

THE SPUR

Vol. V

No. 1



# THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

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

Vol. V. No. 1.

December, 1941.

## HEADMASTER'S NOTES

Thirty-nine boys left the School in July. Launder volunteered from School for the Royal Navy, and Cook for the R.A.F. The former is already in training, the latter has been called up. Robbins is at Film Centre, working with Mr. Wright. D. G. Vaughan is at Wadham College, Oxford. Bartram and Parker are at Goldsmiths' College, training to become schoolmasters. Bridges and G. J. Fisher are studying to be architects at the Kingston School of Art, and Scoble is training in an architect's office. B. L. Biggs, Smith, and Stiles are all doing a course in engineering at the Kingston Technical College; Gaines, a three-year course at Battersea Polytechnic; and Rose, electrical engineering. Braine and Holmes are in radio engineering. Handley is farming; Haywood, a laboratory assistant at Greenwich; and Reynolds at the Metropolitan Water Board. J. E. Fisher, Bolt and Holgate are in banks. R. C. Hill has a post at the Admiralty, and Wilkinson at the Ministry of Information. Dixon, Barton, McDermott and Pizzey are doing clerical work. E. D. Daniel is at the B.B.C.

There are now 346 boys in the School, seventy-seven having joined us in September. We have the record figure of sixty boys in the Sixth Form, all of them having their School Certificate, and working now for Higher Certificate. There is now a Classical Sixth, and Geography has been added as an optional main subject for Higher Certificate. It is encouraging to find how many parents have belief enough in education to follow the lead the School is giving, in letting their sons enjoy the inestimable value of two years in the Sixth, with the Higher rather than the School Certificate as the recognised School-leaving examination.

The Governing Body have lost the services of a member who from its beginning has shown great interest in the School. The Rev. R. H. M. Langley has accepted a living in the diocese of Hereford, where we wish him all happiness. Mr. G. A. N. Lowndes and Mr. L. A. G. Strong have been elected Governors. Mr. Lowndes is officer-in-charge of evacuation at the Ministry of Health, and the author of *The Silent Social*

*Revolution*, an authoritative work on nineteenth-century education. Mr. Strong is a man of letters of high repute, a sometime schoolmaster with a passionate interest in education, and a frequent lecturer in the School. We welcome them both.

The Chairman of the Governors addressed the School on November 5th. He gave the three boys to whom the School's cricket owed most in the season of 1941 a guinea each. These were K. S. Daniels, Billingham and J. E. Fisher. Dr. J. E. C. Bradley's two pounds for boys who had done the best work on the allotments were divided between J. W. Hitchon, Crumley, Collins, Barnard, Carter, Evans, Pritchard and Reid.

We have welcomed to the Staff this term four new members. Mr. F. H. Smith comes to us from Lewes, and Mr. F. Coventry from Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Mr. Lewis Wharton is a Cambridge Mathematician who has shown enterprise by teaching in Canada for twenty-three years, and by doing an excellent translation of the poems of François Villon. He has published a volume of his own verse, *Songs of Carthage*. We are fortunate to be sharing the services of Miss C. A. Essex with Wimbledon County Girls' School. We hope that they will be happy here, trying to preserve in war what was achieved in peace.

Mr. Warner has broadcast extracts from his third novel, *The Aerodrome, on the Overseas Service*. He has had five sonnets of great beauty published in the current number of *Folios of New Writing*.

Mr. Haslam's picture of boys at work preparing scenery for *The Taming of the Shrew* was commissioned for reproduction in the volume on Education in the "Britain in Pictures" series. It has now been purchased for the School, and joins the work of our former Art Masters, Claude Rogers and Rupert Shephard.

The death of Mrs. J. T. Nunns deprives the School of a valued friend and supporter. She was taking part in a play reading only four days before. Her work for the Scout Fête was invaluable. Our sympathy goes to her husband and sons in their great loss.

K. S. Daniels was awarded a County University Scholarship on the results of Higher Certificate. He is, however, not taking it up until September, 1942, trying meanwhile for an Open Scholarship in Mathematics.

The Lord Bishop of Southwark, who has twice addressed us, has written a letter expressing his good wishes to and lasting interest in the School, on his translation to the diocese of Hereford. It is interesting to remember that the new Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Nye, spoke to the School in 1938, on the Army's function in peace time. To Doctor Parsons and General Nye we give our good wishes for happiness in their new appointments.

No entry for the Headmaster's Essay Prize was judged to be of sufficient merit to justify the full award. The subject, "This age needed a Socrates and was given a Shaw," called perhaps for too much hard thinking and reading. A partial award was made to Wells, in recognition of notable diligence.

"I think that a midday meal for all children who want it should become a feature of our educational system." It is welcome to find the new President of the Board of Education confirming in 1941 what was written in our Prospectus in 1935. Indeed the County Council's policy in urging parents to avail themselves of the sixpenny dinner, made possible by the Committee's wise expenditure in generous subsidy, steals our thunder over the last six years. We can claim to have been pioneers in insisting on the vital importance of the midday meal eaten together at School. This term we are serving approximately 300 dinners a day. This is still not enough. It is incredible that, at the present price, and in view of rationing problems, all parents do not allow their sons to stay. No praise can be too high for Mrs. Austin, the School cook, and her staff, and their achievement in providing excellent and resourceful meals, in defiance of difficulties of which the School knows too little. It has, moreover, been a pleasure to eat potatoes, tomatoes, lettuce, carrots and other products grown in our own ground, and cultivated by the endless efforts of Mr. Beecroft and his gardeners.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton entertained six boys on a Reading Party in North Wales during the half-term holiday, where they lived in so remote a spot that they saw no one for eight days, working and climbing mountains alternately. Mr. Smith has been introducing boys in the Middle School to the beauty of the countryside which lies at their own back-door. Mrs. Jackson took a party of boys to *The Sceptred Isle* at the Westminster Theatre. Mr. Gibb took some VI Form geographers to hear Sir John Russell at the Royal Geographical Society.

Schrecker, Rendall, Warren, Bond, Fabian and Skinner spent the entire summer holiday farming on the Kelly Estate

at Tavistock. Request for their retention proved their value. Three Old Boys—Cook, Daniel and Molchanoff—were harvesting at Fairhaven throughout September.

No visitor at Prize-Giving has been more welcome than Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood. He commanded the Dardanelles Army for the evacuation of Gallipoli, and the Fifth Army in France. From 1925 to 1930 he was Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India. From 1931 to 1938 he was Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge. We look forward to reading his forthcoming memoirs, *Khaki and Gown*. Few men can have achieved so much in such varied spheres. Fewer still can hope to preserve at seventy-six such striking vigour of body and mind.

A welcome visitor this term has been Mr. Francis James. As a Shakespearean actor he has in his readings made School Certificate Forms realise that the plays set for their study were written for the theatre. As an actor of experience he has considerably enriched The Spur Dramatic Society's readings. His Ransom in *Ascent of F.6* is memorable. L/Cpl. Rée has been stationed in the district, and whenever he was able to come he has taken classes in French and German, as if he had never stopped being the good schoolmaster he is.

We were delighted to welcome Mr. Stott and a dozen boys who came over for the day from Aldenham. A printing nucleus of the party served as pretext for what was an opportunity for renewal of contracts made when that School entertained our actors so royally in June. The Captain of Aldenham writes that "the ends of both types of education approximate, and both sets of boys seem to enjoy themselves." They certainly did on that happy day. Our own pleasure was increased by having Mr. Polack with us for a day of his leave. He refereed the Cobb-Halliwell House Match, and might never have been away for over a year from where he truly belongs.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death, on October 31st, in the Sutton Hospital, of

ERIC ARTHUR ACE,  
aged fifteen years,

as the result of tragic mischance. He joined the School in 1938, was a member of Cobb's House, and was in the Fifth Form. Both School and Staff extend their heartfelt sympathy to his parents and friends.

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, CHRISTMAS TERM, 1941

*Head of the School*: B. W. Meade.

*Second Boy*: A. Day.

*Captain of Rugby*: R. F. Pegg.

*Secretary of Rugby*: F. J. W. Holwill.

*Prefect of Hall*: K. S. Daniels.

*Prefect of Library*: S. C. Honeker.

*School Prefects*:

B. W. Meade, A. Day, K. S. Daniels, R. F. Pegg, A. Nagle, F. J. W. Holwill, S. C. Honeker, A. Thompson, M. G. Bedford, M. F. Saxby.

## EXAMINATIONS, 1941

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

<i>Arts Sixth.</i>		<i>Science Sixth.</i>	
*Day, A.	*Molchanoff, N.	*Daniel, E. D.	*Pegg, R. F.
Franks, R. D.	*Vaughan, D. G.	*Daniels, K. S.	*Smith, A. H.
		Meade, B. W.	Wells, E. A.

Those asterisked are exempted from Intermediate B.A. or B.Sc. at London University.

The following boys were awarded a General School Certificate,

The prefix *m* denoting exemption from London Matriculation.

<i>Upper Fifth.</i>	<i>Fifth.</i>	<i>Fourth Special.</i>
Axten, W. R.	Barnard, C. J.	<i>m</i> Andrews, V. H.
<i>m</i> Barton, D. H.	<i>m</i> Brodrick, N. G.	Bannister, B.
Bartram, G. W.	Collins, P. C.	Barker, A. S. C.
Biggs, D. W.	Dixon, R.	Bolt, K. E.
Braine, L. S.	Dobson, K. S.	<i>m</i> Bond, A. E.
<i>m</i> Churcher, B. G.	Gaines, A. D.	Bridges, P. S. G.
<i>m</i> Fisher, G. J.	Gleave, K. R.	<i>m</i> Carter, H. C.
Hill, R. C.	Griffiths, D.	Chapman, R. G.
Holmes, R. J.	Haywood, K.	Cooper, D. M.
<i>m</i> Parker, P. A. W.	<i>m</i> Holwill, F. J. W.	<i>m</i> Gardiner, A. S.
Reynolds, S. J.	James, E. J.	Gatherole, W. H.
<i>m</i> Richardson, L. E. S. J.	<i>m</i> Jillett, R. L.	<i>m</i> Healey, R.
Stiles, A. D.	Jones, D. F.	<i>m</i> Nightingale, D. L.
<i>m</i> Taylor, K. H.	McDermott, J. K.	<i>m</i> Parker, R. H. G.
Venn, I. A.	Pengilly, S. R.	Prior, K. G.
<i>m</i> Wright, K. W.	<i>m</i> Smith, I. P.	Read, L. W.
	<i>m</i> Tait, D. B.	Rendall, D. P.
		<i>m</i> Roydhouse, E.
		<i>m</i> Ruff, B. A.
		Schreckcr, M. G.
		<i>m</i> Simeone, R. N.
		Warren, E. R.

## PRIZE-GIVING, 1941

The ceremony of Prize-Giving took place in the morning of October the 10th. In addition to the School, there were present many parents of boys to whom awards were being made. Once more it was owing to the generosity of Mr. Rudolph Messel that it was possible to hold the ceremony at all. Once more the ceremony was the more enjoyable in that it lacked the stiffness, pomposity and extreme formality which sometimes signalize these occasions. All those who were there will remember with gratitude and enjoyment the speech and the presence of Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, who did us the honour to distribute the prizes.

In introducing Lord Birdwood, the Headmaster spoke of him as one who was, in the sense in which Bacon used the phrase, "a whole man." He recalled the distinctions which the Field-Marshal had won both as a soldier and a scholar. He emphasised the fact that Lord Birdwood was one of those who had been willing to serve his country anywhere in the world. This willingness to go to the ends of the earth was one of the things which the Secondary State School had to learn from the Public School; for it was no use opening the Diplomatic Service and the Colonial Service to candidates from State schools unless willing candidates were forthcoming.

With this view Lord Birdwood emphatically associated himself when he made his speech; but before making his speech he distributed the prizes, and in doing so delighted both the prize-winners and the rest of us by the keen interest which he took in each individual who came before him.

It is impossible to give any adequate description of Lord Birdwood's speech, for what he said will remain in the memory of those who were privileged to hear it as something inextricably bound up with the manner and presence of the man himself. We shall remember his pertinent and amusing questioning of his audience, and the stories he told of the Dunhill pipe, of the unfortunate soldier who, in the act of protesting against the appearance of the Field-Marshal's foot in his stomach discovered the other foot descending on his mouth. We shall remember the emphasis which our visitor placed on the growth of character, which he defined as "the instinctive feeling that we possess the power of influencing those around us." And this, he said, was to be acquired by independence of thought and a refusal to be bound by fashion.

Maybe some of the feminine portion of the audience dissented from Lord Birdwood's pronouncement, "How jolly lucky you boys are not to be your own sisters," although it is difficult to deny that girls tend to be more subject to the exigencies of fashion than boys are.

Independence, character, loyalty and comradeship were the key-notes of Lord Birdwood's speech. Many of us will remember his actual words and the illustrations which he gave of them. All will remember as the most fitting of all illustrations the actual presence of the man himself, and many had particular opportunities for so doing; for, in the course of his visit to the School, Lord Birdwood seemed to find time to say a word to or ask a question of hundreds of us.

There was a real sincerity of feeling behind the volume of the cheers, which were given for him and for Mr. Messel.

The following is a list of prizes and prize-winners:

*English*.—D. G. Vaughan, A. H. Overell, Jillett, Nightingale, K. J. Jones.

*History*.—A. Thompson, P. A. W. Parker, N. G. Brodrick, L. E. Lawrence, Osmin.

*Geography*.—Simeone, K. S. Williams, Chamberlain, Saunders, D. Thompson.

*Latin*.—N. Molchanoff, Trory, Roydhouse, Bacon.

*Greek*.—Ruff.

*Economic History*.—G. J. Fisher, Haywood.

*French*.—S. C. Honeker, Brebner, Fyfe, Uff, F. D. Cook.

*German*.—Poulter, Andrews, H. C. Carter, J. F. Green.

*Mathematics*.—K. S. Daniels, Richardson, Tait, Warren, Jahn, Newman.

*Science*.—Crumley, A. E. Bond, Oates, Chippington, Moss, Salter.

*Handwork*.—Griggs, J. G. Churcher, C. Thompson.

*Printing*.—B. H. Martin.

*Prize for School Certificate Performance in Latin, French and German*.—M. G. Schrecker.

*Prizes for Art*.—Hobbs, Pritchard, J. Ward.

*Prize for Musical Appreciation*.—P. Vaughan.

*Scripture Recitation Prizes*.—G. W. Bartram, Peake, J. Ward, Swash.

*General Knowledge Prizes*.—Senior School: B. W. Meade.  
Junior School: Pringle.

*Prizes for the Best Performances in School Certificate*.—N. G. Brodrick, eight credits in eight subjects, V; A. E. Bond, nine credits in nine subjects, IV. Sp.

*Prize for most Promising Work in first year Sixth*.—A. Thompson.

*Prize for the Best Performance in Higher Certificate*.—K. S. Daniels.

*Leaving Prize for the Head of the School*.—S. T. Launder.

## LECTURES

L. A. G. Strong, 10th July.

A lecture on J. M. Synge, a dramatist who lived remote from worldly affairs, but whose fate it was to get caught up in political issues of which he knew nothing. *The Playboy of the Western World* was attacked as a libel on Ireland, and Lady Gregory's nephew's undergraduate friends from Trinity College seem to have broken the peace which they had been asked to the first night to preserve. An unfamiliar aspect of Synge was his poetry, which influenced Yeats. Mr. Strong read the curse he wrote on the sister of a man who disliked his plays, an interesting addition to "Hate" poetry.

"Lord, confound this surly sister,  
And blight her brow with blotch and blister.  
Cramp her larynx, lungs and liver  
And in her guts a galling give her.  
May she live to eat her dinners  
In Mountjoy with surly sinners.  
Lord, this judgment quickly bring  
And I'm your servant, J. M. Synge."

In his one-act plays his characters established themselves at once, and before our eyes did the big thing of their lives, the thing which they were born to do. *The Shadow of the Glen* was set inside, but one is conscious always of the loneliness of the countryside outside. *Riders to the Sea* was set against time, not against a clock, but to the beat of the waves outside and the sighs of the women inside. Synge solved no problem, uttered no judgment. His God was a lonely God, envious in Heaven of the fun men have on earth. Life was good, but death was evil. But dying was better than living too long.

L. A. G. Strong, 17th July.

Three short stories read to the Junior School. *Pavilioned in Splendour* was a splendid story about cricket in a small village. We loved Mr. Endicott, who told the Vicar that "the present edifice is a discrededick, Reverend, and us hangs our heads in shame at it," and who "sings no parts. I sings universal." The second story, *No Medals for Mulhuddert*, was as enjoyable, and we liked the party when a lot of drunken Dubliners sang *What shall we do with the drunken sailor* while the organist played Rachmaninov's *Prelude in F*. *On the Pier* showed Mr. Strong in a very different mood, and we felt very sorry for the poor old lady whose memory was failing, and whose life was so lonely.



MR. NEVILL COGHILL IN THE HEATH GARDEN.

*Nevill Coghill, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, 5th September.*

Mr. Nevill Coghill introduced us to the pleasures of poetry by way of his own poetic enthusiasms. Fortunate to have a mother who made him learn by heart beautiful passages before he could understand their meaning ; by the age of six he was responding passionately to the lays of Ancient Rome. At School, Shakespeare was made by one schoolmaster, and nearly ruined by a second. But his own discoveries were the most important—*Omar Khayyam*, with its pleasure philosophy and curious pleasure of wisdom, and Shakespeare's Sonnets, with their expression of feelings for other people. Then the sudden discovery that everything the poets had said about spring was true, with the subsequent reading of Keats's *Much have I travelled in the realms of Gold*. A stage came when *The Shropshire Lad* expressed acceptance of defeat, for "a boy is never very successful in his love affairs, if he's a beginner." Unless poetry gave pleasure, it failed in its primary purpose. Spiritual life came from imagination, and it was there that poetry got you. Whereas Dryden and Johnson said that poetry must instruct, Keats hated poetry which had "designs on us." The poet reached down to the imagination and so re-created it that you were stirred to a richer, more powerful, more comprehensive way of living. That was what Johnson meant by "instruct." "Great poetry takes hold of you and wrings you by the guts. You find countries of the mind prepared for you, and you have hints at the mysteries which lie at the back of life. It can give your imagination word pictures. It can put a power of dance into your hearts. It can be as potent as an army with banners and yet be as delicate as the most sensitive instrument in the laboratory."

*The Warden of Radley College, 10th September.*

People's objections to dogma were generally based on lack of understanding of what the word meant. It was a generally received and accepted belief, which all Christians must accept if they are to be called Christians at all. Dogma was not peculiar to religion. Science depended on a great number of dogmas. Religion shared the characteristic of resting on dogmas with most activities of human life. Some thought that dogma was invented by Saint Paul, and had no relation to Christ's wishes. But the dogmas preceded the Gospels. The men who wrote these laid down seven dogmas in a creed, which men had to accept before they were admitted to that communion outside which it was impossible to lead the Christian life. This had to be done in company with other people. There was no opposition between dogmas and the Gospels. The idea that it was of no importance what a man

believed as long as he behaved well did not make sense, because what a man believes determines his behaviour. Nazi beliefs were more dangerous than Nazi bombs. Christ came to save the world from sin. The dogmas showed the way to salvation from the guilt of sin.

*Rev. Adam Fox, Fellow of Magdalen College and Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, 25th September.*

In the post-war world there was no reason to suppose that England would be in the front rank of the arts except for poetry and water-colour painting. Our world position was undisputed in poetry. We were a nation of amateurs, and anyone given sensibility and expression could have a shot at writing poetry. The only guide to the prospects of poetry lay in the past, and the history of all art showed that success depended on the acceptance of certain restrictions. If modern poets dispensed with one set of conventions they had to substitute others. If they dispensed with metre and familiar chiming rhymes, they introduced sub-rhymes and par-rhymes. Reliance on sheer beauty of phrase was not enough : they had to find something to make the reader expectant. Mr. T. S. Eliot's influence was indubitable, but not a line of his would be read in a hundred years' time, whereas Mr. Masefield's *Everlasting Mercy* would be a permanent addition to literature. Modern poets (that was, those influenced by Mr. Eliot) claimed special merit in the order of ideas set down as they came into the head, and insisted that they should not be "touched up." But like lies, poetry had to be worked up. "Poetry is called making, and make it you must. An art which uses words must be an art which conveys meaning. The main object of poetry is pleasure, and not to be a vehicle of ideas. The last forty years show a record in lyrical poetry equal to any period in English literature."

*Tom Hopkinson, Editor of Picture Post, 30th October.*

The so-called distinction between news and opinion, facts and what a paper thinks about facts, was impossible in practice. English, German, Russian and American papers showed different interpretations in September, 1939, about the fact of the outbreak of war. If representatives from the *Telegraph* and the *Herald* went to the same munitions factory to investigate the fact that arms output was less than it should be, the employers would tell the *Telegraph* that the men would not work hard enough, and the men would blame the management to the *Herald* for failing to supply the right materials at the right time. News and opinion were so twisted together that they could seldom be torn apart. Facts were affected

by the outlook of the people who collected the news and worked over it in the office. The advertiser affected the paper's policy because advertisements paid for two-thirds of the cost of production of every paper. The *Express* which ran a heading "There will be no war this year—or next year" up to the outbreak of war was serving its advertisers' interests, because settled conditions made for good trade, unsettled for bad. The policy of many papers was dictated by a wish to resist change. In February, 1940, *The Times* alleged that the Russian army was indifferent, that their Air Force was out of date, that the people were seething with discontent. Starting with the conviction that the Soviet system was bad, they said that its fruits were, without trying to discover the truth. The Sunday Press did propaganda for things as they were by emphasising opportunities for self-advancement—the mill-girl who became Bette Davis, the poor boy who became Gordon Richards. It was the dream of "three million lovely smackers instead of enough to make life tolerable." Journalists must take on the responsibility of being better informed than other people and standing by their mistakes. The public must buy responsible papers and refuse to buy bad ones. Papers must be freed from the money power which directs them.

*A. L. Rowse, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, 14th October.*

As a 100 per cent. Cornishman he could give a lecture on "What is wrong with England." The English were too fond of assuming unnecessary guilt. An instance of this was a misguided penitence over Versailles. Germany held the keystone position in Europe, and if there was something wrong with her, she affected the whole Continent. The Germans were a backward political people with unformed minds. The idea that they were more like us than the French was wrong. All *differences* between us and the French were on the surface ; all *likenesses* between us and the Germans were on the surface. Our view of the Germans was due in some degree to the fact that when young and touring they were more attractive than French youth ; as they aged they became less attractive than the French. France and England shared the same civilisation : this was not true of us and Germany. The Germans at bottom were composed of sentimentality and brutality. Living in a dream world, they refused to face the facts of the world as it was. All the people behind Hitler were insanely avid of power. They had hermetically sealed themselves against such ideas coming from the West as the futility of brutality. German audiences turned out to concerts as England to football matches—and sat doped by tumultuous waves of sound. People whose ruling



interest was music had a less real hold on the world as it was than those who flocked to football matches. Defeat was the only means of dealing with that type of mind. They must be made to pay for their pleasures. Unless we took stern measures to settle the hash once and for all of the Germans, they would re-organise and history would repeat itself. They accepted no responsibility for 1914-18. They were jealous of everyone and hated the English, who were too willing to put themselves in white shirts and accept responsibility for wars when they had none.

*Lectures, September, 1939—July, 1941.*

Since July, 1939, when the last list was published in *The Spur*, and during the first two years of war, the following lectures have been given in the School:—

BASIL WRIGHT:—(i) Evacuation and Social Progress; (ii) Films' contribution to winning the war.

A. CALDER-MARSHALL:—Trinidad.

THE CHAPLAIN OF WELLINGTON COLLEGE:—Ascension Day Address.

PAUL ROTH:—Films in Hollywood and Denham.

STEPHEN SPENDER:—Contemporary Poetic Drama.

L. A. G. STRONG:—(i) Experiment in the Modern Novel; (ii) The Art of the Short Story; (iii) Readings of Short Stories; (iv) The Drama of J. M. Synge.

C. DAY LEWIS:—(i) The Poetry of Yeats; (ii) Virgil's *Georgics* in Translation.

RT. REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK:—The New Testament and Our Own Times.

E. W. F. TOMLIN:—Libya.

KENNETH LINDSAY, M.P.:—Education and the Post-War World.

PROFESSOR G. WILSON KNIGHT:—"The Sceptred Isle."

J. L. LONGLAND:—Mountaineering.

LOUIS MACNEICE:—The United States and New York.

THE HEADMASTER OF ALDENHAM:—"He who would valiant be."

DOCTOR THOMAS WOOD:—Trip Round the World.

RUDOLPH MESSEL:—Case for Opera.

RT. REV. THE BISHOP OF KINGSTON:—Ascension Day Address.

THE MASTER OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE:—(i) Approaches to God; (ii) Birds.

THE HEADMASTER OF CHARTERHOUSE:—Political Parties and American Foreign Policy.

JOHN BRYSON, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford:—Misreading Shakespeare.

### SONG RECITAL

Mr. Cecil Day Lewis gave great pleasure by singing to an audience of parents and boys in Hall on Sunday afternoon, July 20th, 1941. His programme was :

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| i. <i>Old English Songs.</i><br>Have you seen but a white lily grow.<br>You meaner beauties of the night.<br>The lass with the delicate air.<br>Come away, Death.   | iii. <i>Negro Spirituals.</i><br>Deep River.<br>I got a robe.<br>Steal away.<br>Water Boy.  |
| ii. <i>Irish Traditional Ballads.</i><br>Patrick Sarsfield.<br>The Foggy Dew.<br>My love's an arbutus.<br>The Star of the County Down.<br>Johnny, I hardly knew ye. | iv. <i>Songs of Thomas Moore.</i><br>Oh breathe not his name.<br>She is far from the land.<br>Believe me, if all those en-<br>dearing young charms.<br>Oft in the stilly night. |

### ART AND ARCHITECTURE

On the 23rd of September Professor C. H. Reilly spoke to a group of fifteen boys interested in architecture, some of whom are taking this subject in the School Certificate Examination next year.

Professor Reilly began by pointing out how all great changes in the history of architecture were the results of a change in society which in time led to the discovery of new methods of building to meet new needs. While the Greeks aimed at perfection on a small scale, the Romans required larger and more varied buildings, and by their discovery of concrete were able to build large halls roofed over with massive stone and concrete vaulting.

The spread of Christianity, with its demand for a new type of building, the church, was the cause of the next architectural change. Romanesque building, which lasted from the fall of the Roman Empire till the end of the 12th century—a period corresponding to the development of the different Romanesque languages from Latin—relied chiefly upon Roman methods of building, until the problem of how to roof in cross-vaults of unequal width, and the demand for larger churches and cathedrals, led to the great invention of the pointed arch, and in general to the change from massive walls and vaults to a system of equilibrium, employing small stones and mortar, pillars and buttresses, which is the method of medieval Gothic building.

Professor Reilly then asserted that we live to-day in a period of great architectural change, which began in the last century with the need for new types of building such as factories and railway stations. For these purposes the old method of stone walls or pillars with stone vaults or timber roofing were inadequate, and the problem could only be solved by the use of new building materials—steel, glass and concrete.

Until recently restrictions were still laid upon the proper use of these materials; steel frames were too often disguised by veneers of imitation Greek or Gothic stonework. But now the advantages of these tough and light materials are being realised. Ferro-concrete allows for freer and looser designing, with larger window spaces and more varied room shapes. These materials also are by nature bold and simple and cannot be used for an architecture of decoration and fussiness.

The social problems and the destruction of the war spur us to look ahead, and it has become clear that our cities and in fact the buildings in the whole country must be planned and no longer allowed to grow up haphazard.

On the subject of the replanning of London, Professor Reilly suggested that the population should be reduced by two millions; that there should be a long-term policy to continue the destruction of unwanted buildings; that tongues of green country should be let into the East End of London, so that the city should be more like a star than a circle in plan. Areas of agricultural land should be determined, into which no building should encroach, as has been done by the Dutch at Hilversum. With the gradual abolition of the smoke-laden air of towns, architects are left free to plan lighter and more beautiful industrial cities, to follow their aim of admitting air and sun into our homes and work-places. A modern building needs to be kept bright and lively, and should be repainted every year. We should give up the idea of living apart in small isolated houses, and live in large blocks of flats built 250 feet apart, allowing the greatest possible light and air into our homes. But in planning such changes we must avoid the Fascist notion of "the masses" who can be disposed of as convenience requires. "There are no masses," the speaker ended, "there are only people."

### THE MUSIC CLUB

*Secretary*: K. S. Daniels.

At the end of last term a few boys decided that it was quite time we had a Music Club. There are no rules, no committee and no minutes, but just informal meetings to

listen to and hear about music. We started one Friday evening by listening to Mr. Beecroft play some Beethoven sonatas and talk about their construction, and just before the end of term we went to the Albert Hall to hear a Promenade Concert.

This term started with an evening of nineteenth-century French music, when Mrs. Cardoza sang songs by Fauré, Duparc, Hahn and Debussy. At the next meeting we listened to gramophone records of Schubert's Trio in B flat Major. On another occasion Mr. Peter Schrecker and Mr. Beecroft played a programme of violin and piano sonatas by Mozart.

We should like to thank Mrs. Cardoza and Mr. Schrecker for coming, and we hope next term to have even more friends to thank.

### THE PARTISANS

*Members*: Mr. Rex Warner, Mr. H. F. Halliwell, S. C. Honeker (*Secretary*), B. W. Meade, A. Day, K. S. Daniels, J. O. Hitchon, A. Nagle, M. F. Saxby, P. C. Crumley.

When we met for the first time this term, on Friday, September 19th, we must all have wondered, as we entered Mr. Warner's house, whether we would be converts before crossing that threshold again; the subject under discussion was "Belief in God," and that night the battle of beliefs swayed to and fro. War was declared on all believers by S. C. Honeker, and Mr. Beecroft fought fiercely for the Catholic cause, but E. Wells, an "ace" of Buchmanism, out-manceuvred us all by a sudden and unexpected leaflet raid. There are no converts to any of the various fronts advocated.

On October 10th Mr. Burke Trend visited us. He was our first guest from outside the School, and we are very grateful to him for coming. He spoke on the machinery of English government, explaining in a most lucid and delightful way how every move of the Government was open to intense criticism; how, for example, a financial estimate passed through many processes of debate and questioning before it was approved: first there had to be a formulation of the requirement; this was criticised in turn by the Finance Board and by the Treasury, and yet again by Parliament before it could be allowed to pass. But the great length of time required for these processes formed a serious criticism of the system. Towards the end of the discussion, some hostility arose, when Mr. Burke Trend suggested that "the ordinary man like you or I" knew nothing about politics and therefore should have no part in it. Mr. Warner was deeply pained, and one wrathful member accused the speaker of being a Nazi.

At our next meeting, held on October 31st, K. S. Daniels spoke, taking the place of A. Day at very short notice. He read us an essay of his own on Justice, pointing out the distinction between moral and legal justice, and explaining how the former had to be controlled by the latter to make it conform to social requirements.

On November 14th and 28th we are to receive Mr. Basil Wright and Mr. Rudolph Messel, who are to speak upon the future of the British Empire, and upon "Germany : no problem in Europe."

### THE SPUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY

*Secretaries* : Mrs. Jackson and Mr. Beecroft.

The Society has already held four very successful meetings this term. The plays read were *Major Barbara* (Shaw), *For Services Rendered* (Somerset Maugham), *The Ascent of F6* (Auden and Isherwood), and *The Pillars of Society* (Ibsen)—a varied and interesting collection. The attendance at these readings has averaged about fifty and the Society has been pleased to welcome a number of new members among the Parents and their friends, the Staff and the Old Boys.

*The Critic*, by Sheridan, will be read on November 12th, and *The Moon in the Yellow River*, by Denis Johnston, on November 26th, at 6.30 p.m.

This term the Society has been very fortunate in having three old friends of the School—Mrs. Chalkley, Mr. Francis James and Mr. Basil Wright—to help on these readings, and its grateful thanks are due to them for making the journey and adding greatly to the enjoyment of everyone.

### AIR TRAINING CORPS

Flight 565 has now been in existence for eight months. Having announced its own birth in the Easter number of *The Spur*, it has refrained from giving further details of its life and progress until the early days of settlement and establishment were over. We have always felt sure of ourselves, but now we have specific reasons for much pleasure and some pride.

Although some forty cadets asked to go to the A.T.C. camp held at the R.A.F. Station, Halton, such was the competition that room could only be found for twenty, and from July 28th—August 2nd these few had their first experience of life in a camp of some six hundred cadets, a camp under canvas (and at times under mud) run on Service lines. Its great value to us was that it gave everyone confidence, and its influence on the School Flight was most beneficial and is still felt.

Some took the hot sun and the cloudless sky, which greeted our arrival at Wendover, as an omen; others understood more of the English climate. We still remember the security of a tent when it is raining—a security we were doomed to feel every night; and our proud but temporary ownership of a cape. We look back with pride on the route-march which has had such a marked effect on the squad drill of "the twenty"; and we now appreciate fully the difficulties of a Wing Parade on a parade-ground which undulated like a prairie. On our visits to the workshops and the aerodrome, so much was seen that only the most striking things are memorable; the sheer workmanship—and perhaps even beauty—of a Bristol Hercules engine, the size of a Wellington's bomb-racks, the precision of the instruments, and the aptness of the name "The Spotter's Dream," applied to a Walrus. Out of the entire camp, all except four were disappointed at not being able to fly, but of the lucky four, one belonged to our own Flight. Throwing modesty to the winds, we would like to add that our contingent was commended by the commandant for its tidiness and smartness.

During the holidays an aero-engine—a Jupiter Mk. VII—arrived, causing consternation in Raynes Park and Devon and damage to the asphalt. We were given no warning and it arrived at ten o'clock on a Saturday night. In its case it weighed 17 cwt., and this had to be lifted off the lorry, a job that involved the lorrymen sleeping the night in the School and getting a second lorry complete with crane and crew from a neighbouring aerodrome. Finally, with the aid of a sergeant and eight men (and by the removal of the doors from their hinges), the engine was got indoors and mounted on its stand.

The Orderly Room is at length in a presentable form. Shelves have been built up, ceiling and walls have been distempered, notice boards fixed in position, black-out curtain (proudly complete with pelmet) erected, and as a crowning glory a roll-top desk, very kindly lent by Mr. Wilson, has been introduced.

The formation of the Old Boys' Section of the School Flight is one sign of our growth, and since September it has been almost as strong as the School section. Cadets in it are on the average older than those in the School section and it will not be long before we have a number of ex-cadets in the R.A.F. ; our first, A. V. I. Cook, was called up a few weeks ago.

The work of the Flight is showing the keenness and enthusiasm of its members, and almost all except this term's recruits are sitting for the proficiency examination in a few

weeks' time. Mr. Moore has undertaken the work on Theory of Flight and already a trainer has been built in the workshop.

The Flight has been lucky in having had through Mr. Wilson's activity the first of what we hope will be a number of visits from Mr. J. Yoxall, the official photographer for *Flight*. He gave us an account of the development of the R.A.F. as a reconnaissance force and illustrated his talk with the actual photographs he had taken over the life-time of the R.A.F.

Finally we have received from H.Q. a letter instructing us to get in contact with the Commanding Officer, R.A.F. Station, Heston, and giving us permission to go to the aerodrome on any Saturday or Sunday.

On Saturday, November 1st, the first party went to Heston to see the R.A.F. at work. While some cadets were testing radio sets by calling up the Control Room, others were closely examining a dismantled Spitfire with a view to its maintenance. Another group first viewed the lay-out of the aerodrome from a high building and then went on to practise gun-sighting at model aircraft. A very interesting section of the field was the place where some old relics are kept; an extremely ancient biplane, the machine that holds the altitude record and a curious experiment which never left the ground. After spending two hours crowded with activities such as these the party found a very welcome mobile canteen at the place of assembly.

### DIGGING FOR VICTORY

The individual allotments of last year are now rapidly disappearing. They were a very interesting experiment and some plots produced very good results. The scheme, however, had several drawbacks. In some cases the initial fervour died down with the arrival of the cold days and the rain, and although spring helped to revive a certain amount of interest, weeding, hoeing and watering seemed a very poor summer sport to some. In other cases one or two of the boys involved left the School and it was difficult to find successors. But more important than all this, the large number of small strips was not a good economic proposition. Consequently the whole scheme has been reorganised and we now have some twenty-four senior boys who work in groups of four, who are responsible for the cultivation of the whole garden and who hope this year to do the job really well.

Our greatest stroke of luck so far has been in the invaluable assistance we have had from Buckhurst, an old boy who is in the process of becoming an expert gardener and who has been good enough to come to the School every week in order

to give short lectures to the boys concerned. From him we have learned a vast amount about digging, artificial manures, pests and diseases, and also that the untidy mess behind the Shelters is not a compost heap as we had fondly imagined. We are all most grateful to him and hope that next year's crops will show how much we owe to him.

### NATIONAL SAVINGS GROUP.

Last term, during Merton and Morden War Weapons Week, the Schools contributed over £5,500, sufficient to buy eleven field ambulances. This term it was decided that the Schools should aim at £2,000, the price of another four ambulances. On this basis we fixed our own target figure at £150. At the time of writing, with four weeks still to go, we have saved over £80. It is still from the Junior School that the bulk of the money comes.

A2 lead with over £13 10s. to their credit, followed closely to A1 and Form III. The Arts VI occupy a lowly position at the bottom of the list with only £1 11s.

The system of form representatives who collect the money and distribute stamps is working well and considerably speeds up the running of the Group.

### THE CAMERA CLUB

*Secretary* : A. Day.

The Club has now successfully lived a whole term and has passed from its infancy. On Open Night it put on show an exceptionally good lot of pictures and apparatus which, in spite of its diversity of subject, did not lack interest. Besides numerous photos, visitors saw how a ciné film worked and how blueprints could be made. To round off the term, Dobson and Jillett were the winners of the Headmaster's Photography prize. Dobson's entry was exceptionally good; besides showing discrimination in his choice of subjects, the printing was superb. This term has been occupied purely with routine work, the Dark Room has been cleared out and made light-proof; shelves have been built in, and all members using the room employ their own developer for the sake of economy. Now that initial difficulties have been overcome, it is to be hoped that the Club will turn out a steady flow of good work.

### FILMS

The following films have been shown this term:—  
October 30th. *The Black Headed Gull.*  
*Life Story of the Tawny Owl.*

- October 31st. *Into the Blue—Training Pilots and Observers.*  
*Variable-Pitch Airscrew.*  
*Britain at Bay.*
- November 6th. *Hydra.*  
 14th. *Canada at War—March of Time.*  
*Big City—London.*  
*Words for Battle.*  
 20th. *Animal Movement.*  
 27th. *Amæba.*  
 28th. *Lofoten Island.*  
*White Battle Front—Medical Services in*  
*War-time.*  
*Behind the Guns—Armament Factories.*
- December 14th *Structure of the Blood.*  
*Circulation of the Blood.*

### FANTASIA

Discussion on that much-famed film *Fantasia* has brought forth much discussion and many ideas, and out of these ideas the following articles have evolved :—

FROM RUDOLPH MESSEL.

*Fantasia* is the most important thing that has happened to music since Wagner wrote *Lohengrin*. Just as *Lohengrin* seems, and indeed is, old fashioned to us to-day, so *Fantasia* in a hundred years' time will probably be a quaint and archaic work, but equally certainly just as no one could have predicted *Parsifal* as being the direct descendant of *Lohengrin* and *Madame Butterfly* as its indirect offspring, so no one to-day can forecast (least of all Disney himself) Disney's final achievement and still less the achievements of his musical descendants; the only thing we can say for certain is that they will be as revolutionary as were both *Parsifal* and *Madame Butterfly*.

FROM BASIL WRIGHT.

I've been an ardent admirer of Disney for over ten years, but *Fantasia* just made me ashamed of him. Taking it by and large I found it pretentious, ugly, boring and in shocking bad taste. Disney, who has always been nobly and sensibly lowbrow, has no excuse whatever to pose as an interpreter of "highbrow" music in terms of screen movement. His Bach was not nearly so good as Fishinger's colour cartoons set to music five or six years ago. His Beethoven was merely unpleasant and bore no possible relation to the musical score. His Moussorgsky had been done much better by Alexieff and Parker round about 1937. His Tchaikowsky

and Ponchielli and Dukas were much more successful because the music is the sort of programme music which fits colour cartoons. That is, the music is illustratable.

I've heard some people talk about ballet in relation to *Fantasia*. I always thought that ballet was nothing if it wasn't concerned with people dancing, and Disney's hopeless at people. The main comparison with ballet is obviously that Disney's choice of music is as mistaken as that of Massine in his attempts to do choreography to symphonies by Brahms and Beethoven. These things are unwarrantable intrusions on the individual's appreciation of great music.

One thing in *Fantasia*, however, I liked wholeheartedly, and that was the *Rite of Spring*. This imaginative reconstruction of pre-history was splendid and dramatic. It would, I think, be equally effective without any music, or for that matter with different music.

As for Mr. Deems Taylor's gushing and inaccurate introduction to the various works—they just made me feel sick.

I hope Disney will in future stick to the stuff he does so well. *The Reluctant Dragon*, which is clever, witty and practical, is a good antidote to *Fantasia*, and also, I am quite certain, a much better film.

FROM S. C. HONEKER.

One cannot sit through *Fantasia* without feeling momentary delight, but as a whole it is an annoying and futile piece of work; all attempts to raise laughs were weak, infuriating, and an insult to those whose interest required no bribery. It was a futile attempt because, if music does conjure images, this itself doubtful, each individual has an interpretation peculiar to himself. I was given a forced interpretation of Bach which was not my own; I expected a classic work of art and I got a display of Mr. Walt Disney's personality.

FROM P. W. VAUGHAN.

This is an important film. The principle upon which it is based is the same as that of the ballet; visual patterns are designed which correspond to sounds in music. But in *Fantasia* it is not necessarily dancers who provide the patterns, but often just shapes. It is thus the nearest thing to ballet that has been seen on the screen, and there should be a successful future for it. Technically, the film is almost perfect, and even if one quarrels with the subject, one cannot find fault with the draughtsmanship of the items. **There is** high degree of excellence to almost all the pieces, and

Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* and Tschaikovsky's *Nut-Cracker Suite* are really great pieces of work. Both are conspicuous for fine co-ordination of music and movement, and they are the most memorable things in the film. The only really bad item on this *Fantasia* programme is Disney's interpretation of Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*. In spite of this, however, I look forward to his next full-length feature with enthusiasm.

### CRICKET

Cricket news at Christmas seems hopelessly out of date, but it is only right that we should record in print that we were unbeaten throughout the season ; this applies to all grades of cricket, seniors, colts and juniors. This means, of course, that 1941 was by far the most successful cricket season in the history of the School.

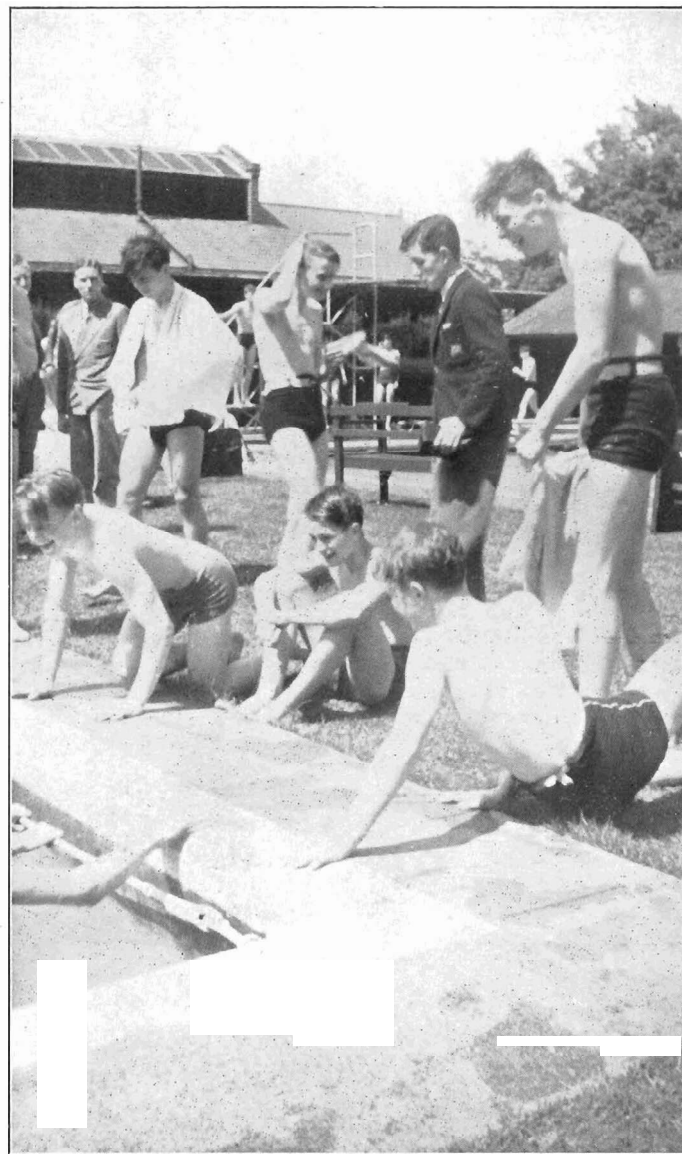
### RUGGER, 1941

The 1st XV has certainly just cause for congratulating itself on the greatly improved standard of its play this season. From a mediocre beginning it has developed into a team with cohesion and stamina, with almost every member pulling his full weight. There is too a much better balance this year between the forwards and the outsides, making for a greater smoothness in the play. And perhaps more striking is the alertness and opportunism of the whole team, their dash and individuality. Weaknesses, too, are apparent, one of the most outstanding being the slowness of the forwards to break across and help the three-quarters both in attack and defence. But taken all in all they have played a fast, rollicking and keen game.

Looking forward to next season the prospects seem to be rather more dim. Judging by the placid performance of the "A" XV against K.C.S. there is little material that is outstanding for a place in the School team next year, and there will certainly be a good many places to fill. Those coming on must see to it that they live up to the tradition that has been started this year.

### MATCHES

For the 1st XV, the season has so far been one of outstanding success, though perhaps not quite to the extent which the actual results indicate. Our first match with City Freemen's School was a very encouraging and very illuminating game. Through it we were able to improve the scrum's heeling and the three-quarters' passing, which were then our more conspicuous faults, sufficiently to beat Thames Valley in an



BATHING AT ALDENHAM, JUNE 15TH, 1941.

exciting, if rather unskillful, game. It was in the Surbiton match we had our first indication of the folly of bad tackling, It was a pity that this indication was not followed up by a tougher game than Whitgift Colts were able to give us.

We had the advantage over them of size, and when we got into our stride they were quite unable to cope with our perpetual attacks which gave them no respite.

This match was followed by the long-awaited visit to Harrow, always the highlight of the season. The welcome and kindness we receive at their hands are always appreciated

It was only the team's adaptability that saved us from experiencing our first defeat on that day. During most of the first half our tackling was pathetic, and we may consider ourselves lucky that more points were not scored off us. We did, however, make a come-back after half-time, and were pressing them hard during the second half. It has seldom been quite so obvious that both teams were very tired at the end of the game. We do thank Harrow for a most exhausting and enjoyable game.

The match with K.C.S. 2nd XV was probably the most skilful match we have yet played. In spite of the rather large number of penalties against both teams, it was an enjoyable game to watch and to play.

The season's results have to date been very pleasing, but new members of the team must remember they have a lot to learn before they can set an example to next season's new members.

#### 1st XV CHARACTERS.

- \*R. F. PEGG (*Captain*) (*Full back*).—The most able and inspiring Captain (either on or off the field) the School has ever had. Thunders forward like a war-horse in attack and seldom fails to crash his man down in defence. A cool head, safe hands, a growing sense of position and an ever-lengthening kick make him a really good back. By example and leadership his value to the side is enormous.
- \*F. J. W. HOLWILL (*Secretary*) (*Forward*).—A thoroughly efficient Secretary (alas, how seldom can that be said!) who gets things done smoothly and punctually. As the leader of the scrum he has performed prodigious feats of invective, couched always in restrained language, but all the more effective for that. Moreover, his own play has grown to be one of the best things in the side—fierce, honest and untiring.

\*WELLS (*Forward*).—Makes, with Holwill, a grand second row. Works all the time in a good-tempered fury. Seldom ostentatious, but always there.

\*A. DAY (*Forward*).—Enjoys best a lone foray in which a forceful hand-off and a terrifying expression help him considerably. Fast and penetrating, especially from the line-out.

\*K. S. DANIELS (*Inside three-quarter*).—Easily our best three-quarter who plays with his head all the time. A quick and pretty eye for an opening and a sound judgment in positioning. His quick summing up of a movement has often been responsible for the success of the whole line, both in attack and defence.

\*A. NAGLE (*Wing three-quarter*).—Always produces his best in a tight corner. Hesitation is too apt to spoil his thrust. Tackles round the ankles (magnificently), but sometimes round the neck (miserably).

\*BILLINGHAM, G. (*Stand-off half*).—The most extravagant scorer on the side, worth a place for his kicking alone. Weaves his way beautifully through the defence and doesn't forget his three-quarters, except when he leaves them behind. A heavy and safe tackler.

\*PENGILLY, A. (*Scrum half*).—Has steadily improved throughout the season and has plenty of dash and verve. Just a little slow to the base of the scrum and in getting his passes away. Fearless in defence.

\*GREEN, J. F. (*Forward*).—An improving hooker who has done some intelligent things. Not quite so confident in the loose. Next year he should be a power to be reckoned with.

CHURCHER, J. E. (*Forward*).—Rather more hearty than scientific and that not consistently. Needs to go all out all the time.

BARKER (*Forward*).—Shows initiative and a turn of speed. As a winger does not yet really know his job. When he does his dash will be invaluable.

JONES, D. F. (*Inside three-quarter*).—Lacks thrust and is too easily forced across the field instead of feeding his partner. Learns by experience and has done some useful things.

FORREST (*Wing three-quarter*).—Too small this season to have been really dangerous, but is always using his head and trying things. Next year he should be good.

HITCHON, J. O. (*Forward*).—Rather colourless and does not show a great deal of Rugger sense. Too content to be thereabouts instead of there. Can be useful in the line-out.

HITCHON, J. W. (*Forward*).—Lacks the fire of a winger and lacks initiative.

\* Colours.

The following are the results of matches so far played :  
1st XV.

	Points		Result
	For	Against	
v. City Freeman's School ... ..	22	6	Won
v. Thames Valley School ... ..	29	0	Won
v. Surbiton County School ... ..	24	5	Won
v. Whitgift Colts... ..	62	0	Won
v. Harrow School 3rd XV ... ..	12	3	Won
v. K.C.S. 2nd XV ... ..	18	5	Won
v. Surbiton County School ... ..	30	0	Won
v. Whitgift 2nd XI ... ..	23	0	Won
"A" XV.			
v. K.C.S. 3rd XV ... ..	0	22	Lost
Colt XV.			
v. K.C.S. Colts ... ..	15	22	Lost
v. Thames Valley School Colts	0	33	Lost
v. City Freeman's School Colts	3	20	Lost

## JUNIOR RUGGER

The number of pitches available this year has enabled us to put Junior Rugger on a new basis. Every boy has two games a week unless he is ill or foolish enough to be kept in detention. As so little rugby was played last year the standard is not yet high, but from the hundred who play now there is every chance of developing a good junior 1st XV.

Some boys who are new to the game may not like it, but they should not let themselves be too easily discouraged. As they grow older and stronger their understanding and with it their ability and enjoyment will increase. Only when a boy becomes a senior after two years' play will he know enough about the game to be able to decide whether he wants to continue or not. Those parents are wise who insist on this.

This year a group of sixteen seniors has given the Staff invaluable help in coaching the juniors. Their public spirit is greatly appreciated; their keenness and ability to teach has already had good results. "To each his need, from each his power" has meant something to them.



## SWIMMING SPORTS

It is late to recall attention to the Swimming Sports, but they were one of the major events of the summer term. The final results were:

*Houses:* 1, Newsom's, 84; 2, Halliwell's, 79; 3, Gibb's, 60½; 4, Milton's, 60; 5, Cobb's, 54½.

*Clubs:*—1, Spartans, 69; 2, Trojans, 44; 3, Athenians, 9.

The most memorable achievement in the Sports was the performance of Hender for the Spartans, which members of Cobb's House will hope to see repeated next year.

## COCK HOUSE CUP, 1940-41

	Rugby	Hockey	Cricket	Dramatics	Swimming	Total
Cobb's	5	3	6	—	—	14
Gibb's	10	10	3	3	1	27
Halliwell's	3	5	3	1	3	15
Milton's	0	1	0	7	0	8
Newsom's	1	0	10	0	7	18

The Club Shield was won by the Spartans for the third year in succession.

## HOUSE NOTES

### Cobb's

*Captain:* R. F. Pegg.

*Vice-Captain:* M. G. Bedford.

This has been a glorious term, in that we have seen a more widespread and promising change for the better than has been achieved for a long time. This is due in part to the very welcome inflow of new members which we have had this term. We hope they enjoy the fellowship of the House, and wish them the best of luck in their adventurous journey through the Senior School.

Every rose has its thorn, and this term has proved no exception. We have been bereft of our House Master for several weeks, due to bronchitis. Fortunately the half-term holiday presented his energetic spirit driving him back to School before he had completely recovered, and so we welcomed him back in his usual buoyant health at the end of the holiday. We hope such an absence will not happen again!

Last term's swimming results were perhaps disheartening. We have failed to realise the optimistic hopes expressed in the last House Notes. Before drawing a veil, however, let us realise how different was the response to the Rugger matches

this term. The team spirit that was so conspicuous by its absence last term blossomed forth in all its glory during those two tough struggles (the first won 11—9, the second drawn 8—8) with Halliwell's and with Gibb's House. Particularly do we congratulate A. Thompson, who, having been persuaded to start playing Rugger at the beginning of this term, has progressed so remarkably as to achieve in one term a position in the School 1st XV, a feat that has never been known here before. Pengilly, Forrest and Barker are to be congratulated, not on the excellence of their play, for their positions in the School XV lead us to expect that, but on their stamina, in being able to sustain the very fast type of Rugger demanded of good players in a House Match; Heath, on his devastating tackle; Ruff, on his excellent kicking; and Carter, on his leadership of the scrum are also warmly congratulated.

All this is most gratifying. But it will be fatal to rest on our laurels. We must remember that the general enthusiasm of the House still leaves much to be desired. To those spirits who think they can share in the glories of the House without any effort on their part, we say: it matters not a bit whether or not you are good at a game, so long as you want your House to win so much that you are prepared to devote a Wednesday, or even that coveted Saturday afternoon, to helping it win by cheering it on. Touch-line support has been good in quality but must improve in quantity.

M. Bedford and A. Thompson are congratulated on their well-earned promotion to School prefects.

A. W. Pengilly has been awarded his School Rugby colours for outstanding performance.

### Cricket

Last term's cricket team put up a very creditable performance in our first House Match. We dismissed Milton's for a low score, and passed their total with the loss of only one wicket. R. C. Hill made 36 runs not out in a splendid innings. This brought us into the final against Newsom's. In this match our bowling was good, but we cracked up in our batting, with the result that Newsom's won comfortably.

### Retrospect and Prospect

Cobb's House has been a force to reckon with for nearly five years. In that span we have been practically reborn, there being only two of the original pilgrims still with us. Ten of our number set out last term; we want to see or hear what Raynes Park *Spur* has done to or for them and it remains

to be seen what they do with us. At this time the words of an Australian poet come to our mind :—

“Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand like stone,  
Kindness in another’s trouble,  
Courage in our own.”

Last term we gave ten to the world: A. V. I. Cook, School Prefect, House Captain, Higher Certificate, 1st XV, 1st XI Hockey, and now serving with the R.A.F. ; E. Daniel, School Prefect, House Vice-Captain, Higher Certificate, 1st XV and 1st XI Hockey ; R. Chapman, Axten, Reynolds, Bolt, R. C. Hill, secured that elusive School Certificate ; Laurence, 1st XV and 1st XI ; Pizzey played Tennis for the House, and Mann and Handley have the future. They all have our blessing whatever and wherever they are, and we would like to hear from them or, better still, see them whenever they can give us that pleasure.

Let us improve on what they have begun.

### Gibb’s

*Captain* : F. J. Holwill.

At the end of last term S. T. Launder, J. A. Bond, Holmes, Stiles and Venn left us. We wish them all happiness and success in their lives. All had been useful members of the House, and had served it in whatever sphere they were able. We particularly regret the loss of S. T. Launder, our former House Captain. He has been largely responsible for our successes, both on the playing field, and also in dramatics, during the last two years. He has all our best wishes for success in his naval career.

At last half-term D. Vaughan left us for Oxford. He is the first member of our House to achieve such distinction, and we wish him all success and happiness. We owe him a great debt for his work as producer of last year’s House Play, which achieved us second place. This year, his brother has become producer. He has chosen *The Anniversary*, by Tchechov, and is now busily engaged rehearsing his cast.

We welcome into our House twenty-one new members: Atfield, Brebner, Doyle, Emmett, James, Kent, Langford, Lovelock, Lough, Manifold, Pead, Peake, Pringle, Stewart, Still, Thomas, Trinder, Upcott, Ward, Watson, Woodward.

We hope they will quickly settle down, and take their place in the House. Some are already proving their worth in the House rugby team.

We are extremely pleased that A. Nagle has been able to stay at School for yet another term. He has been a prominent player in nearly all House activities, notably in the Swimming Sports last term, where his magnificent swimming gained us third. This term he is doing most valuable work in the House rugby team. In fact, without his splendid tackling we should, without doubt, have been beaten by Cobb’s.

So far we have played two House rugby matches. The first, against Milton’s, we won fairly easily 34—5. Our second match against Cobb’s, however, was vastly different. We managed to score and convert a try in the first few minutes, largely due to the work of A. Nagle and Billingham. A few minutes later we were awarded a penalty kick, which was put neatly between the posts by Billingham. That, however, was the end of our scoring. Just before half-time, Cobb’s managed to score, but failed to convert. During the second half Cobb’s pressed us very hard, but it was not until three minutes from time that they managed to score and convert. In the last three minutes we pressed hard, but it was of no avail, the game ended in a draw. Great credit is due to A. Nagle and Billingham, who, in both attack and defence, were the backbone of the team.

In our match against Newsom’s we were without Holwill and the loss of his leadership and his play might easily have cost us the match. At one time in the first half Newsom’s were leading us by 2 points and we crossed over with only a 3 point lead. There seemed to be every danger of our complete collapse, but Nagle managed to pull his team together and we ran out easy winners by 34 points to 14.

### Halliwel’s

*House Captain* : K. S. Daniels.

*Vice-Captain* : J. A. Bell.

We welcome to the House the new members who joined us last September. We hope that they have found interest in the House, and will willingly serve it in as many ways as possible. There should be plenty of opportunity this term for such service; the House Play, *The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse*, which is to be produced by J. Bell, will need actors, scene shifters, apart from those people who, without the limelight of acting, lend valuable help in supplying “props” and other accessories. Here is a chance for many.

### Swimming

*Captain* : R. D. Franks. *Secretary* : G. Scoble.

We were unfortunate in just failing to achieve first place in the swimming competition. Enthusiastic attendances at

the Baths before the Sports gave us a good lead in qualifying points, but this was not quite enough to enable us to keep ahead to the end, although the fine swimming and diving of Franks did much towards that end. We look forward to next year, when we hope to gain those few extra points to put us first.

#### Rugger

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

At the time of writing we have yet only played one House Match. Nobody will, however, forget it, for it was probably one of the best ever played. We expected a hard match, and were pleasantly surprised when at half-time we were beating Cobb's 9—0. The team was playing well together and well-deserved those three tries. The second half consisted of a ding-dong battle. We eventually were crushed under the weight of Pegg's "panzer" tactics. Two tries, one of which was converted, and a penalty goal eventually secured our defeat, but although this will probably lose us the Rugger Cup we cannot but look back with pride on such a game.

#### Milton's

*Captain* : B. W. Meade.  
*Vice-Captain* : A. Day.

At the time of writing we can justifiably feel pleased with ourselves. A. Day, our rugby captain, who is to be congratulated for receiving his colours and for his vigorous work in the School XV, has goaded on the House team to pluck the unfamiliar fruits of victory from Newsom's. Rugger has never been a game upon which we particularly favour ourselves, yet we achieved a very satisfying victory of 20—17 in a match which an American might call football. This encouraged the team after a badly played match against Gibb's, which was lost 34—5, when we lost Edwards very early in the game. Day is to be congratulated in yet another respect—on his appointment to be Flight-Sergeant of the School A.T.C. ; we shall lose a very useful member of the House when he leaves the School at Christmas.

S. C. Honeker has been equally energetic in his preparation for the House Play at the end of the term. We have chosen T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, and if boys are conscientious over keeping out of detention when they are required for rehearsals, there is no reason why the Dramatic Cup should not be ours for the fourth year in succession.

The only cricket match we played last term was against Cobb's. Meade and Day were unfortunately taking their

Higher School Certificate at the time; although Rogers, our cricket captain, organised the team as well as possible under the circumstances, the match was inevitably lost.

In the Swimming Sports at the end of last term we were more successful than ever before. Third place was just lost to Gibb's in an exciting relay race and half-a-point decided our final position as fourth. It would be foolish to say that we can safely hope to do better next year, but at least we need not be so apprehensive as we usually have been, especially since some of the best swimmers from other Houses left last July.

Successful candidates for Higher and General School Certificates are to be congratulated; their names will be found on another page. Several members of the House have left—Haywood, H. C. Carter, Holgate, MacDermott, Carr-Jones ; they have our sincere wishes for the future. In their place we welcome among the Juniors, Alder, Edwards, Faulkner, Hatswell, Kent, Moss, Newcombe, Salter, Saunders, Uff. We hope they will find many interests in the House and be more useful than as mere servers at lunch-time.

#### Newsom's

*House-Captain* : Poulter.  
*Vice-Captain* : Cattell.

The results of the House cricket matches have been, and will continue to be, the only subject about which we were able to speak with any confidence. Again Newsom's have won outright each of the four House matches against Cobb's, Gibb's, Halliwell's and Milton's. J. E. Fisher was most efficient as captain, ordering the field and batting positions in the style of a professional. He took no small part in opening the scoring with Bartram, who could always be relied on to stay in and carefully score several runs, never amounting to less than double figures. Unfortunately both Fisher and Bartram left last term; Fisher is now a bank clerk, and Bartram is studying to be a teacher. Nevertheless we still have Poulter, who, when all is said and done, was really responsible for our success; by his fast and accurate bowling he kept down the runs of the opposing team. Thus Fisher, Bartram and Poulter were able to score a sufficient number of runs between them at a comfortable pace.

In the Swimming Sports we gained the first place in the final results. We have not, however, so much cause for pride; indeed, the House can be accused of lack of interest and of sufficient energy. What energy was displayed by the House was due to the captain of swimming, Churcher; rather than having to go down on bended knee, he had to threaten several

boys who could swim but were too lazy to turn up at the Baths. This House does not need to be encouraged to swim; it has to be bullied and driven. Pritchard and Williams, however, besides Churcher, are worthy of praise; the House should follow their example of attending the Baths regularly. If this were so, then so many points would have been scored before the actual Swimming Sports that the result would have been a foregone conclusion in our favour.

Robbins, Biggs, Bridges and James have also left; Robbins, our former House Captain, is now employed at Merton Park Studios. We have not heard from the others yet, but we hope they will all visit the House some day or other.

Our first House Rigger Match, at the time of going to print, has just been played—against Milton's. We lost by three points; they scored twenty. The general opinion is that the game was very exciting—if we had had a few extra minutes we should have equalised, possibly won; it also maintains that we played a "dirty" game.

### FARMER'S GLORY

Crouched down in a ten-acre field, we swung our "hooks" backwards and forwards with blistered hands, cutting thistles; later, with less aching backs, but more blistered hands, we pared hedges, chopping off untidy brambles and weeds; or we pulled up prodigious stacks of weeds from the potato field; once, we distributed nitrates over a reluctant crop of turnips and swedes; these were our tasks in Devon, since we went too late for planting, yet too early for harvesting. But although most of ten or eleven mornings and afternoons were spent thus, recollection of work only occupies a small part in my memory.

The comfort of our temporary home struck us at once. Besides our large bedroom with its inviting four-poster bed, Van Gogh pictures and a memorable view over Dartmoor, Mr. Messel put his study, with his books and his radiogram, at our disposal. Here, the day's work done and our host gone back to "Ford," we were able to stretch our legs before a fire (whatever the temperature, this was welcome) and read, talk and listen-in in what had become "a room of one's own." This privacy and separateness is perhaps the most welcome privilege for Raynes Park boys at Fairhaven.

I vividly remember our first glimpse of Mr. Messel. He had been working in a field; his coat had erratic wisps of hay sticking from it, his trousers were dung-stained and a sheep-dog jumped around him. Surprisingly soon, we too began to look workmanlike, and indeed, assuming that one's fatigue is proportionate to the amount of work done, we were

so, in spite of lapses, such as my first attempt at milking a cow; with an old hand at the game looking on with critical eyes, I only persuaded the cow to give me enough milk for one small cup of tea; then, to crown all, I put the bucket down where the cow could kick it over, so even that little drop was lost. But, to do myself justice, I became an expert at mixing pig-food and at finding unfamiliar wild strawberries in the hedges.

Devon is a lovely county and no part of England is more beautiful than Dartmoor. To go to Fairhaven is a grand experience and any boy selected to carry on this happy tradition of suburb into country can count himself fortunate. We certainly did.

A.H.O.

Since August, 1940, when the scheme was started, the following boys have worked in holidays on the farms at Fairhaven and Burrow, many of them more than once.

S. T. Launder, K. S. Daniels, B. W. Meade, F. J. W. Holwill, A. Nagle, A. Day, A. Hinton, S. C. Honeker, K. O. Richards, D. G. Vaughan, R. F. Pegg, J. O. Hitchon, J. W. Robbins, Scoble, B. G. Churcher, Wells, E. Daniel, Sorrell, A. V. I. Cook, Molchanoff, M. G. Bedford, Forward, Sleigh, J. W. Hitchon, Poulter, P. A. W. Parker, G. W. Bartram, Barton, Barnard, Wright, Bell, Overell, Rogers, Billingham, A. Thompson, M. F. Saxby, R. C. Hill, Cattell.

### WELSH HOLIDAY

Ten days' holiday in the middle of term is a very welcome break, but it is infinitely more welcome when it brings with it the opportunity to go on holiday to Wales with Mr. Milton. The ten days which we received this term gave that opportunity to six of us. Still tired one Saturday morning, we scrambled into a train at Paddington, and sandwiched between pepper-and-salt suited sportsmen, soldiers on leave, and small children on edge, we shunted our way out of the station, bound for Wales. What we did when we arrived: our assaults on the mountains, our swims through the bogs, our nocturnal battles, the strange feats accomplished with water on the knee and blisters on the feet; all these are happy memories to us, but would present an uninteresting and disconnected picture to any others. Perhaps it would be best to set down a page from our Diary, a creation composed round the evening fire in the light of the oil lamps.

Mr. Milton was constantly told that he was mad to come at this time, but it has proved to be the best time possible. So far we have seen nothing but blue skies and fair weather, though on the journey up there was intermittent rain. Where the food comes from I don't know, but like manna from heaven it descends upon the needy: sandwiches of

every variety, eggs, bacon, meat. We've each moved through at least twelve ounces of magnificent salty butter since we got here.

Life is strenuous. Yesterday the seven of us went up Cader Idris; for about an hour and a half we went through the ten tortures of the damned; sheer cliff face above with only rotten heather and loose stones for foothold, and a two thousand feet dive below. But we survived, and lived to fight another day.

On Sunday we went on what Mr. Milton was pleased to term "a short look round." The first eight miles was reasonable going, but the last four was bogland, an unending vista of bogland, treacherous sedge grass, with not even a sheep to break the monotony. It is said that spending a long time in desolate surroundings will turn any man mad; certainly this is the only reasonable explanation of some of the events that took place on that moor. The fact that he had developed a blister surely cannot account for the action of one member of the party who took off his shoes and socks and walked along through the mud and water with his trousers turned up, saying that he then had only the cold of the water to worry about. But no explanation that sane man can give will account for the actions of a second: continually this person flung up his arms and slid without a sound down into the wet sedge; there he lay writhing for a few minutes, then creaked out "Leather soles," and dripped on his way. Why he persisted in this strange practice we could none of us discover, but Darwin once wrote a very good book on the Origin of the Species."

So runs our Diary, and so ran events on our holiday; it was often boggy, but we learnt to avoid the death-traps and to steer a fairly dry passage through them; at first the mountain climbs and descents were very hard going for six pairs of London feet, but we soon came to love the mountain climbs, the long struggle up in the tearing and exhilarating wind, the view from the top, in the cold of the cloud level, out towards the sea, or down through Central Wales, looking down through the mists at some little slate-grey village, lonely against a mountain-side, at some gleaming river lying silver in a valley. For the climbs, for the hikes, for the holiday and the happiness it brought us all, we wholeheartedly thank Mr. Milton.

K.R.F.

### THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

The Library is at a stage in its development when it is possible to dispense in any report with facts and figures. The quantity of books in some subjects is approaching adequacy.

The tasks of our immediate future are rather to settle the arrangement and encourage the use of our present stocks. These two problems are closely interrelated; if books are inadequately arranged, they will not be used because they cannot be found when they are wanted. It is essential that each section, as it approaches its final size, be subdivided in accordance with the scheme which has been formulated. This is a job which requires time. Only when it is completed will each book have its own peculiar place within its section. The process has been begun recently in the two sections which are ready for it—the History and English sections. It will gradually be extended throughout the non-fiction sections, and completed—at the present rate of progress which is one period a week—in about five years. Even then the Library will not be ideally arranged. There will be no subject index and no analytical index.

The Library is already extending outside the actual confines of the Library. Books are housed in four rooms for the sake of the home-reading schemes; science books which are required for daily use in the Science Sixths are kept in the laboratory. Similar extensions are possible and desirable.

The system of borrowing has undergone several changes. An attempt has been made to simplify the Library Assistants' task. The borrowing registers have been abolished. The new system—only in use for half a term so far—promises to be satisfactory. Two further improvements are contemplated so that those who keep books too long can be detected and also a complete list of each boy's borrowings can be compiled at the end of each term with little trouble. The growth of the School has necessitated another change. There was a time when the Library was open to all boys at all times. Now all except members of the Sixth Forms are restricted to one day a week, that is to one break and one lunch hour or some forty minutes a week. This is grossly inadequate, but in view of past records only just. Moreover, the Library will only seat 25 boys and there is more than twice that number of boys in the Sixth Forms. Again there was a time when magazines were more plentiful. They were a source of idle amusement rather than informative, and were removed as soon as they became the occasion for brawls and noisy conversation. Indeed, the general behaviour of the School in the Library (and the Sixth Forms are not excluded from these remarks) leaves much to be desired. But it is idle to complain of human imperfections when the Library is a form room for all but some two hours in a working day.

The *Library Review* has continued publication in spite of the War. The third volume was probably the best which has yet appeared. Forrest, as Editor, and Martin, as Chief

Printer, worked with imagination and skill. Poulter contributed what is undoubtedly the best single article which the *Review* has yet printed. The Editorial staff wishes once more to thank Mr. Moore and his printers and Mr. Haslam and his artists for their unstinted co-operation.

In conclusion, thanks are due to N. Molchanoff and J. W. Robbins for their labours as Prefects of Library; to all those parents and friends of the School who presented 143 books on Open Night; to Mr. Basil Wright, for a magnificent gift of 100 *Everyman's* on the same occasion; to Mr. Messel, for further bequests; and to Mr. James and Mr. Coventry, for much recent help in cataloguing new books.

#### “A NEW ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN VERSE, 1920-40”

C. DAY LEWIS and L. A. G. STRONG.

What makes a good anthology? This book raises once more this difficult problem—Is the editor to include what he considers to be best poems or representative poems? Both methods have arguments in their favour, both have their pitfalls. If the editor takes the former course, too often the poems he chooses will be conventional anthology pieces, and if the latter he is in many cases (such as Wordsworth and Tennyson) bound to include mediocre or even worthless poems. The difficulties are even greater when the editor wishes to compile an anthology of modern verse, for who is to say which are the best poems of a contemporary? Readers in a hundred years' time may not agree—indeed, many of the poets included may be forgotten, so quickly are reputations made and unmade as generation succeeds generation. And if representative poems are chosen, what will readers a hundred years hence think, for instance, of Mr. Gascoyne's surrealist verse, when surrealism may well be considered an insignificant, if interesting, outgrowth of academicism? The problems are made even more acute by the fact that there is a ridiculous number of anthologies of modern verse of all types. There is, presumably, no means of restricting the output, but it would be a far more satisfactory state of affairs if good existing anthologies were added to from time to time to bring them up to date, instead of new ones published at frequent intervals with the latest poets included and those temporarily out of favour omitted.

*A New Anthology of Modern Verse*, strictly speaking, falls into the former category, that it is to say, it is intended as a supplement to the previous Methuen anthology. It was felt that to add new poems to this would destroy the balance of the work; in any case the new one shows that enough has been written in the last twenty years to justify the compilation

of an entirely new anthology. (Many will be surprised by the fact that nearly one hundred poets are here included.) Continuity has been preserved by the inclusion of several poets who were in the former anthology but have written poetry since it was published, such as Mr. Eliot, W. B. Yeats, Thomas Hardy, and Mr. De La Mare. It is perhaps a criticism of the anthology that there are too many rather obscure poets, though I am glad to see that certain out-of-the-way poets, like Miss Stevie Smith and Mr. A. S. J. Tessimond, whose work does not always find its way into anthologies, are included. But this does not explain some notable omissions. Mr. Ezra Pound surely is an important enough poet to be included? James Joyce's output of poetry was small but very distinguished, and he certainly deserves a place. Likewise, Mr. Robert Graves and Mr. William Empson, among others, are important enough to be represented. Apart from this the selection is much as one would expect: Mr. Eliot is of course very well represented. Messrs. Auden, Spender and Day Lewis (though I wish that one of the *Poems in Wartime* was included) are all represented by very intelligent selections—Auden dance-lyrics are wisely avoided. There is a very original choice of poems by Mr. MacNeice, who I must confess is my favourite among the poets of his generation, for example, two beautiful and oddly serene extracts from *Autumn Journal*. They are not perhaps typical of his work in general, but although poems like *Birmingham* are well worth including, some of his other works, if admirably slick, are rather superficial and not of major importance. Other selections that are particularly good are those from Mr. George Barker, Mr. Walter De La Mare, Thomas Hardy, D. H. Lawrence, Miss Edith Sitwell (too large perhaps, but what a lovely poem *Colonel Fantock* is), and Mr. William Plomer.

One criticism I have to make is that the arrangement of the poems in alphabetical order is very unsatisfactory, particularly as the dates are not given. I know that this was the method followed in the previous work, but as both editors agree in the introduction that “There is a very marked break in the run of English poetry at 1930,” it would have been better to have dispensed with this and placed the poets in chronological order. It is rather surprising to find Mr. Auden towards the beginning and Yeats last but one. In wartime I suppose it is ungrateful to criticise format, but I found the print difficult to read, the arrangement of poem on the page too cramped and the paper of poor quality, something better might have been achieved for the prices even in wartime.

The introduction, which I have already quoted, I found stimulating yet unsatisfactory. The editors discuss various

points about modern poetry—its “obscurity,” its pre-occupation with politics, the modernity of its subject matter—and although there are some very penetrating observations (such as those of Mr. Day Lewis about the B.B.C.) and some provocative statements (I found myself in profound disagreement with Mr. Strong’s opinion of Mr. Eliot) through its brevity, it inclines to a certain scrappiness, which is not helped by its being in dialogue form. Too often it reads like a discussion taken down verbatim. The introduction would be far better if the arguments, which are very controversial, were elaborated and at the same time consolidated into more compact form.

I need not remind readers that the anthology is dedicated “To the Staff and Pupils of Raynes Park County School” (the Library has a signed copy) and we must all feel greatly honoured and excited by this tribute to our School, to which both Mr. Day Lewis and Mr. Strong have already given far more than we can ever repay.

D.V.

#### THE ADELPHI PLAYERS IN “THE TRAGICAL HISTORY OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS”

In a programme note the Adelphi Players apologised “for their inability, due to the circumstances of war, to give the earliest known version of this play in its entirety.” Nevertheless, by cutting, they have not only retained the central situation of the play, but have made this uneven and most peculiar play a purer work of art. For the prose scenes, with their obscenity (which for us at any rate has no wit to make it palatable), their slapstick, their devils with fireworks, and their conjuring tricks, add a farcial element to the play which is out of keeping with the darkly mediæval atmosphere which is present, notwithstanding the Elizabethan nature of the dramatic technique. The fact that it is, as a work of art, very imperfect, makes it even more interesting than such a later and more polished play as *Edward II*. His aim in *Faustus* is intensely serious and one feels, when reading or seeing the play, that Marlowe was deeply affected by his idea, but did not fully realise its implications, with the result that there is a very great *potential* significance in the play of which one is only occasionally aware. The poetry rises to great heights, with a spontaneity, a feeling that it is overflowing from Marlowe in great floods that he can hardly control, which is lacking in the other plays.

The Adelphi Players were faced with the difficulty of sustaining the interest and the tension in their version without “light relief.” The standard of the acting was sufficiently

high to maintain the tension, but I doubt if the production was always good enough to maintain the interest. By this I mean that the most dangerous trap was not avoided: the action of this version saw very little change of scene, and was consequently far too static. But perhaps this difficulty is one that could not be overcome—not only did this shortened version have a cast of only ten characters, two of whom were not seen, thereby making varied and fluid groupings impossible, but also the Players are forced to contrive a production which will be capable of performance on any stage, large or small. What then is the solution? The subtlety of the rôle of Faustus does not permit any histrionic fireworks, nor does the naïve wickedness and jealous cunning of Mephistopheles make possible any interpretation but a restrained and unexaggerated one. Faustus presented one aspect of the character brilliantly—that of the scholar and intellectual who in his search for new knowledge finds that he has bitten off rather more than he can chew—but failed, I think, to bring out the subtle change and growth in Faustus as, towards the end of the play, he sees the weakness of knowledge alone, however wide and startling, when spiritual calm is lacking. The scene in which he conjured Mephistopheles was superb—he exactly conveyed the diffidence and misgivings that Faustus feels in such cold-blooded blasphemy. The scene in which he makes out the deed of gift was also very good—it is a magnificent example of the peculiar way in which Marlowe introduces a note almost of caricature of his chief characters. Mephistopheles, in spite of bad make-up, was excellent, and played the part with the restraint it needs. The Chorus had a beautiful voice and brought a welcome calm (as opposed to the lack of movement which was the production’s chief fault) to the action. By giving her the speeches of Faustus and Mephistopheles, as well as her own, describing their journey, the play was welded into a far more manageable and logical shape. The other actors were all good. I wish I could say as much for the costumes.

D.G.V.

#### OPEN NIGHT, 1941

Open Night was held at the end of the summer term, too late to be reported in the last issue of *The Spur*.

There was present as large an attendance of parents and friends as ever and there was as much to see as ever. Indeed, there was rather more than before. The young rabbit club had by this time built accommodation for its protégés, and the pigs, small but vocal, received much admiring attention. Perhaps the most striking of the new features was the A.T.C. display of model aircraft; but it is difficult and might be

invidious to pick out any particular feature. The exhibits of the Camera Club, the craft-shop exhibits, including some of the new work of the recently formed Puppet Club,—much else springs to mind. The History and Geography rooms were as interesting and as instructive as ever; nor were the scientists at all daunted by the fact that much of their usual space in the Labs. was occupied by the work of the A.T.C. Most interesting lectures on parasites were going on continuously in the greenhouse.

As for the sale of books, that is commented upon elsewhere. Suffice it to say here that once more all records were broken.

Indeed one's general impression is that in spite of the war there was more variety and interest in this year's Open Night even than there has been in the past. One remembers the crowds circulating slowly from room to room and round the corridors of the School, the crowds in the open air (and once more the weather was kind to us until the very end of the proceedings) watching the physical training exhibition or deviating towards pigs, allotments, rabbits, gardens, parasites. One remembers encounters with old friends, and chiefly a general air of good-fellowship, interest and satisfaction which has become the ordinary atmosphere of this occasion.

### CORRESPONDENCE

From Mr. Doolan.

*To the Editor of The Spur.*

DEAR SIR,

It is nearly a year since I was uprooted from my pleasant and exciting life at Raynes Park and my metamorphosis into a soldier began. My period of initial training lasted three months; by far the most unpleasant months I've ever experienced, but by now I have forgotten them and most of the things I learned then—although I still remember what to do when I am called on "pay parade."

Since last May I have been living a life of luxury and leisure, in a large private house on the outskirts of Gloucester. Never, since I first attended the kindergarten, have I had so little to do. My chief task has been to prevent myself becoming enormously fat. Latterly I've been playing a great deal of hockey to reduce my size, as I found I was top-heavy and continually overbalancing.

My job during these months has been the relatively uneventful one of helping to keep healthy a largish body of airmen. I cure colds, bandage limbs, take temperatures, and do all the other jobs connected with a Sick Quarters. The

only interesting job I get to do is dispensing medicines, so you'll realise that my life is not very exciting—not at all what you'd expect in the R.A.F. Most people forget that only a very small fraction of the R.A.F. have exciting work. There is very little really interesting work in a war; just plenty of dull routine business, such as filling in forms.

Only one thoroughly exciting thing has happened to me, I learned how to gargle. I have always been faintly ashamed of my inability to wobble liquid in the nethermost regions of my throat, but I suddenly found myself doing it, when I spent a week in hospital last Spring. I was so pleased I made the nurses bring me great quantities of liquid, with which I practised.

I did try to learn to play the clarinet, but I blew off one of the key springs, and smashed the reed. As the reeds were imported from France, I'll have to wait till we invade before I can continue.

One really important fact I must not forget; I have quite a comfortable bed *with sheets*. Only Air Marshals are entitled to sheets nowadays, and all the airmen have had to hand theirs over to the W.A.A.F.s.

I'm coming down to Raynes Park soon, to see one of the few places—outside the workshops—where any real hard work is done.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours etc.,

R. J. DOOLAN.

From Mr. Robinson.

*To the Editor of The Spur.*

DEAR SIR,

When in the middle of summer I excused myself from writing on account of the pressure of work, I promised a letter when the long winter evenings gave more time. Such was my ignorance of farm life! For although it is now November, there is as little time as ever for reading or writing. True we are at the moment using every available hour of a comparatively dry spell, trying to finish autumn planting; the late and oft-interrupted harvest has left much to be done before the land becomes too wet and heavy to be worked. But I no longer naïvely imagine that when sowing is done we shall settle down to a winter of short days and long evenings by the fireside. And there perhaps you have one of the most important facts about farming—it is a full-time occupation. The normal hours are long enough, but when soil and weather are right and a job needs doing, then normal hours, mealtimes and half-holidays are abandoned without question until the work is done.



As many of your readers will have discovered in Devonshire, to work on a farm one must know not one but several jobs, very varied in character. To describe them all would take too long, but each has something in common with every other, and a day's plánting is as typical as any.

Work starts at seven o'clock, and I must be up and have the fire alight soon after six if I want a cup of tea before starting out. Tom, the carter, is already at work and can be heard calling in the horses by name. Sometimes they are obstinate and its no easy matter getting them in, for it is still quite dark. As we walk across to the farm we feel the crisp rustle of the frosty grass. The stars are clear and the cold North wind is still blowing; it looks as though the weather will last another day; we shall know better when dawn comes. Fumbling with cold fingers, we set about greasing and filling up the tractor and oiling the drill. The tractor is loath to start, but after a good deal of cranking she splutters and a hasty dive to ease the choke sets her going with a full throated roar. As soon as she has warmed up, we switch over from petrol to paraffin and set off down to the field.

By the gate we pick up the set of light harrows which drag behind the drill to cover up the seed. Tom has already brought us a load of sixteen bags, each holding three-quarters of a hundredweight. We empty three into the box and carry two more on the platform for filling as we go round. By now the stars have faded and the eastern sky shines with the light of approaching dawn.

"In gear? Hold fast," shouts Reg. from the tractor, and away we go. We run in second for the first time round until the tractor gets properly warmed up. I look at each of the fourteen cups and use a finger to poke out one which is not running freely; then examine the discs; they are all turning and drilling about the right depth. Occasionally a clod binds between two of them, and very quickly a pile of earth reeves up in front; lifting the discs by the trailing chain serves to clear this away. A glance behind ensures that the harrows are properly set and do not cover up the mark of the outside wheel. Tom has changed Flower's gears and she and Bonnie are pulling the heavy harrows behind us.

To save time we are drilling a mixture of wheat and fertilizer—an irritating white powder that clogs the cups and makes the drill run hard so that I am kept busy keeping **an even flow of corn**. After the first bout we change into top gear, and keep pounding steadily round the ground until we have to stop for more seed. We read the acre-meter and perform mental calculations to check the rate of flow— $1\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. each of corn and fertilizer to every acre covered.

The sun creeps up and the ground softens, the scrapers squeal on the discs and the tractor grunts round and round the field. The corners become more and more pointed, and soon we have to round them off and stop to broadcast the missed patches. By ten o'clock we begin to notice our hunger and breakfast on sandwiches eaten as we go along. The North wind bites as keenly as ever and even at midday there is little heat in the sun's rays; we cannot get hands or feet warm. Tom has left harrowing and gone to fetch us another load of corn. The boss comes across the field and jumps up on the platform beside me.

"Everything going all right? Good. I want you to try to finish this ground to-day so that we can get on to Dudley's Ash to-morrow while the weather holds." He walks along behind for a while and then away to the Big Ground, where they're pulling mangolds. The hedges gradually recede. By one o'clock we've covered over seven acres and we stop for a quarter of an hour to fling our arms and stamp our feet and eat the rest of our sandwiches. Then we clean the harrows, oil the bearings of the drill, put another five gallons in the tank and set off again. There's more cloud about now, but it won't rain as long as the wind keeps blowing.

And so we keep on through the afternoon round and round the lessening patch, stopping for corn and on again, till the sun reddens and our shadows stretch far across the field. Now the patch is so narrow at one end that we cannot turn properly. I throw the drill out of gear and we go out over the work to turn and come back in again. Then it is not long before we start pikings at this end.

The sun, by now a fiery ball, sinks quite suddenly behind a heavy bank of mist; the wind has dropped. There's only a small pear-shaped patch left, and we keep grunting and squealing round. At last, when it is almost too dark to see the wheel mark, we cover the last strip, throw the drill out of gear, and make across for the gate. Tom changes the gears for the last time and takes the cart with our empties and two untouched bags back to the farm. Then by the light of a lantern he un gears the steaming horses and leaves them to have a well-deserved feed before being turned out at ten o'clock.

The stars are shining as we pull the drill backwards into the cart shed and walk back home across the field. The wind had blown away the mists of sunset and the sky is cold and clear. It looks like holding fine for another day.

And if it does keep fine, to-morrow will not be much different from to-day. "Monotonous," you say? Yes it is, until you get used to it. But there's also a very deep satisfaction which grows on one as one gets used to the change of tempo.

By the time you read this the corn we planted to-day will be inches high; I shall spend much of the day in feeding hungry cattle and wishing that instead I could be back in Raynes Park serving out Christmas pudding to hungry boys.

With best wishes,  
Yours sincerely,  
G. J. ROBINSON.

From Mr. Newsom.  
To the Editor of The Spur.

SIR, 9/9/41.

The most horrible thing that has happened to me in years was reading on page 19 of *Spur*, Vol. IV, No. 3, which has just reached me, that, in their House Cricket Match against Halliwell's, Newsom's dismissed their opponents for 38 and then—"When we batted, the score was 38 runs for 5 wickets declared."

Now this is a frightful sentence to appear in a paper of the integrity and informedness of *The Spur*. (a) It is claimed that Newsom's won the match, but, according to the score as here represented, the game was left drawn, the scores being equal and Newsom's having 5 wickets still to fall. (b) If, indeed, the match was won by Newsom's, or, for that matter, if it was left drawn, Newsom's innings was not declared closed. A declaration is a voluntary action on the part of the captain of the batting side; in this case either the Newsom's innings was abandoned obligatorily, by virtue of the fact that the match was abandoned as a draw, or it came to an automatic close upon their winning game.

Out here in Ontario a band of us, English, Australians and New Zealanders, have toiled desperately in the cause of this great game, and we flatter ourselves that there are now many new Canadians and citizens of the U.S.A. who would never be guilty of such a parlous error. It may sound a quibble to you, but if Mr. Winston Churchill can have a deep and abiding respect for the outward forms of Democracy, surely it is not too much to ask that the Editor of *The Spur* should respect the garments in which cricket, Democracy's chosen handmaid, is properly clad.

When one writes to the Press, one usually apologises for occupying valuable space. I make no such apology; indeed I demand that my letter be published in full, accompanied by a frank admission on your part of criminal neglect in the discharge of your duties. By the time the next number of

*The Spur* appears, I expect to be back in England. I shall come to Raynes Park anyway, and if no apology is forthcoming, I shall pursue you with Aunt Agatha's hatchet, you miserable Bertram.

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient servant,  
1331586 L.A.C. NEWSOM, A. W.

PS.—It's your own fault I haven't time to write you a proper letter to tell you of the prairies of Saskatchewan, the rodeos, the C.P.R., the beavers, the moose, the Indians, the aeroplanes, and whatnot. But if I haven't got to break your neck when we next meet, I tell you about it viva voce.

PPS.—I have indigestion, brought on by a surfeit of *cheese and pickled onions*. I hope that makes you furious.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We acknowledge the receipt of the following with many thanks: The Abbotsholmian, Aldenhamian, Ashsteadian, Beccehamian, Bryanston Saga, Fettesian, Georgian, Parmitarian, Whitgiftian, Wellingtonian.

### "THE SPUR"

Committee: D. Cooper, P. H. Crumley, K. R. Forrest, D. L. Nightingale, A. H. Overell, P. W. Vaughan.

Editors: December, 1941. K. R. Forrest, A. H. Overell.  
April, 1942. P. H. Crumley, P. W. Vaughan.  
July, 1942. D. Cooper, D. L. Nightingale.

### RAYNES PARK OLD BOYS' SOCIETY

The following is a list as comprehensive as we have been able to make it of Old Boys who have joined the Services. We apologise for omissions and errors, and ask for your help in future in keeping us up-to-date with all information about yourselves or your contemporaries.

Royal Navy.	Army.	R.A.F.	
Hill, C. H.	Crouch, C. E.	Austin, D. G.	Lamberth, N. K.
Hughes, L. A.	Druett, R. P.	Barnes, R. L.	Lucas, O. T.
Lauder, S. T.	Fenson, C. R. J. C.	Billingham, J. A. G.	Moore, J.
Mason, K. A.	Fielding, L. C.	Christian, B. L.	Nagle, E. J.
Page, G. E.	Miller, K. C. E.	Cook, A. V. I.	Palk, S. G.
Parker, D. T.	Simmonds, V.	Dorey, W. J. H.	Parker, B.
Winder, R. R.	Taylor, P.	Franklin, R. J.	Purser, B. L.
	Tupper, G. C.	Gibbs, P. J.	Reddy, H. D.
	Uff, A.	Gray, A. C.	Richards, K. O.
	Wotton, D. W.	Hambrook, D. E.	Smith, D. W.
	Wright, A. G.	Hamer, J. E.	Smith, J. A.
		Hill, P. S.	Smith, L. A.
		Hutchin, E. G.	Woodward, J. S.
		Jepson, E. B.	

The following Old Boys, no longer living nearby, have recently visited the School. However busy you may find us all, you are welcome.

H. T. Gibbs, K. O. Richards, A. Hinton, F. D. Gates, A. Benjamin, Adamson, B. L. Purser, E. J. Nagle, E. B. Jepson, L. A. Smith, J. A. Smith, A. de Potier, V. Simmonds, K. C. E. Miller, A. Uff, E. G. Hutchin, D. T. Parker.

Old Boys might remember that they are honorary members of The Spur Dramatic Society, and therefore welcome at the readings announced in the Diary. Mr. Gibb's fourth News-Letter will be circulated with *The Spur* in April.

I am always glad to hear from, and to reply to, Old Boys. I add extracts from four recent letters :

"I have been made Mess Leader, a job which I am finding much more difficult than being Head Boy at Raynes Park."—S. T. LAUNDER.

"The more I travel, even in the Army, the more complete my education becomes, and the more knowledge I absorb the happier I become. I still remember the photograph of Lawrence in the Prefects' Room: 'Happiness comes in absorption.'"—D. W. WOTTON, serving with the Australian Imperial Force, in the Middle East.

"We consider ourselves lucky if we see our beds twice a week—I have only seen mine three times in the last seventeen days. The rest of the time we have been at action stations, sleeping in our clothes three or four hours a night. After such a spell one looks forward to the minor luxuries of life, such as undressing, having a bath, taking boots off, which in peace time are more necessities than luxuries."—K. C. MILLER.

"There is one thing I notice more and more, and that is the number of things taught at school that occur again in this course. I used to be a bit of a rebel against things which I considered highbrow. . . . Well, Sir, if you have any more pupils who are like me, tell them that the curriculum that is taught at Raynes Park is one of the best fittings for life that can be got."—V. R. GRILLS.

JOHN GARRETT, *President*.

*From the Hon. Secretary.*

23 Priory Avenue, Cheam.

Since the last issue of *The Spur*, various changes have been made in the Society. Our Secretary, R. V. Grills, was called up, and for the time being I was acting honorary secretary. On September 6th, the Annual General Meeting was held,

which was badly supported, due in some cases to unavoidable circumstances, but on the part of too many to sheer slackness. Elsewhere in this issue changes made at this meeting are recorded. The Society had a severe blow when the Treasurer, S. G. Palk, joined the R.A.F. in November. We all wish him the best of luck.

And now a word about subscriptions. I do ask all Old Boys as they join up to send me ten shillings as their Service subscription for the duration of war, and to inform me what Service they enter. All others I would ask to help me by sending in their subscriptions when they fall due. By doing this you will help the Society to carry on in these difficult times.

The number of Old Boys who are supporting the Society is disappointing. For it is at times like these that we need your support more than ever, so that when the peace years are with us again we shall be in a position to carry out the functions for which the Society was intended. If therefore you members are in contact with any Old Boy who has not paid his subscription, please urge him to send it to me at once.

**The issue is clear.** Membership of the Society alone makes possible continued contact with the School in the war years. It entitles you to a copy of every issue of *The Spur*, of the School Diary, and of Mr. Gibb's News-Letter. Either Old Boys want that contact or they don't. We remember the School motto—"To each his need; from each his power." If we are to carry on we need your power.

Yours sincerely,

F. G. PLUMMER.

*From the Hon. Treasurer.*

I am writing just before joining the R.A.F. I only write to endorse the words of the Secretary about the payment of subscriptions and the support being given to, or rather being withheld from, the Society.

I would ask you all most earnestly to pay your subscriptions at once so that we may keep going in these abnormal times. I would also add a word to those of you who still owe for Old Boys' ties. I am sure you will appreciate that these amounts have been outstanding for over two years and it would assist us if they could be settled immediately.

The accounts for 1940-41 are printed below and you will see that there is a deficit for the period owing to the reduction of the subscription to 2s.6d. Thus you will realise why we have had to revert to the original figure of 5s.

Naturally, but for the war we should be in a more favourable financial position, as may be seen from the fact that the year 1939-40 showed a surplus of £9 9s.3d. against £1 11s.8d. for 1938-39. The comparative membership figures

for the past three years of 30, 49 and 61 show an improvement, but not an improvement which can be called satisfactory. Therefore I repeat my parting appeal to you to assist us and also yourselves by paying your subscriptions, and paying them promptly.

Best wishes to you all.

S. G. PALK.

The following amendments to the Rules of the Society were approved at the Annual General Meeting.

1. The Committee to consist of seven members, including the President and Hon. Liaison Officer. F. G. Plummer (Secretary-Treasurer), J. F. Fisher, W. J. Stephens, J. W. Robbins and P. S. Cockman were elected. It was further decided that S. G. Palk and D. W. Taylor should stay on the Committee until called up.
2. The duties of Secretary and Treasurer to be merged during the war.
3. All members of the Committee shall automatically resign upon joining H.M. Forces; this ruling to be retrospective.
4. Members of the Society on joining H.M. Forces to pay a subscription of ten shillings, which shall be valid for the duration of the war.
5. The normal subscription to be five shillings per annum, due on the 1st January of each year.
6. New members joining the Society or leaving School in July to pay six shillings, to be valid until December 31st of the following year.

## OLD BOYS' SOCIETY—BALANCE SHEET

### INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT

FOR THE PERIOD FROM 1ST OCTOBER, 1940 TO 31ST AUGUST, 1941.

Dr.	£	s.	d.	Cr.	£	s.	d.
To Magazines ... ..	4	12	6	By Subscriptions ... ..	7	12	6
„ Postages, etc. ... ..	3	12	11	„ Profit on Sale of Ties ... ..	1	10	0
„ Printing and Stationery ... ..	2	4	1	„ Net Deficit for period ... ..	1	7	0
	£10	9	6		£10	9	6

### BALANCE SHEET AT 31ST AUGUST, 1941.

LIABILITIES.				ASSETS.										
				£	s.	d.								
Sundry Creditors—				£	s.	d.	Stock of Ties—							
R.P.C.S. ... ..	1	12	6				For R.P.C.S. ... ..	2	17	0				
Subscriptions in Advance—							Sundry Debtors ... ..	1	4	6				
1941-42, partly							Cash at Bank ... ..	16	1	8				
paid ... ..	£3	5	0				Cash in Hand ... ..	1	18	3				
1941-42, paid in														
full ... ..	7	5	0											
1943 ... ..	5	0	0											
Capital Account—														
As at 1/10/40 ... ..	11	0	11											
Less Deficit for														
1940-41 ... ..	1	7	0											
	9	13	11											
	£22	1	5											

Examined and found correct.

F. G. PLUMMER, *Asst. Hon. Sec.*

September 13th, 1941.

W. J. STEPHENS.

## CONTENTS

Headmaster's Notes	1
School Officers	5
Examination Results, 1941	5
Prize-Giving and List of Prize-Winners	6
Lectures and List of Lecturers	8
C. Day Lewis' Song Recital	13
Art and Architecture	13
Music Club	14
Partisans	15
Spur Dramatic Society	16
A.T.C.	16
Digging for Victory	18
National Savings	19
Camera Club	19
Films	19
Criticisms of Walt Disney's <i>Fantasia</i>	20
Cricket	22
Rugger	22
Swimming Sports	26
Cock House Cup	26
House Notes: Cobb's, Gibb's, Halliwell's, Milton's, Newsom's	26
Farmer's Glory and List of Farmers	32
Welsh Holiday	33
School Library	34
Anthology of Modern Verse	36
Adelphi Players	38
Open Night	39
Correspondence from Absent Masters	40
Acknowledgments	45
Spur Committee	45
Old Boys	45