 15° each way. After this, we went all the way back to the main engine-room where we walked past all the dials and the telegraph with its forward and backward speeds, to the propellor shafts. We were told that these were 187 feet long, and 16½ inches in diameter. Finally we ended up right aft, where we could hear the 14½ ton propellers swooshing through the sea.

At last, however, our engine-room trip had to come to an end. We walked back up the steep stairs again and into the comparative quiet outside. I had really enjoyed my visit, and I certainly learnt a lot. I am sure that the others also found out something about how the s.s. "Nevasa" moves through the sea.



A SURVEY OF PRESENT UNDERCURRENTS IN FOURTH YEAR POLITICS

Anonymous.

A stupendous atmosphere of expectancy is circulating throughout the School precincts. The reason for such concealed jubilation (held down by feelings of self-preservation) is that the legion of true-blooded, British, stay-press, boot-and-brace-wearing skinheads, may be a little smaller next year. They are obviously eager to leave, so, out of the kindness of our hearts we will let them go—and sincerely wish them the best of good-byes.

Meanwhile, back in their comfortably spacious armchairs, the "squares" continue to vote Tory, read the Telegraph, write with fountain pens—wear ties and be the silent majority, giving moral support to the Staff, who, as enemy-circulated rumours would have it, are being bullied by us.

When the skinheads have gone, the local Hell's Herberts will have a monopoly. The mind boggles with pictures of drunken devils' creations and fake Pete Townsends, storming round the School, playing chicken, using the Staff Room corridor for a drag-strip, smoking, and putting the proverbial studded belt in.

The hippies (who they are, if they are, no one knows) are keeping a diplomatic silence, believing that such a drastic change in the local seat of power can only be for the better.

Meanwhile, there has also been a sudden renewed interest in psychology—possibly because going to see Hairy Krishna is too much bother—and so we will soon know who is mad and who isn't—I repeat that, who isn't?

Meanwhile, Erebus, the Raynes Park Super-stars, have been playing at weddings. The millions (hyperbole—good word!) of fans are shouting “Sell out, sell out!” A spokesman said that their songs served the same purpose, but they did not play “Hark the Herald Angels Sing”: they used more appropriate numbers such as “Get down and get with it” and “Ride a White Swan”.



HOUSES IN SUBURBIA

C. L. Grylls, 4E.

Tonnage of brickwork and hundredweights of stone
mixed together made a suburban home.

Then suddenly it multiplied, was squared by two
and Suburbia encaged you as in a zoo.

It's an architect's dream of how humans should live
in a suffocating mass of wood and brick.

For centuries there was countryside, fresh air, grass,
but from the twentieth onwards things've changed fast.

This century demanded progress the statesmen felt,
but why did such tasteless houses have to be built?

Row after row was now built without any grace,
designed to house so many in so little space.

Why can't it be square-rooted, divided by three
to let Suburbia be a little more free?

As people are frustrated by areas so dense,
there's surely a remedy that might make some sense.



A THOUGHT

M. Mannan, 6A1.

The dead, deep silence
once again leaped at its prey
The fear once again struck,
leaving me trembling like a puppet on a string.
Around me stood the vast, fruitless space,
with the dead or the sleeping yellow particles of sand.

I stood on this graveyard
that was the city of my birth.
How handsome it had looked!
Yet not a brick now stood—
only the plain of rubble, of sand and dust.



OPEN LETTER TO MR. BETTER-BOMB INVENTOR

P. J. Norton, 3M.

The sun gleams down with a murderous cascade of light. The ground has settled in a distorted array; the searching smell of the bomb has now dispersed. Your view is like a sand-castle after high tide. You are moving along, not a road—well it might have been an hour before—but you do not know. As you laboriously go forward, you look around at the lowest level in London for three thousand years—no trees, no buildings, no roads, just a rolling landscape of rubble, broken trees, metal, and bodies. As you advance, you hear a crack and you look at your feet and see a young, distorted body—a child, an innocent child deprived of life by politicians' decisions. It could even be yours, but you wouldn't be able to tell as the skin is black, not through inheritance but radiation. The eyes have been pierced and their fluid is gone. They look like crushed ping-pong balls—transparent but filled with blood. One shoulder is crushed, one leg is missing, the other buried in rubble.

You look up, walk away and are promptly sick. You have now walked beyond the view of the other Londoners absent when it fell like a primed meteor. You think of your wife and kids. They are dead—no other chance. You curse the scientist who created the inanimate slaughterer and the pilot of the aircraft that delivered it without warning, without any known reason. You turn to walk back, but, no, you would be better off dead: no wife or kids, friends, no home, no city and two more presents like that—no Britain, Ireland, and less of France and Belgium.

You turn back and run. You're mad now. You leap over large heaps with no destination in mind. You trip and fall headlong, facing a hand and wrist projecting from the rubble. It is black, swollen, with deep-red blood dripping from a ragged cut.

You bury your head in your hands and sob bitterly.

Now, Mr. Better-Bomb Inventor, think of the people who will receive your brain-child, not necessarily in London—anywhere. Now, Mr. Scientist, get a bath of acid ready to clean off the innocent blood. May God forgive you!



WHY CONSERVE NATURE

D. A. McCulloch, 6A1.

Why indeed conserve nature? With the increasing population producing increasing numbers of scientists, what better jobs could they have than devising methods of producing plastic birds and trees and flowers to grace the concrete surface of our once-fair planet? Mechanical, plastic spiders would weave their geometrically-designed plastic webs in corners of geometrically-designed plastic houses while the occupants—fully equipped, naturally, with plastic heart, lungs and other parts as necessary—endeavoured valiantly and earnestly to destroy the last remaining vestiges of natural, germ-ridden, polluted, unsterilized grass.

Outside in the passage which separated the two-mile high tower blocks, mechanical dogs would chase mechanical cats up plastic trees, but, through the wonders of science, noiselessly: an innovation to allow the population to sleep uninterrupted all day.

How wonderful such a world would be to live in—a world in which there was all the beauty of Nature gathered, sensibly, in one place, in the spaces between the tower blocks, so that one did not have to travel all round the country to see her miracles! There would not be the inconvenience of plants spreading or having to be chopped down, since the plastic trees could not grow and need only a tug to pull them from their sockets in the concrete floor. Mankind would be able to arrange Nature to suit his pleasure from day to day.

Who in this awful modern world where Nature still survives, clinging desperately on in the face of overwhelming odds, where plastic trees are but a dream for the future—who has endured the cacophony of birds singing the dawn-chorus and not really wished that the end of Nature could be hurried along? Furthermore, who has not wished that that most beautiful of sounds, the honking of car horns in mellifluous harmony as they wait for the traffic lights to change, might be heard in all places far and wide, so that the entire world might share this wonderful experience?

In this world of the future, motorways run in every direction, where once there used to be only plain green grass, wet with dew in the morning so that whenever one walked there it was necessary to clean one's shoes afterwards, a tiring and unnecessary chore. People everywhere now enjoy the horn-chorus.

Everyone must agree that mice are only a nuisance, and likewise wasps and elephants, mayflies and hippopotami, humming birds and giraffes. Rejoice! In the new world, there are none of these to clutter up good land which might be used for more worthy projects: the building of car parks, supermarkets and plastic pet shops. Imagine how much easier it is to look after a plastic goldfish or hamster than the real things, which are subject to death, unpredictable, and can cause much unwanted inconvenience. Also, real flowers are apt to wilt and die, real trees to rot, and real weeds to spread; plastic flowers, trees and weeds will do none of these things and in addition are movable and adjustable.

In all, plastic Nature is much more convenient than the authentic type.

The latest innovation to change Nature in the new world is the introduction of plastic, predictable, immortal, people, who are so much easier to govern than real people, since they all have exactly the same opinion. Plastic people fit in with the rest of the prefabricated world so much better.

So one may see how infinitely more desirable the new world is to the old. But do not despair: humanity is going in the right direction to produce this world, and, with luck, it will soon be a reality. A pity that you will not be there to enjoy it, since all real people will have, unfortunately, to be destroyed in order to make way for the plastic kind. I am sure, however, that this description will lighten your heart nevertheless.

Why conserve Nature?

Why conserve anything at all?

* * * *

[The above was one of the Prize winning contributions in the Headmaster's Essay Competition.—Eds.]

There follows a selection of verse entered in the *L. A. G. Strong Prize Competition*. It is impracticable to provide an extract from A. T. Isaacson's play which gained the Senior Prize, but the Junior winner, D. A. Stone, is represented by one of his poems. The other contributions are taken from the numerous pieces which each entrant supplied.

THE MINIBUS AND ITS LAST JOURNEY

D. A. Stone, 3L.

"The minibus will leave school at
half past six this evening,

R.J.W.", said the notice.

We all dreamt silently of the trip we would have to the
Royal
Festival
Hall.

At six-thirty we were there.

At six-thirty-five we were there.

At six-thirty-seven we were there.

At six-forty we were pushing a minibus to make it start.

But not the new, white minibus.

Oh, no, somebody had borrowed that.

We were pushing an old, rusty, vaguely yellow object.

It started and we were soon cruising at thirty
miles

per

hour on our way

to the R.F.H.

We actually had to push it into the car park at

the R.F.H. and after the concert had to push it back

until it started, which it did after some
pushing, and a bit more pushing.

But it was left in Balham.

Why?

A burnt-out clutch never smells nice.

Then, it smelt definitely horrid, because it meant we
had to walk to Clapham

Junction to catch the train.

At midnight, we arrived home.



G. Brambley, 4G, contributed the following two poems.

BLACK FRIDAY

I look around me. What do I see?
Brother and sister watching T.V.
Mum with her knitting wool;
Now Dog's made a pool;
Radio blaring; coalman's arrived;
Big sister's turned on a dance called a Jive;
Baby is screaming, shaking her rattle;
Cat's gone and started another great battle.
This is a Friday, the day that I hate
And here's Aunt Sarah, banging the gate.

BURNT TOAST

White, round and fresh
Lay the Bread;
The bottom was golden.
In the pan, lay the bread
Ready to be toasted.
Under the grill went the pan;
The white turned brown,
Then pitch black,
And smelly black smoke
Rose from the pan,
Filling the room with a haze.
Suddenly, fire! fire!
The grill pan was alight—
Yellow flames on top
And blue flames beneath;
Tall ones
Doing their port de bras;
Tiny ones
Just glimmering,
And medium ones
Jumping up and down
Or to and fro.
The ballet-dancer flames
Were dressed in pretty colours:
Tall ones
Dressed in grey
With yellow frills;
Medium ones
Of orange;
Tiny ones
Clothed in blue
With lemon hats.

Then slowly they all bent down
Until they disappeared,
There was nothing left
Except a burnt cinder.

C. R. Hughes, 4E, composed the next three poems.

JOURNEY'S END

He makes the final decision;
He grasps the sharpened knife;
He takes his only route to freedom
Through the prison bars of life.

LIFE'S LIKE THAT

The horses circled;
Spears struck shields;
The crowd roared
Out in the fields.
Horses reared;
Two swords clashed;
The Knight's shield rose;
His sword was smashed.
His horse stopped;
The Knight's shield dropped;
His head rolled off.
The cameras stopped.

ROOM UPSTAIRS ONLY

She sat there day after day,
Half crippled and alone.
Because she couldn't pay the bill,
She couldn't use the phone.
She always thought, until the end,
That they'd be coming soon—
A week, a month, a year to wait,
Or just an afternoon.
After three weeks they found her body—
Death had sown its seeds.
But even when she was buried
They sent no flowers—just weeds.

1. Fordham, 6MI provided the following two poems.

GLAD YOU CAME

Hi, Snow!
Glad to see you.
You're welcome here.
I'm so glad you could come.
I've been worried that you wouldn't.

But,
you're just what we needed
to complete the party.

You know—
Without you,
Christmas just wouldn't
be the same.

Yea,
I'm glad you came.

Hey,
Won't you stay a while?
Pull up a chair,
have a drink,
and a cheese biscuit?
I'm glad you came.

Now, it's Christmas—
I mean,
now, it's really Christmas.

And the celebrations?
Yea,
the celebrations are happier,
somehow,
with you around.
I'm really glad you came.

I'm so happy,
and so is my girl.
We're glad you came.

Stay a while.
And,
if I don't see you again
before you go,
come again next year.

I'm glad you came this year.
Yea.
I'm really glad you came.

LIGHTNING FROM AFAR

Miniature nebulae
dash about the horizon
leaping up here
and

there,
playing
wall-shadow figures
with the clouds.

A cosmic continuum
illuminates
the dark earth
to wonderful incandescence—
like multi-millions
of coloured wax candles—
inspiring the sky
to pure electrical beauty—
beauty
inimitable by man.

God!
it's marvellous!



TWO SONGS

R. A. Keefe, 6A2

I got dem old "don't let the monster that nibbles your brain cells crawl
out your mouth and make a meal of mankind" blues.

The day of doom is here at last.
The sirens they have rung.
Computer heart has missed a beat,
And now the war's begun.
Generals move their pawns around—
A victory must be scored—
Until a giant mushroom cloud
Sweeps them off the board.
To find the loser of the war
Just look in the mirror and see
An unseen victor no-one fought
Who's slain humanity.
The enemy's not over the sea;
It's not the Blacks or Reds.
The executioner of mankind
Lurks inside our heads.
The rise of mankind has been fast—
Too fast it may seem.
It's downfall would have been a flash
If this were not a dream.

ANTI-WAR CHANT

There's fussin' and fightin'
And plain criticisin',
And nobody's trying for peace in the world.

They'll just criticise you
And try to chastise you
For dreaming about a change in this world.

And why should I fight in
Some war they take pride in
And murder somebody who may be my friend.

Someone in Washington
Can press on a button
And bring this whole world crashing down to its end.

You think you can kid me—
You're trying to rid me
Of all of the dangers there are in this world,

But you won't think it's right
Till the stars and the stripes
Are flying in every town in this world.

Uncle Sam is the name of the man—
It's the same one
Who slaughtered the Nips with a hydrogen bomb.

The wonders of science
Can crush the defiance
Of those that great nation looks down upon.



SPORT

This section may seem to be given undue attention, but, as a result of the 'Spur's' reduction to a biannual, this issue records something of the whole range of sports played during the year and the complete reports of the major sports except for Rugby. We start with a winter hangover—

RUGBY

UNDER FIFTEEN SEVENS

Master-in-charge: P. E. Nicholls, Esq.

Captain: A. Jones.

Vice-Captain: A. Feist.

The first Tournament was the Merton Sevens for which we had high hopes, but these were soon shattered when we lost the first match to a harder Pollard's Hill team. The second match—against Wimbledon College II—was similarly disappointing, but we thereupon gained a celebrated victory over our close rivals, Rutlish II, which, unfortunately, was too late to affect the final outcome.

In spite of hard training for the Surrey Sevens we can report little but three disastrous defeats, the result mainly of the weather which with its contribution of snow and icy-cold wind seemed to dishearten the team.

I should like finally to thank Mr. Nicholls and the teams for putting in so much time respectively to coach and to play.

BASKET BALL

UNDER NINETEENS

Master-in-charge: P. E. Nicholls, Esq.

Captain: S. K. Young.

Hon. Secretary: C. A. Vipond.

Results:

- v Reigate—L. 12-57.
- v Strode's—L. 19-46.
- v Purley (Cup)—L. 22-25.
- v Sutton—L. 10-46.
- v Garth—W. 32-29.
- v Garth—L. 23-39.
- v Purley—L. 28-58.
- v Pelham—W. 40-32.
- v Reigate—L. 36-60.
- v Sutton—L. 14-24.
- v Strode's—L. 18-110.
- v Pelham—L. 42-46.
- v Purley—L. 18-56.

The matches against Glyn were not played.

This season's results were rather disappointing, but, as the team was young, future seasons should produce better results. The team was unfortunate in having to play in the Surrey Division I with very inexperienced players.

We were, however, fortunate in having a very helpful and enthusiastic captain, Steve Young. Although most of his senior members departed from the game, he did very well in maintaining the interest of the Fifth Year.

The team lacked consistency, but did play well on occasions and won three matches, the best being against Pelham.

The team consisted of: Young, Vipond, Kelly, Kensett, Wood, Gaffney, Gagen, Arnold, Anstes, Sampson, Mayer, Feist and Antonowicz.

Our thanks go to Messrs. Malone and Nicholls for their help, and to Norman for scoring.

A. Gagen.

COLTS

Results:

v Pelham—L. 14-18.

v Eastfields—W. 25-22.

v Purley(Cup)—L. 22-88.

v Pelham—L. 23-44.

v Eastfields—L. 16-39.

v Southborough—L. 18-48.

v Southborough—L. 23-59.

Mayford and St. Peter's withdrew from the League.

Size, which is a very important factor in this sport, was our main deficiency. This particular year in the School has always been recognised as being small, but the trend seems to have been continued with each new intake. The experience of teams such as Southborough also proved to be against us and we lost heavily to them both at home and away.

Although we were disappointed to find teams cancelling matches at the last minute and to win only one game, our spirit remained high. Our Cup hopes were, however, dashed by Purley, when with a much changed side, we lost heavily in the first round.

Our thanks go to Mr. Nicholls for the time he gave to coaching and refereeing.

Those who played—with enthusiasm—during the season were: S. A. Brown, Daley, L. Nicholls, Stephens, Jordan, Jones, Harris, Ishmael, Foster, Brambley, Feist.

A. Feist.

HOCKEY

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

Captain: S. K. Smith.

Secretary: T. I. Seeley.

Vice-Captain: G. Bartlett.

It is pleasing to note that Hockey still continues on a highly successful plane. School teams have won more cups and trophies this season than ever before and two very enjoyable Hockey Tours to the Continent have been arranged.

The First, Third, Under Fifteen and Fourteen elevens have won more matches than in previous years and our thanks are due to the captains and member of Staff in charge of all five elevens, for the enthusiasm throughout the term.

Great credit and thanks are due to Mr. John Warner at Oberon who has overcome drainage problems on the pitches, which are now greatly improved. It is very unfortunate, in this respect, that we shall have use of them only for one more season before the new primary school is built.

The First Eleven has done particularly well, sweeping the board in London competitions and reaching third place in the tougher Surrey Schools Sixes. There was a fine blend of youth and experience in the side which, although unpredictable, has played some of the finest schoolboy hockey seen at Raynes Park. It was led enthusiastically by Steve Smith, whom I thank for a task well done. Much of the background work has been covered by Trevor Seeley, our Secretary, who has worked extremely efficiently. Finally, I should like to thank Merton Hockey Club for their unfailing provision of umpires and friendly advice, Mrs. Peggy Warner for our refreshments, and the small band of loyal supporters who regularly turn out to encourage the teams.

Trophies from Open Competition:

London Schools Senior Knock-out Cup.

London Schools Senior Festival Trophy.

Merton Schools Senior Cup.

Merton Schools U.15 Cup.

Eindhoven International Festival 'Fair Play' Cup.

Colours: Smith, Bartlett, Mayer, Feist, Holmes, Young, Seeley, Vipond, Kerse.

Half-Colours: Marjoram, Gagen, Onraet, Hosier, Miles, Petley, Finch, Sharpe, Lovell, Dodd.

M.J.S.

Record of School Teams:

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals	
					For	Agst.
1st XI	20	12	4	4	64	30
2nd XI	13	3	2	8	21	22
3rd XI	11	7	1	3	19	9
U.15 XI	13	7	1	5	42	32
U.14 XI	13	5	2	6	39	41
Totals ...	70	34	10	26	185	134

London Senior Knock-out Cup:

2nd Round—Tulse Hill	W 3-0
3rd Round—Forest Hill	D 1-1
Replay	W 2-1
Semi-final—Crown Woods	W 3-1
Final—Selhurst	W 3-1 (after extra time)

Surrey Festival Results

Senior Sixes	U.15 Sixes	U.14 Festival
Eastfields W 1-0	Trinity W 0-0*	Cranleigh L 0-3
K.C.S. D 0-0	Shirley W 1-1*	Whitgift L 0-2
St. George's W 1-0	Alleyns W 1-0	Kingston L 1-5
Reigate W 2-0	Kingston L 0-8	Dulwich L 0-1
Reeds D 0-0		

*Drawn games won on corners

2nd to Reeds	2nd to Kingston	Play-off
Semi-Final:	Semi-Final:	Reigate 0-0
Kingston L 0-3	St. George's L 0-3	Position: 9th

London Festival Results

Senior	U.15	U.14
Group:	Group:	Group:
Thames Valley W 4-0	Kynaston D 0-0	Westminster City D 0-0
Preston Manor W 3-0	Forest Hill D 1-1	Owens L 1-4
Hillcroft W 3-1	Hillcroft D 0-0	Tulse Hill D 0-0
		Hillcroft W 1-0
Finals:	Play-off:	Play-off:
Owens W 1-0	Preston Manor W 3-0	Eastfields D 2-2
Southfields D 1-1	Winchmore W 3-1	
Forest Hill W 2-0	Salvatorian W 1-0	
Position: 1st	Position: 9th	Position: 3rd

Merton Festival Results

Senior	U.15	U.14
Eastfields W 2-0	Eastfields 'B' W 3-0	Raynes Park 'B' W 3-1
Raynes Park 'B' W 1-0	Eastfields W 1-0	Eastfields D 0-0
Rutlish D 1-1	Raynes Park 'B' W 4-0	Eastfields 'B' W 4-0
Position: 1st	Position: 1st	Position: 2nd

Results of Inter-School Matches

	1st XI	2nd XI	3rd XI	U.15 XI	U.14 XI
Crown Woods ...	1-0			1-2	3-2
Whitgift ...	0-2	2-3	0-0		
K.C.S. ...	0-3	0-0		0-0	
Eastfields ...				2-0	2-2
Rutlish ...		6-0	1-0		
Wallington ...		0-3			
Trinity ...	0-0	1-0	3-1	2-1	2-0
Watford ...	3-2	0-1	1-0	2-4	0-3
Owens ...	3-0	2-3	1-2	0-3	0-2
Kingston ...	2-2		0-2	0-5	0-7
Langley Park ...	0-1	2-2		2-0	0-3
Elliott ...	1-3				
Royal Russell ...					4-0
Thames Valley ...		1-2	1-0		
St. George's Coll. ...	2-0	6-2	1-2		
Windsor ...	4-0	0-1		0-1	4-0
Dulwich Coll. ...					1-2
Alleyns ...	4-0		3-0	5-1	
Reigate ...	2-0			7-0	10-0
Wuppertal ...	5-1				
Staff ...	2-2	1-2	3-2		
Owens ...				1-0	1-1
Crown Woods ...					0-1

FIRST ELEVEN

Goalscorers (including Festivals): Feist, 18; Smith, 11; Kerse, 9; Young, Vipond, Bartlett, 6; Seeley, 5; Holmes, 2; Hosier.

This season of the 1st XI has been a great success. Only two games were cancelled because of bad weather, and with all the Cup games and Six-a-side tournaments on Sundays, the team has been at full-stretch throughout.

Only five matches were lost, probably the worst display being against Elliott, whom we were leading at one time. Early in the season we lost to Whitgift despite playing well, and later on to King's College. The latter school proved very spirited opponents; but the score flattered them, and revenge next season would be very sweet.

Among the many notable results we achieved, however, were a good win over Windsor, and draws against our old enemies, Kingston and Trinity. The second of these, especially, produced some of our most fluent hockey of the season, and was a joy to play in. The real strength of the team this year was in the Cup competitions, both of which we won. The hardest tie in the London Cup was against Forest Hill—we needed a replay to beat them—and in the final we raised our game sufficiently to beat a very skilful Selhurst side by three goals to one.

The London Festival, played over two days this year, failed to present much of an obstacle to our "double-seeking" team. We won all three qualifying matches, and then went on to beat Forest Hill and Owens and draw with Southfields to take the Cup.

Adopting a basic squad of fourteen players for the season, we were able to direct our tactics towards each individual, rather than to positions. This meant that many players became very versatile, and it also furthered the spirit of playing for the team. Indeed, emphasis was placed on teamwork—our intricate short-corner system demonstrating this—while individual skills blossomed along the line. We played a basic hockey formation for most of the season, but towards the end we adopted the use of a "sweeper", and this proved very successful.

The spirit of the team was high throughout and Smith, the captain, should be praised for this. His highly-skilled play was also a good example to the team. Individual mention must also be made of Feist, who was by far the top goalscorer, and of Bartlett, Mayer and Young, whose seniority held the defence together. Smith and Feist must also be thanked for arranging a successful Hockey Supper at the end of term.

Finally, I should like to thank Mr. Shaw for giving up so much time for the team—his organisation, leadership and criticism were invaluable.

T. Seeley.

The 1st Eleven Squad was: Bartlett, Bates, Devine, Feist, Gagen, Holmes, Hosier, Kerse, Marjoram, Mayer, Seeley, Smith, Vipond and Young.

First Eleven Mini-tour to Eindhoven, Holland, at Easter.

Over the last two years the School has sent a senior squad to play matches all over Holland. This year events led us to make the trip a five-day tour to Eindhoven in Holland, to play in the local hockey club's "Wielewaal Tournament".

Mr. Shaw led and organised the trip, having the unenviable task of driving thirteen boys around in a minibus. We should like to thank him for putting up with us!

Tour Details.

Friday, 23rd April: Met at School 7.30 except for N.D. who arrived at 7.40, and even then had forgotten his goalkeeping pads! This meant a slight detour before we had started to take in Worcester Park.

Finally began journey. Had no time to stop on the way, although C.H. could have done with it, and reached Ramsgate with only four minutes to spare. Crossed Channel on Hovercraft to Calais—no paper bags needed. From Calais, drove unceremoniously to De-Panne in Belgium, where we stopped for a drink. After taking the wrong road on the motorway (P.F. was the navigator), finally reached Antwerp and the Youth Hostel.

Saturday, 24th April: Woken-up by "sweet" music over the loudspeakers at the Y.H. After a typical Continental breakfast we remounted our "trojan horse" transit and made for Eindhoven, a kind of advanced Kingston (and with the same talent). Lunch in clubhouse; then taken to H.T.C.C. by our hostess for the week-end, Lady Barbara (affectionately: Babs).

Played first two games in tournament:

Raynes Park 1, H.T.C.C. 1. (Scorer: Smith).

Raynes Park 0, S.C.H.C. 4.

These testing games were played to the accompaniment of various popular tunes played over the loudspeaker system. This was obviously extremely off-putting, but the team played fairly well in the circumstances, especially in the first match.

After the games, we were introduced to our hosts, who took us individually, or in pairs, back to their homes for dinner. Then we were taken to the highlight of our social activities—a "Grand Ball" at the local student centre. There turned out to be an excellent band called "Mickey Finn" who entertained those who still needed entertaining, and drove out the rest.

Sunday, 25th April: Played two other matches in morning. However, no-one had recovered sufficiently from the previous night to be pronounced fit to play. Therefore the team was decided by the first eleven boys who reached the pitch!

Raynes Park 0, Zwolle 0.

Raynes Park 0, Hanau (Germany) 1.

More music during the games—C.M. spent half the first match dancing to 'Cream'. Then discovered we had won the "Fair Play Cup" for the Tournament—much to everyone's surprise. This resulted in S.S. collecting the Cup in the afternoon and treating us to a most eloquent speech in six languages!

Had previously watched finals of tournament in their Stadium. In evening went back to families again. A good evening was had by most—G.B. watched television; J.M. danced the night away after a Chinese meal; J.B. (with Herman leading the way) and others went for a 'dwind'.

Monday, 26th April: Met at Eindhoven station 10.00 a.m. Stopped at Belgian café for lunch—the steak was nearly as red as N.H.'s face after he'd seen the waitress. Arrived back in Antwerp mid-afternoon; did some shopping in the pouring rain, and then went back to the Youth Hostel.

Tuesday, 27th April: A quick breakfast, and away! Lunch at De Panne, then through Bruges to Calais. J.M. displayed his skill with the camera in the sand-dunes of Calais.

Hovercraft back to Ramsgate, and a clear passage through Customs (it must have been C.V.'s politeness). Started back to London with a bag of good old English fish and chips. After a windy start, we had a smooth ride home (although N.D. was nearly left behind, and will forever remain indebted to P.F., who saved him).

Arrived back at R.P. about 9.30 p.m., needing a day off school to recover. Thus a very gay time was had by all!

Touring Party: Smith, Feist, Bartlett, Mayer, Young, Holmes, Bates, Kerse, Devine, Seeley, Marjoram, Vipond, Hosier and Mr. M. J. Shaw.

T.S. (aided and abetted by N.H.).

Pen Pictures:

P.F.: Had a few 'Boobs' on the tour.

G.B.: Nina wasn't there, but he enjoyed home life just the same.

J.B.: Number three—didn't get his man but got Herman.

N.H.: Wanted to go camping but got in a tiff instead.

C.H.: Missed his Mum.

J.K.: Missed his Dad.

C.M.: Had an entroyable time, but nearly slipped a disc.

J.M.: Wanted to have a gay time, but got into trouble instead.

T.S.: The part-time, white-suited Casanova.

S.S.: Enjoyed his visit to the Leatherlands!

C.V.: Got cross on the tour and very hung up.

S.Y.: Opponents kept tripping over his stick.

N.D.: Oops! Late again—blew everyone's minds.

SECOND ELEVEN

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

Captain: A. D. Miles.

Goalscorers: Sell, 6; Russell, 4; Miles, Bates, Pettley, Marsh, 2; Hays, Cossey, Hosier.

The season started badly as far as results are concerned, but we lost several matches by the odd goal. Both results and the standard of play rose, however, through the season, based mainly on a hard (if a little inclined to panic) defence; the forward play was rather more patchy, but was, at times, very effective. The two finest matches of the season were against Trinity, when some of the best teamwork and greatest luck of the season showed itself at the opportune moments, and against St. George's, who are always a school well worth beating, particularly by a big margin!

We played against three first elevens, and this proved good experience in losing to Wallington and Thames Valley, and served to bolster up our end-of-season goal aggregate in the match against Rutlish. We lost to Owens through 'intimidation' of superior size more than superior skill, and ran out unlucky losers to Watford in a tight and hard game.

We suffered from four cancelled fixtures. Despite the rather mediocre appearance the season's results give, there was a good team spirit, more welcome as the team was selected from such a large pool of players.

Thanks to W.P.H. for coaching and helping to organise us, and for his vigour and support.

* * * *

Andrew Miles led his team with great steadiness and good sense throughout the season: his presence in the midfield acted time and time again as an anchor for the side to depend on in times of tempestuous attack, and as the mainspring of our own offensives. My thanks to him for his excellent captaincy on and off the field.

W.P.H.

THIRD ELEVEN

Masters-in-charge: Messrs. W. Holmes and M. Shaw.

Captain: C. Dodd.

Goalscorers: Hays, 5; Willcox, Sell, Wood, 3; Marsh, Russell, 2; Gaffney.

Throughout the season the team played well above expectations, winning many more matches than losing. This fact has been achieved through great spirit and determination by each player. Considering the number of team changes the results achieved were very respectable.

Both attack and defence played solidly; but mistakes were often made. At the start of the season the attack lacked real penetration and teamwork; as a result of several practices these faults were, however, ironed out. This fact was shown by the two games against Rutlish: early in the season we won 1-0, but in our final match we won 5-0. The defence, overcoming a weakness on the left, played very well, and as the results show very few goals were conceded.

On a few occasions the team played below standard and then we lost. One of these matches was against St. George's, who for three-quarters of the match were on top and scored twice. We pulled ourselves together and in the end only narrowly lost. Several of our matches were rather 'physical', especially the match against Owens. In the match against Thames Valley we were on top for the first half; but complacency nearly lost us the game when in the second we did not attack, relying on the defence to keep the narrow lead. Luckily we held out.

Mention must be made of several players—Sell, Hays and Willcox were stalwarts in the centre. On the wings Cossey and Wood made several chances. The centre of the field was commanded by Dodd, Gaffney, Chart and Chapman. The full backs, though lacking in flair, played well and solidly. The goalkeeping was variable—on some occasions very good.

The following have played during the season: Gagen, Antonowicz, Devine, Kelly, Couper, Brown, Gaffney, Chapman, Chart, Finch, Lovell, Wood, Marsh, Cossey, Russell, Sell, Hays, Willcox, Dodd.

To Mr. Shaw and Mr. Holmes we give our thanks for their valuable help and encouragement.

M. J. Gaffney.

UNDER FIFTEEN ELEVEN

Master-in-charge: J. G. Smith, Esq.

Captain: T. Harris.

Goalscorers (including Festivals): Weller, 16; Feist, 8; Harris, 5, Jones, 4; Jordan, 3; Haibatan, 2; Harrison, Dow, Frohnsdorff, Spencer.

A marginal defeat to start the season—by Crown Woods—was followed by a run of successes in which we defeated our local rivals, Eastfields. The winning vein was interrupted when we lost away to Owens by 0-3, but revenge at home later was sweet when we won by the only goal scored. This was one of our home successes which remained 100%, the climax coming with a final 7-0 victory over Reigate. Our previously unsuccessful year group also won our first Cup—in the Merton Under Fifteen Festival.

These successes were due mainly to the persisting spirit of the team for whom the following played: Campbell, Feist (A.), Jordan, Mugg, Weller, Haibatan, Harrison, Dow, Spencer, Martin, Jones, Frohnsdorff, Masson, Philpott, Foster.

Finally, we thank our coach for his encouragement throughout the term.

Under Fifteen in Holland.

All members of this team on tour would probably agree that it was both successful and enjoyable: successful in that out of the five matches played we won four, although maybe not with the style and ease that our team manager, J.G.S., expected of us; enjoyable owing to the great hospitality and kindness shown to us by the Dutch people—both the team players and the families that took our members into their homes.

After an early start, the minibus, driven skilfully by M.J.S., and dangerously by that uninvited member, B.C., reached Ramsgate Hovercraft station in time for what was for many their first trip on an Hovercraft but from which nothing of the sea could be seen. From Calais, the vehicles made their way across Northern France and Belgium into Antwerp, everyone taking turns for the privilege of being in J.G.S.'s car because of the radio or being out of the minibus owing to the violent guitar playing.

After staying at the Antwerp Youth Hostel for the night, learning some "interesting" words from certain German members, we journeyed across Holland to Arnhem for a splendid meal served in a style which was rather above our simple standards. We were to indulge in quite a number of more expensive and lavish meals until the standards at home had become quite poor!

Then we went on to play Apeldoorn Mixed Hockey Club, who were the one team who succeeded in beating us. Our excuses were many and varied—they were older than we were; the weather was bad, and we were not used to playing in Holland. We lost 1-2.

We then travelled up to the flat land of Zwolle after a night at a Youth Hostel without incident and played Zwolle Seconds whom, of course, we beat 3-0. Everyone was then billeted out to various families, with the result that we could discuss on the next morning whose family was best. After another successful match against Zwolle's First team everyone set off for a tour of the Polderland and the Zuyder Zee on which we proceeded to learn more "interesting" words from the Dutch boys.

The minibus continued on its predestined path to Arnhem, having already received a knock at the hands of none other than B.C. We were truly amazed to find ourselves going up a hill at Arnhem where the pattern of the next two days was similar to that at Zwolle. We easily beat the Seconds and narrowly the Firsts in a 1-0 drama. Then it was home via Brugge and the Hovercraft.

J. H. Dow.

UNDER FOURTEEN ELEVEN

Master-in-charge: P. E. Nicholls, Esq.

Captain: T. Adams.

The season was noteworthy for the number of goals scored for and against: our biggest defeat was 0-7 by Kingston; our greatest win was 10-0 at the expense of Reigate.

Three festivals were entered, the first, the London Competition, unfortunately being held when several of the team had escaped to the Mediterranean. The attack lacked thrust with the result that few goals were scored even against mediocre opposition. We finished third equal with Eastfields. On the following day in the 'Surrey', when the opposition was strongest, we suffered four defeats and of five games, finishing ninth after drawing with Reigate.

The Merton Festival was a limited one, only our 'A' and 'B' entering with two teams from Eastfields. The two 'A' teams won their two matches, but Eastfields on better goal average won the deciding match after a goalless draw.

The following have represented the team: Kidd, Amin, Devine, Masterman, Pike, Adams (J.), Allen, Barrow, Broughton, Burt, Curry, Eager, Mason, Morgan, Whitton, Davies (M.), Jones, Sainsbury, Hope, Lone.

CRICKET

FIRST ELEVEN

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

Captain: R. Barford.

Hon. Secretary: P. N. Russell.

Results (School's score first):

- v. Battersea (H): lost — 81; 82-3. (Russell 28).
- v. Hampton (H): lost — 61; 65-1. (Barford 22).
- v. Wimbledon Coll. (A): lost — 62; 152-9 dec. (Miles 20).
- v. Rutlish (H): won — 121; 56 (Russell 26 and 3-1; Vipond 26; Mayer 4-6).
- v. Bec (H): won — 51-2; 47 (Holmes 4-13).
- v. Shene (H): drawn — 67-9; 119-5 dec. (Miles 40; Vipond 4-27).
- v. City Freemen's (A): lost — 98; 135-4 dec. (Gaffney 26 n.o.; Kerse 26).
- v. Old Boys (H): lost — 112-9 dec.; 115-3 (Barford 31).
- v. The Staff (H): drawn — 116-9; 139-8 dec. (Gaffney 38 n.o.; Mayer 30).
- v. Reigate (H): lost — 35; 181-9 dec. (Kerse 6-65).

This has been a disappointing season, though not without effort or enthusiasm. Batting early on lacked confidence, but looked up against Rutlish and Bec, eventually giving some hope for the rest of the season, but against Shene after a solid start, the middle-order batsmen collapsed, leaving Beckett and Young to save the match, the latter repeating his performance with Gaffney when, for twenty minutes, they denied the Staff an unusual victory. Any tenacity then shown vanished, however, before Reigate when only Young faced a very fast bowler with any courage. In this final game only Russell and Kerse stood up to their powerful batting onslaught, when our bowling was without the services of Bartlett, Holmes and Vipond on whom it had been dependent until the Old Boys' match.

Miles and Kelly provided some useful opening partnerships and Gaffney developed confidence and scoring power as the season progressed. Mayer was unluckily often out when trying to play shots. Holmes and Vipond spearheaded the attack, their penetrative powers increasing with greater accuracy, the former securing a hat-trick against Bec. Beckett's slow bowling lured some batsmen to self-destruction, while the rest of the team regarded themselves as all-rounders.

The fielding was rather inconsistent, but Miles often shone, Sell provided amusement and Young added to his value as a batsman by 'keeping' competently.

Thanks are due to Mr. Cosens for the many hours he spent in organising and in coaching. We hope he will enjoy West Indian cricket and that it will benefit from his experience. Thanks, too, once again to Mr. Warner for his excellent pitches and interest in our performances, and to Mrs. Warner for her catering.

Full Colours were awarded to C. B. Mayer, P. N. Russell, A. D. Miles, N. A. Holmes, R. Barford.

Half Colours were awarded to C. A. Vipond, C. R. Kelly, T. I. Seeley.

The following, in addition to the Colours, played with more or less regularity: Bartlett, Beckett, Bellamy, Curry, Gaffney, Kensett, Kerse, Marjoram, Sell, Young.

Averages.

BATTING			Innings	Not out	Highest score	Runs	Average
Gaffney	8	2	38 n.o.	99	16.5
Barford	10	1	31	129	14.1
Miles	9	0	40	116	12.9
Russell	8	0	28	67	8.4
Mayer	10	1	30	72	8.0
BOWLING			Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Beckett	13	1	60	6	10
Holmes	66.1	15	127	11	11.5
Bartlett	21.4	6	66	5	13.2
Vipond	56	12	149	9	16.2
Kerse	30	1	103	6	17.2

CATCHES

Young, 6 (and 2 stumpings); Barford, Kensett, 4; Bartlett, Beckett, Kelly, 3.

SECOND ELEVEN

Master-in-charge: J. S. Wyatt, Esq.

Captain: T. I. Seeley.

Results (School's score first):

- v. Battersea (A); lost — 61; 95 (Marjoram 5-41).
- v. Wimbledon Coll. (H); lost — 56; 99 (Marjoram 5-44; Kerse 20).
- v. Staff (H); lost — 85; 89-5 (Miles 26).
- v. Rutlish (A); drawn — 157-5 dec.; 64-7 (Hays 28; Sell 28; Marjoram 23 n.o.; Kerse 4-15).
- v. Hampton (A); drawn — 33-7; 123-6 dec.
- v. Bec (A); won — 81-7; 80 (Kerse 5-31; Marjoram 4-27; Seeley 23; Marjoram 21 n.o.).
- v. Chiswick (A); lost — 21; 147.
- v. Old Boys (H); won — 69-2; 65 (Jordan 4-11; Wright 41).
- v. Reigate (A); won — 105; 77 (Davies 21; Seeley 4-25; Sell 4-30).

Once again the Second Eleven had found it exceedingly difficult to raise teams throughout the season. As always happens, our best players—those on whom we rely to give results—were snatched from us early on by the First Eleven and, towards the end of the season, half a dozen or so junior cricketers played for the team.

However, at the end of the season we found ourselves in the situation of being the second most successful team in the School. As far as results went, the season can be split into two halves. We began badly by losing three of our first four games—to Battersea, the Staff (who must this year rank as good as most First Eleven sides) and Wimbledon College. Of the three I think the last one was the worst performance when our batting failed throughout.

Then came the match against Rutlish, and a distinct change came over the team. We batted to 157-5 declared—with all the recognised batsmen making runs—but just failed to bowl out the opposition. This game seemed to inject a little spirit into the team and from then on we began to get results. A good, efficient win against Bec was followed by a disastrous effort against Ohiswick, but the team rallied later to record two excellent wins in the last two matches—both played without our two opening bowlers!

So the team finished the season in high spirits—a far cry from the wretched beginning. In all, twenty-six boys represented the Second Eleven at some stage during the season, but the team had a regular core of six or seven players who played in nearly every match—among those, Kerse and Marjoram should both be praised for their consistent all-round performances, Hays for his tenacity as an opener, Lovell for his steady form with the bat, and Arthur for being the only 'ever-present' in the team. I should also like to thank Lovett for filling-in for me in my absence and for some sound advice when I asked for it.

Lastly, I should like to thank all those members of Staff who gave up their Saturday afternoons to umpire, and especially Mr. Wyatt for his encouragement in times of need.

Regular members of the Second Eleven were: Kerse, Lovell, Arthur, Marjoram, Merton, Davies, Lovett, Saunders, Hays and Seeley.

Other contributors were: Beckett, Amin (G.), Sell, Smith (C.), Kensett, Harris, Miles, Gaffney, Baker, Brown (G.), Jordan, Ishmael, Wright, Sainsbury, Devine and Greig.

* * * *

Second Eleven captaincy is always difficult: Seeley's predecessors have set high standards which he has excelled. Thanks and congratulations to him.

J.S.W.

UNDER FOURTEEN ELEVEN

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

Captain: S. J. Curry.

Results (School's score first):

P. 11; W. 8; D. 2; L. 1.

- v. Battersea (A); drawn — 132; 93-5 (Amin 36, Curry 33, Barrow 23).
- v. Hampton (A); won — 124-7 dec.; 59. (Curry 65, Wright 5-23).
- v. Eastfields (A); won — 123-5 dec.; 110. (Curry 61 n.o., Amin 33, Curry 6-34).
- v. Wimbledon Coll. (A); won — 149-9 dec.; 66. (Curry 41, Lamb 21, Wright 21, Amin 4-8, Wright 4-12).
- v. Ruttlish (A); won — 156; 69. (Wright 67, Devine 27, Amin 20, Curry 4-19).
- v. Bec (H); lost — 69; 74. (Curry 26).
- v. Purley (H); won — 92-7 dec.; 26. (Amin 42 n.o., Sainsbury 20, Wright 5-7).
- v. Shene (H); won — 37-1; 36. (Sainsbury 21 n.o., Lamb 6-4, Wright 4-14).
- v. Glastonbury (H); won — 127-8 dec.; 46. (Amin 48 n.o., Lamb 8-9).
- v. Merton U.13 XI (H); won — 135-3 dec.; 29. (Curry 37, Sainsbury 35, Lewcock 30 n.o.).
- v. Reigate (A); drawn — 130-2 dec.; 94-7. (Curry 75 n.o., Ishmael 34 n.o.).

In a very enjoyable season we have succeeded in producing our best results so far as a team, the introduction of three or four players from neighbouring schools helping to inspire us to greater keenness. We have indeed been fortunate to have several performers who have proved their ability to score runs or take wickets at vital moments.

The fact that in eight matches we comfortably topped the hundred emphasises the batting successes, but the most improved part of our cricket was in the fielding, which was of a very high standard throughout the season.

A few players must be singled out for mention as they have played an important part in the winning of our games. Amin has developed into a close-to-the-wicket specialist and has taken catches that many would have never got near. His batting also has added considerable strength to our middle order. Wright has been the spearhead of the fast bowling attack taking most wickets; his fielding has also been a valuable asset to the team as he has snapped up difficult chances. Mention, too, must be made of his accurate average calculations which appeared on the notice board every Monday morning. Sainsbury has kept wicket throughout the season most tidily and efficiently. He has gained in confidence, has taken some handsome catches, and has made five neat stumpings.

Lamb found his length and direction in mid-season when he averaged 7 or 8 wickets per match. He should be a useful swing bowler next year if he maintains a good line and length. Ishmael has proved himself to be a competent off-spinner and should do well next season.

It was a pity that Bec defeated us again—the only occasion our batting faltered; however a tail-end effort by Morgan nearly won us the game.

I should like to thank O'Sullivan, who scored regularly and keenly. Finally, a word of gratitude for Mr. Shaw, who coached us at nets and regularly umpired our games. His interest contributed to the team's winning eight out of eleven games.

The team was regularly chosen from: Amin, Devine, Wright, Ishmael, Morgan, Lewcock, Sainsbury, Lamb, Barrow, Broughton, Port, North, Donovan, O'Sullivan, Curry.

BATTING DETAILS:

	Innings	Not out	Runs	Average
Curry	11	3	354	44.25
Amin	8	2	204	34.00
Wright	9	1	135	16.87
Ishmael	10	3	89	12.71
Lewcock	8	3	58	11.60
Sainsbury	11	1	110	11.00

BOWLING DETAILS:

	Overs	Runs	Wickets	Average
Lamb	43	73	21	3.47
Amin	49	106	19	5.57
Wright	83	177	29	6.10
Curry	58	133	18	7.38
	* * * *			

It has been a great pleasure to be associated with a group of lads who not only have been so keen to learn and play but also have such cricketing talents. Considerable credit must go to Steve Curry who has led the side admirably. His batting, full of craft and patience, has been outstanding and has set a standard of concentration for the rest of the side. He reads the game with increasing skill and has handled his side in the field with authority. As a bowler his niggling accuracy has ensured vital wickets. On the few occasions when he has failed with the bat, the team have never let him down. Well done, lads! It was a great season and very likely a record one for the number of matches won by any school eleven.

M.J.S.

SINGLE WICKET COMPETITION FOR THE WARNER TROPHY

Fifteen of the School's greatest cricketers and B.C. gathered in front of the pavilion at Oberon on a bright summer's evening in July. Despite despairing efforts from the latter to fix the draw, the Single Wicket Competition went smoothly, with the only upset being B.C.'s reaching the semi-finals!

Thanks must go to the following: Mr. Warner for preparing the table, and Mrs. Warner for setting it; members of the U.14 XI for fielding with such enthusiasm; R. Barford for not winning the Trophy again (Irony).

Results—Semi-finals: E.P. beat L.R.K., J. Marjoram beat B.C.
Final: E.P. beat J. Marjoram.

P. Russell.

STAFF ELEVEN

Although the opportunity seemed to loom large for two regular members of the team—rarely were there more than eleven available—to hit out with characteristic oratory—the tip of their Biro being more productive than the edge of their bat—and to leave behind their scintillating cricketing obituaries, an unprecedented exhibition of humility seemed to have prevented them or their anecdotal rivals from explaining how it was that all their thirteen matches did not end in victory. Perhaps the idea of swan songs reminded them too much of a golden marine bird that followed them about with monotonous frequency, or perhaps the fear of facing real cricket in the Tropics *Sobered* one of them, or perhaps the other was distracted from any egotistic *Lionizing* by the thought of another shaped ball being used antipodally. Maybe, too, they did not want to take the limelight from those fellow-performers who were vacationally bowling maidens over or being well spliced—causing them to declare quietly their own Oberon innings closed.

Be all these perhapses as they may, the Staff Room will not be the same place without the ringing sounds of masterly descriptions of even more masterly performances with leather or willow, of undeserved and inexplicable defeats, of appalling treatment by Fate, of blind and deaf alien umpires unable to grant their unconvincing appeals.

Nevertheless, others are learning the ropes, feverishly working out averages to the third decimal place—which is as far as some reach—proclaiming new records for the tenth wicket and the nineteenth hole, claiming new distinctions in bowling the longest over yet or in dropping more catches per innings, and—who knows—someone next year may even undertake the task of official scribe. Until then, however, we can only, reluctantly, proffer a few figures.

Results (Staff fortunes first):

- v. School 2nd XI: won — 89-5; 85. (G. Morgan 6-18, P.E.N. 39 n.o., M.J.S. 32).
- v. Kingston: won — 90-4; 88-5 (P.E.N. 3-35, G. Morgan 40 n.o.).
- v. Bec Staff: drawn — 161-6 dec.; 106-3.
- v. King's Park: lost — 154; 155-5. (M.J.S. 62, E.P. 49 and 4-48).
- v. Hampton Staff: won — 119-7; 118-6 dec. (B.C. 3-31, P.E.N. 40).
- v. Fulham Police: drawn — 55; 54-8. (P.E.N. 4-21).
- v. Beverley Staff: drawn — 79; 55-9. (P.E.N. 4-13, D. F. Aldridge 3-17).

- v. Portland Borstal Staff: lost—83; 139. (D. F. Alldridge 3-36, M.M. 4-22, J.W. 3-6, J.W.D. 15!).
- v. King's Park: lost—74; 75-8. (E.P. 4-24).
- v. Old Boys: drawn—118-7; 133-9 dec. (E.P. 3-39, P. Saunders 4-31).
- v. School 1st XI: drawn—139-8 dec.; 116-9. (P.E.N. 31 and 3-39, N.T.P. 4-38).
- v. Parents: won—116-6; 113. (E.P. 3-15, D. F. Alldridge 4-22, G.D.N.G. 39, M.J.S. 37 no.).
- v. Middle Schools XI: won—100-4; 99-8 dec. (D. F. Alldridge 3-26, P.E.N. 38).

BATTING

Qualification: Five completed innings.

	Innings	Not out	Highest score	Runs	Average
P.E.N.	8	2	40	172	28.67
M.J.S.	12	3	62	251	27.89
E.P.	11	4	49	174	24.86
R. Kelly	6	1	27	80	16.00
J.G.S.	11	1	22	117	11.70
M.M.	8	3	25	54	10.80
D. F. Alldridge	7	2	12	35	7.00
L.R.K.	8	0	28	53	6.63
J.W.D.	9	1	16	49	6.13
B.C.	9	0	9	30	3.33
J.W.	8	0	12	23	2.88

Non-qualifiers included two guest artists—Morgan (G.), not the Professor, who had two not out innings out of three and totalled 71, and Pannell (A. R.) whose four innings produced 46 runs.

BOWLING

Qualification: Bowled in five innings.

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
P.E.N.	87	24	220	19	11.58
D. F. Alldridge	46	6	175	15	11.67
M.M.	46.5	10	99	7	13.72
E.P.	102.3	24	293	21	13.95
J.W.	25	—	101	6	16.83
B.C.	51	6	172	8	21.50

In this sphere guest-star Morgan (G.) took 6 for 61 in 23 overs, and Saunders (P.) 6 for 43 in 14 overs.

CATCHES: J.G.S. 11 (+ 10 stumpings); J.W.D., B.C., M.M., D. F. Alldridge, A. J. Harris, 3; L.R.K., Zarbock, G. Morgan, J.W., M.J.S., R. Kelly, 1.

ATHLETICS

Master-in-charge: P. E. Nicholls, Esq.

Captains — Over Seventeens: D. W. Evans.

Under Seventeens: I. S. Evans.

Under Sixteens: A. D. Feist.

Under Fifteens: M. S. Petrides.

Hon. Secretary: S. N. Newton.

Results:

	Age Groups	Points
School	U.15, U.17	298
Glyn	O.17	295
Sutton		263
School	U.17, O.17	156
Kingston		118
Surrey A.C.		102
School	U.15, U.17	366
Eastfields	O.17	279
Pelham		222
School	U.15, U.16	250
Beverley		188
Pollards Hill		22
School	U.15, U.16	244
Tiffin		219
Shene		147
K.C.S.	U.15, O.16	143
School		105
School	U.15, U.16	237
Rutlish	O.16	232

Merton District: U.15 2nd; U.17 1st; O.17 1st.

Merton Relays: Overall 2nd (89 points); Rutlish 1st (90 points).

Despite the absence of serious training by most of the teams, another successful season was enjoyed. On most occasions we have been fully represented in every event, and have suffered only two defeats. Many new records have been established, including five Walking records by J. Goddard.

After a victorious start at Oberon, when Glyn and Sutton were our visitors, we went to Norbiton to defeat Kingston and Surrey A.C. Then came probably our finest meeting, when we won two of the age groups in the District Championships to retain the Intermediate and Senior Shields and finished overall first. The strength of our middle distance running was especially in evidence.

Our lack of really outstanding performers, however, became unfortunately apparent in the Surrey Grammar School Sports, but the week afterwards Pelham and Eastfields were comfortably defeated and while the Seniors were coming to grips with external examiners the Under Fifteen and Sixteen Groups showed the way to four schools.

We were well represented in the Surrey Schools' Championships, in which I. S. Evans ran especially well to gain second place in the 800 metres. Thereafter we had to be content with two overall second places, but completed the season with some vengeance when Rutlish succumbed to us.

Of other individual performers C. Hughes and S. Stone have run consistently for the Colts; C. Brambley and M. Stephens are to be complimented on their High Jumping; R. Bradley, G. Catlin and M. S. Petrides deserve congratulations for their Under Fifteen running; in the Senior Sprints A. Gagen, J. Marjoram and C. Hosier raced well, and C. Kelly has proved his value in the Senior Shot.

We are fortunate in being able to thank Mr. Gleed for being our regular Chief Starter; D. Norman for almost always succeeding in gaining most points as our Recorder; many of the Staff who have spent Friday evenings as officials; and Mr. Warner for always having the track in excellent appearance and condition. Finally, we owe particular thanks to Mr. Nicholls who in his first season with us has done so much organising in order to produce a high standard at all our meetings.

Colours were re-awarded to Evans (D.), Randall and Newton, and awarded to Afzal, Evans (I.), Gagen, Goddard, Marjoram. Half-Colours were gained by Davies, Fordham, Hosier, Tupper.

S. N. Newton.

HOUSE ATHLETICS CHAMPIONSHIPS

In excellent conditions, with both the weather and track inviting fine performances at Motspur Park, we enjoyed a smoothly run, successful Sports. Several new athletes came into prominence and became valuable members of the School team. Newsoms again led the way and continued comfortably in front as the Qualifying continued through the term.

Some Old Boys and, for that matter, some still present at School may wonder whether their eyes and/or memories are deceiving them when they read some of the times in the Records column below: in fact 'Going Metric' has had its difficulties and differences of opinion, but now the Conversion Tables have been more deedly surveyed with the effect that a few record-holders have lost their status and been relegated to oblivion; others may not recall achieving the time conferred upon them—which in any case may have been modified as they were, perhaps, in doubt last year when an arbitrary performance appeared to have been granted to them. Record holders in Field Events can, however, relax smugly, knowing that their distances remain exempt from alteration except to metres.

Results Record 1 2 3

OVER 17

100m.	Brewer '70, 11.6s.	Marjoram (M) 12.2s.	Feist (G)	Wood (N)
200m.	Spanos '65, 23.4s.	Holmes (M) 24.6s.	Feist (G)	Wood (N)
400m.	Nelson '65, 52.4s.	Fordham (C) 56.5s.	Mayer (N)	Brown (M)
800m.	Marshall '70, 1m. 59.5s.	Fordham (C) 2m. 6.0s.	Newton (N)	Randall (M)
1500m.	D. Evans '71, 4m. 20.5s.	Evans (N) 4m. 21.9s.	Newton (N)	Randall (M)
Hurdles	Whittamore '66, 17.0s.	Antonowicz (G) 19.1s.	Tupper (H)	Wharton (N)
L.J.	Francis '56, 6.46m.	Mayer (N) 5.59m.	Merton (C)	Bates (H)
H.J.	Mawer '63, 1.75m.	Afzal (C) 1.60m.	Antonowicz (G)	Wharton (N)
T.J.	Eastwood '62, 13.30m.	Mayer (N) 11.51m.	Bates (H)	Roberts (N)
Shot	Thomson '67, 14.23m.	Suleri (C) 10.15m.	Young (M)	Sharpe (M)
Discus	Stracey '55, 42.68m.	Lloyd (N) 28.86m.	Sharpe (M)	Young (M)
Javelin	Emmerson '57, 49.56m.	Marjoram (M) 35.84m.	Feist (G)	Wood (N)
Walk	Goddard '71, 10m. 34s.	Shephard (N) 11m. 45s.	Young (M)	Lansdell (G)
S'chase	—	Evans (N) 3m. 12s.	Mannan (C)	Wharton (N)
Relay	Halliwells '55, 45.9s.	Newsoms	Gibbs	Miltons

Record 1 2 3

UNDER 17

100m.	Brampton '71, 12.1s.	Hosier (M) 12.2s.	Gagen (N)	Brampton (N)
200m.	Colombo '64, 23.4s.	Gagen (N) 24.9s.	Dodd (N)	Stephens (H)
400m.	McCubbin '64, 55.2s.	Feist (G) 60.1s.	Sole (H)	Brown (C)
800m.	Evans I. '71, 2m. 05.7s.	Evans (N) 2m. 08.1s.	Szymanski (H)	Stone (C)
1500m.	Evans I. '71, 4m. 25.5s.	Evans (N) 4m. 28.8s.	Hughes (M)	Stone (C)
Hurdles	Hosier '71, 15.0s.	Hosier (M) 15.4s.	Vipond (G)	Brown (N)
S'chase	Marshall '68, 3m. 01.2s.	Petrides (C) 3m. 32.6s.	Philpott (N)	Foster (H)
Walk	Sycamore '71, 11m. 22.0s.	Sycamore (G) 11m. 22s.	Baker (G)	Sinclair (C)
H.J.	Nicoll '69, 1.65m.	Stephens (H) 1.55m.	Brambley (M)	Vipond (G)
L.J.	Cocks '67, 5.85m.	Brown (C) 4.78m.	King (H)	Harrison (N)
T.J.	Butcher '66, 13.09m.	Stephens (H) 11.09m.	Brown (C)	Brambley (M)
Shot	Thomson '66, 14.45m.	Kelly (G) 10.04m.	Harrison (N)	Daley (N)
Discus	Davis '64, 43.50m.	Heath (G) 30.52m.	Pearson (N)	Marsh (C)
Javelin	Standish '65, 46.24m.	Elliott (C) 30.94m.	Feist (G)	Vipond (G)
Relay	Cobbs '64, 48.6s.	Miltons 51.6s.	Halliwells	Gibbs

Record

1

2

3

UNDER 15

100m.	Jones '70, 12.3s.	Bradley (C) 13.4s.	Plumb (N)	Farr (H)
200m.	Lusby '64, 25.1s.	Plumb (N) 27.2s.	Bradley (C)	Masterman (C)
400m.	Hall '64, 57.6s.	Moore (N) 62.4s.	Lee (M)	Amin (C)
800m.	Petrides '71, 2m. 14.5s.	Petrides (C) 2m. 15.4s.	Francis (M)	Baxter (N)
1500m.	Catlin '71, 4m. 54.6s.	Catlin (C) 5m. 02.2s.	Wright (N)	Orr (C)
Hurdles	Brown '70, 13.0s.	Adams T. (N) 14.2s.	Masterman (C)	Adams J. (G)
L.J.	Hosier '69, 5.47m.	Francis (M)	Petrides (C)	Adams J. (G)
H.J.	Stephens '70, 1.58m.	James (C) 1.40m.	Elliott (C)	Eager (M)
T.J.	Stephens '70, 12.88m.	Plumb (N) 10.00m.	Mason (G)	Paul (N)
Shot	Thomson '65, 11.86m.	Bradley (C) 10.56m.	Adams T. (N)	Smith (N)
Discus	Thomson '65, 36.37m.	Adams T. (N) 30.16m.	Moore (N)	Elliott (C)
Javelin	Feist '67, 39.84m.	Morey (H) 25.70m.	Jones (G)	Port (C)
Walk	Sycamore '70, 11m. 40s.	Devine (N) 12m. 23s.	Broughton (H)	Newman (G)
Relay	Gibbs '70, 52.3s.	Newsoms	Cobbs	Halliwell's

Points :

	Cobbs	Gibbs	Halliwell's	Miltons	Newsoms
U.15	234	94	98	95	233
U.17	126	162	162	122	210
O.17	180	170	90	166	264
Total	540	426	350	383	707
Qualifying ...	452	418	433	439	539
Final Total ...	992	844	783	822	1246

HOUSE SWIMMING SPORTS

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

With the present very limited facilities for swimming on games afternoons and with no provision for any organised swimming after school hours, the School finds itself at a grave disadvantage when it comes to competitive swimming. The periods in the three games afternoons are almost exclusively occupied by the timing of the qualifying events for which all swimmers are eligible. Third and Fourth Year pupils participated in these in the usual numbers, but Senior pupils have been very reluctant to go along to Morden Baths even when there was the admittedly rare opportunity which did not clash with other House games and events. This reluctance was in some instances explained by the growing modern fashion for long tresses and the local baths regulation on the wearing of bathing caps. This is, perhaps, an opportune moment to announce that a supply of bathing hats was necessarily acquired so that the House Swimming Sports could take place on Monday, 28th June, and that these are now available for borrowing on games afternoons. Seniors have thus one less excuse for not visiting the baths on Wednesday afternoons.

The Sports themselves passed off with less excitement than has been usual as the likely winners, Miltons, forged steadily ahead from a neck-and-neck position in the Qualifying points to win by 70 points over Halliwells. There was considerable jockeying for position as the Gala progressed, Halliwells and Cobbs moving up whilst the remaining Houses trailed. The outstanding individual performance was that of C. E. A. Nicholls, of Halliwells, who swam a magnificent one length Butterfly Stroke to knock nearly three seconds off the existing Intermediate record.

The Cray Swimming Cup was finally awarded to G. T. Sampson, of Miltons House, by the Vice-Chairman of the Governing Body, Mr. L. F. Browne.

Results

	Cobbs	Gibbs	Halliwells	Miltons	Newsoms
Qualifying Points ...	231	174	232	227	177
Gala Points	390	425	425	500	345
Total	621	599	657	727	522
	3rd	4th	2nd	1st	5th

Event	Lengths	Record	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	Time
<i>Free Style</i>								
Junior	1	Nicholls (H) 1970 18.1"	Varlow (N)	Eager (M)	Messenger (H)	Stockham (G)	Lindsay (C)	22.3"
Colt	2	Russell (N) 1966 41.0"	Newman (M)	Mugg (G)	Ellis (H)	Harrison (N)	French (C)	47.3"
Senior	2	Russell (N) 1969 40.0"	Hoyle (M)	Gagen (N)	Lee (C)	Kelly (G)	Szymanski (H)	46.7"
<i>Breast Stroke</i>								
Junior	1	Castling (G) 1960 25.1"	Petrides (C)	Clark (G)	Middlemiss (M)	Varlow (N)	White (H)	24.6"
Colt	2	Saunders (N) 1952 51.7"	Smith (G)	Foster (H)	Jones (C)			63.1"
Senior	2	Flude (C) 1967 52.4"	Devine (N)	Ketchell (M)	Davies (H)	Mannan (C)		59.9"
<i>Back Stroke</i>								
Junior	1	Brambley (M) 1970 23.5"	Jones (G)	Davies (H)	Leith (N)	North (M)	Gridley (C)	26.5"
Colt	2	Bradford (C) 1970 46.8"	Brambley (M)	Mugg (G)	Stephens (H)	French (C)		52.0"
Senior	2	Staines (N) 1970 47.1"	Gagen (N)	Sampson (M)	Rees (G)	Szymanski (H)		61.5"
<i>Plunge</i>								
Open		Betts (G) 1957 67' 2½"	Pearce (M)	Szanto (G)	Fordham (C)	Stephens (H)	Chappell (N)	42.4"
<i>Diving</i>								
Open			Harris (G)	Stephens (H)	Pearce (M)	Fordham (C)	Lewis (N)	
<i>Butterfly</i>								
Junior	1	Nicholls (H) 1970 19.5"	Masterman (C)	Clark (G)	Shine (H)	Lewis (N)		23.3"
Colt	2	Bradford (C) 1969 22.2"	Nicholls (H)	Harris (G)	Newman (M)	O'Shaughnessy (C)		18.7"
Senior	2	Anstes (N) 1970 21.9"	Pearce (M)	Lee (C)	Chappell (N)			28.1"

Individual Medley

3	New Event	Masterman (C)	Lewis (N)	Shine (H)	North (M)	Stockham (G)	80.3"
3	New Event	Nicholls (H)	O'Shaughnessy (C)	Webster (M)	Maughan (N)		66.4"
3	New Event	Sharpe (M)	Devine (N)	Fordham (C)	Rees (G)	Davies (H)	92.0"

Medley Relay

3	Gibbs 1960	Cobbs	Gibbs	Halliwells	Miltons		76.9"
3	Gibbs 1962	Miltons	Halliwells	Gibbs	Cobbs		73.2"
3	Newsoms 1970	Miltons	Newsoms	Gibbs	Cobbs	Halliwells	75.3"

Free Style Relay

4	Halliwells 1970	Newsoms	Halliwells	Cobbs	Gibbs		96.1"
4	Gibbs 1962	Gibbs	Miltons	Halliwells	Cobbs	Newsoms	86.4"
4	Newsoms 1970	Miltons	Halliwells	Newsoms	Cobbs	Gibbs	87.0"

* New Record.

TENNIS

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

FIRST SIX

Captain: R. Finch.

Another season of "almost-but-not-quite"! There were many individual first-class performances but unfortunately these did not coincide with sufficient frequency to gain results possibly deserved by our team. The defeat of Trinity School, however, was a notable team performance, and sterling work by Russell enabled us to conquer St. George's, reputedly one of the strongest teams, in the Surrey Schools Festival.

Although the results achieved do not match those of last season, this is not due to the lack of enthusiasm or endeavour of those called upon to represent the School.

To the indefatigable Mr. Horler are due our special thanks for his encouragement, support and taxi-service.

The following have represented the team: Bartlett, Finch, Marjoram, Kerse, Russell, Mayer, Merton.

UNDER SIXTEEN SIX

Captain: C. V. Willcox.

The season opened discouragingly with a 2-7 defeat by Wandsworth. Against slightly weaker opposition—Stanley Park—we gained a 5-4 victory, but though we played well in our next match, against a very strong St. Joseph's team, the result was a loss.

In fact the team gave quite a good account throughout the season, the record of three losses and three wins being quite satisfactory. Our only convincing defeat was by K.C.S., though even here the games were close as a result of everyone fighting hard to the end.

Thanks go to all those who unfailingly turned out whatever the weather, and especially to Kensett and Hoyle who played outstandingly throughout.

All of us are especially indebted to Mr. Horler for looking after the arrangements and providing the transport.

Those who played were: Kensett, Hoyle, Sell, Vipond, Ellis, Gagen, Fox, Francis, Willcox.

LETTER TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs,

I have recently obtained a copy of last year's "Spur" and, having read "Winco Mac's" article, feel some reply is necessary, in case some members of the School should assume his ideas to be correct.

After nearly ten years' association with the A.T.C. I have concluded that there is no finer youth organisation in the country. If "Mac" can suggest anywhere where a training for young men of comparable standard, and at a comparable cost, can be obtained, I will be most surprised. In fact I will be delighted that any organisation takes as much interest as the A.T.C. in tomorrow's citizens.

Perhaps, though, one should sympathise with him as Mac was an Air Cadet until we asked him for some effort on his part. This came as a shock to him, as it does to all the "feed-me, clothe-me" types, and he resigned. This is the real reason for the decline in numbers in the A.T.C.—as our recent advertising said: "Are you man enough?" In Mac's case the answer was "No".

Yours faithfully,
J. D. Needle.

P.S.—I am not a retired wing commander but I would mourn the passing of the A.T.C. at Raynes Park.

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