

THE SPUR

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

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HEADMASTER'S NOTES

It has not been an easy term. Periods have been punctuated with the strident notes of conflicting sirens, summoning the School to the cold, dark gloom of the shelters. The Poet Laureate's line "a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied" has taken on a new meaning. Harmless incendiaries have fallen on the roof and tennis courts, but a 500-pound bomb did a deal of damage to the south wing of the building. Science teaching and woodwork have been seriously inconvenienced. Even so things might have been much worse. The effects of blast are strangely selective, taking one lock and sparing another two yards away, smashing glass everywhere but sparing all the treasured pictures. It seems to behave with the inconsequence of Ariel, flaming amazement. "Jove's lightnings, the precursors O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary And sight-outrunning were not." Fortunately a Calibanic stack of coal behind the bicycle sheds did something to frustrate the fury of the blast.

The School's spirit nevertheless has stayed high. The **timely break in October did a world of good.** It was encouraging to lose only two of the seven Masters eligible for service. Mr. Polack is now a Gunner serving with the R.A. He hopes that it will not be too long before a class-room sees him again. We share that hope. Mr. Moore is making munitions. Fortunately for the School his shifts permit him **often to come and supervise the printers.** In their places we welcome to temporary posts Mr. G. M. Haslam and Mr. B. J. Aylward. Mr. Haslam was educated at Cheltenham and Queen's College, Oxford, where he held a Laming Scholarship. He took an Honours Degree in German and Spanish, and since coming down has been trained at the Chelsea School of Art. Happily for us he is exempt from military service on grounds of health. Mr. Aylward holds a First-Class City and Guilds Certificate for Woodwork and Metalwork, besides his full Teachers' Certificate.

Due to the evacuation of parents' offices, and to a wish to escape from the Blitzkreig, our numbers are well short of the record figure of 368, with which the School would normally have opened this term. Those who have gone have our good wishes, and a hope that in the chaotic condition of education in the so-called "safe areas" they may yet be able to continue their work. Those who stay—and they are naturally the vast majority—deserve sympathy for working under hampering conditions, and admiration for their tenacity and pluck in overcoming them.

Boys in School are not much aware of the work done on their behalf by the Education Department at County Hall. It is there none the less, and all important. In August the Chief Education Officer, Mr. H. E. Haig-Brown, retired. We are glad to recall that he opened the Scout Fête in 1937, and that his interest was most active in this School. It was said of Chatham that no man entered his room without coming from it a braver man. The same was true of Mr. Haig-Brown. We wish him happiness in what is already proving a retirement of energetic usefulness, and extend a sincere welcome to Mr. R. Beloe, who has succeeded him.

The news which crowned our first five years came only in September. On the result of the Higher Certificate examination, Anthony Hinton was awarded a County University and a State Scholarship. He is now an undergraduate at Magdalen College, Oxford, and reading the Honours School of Modern History. His age—he was not seventeen when he took the examination—permits him to complete his degree course before being called up. As Head of the School he was an unqualified success, earning my gratitude and the School's respect. His academic achievement is an example and an encouragement.

Of last year's Sixth Form we only lost four—Hinton, Austin, de Potier and Palmer. Austin is to be congratulated on being awarded a County Teachers' Training Scholarship. He is at King's College, London, reading Honours History. He was selected to play for his College XV on his first Saturday. De Potier is studying for the Inter. B.Sc. London at Bournemouth Technical College. Palmer is working in analytical laboratories at Brentford, and working for a London Science degree. We opened the term with forty-six boys studying for Higher Certificate, an eloquent testimony to parents' belief in higher education, and an excellent omen

that Hinton and Austin will soon be joined by other boys from this School. In due course we even hope to have an Old Boy at Cambridge.

Douglas Parker, who left two years ago, has had an exciting experience. His ship was sunk three hundred miles west of the coast of Ireland. He made his way with wounded companions in a lifeboat over two hundred miles of open Atlantic before they were picked up. To sit beside him, gigantic in midshipman's uniform, in the heath garden, and hear his adventures, made the School seem very old.

R. P. Druett is to be congratulated on his commission. For a few days he is believed to have been the youngest officer in the British Army. John Smith is with the R.A.F., where, if Reddy's description, "It's a grand life," is true, he will be very happy. Kenneth Miller has joined a Youth Company of the Beds. and Herts. Regiment. This record is still incomplete. Old Boys are asked to write as soon as they join up. We are grateful to those of them who expressed their concern and sympathy in the damage done to the School, and who sent their congratulations on the School's State Scholarship. It is only by such means in these days that we can keep in touch.

Despite handicaps the printers go on indefatigably. The two numbers of the "Library Review" have appeared punctually, the first being set up in a room where the only protection from wind and rain was flapping blinds. During the summer there was a great palaver in the magazine "Horizon" about schoolboys' addiction to the reading of "Bloods." Then Mr. A. J. Jenkinson published a book "What do girls and boys read?" based on an elaborate questionnaire. It is an amusing tribute to the lively editorship of the "Library Review" that in 1938 the paper published the results of a similar questionnaire in the School, and that the conclusions reached substantially anticipated those of 1940.

The School last term purchased a beautiful example of Mr. Rupert Shephard's work—a picture of two of its own boys. It joins Mr. Claude Rogers's impression of Prayers. Our present Art Master, Mr. Haslam, had two pictures accepted by the London Group for their November exhibition at the Cooling Gallery. The one was a study of dwelling-houses damaged by enemy action. A fallen segment interrupts a uniform line still

standing, the warm colours of the exposed wallpaper being evidence of the domestic life which has gone. Through the gap a church tower still stands against a lively grey and blueish sky. The other is a study of great old oaks, and such is the strength of the painting that one feels the roots embedded deep in the earth without having to see them.

Twenty-four boys over sixteen volunteered in the summer to go and help bring in the harvest. They had been medically examined and all arrangements completed when we were told that the farmers had refused the help offered. This ostrich-like attitude makes us all the more grateful for the welcome our boys are receiving from all our friends down in Devon around Whiddon Down.

Two considerations have led to a temporary drying-up of our flow of distinguished lecturers. The first, the unfairness of asking busy people to embark upon the often hazardous journey from London; the second, the necessity, when so much of our available teaching time is "sheltered," for concentrating on the essential curriculum. Life seemed very rich on July 9th, when it was possible to hear Mr. Redgrave rehearsing his songs in the Hall, and proceed at once to the Library to listen to Mr. Strong's rich voice lecturing with brilliant clarity to the youngest boys in the School.

Determined to use what time there is, and not to surrender all the School's riches, short music recitals have been introduced every Thursday, immediately after dinner and before the boys clear the tables. We are grateful to the Staff and our visitors who are making this possible.

The 1941 School Play will go into rehearsal next term. We hope to produce it about the same time as this year's "Macbeth"—early in the Summer Term.

The Education Committee decided to withhold grants for Prize-Givings during the war. Because the School's work in the year 1939-40 was better than ever before, it seemed a pity that the traditional recognition of good work should be withheld. We are indebted to the generosity of Mr. Rudolph Messel for making that recognition possible. He has not only paid for all the books but selected them himself. The prizes will be privately presented at the close of the present term by his sister, Mrs. John Buchanan, herself a generous friend of the School.

HIGHER SCHOOL AND SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS, 1940

The following boys were awarded a Higher School Certificate as a result of their work in the examination in June:

D. G. Austin; A. V. I. Cook; A. Hinton; N. Molchanoff, K. O. Richards.

The following boys were awarded a General School Certificate:

J. A. Bell (M), G. M. Cattell (M); J. E. Fisher (M.), S. C. Honeker (M), A. H. Overell (M), P. W. Vaughan, M. G. Bedford, J. A. Carr, P. H. Crumley (M), L. D. Edwards (M), S. G. Evans, K. M. Hornsby (M), D. E. Marchant, A. H. Pengilly (M), J. Saunders, R. H. Sorrell (M), F. Holland, G. Jefferson, E. C. Lawrence, S. R. Lowe, W. G. Rodrigues, J. B. W. Sanderson, A. T. G. Fabian (M), K. R. Forrest (M), R. G. Forward, R. J. Holmes, A. E. Holroyd (M), J. L. A. Petit (M), N. T. Poulter (M), A. Thompson (M), G. A. H. Baker, S. Brookes, J. W. Hitchon, V. E. Mann, M. F. Saxby (M), F. J. Sleigh, W. Smith.

The Prefix "M" denotes exemption from London Matriculation.

LECTURES

L. A. G. Strong, July 9th

A talk on the making of short stories. Books told budding authors how to write but they never told them how to get the incident or raw material on which to base their stories. These come first from the author's experience. One sees an incident, but it is isolated and incomplete. It is in the author's mind. He remembers it, his imagination plays upon it so that he comes to see what goes before and what went after. The original idea is a ripple in the pool of the mind, which spreads until ripples fill the pool. Mr. Strong recalled an incident which he saw at Kingstown when a schoolboy, and twenty-five years later turned it into a short story. Two ragged boys, hunting for prawns on the shore, suddenly began to fight. They were stopped by a loafer detaching himself from the group of cronies and silently pushing the older boy off the sea-wall. That was the incident of which the author's imagination had to take charge. Mr. Strong then showed how he built up the whole story. Similarly he showed how "The Chain" was constructed, how he had difficulty in selling it until he profited from Mr. A. E. Coppard's criticism of its split interest, and rewrote it from

Janet's point of view. He closed with a pertinent revelation of how advertising interests influence an editor's attitude to a story, and gave as an example the refusal of a story which showed the dangers of mountaineering by papers carrying advertisements for Alpine luxury clothes and ski-ing equipment.

Michael Redgrave, July 9th

The only way of recording our pleasure and our visitor's unflagging generosity is by giving the programme of the songs which he sang to us.

- I. Folk Songs. *Green Broom. High Germany. The Cuckoo. Poor Old Horse. The Twelve Days of Christmas.*
- II. Elizabethan Songs. *Come Again. Flow not so fast, ye Fountains. Fain would I change that note.*
- III. Shakespearean Songs. *Come Away, Death. Sigh no more, Ladies. Come unto these yellow sands. She never told her love. Who is Sylvia?*
- IV. "The Beggar's Opera." *My heart was so free. If the heart of a man.*
- V. *Down by the River Side. Shooting of his dear. The Press Gang (E. J. Moeran). The Garden where the Praties Grow.*

E. W. F. Tomlin, July 10th

An informative lecture on Libya, a country whose size is not realised. If the map of India is put over Libya, only a little extends into the Sudan and Egypt. Names in the interior are of wells and not towns. The Tuareg tribe live round Ghadames. Matriarchy obtains there and the daughter inherits. Men are veiled and women rule. The maternal uncle is the most important person, and they believe these turn into lizards, which they refuse to eat for fear of eating their maternal uncles. Men have nose and mouth covered because the gateways of the soul must be protected from pollution. The Tuareg have a horror of washing but the blowing of the sand keeps them clean. The Arab makes tea nine times a day, and if you accept his hospitality you have to drink off three cups at once. At Garian several thousand people have lived under the earth since the first century. Men are still living in caves only sixty miles from cosmopolitan and up-to-date Tripoli. The sand dunes, like scmolina in smoothness, are only in the East. The rest is ideal for modern tank warfare. Balbo's colonial experiment had depended on the emigration of picked colonists from overcrowded villages and towns in northern Italy. This interesting colonial experiment was now smashed because of its vulnerable position by bombardment. Fascism was not Nazidom, but the Nazi elements had prevailed.

OPEN NIGHT, 1940

A reporter to a newspaper would be generally blamed if he were to record his impressions of an event some months after that event had taken place. I am not so sure that he would be rightly blamed and, so far as comment and description are concerned, there is something to be gained from the recollection of the past in tranquillity.

Thinking now, in the blitz days, of the School Open Night which ended the Summer Term I believe that the important impressions are those that last longest, and wonder whether if one had written of the occasion on the following day one would not have falsified the perspective.

It was a difficult time in which to hold an Open Night. With the collapse of France the war had moved in a week or two from the Rhine almost to our doorsteps and its further move was not to be long delayed. The decision to hold Open Night at all was not easily arrived at, although the decision was generally welcomed. Those who were responsible for the displays in the Science Labs., the History, Woodwork and Geography rooms had to put in long hours of work at short notice.

Yet all this, at this distance of time, does not seem so significant as it would have seemed at the end of July. What now leaps to mind is the fact that in our School buildings at what may prove to have been the most critical period of the war we were able to rely on the cheerful, sincere and enthusiastic support of parents and Old Boys in very large numbers. People seemed not only to be enjoying themselves but to be showing actively that they supported the view that, whatever happened, their children's interests and their children's education were as important as ever or more important still, and that these interests and this education were to be encouraged now, not left, like many other good things, till "after the war."

Twenty-eight Old Boys were present and innumerable parents. They watched a Gym. display, saw some excellent films on nutrition, admired in the Geography room, among much else, ingenious models of Egyptian irrigation, Zulu villages, the fauna of Australia. They were almost certainly impressed by the skill and persuasiveness of lectures in the Science Labs. and by the cogency of their nutritive arguments expressed in diagrammatic form. The displays of Woodwork and of Painting were impressive, and with regard to the latter it was interesting to notice how those pieces of work which seemed most remarkable were by some of the youngest and one of the oldest boys in the School.

The hall, however, was not entirely devoted to painting. A new record was reached in the sale of books for the School

Library. This time the figure was 137, and, while on the subject of books, we should not forget ourselves. The School-printed, School-written, School-illustrated volume "We've Made a Book" was on sale at Open Night for 1s.6d. a copy, and the proceeds of the sale were £10 11s.0d.

When the proceedings were over and we were returning to bed, or to further entertainment, we felt, and still feel after this lapse of time, that something worth-while had been achieved, that the School was lucky in its parents, its friends and its supporters.

BOMBS AND THE SCHOOL

The immediate neighbourhood of the School has been unlucky, the School itself, not so unlucky, on two Fridays.

On the first of these, Friday, the School buildings remained in holiday peace between and slightly to the side of the bursts of the first bombs that fell in this war on any London postal area. And some of the first casualties were by one of the entrances to the School. Gates which must have been passed hundreds of thousands, millions, hundreds of millions (a mathematician is needed here) of times by boys going to and from School were for some weeks pieces of twisted metal and broken wood.

But that time we were well and truly missed. On the second Friday, those who arrived for work in the morning realised at once that no work would be done that day. In the course of the preceding night a bomb had fallen in the bank of the stream near the bicycle sheds, and it was clear at once to the least thoughtful spectator that it had been well for us that the bomb had fallen here rather than a few yards farther north. As it was we observed a surprisingly incomplete wreckage of the bicycle sheds, a bicycle that appeared to have been twisted about in the hands of a giant, the south cloak-room with its walls bulging, tiles, glass and timber in a mess, and some parts of the roof of the School in that state which most of us have seen elsewhere, a state in which the ordinary materials of roofing seem to have become metamorphosed into something else so that an expanse of tiles appears like water ruffled by a strong wind and then frozen.

Further examination showed that only one or two class-rooms were unscarred. The windows along the southern end of the building had of course disappeared. Those Masters who do not often use or often need to use their text-books still in their common-room remove pieces of glass which have found their way between the leaves of volumes which have been left unopened on their desks. The woodwork, geography and scientific departments suffered worst. In class-rooms devoted to other work the damage was soon

repaired, but Geographers, with brown and fragile barriers against the light may perhaps have reflected on the ultimate darkness to which Bion the Borysthenite, one of the first of their number, had consigned the world; and scientists too, in the closing stages of the term, may have recalled to their minds the second law of Thermodynamics.

But on the whole the damage was speedily repaired and the verdict was general; it might have been much worse. This view indeed was, at the time of the discovery of the disaster, expressed with some fervour. For on the morning of October 18th, everyone was looking forward to a ten days' holiday which all felt, justly or unjustly, to have been deserved. The spectacle of the ruin of the bicycle shed, the partial ruins of the abodes of science and the crafts made it clear at once that those of us who had aspired to catch early trains to safer country would be able to do so, that those who had done imperfect homework would not be called immediately to task, that we had had a lucky escape and could enjoy a slightly advanced holiday with the knowledge that only half a day's work had been lost.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, CHRISTMAS TERM, 1940

Head of the School: S. T. Launder.

School Prefects:

S. T. Launder, B. W. Meade, K. O. Richards, A. V. I. Cook, J. W. Robbins, A. Day, K. S. Daniels, N. Molchanoff, A. Nagle.

Captain of Rugby: K. O. Richards.

Secretary of Rugby: S. T. Launder.

HOUSE NOTES

Cobb's

House Captain: A. V. I. Cook.

Vice-Captain: E. D. Daniel.

Cricket

The result of the first match against Milton's House was a marked and very promising success. Milton's 74, Cobb's 146.

Lawrence made the phenomenal score of 78, by a series of big hits beautiful to watch, and also took the majority of the wickets. Pengilly came next with 45 and did valuable work in the field.

It was perhaps unfortunate that after our encouraging victory over Milton's, we were placed in the field against Newsom's, the strongest team, in our second and last match.

In this game the tables were completely turned, and Newsom's gained a comfortable success, winning by a whole

innings. Lawrence failed to repeat his great score of the match against Milton's, and the rest of the team quickly fell before the formidable bowling of Richards.

But though brief, our stay in the field showed promise for an excellent team next season, when some of the talent shown by the plucky junior members of the House this year will have matured.

Swimming

The Swimming Cup was presented to Cobb's House for the second year in succession. This success was due solely to the general enthusiasm of the whole team.

With three strong swimmers, to wit, Cook, Griggs and Ambrose, unable to compete, and the House placed third in the result of the qualifying points, the situation did not seem very cheerful before the commencement of the Gala.

It is a great credit to the representatives of the House that instead of being disheartened, they were spurred to greater effort by these misfortunes.

Just when our cup of misfortune seemed full, Mann was found to be missing, although through no fault of his own, and this left us with only three juniors to compete for the Junior Relay, instead of the necessary four. Then we had a **real stroke of luck. Gibb's were in the same boat!** This turned the scales, and only three representatives took part. Thanks to the efforts of Bedford, Carter and Pengilly (jnr.), we won this event.

Unfortunately, we came last in the Senior Relay, but we were already so far in front that it made no difference.

Tennis

We were progressing very promisingly in the Tennis Tournament, which unfortunately could not be continued.

Pizzey has a fine style which turned many a singles game in our favour. Daniel and Carter formed a good pair, having somewhat similar styles. Hill R. C. and Pegg, the other pair, were perhaps not so well suited, Hill being much the faster of the two.

All tried extremely hard, with no lack of enthusiasm, and were very disappointed that the tournament had to be discontinued.

Rugger

House Rugger has taken a long time to organise this term, and as yet Cobb's House has played no games, but the fifteen looks very strong on paper, although the scrum will miss the leadership of Stephens.

Gibb's

Captain: S. T. Launder.

Vice-Captain: A. Nagle.

Swimming

The Swimming Sports proved to be the deciding factor in the Cock House Competition. Thanks to the hard work, and bullying efforts of Holwill, our swimming captain, many of us, although alas not all, turned up to qualify. In this we were remarkably successful, being only two points behind the leaders, and well ahead of Newsom's, the Cock House challengers, on the day of the Sports. The team swam hard and well, but not well enough. If we had had another swimmer of the ability of Holwill, then perhaps we might have succeeded. The Senior Relay—the high spot of the Swimming Sports—we won, but this was not enough to prevent Cobb's and Newsom's from beating us. Thus on that afternoon we lost the Cock House Cup and the Swimming Cup.

Rugby

The Rugby Cup, probably the most coveted trophy of all, has been in our hands for the last three years (admittedly we had to share it last year) and the team is determined to play all out in an endeavour to hold it for the fourth year. Up to the time of writing we have played only one match and that was against Halliwell's. In this, although not playing any kind of orthodox Rugger, we were victorious, the score being 15—8. The most pleasant surprise was not the victory, but the way in which the juniors played. They ran hard, and what they lacked in experience and weight they made up in spirit and keenness. May this enthusiasm take us far.

We extend a welcome to the following who have joined the House this term: Anscombe, Brown P., Carter, Cranfield, Eales, Ellis R. D., Ellis D. A., Harding, Newman, Page A. J., Stewardson, Trory, White, Wood.

Halliwell's

Captain: K. S. Daniels.

Vice-Captain: R. D. Franks.

This term has seen the birth of a new scheme that has been in my mind for some time: the present personnel of the House and the present conditions seemed to indicate that the time had arrived for development. Looking round at House meetings on Thursdays I have often felt how much more value to a boy his membership of the House might be

if active running of affairs were in the hands of a group of capable seniors. It is far from my mind to withdraw completely from the scene, for my personal ties to the House, past and present, are strong. On the contrary, older boys in the past have shown adequate ability and judgment, and it seemed to me that while present ones were getting more opportunity to run House meetings and settle House matters, I should have more opportunities as a House Master because of the increase in life and vigour in the House which such a change should bring.

The House Seniors, who now number fourteen out of forty, elect from their number four who, with the House Captain, forms the House Committee, which meets once a week, and this is responsible for the management of House affairs. This term's committee consists of K. S. Daniels, N. Molchanoff, Franks, Wells and Scoble, and the beginning made is encouraging and promising.

K. S. Daniels and Wells have our congratulations on their award of Rugger colours. This award means that the House Captain has the distinction of having triple School colours (Hockey 1938, Cricket 1938, Rugger 1940).

I would like our Old Boys to know they are far from forgotten. At House meetings, and at lunch, they are recalled, and news of them exchanged. We shall be very glad to hear from them. In going through my House-book at half-term for purposes which may be remembered, I realised that there are more Old Boys of the House than there are present members. Sincere good wishes to you all. **H.F.H.**

We started this term with a full House of over forty. New faces gleamed eagerly at the first House meeting. We welcome to the House Smith A. H., Baker C. W., Brown M. G., Clack, Coote, Chamberlain, Ivins, Nye, Page A. E., Patrick, Quartermain, Tait, Wilkinson. We hope that these new members, most of whom have been drafted to us from the Clubs, will continue with the eagerness and enthusiasm for the House which they have already shown, and that they will find pleasure and happiness with us.

Cricket

Captain: K. S. Daniels. *Secretary:* Scoble.

It seems a very long time ago that we played a House cricket match. It will not, however, be hard to remember how we lost to Newsom's by an innings. As the matches were played on a knock-out basis this was the only game that we were able to play. Lack of experience both in batting and fielding caused much of the trouble, but this year we hope that this will have been remedied.

Swimming

Captain: Franks.

The Captain of Swimming says: "Congratulations are due to those boys who won their qualifying points which gave us a good start, and a good position throughout the sports. Our final position, which was fourth, was caused by our bad luck. Indeed, if we had not been disqualified for a false start in the Senior Relay, we would have come second, and thus won five points towards the Cock House Cup. However, it was a tight finish and a good effort on the part of all swimmers.

"All House juniors should try to learn or practise their swimming in time to qualify for the next swimming sports or to be chosen for the swimming team. This applies equally to seniors who are not sufficiently conscientious towards swimming."

Rugger

Captain: K. S. Daniels. *Secretary:* Wells.

We had many people absent for our first match against Gibb's and could only play eleven men. Gibb's, in order to make it a better game, sportingly offered to make it a twelve aside match. From the very start our forwards had the advantage, but our three-quarters could not hold the superior line opposite. We will all remember a very plucky and excellent tackle that a new recruit, Brown M., made when Launder had broken through nearly all our defences. Several break-aways by Gibb's gave them three tries, all of which were converted, and our forwards only managed to make up two of them. The final score was Gibb's, 15 pts.; Halliwell's 8 pts. Our three-quarters must learn to pass more quickly and to run straight before we have a presentable line.

Games, more than any other School activity, have suffered by conditions inevitably imposed on them. House plays, too, seem to be far off and indefinite at the moment, but we should all be sorry to see this very enjoyable part of School life fade out. To combat this it is hoped that we shall be able to arrange some play readings among ourselves next term.

Milton's

Captain: B. W. Meade.

Vice-Captain: A. Day.

We have entered this term having lost most valued members of our House and, above all, we are now without Hinton, our House Captain. He has worked unceasingly to establish Milton's House in every sphere of activity, and his example has set a high standard to be maintained by us.

Above all, Hinton won the Dramatic Cup for us during the past two years; it was his production and acting which made the plays outstanding above the other Houses. His loss is compensated only by the knowledge of his great academic achievement and the hope that it may be equalled by some of our members in the future. Others who have left include Saunders, Sanderson, Brewer and Kidd, who were all promising athletes.

The House is to be congratulated on the success of its candidates in the public examinations in June; there was no failure among them. Hinton in the Higher Certificate was of course outstanding; Edwards, Honeker, Overell and Saxby achieved exemption from Matriculation, and Forward, Lowe, Sanderson and Saunders, School Certificates.

We welcome Campbell, Lawrence and Roberts, who have already played for the House XV, and Collins, Escott, Cole, Oates, Daguati, Manning, and hope that they will be useful and happy in the House.

One of the great achievements of the House was attaining third place in the swimming qualifying points. This is an achievement because we are undoubtedly a weak House in swimming sports and this fact indicates the effort which has been made to improve our standard and our number of swimmers. For the final results we can only console ourselves with the knowledge of the fact that we were represented in every event. The House swimming captain and his team must be thanked for their efforts.

The Rugger team suffers from a great lack of weight, but our scrum works hard and the three-quarters do their best. Lawrence at scrum-half and Roberts at fly-half show great promise. Stapleton tackles well, but is inclined to wander off and play a quiet game of Association Football on his own, an inclination which must be conquered, as must Skinner conquer a tendency to throw the ball wildly in any direction. The whole three-quarter line would be improved by sterner marking of their opposite numbers. Our first match against Newsom's was hard and well fought. We lost 15—5, but nevertheless we gave them a good game. Day is to be congratulated on his run-away try, but we must criticise this effort because none of the forwards were up to support their leader. Edwards at full back played a plucky and successful game, coming away at the end bruised and cut as usual. His hard tackling and courageous falling are an example to everyone. Appended are the swimming team and Rugger XV.

Swimming.—A. Day (Capt.), Johnson, Haywood, Lütz, Skinner, Stapleton, Schrecker, Brewer, Carr-Jones, Forward, Saxby.

Rugger.—A. Day (Capt.), B. Meade, Johnson, Forward, Harwood, Roberts, Green, Edwards, Campbell, Carr-Jones, Read, Honeker, Saxby, Skinner, Lawrence.

Newsom's

Captain: K. O. Richards.

Vice-Captain: J. Robbins.

After winning the Cricket Cup outright, we celebrated this victory by holding a well-earned House Supper. The food was admirably served and of great variety; no one could have enjoyed a better meal. At the conclusion of this feast several guests, among them Mr. Hanson and the leading House members, made speeches of appreciation and gratitude, but it was Mr. Newsom himself who told us that he would have to forgo temporarily his position as House Master owing to the war. The Headmaster has asked Mr. Hanson to take over the running of the House and we welcomed him as our second House Master. Richards, on behalf of the House, presented Mr. Newsom with a gift of books. The House will retain its old title. When the speeches had been seconded and thanks unanimously voted, we were entertained by films, extempore stage performances and rounders. It was with high hopes for the Cock House Cup that we left for home that night.

It was on the Swimming Sports that the cup depended. After a long delay arrangements were made for holding the Swimming Sports; unfortunately prevailing war conditions rendered it impossible for the whole House and the rest of the School to gather at the Baths and cheer on the competing swimmers. After a very hard and exciting fight our swimmers managed to equalise with Gibb's House at second place, but this was enough to secure the Cock House Cup. So for the first time in our short history we rank among the three Houses who have all too often shared the prized and enviable cup among themselves. It now remains to be seen whether the House can retain the cup for a second time.

Rugger is now in full swing. So far we have played two matches. Against Milton's we were faced with more than we had ever anticipated, for although we won, the junior members of the opposing team showed such determination of attack and vigour in defence that we only scored three times while they gained five points. Against Cobb's, playing in pouring rain, we lost by 15 points to 3.

And finally our good wishes go out to those who left the House this and last term, in particular to D. G. Austin, who is now a member of King's College and London University. King's has evacuated to Bristol and we hear that Austin has already played Rugger for the College.

RAYNES PARK IN DEVON

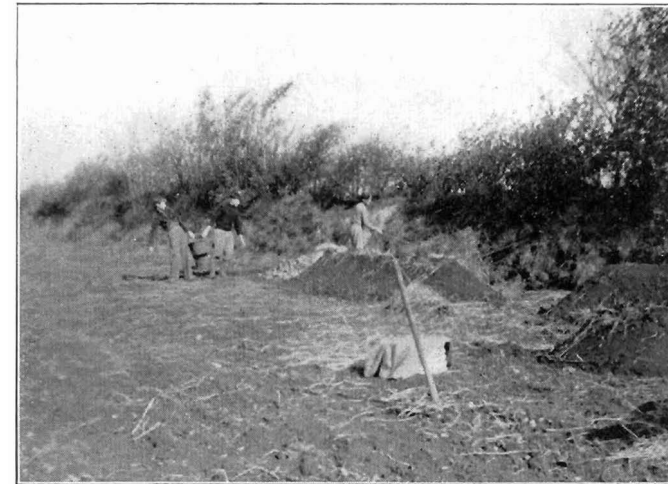
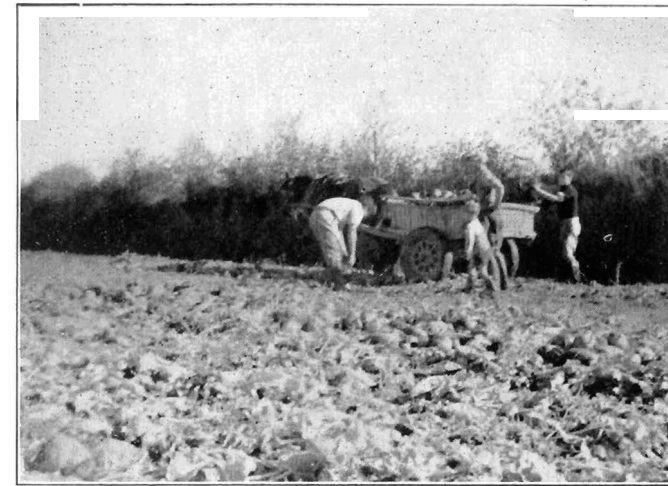
From the Headmaster

Even in peace-time it was a cherished dream of mine to have some centre in the country to which I could send boys from this School. Too many boys in this district are afraid of getting their hands dirty from contact with the soil. I remember too what I owe to holidays on my uncle's farm when I was a schoolboy. I never took to farming as wholeheartedly as my cousin, it must be confessed. But I have lively memories of dropping potatoes, working on a rick at harvest time, going on the milk round, and even milking a cow called Strawberry, who died significantly soon after. It was not however to particular work that I am indebted, for I was always happier with a book in a quiet corner of the barn than in more active pursuits. But looking back now I do see that it was then that the rhythm of the countryside became a living part of me. Walking with my uncle on the traditional tour of inspection on Sunday evenings about the fields, I got a working knowledge of rotation of crops long before I had to learn of such principles in Economic History. I learned the difference between a clean farmer and a dirty one, who lets the pollen fly from his weeds to his neighbour's land. I learned why agricultural constituencies are basically conservative in politics. I learned the mysteries of the birth of calves and the death of pigs. I learned of the frenzied work to get the hay in before the break of the weather, and of the hilarious joy of a "Harvest Home." As I look back now I owed a great deal more to Moor Barton Farm than I was prepared to acknowledge at the time.

This reminiscence explains why I rejoice at the goodness of my friends in Devon who are willing to give similar opportunities to boys in this School likely in my judgment to profit from them. Mr. Rudolph Messel and Mr. John Buchanan, friends of mine from Oxford days, are our hosts. The farms Fairhaven and Gooseford are on the edge of Dartmoor, and Burrough five miles distant, just above Fingle Bridge. At Christmas Mr. Endicott, a neighbour, is kindly coming into the scheme.

What we are hoping to achieve is a breaking down of the barrier between town and country dwellers. Our boys justify their selections by hard work and by ready absorption into the life of the countryside. They work and play darts with all classes, and mutual appreciation is followed by friendship. I am sure that the idea is educationally sound, and I am pleased to have put it into practice at a time when few ideals can be realised, and when a respite from war conditions in London is more than ever valuable.

THE SCHOOL IN DEVON



The following boys have so far been selected—Launder, Daniels, Meade, Day, Nagle, Fisher J. E., Franks, Holwill. Two parties will go down during the Christmas holidays, and will include Hinton, Richards, Robbins, Vaughan D. G., Pegg, Hitchen J. O., Honeker, Scoble, Daniel, Sorrell, Church B. G., and Wells.

From Mr. Rudolph Messel

“But nevertheless it moves . . .”

When the Headmaster first suggested to me that I should have some of the Raynes Park boys to work on my farm, I said, “Oh yes—of course,” and changed the subject! This was just before harvest time, and although I knew we were going to be shorthanded it never occurred to me that boys, even from Raynes Park School, could be anything but a hindrance.

The Headmaster persisted, and the next evening (after quite a large whiskey) I said, “All right, I’ll have two!” I didn’t really expect to be taken at my word, but I was! No sooner were the words out of my mouth than the Head was across the room and already grappling with a call to Wimbledon. “Is that you, Mrs. French?” I heard him say, and then and there it was settled. It was then Friday night and two boys, I understood, would be arriving on Sunday evening. “Now,” I thought to myself, “I’ve done it!”

My fears were not allayed when I mentioned the matter to a neighbour on the following afternoon. “So you’re going to have some boys you are?”

“Yes. . . .” I said rather weakly.

“You’ll have your hands full, won’t you now?” I waited for him to continue. “They’ll be throwing stones at each other and tearing about and frightening the animals, that’s what they’ll be doing. Proper nuisance they’ll be, I tell you. Mr. Messel, I wouldn’t have them near my place, not if I was paid for it!” At that he left me.

The first two boys arrived the next day, and the morning after that they were at work, and by the end of a week even my pessimistic neighbour was willing to admit that perhaps after all they weren’t “so bad”! It was a triumph for the boys of Raynes Park School. Not only did they impress my pessimistic neighbour, but they also impressed a member of the County Agricultural Committee, who has since intimated his willingness to have two boys living and working on his farm when the next holidays come round. Slowly but surely the scheme is growing. . . .

Of course we farmers do very well out of the boys and we might as well admit it. We get their work and we get their company, and the company of people who have come to us

directly from the war zone is something that is very important to our local life. Everything is still peaceful here and at times it is hard to realise that a bare two hundred miles away people are being killed and wounded every day. We are inclined to look upon ourselves as a separate community and to forget that if ever anything good is to come out of this war it must be based on a full and free co-operation between those who do the work of the cities and those who cultivate the land.

We had six boys living and working in this district in October and we hope to have eight at Christmas time; I wish we could have more—in time we shall. I would say to my pessimistic neighbour (if he understood Italian) "E pur' si muove!"

From S. T. Launder, August, 1940

It was with mixed feelings that I viewed the prospects of farming as a holiday. It is true I wanted to get out of London, but the idea of working did not appeal to me. It seemed strange to be working with men whom I could not understand and with whose occupation I was not in the slightest bit acquainted. But soon I learnt to understand and respect them. . . . There was Jim, who would come and help us finish off a row of turnips to give us a rest . . . and "Ern," a silent and efficient man . . . and Leslie Stephens, a vigorous if somewhat romantic figure . . . and Cyril . . . and many others I remember, whether it is for their skill at catching rabbits or riding, or whether it is for their prowess at darts.

The work was hard; cutting hedges, hoeing turnips, cleaning out cowsheds and pigsties, stacking sheaves of corn, all these and many other jobs fell to us. But it was worth it. Coming home in the evening to a hot meal feeling very tired but very happy, and seeing the countryside stretched out in the valley below tinged with a yellowish hue from the rays of the setting sun, that was our reward. But it was not all hard work. The author remembers with what awe (and what fear) he milked his first cow; how he hurtled through a narrow farm gate on a tractor, a thing he would never have done had he been able to stop the wretched thing; of the joy he felt in racing after rabbits in the newly-cut oat and barley fields, when the slow-moving rustics became like men possessed and hurled themselves at the rabbits and snatched them greedily from their burrows, just as they were about to escape; the feeling of exhilaration at the first time of riding a horse (and falling off it) and feeling the hoofs beat into the soft peaty soil of Dartmoor as we rounded up and counted cattle.

But the value of the holiday (and indeed it was one) did not end there. I now have some idea of how a farm is run,

the difficulties a farmer has to face, and how he may be ruined by the failure of a single crop; and how the farm labourer lives. But what is more I feel I know the country, for the first time I have lived in it, away from the promenades, away from Butlin's, away from the shrieking holiday crowds.

I find it impossible to thank Mr. Messel, the farmer who so kindly received us. The debt that I, and indeed all those who go down to Whiddon Down, owe to him can never be fully repaid. But it was through his kindness and generosity that I can now say—I know my country.

From J. E. Fisher, October, 1940

When I heard that a party was going farming in Devon, and that I was to be in it, I wondered what work we should have to do, since I knew nothing about the work on a farm in Autumn. On our arrival we found that on both farms mangold pulling was to start on the next Monday, and meanwhile some were to pick potatoes, while the boys on the other farm were to cut weed. Since in both of these jobs we had to bend our bodies, we found out what back-ache really meant. Mangold pulling was our main job; to pull them out of the ground was easy enough, but to twist the leaves off was much harder, and our hands became stained, raw and cut, but it was always good fun.

Our first attempt to drive livestock was an utter failure. Six of us tried to catch and drive a piglet, but this we were unable to do. Soon we were able to bring in the cows and the calves, and at the end of the holiday two of us were able to drive nine bullocks. It was a great improvement.

We often went out to places in the neighbourhood, and we also went to Mr. Messel's home at Ford House. Some of us were lucky enough to go out shooting with Mr. Buchanan, while others went horse-riding. Two of us also went to tea with the Headmaster's mother and Mrs. Jillett, who were also staying in Devon.

In country districts there are always very amusing characters; we met two. The first we called "Praaper Jaab" after his favourite expression, and the other was "Jim." While we were down there "Praaper Jaab" was working at Honiton, and every night he would say, "Oi've been t'Honiton, thirty-two moile." He would say it as if it was a new fact and with great freshness. "Jim" was very different: he seemed to be dull, but actually he was very sharp. He would never allow himself to be ridiculed. One day one of the party saw him emptying a sack with MAIZE on it into a drill, and asked him what it was. He replied with, "Wheat, stuff you make flour from, stuff you make bread from."

The best part of the holiday was the friends we made with all the local people. Town folks think country dwellers

slow-witted. But they are not. They are much quicker. They are much more friendly to strangers, too, and they gave us a splendid time. Any boy who is allowed to go is lucky—I hope I shall get another chance sometime.

19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT TROOP

1. From the Troop Scribe

The Inter-patrol Competition of last term was headed by the Curlew Patrol who still lead by a narrow margin in the period extended to Christmas. In the final count, points given for weekend camping in July and August will be included.

P.L. Holland has been awarded the Certificate for Good Scouting during the Summer, 1940.

The following proficiency badges have been awarded as a result of examinations this term:

Missioner's Badge: P.L's. Holland, Overell, Bedford; Scouts Heath, Barton, Forward.

Swimmer's Badge: Scout Green.

Fireman's Badge: P.L's. Johnson, Bedford; Scouts Green, Heath, Barton, Forward.

National Service: P.L's. Holland, Johnson, Ledwich, Bedford; Scouts Heath, Forward, Barton.

Civil Defence: P.L. Johnson.

Handyman: P.L. Johnson; Scout Barton.

Cyclist: P.L. Johnson; Scout Forward.

Interpreter: Scouts Forward, Barton.

Overell mi is well on the way to building up an album, giving in photographs a record of the Troop's camping and activities. He also is doing some good work for the School printing press. Heath has taken on the job of Storekeeper, and he goes about this no light task with mouse-like quietness and persistency. The Stamp Collectors' Club has had to reduce its meetings considerably; it was a great pity that when contact had been established with three correspondents in foreign countries, the exchange of stamps and letters had to cease. "The Elms" made a second appearance last term and, with the help of our representative now in the VIth, will have a third issue ready in December.

By their leaving School we have lost two more P.L's.—but only, we hope, to see them reappear again in the Chough Patrol. It is interesting to note that in this newly-formed Old Boys' Patrol there are five members serving with the Home Guard, one fully qualified Warden, and two A.R.P. assistants. This desire to be of service means that meetings have been difficult to arrange, particularly when the leader himself has now gone to Scotland and others are only a little less scattered. The same desire to do good works is evidenced

in the Troop itself, for we have one full Warden, one Home Guard, three A.R.P. Messengers, and three members of stirrup pump parties.

Good work was done by the collecting of waste paper during the holidays. Now that unsuitable conditions for extending that collection prevail, the Association is limiting itself to collecting newsprint only, and in this we feel that parents could help a lot by putting the daily paper on one side. The trek cart was our first war casualty; while on active service for a friend of the Troop, that friend omitted to limit the torque applied to the under-carriage; the trek cart jettisoned its load and there were some casualties among the spokes. But, in a truly scouting spirit, the wheels now turn again as cheerfully as ever.

We were glad to be of service to certain mothers of the Troop when gas supplies were cut off by enemy action. For the last four years we have carefully taken our sets of primus stoves to camp and boasted (quite truthfully) that we have never had cause to use them. The demand for their services now has rewarded the storekeeper's zeal to keep them "prepared."

Johnson, Green and Overell mi are to be commended for their successful gardening on the reservation. For a first year's crop on virgin soil they did very well, and it is hoped that less careful gardeners will take courage. Plots on the reservation for individual work are to be developed by the spring, while other members of the Troop as a whole will undertake to cultivate the first four allotments of the School scheme.

The Troop Library is now the better for some twenty additional books on scoutcraft. The Den has become a haven of refuge and its use more universal. It is surprising how some subjects have found added interests this term . . . since taught from a sofa.

2. From the Den

Some years ago, Scouting in two countries came to a sudden end: the movement had been so successful and it was becoming a source of power, its members were potential citizens; and such a movement would be dangerous. In its place there is now the formidable body of the Balilla and of the Hitler Youth. In this country now there is being sought again a system for the training of youth. The need is great: we have to organise our youth, develop its possibilities, prepare for the citizenship, the leadership of to-morrow. At this time we hear many new cries—of Physical Fitness, of County Badges, of National Standards. If we are to impose any scheme of universal training, we must be armed against dangers inherent in any such scheme, against a confusion of aims, a distortion of values.

There must be nothing purely physical without spiritual and moral balance. It has been said that the only spiritual quality needed is courage and that this comes from confidence in physical strength. Such a defence is unworthy of a reply. Nor must mass cohesion take the place of individual character; **unity must not be that of the chain gang.** A County Badge scheme seeks to stress individual development which, even if not purely physical, is still far wide of cultivating the finer points of character, of leadership.

Personality is the direct outcome of companionship, of the reactions to one's fellow-men; leadership can only thrive on personal contacts. Membership of a group has a profound influence on character and it is to the organisation of these groups that attention should be given. Leadership will arise from the success of the group rather than from individual, particularly physical, achievements. In team games, in corporate and constructive activities can we mould our material. Scouting, in particular, is full of possibilities. Our First Class test is a sound barometer of personal attainment with its combination of physical and mental standards, its demand for self-reliance, resourcefulness, initiative. The test involves—swimming a given distance; pioneering; map reading, weather and star work; estimation to a given degree of accuracy; signalling at stated rates; first aid and health, training for emergencies; cooking, including the catering and preparing; axemanship; training a scout recruit; and then the journey, the climax of the tests. This journey has to occupy at least twenty-four hours, must be made alone, sleeping and camping gear is to be carried, fresh food obtained on the way, and a full report of the route, the diet, the camping methods and other points written and illustrated.

Unfortunately, the school-leaving age and the demands of higher academic work tend to interfere with the work of school troops just when they are bearing fruit, just when, in fact, the young leader is feeling his feet and is most useful to the S.M. The Senior Patrol and, later, the Rover Crew help to meet this difficulty and to carry on, in adult fashion, the work done by the adolescent. It is interesting to note that many personal achievements in the Services, both Armed and Civil, are those of past Scouts and Rovers. It is an important indication, too, that within the Services there has been a demand for the formation of Rover Crews, a demand for all they valued in the past and which has stood them in good stead.

Ours, with kindred voluntary organisations, have struggled over the past forty years unaided. Here is a basis for the "training within a group" scheme for the youth of our country; it needs official help and expert guidance; it needs bringing up to date and adapting to the present-day life and language of the boy.

GARDEN NOTES

O fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint, Agricolas! (Vergil.)

Oh, too lucky for words, if only he knew his luck
Is the countryman . . . (C. Day Lewis)

Lucky, indeed, are our tillers of the soil, and luckier the man who has discovered a method of inducing city boys to cultivate that sodden morass, the School grounds. From community digging to competitive digging—still the brave old world, in which the competitive spirit provides the main chance! One does not have to travel to Russia to realise that collective farms are inefficient. Perhaps man is too individual after all, and his joy in his own private patch is just a natural law. We have compromised by allotting our plots to small groups of boys.

The response has been startling. Hot, breathless boys, sticky with brown mud, hurrying into afternoon school straight from the grim business of digging after lunch; later, other muddy boys park their spades and hurry through the gathering blackout to tea and homework. Not all our roll of volunteers show quite this keenness, but all are resolved to have their plots turned over before Christmas, so that the frost can break down the clods to a fine tilth, for seed sowing in the Spring.

Next summer, we hope to supply the kitchen with all the vegetables they may require for the School Dinner scheme. To the vigour acquired from digging, we shall add the pleasure of eating vegetables, fresh from the garden, abundant in vitamins and minerals.

Meanwhile, candidates for Devonshire, and nature in the raw, serve their apprenticeship on the less exciting fringes of the Rugger field.

"WINNIEHAWHAW" or "The Gardener's Lament"

I

In the Autumn nineteen forty
War came to the Spur at Bushey,
Came across the air from Zeesen,
Fell from Messerschmidt and Heinkel.
Shrapnel from our Winnie's Bren guns
Shivered glass in our new greenhouse.
Littered lawns with ugly fragments,
Keenly sought by eager scholars,
Tore the linings of their pockets
Emptied by Sir Kingsley Wood.

II

Ere the leaf turned sere and yellow
 Came the painters with their ladders,
 Set them up against the building,
 Stood them on the blooming borders,
 Trampled on the nodding flowers,
 Scoured the frames around the windows,
 Scraped the bark from off the fruit-trees.
 But their ears being of the keenest,
 Told us of the whirr of engines,
 Told us of the sirens wailing.

III

Ere the cold of winter chilled us
 Came the coalman with his lorry,
 Drove it o'er our even greensward,
 Leaving furrows where there were none,
 Rooting up the hindering hedges,
 Dumping coal upon our dungheap,
 Blocking up the toolshed doorway,
 Then he brushed away my protest,
 Blinking through his blackened eyelids,
 And his soul was full of blackness.

IV

Then upon a Friday morning,
 Came a bomb of Adolf's sending,
 Landed on our Minnehaha,
 On the bank of laughing water,
 Scorning not our lavatory,
 Shattering tool and cycle wigwam,
 Blasting pergola and paling.
 Forty spades and costly sundries
 Which will now be requisitioned
 Perished in that wooden wigwam.

V

Scarcely had we cleared the débris,
 Made the place look clean and tidy,
 Came th' electricians brisk and breezy,
 Hacking up the new-sown grass-seed,
 Digging trenches—miles of trenches,
 Laying cables 'neath the pathways,
 Burrowing through our bulb plantations
 So that our little democrats
 Instead of being coop'd like rats
 May have some bulbs that give more light.

[I am sick of Winniehawhaw and of this cloying rhythm,
 So with your kind permission I now will dispense with 'em.]

VI

Now that we have amply given vent
 To the winter of our discontent,
 Let us bethink us for a season
 Concerning a return to reason;
 For when for peace we toil and not for war
 We shall dispose of Winnie and Haw-Haw;
 Then let's look to it that our brand new Rockery
 Become a thing of beauty not a mockery.

NOT BY A VERY LONG FELLOW.

NATIONAL SAVINGS GROUP

Our Savings Group, started at the beginning of the year, is going from strength to strength, and it is now nearly a full-time job looking after it! In the first term the School's savings were £22, in the Summer Term they had risen to £55, and already this term with three weeks to go they stand at over £82. We should easily reach the £100 mark before the term's close. This term the collection of money and distribution of stamps has been put in the hands of a responsible boy in each form and although the system has its defects the volume of business done was becoming so great that decentralisation became very necessary. Recent enemy action robbed the group of its old headquarters in the Physics Lab., but the disorganisation has been overcome and we are carrying on. A more serious loss was the new indicator to give the weekly position of each form and the growing total of our savings—after occupying a position by the South cloakroom for a week it completely disappeared on the memorable Friday morning, and no trace of it has been seen since.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

<i>Matches Played:</i>		Pts. For	Pts. Agst.
v. K.C.S. Colts	Won	29	0
v. Surbiton C.S.	Drawn	0	0
v. Whitgift Colts... ..	Won	15	3
v. Harrow 3rd XV	Lost	0	11
v. K.C.S. 3rd XV	Won	28	3
v. K.C.S. 2nd XV	Lost	4	24
	Total	76	41

In spite of the difficulties of war conditions this has so far been our most consistent and enterprising season and it is not without interest to speculate how much better the School team would have been had we had more opportunity for both playing and practising.

We have been fortunate in having last year's outsides, and it has been only in the scrum and at scrum half that new material has had to be found; in the pack six places have had to be filled. Up to this season the forwards have always been stronger than the three-quarters, but at last we have got a more balanced side and the outsides, with their extra year's growth and experience, have really proved that they can attack with success. They have improved considerably in dash and determination both in attack and defence, and, above all, they have been willing to try things. Naturally Austin (who, incidentally, is now playing for his College) has been a big loss and we have missed his slippery genius, but Franks has fitted in remarkably well and has always managed to give a reasonable service to his outside half. It has been to Richards that the three-quarters owe most; his speed off the mark, his straight running and his well-timed passing have always given them potential chances.

Lack of coaching and practice have been most apparent in the forwards. Individually they have possibilities; collectively they are ragged and too often fail to back up with sufficient speed and dash. They are short, too, of training and real hard scrummaging.

It was pleasant to open the season with a clear-cut victory over K.C.S. Colts by 29 points to 0. It was an open game without being very polished, but it gave the three-quarters a chance to get the ball moving along the line and they made pretty good use of the dry conditions. A draw against Surbiton County School was the fairest result in a hard, mauling game in which each side crossed its opponent's line on two occasions without a try being scored. Surbiton looked the more dangerous attacking side, but our tackling was resolute enough to break up their movements.

Against the Whitgift Colts (admittedly a smaller and weaker side than last year's) we played easily our best game. In spite of wet conditions the three-quarters handled with certainty and accuracy; they were always willing to try new strategy, and as often as not turned defence into attack. And the forwards gave them good measure, too, in the tight scrums and in the loose.

After narrowly losing to a Harrow 4th XV last year, we this year played their 3rd, and lost by 2 tries and a goal to nothing in a game that was fairly open and fast. They got a much larger share of the ball and their three-quarters were fast enough to rattle our defence and break their positioning. In moments of stress we forgot our covering and were out-flanked.

The K.C.S. 3rd XV proved to be little stronger than their Colts and we beat them by 28 points to 3. In this match

our three-quarters again had most of the game and always looked dangerous.

Our most ambitious fixture so far was that against K.C.S. 2nd XV, and it was a very strong 2nd XV, too. To win we should have had to pull our very best out of the hat, and we couldn't do it. Within a few minutes they scored a penalty goal (the first of three) and crossed our line altogether three times to win by 24 points to 4. It was unfortunate that we lost our full-back through injury at the beginning of the second half and two tries were scored during this half, but it was with the forwards that our weakness lay. They packed poorly, they pushed weakly and their breaking and backing up was slow and uncertain. Behind a beaten pack the outsides had to make their chances, and though they got moving on several occasions they were forced across the field to finish harmlessly in touch. A neat dropped goal by Lawrence was all the scoring we managed to do.

SWIMMING

It is a well-known form of self-conceit to seek the explanation of all things in terms of one's actions and emotions. We swimmers like to think we know the reason for the long sequence of raid-ridden Friday afternoons at the beginning of Term. Whatever the cause, the effect was the repeated postponement of the Swimming Sports already crowded out of a shortened Summer Term. We had more time for practice, and spent quite a lot "under water" amongst pipes, boilers and whitewash. The Sports eventually took place on Tuesday, October 8th.

To say that the standard of swimming reached the normality which has been the aim in all School activities is doubtful commendation. As usual the Clubs were keen and very promising, but as usual too the seniors did not fulfil the promise they had shown as juniors. Style and speed can only be developed by constant practice, which, for one reason or another, our seniors do not get. They swim with something of the air of professional footballers playing cricket at a charity fête. Owing to the restricted shelter accommodation, the cheering masses in the balcony had to be excluded, but there was no lack of enthusiasm. The result of the House Championship was always in doubt, Cobb's being finally the winners, with Newsom's second. The Athenians had an easier victory in the Club Competition.

In the Club events, Hender (Sp.) gave a fine exhibition of crawl swimming and won the 1 length and 100 yards with ease. Churcher (Ath.) distinguished himself with a plunge of 42ft. 1in., some two feet better than the winning plunge in the senior event. Outstanding performances in the

House events were given by Daniell (C.) in the dive and Franks (H.) in the 66yds. breast-stroke.

The final positions were:

Houses: 1. Cobb's, 79 pts. *Clubs:* 1. Athenians, 54 pts.
2. Newsom's, 73 pts. 2. Spartans, 37 pts.
3. Gibb's, 68 pts. 3. Trojans, 28 pts.
4. Halliwell's, 63 pts.
5. Milton's, 47 pts.

TENNIS

Since the last publication of *The Spur* the finals of the Tennis Tournament have been played. The standard of tennis has so obviously improved that everyone looks forward to next season. After a very close match Daniels, by steady and careful placing, won the Singles Championship from Rogers, a harder hitting but less accurate player. The Doubles matches were very exciting, members of the Staff joining in with enthusiasm and no little skill. Mr. James and Gray beat Mr. Robinson and Scoble in the final.

Early this term an Inter-house Tournament was being closely contested, but the break in the fine weather, the troublesome raids and the opening of the Rugby season prevented its finish.

THE USE OF THE EYE

Languages, in School, appear to be an appalling network of rules. How on earth do unhappy foreigners manage to talk at all with the constant censorship of all that Grammar to be placated? Tired of Apocopation, Second Pluperfects, Synonyms, Predicates and Inflections, what a relief to enter the Art Room, where all is liberty and imagination!

Art is certainly a language, yet apparently there are no rules at all. Sometimes almost dismay is written on the face of the boy who, wishing to learn once and for all how to draw a cow, a Spitfire, a cloud, learns that there is no set rule; he has in fact to find out for himself. If he feels a cloud is a distant rocky castellation, let him paint it as such; if it is a cold damp and unwelcome fog, then unexpected greens and yellows must be called upon.

But disillusion awaits him who would rush madly in and immediately set forth his dreams in glowing colours. To start with, the mad rush is abruptly checked, and the impatient artist has to wait his turn in the queue; and then when brushes and paint are all ready, the artist's visions have vanished into the air and he is aware only of a gaping void within,

He doesn't know what to draw.

The lubricating oil of inspiration has to be poured into the dry brain from an external source.

The subject is set. Once more the wheels of thought begin to revolve slowly, and in answering motion brushes spread thick smears upon the flat surface which awaits them.

And then once again it all ends in disillusion. The wheel is not round, the sea stands up on end like a wall, the sky has become a black soup with hard and cheesy clouds floating unwillingly upon it.

Surely there must after all be some hidden grammar, some deep-laid formula for the magic clearness of the approved pictures on the wall? The only thing to do is to go back to the beginning.

It is not even enough to roll up one's sleeves.

Let the first task be to clear the room, wash the palettes, clean the brushes, mix the colours pure. Let tables be straight, let quietness, light and order prevail.

This end has not yet been attained.

Then let us consider the peculiar flat nature of the objects we wish to make. The solid world has to be reduced to flat shapes, roundness to pencil strokes, and distance to mere faintness.

This flat object, the picture, has itself to be agreeable; we have in fact to amass a vocabulary of brush strokes, colours and treatments in order to make the painting intrigue the eye.

The secret perhaps lies in the eye. Suddenly we find that we do not know the shapes of things, we do not know how things go.

By examining paintings and reproductions we can steal many interesting ideas for using paint and pencil, but only by turning our eyes outside the class-room to the forms and shapes, lights and colours, amassed without can we slowly teach the eye to find its way among this confusion of the visible world.

Here astonishing discoveries are to be made.

Accepted ideas must go.

For one thing, the sky is not blue, but grey or green; the grass is not green, but yellow or brown; trees are not brown, but black or unnameable hidden greys. Then as the eye learns to measure neighbouring tones and to plot shapes, we find that the sunset is perhaps dull and commonplace, the half-made building or refuse pile is after all a better source of unexpected colour, shapes and accents.

Tunes of colour run through the puddles on the by-pass road; the bank-note factory huddles with peculiar browns, and a sharp and jerky tattoo is sounded across it by the iron

railing. Dramatically the Jim Crows point to the sky, little figures run to shelter from a menace invisible above the streaky clouds. The rainy wind makes colours crisp and clear; now blue coats of boys run over the grass in a straggling line.

Surely here under our noses is matter for paint and paper.

We return to class, and if our eyes have been well open, brushes can be wielded with new vigour and ease.

“AS SAFE AS HOUSES”

In those important years of our history when the words “Czechoslovakia,” “Austria,” “Lebensraum,” “Ill-treatment of minorities,” “Democracy,” and “Totalitarianism” were all being flung round the world by radio and telegraph, from one continent to another, a certain Mr. X., living in suburbia, would often be heard to tell his wife: “They wouldn’t dare—we’re as safe as houses.” They *did* dare, and one more flag fell beneath the dark shadows of oppression which was sweeping Europe. Again they dared, and yet more millions of human beings were enlisted in the armies of slavery and despair. Then came the climax; guarantees were given, treaties broken and communication wires became red-hot with allegations and denials. Still Mr. X. said obstinately to his wife: “It’s only bluff. We’re as safe as houses.”

Then, on one September morning, the heat and rage of political confusion suddenly ceased, and a quiet voice uttered those tragic words: “We are at war.” Just four simple words, and yet they contain such worlds of meaning. Life, death, freedom, slavery, despair, bereavement and mortally maimed bodies are all covered by these four awful words. “It’s only a matter of time,” said Mr. X. “We’re as safe as houses.”

Then many surprises, more aggressions, more great flags trodden into the dust under the invader’s heel, and a great democracy found itself deserted, alone and surrounded by enemies.

“We’ve never been beaten,” said Mr. X. “We’re as safe as houses.”

Then droning machines were heard above, and death poured in sleek cylinders from the sky.

Mrs. X. started from her chair, as her face went white. Mr. X. crossed over to her and patted her comfortingly on the shoulder. “Don’t worry, dear. We’re as safe as houses,” he said, as the roof crashed down.

“THE BROADCAST”

Along Oxford Street on a sunny Saturday afternoon walked a short, stout man in a black coat and striped trousers, carrying a black portmanteau. Mr. Geoffrey Richards was going to broadcast; he was on his way to Broadcasting House.

As he walked along the wide, busy thoroughfare, Mr. Richards smiled proudly as he thought of the satisfaction he had felt on seeing his own name, with its imposing array of initials after it, printed in the *Radio Times*; then he scowled as he thought of the annoyance he had felt on seeing nothing but the word “talk” in the morning paper.

It was a hot day, and Mr. Richards was just beginning to become uncomfortable when he approached the wide façade of Broadcasting House and ascended the steps. He walked up to the Enquiry Desk and asked where he could wait; and he was directed to an empty, comfortable room. Closing the door behind him, he sat down. This action brought his eyes up so that he was looking at the clock, and to his amazement and alarm, he perceived that in his anxiety not to be late for his appointment, he had succeeded in being exactly three-quarters of an hour too early.

Mr. Richards reclined in the chair, and with a look approaching horror on his face, he saw that his watch was also at the same time. What, he thought, should he do? His first impulse was to go back outside and have a cup of tea at a restaurant, but Mr. Richards’ most prized possession was his dignity, and he considered it a loss of this possession to go outside again.

For ten minutes Mr. Richards sat in the chair trying not to think of the talk which he had to give. At the end of that time he was trembling visibly, and was about to light a cigarette when he saw a notice on the wall which denied him this pleasure. With trembling fingers he undid the two straps of his portmanteau and took out his script. He read the first page; then, as this did just the opposite to making him forget about his broadcast, Mr. Richards put the manuscript down and walked over to the window. He looked up at the clock; five leaden minutes had passed. Mr. Richards strode (as well as he could, for his stature did not lend itself to striding) back to the chair, and picked up his script again. He stood the portmanteau on its side on a small table, and, leaning over it confidentially as if it were a microphone, he read out the opening words of his talk. Then, dissatisfied with the intonations of his speech, he repeated the sentence.

With a start, and catching his breath, Mr. Richards realised that anyone passing the door would be rather amazed if he heard his conversation with himself. He sat down in his chair again, becoming more and more mortified

as he thought of his lost dignity. Looking at the clock, he saw that another five minutes had gone by. Twenty more minutes at least before he could get ready, he reflected.

Mr. Richards now had a dreadful gap in the pit of his stomach, and was sweating at the apprehension of his coming ordeal. He was on the point of burying his head in his hands when the door opened. He looked up—at last it was time! But Mr. Richards' hopes were soon shattered—dashed to the ground. A young man entered, and to Mr. Richards' consternation sat down at the table and began to read a script which he was carrying.

Minutes, like hours, trudged on, and the young man, who wore a sports coat and flannel trousers, seemed more at his ease than ever. Mr. Richards began to realise that he too could have worn sports clothes.

Another five minutes passed, and a suave, soft-spoken man opened the door and beckoned to the young man, asking if he was Mr. King. The young man replied that he was, and as he got up he glanced casually towards Richards, to whose tortured mind the glance seemed one of infinite contempt. Mr. King quitted the waiting-room and the door was closed. Mr. Richards sat on, and quaked on.

Another five minutes—would it never be time? The letters that would be written to the *Radio Times* next week—what of them? He prayed fervently that they would be complimentary to him. Would his talk be in the *Listener*? He hardly dared think of such a thing.

Then another dreadful thought entered his mind. What if his voice were unsuitable for broadcasting? What if he were to sneeze? or laugh? Geoffrey Richards shut his eyes. A wave of the most awful apprehension engulfed him. The door opened and he looked up. A man in a striped suit entered and spoke to him.

"Are you ready, Mr. Richards? You're on the air in five minutes."

Already? thought the miserable Mr. Richards. He tottered to his feet, and grasping his script, he followed the official out of the waiting-room.

The next three hours constituted a period of which Mr. Richards was barely conscious. At the end of that time, he was sitting in a chair in front of the fire in his country cottage, at which he intended to stay until his broadcast was forgotten.

For the next week Richards remained in hiding, and then, on the next Thursday, he allowed himself to sneak to the nearest stationer's and buy the current copy of *The Listener*. With fumbling, ineffectual hands, he hunted through the pages. There was no mention of his broadcast. Then, a tiny paragraph at the foot of a page caught his eye. He read it; it said:

"We regret that the talk by Mr. Geoffrey Richards, which was to have been broadcast on Saturday, the 24th, at 2.30, was not transmitted owing to a technical defect over which we had no control."

THE MASTER OF P.T.

With us ther was a master of P.T.,
And never was ther swich a man as he,
With shuldrës brode and red complexioun,
Ther-to he strong was as a champioun.
Wel koude he jump up hie into the aire,
So good a man as he ther was nowher,
For nyce and curteys was he with a may,
But with his scolers he was nat so gai.
And whan the scolers loughe with hem and pleyde,
Ful we! he beete the scolers round the heed.
And I seyde this wolde do hem muchel good,
Why sholde he crye and maken hemself wood,
With scolers who wolde play lik babes in cots,
And wolde not fitte hemselfes in propre knots,
And who refus'd to maken hemselfes ill
Al thro a master with a cholerik will,
And whan this master hitte hem in the ye,
The scolers maken awful melodye.
"For sothe they acte lik smalë babes," quod he,
"Tis yongë men that scolers oghte to be."
This master was a worthy man with-alle,
But, sothe to seyne, I noot how men hem calle.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of THE SPUR.

Sir,

Stephen Spender's intelligent and indeed hypersensitive criticism of *Macbeth* in your last issue prompts me to refer to certain points which, owing no doubt to the coincidence of the first night with the successful advance of the Nazis to the Channel Ports, and to Mr. Spender's inability to remain for the latter part of the performance, find no place in his article.

I do not dare to cross swords with such a distinguished figure on questions of Shakespearean criticism, except that I found it not convincing on his part to equate Hitler with Macbeth in the murdering of sleep. Macbeth was nothing if not a noble murderer; and his final rush into Nazi savagery was surely the collapse of a man once great in spirit (if not in soul). **Hitler would never have made a hero for Shakespeare** to write about, for Hitler has never had that essential nobility.

Leaving aside, however, the question of what sort of a play *Macbeth* really is, and also the question of what one feels when seeing it under the threat of national defeat, I would like to supplement Mr. Spender's review with one or two comments.

Firstly, I have not the impression that *Macbeth* as a whole is "a very rapid play, full of movement." I believe that the producer was right not to hurry the action until the final catastrophe to Macbeth's mind. As soon as he has seen Banquo's ghost, and visited the weird sisters in their cavern, the play certainly takes on a very rapid tempo (checked momentarily but not seriously by the sleepwalking scene) and my own impression of the production was that a very dramatic effect was obtained by the sudden speeding up, and indeed the continuous acceleration of the battle scenes, in contrast to the more solid presentation of the earlier part of the play. If Mr. Spender will glance again at the length of the speeches, and the number of the soliloquies, on which the whole play up to the final weird-sisters' interview is constructed, I am sure that he would not ask any producer to rush the audience from one scene to another—or one episode to another—in the manner which his criticism suggests. But perhaps the fact that he did not see the speed at which the last act was played accounts for his misunderstanding (as I see it) of the producer's intention. By the same token, incidentally, Mr. Spender would have realised in the last act that *Macbeth* himself ("gaining in force as he went on") was also in the mood of the production.

I would like, finally, to add a personal tribute. The production of any Shakespeare play by a boys' school is no easy matter. I had already seen and admired *Hamlet* and *Twelfth Night* at Raynes Park; but I awaited *Macbeth* in an especially critical mood, as it is a play which—for various reasons—I have very specially studied. I was astonished less at the skill of the production than at the maturity of the performances, and I am getting ready to see *King Lear*, from the same stables, in a few years' time. *King Lear*, incidentally, certainly is a play in which the producer will have to use all that ingenuity and skill for rapid movement which I believe he so wisely reserved in his production of *Macbeth*.

Yours, etc.

BASIL WRIGHT.

"Somewhere."

DEAR "SPUR,"

Your Editor has, in the goodness of his heart and in his search for copy, asked me to write a few cheering words about "Life as a Soldier." Even if there were anything interesting to relate I should not be allowed to reveal it to

such a vast public. As it happens there is not, and all I can say is that Army life frequently reminds me of being back at School—facing the blackboard this time—with the exception that those who instruct us are not always as gentle or as brilliant as the Staff at Raynes Park. I have been shouted at by innumerable Sergeant-Majors and cursed by several Captains; but my proudest moment was when, in a dim light, someone saluted me and addressed me as "Sir."

I often think of you all at Raynes Park and wish I were with you again, even if only to dig up potatoes.

Best wishes to you all.

Yours militarily,

PHILIP POLACK.

From the Hon. Secretary, Raynes Park School Old Boys' Society.

DEAR FELLOW-MEMBERS,

I am writing this time not, strange to say, to cajole from you more money but to announce instead a reduction of subscription to 2/6. The Committee feel that in existing circumstances they can do nothing to organise activities to justify the payment of the original annual subscription; but the 2/6 subscription will entitle you to receive your copies of *The Spur* and so enable you to retain a link with the School.

Owing to the constant presence of enemy aircraft in the evenings, it has been decided to defer the Annual General Meeting until the Spring, when daylight will be with us for a longer time than now. In doing this we are acting outside the constitution, but I feel that you will understand the position.

I cannot report any new ventures we have embarked upon, as at every hand there is some new restriction to prevent us starting. Incidentally, I have had no replies to my offer made in last term's *Spur*. It still stands, and I'll double it for the first suggestion I get.

Finally, I wish you all, wherever you may be, a very happy Christmas, and to those in London especially good luck until we can reunite in the happier days of peace.

Yours sincerely,

R. V. GRILLS.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We have received the following school magazines, and here express our thanks to their editors:

The Abbotsholmian, The Aldenhamian, The Bryanstone Saga, The Georgian, The Wellingtonian.

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