

THE

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# THE SPUR

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

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## HEADMASTER'S NOTES

This has been a quiet term with little to report. The Younger Pitt had occasion to say that only a fool would repair his house in the hurricane season. But if we see in difficulties opportunities, there are good things still to do. Original ideas nearer to the heart's desire for education may well have to be modified. But the stern challenge of war conditions contains different but not necessarily worse raw materials for education. The ostrich burying his head in the sand, because the oasis is far away, is no good to man or beast. Rather war conditions, which one hopes are ephemeral, may be made to serve educational values, which are final. If that can be attained, some good will have come from seeming catastrophe.

The School is proud to have its own flight of the Air Training Corps, under the command of Mr. Halliwell. Membership is open to suitable candidates, over the age of sixteen, who engage on being called up to national service to enter the R.A.F. or the Fleet Air Arm. It is hoped that boys will realise and seize the opportunity which this extension of the School's life affords. Bacon may have been excessively pessimistic when he wrote :—

*"Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease  
We are worse in peace."*

Two issues, however, from this war seem certain. The one, that some form of compulsory national service will be retained; the other, that there will be a considerable extension of civilian air services, with consequent openings for boys. In either case, initial training in the A.T.C. will be in the boy's interest, if he has bent or inclination in that direction.

More of the School field has been brought under cultivation, and many boys in the Senior School have assumed responsibility for allotments. Farming in Devon should produce enthusiastic leaders for gardening here. The crops

produced will go towards School dinners. Senior boys not in the Corps will in future be doing useful service on the land and in the grounds during A.T.C. parades.

From the Staff this term we have lost Mr. Doolan and Mr. Newsom, both of whom are now serving in the R.A.F. In their places we are fortunate to have the services of Miss D. E. Whitman and Mrs. C. M. Jackson, both of them Honours Graduates of London University. Miss Whitman came to take charge of the School's Biology from Richmond County School for Girls, and Mrs. Jackson, after outstandingly successful teaching experience before her marriage, has long been our good friend in helping with the costumes and dressing of School plays.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Robinson on the birth of a daughter. The distaff side seems still to predominate. The first boy baby born to a member of the Staff will have an embarrassing number of girl companions.

Staff and Prefects have throughout the term shared the duties of watching the building throughout the night for incendiary bombs. It has been tiresome work ; but there is solid gain even here, in so far as Masters and boys have been given an opportunity to get to know each other outside the classroom. All concerned have put the School in their debt.

It is pleasant to think that the School retains its hold on the affections of men and boys who are serving in H.M. Forces. Mr. Polack made a fleeting visit one afternoon, looking both fit and familiar in his uniform as a gunner. Fielding, Crouch, Christian and John Smith have all been to see us. Old Boys on leave are always welcome at any time they can manage. With their usual resource the Kitchen Staff will even manage a strictly rationed lunch for them. Their visits are an encouragement to us all.

It is satisfactory to note that the parents of 290 boys have formally agreed to their sons taking advantage of the sixpenny midday lunch next term. Such practical unanimity will make the organisation of the School day both easier and more profitable. Under war conditions it is more than ever important that all boys should be at School all day. The meals provided will be the best at the price charged, the rations allow, and human thought and ingenuity can provide. No more can be said.

We are grateful to Doctor James Metcalf for becoming Honorary Medical Officer to the A.T.C. The examination is no nominal affair. It is therefore all the more gratifying that both now and when he examined boys for last summer's Harvesting Camp, Doctor Metcalf has been impressed with the fine physical standard of the boys here. It is no mean tribute to the continuity of the Physical Training Instruction over more than five years.

Thanks are due to all those parents who kindly responded to the appeal for clothes for children who were evacuated from Wimbledon and district with insufficient. The care with which they were packed made easier the job of collection. Four members of the School are grateful to that parent who sent us four five shilling Postal Orders for distribution to boys whose Christmas would be made the happier by a little extra pocket-money.

K. O. Richards, after invaluable service to the games of the School, as House Captain, Prefect, and Second Boy, is now an experimental assistant in a laboratory of the Ministry of Supply in the North of England. He has our thanks and best wishes.

Mr. Oates took a party of boys to the Sadler's Wells production of Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*. As a result, at least one conversion, albeit grudging, to an interest in grand opera is reported.

A party of boys represented the School at a Youth Conference at Sutton during the holidays. Meade's contribution to a discussion earned commendation.

Farming in Devon at Christmas proved that our boys could both stand up to snowbound conditions and adapt themselves to quick production of plays which had enough entertainment value to earn £2 10s. for the local hospital. One boy's devotion to the feeding of the animals put in his charge rewarded the School with the promise of two pigs. Preparations for their reception is told elsewhere. We must thank Mr. A. H. Gray, one of the School's Governors, for supplying us with bricks with a speed of delivery remarkable at any time, but miraculous in these.

It is a particular pleasure to record the formation of a club called "The Partisans," election to which is confined to the members of the second-and third-year Sixth Form. Its aim is to provide boys who wish to discuss freely serious questions with a common meeting ground. Election to the club will confer genuine distinction, and will be jealously guarded. I shall watch the fortunes of The Partisans with particular interest, since some of my happiest work at Whitgift was done in the formation and directing of a group run on similar lines.

The House Plays gave an afternoon's good entertainment. We are grateful to Mr. Eric Ward for giving his time to the difficult job of adjudication. It was pleasant to see the Hall full again, and to find such a welcome improvement in standard. Several promising recruits were discovered, and these have been given parts in Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, which is now in active rehearsal, with a view to production as the fifth School Play in May. *Macbeth*, last year, was played during the agonising days of the collapse of France. We hope that the *Shrew* will be tamed in quieter times.

## LECTURES

*Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., 16th December*

An address on the part that boys at School now will have to play in the post-war "brave new world." In this country there are three million young people between fourteen and twenty : of these only one out of every five is receiving full-time education. Theirs was therefore a privileged position, and they would have to accept the responsibility for making a better job of the peace than this generation had done. With the invention of the aeroplane, the world had shrunk, like a shirt after a football match. Nations had to change and grow : what had to be found was a means for this growth which would not involve going to war to effect it. A live, alert, dynamic people was wanted, each individual doing his best service for the community. More interest was wanted in Local Government, more responsibility for the working of democratic institutions. There would be needed many people of fresh vision and independent minds to fill important jobs—architects to rebuild damaged cities and to plan better roads into them ; schoolmasters to take their part in the new system of education which would have to be born ; doctors to tell people how to keep well rather than to cure them when ill ; farmers whose knowledge must include chemistry, land surveys, mechanics, manuring ; men for industry who would know their subject inside out and be trained in the art of

management. All ideas would have to be organised on a fresh basis.

*Cecil Day Lewis, 6th February*

We were first privileged to listen to the poet reading passages from his translation of the *Georgics*, and some of his war poetry. Then once again we had the delight of listening to him singing. His programme included songs he had never sung to us before, as well as songs which we can never hear him sing too often. Some of the Irish songs had been set to music by Mr. Beecroft.

(i)	(ii)	(iii)
<i>Cockles and Mussels</i>	<i>The Queen's Maries</i>	<i>Norah O'Neale</i>
<i>Old Orange Flute</i>	<i>Bonnie Earl of Moray</i>	<i>Rose of Tralee</i>
<i>Boys of Wexford</i>	<i>The Fond Kiss</i>	<i>Bard of Armagh</i>
<i>Toughal Harbour</i>		<i>She is Far from the Land</i>
<i>Orange Lily O</i>		<i>Last Rose of Summer</i>

It is a fortunate tradition that no recital here can omit *Oft in the Stilly Night*, which Mr. Day Lewis sang before going back to his Home Guard duties, and "the small sufficient wonders of the countryside" in Devon.

*Professor G. Wilson Knight, 13th February*

The lecturer's theme was the similarity between the times in which Shakespeare wrote and our own. England was no longer subservient to Continental influences, but was functioning as a unity, as herself. The new life which was born of this self-reliance speaks to us to-day in the words of Shakespeare. We are brought back to the stark facts of our national and islanded existence, and have discovered our unity. We are still "bound in with the triumphant sea, whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege." Mr. Knight traced Shakespeare's belief in this nation's ability to blend power with goodness, through the history plays. In *Richard III* he was warning the country what she must not be, and the lecturer identified the King's urge for power with the Nazi wish to dominate other people. Whereas Hotspur was an average Fascist, Prince Hal, playing games and getting drunk with Falstaff, typified the national reluctance to be militarily prepared. England, he claimed, was a fighting nation, ignorant of the arts of peace. She still has no idea of the difficult, dangerous things she has to do after the war. To get the spiritual power and courage to tackle these she must go to Shakespeare. Although one could not accept all Mr. Knight's deductions, particularly from Cranmer's last speech in *Henry VIII*, this made the lecture still more stimulating, and even the smallest boy must have been excited over the resounding recitations and envious of a memory that seemed never to falter.

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, SPRING TERM, 1940

*Head of the School* : S. T. Launder.

*School Prefects* :

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

*Captain of Hockey* : B. W. Meade.

*Secretary of Hockey* : A. Nagle.

*Prefect of Library* : J. W. Robbins.

*Prefect of Hall* : B. W. Meade.

## SCHOOL PRIZE-GIVING

The School Prize-Giving at the end of the Christmas term was attended by a large number of parents and friends of the School—a very large number, if one considers the difficulties of these times.

That we were able to have a prize-giving at all this year is a noteworthy and pleasant thing. There was no official grant for the purpose, and it was the generosity of Mr. Rudolph Messel which supplied the large number of books which were distributed in the course of the afternoon. Mr. Messel himself was present on the platform with his sister, Mrs. John Buchanan, who presented the prizes.

The Headmaster's speech dealt with some of the recent successes and good fortune of the School, and with some of our hopes for the future. There was Antony Hinton's distinction in winning a State and County Scholarship to Magdalen, Oxford; the good School Certificate results; Mr. Basil Wright's generous gift of £1,000. There was the fact that next September we hoped to have a Classical Sixth, since Greek had already been started in the School Certificate forms.

But the Headmaster's speech was primarily an expression of gratitude to the parents for their confidence and support during a very difficult time. They had made the difficult choice, said the Headmaster, between "a problematically safe body and a certainly cretinous head," and the result of this had been that education had been able to proceed at the School with as little interruption as possible.

In speaking of the books to be presented, the Headmaster quoted Jane Austen's words: "You have gained a new source of enjoyment, and it is as well to have as many holds upon happiness as possible."

Mrs. Buchanan then presented the prizes. S. T. Launder, expressing the School's gratitude to her and to her brother for making this occasion possible, spoke also of the pleasures of seeing and getting to know the country which Mr. Messel and Mr. Buchanan had given to many boys in the School by their co-operation in the farming scheme.

The afternoon ended with an unexpected and graceful presentation of a prize by Mr. Messel to the Headmaster himself. It was a gay and enjoyable occasion, most unlike those conventional ceremonies which some writers have described, to which parents come unwillingly and pompously and at which boys are oppressed by formalities and the necessity of long listening to interminable orations.

## PRIZE LIST, 1939-1940.

*English*.—Hitchon J. O., Bell J. A., Nightingale, Jillett, Heath.

*History*.—D. G. Austin, S. T. Launder, Cattell, Petit, Parker P. A. W., Downham.

*Geography*.—Thompson A., McDermott, Wiggins, Simeone.

*Latin*.—A. Hinton, Honeker, Healey, Chamberlain, Lough, Salter.

*French*.—Vaughan P. W., Holwill, Clack, Brebner, Lawrence L. E.

*German*.—Poulter, Carter H. C., Chapman.

*Spanish*.—Newman.

*Mathematics*.—K. S. Daniels, Sleigh, Sorrell, Griffiths, Bond, Overell B. G., Jahn.

*Science*.—K. O. Richards, B. W. Meade, Brodrick N. C., Bannister, Ace, Green.

*Woodwork*.—Jepson, Jefferson, Spurlock.

*Printing*.—Martin.

*Musical Appreciation*.—A. Day.

*Art*.—Vaughan D. G., Pead.

*Scripture Recitation Prizes*.—Holwill, Ward, Bond, Downham, Stewardson.

*General Knowledge Prizes*.—Senior : Thompson A. ; Junior : Fullman.

*Prize for the Best Performance in School Certificate*.—Crumley.

*Prize for the Most Promising Work in the First-year Sixth*—B. W. Meade.

*Prize for the Best Performance in Higher Certificate*—A. Hinton.

*Leaving Prize for the Head of the School*—A. Hinton.

## A.T.C. FLIGHT 565.

When those who have known the School from early days are thinking of its growth and development, or when and if its history comes to be written, and the interplay of School and circumstance comes under analysis, certain events and particular decisions will stand out in marked significance: the formation of a Flight of the Air Training Corps will be one of the most obvious of them. This, together with the expansion of the School allotment scheme and the beginning of small live-stock keeping for food production, are indicative of the School's reaction and new line of attack under the impact of war. These things are all new efforts, new ways of going to it, new and vigorous activities arising from the urgency of the National War Effort.

The aim of the Air Training Corps has been stated many times in public: the ensuring of a supply of semi-trained men for the Royal Air Force or the Fleet Air Arm, and that is behind the age limit of 16-18, with the permission for the enrolment of boys under 16 if their presence does not interfere with the training of those who are full cadets, and behind the courses of instruction and the facilities for training. Cadets and N.C.O's, unlike commissioned officers, are not subject to the Air Force Law.

At present 71 boys are enrolled, and this makes a unit big enough to feel its strength. The establishment of the flight is as follows:

*Officer Commanding Flight 565:* A/Flying Officer H. F. Halliwell.

*Other Commissioned Officers:* A/Pilot Officer A. E. Sweeney.  
A/Pilot Officer E. G. Raynham.

A/Pilot Officer G. M. Wilson has generously offered his services, and Dr. J. Metcalf has accepted the appointment of Hon. Medical Officer. We are very grateful to these two gentlemen for their assistance.

*Flight Sergeant:* S. T. Launder.

*Sergeants:* A. V. I. Cook and A. Day.

*Corporals:* A. Nagle and R. F. Pegg.

The Commissions have yet to be confirmed.

The preliminary training will involve drill, Morse, mathematics, the elements of navigation and the theory and practice of the internal-combustion engine. After a few weeks, on the result of test and when the results of the medical examination have been collected, cadets will be provisionally divided into Air Crew section and a Ground Staff section, and will then carry on with the work, theoretical and practical, suitable in nature to their object. This will involve navigation, gas, and armaments on the one hand, and technical training

in internal-combustion engines and electrical instruments on the other. Both kinds of work we hope will involve contact with aerodromes and units of the R.A.F.; they certainly will involve determination and application.

With these ideas in mind we started. On Thursday, March 13th, the first parade was held, and by the end of an hour already the Flight showed the shape of things to come. The sooner discipline, drill and smartness reach the high level necessary for the proper running of the Flight, the sooner the majority of the time will be spent on classes and practical work and those occupations we are so anxious to get down to. We shall have not only to feel our way, but force our way: we have got to make our own facilities. We must make charts, diagrams, models. We must have a room where these can be exhibited. We need a store and cadets to look after it. When we get armaments we shall need cadets to look after them, keep them oiled and in working condition. We have much to do, and with enthusiasm and determination we shall do it.

## DOWN ON THE FARM

The first thing that caught my eye when I visited Whid-don Down was the Headmaster's boots. I must confess to a certain disappointment at not finding him in a smock, with a be-ribboned Watteau crook, leading a well-groomed lamb. But the boots went some way in compensation. At once elegant and workmanlike, they set the tone for the atmosphere of toil and culture which you imported into our *latis otia fundis*. As to the toil, I can only repeat what I heard: that you were already milking cows, cleaning pigsties and muck-spreading as to the manner born, and that X. had struck up so close an acquaintance with one of the local sows that he proposed to bring her back to London and set her up at Raynes Park ('in the Science Laboratory would be a good place,' muttered Mr. Warner darkly, with all the intolerance of the classical Master). As to the culture, there could be no doubt. It was a great piece of work to be able to produce two plays with so little spare time at your disposal. I am no stranger to the muck-rake myself, and I know how exhausted one can feel after a hard day on the land. But there were no signs of exhaustion about your performance of those two hardy perennials, *The Bishop's Candlesticks* and *The Monkey's Paw*. Mr. Messel's library made a charming background for them, and the village audience was enthralled. A. Hinton as the convict and Hitchon as the sergeant-major were particularly good. My only regret on leaving was that I had no time for midnight tobogganing—a pursuit for which the weather, my mood and the Headmaster's boots were equally well adapted.

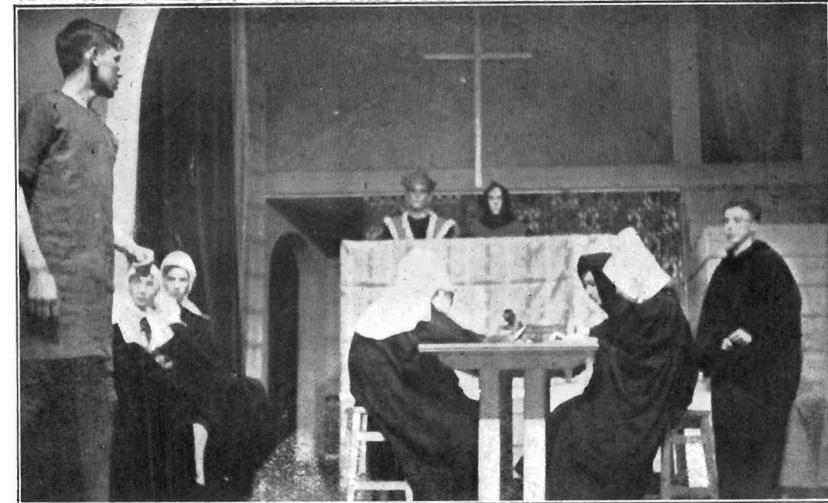
I am sure there is no need for me to advertise here what your holiday farmers will all be propagating for when term begins—the joys and usefulness of a holiday on a farm. Farmers are short-handed now, and likely to be more so before long. Much farm work is highly skilled, but there are many odd jobs which anyone can do, releasing the skilled men for the skilled work, and thus being of real service. Besides this, you are helping to bridge the gulf between the townsman and the countryman. Each is apt to look down on, to be a little suspicious of, the other ; and this is all wrong, and quite unnecessary, and working side by side puts an end to it. And then there is the fun you get out of it ; and something more than fun too. I have tried to express this “something more” in poetry. Here are two phrases : “The small sufficient wonders of the countryside” ; “The received truth of the spade.” I mean that, when you watch things growing, something grows in *you* ; and, when you handle a spade, the most ancient and necessary of man’s implements, a kind of wisdom flows through it into you—something quite different from anything you can learn out of books. A week’s farm-work won’t turn you into a countryman, of course ; but it is long enough to bring you into touch with a good way of living, a “received truth.”

C. DAY LEWIS.

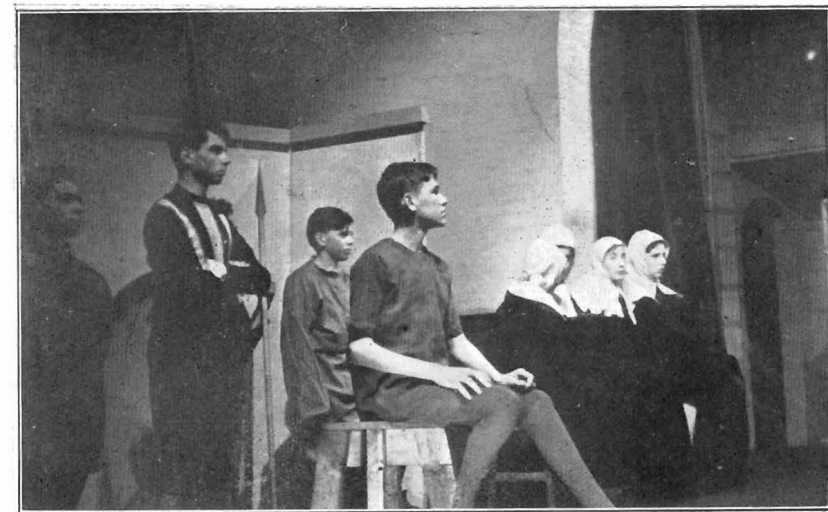
### THE PIG CLUB

“He is as greedy as a Pig !” “He eats like a Pig !” “He is a dirty Pig !” “He is a filthy swine !” Why should the Pig be held up to such universal scorn ? The Pig is, at heart, and if given a chance, a very clean animal, and it is most certainly an interesting animal. It is, moreover, a very sound commercial proposition : you fill the Pig up with food and it repays you five-fold : (1) With the edifying and delightful spectacle of a Pig feeding ; (2) with the delightful, slushy, earnest sound it makes while feeding : the sound which Mr. Wodehouse compares to the noise of “2,000 men drinking soup in a foreign restaurant” ; (3) with the soothing appearance of stolid contentment that a replete pig alone possesses ; (4) with extremely valuable garden manure ; (5) with a very tidy profit when it is fat enough to be sold.

I had always been content to admire the Pig from a distance, and only when I went to Devonshire during the Christmas holidays did I realise the truly superlative qualities of the Pig, and only then did I worship it at close quarters. Thanks to the co-operation of the Headmaster, the Governors and Mr. Moore, we are now building a veritable palace of a pigsty, comparable only with the boudoir of the Empress of Blandings. This sty will house two of the piglets which were born



MILTON'S HOUSE PLAY



MILTON'S HOUSE PLAY

to Mr. Messel's sow Susan in February. We have been eagerly awaiting their birth since Christmas, when Mr. Messel kindly offered them to us as a basis for our Pig Club. And here again we are learning new things, things we never knew existed before. We know that a bricklayer is worth every penny of his 1/3 an hour; we know that the School is built in Flemish bond and that the air-raid shelters are built in English bond; we know what a stretcher is, what a header is, what a closer is, what a brick-bat is, what the Boiling of Animal Foodstuffs Act of 1936 says, what the Movement of Animals Order of 1925 says, what Section I of the Protection of Animals Act of 1911 says. We think we know what to do if the Pig gets: the bots, the thumps, cipping, scours, indigestion or rheumatism. Above all, we have learned to use the powers of the mind and body together to create something which to us at least is beautiful.

J.H.

### THE HOUSE PLAYS.

"Sir, it is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It is not done well; the wonder is that it is done at all." Dr. Johnson was talking of women who speak in public, but his subject might also have been amateur theatricals. Fortunately, the occasion of the House Plays did much to restore one's belief in such activities. There were comparatively few of those agonising pauses or misunderstandings on the stage when the sympathetic listener is seared with helplessness, pitying shame. There was a notable all-round advance on the standards achieved last year; the competition was extremely close, and there was no production so weak as to deserve mere damning with faint praise.

Milton's made a wise—and, indeed, almost gilt-edged—choice in the trial scene from *St. Joan*. Shaw himself put the company on the high road to victory with his superb prose, inherent pageantry and explicit directions. Little more was demanded of the players than dignity and clear diction, and these they effectively supplied. Joan herself managed a rough and vibrant intensity and struggled like a contortionist to overcome the awkwardness of being placid exactly between her interlocutors and her audience. Peter Cauchon dominated the proceedings with a ripe voice and explosive personality, and triumphed over a superficial resemblance to the Prime Minister of Mirth dressed up as Old King Cole. Brother Martin gave one of the best performances of the day with a fascinating mixture of tortured asceticism and quick, human sympathy. By comparison, the Inquisitor, John de Stogumber and the Earl of Warwick were far less happily cast.

HALLIWELL'S HOUSE PLAY



COBB'S HOUSE PLAY





Gibb's presented *The Seventh Symphony*, by Lord Dunsany, as pretentious a piece of twaddle and clap-trap as the present writer has ever met, but, nevertheless, an opportunity for good stage-craft in the contrast between the staircase filled with the lords of the overworld and the humdrum lodging of the delirious musician. The best acting came from Beethoven, who spoke well and looked superb, and from the Musician, who raved suitably, although badly masked by a reading-lamp; there was also a quietly efficient sketch of a doctor. The hierarchy of poets seemed to have lost all touch with their earthly personalities, but the whole production was just good enough to cover such inanities as Beethoven's step-dance on the clouds, and the silent, belated and totally unexplained appearance of Keats, who generally gave a fascist salute to all and sundry.

Halliwell's chose *The Beauty Spot*, by Ivor Brown—a slick and facile piece of social satire, in which the characters do not pretend to be more than types. Within its limits, it was extraordinarily well done. There were half a dozen of the best acting performances of the day; each of these principal players was word-perfect, quick on his cues and continuously entertaining; all but one were audible. All the "business," which ranged from a rough-and-tumble round a bench to the dissemination of orange pips, was conducted with assurance and strict timing. The staging was ingenious, and many must have been surprised to hear that the production was rated no higher than third.

Cobb's had battled with appalling difficulties. Illness had forced them to abandon their original choice only a few days before the competition, and they had hastily and courageously substituted *Catherine Parr*, a most amiable trifle. Under the circumstances their achievement was remarkable. This last-minute success was almost wholly due to Henry, every inch a Tudor, with his easy confidence, rich and varied voice and telling roll of the eye. Catherine was adequate, but too wooden in her primness.

Newsom's selected Shaw's *Passion, Poison and Petrification*. This is a riotously funny extravaganza, but burlesque melodrama demands a combination of timing and abandon which would test far more experienced actors than these. Adolphus was extremely good and manifestly enjoying himself; he was well supported by the maid and the landlord. Others were either clumsy or simperingly half-hearted. The production was always lively enough to get the laughs, but there was often a certain amount of consternation when the laughs actually came. It would have been far wiser to simplify the whole system of lighting and sound-effects, and so avoid so many possibilities of disaster in these spheres.

The five plays have here been reviewed in their order of merit according to the findings of the official adjudicator, which were: Milton's, 17 points; Gibb's, 16 points; Halliwell's, 14 points; Cobb's, 12 points; Newsom's, 11 points.

J. B. GRUBB.

## HOUSE NOTES

### Cobb's

*Captain*: A. V. I. Cook.  
*Vice-Captain*: E. D. Daniel.  
R. F. Pegg.

There have been no very drastic changes in the House since the last notes. We have seen the end of the rigger term, the beginning of the hockey term and the production of the House play. This last will for ever be a slur on the House's reputation, although we stepped up one place in the competition. Cooper, Chapman and Warren, by learning their parts and rehearsing hard during the weekend preceding the afternoon of the plays, brought us up close behind the first three Houses. All three acted extremely well, and one will appear in the *Taming of the Shrew*. But what is shameful is that they should have had to work flat out for four days and do what we could have spread over eight weeks.

The House, with its deplorable indifference towards dramatics, had left the choosing of the play to the last moment. Unfortunately, the play then chosen was a singularly difficult one to act, and the slackness towards rehearsals and a bout of flu—both of which could have been overcome—made disaster imminent. But the play was changed and the House saved.

We regret the loss of K. E. Lawrence, who has left to enter a well-known firm of lift manufacturers. We shall have to make good the loss of his dash and enthusiasm. He has our best wishes for the future.

### Rigger

The team this year was very promising, and we made a really good attempt at the Cup, being fairly beaten, however, by Gibb's superior weight. The team was very keen, but needed more practice in handling the ball.

When they managed to pack together properly, the forwards were quite successful, and Barker showed himself enterprising in the loose. Many of the forwards did not tackle promptly. A lot of ground was lost in this way. There was also a general tendency to get offside and out of position, Barker being the main offender in this category.

Among the three-quarters two main faults persisted. First, that the ball was held too long before passing ; secondly, that players did not run straight, but ran across the line of defence, in search of an opening, instead of passing. Both these faults arise from a desire to score a try alone and unaided, which is, of course, fatal to good team-work. Lawrence, Hill and Pengilly all possess that ability to tackle which is so necessary for a good three-quarter, and Forrest has the speed and accuracy in handling the ball which constitute a good winger.

Our first match against Newsom's was, in spite of the rain, a very successful game. Forrest's quickness and Hill's fearless tackling did much towards our victory of 14 points to 3.

The second match, against Halliwell's, was considerably more difficult, the combination of Wells' brawn with Daniels' skill repeatedly testing our defences to the limit. We managed, however, to push our forwards through, and scored two tries, both converted, which, against Halliwell's try, made the score 10 points to 3.

Milton's team were unable to break our defence, and were beaten 19 points to nil.

These three successes, and Gibb's three successes against the same Houses, made the Cobb's v. Gibb's match an exciting finale to the House rugby matches, with the result that a large crowd collected on the touch-line. From the very start it was an exciting game, Launder rushing through and scoring a try in the first two minutes. We were more wary after this "first blood," but in spite of all we could do, our defence was pierced three times by overwhelmingly good play on the part of Gibb's team, and we were eventually beaten by 9 points to 3.

Next year we shall badly miss Lawrence's support ; but in spite of this major loss, I am sure that this year's good try for the Cup will be improved upon by next year's more experienced team.

### Gibb's

*Captain* : S. T. Launder.

*Vice-Captain* : A. Nagle.

*Swimming Captain* : F. J. W. Holwill.

### Rugger

Once again we find ourselves holders of the Rugby Challenge Cup. The team played well and deserved to win all their matches. In yet another field of sport, the juniors of the House have distinguished themselves ; they played hard, and throughout the whole of the series they showed great keenness. The forwards had a great leader in Holwill, who bullied and swore at the scrum, exhorting them to push and not to lean.

Nagle, too, could be relied upon to make a good many yards by ducking and swerving before he would be pulled down. So well did the team play together that, looking back now to those dull, muddy afternoons, it is difficult to remember any outstanding performance. Apart from those mentioned, Billingham and Gathercole distinguished themselves. We sympathise with Bond J. A. on his unfortunate injury at the beginning of the rugger season, and we are pleased to see him back again this term.

*Results of House Matches* : v. Halliwell's, won 15—8 ; v. Milton's, won 21—6 ; v. Newsom's, won 20—0 ; v. Cobb's, won 9—3.

### Dramatics

For the House Play Competition we produced Lord Dunsany's *Seventh Symphony*. It is a short one-act play, and has a cast of nine. This is the greatest number that have acted in a Gibb's House play. The producer, D. G. Vaughan, overcame most of the difficulties of production, and he also distinguished himself by taking the chief part. Besides Vaughan D., Taylor, Tracy and Holwill gave excellent performances. We were judged to be second best, being beaten by Milton's. To come second to a superb performance like Milton's is certainly no disgrace, although we had hopes of winning the competition this year. All the same, the House congratulates Vaughan on what was a very good production. The cast was as follows :

<i>Territ</i> ... ..	D. G. Vaughan
<i>Mrs. Perkins</i> ... ..	Tracy
<i>Dr. Mann</i> ... ..	K. Taylor
<i>Beethoven</i> ... ..	F. Holwill
<i>Milton</i> ... ..	S. Launder
<i>Herrick</i> ... ..	A. Nagle
<i>Cervantes</i> ... ..	J. Petit
<i>Shelley</i> ... ..	P. Vaughan
<i>Keats</i> ... ..	D. Barton

Mention must be made of Venn and Billingham, who helped the production no end by their good work behind the scenes.

### Hockey

The House matches have only just started, and we have only played one game. This, against Newsom's, ended in a 4—0 victory for us. The younger members of the House have once again distinguished themselves, even more so than in the rugby season. Dailley and Carter R. C. deserve special praise for their excellent game against Newsom's.

## Halliwell's

*Captain* : K. S. Daniels.  
*Vice-Captain* : R. D. Franks.

It has been a pleasing and most satisfying term : I am thinking in particular of hockey and the House play and in general of the vigour and freshness that has been evident among the Juniors. The first House match was played before the new-comers to the team had done more than touch a hockey stick, and it is evident that we shall have a keen and strong team in the near future. The House play was a grand effort from first to last, and the House Captain is to be congratulated again on his choice and production. Listen well to criticisms and learn from them. Those who were but supers this time must be ready to take speaking parts next, and they will find it even more enjoyable, though harder work.

We are glad to have seen John Smith, Christian and Jordan, and to have heard from Lionel Smith. Old Boys of the House, please let us hear from you. H.F.H.

This term has been crammed full of House activities, in which most of the members of the House have played some part. Whether in the House play or in the House hockey matches and practices the House has shown an enthusiasm and eagerness to get a job done, a virtue which we have often lacked. There are, however, still too many boys, particularly in the middle part of the House, who persist in thinking that all the House requires of them is to come and listen once a week at House meetings. The juniors are settling down well and already have proved their worth.

## Rugger

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

We had a strong team but not quite strong enough to win us the Rugger Cup. In our first match we suffered a setback by losing to Gibb's 15—8. Although our forwards were superior both in weight and ability to theirs, our weaker three-quarter line could not hold the stronger line opposite. The games against Milton's and Newsom's were easy victories for us, both weight and ability being well on our side. With Cobb's, however, it was different, and in a hard and even game we eventually lost 10—3. Our final position was third, but we look forward to bettering this next year.

## Hockey

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

It is the first time that most of the juniors of the House have played hockey, but even so, one or two of them have

proved good enough to earn their place in the House team. The team is a strong one too, and already has one victory to its credit. This was our first House match against Cobb's, when we won 3—0. The team played together well and the hockey was good. Franks deserves praise for his work both in defence and attack. Positions must, however, be kept more strictly, and more thrust in attack and speed in hitting is essential. We look forward to further victories soon.

## Dramatics

We worked hard for the House Dramatic Competition, and I certainly can say we all enjoyed it. As usual we chose a play that gave us opportunity to bring as many into it as possible : it was *The Beauty Spot*, by Ivor Brown. The speaking parts were taken by Parker, Franks, Hitchon J. O., Baker, Bond, Crumley, Sleigh and the non-speaking parts by Hitchon J. W., Sorrell, Coote, Ivins, Brown M. G., Nye. The stage-hands were Brain, Smith B. L., Fabian, Clack, and Page.

We are pleased to hear that the play when presented showed life and slickness and that it received high praise. We must not be discouraged in being placed third only, but continue with the eagerness which has always been shown.

## Milton's

*Captain* : B. W. Meade.  
*Hockey Captain* : B. W. Meade.

For the third time in succession we have won the Dramatic Cup. Our success might well be attributed to individual performances or to costumes, but it was mainly due to the sincerity with which the scene was presented. We must here thank those who gave us such valuable aid with our costumes. If individual performances are to be noted, pre-eminent among these was Honeker's outstanding performance as Joan. Amongst other notable actors were Forward, who played Ladvenu with great feeling, and Overell ma. as an indignant Courcelles. Nunns played de Stogumber with both zest and success, whilst both Schrecker and Haywood, as d'Estivet and Warwick respectively, gave admirable performances. Especial congratulation must go to A. Day, who both produced the play and played Cauchon with great dignity and sincerity.

Individual praise cannot be given to everybody, space will not permit, but those who played assessors, scribes, pages, soldiers, executioner and assistants were as much responsible for our success as the major characters. Their patience in sitting with little to say during the whole play was most

commendable, and all the bullying to which they were subjected during rehearsals must have been to some extent nullified by our eventual success.

Cast of *St. Joan* :

<i>Warwick</i>	... ..	Haywood
<i>Page</i>	... ..	Overell mi.
<i>Cauchon</i>	... ..	A. Day
<i>Inquisitor</i>	... ..	B. Meade
<i>d'Estivet</i>	... ..	Schrecker
<i>de Stogumber</i>	... ..	Nunns
<i>Courcelles</i>	... ..	Overell ma.
<i>Ladvenu</i>	... ..	Forward
<i>Joan</i>	... ..	Honeker
<i>Executioner</i>	... ..	Saxby
<i>Soldiers</i>	... ..	Withers, Green
<i>Executioner's Assistant</i>	... ..	Higgins
<i>Assessors</i>	...	Carpenter, Campbell, Escott, Roberts
<i>Scribes</i>	... ..	Bird, Cole, Colliers
<i>Stage Manager</i> : Edwards.		
<i>Make-up</i> : Carr Jones, Reuter.		

In the realm of sport we cannot yet record any achievement. No matches were won by the XV last season, although their enthusiasm alone deserved many points. We have yet to play any hockey matches, but I hope that next term we will be able to record some victories by the team. If only the forward line will learn to shoot, then we should win many of our matches.

Next term more people will be staying to dinner under the new scheme, and more co-operation in the House must result. The House is at present only loosely knit together, and by more intimate contact we may hope that a greater House spirit will be fostered.

At the end of last term we lost two valuable members of the House in Lowe and Kidd. We hope that they are faring well at their new schools.

**Newsom's**

*Captain* : J. W. Robbins.  
*Vice-Captain* : J. E. Fisher.

We might as well admit straight away that our hopes for the Rugby Cup have been in vain ; we succeeded in winning one of the House matches, against Milton's ; in the other three we lost. The first, in which we were beaten by Cobb's, 15—3, was played in soaking rain and on a water-logged ground. Cobb's scored most of their points in the first half,

in a series of breakaways by their three-quarters ; in the second, the ground was reduced to a bog ; consequently our three-quarters were handicapped, although it was bad enough for both sides with the slimy ball. Our forwards only settled down in the last half, and were continually pressing their opponents ; they worked very hard to score three points. But as for the last two matches we failed completely to score either against Gibb's or Halliwell's ; they, respectively, scored 20 and 18 points against us. Naturally we all tried our best to win, and it is to be hoped that we proved hard to beat considering our team weakness. Incidentally, the House might note that a remark made by a member of the team, during a match, was that it seemed as though every supporter of the other Houses had turned up, but not one of Newsom's.

Our next ordeal was the contest for the House Dramatic Cup. We decided to try and present Shaw's *Passion, Poison, and Petrification*. From the first reading to the rehearsal before the dress rehearsal the cast grew from strength to strength ; it seemed as though we had a good chance of equalling Milton's, Gibb's or Halliwell's. Unfortunately, as the audience heard, we were awarded the bottom position ; it was no shock to the cast. As usual, the action of the play provided more enjoyment to the actors than to the audience, in its ignorance and misunderstanding. The complicated plot and the variety of action put the production beyond the resources of the stage. Nevertheless, the cast deserves praise for tackling it with determination and vigour. The cast is as follows :

<i>Magnesia Fitztollemache</i>	... ..	Poulter
<i>Fitz</i>	... ..	Fisher J. E.
<i>Adolphus Bastable</i>	... ..	Jones P.
<i>Phyllis</i>	... ..	Barnard
<i>Landlord</i>	... ..	Ward.
<i>Policeman</i>	... ..	Churcher B.
<i>Doctor</i>	... ..	Evans
<i>Producer</i> : Robbins.		
<i>Stage Manager</i> : Fisher G.		
<i>Electrician</i> : Brodrick N.		
<i>Stage Hands</i> : James, Brodrick K., Ellis.		
<i>Understudy</i> : Cattell.		

Our first House hockey match has been played, against Gibb's. Again we have to record failure ; we lost 4 goals to nil. Still, there are three others to be decided ; we can hope for better results, since in that match we were one man short, and the ground was unfavourable.

Finally, we must bid good-bye and good luck to Richards ; he has taken up a post in the Research Department of the Ministry of Supply. As the older members of the House realise, we owe a great deal to him for our former successes in rugby, cricket, hockey and swimming. Robbins has been appointed House Captain, while Fisher J. was elected Vice-Captain.

### HOCKEY, 1941

Statistics may often be misleading but are sometimes of value, and in this case they help to give an indication of the conditions under which we play. There are 125 boys who wish to play hockey out of a possible total of 180. There are three pitches : one of them good, but neither cut nor rolled because the weather has been unfavourable ; another bumpy and muddy ; and the third—at School—apparently water-logged for ever. Of 24 games days so far, 11 have been scratched because of weather, House plays, or School Certificate examinations. All this means that Game 2 and Game 4 have had very little hockey, as it has been necessary to concentrate on Big Side and the Colts. House matches help to give games to many boys in Game 2, but the beginners inevitably develop very slowly ; the wiser ones have had some practice in stickwork on the asphalt and will benefit enormously next year.

The 1st XI was lucky to have lost only two of its old members at the beginning of the season (Stephens and Tullberg), but since then Richards has gone. But we had five other Colours : Meade (Capt.), Nagle (Secretary), Daniels, Robbins, Franks—and with Launder, Scoble and Holwill still available, it was not long before the team settled down to play very well. Billingham at right-back and Fisher at right-half soon established themselves in the side, and both of them have developed very rapidly indeed. The inside-right position was much more difficult to fill, but both Pengilly and Spencer have given good accounts of themselves. Meade is to be congratulated, not only on his own individual performance in goal, but also on the progress of the side ; Nagle, as secretary, deserves the highest praise for his efficiency and cheerful willingness to do any amount of work. Both he and Daniels (at centre-half) have improved their game tremendously and have earned tributes from opposing sides of experienced players who did not expect to find so skilful a defence in a young School side. Franks has been a success at outside-left and has learnt both how to get the ball across the centre while running at high speed and how to put in very hard drives at goal from the edge of the circle. The forwards, who have the most difficult part to play

on bad grounds, have not yet settled down into the determined and thrustful attack necessary for getting goals. But they are a far more dangerous combination than they were last season. It is they who need the practice, and we have not the time for that.

This is where the Colts have their opportunity, for they have the time to learn the stickwork and footwork without which forwards will never score goals. The Colts' forward line shows real promise: Dailley, Carter, Potton, Read L. W. and White have played together in a line, and in two years' time should form a splendid School attack. Of the others who have played well in Big Side games and matches mention should be made particularly of Thompson A., who has been excellent in goal, Cook, Pegg, Rogers and Bartram.

School match results so far are as follows :

1st XI v. Old Kingstonsians	... ..	Lost	4—6
1st XI v. A. Milton's XI	... ..	Lost	2—3
1st XI v. Beckenham County School	... ..	Won	5—2
1st XI v. Kingston Grammar School	1st XI	Lost	0—4
1st XI v. The Old Boys	... ..	Won	3—0

The 1st and 2nd XI matches against Thames Valley School have twice been scratched ; so has the match against Kingston Grammar School Colts. There are still matches to be played against Beckenham and Kingston Grammar School.

### INDOOR GAMES

During the early part of the term, when rain and icy winds made outdoor games almost impossible, the gym became the centre of activity. A skittle-ball tournament was organised in which two teams from each Club competed. Urged on by the loud support of the whole Junior School from their balcony seats on wall-bars play became fast and vigorous. It was remarkable how quickly teams learnt to play together with close interweaving passes. Spartans narrowly defeated Athenians in the number of goals scored, although Athenian "A" team was unbeaten.

Since half-term Juniors have met on Friday afternoons and Saturday mornings to play table-tennis. Winter of A4 and several members of A1 show promise of becoming really good players. Our only trouble is that two tables are not sufficient for the large number of enthusiasts. This might be remedied later. Meanwhile the intervals of waiting between games are happily filled in by boxing.

An Open Tournament for members of the Staff and the Senior School has stimulated interest, judging by the number of entries. This should bring some solace to those Seniors who feel that their claim to use of the tables has been overlooked.

## 19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT TROOP

The return to our strength of eighteen months ago, a full attendance to three Church Parades, the passing of sections of the First Class Test, meetings and rambles conducted by the Patrol Leaders, and Parades, the programmes of which consisted mainly of work and activities, are all pointers to more active and widespread scouting during this term. There have been new ventures as well. Two Patrol Leaders have joined the Patrol Leaders' Parliament, conducted by the Speaker of the *Scout*, and another has been registered as our representative for the same paper. Yet another Patrol Leader is taking a correspondence course for Leaders run by Headquarters. The happy idea of holding an Investiture Ceremony out on the hills came from the P.L.'s Court. On Sunday, February 23rd, the ceremony was held under the trees on the slopes east of Boxhill. The same day had seen four separate parties choosing their own way across country in an informal all-day walk and converging upon a fixed rendezvous for lunch ; and later returning home again by their own paths.

On the morning of Sunday, January 19th, the Troop attended its own Memorial Service to Our Chief, held at Christ Church. The address centred round the Chief's life and ideals and stressed the important part Scouting could play at the present day. In the afternoon the Troop joined the Wimbledon Association Service held at Holy Trinity Church, and all Scouts and Guides joined in the renewal of The Promise. The first Sunday in each month will see the Troop attend the Youth Service at Christ Church.

The Seagulls hold the Patrol Competition Trophy for last term. Now that test results and badges as well as activities all count in this competition, the struggle for first place is keener and positions vary from week to week. Sec. Heath has passed the Prospector's Badge. P.L.'s Bedford, Forward, Barton and Sec. Heath have passed further sections of the First Class Badge. Some Second Class Badges have been awarded. Patrol Leaders who have joined the A.T.C. are going to find their Scout training of great use, particularly in morse telegraphy and in mapping and navigation.

From the Troop Log :

- Jan. 11. Ambulance Badge Tests for seniors.  
 19. Church Parade, 11 a.m., Christ Church.  
 Memorial Service, 3.15 p.m., Wimbledon.  
 22. Troop Meeting. Signalling, pioneering.  
 26. P.L.'s Court. Old Boys' Meeting.  
 29. "Rifles," by Mr. Gibb. Pioneering for juniors.

- Troop Meeting. Fire-fighting practice and stirrup-pump work.  
 9. Curlews : Sunday walk to Dorking.  
 12. Troop Meeting. Tests in signalling and knotting.  
 19. Sunday. P.L.'s Court.  
 19. Troop Parade conducted by P.L.'s.  
 23. Sunday. Patrol walks over the Downs to a Troop Parade on Boxhill. Investiture.  
 Mar. 2. Troop Service at Christ Church.  
 15. Parade. Reservation and Gardening work.  
 12. Parade. Signalling Competition. Patrol Instruction.  
 16. Sunday. Cycling party to Windsor.  
 19. Parade. First Aid. Reservation activities.  
 23. Sunday. Patrol all-day rambles.

## LUNCH HOUR MUSIC RECITALS

Towards the end of last term we started a new series of musical recitals, which have proved very enjoyable and created a certain amount of fresh interest. These take place at lunch time before "seconds" have been cleared, and they last on the average about twenty minutes.

We are very grateful to the many musical friends of the School who have made this series possible. So far we have only had to resort to the gramophone on one occasion, and that was also the only recital to be interrupted by an air-raid alert.

### PROGRAMMES.

- Nov. 7th. Sonata in E for Violin and Piano ... *Mozart*  
 Peter Schrecker and Mr. Beecroft.  
 Nov. 21st. Sonata in G for 2 Violins and Piano.  
 Peter Schrecker, Mr. Milton and Mr. Beecroft.  
 Nov. 28th. Præludium and Allegro ... *Pugnani-Kreisler*  
 Slavonic Dance in E minor... .. *Dvorak-Kreisler*  
 Menuet ... .. *Porpora-Kreisler*  
 Solo Violin : Dr. Errington Kerr.  
 Dec. 13th. Piano Concerto in B flat major ... *Mozart*  
 Arranged for two pianos.  
 Solo Piano : Audrey Parker.  
 Orchestral Piano : Mr. Beecroft.  
 Feb. 20th. Cordoba ... .. *Albeniz*  
 Andaluza ... .. *Granados*  
 Sevilla ... .. *Albeniz*  
 Danse rituelle du feu ... .. *de Falla*  
 Solo Piano : Mr. Beecroft.

Feb. 27th.	Sonata in D for Violin and Piano ...	Handel
	Mr. Milton and Mr. Beecroft.	
Mar. 10th.	On two Pianos—	
	Menuet and Badinerie ... ..	Bach
	Concerto Grosso in G ... ..	Handel
	Audrey Parker and Mr. Beecroft.	

### “THE PARTISANS”

It should be pointed out that the name of our society, or club, chosen with some difficulty, does not imply that we desire to become “adherents of party, cause, etc., especially unreasoning ones.” We had our eyes more on the second dictionary definition, “light, irregular troops employed on special enterprises.”

Not that precision in the naming is of great importance. The purpose of our society is to provide an atmosphere in which Sixth Form boys can discuss freely, energetically and profitably anything under the sun. The society is limited at present to members of the Upper Sixth, though we hope next term to invite some members of the Lower Sixth.

The foundation members are : Mr. Warner, Mr. Halliwell, S. T. Launder, B. W. Meade, K. S. Daniels, N. Molchanoff, A. Nagle, J. Hitchon (Secretary). Meetings have been held at Mr. Warner’s house, when Mr. Halliwell introduced the discussion, and at the Headmaster’s house, when the discussion was opened by S. T. Launder. For our third meeting Mrs. Daniels has kindly invited us to her house.

R.W.

### THE PENTAGRAM

*Ποιεῖν καὶ μαρθάνειν*

Some two thousand five hundred years ago the Pentagram was the symbol of a learned brotherhood—the followers of Pythagoras. So great was the influence of these scholars, so marked their enthusiasm, that even women broke the law to attend their discourses. Their studies centred round the theory of numbers, the summation of series, arithmetic, music, geometry and astronomy. So closely guarded was the content of their discussions that one of their number who spoke too freely to a friend and was struck dead soon after, was said to have thus reaped the due reward for breaking his oath to the brotherhood.

The sign of the Pentagram now lives again: a gathering of young mathematicians meets together informally. They will trace the *loci* of points in space; will model in three dimensional co-ordinates; will measure to one ten-thousandth of an inch

and find diameters of moons; will graph the rainfall of Surrey and chart the motions of stars; will survey the School site and study S.H.M’s; will play with vectors and slide along cycloids; will wield slide-rule and planimeter, and determine harmonics; music, beauty and number to them will be one.

The only qualification for membership is the *desire* to make, to do, to learn.

### SCHOOL CHARITIES

It has been thought that the time has come when a record of the charities supported and the sums raised by the collections taken at the end of each term would be of use and interest :

			£	s.	d.
1935.	Christmas.	National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children ..	2	16	10
1936.	Easter.	St. Pancras Housing Improvement Society ... ..	2	13	2
	Summer.	Ditto ... ..	2	18	2
	Christmas.	Ditto ... ..	3	18	5
1937.	Easter.	Ditto ... ..	4	7	0
	Summer.	Ditto ... ..	2	18	0
	Christmas.	Ditto ... ..	5	9	10
1938.	Easter.	Ditto ... ..	3	12	3
	Summer.	Ditto ... ..	3	6	0
	Christmas.	Depressed Areas in County Durham ... ..	6	9	10
1939.	Easter.	Princess Elizabeth’s Hospital for Children, Banstead ... ..	4	6	11
	Summer.	Dr. Barnardo’s Homes ... ..	4	3	11
	Christmas.	Lord Mayor Treloar’s Hospital for Cripple Children ... ..	7	6	4
1940.	Easter.	Ditto ... ..	4	17	9
	Summer.	The Nelson Hospital for Wimbledon, Merton and District	4	9	1
	Christmas.	The Royal Cancer Hospital ...	7	8	9
			£71	2	3

This term’s collection is being given to the Sailors’ Home in London Docks, which is doing splendid work in giving comfortable quarters to men of the Merchant Navy passing through or spending a few nights in London.

## THE SCHOOL WIRELESS SET

For most of last term the west corner of the Hall was an imposing, but muddled array of wireless sets, amplifiers, gramophones and loudspeakers. Now they are all hidden away in an imposing oak cabinet. Long ago the amplifier was built to provide music for the School play. The generosity of Mr. Basil Wright enabled us to purchase a wireless set, and de Potier—now an Old Boy—presented the School with the loud-speaker and the rest of the equipment to form a complete radiogram. Mr. Aylward built the cabinet. The set is an American receiver with more knobs and switches per square inch of panel than the writer had ever imagined possible. Fortunately, it seems to be possible to ignore most of them when tuning in the Home Service! It is hoped that the set will be used to enable the School to listen to concerts and other broadcasts.

## EVERY SCHOOL ITS OWN PICTURE GALLERY.

The story which a good picture tells is deeper than the amusing incidents of Frith's "Railway Station," which hangs in the lower corridor. Not only do we see the scorn of the schoolboy as he gazes on his younger brother submitting to be kissed goodbye in public, the dismay of the thief arrested as he is about to make a getaway, the benevolence of the old gentleman who chats with the engine driver: we learn not only of these, but also of the artist himself, his painstaking but trivial mind which sees no more to record than anecdotes, which sees none of the drama of light and shadow, of contrasts of light and dark, of graceful lines; for whom girders are only girders, not a pattern and tracery; whose idea of a picture is that it is a window through which we observe a scene, not an object delightful in itself to the senses.

How different is Breughel's painting of "Children's Games," in Room 4—not only are we presented with a subject matter equally amusing, but with Breughel's own delight in colours and shapes, his pleasure in his own skill in handling paint and brush. And the picture itself, in spite of the mass of detail, is a single and whole design pleasing and satisfying to the eye. So also is his landscape in Room 6—a simple and almost conventional pattern, in four bands consisting of foreground in bright colours, middle distance in browns and greens, and distance in pure blues which fade into the lighter tone of the sky. The picture is thus presented to our first glance as a large and simple colour pattern—only later do we discern the mass of fascinating detail woven into this simple scheme.

The School is filled with such a wide variety of excellent reproductions that commentary on them all is impossible. A picture which contains years of thought and work by the artist demands to be looked at long and often. Fortunate are those who are able to take pleasure day after day in the bright Cézanne, Van Gogh and John Nash in Room 3, without having to make a journey to a picture gallery, there only to be bewildered by the vast number of works and the few moments which can be given to each. They are only reproductions, but good ones, and from this Cézanne and Van Gogh the strength and energy of the South of France can be drawn just as the sun can be felt in wines brought from those same districts.

Those who enjoy the skill of sheer drawing can look at Leonardo da Vinci's cartoon in Room 4, or the Italian portraits upstairs; and visitors to the Headmaster's study may perhaps be able to steal a glance at a free and vigorous Van Gogh and a sober but beautiful picnic scene by Courbet, a closer study of which might well lead to an appreciation of this painter's rich and broad conception of forms and textures, in the women's dresses and the dead stag and game in the foreground.

Yes, those who were brought up in classrooms decorated only by hideous engravings of the Charge of the Light Brigade, or the Roll-Call after Waterloo, or just plain, stolid, dentist's waiting-room Highland Cattle, may well envy those boys observant enough to take away with them from this School a permanent impression of so much good and vigorous painting.

GEORGE HASLAM.

## WAR-TIME DINNER

The School is very hard to please,  
For, having paid its dinner fees,  
It will not feed on bread and cheese:  
A food with proteins in profusion,  
Fats in glorious confusion.  
Ah, it is a grave delusion  
Wanting other foods than these.

It calls for ingenuity  
To make a superfluity  
Of pudding nice and suety.  
For wartime rations, when acquired,  
Still leave a lot to be desired,  
And seldom are as is required  
In quantity and purity.



So cook must needs work hard and well,  
That, when, at last, the dinner-bell  
Rings out, an appetising smell  
May filter through the kitchen door  
Suggesting that the food of war,  
Though meagre, will suffice, and more,  
A schoolboy's appetite to quell.

FORM IV.

### AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION BETWEEN JULIUS CÆSAR AND MUSSOLINI

It was on the Pontine Marshes that the two met. A gentle breeze wafted up one of the many creeks of yellow sand and waving grasses. Mussolini, quite alone, sat by the side of a shining car. The wind rustled the leaves of an olive plantation in the valley below ; it sent up a hundred whispering words, notes of solace, sympathetic sounds which lulled the Duce into a reverie of thought and contemplation.

Even as he turned again to gaze on the ruffled Mediterranean, a tall figure on horseback galloped up the narrow path, spurring on a coal-black horse.

"Cæsar ?"

"Yes. 'Tis I. I have long waited, perchance I might be able to speak with you, alone, just we two."

As Mussolini grasped the situation, the clean-shaven rider continued : "I have watched you for many moons, my friend ; watched and wondered. Even where we stand is altered since I last journeyed north to Gaul. Yes, these marshes were an impediment two thousand years ago. Now, however, I see a white road stretching away to Rome and Milan. Beside it I watch a myriad plantations and tillings ; that is indeed a wonderful work."

Cæsar smiled down at the figure beside him, and Mussolini spoke :

"I have tried to model Italy to perfection. I want her to be great, to have an empire : to send colonists south and west and east. I want the Roman name to be feared and respected, as it was in your time, O Cæsar." Cæsar looked down and shook his head as if rebuking a precocious child.

"In my time we were the most civilised race in Europe. It was comparatively easy to conquer savages, untrained and disorganised as they were. To-day that is all changed. Culture moved north many years ago. You must realise, too, that Italy, as they call her, has only been a nation for seventy years. Before that, anarchism held sway. Much has been done

in seventy years, but you are trying to accomplish the impossible. I watch your retreats in Libya. Your unpopularity and tyranny are useless unless you have arms and men to subdue the conquered lands. Why did you set foot in Albania ? A bad move, no doubt, but the invasion of Greece was utterly unplanned and useless."

While Cæsar had been criticising, the Duce had steadily been growing more apoplectic. Now he burst into a torrent of abuse.

"What right have you to criticise my strategy in this manner ? My campaigns in Africa are progressing extremely well. The strategic withdrawals are particularly necessitous at this time. In Albania, where the people welcomed my protective custody not two years ago, everything progresses favourably."

Mussolini paused for breath, and Cæsar uttered one word in such a manner that his companion instantly listened. "Germany."

"What about Germany ? I am helping Hitler to beat the British. The northern hemisphere for Hitler, and the southern half for Italy."

Cæsar nodded slowly. "No ! No ! I am afraid you are mistaken. Don't you see what Hitler is trying to do ? The German race is supreme. The master race of the world. The super-nation. If the British Empire collapses, Italy will fall within a year. Your dream is an illusion, my friend. A filmy, cobwebby imagining of an overheated brain!"

Mussolini gulped with astonishment. Cæsar resumed his thread of discourse. "You see, Benito, it is all a big mistake. **The Italian peasants don't want a war ; they are poor enough.** Besides, many still remember the assistance of Britain at the forming of Italy . . ."

"That was another age, an age of weakness. To-day we are strong, united. We stand together in the common cause."

"To continue," rejoined Cæsar, "your mineral resources are non-existent ; your man-power is now sadly diminished. Benghazi and all the other retreats have taken their toll. You are in a bad state, my friend. Think on it, and reconsider your hasty verdict."

Cæsar slowly rose to his feet, threw himself on to the back of his magnificent stallion, and, spurring its sides, he hurtled down the steep track. Down, down, down. Whistling and rustling he disappeared into an olive grove. The murmuring died away, the sun pulled a curtain of white clouds before its burning face and tiny drops of rain pattered earthwards.

Mussolini awoke with a start, glanced at his watch and moved hurriedly to his car. But instead of opening the polished door he only grasped its chromium handle and his

face assumed a pensive mood. "Was it a dream?" He thought not ; but how utterly impossible. No. It was a dream.

But all the time he drove to Rome his mind pondered and revolved on one subject, and as it did so his face grew paler and his hand trembled, from fear or cold he knew not.

IV Sp.

### THREE LESSONS

#### I. FRENCH.

There are only six of us concerned in this particular period, which may be held in a variety of rooms ; perhaps in an ordinary classroom, in the Hall, in the Prefect's room, or even in the Scouts' Den. The atmosphere in which we learn the subject largely depends, I believe, on the mood of the Master as he enters. So that if he sweeps into the room looking grim, and immediately says, "Open your books at page eighty-two ! Take out a piece of paper and a pencil !" it is quite certain that the period will be dull and uninterrupted—though this does not mean to say that no work is done if somebody makes a droll remark, or causes the rest to burst into laughter.

Usually in a French lesson we are occupied in correcting some homework, or reading a piece of French literature, and occasionally writing out a French *dictée*. Whenever someone unfortunately makes a "howler," for some unknown reason it invariably provokes the six of us to laughter, while the Master works himself up into a fit of rage at his misguided pupil.

It is remarkable, too, that during the period, each has a peculiar habit—one leans back on his chair and sometimes falls right back ; another might do the same ; a third and fourth make observations, sarcastic and droll ; a fifth remains silent ; and a sixth has all these particulars in common, although sometimes he bursts into laughter while the rest maintain a stony silence.

#### II. P.T.

Next to me a blue-shirted, pink-backed boy is almost dropping with exhaustion—one, two—one, two—knees up, arms bend—forward, backward—one, two. I do not notice him much because I am feeling just as bad myself—beads of sweat ooze out of all my pores. I am, of course, at the back of the class—only the people who like gym., or who are said to be "good" at it, are in the front. The whistle blows—a cloud of different blue-shirted figures rushes to the wall-bars, while others thankfully sink down on to the hard and dusty floor ;

again the whistle—now the other group flies to the walls—and I also, although rather slower than the others—hang on, arms bent, toes off—hold it ! Most of them can do it very well now after six years' experience, but I and a few others, not blessed with feline agility, just hang on and sweat and pretend to be trying hard.

The boys with the greasy, dark hair and brown eyes and the boys with fair hair and blue eyes all seem to change when only dressed in shorts and slippers into animals very like industrious ants. Only when they have got their respective clothes on do I see that they have become human again for one more week.

#### III. SCIENCE

We are no scientists, being members of the Arts Section of the Sixth, but when we enter the laboratory for our weekly period of science, our surroundings of acid bottles, bunsen burners and tripods beneath the benches, which we kick over as soon as we sit down, come as a pleasant change.

To-day's subject is power. We learn that knowledge, scientific knowledge especially, is the chief source of power, that knowledge is man's greatest weapon for his own destruction. "Man," says the Master, "achieved his power, power which other animals have not got, because he developed differently from other animals in three ways.

Firstly, in the development of the fore brain." Here we are shown some gruesome skulls, of a tiger, an ape, a monkey and of a human being. We realise, not without a slight feeling of horror, that the skull which we have before us was once part of a human being. We are shown how the size of the brain cavity is small in the case of the tiger, larger in that of the ape, and very much larger in that of the human. We notice the great power of the tiger's jaws.

"Secondly, man differs from other animals in the structure of the tongue, jaw and voice-box muscles. It is because of these developed muscles that man is able to speak, to make a variety of sounds.

Lastly, in the nature of his forearms, Man has a delicate control over his digits. An animal can't do this, for example." Here the Master demonstrates how men can work his digits. We all wonder whether we have forgotten how to move ours. We all try. **It's all right, we can.**

"Man, unlike any other animal," continues the Master, is able to turn his fore limbs over." We all turn our arms over. And over and over. One of us knocks over an acid bottle, one of us kicks over another tripod, one of us sneezes. We all get a glare. **We all deserve a glare.**

We learn more about power.

FORM L.VI ARTS.

## ON BEING A SCHOOLMASTER

It was all so easy. One had only to pass "General Schools," take the Higher Certificate, pass on to Oxford (or even Cambridge), take various degrees, and duly receive a position in a school similar to our own, a very wise and respected schoolmaster—at least, I had thought that schoolmasters were respected men, but I was soon to have doubts on that question which rather shook my desire to become one of them.

It was perhaps a short story by A. Conan Doyle, called *The Usher of Lea House School*, which first aroused my doubts, for in it was the following description of a schoolmaster: "His face was coarse, swollen and brutal, with a pair of small, black eyes deeply sunken in his head. His heavy jowl, his projecting ears and his thick, bandy legs, all went to make up a personality which was formidable and repellent." Mr. Conan Doyle, it seemed, had little respect for schoolmasters. Bacon, in *The Advancement of Learning*, showed a similar lack of respect when he said in a most contemptuous manner: "To have commandment over children, as schoolmasters have, is a matter of small honour." Roger Ascham hardly relieved my growing anxiety when he wrote: "For commonly many schoolmasters, some as I have seen, more as I have heard tell, be of so crooked a nature, as when they meet with a hard witted scholar they rather break him than bend him, rather mar him than mend him. For when the schoolmaster is angry with some matter, then will he soonest fall to beat his scholar . . ." In the play *Young Woodley*, Laura made this disquieting remark: "I sometimes wonder if men become schoolmasters for the joy of catching boys in exam. papers." Even Shakespeare was no exception to the rule, for he makes numerous contemptuous remarks concerning schoolmasters, and he certainly had no respect for "Good Doctor Pinch," whom he described as "a hungry, lean-faced villain."

"A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A threadbare juggler . . .  
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,  
A living dead man . . ."

I discovered also that Evelyn Waugh suggests that nobody becomes a schoolmaster "unless he has some very good reason which he is anxious to conceal."

All this was, to say the least, most disconcerting, and I suppose my desire to be a schoolmaster should have been quite destroyed, and yet—I think would still like to be one.

L.VI ARTS.

## A BERMONDSEY REST CENTRE

They sat around the tables and you gave them food. There was not much, but it was good, and they were hungry. They had no choice, their homes were destroyed, and lay as shabby and squalid in ruin as they had been before the bomb came. So here they were in a Bermondsey Rest Centre, where, at least, they could eat and talk, eat and talk, until the night brought more trouble. The women stayed at the tables, reading someone's paper and chatting. Some seemed to remain there always, unmoving and listless, while their men went to and from work, but suddenly disappearing, after the last meal of the day, into the shelters and factory basements. Three times a day you carried round the never-quite-clean plates of hot food, three times a day you washed the same plates, greasy now, with uneaten food clotted around the rim. There were never enough cloths to dry them fully, and at the end the dirty, water-soaked cloths helped little. You did not wash the hundred and fifty odd plates alone: some of the older women, after the first shock of losing their houses had passed, helped you. They were not the wives they had been, they no longer got their husbands' breakfast at seven, cleaned the house, scrubbed the floor, and had more meals ready for the men returning tired and hungry at night. So they cheated themselves and saved their sanity by helping you. They scrubbed alien floors and made dinners for other husbands than their own. In time they seemed almost to forget, not to care; but when you spoke to them their homes that had been came back to them and the memory hurt. Always it was home—"My home, her home, their home, our home, home, home, home." You couldn't escape it. It was not that they complained, or were bitter, but the pockmarks in the bricks, the crack in the sink, the bad photos, the mantelpiece trumpery, that part of them that had been home, was gone and they were hurt. They tried not to show their feelings. Poor, sad Mrs. Bobbins, cleaning and sweeping every day; Mrs. Evans, sitting smiling at grief; Mrs. Wybrow, so embarrassingly polite and pathetically eager to help you; and the others, kind, hard-working people who had been badly hit and wouldn't show it. Even the bad ones had their sorrows and their wounds. But they were all homeless, and they all needed food, and blankets for the night, and people to talk to.

It was at night that things got moving. In the day there were meals to serve, and you had endless odd jobs: sitting the rotten vegetables from the good, for they smelt like a morgue in summer; cleaning a boiler; setting up the clothing room—those hundreds of grimy, squalid, second-hand clothes, all mixed up with three hundred brand-new union suits from

America ; shifting a piano from a dirty, little house to a shelter on a costermonger's barrow; and, above all, avoiding the I've-got-another-nasty-little-job-for-you look from the L.C.C. supervisor, the efficient Miss Deane. But night time's raiding time, and time to raid again. The raids brought fires by the hundred, and Bermondsey takes fire quickly. One bad night the factory next to that in which we sheltered caught a fire bomb and was gutted. The shelter was in danger and they moved everyone out. Two of us went in and out getting forgotten blankets, stepping in deep puddles from the hoses under an exhilarating shower of sparks and burning wood, feeling wasted each time we left the shelter by the fierce traitor fire. Then afterwards listening to Gran. from the shelter talking in her Grandma Buggins' voice with the devil in her eyes. Her secret sorrow was not her bombed house, but her sow of a daughter, a fat animal body, that cruelly plagued her mother. But for all that Gran. was the toughest, liveliest old woman of seventy you could wish for, with more spirit in her than twenty silk-clad orchids from Debrett.

Gran's spirit was Bermondsey's, and the people of Bermondsey are the true Londoners. It is they who are getting the worst cuts, not the suburbs, bomb-worn as these are. And for all their pains and their sorrows, their poverty and their trials, the dullness of their days and the fear of their nights, the people of Bermondsey are taking it well. You learn much from them, and you don't forget it.

A.H.

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