

THE SPUR

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THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

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

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EDITORIAL

The Headmaster

At the end of this term we say good-bye to a Headmaster who from our beginnings seven years ago has conceived, guided and established the fortunes of Raynes Park County School. An accurate assessment of his achievement, of the debt which the School and the district owe to him, is impossible. Much of the data for such an assessment is hidden in the future, in the lives of those who, whether as colleagues, pupils or parents, have been associated with him. But that his achievement has been, and will be, great there can be no doubt.

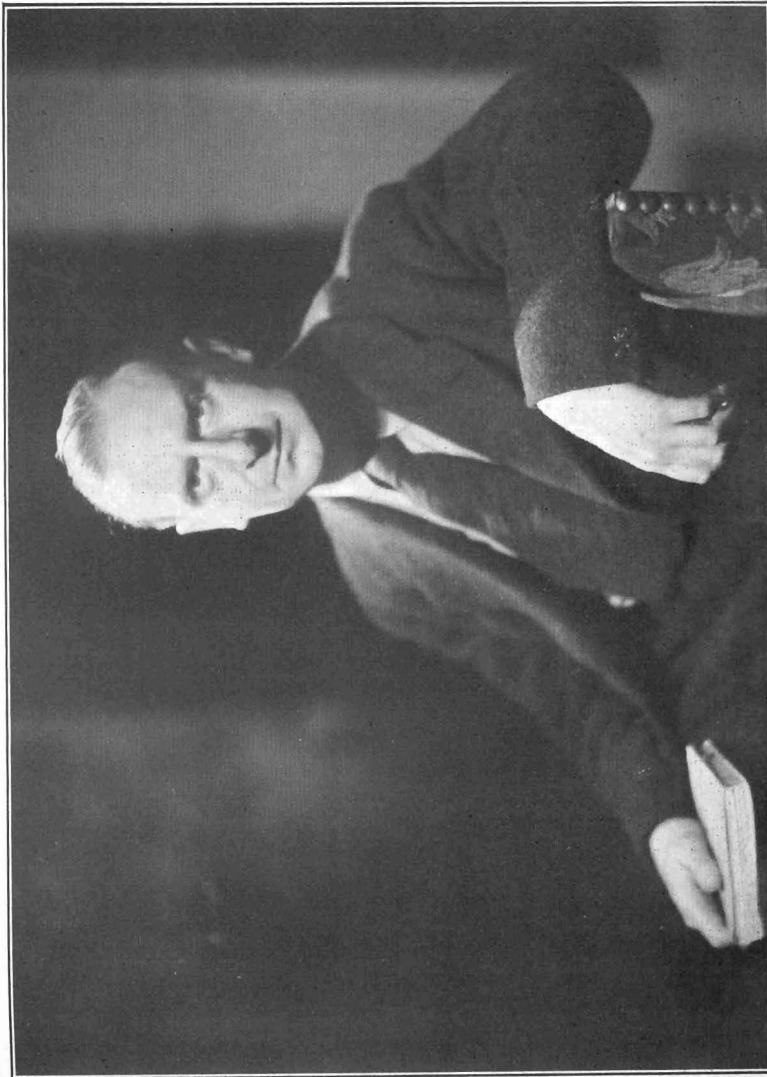
Thus it has seemed fitting to the editors of *The Spur* to depart so far from tradition as to begin this issue not with the familiar "Headmaster's Notes" but with notes from others on the Headmaster.

We have asked a member of the Staff, a Parent, an Old Boy and the Head of the School each to contribute a few words to this series.

From a Member of the Staff

All who have worked with the Headmaster will know that they have been privileged to a very high degree; but if all were asked to name some particular reason why they have found their work at Raynes Park stimulating and exciting, it is probable that a great many different answers would be given. And the reason for this fact is not, I think, to be found so much in the diversity of human nature as in the richness and diversity of the School's life and in the standards put before the School by the Headmaster.

The Headmaster has never wished the School to be successful in any one department to the exclusion of all others: he has wished it to be successful in all departments. Nor does one remember him for the possession of any one quality pre-eminently so much as for the possession of a great number of qualities in a rare combination. One may remark, for instance, his meticulous and precise attention to detail, but at the same moment will remember his widely human



Portrait by Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.

JOHN GARRETT,
Headmaster, 1935-1942.

toleration for methods and ideas which are not his own. His willingness to change and to experiment has been balanced by a determination to leave what is well alone. His natural gifts as a leader have not kept him remote or inaccessible.

Many would regard as his outstanding quality his great capacity for, and delight in, hard work. But there is more to it than that. It has always been work with a purpose, and that purpose has been the highest and widest interests of the School and of every boy in the School. How successful he has been in the pursuit of his arms we all know.

Figures might be quoted, yet, however eloquent figures may be, they cannot move the mind as does the real memory of events, incidents, faces, words, tones of the voice, the whole procedure of everyday life. Those who have worked at Raynes Park will all have our memories, different each from each, indeed of a delightful variety; yet they will have this in common, that they are all memories of a great Headmaster to whom we wish both happiness and success in his new appointment, a sphere of even wider activity to which his record here has most amply entitled him.

He can be certain that we shall not easily forget him, his ready enthusiasm, his constant friendliness, his just example. Wherever he goes, he will carry with him our confidence, our gratitude and our affection.

REX WARNER.

From the Head of the School

It is customary to think of a headmaster as a somewhat supernatural being, surrounded by an impenetrable wall of authority, which no boy can possibly penetrate. No boy is ever called to his room without the certainty of a very heavy punishment. If this headmaster leaves the oppressive atmosphere of his room, it is never without his gown and mortarboard; his face is always rigidly stern. He is rarely seen, except when he addresses the School from his high platform, and certainly nobody ever dares to speak to him. Such has never been the attitude of Mr. Garrett. He has never cut himself off from any of us in the School, but has rather encouraged our confidences. His room, though sacred, has never been the place where only the most wicked have been punished. He has always been ready with a word of praise or encouragement to those who deserved it, whether they were in the highest or lowest form. Perhaps one of the greatest joys a boy could have was to hear the Headmaster's praise when a piece of commended work was brought to him.

He has always taken the most intimate interest in every activity of the School. He has taken a delight in visiting the most obscure workers, and questioning them about their work.

He has seldom been absent from School matches, and he has taken great interest in the boys picked for the teams. He has taken a personal interest and pride in each of us—very much more than a headmaster is expected to take.

Yet, although he would talk in the most natural and intimate way to all of us, he never lost the dignity of his position, nor the respect of the School. We shall all be very sorry to lose such a fine Headmaster, particularly those of us who have gone through the School from its lowest form, and have seen it grow and develop under his leadership. His name will always be honoured in this School as its creator, and first and great Headmaster.

F. J. W. HOLWILL.

From a Parent

The traditions of the English County Secondary School are being made and Mr. Garrett has set his mark upon them. Not the least of his enterprises has been his enlisting of parents for the work of the School, his demand that they should share their sons' interests, second their efforts and enjoy with them the gifts that the School offered. Undaunted by the apathy of a suburban neighbourhood where civic life is overshadowed by the greatness of London he has spared no pains to educate a group of parents loyal to the School, happy to serve it and proud to share in its achievements.

Mr. Garrett's enthusiasm, the vigour of his never-relaxed devotion to the School's good, his irresistible blend of personal appeal and authority, his quickness to see and fan into good fire the first spark of co-operation, have brought to his side a steadily growing band of supporters among the parents. Often it has been hard work, sometimes there have been clashes, but looking back, whether it has been needlework, or cookery, or bringing out old crockery to be battered to make the Scout troop's holiday, or play reading, or coming to School to watch and listen and enjoy beside our boys, what fun it has been, and how we shall miss the vehemence of Mr. Garrett's exhortations thundered at us from the platform or typewritten and reaching us after a disintegrating journey in the mixed company of our son's blazer pockets.

There is one word with which this note must end—it is "co-operation"; for on Mr. Garrett's lips that word

" . . . became a trumpet whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas, too few."

KATHERINE CHAPMAN.

From an Old Boy

The fact is that Raynes Park is superior to the majority of schools in this country. I know that all Old Boys inevitably praise their own school, but no matter to whom you talk the fullness of life and the achievements of our School remain distinct. We, as individuals, played a part in building that entity which is Raynes Park, but we were as bricks in a building, essential but unable to form and mould ourselves. The Headmaster has been the architect and the builder. We and the School are the products of his efforts. Judgment is invariably based upon results, but in the case of the Headmaster intention and result have been synonymous. The School has been from the beginning moulded according to his own particular ideas and beliefs, we ourselves bear testimony to their success.

But the Headmaster was never a vague and terrible figure seated behind a desk, cane in one hand and report in the other. We have all known his generosity of interest, whether we left after School Certificate or, as he prefers, after Higher School Certificate. He has helped us and guided us. Never is he too busy to reply to our numerous letters, to inquire of our progress, to encourage and to aid us. When we were at school we knew that on all occasions we were individuals in his eyes, not just members of form so-and-so, or "X" House. He has fought hard battles for us with vigor and invariable success. Numerous parents now know that his efforts in persuading them to adopt a particular course in the future of their son have borne fruit. They were wrong, he was right.

Those who were lucky enough to join the School at the beginning, and those of us who joined later have a kaleidoscope of images from which to draw our memories. Lectures, plays, concerts and matches, all things down to uncomfortable interviews about bad reports, had their origin in the Headmaster's work. He has been the centre of our School; our School it is, but much more it is the Headmaster's. Now he is leaving us, the School remains to continue its steady growth which he originally engendered and encouraged. We as Old Boys extend our thanks to him. We have been honoured to know something of a man who was more than a headmaster to us. His work goes on in another place now; his success is inevitable as is the continual progress of Raynes Park. We cannot forget him, we hope that he will remember us with as much affection and regard as we will remember him.

B. W. MEADE.

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

Saying good-bye is always a sad business. In this case it is helped by the fact that the School has got a splendid man as its second Headmaster. Mr. Charles Wrinch is a close and valued friend of mine, and there is no one I would as soon see succeed to the work which my colleagues and I have been able to do here. A school is a living thing, and growth is the condition of its life. But the foundations have been well laid, and whatever is good will be preserved. Changes there must be, and after seven years they are both timely and welcome. A new mind will understand where change can be most constructive, and Mr. Wrinch has the vision to carry it through. From Shrewsbury he won an open Scholarship in Classics to Oriel College, Oxford, where he had as his tutor Sir David Ross, the present Vice-Chancellor. He was placed in the second classes of the Honours Schools of Classical Moderations and Literae Humaniores. Since then he has been teaching Classics and in charge of English at Radley College, where he has been responsible for many fine dramatic productions. After seeing our *Henry IV*, Part I, here in July he wrote to me: "I loved the play; but the best thing of all was the enthusiasm of the audience. I can see the School becoming more and more the centre of the area." It will be, under his leadership. We welcome him here, and wish him health, happiness and the satisfaction which comes from work which is worthwhile and which will be well done.

Next term the School will have eleven of its Old Boys at Oxford and Cambridge. Seven at Oxford—Honeker at Exeter, A. Thompson and Crumley at Balliol, Daniel at Oriel, Hitchon and Saxby at Magdalen, and P. W. Vaughan at Wadham. At Cambridge—A. de Potier at St. John's, and Pegg and Daniels at Christ's, and Franks at Magdalene. B. W. Meade is at King's College Hospital, having started on the long course to be a doctor; E. A. Wells is taking the four-year course at the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons; Smith A. H. is reading Chemistry at the Imperial College, London University. An encouraging number are going on to higher places of learning.

Of other boys who left the School in July, Sorrell and Pengilly A. H. are studying engineering at Kingston Technical College, and Skinner and Stapleton are with the London Power Company, aiming at external degrees in engineering. Sleigh and Harrison are aiming to be architects, the one at the Kingston School of Art, the other in a drawing office. Collins

and Francis are attending the L.C.C. School of Building at Brixton. Hobbs and Higgins are at the Wimbledon School of Art. Fabian is working at Film Centre. Rogers is a naval store officer, and is going into the Navy under the "Y" Scheme. A. E. Page is a naval apprentice. Baker and Carr are in Government offices pending their call-up. Cousins V. E. and Withers are in banks, Ellis a draughtsman in training. Smith D. F. with a firm of solicitors, and Reuter at Senior's. Green P. M. and Jones D. F. are with Hawker's Aircraft. Pengilly S. R. has gone into his father's business. Churcher J. G. has gone to the County School at Cambridge, where his people have had to go to live.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Halliwell on the birth of a second daughter. In the same breath we offer our sympathy on Mr. Halliwell's long and grave illness. Throughout this term the School has been the poorer for his absence. It was always obvious that his services to the School as Master in charge of Science, and latterly as C.O. of the A.T.C., were only a fraction of all that he did. But he had to be away to make us realise how much we all depended on his cheerful willingness to help in any direction and at all times. It is a personal loss not to have had him here for so great a part of this present term. We wish him sure and swift recovery.

Mr. A. W. Newsom has resigned his post here on being appointed by the British Council to work for them in Turkey. Apart from his sojourn in the R.A.F., when he was dogged by bad luck, he has been a valued member of the Staff since 1936. His imaginative enterprise was most helpful in the early days of building the School. Different people will remember him for different things, but there are few people who will be remembered more vividly. The firework displays for the Athenians; his form journal, *The Daily Dustbin*; the banana he ate for "Seconds" at a single gulp; the brown flat-iron mark on his trousers with the frilled bottoms; and even if he taught his form more Saki than Shakespeare, it was easy to forgive him because he did teach English from his own enthusiasms. It is fitting that his swan-song should have been the patient preparation of *The Spur Supplement*, which records days to which his vigorous personality contributed a great deal, whether as House Master who got into the homes of many of his boys, or as indefatigable cricket coach.

Although good work will be done by a changing succession of House Masters, the names of the five Houses will remain those of their original Masters. They will thus be a lasting

reminder of great work done in early days, to make the House system more of a reality than it generally is in day schools. Parents should remember that their sons join Houses at the end of their second year, and that we welcome the expression during the summer of any wishes they may have as to the House their sons shall join.

We regret having to part with Dr. Lubienski, and congratulate him on his appointment to the Staff of Tonbridge School. In two terms he has made his mark on the language teaching of the School, and we remember his contribution to School life with gratitude.

The Second Master has been appointed to a commission in the Home Guard, on which promotion we congratulate him. His prodigious war-time activities have always been a source of wonder. We hope his new duties will increase his happiness without adding unduly to his labours.

During the war the Board of Education undertake few school inspections. This School is privileged to have had a full inspection between November 24th and 27th. We welcomed here the following H.M. Inspectors—Mr. C. A. Ronald, Mr. W. J. Heasman, Mr. Roberts, Mr. C. W. Tregenza and Miss A. L. Anderson.

Henry IV, Part I, was held by many to have been the best, because the most balanced, of our School plays. A professional player like Miss Martita Hunt wrote afterwards that she had been "most interested, delighted and touched." A solicitor friend wrote: "Cooper was first class whilst on the move. He could stand still. All his natural quick movements of hands, arms and feet were slowed down to an easy, languid flow, which, without a word spoken, oozed a steady trickle of rascality." The School has never welcomed so many London visitors, and four unknown people wrote: "We consider that Gielgud could not have excelled Honeker's performance." Without subscribing to the obvious hyperbole, it would be pleasant to think that the remark came to Mr. Gielgud's ears and inspired his tart question to Mr. Messel: "Have you come to town to see my *Macbeth* or the Raynes Park *Henry IV*?"

Clearly we have still much to learn about the ways of pigs. Late on a rainy Saturday night in July, Sunshine the sow gave birth to a fine litter of ten. But by the next morning she had given an emphatic "Yes" to the question in the hymn, "Can a mother's tender care cease towards the child she bare?"

for she had shown such violence of distaste for her progeny that they had to be removed from her, and fed at two-hour intervals from the bottle. Credit and gratitude are due to all who tended them, and particularly to Mr. and Mrs. Austin. What their unnatural mother's thoughts now are about her nearly adult neighbours can only be conjectured. I feel keen remorse that I am deprived of young pig at dinner. Only co-operation with Lord Woolton restrains me from letting one of them find prematurely what Lamb calls "a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure." It is "the very coxcombry of charity" to deny ourselves "things between pig and pork—these hobbledehoy—but a young and tender suckling—guiltless as yet of the sty." It seems long ago that I brought their mother and aunt in a dog kennel from Devon, on the hot Sunday when Germany invaded Russia.

Mr. Leonard Greaves has lectured on Goya, the Secretary of Charing Cross Hospital on the work there, and Commander Partington on China. We thank these gentlemen. Mr. Paul Brann's Marionette Theatre gave pleasure in July to a large audience of parents and boys.

Mr. Horne has taken a party of boys to a debate in the House of Commons. Mr. Milton took another party to Westminster Abbey, where they had the good fortune to be met and conducted round by Canon Adam Fox. Parties went to *Othello* and *The Importance of being Earnest*, both productions of which the London Theatre can be proud.

There are 372 boys in the School this term, with 70 boys in the Sixth Form. Thirty-eight candidates will sit for Higher Certificate next June. Our results this year are the best we have ever had. Six County University Scholarships can be regarded with some satisfaction, but we can do better yet. I think we should beat all previous records next July.

Our link with Oxford House in Bethnal Green has been cemented in two ways. Two boys went in August to work at the Schools in Wales, whither Holwill follows them at Christmas. All the Prefects (except one) have spent a week-end in Bethnal Green. Our Charity collection goes this term to provide a better Christmas for these children, and the workshop has been busy making them toys.

When I broadcast on the North American service in the series "British Education looks ahead," two boys shared the

experience. Honeker contributed valuably to the script conference, but was said to have too refined a voice to command confidence in his overseas audience. A. Thompson and I were however found acceptable, and we did the actual recording for the broadcast.

We welcome our fixtures with Rutlish School. The time for closer relations between two neighbouring schools of similar status was over-ripe. Their present easy margin of victory makes us respect their Rigger the more, and is a spur to our own endeavours. It has been pleasant to welcome their representatives at sundry concerts here. We wish their new Headmaster every happiness in his work.

It was pleasant to see pictures by the School's two first Art Masters, Claude Rogers and Rupert Shephard, exhibited in the C.E.M.A. Collection at the National Gallery. Mr. Rogers's landscape "Richmond Park," exhibited at the Berkeley Galleries, was described as "an especially charming small picture. It has his individual quality of looking somewhat as if the scene were viewed, not through air, but through clear water, thus mingling brightness with a slightly blurred definition."

In the last week of a term of rich and crowded life, the School welcomed opportunities to hear Miss Martita Hunt give a poetry recital; to see a puppet show of *Alice in Wonderland*; to learn from Mr. John Raven of the Schools in Wales, to whose Christmas pleasures the School Charity is being given; and to listen entranced to a lecture of outstanding brilliance by Mr. Arthur Bryant on that great Englishman, Samuel Pepys.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1942

Head of the School: F. J. W. Holwill.

Prefects:

F. J. W. Holwill, M. F. Saxby, M. G. Bedford, G. P. Billingham, J. A. Bell, N. T. Poulter, A. H. Overell, D. P. Rendall, K. H. Taylor, R. G. Forward.

Prefect of Hall: J. A. Bell.

Prefect of Library: A. H. Overell.

Captain of Rigger: F. J. W. Holwill.

Secretary of Rigger: G. P. Billingham.

Secretary of Games Committee: A. H. Overell.

HOUSE NOTES

Cobb's

House Captain: M. G. Bedford.

Vice Captain: D. P. Rendell.

Last term we regained the Cock-House Cup, having won the Rugger and Hockey outright, and gaining 2nd places in Cricket and Swimming. We naturally hope to retain this coveted trophy next year.

Cricket

Captain: A. Thompson.

By beating Halliwell's in the first House Cricket match, we reached the final of the knock-out competitions, but found our opponents, Gibb's, too strong for us, and were defeated by 8 wickets. We were dismissed for 39, owing to the accurate bowling of Wright and White. Gibb's easily passed our total, with the loss of only two wickets. However, by reaching the final we were fortunate to gain 2nd place in the competition.

Swimming

Captain: M. G. Bedford.

Last term we gained 2nd place in the Swimming Sports. Milton's beat us by 17 points (93 to 76), but our swimming, on the whole, was good, although we had a last-minute rush to find a complete junior team. R. F. Pegg, Hender and Carr were outstanding swimmers.

Next year, a greater effort must be made in qualifying, and we shall need more serious training. With this we should achieve good results again.

Rugger

Captain: Forrest K. R.

With ten members of the House on Big Side, six of whom play for the 1st XV, our team this term, on paper at least, is fairly strong. We have played one match so far, but what our true form is still remains uncertain. On the day we played it we were obscured by thick fog. Newsom's were our opponents, and we came off the field victors by 27 points to nil, but not so much due to superior play on our part as to the superior sense of direction shown by a few individuals who were able to make their way through the fog with a fair measure of certainty.

House Play Competition

This year we are presenting three scenes from W. H. Auden's *The Dog beneath the Skin*. We have set ourselves a difficult task, for the play has a large and unwieldy cast, but

if we work hard we ought to do well. The enthusiasm is unparalleled in the history of the House, but there are still those who are needed to make the play a success, and who are reluctant to take any hand in the production. Nevertheless, we look forward to the competition with confidence.

We were unfortunate in losing Arthur Thompson, our House captain, this term. He had 1st XV Rugger colours, and played for the School Hockey and Cricket XI's. Last term he gained a County Scholarship, and has gone to Balliol College, Oxford, where we hope he will be both happy and successful. He was also the first boy to win the Eric Parker Cup.

We welcome those who have joined us this term and wish them every success with the House.

Gibb's

Captain: F. J. W. Holwill.

Vice-Captain: G. P. Billingham.

Captain of Rugger: F. J. W. Holwill.

School Prefect: K. H. Taylor.

After the regrettable beginning to last season's House matches, we have better news to report. In the replay with Newsom's we showed in no uncertain way that we were a superior side, by beating them by nine wickets. The final score being Newsom's 35, Gibb's 39 for one wicket. This meant that we should meet Cobb's in the final. In this game we were on top all the time, and the result never seemed to be in doubt. We succeeded in dismissing our opponents for 29. This score we passed for the loss of two wickets, and so the Cricket Cup passed to Gibb's for the first time. Much of the success of the team must be attributed to Wright and White, who bowled very well in all the games. But their endeavours would have been useless but for the spirit of the team as a whole, particularly in the younger members. It is in this that we have grounds for optimism for the future.

Swimming was altogether our weak point last year; we were last in qualifying points, and only just managed to gain fourth place in the actual Sports. The failure, in both qualifying points and the Sports, was due to a marked lack of enthusiasm; boys neglected to turn up to qualify; or said they could not possibly do so, without even trying. Even when chosen for the House team, very few bothered to get in any practice. We can only hope that this lamentable lack of enthusiasm will not be present in the House next year.

This year we are producing most of the Second Act of *The Ascent of F6*, by Wystan Auden and Christopher Isherwood. At the date of writing, the play has not yet gone into

production, and the present cast is only provisional. But we have high hopes of success this year; most of the boys who will appear have had acting experience, either in School Plays or previous House productions, or both. Nevertheless, we are not blind to the difficulties of producing the play we have chosen, and approach the task with reserved optimism.

We lose this term P. W. Vaughan, who has carried on for two years the production of the House Play which he took over from his brother, and whom he follows to Oxford. The new arrivals are Baillie, Cunningham, Judd B. D., Moorhead, Still, White C. and Fleet. We welcome them to the House, and wish the best of luck to Vaughan.

Halliwell's

Captain: J. A. Bell.

Vice-Captain: Hitchon J. W.

On coming back to school this term the House was surprised and distressed to learn of Mr. Halliwell's illness, which has occasioned the first long absence of the House Master that we have experienced in seven years. We were extremely glad to see him back for the last few weeks of term, and are also very grateful to Mr. Smith, who took over temporarily the duties of House Master.

This term the House has been reinforced by eighteen new members, to whom we give a ready welcome. It may be noted with satisfaction that they include those who were the leaders of rugby, cricket and swimming in the Junior School, and several of the cast of the Junior School Play. Already some of these newcomers have been of use in the Rugger team and in the House Play, although on the Rugger field they are, as yet, naturally outweighed.

Swimming

The result of last summer's Swimming Sports has yet to be recorded. The House has always been blessed with steady swimmers, but it has had few fast swimmers, thus, we are constantly highly placed in the qualifying, but at the Sports themselves our performance is, as a rule, not good. On this occasion Green was the only person who swam, our other entrants merely floated, and we were placed fourth.

Rugby

Captain: Green J.; *Secretary:* Brown M.

The House is suffering this year from a scarcity of boys in the top part of the School, large boys. Thus, when we opposed Gibb's House in our first match of the term, there seemed to be few members of our team over four feet in stature;

moreover, our captain was absent, and our opponent's team contained the backbone of the School XV. Consequently we were beaten by 47 points to 3. Our three-quarters were especially feeble, being unable to attack and unwilling to defend, and our only consolation is that our conquerors have inflicted an even more ignominious defeat upon the team of another House. However, we look forward to more even games against Newsom's, Milton's and Cobb's.

Dramatics

This year we have chosen A. P. Herbert's *Two Gentlemen of Soho* for the dramatics competition. This play is described by the author as "a shameless attempt to uplift a modern theme by clothing it in Shakesperean language." It is a witty, comic and satirical farce, with which we are sure to entertain the audience, and have high hopes of impressing the adjudicator. The cast consists of J. A. Bell, Hitchon, Dixon, Jillett, Dobson, Robinson, Parker and Cheatle.

We congratulate Hitchon on gaining a County Scholarship and wish him good luck as he leaves the School at the end of this term to join Magdalen College, Oxford, where he will read Chemistry.

Milton's

Captain of the House: M. F. Saxby.

Prefects: M. F. Saxby, A. H. Overell, R. G. Forward.

Captain of Rugger: M. F. Saxby.

As is usual at the end of a summer term, we lost several members of the House. We suffered an outstanding loss in the departure of B. W. Meade and S. C. Honeker, who have done so much for the House, Meade as its captain during the past year, and Honeker as producer of last year's House Play. Meade is now studying medicine at London University, and Honeker is reading English at Exeter College, Oxford. They both have our sincere best wishes for their future success, and, although space is short, I must not turn to other affairs without first congratulating them on winning County scholarships, thus carrying on the academic tradition of the House, inaugurated by Anthony Hinton, who is now serving in the Army, having obtained a war-time degree at Oxford.

The most thrilling event of last term, as far as this House was concerned, was the Swimming Sports. For the first time in the history of the House we succeeded in winning the Swimming Cup, beating Cobb's, who gained second place, by fifteen points. M. F. Saxby is to be congratulated upon his selection and coaching of the team, and Oates and Oliver

upon their exceptionally good performance for the House. And so, just as we have retained the Dramatic Cup for the last four years, we must now win the Swimming Cup again next year.

With this reference to the Dramatic Cup I come to this year's House Play. As usual we have been enterprising, and Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* has been chosen. The producer, R. G. Forward, is not blind to the difficulties which have to be overcome, but he holds high hopes of once more winning the Dramatic Cup.

I must not leave all mention of cups without stating our rather weak attempt at cricket. It was more than unfortunate that we were drawn to play against Newsom's in the first round, and as far as House matches were concerned, cricket ended for us on that very day, Newsom's beating us by 44 runs.

Our sporting achievements during the past year, however, have been by no means meagre, and we obtained third place in the Cock House Cup competition. It will not now do for us to rest on what few laurels we have gained, but we must redouble our efforts and enter enthusiastically into the Rugger House matches. The first of these has just been played against Newsom's, who beat us by 11 points to 9 in a fierce and hard-fought game.

I would like to end these notes with detailed references to all those who left last term, but lack of space prevents this, so I can only give their names and thank them for all that they have done for the House, both in games and all other activities: Green P. M., Higgins, Manning, Reuter, Rogers, Skinner, Smith D. F. and Stapleton.

We welcome into Milton's House this term the following, and hope that they will be happy in our midst: Brookes, Burgess, Carolin, Cockman, Haythornthwaite, Hodgson, James, Levy, Litchfield, Osmint, Plumridge, Reid, Schoen, Schrecker B., Swash, Weill and Winter.

Newsom's

Captain : N. T. Poulter.

Vice-Captain : Cattell G. M.

Captain of Rugby : Martin N. G.

On the whole this record of our activities in the last few months strikes an optimistic note. We have had our setbacks; and it is no use pretending, as did the once-famed military spokesman at Cairo, that we expected or relished them. The replay of the House match against Gibb's at the end of the cricket season did not end in the triumph which we expected, or the team deserved.

In swimming we have never been outstandingly good. The success which we have had in the past was due rather to the energy and perseverance of Churcher than to any enthusiasm of the House in general. And there is no doubt that we missed him badly this year. (Incidentally all members of the House noted with pleasure how fit and happy Churcher seemed when he paid us a visit recently.)

But that is enough about our misfortunes. On the credit side we have the result of our first Rugger match of the season, against Milton's. We won this hard-fought game by the narrow margin of two points. All members of the team are to be congratulated on the manner in which they played—with a furious determination; also Reid, for his kicking, and Pritchard and Potton, for their runs through.

To balance this, we have our signal triumph on the academic side. To Newsom's go as many School prizes as to any other House. Though many people would put it down rather to good fortune than to a manifestation of scholarship in the House, we can still afford to congratulate ourselves on this achievement. In the last School Certificate examination the only two boys in Upper V to gain Matriculation exemption were Jones and Harrison, both old members of the House.

But the question of the moment is certainly the House Play competition. At the time of going to press we have only just selected our play and have held one reading. We held over our decision until the last moment, we hasten to explain, more for the sake of giving the other Houses a start and a sporting chance than from any irresponsibility on the part of the selection committee.

We have chosen for our play Mr. Elmer Rice's *Judgment Day*. And the cast is brimful of confidence, notwithstanding the difficult task which we have set ourselves. We are determined to regain that standard of acting which won for us the Dramatic Cup four years ago. (And after all, we were placed second last year even if our effort was so rudely termed a "charade.")

We welcome to the House those new boys who came up from the Junior School at the beginning of the term. We hope they will play their parts as responsible and useful members of the House.

Lastly, our good wishes go out to Mr. Newsom—our first House Master—who leaves the School this term after his retirement from the R.A.F. We shall always remember him and the House is to retain its old name.

JUNIOR SCHOOL NOTES

In this second issue of Junior School Notes there are two main items of note—Sport and New Boys. In the Inter-Club Games Spartans have scored their fifth successive victory, winning two of the three events—Rugby and Swimming. The Cricket resulted in a draw, since the Trojans, having beaten Athenians 79—56, lost by 33 runs to 54 against Spartans, who then proceed to allow themselves—silly fellows—to be beaten to the tune of 57 to 29 by the Athenians.

This year's club captains are: Athenians—Hodkin V. C.; Spartans—Grindrod D.; Trojans—Cotterell K. W.

Football this term is flourishing; there are very few non-players and those new to the game are quickly beginning to see some glimmerings of order and pattern emerging from the muddy rough and tumble, push and shove aspects of the game. Mr. Cobb is in charge of the game this year and much of the enthusiasm and speed of progress has been due to his unique kindly patience. Inter-form games have been played with great keenness, and there is material in the first year which will eventually make a strong Junior side. Junior side captained by Cotterell K. W. has played two matches to date, both against Kingston County School Junior School. Although well beaten on both occasions, the side has time to develop. Incidentally, it cannot be too strongly urged that, although games are voluntary, no boy, unless suffering from a physical disability which completely bars him from the game, should miss this very exciting and important part of his school life. If you are nervous and afraid of making a fool of yourself join in now whilst there are plenty of other fellows playing the game for the first time and who are no better than you are. A football pitch looks most unamusingly cold and wet from the touch-line, but once you've got nicely dirty through getting pushed well into the mud and have shoved the other chap back in return, it's amazing how pleasant even mud can taste and feel!

Our only other item of interest, specific to the Junior School, is the annual event which takes place this term when the first year suddenly find themselves lords of the Junior School and their old form-rooms are taken by a hoard of strange, diminutive rather bewildered looking creatures—the New Boys. We welcome our 62 new entrants and wish them all happiness and success in their new lives. By now most of them have settled down and have discovered their way about and have absorbed the content of those things which must be done and those which must not. But it may be well to add, in spite of occasional ill examples by their elders of the second year, that the breaking of chairs, using the form room as a Red Indian camp, the drawing of carica-

tures of Masters on the board and sitting on his desk are *not* considered legitimate form-room activities and are considerably frowned upon.

Regarding these notes the Editor would welcome any suggestion from Juniors, on matters which they would like to be included.

P.S.

EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1942

Higher Certificate

Of twenty-five Candidates, twenty-one were successful. There was no failure in the Arts Sixth. Smith A. H. achieved the best performance in the whole examination.

Arts Sixth.—J. A. Bell, Cattell G. M., † Fabian A. T. G., Forrest K. R., * R. G. Forward, S. C. Honeker*† (with distinction in English), A. H. Overell, † N. T. Poulter, † A. Thompson*† (with distinction in Latin), Vaughan P. W. †

Science Sixth.—K. S. Daniels* (Group III Pure and Applied Mathematics), B. W. Meade (with distinction in Chemistry), R. F. Pegg* (Group III Pure and Applied Mathematics), Smith A. H.* (with distinctions in Chemistry and Physics), E. A. Wells, Carr J. A., Crumley P. H.* (with distinction in Chemistry), Hitchon, J. W. (with distinction in Physics), Pengilly A. H.*, M. F. Saxby, Sorrell R. H.*

*=Exemption from London Inter. B.A. or Inter. B.Sc.

†="Special Credit" in Oral French or German.

County University Scholarships were awarded to:—

B. W. Meade, S. C. Honeker, A. Thompson, Crumley P. H., Hitchon J. W., Smith A. H.

General School Examination

Of fifty-one Candidates, forty-two passed, twenty-one attaining Matriculation exemption. For the second year in succession, there was no failure in the form taking a four-year course.

Upper Fifth.—G. P. Billingham, Cathrow, Francis, Harrison (M), Jones (M), Pengilly, Rogers, Stapleton.

Fifth.—Carter (M), Evans, Green (M), Heath, Higgins, Hobbs, Jeffery, Overell (M), Potton (M), Pritchard, Reid, Skinner, Thompson C. (M), Williams (M).

IV Special.—Baker (M), Bird (M), Bray, Brown (M), Chamberlain (M), Clack (M), Cousins, Hopkins, Ivins, Jahn (M), Manning, Martin, Oliver (M), Quartermain (M), Reid (M), Roberts (M), Smith, Stewardson (M), Topley (M), Trory (M).

LECTURES

F. B. Malim, Esq., 15th July. "The British Empire."

There were three outstanding dates in imperial history which were supremely revealing of the conscience of the nation. They were the Treaty of Versailles, 1783; the death of Wesley, 1891; and the impeachment of Warren Hastings, 1793. "We do not own Canada. We must get rid of the idea of British possessions. We must tear down maps which talk of painting the world red." England had founded four new nations, all of whom had inherited (a) the rule of law, the supremacy of law; (b) the principle of self-government. The Statute of Westminster laid it down that no act passed at Westminster was binding on the Dominions. "No man has left a more permanent impression on English history than Wesley." He reawakened the conscience of England, and converted Wilberforce, who abolished slavery thirty years before America. We were trustees for backward races, and there should be no hesitation of choice between two possible summings-up of a life's achievement, "I've made £100,000," and "For thirty years I've tried to deliver people from fear." The impeachment of Warren Hastings showed that the country's conscience was alive; thirty years earlier we should never have impeached him. But the Empire requires a constant stream of able servants willing to serve it far from home.

Arthur Bryant, 23rd July. "The National Tradition."

Racially we were a mongrel people, seen by foreigners as peculiar, illogical, constantly changing our mind but fundamentally changing little. Geography explained us. We lacked a frontier, "a place where your own country comes to an end, and where fear begins. For us the frontier was the seaside. This helped to account for our optimism," A variable climate made us adaptable, a necessity in a nation only ever ready to fight the last war. "In 1854 we were ready to hold the ridge at Waterloo. But we have always won one battle in every war, and that the last." We were not good at long-term planning. Because the sea had left us free from fear, we were able to develop local institutions and avoid the centralisation necessitated by danger and crisis. Age had given us tolerance, recognition that though the majority decided, minority views might have truth in them and must be expressed. Abroad an Opposition leader was murdered; in England he was given a salary. Dictatorship was like a beech tree—nothing grew in its shade. In democracy's shade growth went on unceasingly. The English hated being dragooned, which comes out in such phrases as,

"Who d'you think you're getting at?" In war English soldiers sang words having no relation to the war.

"Send for the boys of the old Brigade,

To keep old England free.

Send for me father, me mother, and me brother,

But for Gawd's sake, don't send for me."

Foreign allies might suspect a collapse of morale, but they would be wrong. An important aspect of our make-up was the life of the sea. Fishermen, sailors, "a race of men said to have a wife in every port, a circumstance which would tend to make a man adaptable." In the great words of Halifax: "Look to your moat." The first article of an Englishman's creed is that he believeth in the sea. We are in an island, confined to it by God Almighty, not as a penalty, but as a grace, and one of the greatest that can be given to mankind. "Happy confinement has made us rich, free and quiet, a fair portion in this world and very well worth the preserving."

T. S. Eliot, 22nd September. "Culture and the Community."

Poets generally felt that they should be writing for larger audiences than they were, and that raised the question of the meaning of culture. The word could mean good manners, or education and learning, or artistic taste. To be cultured a man must have something of all three. Matthew Arnold's *Culture and Anarchy* concentrated on what a man could do for himself, and showed no consciousness of sociological culture. It was possible to speak of the culture of one nation as distinct from another because of the work of anthropologists. Primitive societies were often less primitive than they looked, and tampering with one such element of a supposedly primitive community as the convention of head-hunting might lead to quite unexpected results. Everything was more related than was expected. Those responsible for the Empire must have as part of their equipment an intimate knowledge of cultures other than their own. "With the Dominions and the U.S.A., you are dealing with people who are not foreigners, but who are not fellow-countrymen. The Colonial Office has to deal with enabling native peoples to develop along their own traditional lines. How can you help a people to develop a culture which has none? These are fundamental questions for people engaged in Foreign, Colonial and Dominion affairs." At home a people's culture could not be left by Governments to look after itself. Control of town and country planning, of industry and agriculture, was contemplated: culture could be included as well. The poet who consciously wrote for a small group was no poet. The poet had to share a common fundamental culture with

the whole people of his country. How much he represented of that culture was more important than by how many he was read. The poet must make conscious the cultural unity of the people. The poet is serving his race by developing its language, and by making it always a better vehicle for the expression of its culture.

Arthur Calder Marshall, 25th September. "Money and the Artist."

With the best will in the world an artist was affected by the type of reader which he hoped to reach. In the Civil War the royalists had written for the landed gentry, who were divided completely from those writing for the merchant classes. Where Sterne wrote *Tristram Shandy* for London society only, Richardson was writing sentimentally with a moral. In the nineteenth century the aristocracy ceased to matter, and writers catered for the respectable middle class, in the terms of their morality. The Yellow Book period shewed writers revolting against that untrue morality. The early twentieth century shewed writers returning to writing for an aristocracy, but an aristocracy of aesthetes, who were interested in literature for itself. Shaw and Wells tried to establish connection with the wider public of the working class, but Shaw remained an intellectual socialist and Wells never escaped from the lower middle class. After 1918, writers could have written for the public of disillusion. Instead they turned on their own class in 7s.6d. novels and tore them to bits. They made contact with no other class, like the strikers and demonstrators. That was becoming possible with cheap mass production of books, which gave writers a wider public for which to write. The Left Book Club had been merely political, and the Penguins had only republished 7s.6d. novels. The war had interrupted the publication of new novels at 1s. That would have been the beginning of a healthy relationship between writer and public, and the ending of the excessive influence of the libraries over what people should read. Of 5,000 copies of a novel sold, 4,750 were bought by libraries, and they operated as moral and political censors. Writers catering for that wider public would have to think more about what they had to say, and less about the sheer problems of the style in which they said it.

E. W. E. Kempson, 29th September. "To what is secondary education lending?"

Education was dominated by books. After the university a boy went often to the Civil Service, where he would know nothing of that branch of life with which his Ministry was

concerned. "You are rendered safe, invulnerable, and looking forward to a good pension—and so eventually you'll come to your death." An architect's training divorced him from all contact with wood, brick, stone and iron. Having done nothing with his hands, often he was put in charge of the work of masons, bricklayers, joiners and blacksmiths. The result was trumpery buildings. In the great days of building the masters had known their work from the bottom upwards. The normal product of the present secondary course was unable to sing, draw, paint, work in iron, steel or silver, make furniture or build houses. Some filled their houses with old things, but produced nothing. Little was turned out that for its beauty and strength was worth making at all. The exceptions were the Spitfire and the Rolls Royce engine. The Greeks had not spent their time admiring older civilisations—they had contributed something new. In the one-sided shape of education to-day, the abler the boy, the more he had to concentrate on books, and the less on the development of a skill. If that side of him was neglected at forty he could not be a whole man. The nineteenth century had seen the decline and fall of every art and craft known to man. No man of real creative genius could emerge from the present system. Work itself had to become the life, and be worth the doing. "I don't want two periods a week. I demand half your kingdom."

Helen Waddell, 21st October. "John of Salisbury."

As a cocktail to the feast of erudition, served up with sparkling Irish wit, Miss Waddell began by giving to all young men of universities and places of learning a model letter from the Middle Ages in which to seek such aid. "Be it known to your paternity by these presents that by the divine compassion we are in a dwelling safe and sound in the city of Orleans, and are applying ourselves with all our might to our studies . . . But lest a good result should be hindered from lack of material, we entreat your paternity to send us by the bearer money to buy parchment, ink, working desks . . . and that you will be good enough to send it copiously enough for us." Going through her papers, "as a terrier does," Miss Waddell happened upon notes on John of Salisbury, and his life became our feast. Living when the Church was the sole bulwark against monarchical despotism, John was a shadow saint behind Becket, without whom there would have been no Magna Carta. He was a grey academic ghost, a disembodied intelligence. John was the moderating influence behind Becket, which saved England from schism and Henry from excommunication. Becket replied to William of Pavia's letter, saying that it decanted "a kind of honey at the be-

ginning, poison in the middle, and oil at the end." John criticised this as not smacking of "the spirit of moderation," and himself wrote such a reply that made it "impossible for the Cardinal to do the dirty." He talked of the bite obvious and the bite dissembled. Milton and John took "labour and intense study" as their portion in life, and found it instead among "the brabbles and counter-plotting of the bishops." Exile in Paris gave John his opportunity. "I do but ask that wine shall cheer that which bread hath strengthened," and Aristotle's *Organon* claimed his leisure. Small wonder that he wrote to his brother Richard, refusing to return, "Salvation will come to me to-morrow, and the sun be warm." The tribute of Peter of Celles to John gave the measure of the man: "Friendship with thee is fuller in the heart, seldomer on the tongue; it burns without smoke, flows, but without foam; it moveth its wings, but silently; seeketh the lowest place; but is as sublime in its generosity as strong in its integrity; it giveth heat, but not ashes; it knoweth its end, but that end is not a consumption but a consummation.

Canon F. A. Cockin, 22nd October. "*The Word of Life*" (St. John's Gospel, i, 1-14; St. John's First Epistle General, i, 1-5).

What was St. John excited about? About a *Word of Life*, which was the clue to the rational meaning and purpose of life. If anyone had found that, he might well be excited. The idea was there in the beginning, the purpose in the mind of God. The purpose was God's own nature, and the purpose was embodied in a human life. In the life of a Jewish carpenter, a life which ended in disgrace, was the clue to the entire meaning and purpose of all created life. It was the clue to why God had embarked on the hazardous experiment of letting loose all human history. The quality of Christ's life had been such that it became God's purpose, and justified the experiment of creation. The heart of the meaning of human existence was to be found in that corner of civilisation. The Atonement was the overcoming of evil. Evil and suffering were not the same thing. Which was worse, the man tortured in a concentration camp, or the man ordering the torture? "Deliver us from evil," from vileness and not from suffering. Christ's life was misleading, because by helping so much it looked as if He was concerned with suffering. But He was fighting corruption, the distorting influences of human life which ruin men's relations one with another. Evil was a self-propagating poison, which spreads from one life to another. Retaliation for wrong meant triumph of evil. Evil had destroyed first your nature, then another man's. By what means could spread of infection

be arrested? Evil had to meet a steriliser or neutraliser, i.e. a character which when it had a mean thing done to it, took the poison into itself, sterilised it by its own goodness. Such a character refused to retaliate, to let the evil go any further. The life of Jesus was the classical example of the process. Fear and suspicion fastened in upon Him till they got Him on the cross. He would then have reviled them, if evil had got into Him. But evil recoiled, its sting drawn, powerless and broken from that figure on the cross. Evil could do nothing more. Christians believed that to be a solid fact of history, something which nothing could make as if it had not been. Being a Christian meant showing, by the Grace of God, ruthless and relentless opposition to evil wherever it was found, and receiving evil within oneself and breaking it there.

Canon Adam Fox, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 26th October. "*Poets' Corner*."

The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey had an accidental origin. Chaucer died as a tenant of the Abbey, living in a house standing on the site of Henry VII's Chapel. His body was brought in by the S.E. transept door. 199 years later Spenser's body joined his. Many poets, buried elsewhere, had monuments in the Abbey—Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth. Other poets, buried elsewhere in the Abbey, had monuments in the Poets' Corner. The memorial put up to Shakespeare in 1740 represented the contemporary attitude to him. It might have been modelled on Burthorne, "warbling his native wood notes wild." A monument to a poet ought to be a work of art—poets needed a magazine of immortality. There was room for only four more monuments. The space underneath Drayton might well go to his friends William Brown of Tavistock and Samuel Daniel. There should be a monument to the mad poets of the eighteenth century—Collins, Christopher Smart, Cowper, Blake. Room should be found for Robert Bridges, Jane Austen, "a great maker if not a versifier," and Dante, "the father of all modern poetry." Shelley's "Defence of Atheism" had previously excluded him. "But one can't regard seriously what an Oxford undergraduate does at eighteen, as I've found out," and the last lines of "Prometheus Unbound" constituted justification of Shelley's place in Poets' Corner.

B. S. Townroe, 6th November. "*Inside Information from France*."

General de Gaulle's prophecy that the struggle was a Thirty Years' War, opening in 1914 and ending in 1944, depended for its realisation partly on the attitude of the French Army in Morocco and upon the French Fleet. It was

important that that was not driven into German allegiance. The French had grievances, and it was well to recognise those if Anglo-French friendship was to make its proper contribution to post-war reconstruction. Weygand had prophesied that the war would come, and that unless we put a million men in the field, the French could not stand out for more than a year. The French had been militarily defeated because they had been outnumbered. The key to what was happening in France was the 1,800,000 men prisoners in German hands. Instead of becoming fathers, they were in prison camps. A two-year crop of babies had not been born, and the French birth-rate had fallen by 40 per cent. Certain companies had trebled their profits by collaboration with Germany. The food situation was awful, children were losing weight, and the death rate of people over 50 had doubled. By dividing France the Germans had achieved a double purpose—they had saved their Army from the demoralising effects of occupation, and they had a chance of getting two halves of the people against each other.

Edward Scott-Snell, 10th November. "William Morris."

When Morris sat next to Burne Jones at dinner, on their first night as undergraduates of Exeter College, Oxford, they were both intending to enter the Church. Together they soon realised that their enthusiasm was more for church architecture than for theology. Morris was more responsible than any other one man for the reaction against Victorian ugliness. He worked himself literally to death in his crusade for beauty. He got up at six, and scorned comfortable chairs, saying: "If you want comfort, go to bed." He made his wife work as hard. He made tiles, embroidery, curtains, carpets, stained glass, wallpaper, furniture and books from his press. In addition he wrote poetry and prose. His interests in "Morris & Co." took him to live in London, where he came into contact with the poverty of the poor. That led him to extend his mission from the reform of taste to the reform of life through socialism. He spoke on soap-boxes, attended mass meetings of rioters in Trafalgar Square, and got into the hands of police courts for his activities. He was as tough as he was sensitive, and enjoyed riding, gardening, fishing, scything and every aspect of country life. The lovely slides showed the depth of pattern and the double motives in Morris's designs. In the wallpapers, it was possible to go through the vine leaves to the garden beyond. Themes were interlaced as in an eighteenth-century fugue. Actual and invented flowers were intertwined, blown by country breezes, in such designs as the strawberry thief, the African marigold, the blackthorn, the acanthus and the honeysuckle.

IMPROMPTU BRAINS TRUST

The audience which had assembled at the end of the Summer Term to hear Mr. Calder-Marshall's lecture was thrown upon its own resources by his failure to put in an appearance. After some of Mr. Cecil Day Lewis' wartime poems had been read by the author himself, someone conceived the happy idea of holding an informal Brains Trust. Mr. Joyce undertook the function of question-master, while Mr. Day Lewis, Mr. Beecroft and Mr. Warner were posted to the unenviable task of answering questions sent in by all present. The first question pitted Mr. Warner against Mr. Day Lewis, and the two poets indulged in a brisk exchange of personalities. To his questioner, Mr. Day Lewis replied that Mr. Warner's acting was best summed up as massive and concrete: it must be seen to be believed; and even then, few people would believe it. As for his Latin, he continued, it was sound: Mr. Warner was a good plodding scholar of the Germanic type, unfortunately rather weak on quantities.

Mr. Warner took up the challenge: it was true that Mr. Day Lewis' poetry was excellent; but he encountered a certain difficulty in dealing with words derived from foreign languages; unfortunately most English words were so derived. Mr. Day Lewis' French was also good, in so far as grammar was concerned, and yet the poet was unable to express himself audibly in this language.

There followed several questions on poetic values. Both Mr. Warner and Mr. Day Lewis agreed that initial inspiration was necessary in writing most poems. Mr. Beecroft thought that this alone might distinguish poetry from verse. (He also, in reply to another question, gave a remarkably clear analysis of the trends in modern music).

Towards the end of the session, the two champions once more engaged in repartee: Mr. Warner considered that Mr. Day Lewis' explanation of the lucky horseshoe was mere Celtic superstition. His colleague challenged him, as one who has never remained on a horse above a minute, to improve on this. Mr. Warner's theory about the Canterbury Bell aroused hysterical mirth.

A feeble joke—why is a mouse when it spins?—caused a profound silence throughout the room. But Mr. Warner rose to the occasion magnificently; in Assam, he informed his listeners, the mice spin frequently when performing their nuptial dance (which, Mr. Day Lewis interpolated, is familiar to Mr. Warner if to no one else). He continued with an allusion to the weasel, which, as he attempted to convince his astounded audience, might frequently be observed pirouetting round its prey in order to fascinate it.

The session broke up, the experts visibly shaken (save for Mr. Warner, who retained his customary sangfroid). and the proceedings were rounded off by the triumphant question-master.

N.B.

“THE GAME IS MORE THAN THE PLAYER OF THE GAME”

Last term Major Eric Parker presented to the School a cup inscribed with the above words. The first winner was A. Thompson; and one can best convey Major Parker’s object in presenting the cup by quoting a letter which he wrote to the Headmaster:

“This cup. My idea is that it should be awarded—for the year—for virtue rather than success, and to anyone at all save the pot hunter.

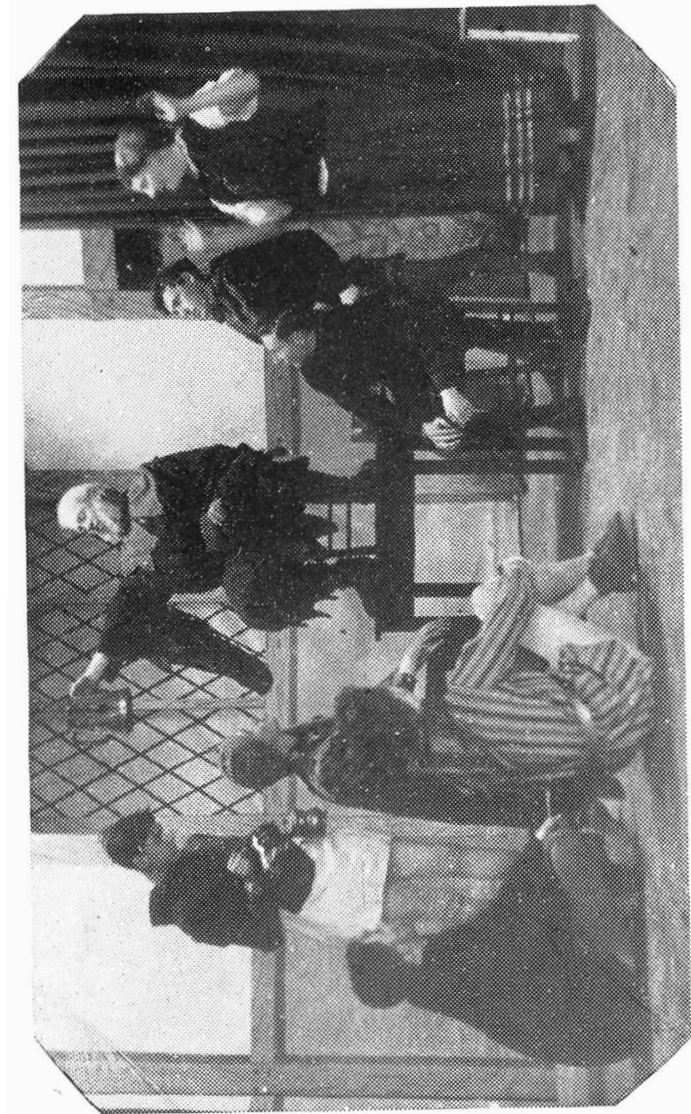
“The cricketer who plays for his average—either bowling or batting; the wing three-quarter who is habitually presented with the ball by his inside “three” on the goal-line; the hockey player who sulks; the player of any game who enjoys it only when he wins—none of these, in my opinion, has any need of reward.

“But the player who refuses to separate any amount of ill luck from the usual and inevitable rub of the green; the boy who makes the game possible for others irrespective of his own enjoyment of it; the player or runner who prefers to be beaten on the post than to have a walk-over—these are they after my own heart and to whom I hope you find it possible to award this cup.”

“HENRY IV, PART I”

The Cast

<i>King Henry the Fourth</i>	R. G. Forward
<i>Henry, Prince of Wales</i> } sons to the King {	... D. L. Nightingale
<i>John of Lancaster</i> ... }	... G. H. G. Williams
<i>Earl of Westmorland</i> D. Griffiths
<i>Sir Walter Blunt</i>	F. J. W. Holwill
<i>Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester</i> D. P. Rendall
<i>Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland</i>	D. A. R. Reid
<i>Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, his son</i>	S. C. Honeker
<i>Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March</i>	D. F. Jones
<i>Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York</i>	R. L. Jillett
<i>Archibald, Earl of Douglas</i>	M. G. Schrecker
<i>Owen Glendower</i> K. S. Dobson
<i>Sir Richard Vernon</i> K. H. Taylor
<i>Sir John Falstaff</i> D. M. Cooper



Henry IV, Part I. School Play, 1942.

<i>Sir Michael, a Friend to the Archbishop of York</i>	A. G. Hopkins
<i>Poins</i>	B. A. Ruff
<i>Gadshill</i>	P. M. Green
<i>Peto</i>	R. H. Ward
<i>Bardolph</i>	H. S. Peake
<i>Francis, a drawer</i>	G. M. Cattell
<i>A Sheriff</i>	R. A. J. Wood
<i>A Vintner</i>	G. D. Manning
<i>A Chamberlain</i>	D. F. Smith
<i>Lady Percy, wife to Hotspur, and sister to Mortimer</i>	R. N. Simeone
<i>Lady Mortimer, daughter to Glendower, and wife to Mortimer</i>	G. H. G. Williams
<i>Mistress Quickly, hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap</i> ...	C. M. Nunns
<i>Carriers, Travellers, Messengers</i>	S. R. Pengilly, P. E. Pritchard, R. A. J. Wood, G. D. Manning, D. F. Smith.

If you can play Mozart on the piano or violin, your enjoyment of his music grows more keen. Act in Shakespeare, and your pleasure in him similarly increases. Never again can you think him boring. Some things, however, in Shakespeare *are* boring. In the historical plays, for instance, I can never feel much interested in the Archbishop of York or Mortimer or "ill-spirited" Worcester. These ambitious rebels are dim to me, and I care little for their gangster brawls. I wake up, however, when Mortimer talks about
ditties highly penn'd

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
With ravishing division to her lute.

Shakespeare is always making one jump with bursts of beauty like this, coming from characters for whom we should not otherwise care.

Henry IV, Part I, is a play in which the chief interest is focussed on three figures—Falstaff, Harry Hotspur and Prince Hal. These are in no way dim to us—we recognize people like them among our friends. Jack we have all met; the life and soul of a party, so fond of a joke that he does not mind it being at his own expense—in spite of his greed and coarse boasting, one likes him, though one might not want to fire-watch with him. Harry we also know: high spirits, dash, courage; but unreasonable, and, under all his brilliance, bone-selfish. Hal is a less usual type, but I have met him: making a fool of himself and getting away by it by sheer charm; choosing his friends among people to whom he can feel superior, because he is not sure of himself; full of promise but very slow to grow up.

No novelist has ever made his characters more real to us than Shakespeare. But the most dazzling and endlessly

delightful thing about his plays is, as I think, the language. He had a passion for words, as other people have a passion for money or music or dogs. He used them as the Duke of Marlborough used his armies—and he had more of these “soldiers” at his command than any other English writer. A supreme strategist, he saw that sometimes the simplest words were required, like Lady Percy’s “Since you love me not, I will not love myself.” More often the most brilliantly coloured words are poured on top of one another in what seems reckless profusion, but is in fact the summit of selection—that is of art.

All plumed like estridges that wing the wind;
Bated like eagles that have lately bathed;
Glittering in golden coats like images;
As full of spirits as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer;
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls . . .

And so it races on. Even, one may note, the antiquity of Shakespeare’s language, which sometimes interferes with our pleasure, here adds to it. “Estridges” are more exciting than mere ostriches—the old word takes us back to the time when an ostrich was not a bird with an ugly neck that eats glass, hides its head in the sand and produces feathers for women to wear in their hats, but as a fabulous creature that raced across the unmapped deserts of Africa. The prose passages of *Henry IV* are equally staggering in their richness. Falstaff never opens his beery lips without an eruption of unforgettable phrases.

The most important thing therefore by far, in any production of Shakespeare, is to get the words spoken as clearly as possible. The actor does not need to add much “expression”—because the language itself is so expressive. This is where professional actors often go wrong—they spoil the words by unnecessary tricks of voice. At the Raynes Park County School the standard of speaking was, on the whole, high. Of the three chief parts I heard every word. The Glendower, I think, was too much interested in his Welsh accent: he managed it very plausibly, but the beauty of his lines was often lost as a result. (This is the only complaint I have to make against the producer, whose handling of the players shewed remarkable intelligence and sensibility.) The Hotspur of S. C. Honeker was brilliantly conceived and executed. Extravagant in his impatience, he raced through his part without ever sacrificing the splendour of the words. One is unlikely ever to see the part better played. Falstaff—a specially difficult rôle for a young actor—was no less brilliantly given by D. M. Cooper. He made the humour infectious, and he remained always—and professionals often

miss this point—the gentleman conscious that he had come down in the world. D. L. Nightingale gave an original interpretation of Prince Hal, making him a poetic dandy instead of the usual hearty rake. I wondered afterwards whether he could ever have turned into the bluff and priggish soldier we see in *Henry V*, but the performance at the time was too bewitching to raise such questions. Of the supporting cast Bardolph was conspicuously good. Since Shakespeare wrote his female parts carefully for boy-actors, it is always enlightening to see them so performed. Unluckily they are not very important in *Henry IV, Part I*. They were, however, excellently acted, and Lady Mortimer (G. H. G. Williams) singing in Welsh made an impression that lingers in the memory. The costumes and scenery were effective, and a word of special admiration is due to those invisible but invaluable performers who were in charge of the lighting and the shifts of scenery.

RAYMOND MORTIMER.

BALANCE SHEET.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	EXPENSES.	£ s. d.
Sale of Tickets	57 16 0	Hire of Costumes	17 11 0
Sale of Programmes	4 0 6	Make-up	3 3 0
		Printing Tickets	1 10 0
		Stage	4 17 8½
		Gramophone Records	2 1 4½
		Miscellaneous	19 1
		Profit	30 2 2
	£61 16 6		£61 16 6

THE PARTISANS

Secretary: J. A. Bell.

Members: Mr. Rex Warner, F. J. W. Holwill, M. F. Saxby, J. A. Bell, A. H. Overell, Forrest K. R., Vaughan P. W., Cattell M. G.

Three meetings of the Partisans held last term have yet to be recorded. The first of these was opened by K. S. Daniels; women were the object of his attack. He regretted the artificiality and sophistication which, in the last few centuries, have been introduced into a woman’s life, and maintained, for example, that she was gradually forsaking the kitchen and the nursery in the interests of her social life.

Music was the subject of our next meeting, at which Vaughan P. W. laid before us a brief but thorough survey of music and illustrated his points with recordings. A verbal battle then ensued between the supporters of classical music and jazz.

The last meeting of the Summer Term was held by kind invitation at Major Parker's home, when military matters were the subject of discussion.

When the Partisans met for the first time in the present term, Forrest K. R. spoke on the Press. He gave us a depressing picture of the newspaper, saying that it was controlled by advertisers and politicians and contained only a little news, since it was almost completely filled by short stories, crossword puzzles and descriptions of football matches, corpses, actresses, test-pilots and the Royal Family.

The second discussion was opened by Mr. Milton, who considered "The Individual and the State." One must either suffer State regimentation, and thus lose one's individuality, or else govern oneself and live in chaos. Lord David Cecil and Mr. Milton preferred the latter course of life, but in recent years many millions have welcomed State control in their anxiety to rid themselves of responsibility.

Mr. Basil Wright kindly consented to introduce the next discussion of the Partisans. He gave us a novel view of the world, as seen from above the North Pole, and explained the possible trend of future world history, in the light of recent progress in communications by air.

THE CRAFT CLUB

Toys for Bethnal Green

It was suggested early in the term that the workshop should produce some Christmas toys for Bethnal Green children; but the only material we had was a big supply of scrap wood and a lot of bright ideas. We appealed to the generosity of the School for everything else we required and we were not disappointed; we were given scraps of paint of all colours, lead for casting soldiers, plans for building forts, armoured cars, merry-go-rounds, vans, tanks, lorries and steam engines, and this list was surpassed only by the list of things lent which included a fret machine and a set of moulds for casting soldiers. With these valuable assets we were able to start production, and there was certainly no shortage of labour. At the first opportunity the workshop was besieged by boys clamouring for a job which would help the toy making, and in ten minutes everybody had started something.

The result of this very good effort forms the longest list of all. The fort is built and the soldiers for it are cast and painted. A fleet of barges has appeared, together with a number of lorries, tanks, tops, cut-out animals and many single novelties which are the efforts of individual boys.

We take this opportunity to thank all those who gave a great deal of time and thought to this very successful scheme.

P.E.

The Puppet Club

At the end of the Summer Term, Mr. Paul Brann brought some of his many famous puppets to the School and gave an interesting talk on his work in Germany and in England. He also showed us some pictures concerning his puppets. He had the heads and costumes made to a beautiful degree of accuracy by some well-known craftsmen in Munich. This term we intend to produce *Alice in Wonderland*, and are very fortunate in having Mr. Victor Hotchkiss to help. So far he has been twice, once to give an interesting talk on puppets, and, secondly, to help to string them. He has had a lot of experience in making puppets and was once on tour with Mr. Paul Brann.

We are all very grateful to Mrs. Burton, a parent of one of the members, for putting us in touch with Mr. Hotchkiss. All of the puppets are now finished and we have begun to practise the scenes, but there are still the scenery and props to make, and we shall all have to work hard before the production.

S.R.A.

Pottery

During the summer holidays, four of us went to take a course in Pottery at the Wimbledon School of Art. When we arrived we were soon put at our ease by Miss Procter, who made us start work with a lump of clay which we were told "to wedge." This meant taking the sticky mess in our hands and throwing and rolling it on a square of plaster. We were then told to make it into round balls and to come and learn how "to throw." When we tried to throw, the clay never seemed to do what we wanted and was continually trying to hurl itself off the wheel. We all attributed this to the fact that at School we used a "kick-wheel," while at the Art School we used an electric wheel, which went too quickly for us.

Although we tried our luck at moulding dishes we were distinctly better at modelling and "throwing." True, this "throwing" was chiefly done by Miss Procter.

Perhaps the array of pottery we produced was very small, but at least we felt we had learnt some very valuable hints to put into practice at School.

We also made some plaster moulds which we have used at School during the term.

J.R.

CAMERA CLUB NOTES

Secretaries: Jillett R. and Dobson K.

After last term's full programme, when we had several full-day rambles in search of photographic subjects, we have not been so active this term. The Headmaster's competition produced a bigger and better set of entries than ever before and prizes were awarded to:—

Gardiner A. ... Boy with Stirrup Pump.
Jahn R. ... Glory-hole, Lincoln.
Dobson K. ... Montage of British Railways in
Wartime.
Prior K. ... Collection of microphotographs.

The result of the competition caused considerable discussion on the respective merits of the entries, but these were definitely of a higher standard than of previous years.

Films now seem virtually unobtainable but the School camera and a supply of film can be borrowed by senior members of the club, so there is no reason why next year's collection of photographs should show any falling off.

THE MUSIC CLUB

On October 4th we were very pleased to welcome Mr. Loveday to the Music Club, when he sang Arthur Somervell's Song Cycle "Maud," settings of parts of Tennyson's poem.

On October 25th M. Wagnières provided a recital on gramophone records of chamber music by Brahms: the Quartet in A Minor played by the Lener Quartet; the Scherzo in E flat Minor played by Backhaus; the Clarinette Quintet, played by Kell and the Busch Quartet.

On November 10th Mr. Rudolph Messel talked to us about Wagner's opera *The Valkyrie*, and then played the magnificent records of the whole of Act One, with Lotte Lehmann, Melchior and the Vienna Philharmonic under Bruno Walter. On December 20th we look forward to a violin recital from Elizabeth Lockhart.

Our thanks are once more due to these friends who have come to the Music Club.

PORCINE NOCTURNE DE PROFUNDIS

I come to the Play. As a gesture of friendship, out of feeling for the exhaustion of my colleague, and because my coming is unheralded and I have arranged for no other bed, I say I will undertake his fire-watching turn. And so this colleague, Satan condemn him to an eternity of fluffs, is thankful, says so, and slouches off to his bed. I reckon I have done a pretty handsome thing at no inconvenience to myself.

My Colleague Watcher meets me when the players and audience have gone and the building is still. "About the pigs . . ." he says. I do not know him well and suppose that I am failing to appreciate a subtle turn of wit, so I say, helpfully, "What pigs?" and he says, "The small ones; they have to be fed every three hours. Didn't B— mention it?" *Did B— mention it?* Is it likely that he would give notice of his intention calmly to ravish the hand held out to help him in his extremity? Mention it? Not he. Somewhere on Thornton Hill he is snoring with a squalid leer of satisfied treachery on his face.

It is three o'clock in the morning. We go to the kitchen. It is not blacked out and we have no torch. We have to heat some milk to some temperature and push a hot poker into it for a reason which is obscure. I am burnt by the poker, hit my knee on a table and my head on a door. In the shelter where the little swine are housed, squalling like the Form X of my day and hideous memory, we cannot find the light, so I go back for matches. A small thing, you say, but at such an hour it is heart-breaking. We pour milk into a bottle without noticing that it has an egress at the other end which works simultaneously with the entrance. A lot goes everywhere. We catch a small swine and offer it the rubber end. It is the only one of the five that has a shred of manners or any ability in the art of gorging itself. The other four are shocking. They chew everything except their ersatz mother, dribble, run from end to end of the shelter, try to fall from their basket, spill milk everywhere, and generally give a grim warning to some unstable stomach yet unknown whose fate it is to strive with them in their last and final bacon stage. In all they reveal themselves, like the Falstaff of the previous evening, as bolting-hutches of beastliness. But some sustenance finds its way into their ungrateful maws.

The whole act only takes ten minutes and has no epic crisis. It is just disgusting, a small episode, yet wearing, nagging and shattering to the soul at this foul hour which is only to be faced at all if one has not been to bed and become

weakened. But I give notice that I hope the entire Staff is ill together and quickly, except B——, so that he can have for weeks the duties of sole foster-mother on his shoulders alone, and I ask him (like Falstaff again, for this is a contribution to a School Magazine and must be literary) "What is honour?" and pause for no reply, because I know he hasn't any idea. Nor has he to face my W.A.A.F. bat-woman, who will make life hell for me for months because of the state my clothes are in.

A.W.N.

PRIZE-GIVING—DECEMBER, 1942

At the distribution of prizes which took place in Hall on December 7th, the School were proud to welcome Sir Richard Livingstone, the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Once more we were indebted to the generosity of Mr. Rudolph Messel for the provision of the prizes themselves.

After the singing of "Jerusalem," Councillor Braddock, the Chairman of the Governors, in his introductory remarks welcomed Sir Richard Livingstone, and paid a tribute to the work done at Raynes Park by the Headmaster in the last seven years. The School, he said, had been planted among pickle factories in an area of ground that had no culture, no traditions. The Headmaster, by his persistent policy of putting the best before the boys, had made the School a centre of culture in the district, and indeed something which was setting an example right through the country.

Then followed the Headmaster's report, which is printed below in full, and then the distribution of the prizes by Sir Richard Livingstone.

In his address, Sir Richard discussed democracy, what it meant, and how to keep it. Democracy, he declared, was "undoubtedly the highest form of political organisation," yet it was most hard to preserve. A cynic might describe it as the form of government which lasts the shortest time. Even so it was impossible for us to be too proud of our English democracy, and this in spite of the fact that the years 1918 to 1939 saw its fruits and achievements thrown away "with a completeness that must be unexampled in history." The urgent questions of the day are,—how can we make democracy last, and how can we make it good? A significant fact is that, although English democracy did badly in the peace, it has done well in the war. Indeed, Sir Richard considered that, in many ways we were living a better life now than we lived in peace time. To-day there was more national solidarity. There was more voluntary service, and this is the essence of democracy,—that people should do their duty of their own

choice. Thirdly, and most important, is the fact that all of us to-day are concentrated on one great end.

If we can preserve this sense of a great end to be worked for, said Sir Richard, there will be hope for us in the years of peace. But what end? Democracy, itself, is a vague term. It does not, for example, mean simply the will of the majority. A vote taken by the ignorant on the dative singular of a Latin noun would be meaningless. Democracy must be ruled by something higher than itself. Living as members of a community and living for the best are its aims. And here education is of the utmost importance. Its function is constantly to show what is best. The instinct for what is excellent, for work of whatever kind well done, is in everyone. It is this instinct which must be fostered and maintained.

After Sir Richard's address, votes of thanks to him and to the Chairman were proposed and seconded. The speakers were Mr. R. Beloe, Chief Education Officer; Professor Hughes Parry, Councillor S. W. Billingham and F. J. W. Holwill, the Head of the School. All these speeches, in addition to fulfilling their ostensible functions, contained tributes to the Headmaster and good wishes for his future. Even the Head of the School, who announced his intention of being the only speaker who would keep strictly to the point, deviated so far as to express approval of what had been said already.

The proceedings ended with the singing of the School Song and of the National Anthem.

School Prizes

Prizes were presented as follows:—

A.—SUBJECT PRIZES.

English.—S. C. Honeker, Nightingale, Petts G. G., Styles E. T., Levy A. B., Priestman S.

History.—Brodrick N. G., Carter J. A., Saunders D. M., Rabson J. N., Birch R. A., White D. P.

Geography.—Williams K. S., Fullman G. M., Wood R. A. J., Green E. G., Newman R. A. A., Taylor J. C.

Mathematics.—Hitchon J. W., Sorrell R. S., Warren E. R., Jahn R. E., Robinson E. F., Hope D. A.

Science.—Smith A. H. (Ph. & Chem.), Crumley P. H. (Chem.), Parker R. H. (Chem. & Maths.), Howard J. G. (Biology), Cook F. B. (Gen. Science), Brebner D. H. (Gen. Sc.).

Latin.—A. Thompson, Trory G. B., Thompson D., Tutchell D., Parker C. R. E.

French.—Bray A. T. E., Gravett K. W. E., Birch R. A., Godwin N., Tuthill A. P., Salter C. E.

German.—R. G. Forward, Forrest K. R., Green J. F.

Handwork.—Evans P. H., Jones R. J., Hillier M. R., Aston S. R.

Art.—Hobbs K., Oates G. B., Bullen P., Joyce J.

Greek.—Roydhouse E.

Practical Mathematics.—Aries G. S.

Economic History.—Harrison, D. R.

Musical Appreciation.—F. J. W. Holwill.

B. SCHOOL PRIZES.

Verse Speaking Competition Prizes.—

Vaughan P. W., Warner J., Cooper D. M.,
Robinson E. F., Priestman S.

Headmaster's Essay Prize.—Simeon R.N.

General Knowledge Prizes.—*Senior School*—A. Thompson.

Junior School—Gravett K. W. E.

Prize for the best performance in School Certificate.—Green J. F.

Prize for the most promising work in the first year Sixth.—Brodrick N. G.

Prize for the best performance in Higher Certificate.—Smith A. H.

Leaving Prize for the Head of the School, 1941-42.—B. W. Meade.

Headmaster's Report

Mr. Chairman, Sir Richard Livingstone, Mr. Beloe, Members of the Governing Body, Ladies and Gentlemen :

This School has always aimed at a close connection with the Universities, and we have been fortunate in welcoming here some of their most distinguished scholars. No one has been more welcome than Sir Richard Livingstone, a man whose thought on education has rightly had an influence far wider than the confines of his own university. It is to work and live under the influence of such men that we send our young men to the Universities, and it gives me deep cause for rejoicing that next term we shall have eleven undergraduates in residence—seven at Oxford and four at Cambridge. There was no need of tradition which I wished as much to see firmly planted here and none more difficult to plant in war time, when ephemeral weeds always threaten to choke the good seed of ultimate worth.

We now have 370 boys in the School, and seventy in the sixth form, all of them in possession of a School Certificate, and all of them committed to the two-year course for Higher Certificate. A good proportion will proceed to places of higher learning. I would however emphasise that the value of two years in the sixth form is in no way invalidated by the fact that a boy has neither wish, means, nor ability to go to the university. The advantages are reciprocal to boy and school. A boy grows to a proper sense of values, nurtured in formative years in the right atmosphere, and the strength of a school lies largely in the vigour and variety of its sixth form. Of the many debts of gratitude I owe to parents, there is none I feel more keenly than their response to my lead in this matter of post-school Certificate education.

In 1938, when I last had the privilege of presenting a report from this platform, I said—"A school in a state of health should be able to cope with external examinations in its stride, and we shall achieve that in time." I think that that has now come about. Last July we presented twenty-five candidates for Higher Certificate, of whom twenty-one were successful. Of these, six were awarded County University Scholarships. There were fifty-one candidates for School

Certificate, of whom forty-two were successful, twenty-one being exempted from matriculation. I have never concealed from you what seems now to many people my old-fashioned belief that examination results are a perfectly proper thermometer indicating the health of a school. About that I am a very Blimp in my die-hard convictions and I am pleased that in this respect the School is at the peak of its performance. There undoubtedly are other aspirations and other tests. Sir Cyril Norwood has written: "The newer schools are inclined to judge themselves by a good inspection report, a good examination result, and other things that can be measured in an office ; they are apt to feel that they are not encouraged to try for things that are more intangible and possibly of more value." I would place on record that we are so encouraged. When this School was opened I received its unofficial charter from Mr. Chuter Ede, then Chairman of the Surrey County Council. He told me that the more different secondary schools in the county were one from another the more the Surrey County Council was pleased. Given such advice, we have acted on it, and throughout the seven years of the School's life there has come from Governors and from County Hall nothing but encouragement and help. We have always been glad to be a State-maintained school, and whatever has been done here has been achieved within that definition and under those conditions. Those Headmaster friends of mine who think to gratify me by omitting the word "County" from our address on envelopes make me smile. It is the operative word of our title. I have never encountered the bogey of bureaucracy from this local Education Authority, and I thank the Chief Education Officer and all his staff for this opportunity for free and spontaneous development. If we have not sought after and attained those more intangible values of which Dr. Norwood spoke, the fault is our own. But I believe we have so tried, and not entirely without success. An impressive proportion of the distinguished lecturers who come and give so generously of their services have described our boys as providing the most lively and responsive audience they have, and have proved the sincerity of this tribute by asking to come again. I am unashamedly proud of the boys we produce. I find them free, fresh and enquiring individuals, sensitive, tolerant and independent ; hard working and capable of putting first things first ; playing their games not because there is nothing better to do, but because such activities fit properly into the picture of a boy's development; rejoicing not overmuch in their unbeaten Rigger record last season, and up to their defeat by the Old Boys on December 5th in this, but glad about it as they are about the School's proud dramatic tradition. The sanity of this balance and their sense of co-operation derive from the

assistant staff who have made this School what it is. Many years ago the Second Master, whose sagacity, tact and hard work have served the School so notably, said to me: "The Common Room have always felt we were all in this together, sir." That has been our spirit, so that at our best we all—the women deputising for our own men away fighting; our temporary colleagues, that great spirited woman—my secretary; the caretaker and his wife; the School cook and her canteen staff; our devoted old gardener—we all can say, "The hardest day was never then too hard," in the co-operative endeavour which has made this place. There are of course skeletons in the cupboard, and maybe those friends from the Board of Education whom we have lately entertained are even now smacking their lips over grisly discoveries. But to-night I claim the right to wear rose-coloured spectacles, and if my picture seems complacent, I shall excuse myself in the words of Touchstone, as he explained his enthusiasm for his rustic lady love Audrey, "an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own."

It is important to emphasise that the School has only come of age during the last three years—that is, under war conditions. In 1939 we had seven boys in the sixth form—in 1942 we have seventy. Since then we have lost eight of the Staff to war services, suffered damage from enemy action, spent long hours in shelters, improvised instruction in half a dozen places for small groups, fire watched, wrestled with rationing restrictions, and coped with that type of correspondence which opens with "At what time did boys now over 15 but under 12 and wearing shoes size 9½ first begin to do so?" or words to that effect. But against all this we can set certain solid advantages, and the most important of these is the more intimate relation of education to the life of the nation which has resulted. English education does not strive hard enough to nurture in the child a sense of his obligation to the community. We should make a boy feel that bad work, stunted or anti-social development, inadequate response to opportunities given are not only disappointments to his parents, but offences against the nation which is investing money in his person and hoping for a good return. In war time senior boys can be made to feel that what they are at school is affecting the life of the nation and its war-time effort. Membership of the flourishing A.T.C., farming and harvesting, looking after the increasing amount of the School grounds under cultivation, link up education with the national life, and the result is pure gain. Their examination results are unimpaired by their excursion into practical life. The better the intellectual equipment of boys now at school, the better are the chances of a sensible reconstruction after the war. The problem is how to secure the carry-over of enthusiasm

generated by the war into the service of an active democracy working for good ends in peace time. For only by such service can we substitute an active democracy for the passive acquiescence and ignorant indifference which obtained before the war. Citizens have shown themselves capable of a selflessness in the performance of humdrum and monotonous duties which they would never give to their district in time of peace. We have only to compare the ardour with which people enlist themselves in the Home Guard, A.R.P., and all voluntary organisations in the war effort, with the apathetic interest in local government, to be aware of the difference. The danger lies in the relaxing of tension which succeeds a great struggle. Bacon, with the post Armada years in mind, wrote—

"Wars with their noise affright us. When they cease
We are worse in peace."

The Minister for Aircraft Production gives a timely warning in the words "War ends with a shock of relief which creates great dangers and great opportunities for progress." It is against this crumbling of capacity for high endeavour that we have to guard. We have to think out means of avoiding the dangers and seizing the opportunities for the boys who are now members of this School. After the war will be no time for sitting back and cancelling out of the privileges and rigorous demands of citizenship. We lost the last peace partly because this country sat back and forgot to work, whereas Germany used defeat as a stimulus to work as she had never worked before. I believe that the present struggle has proved that we have yet to rediscover our national ability for hard work. If a second victory should spell sloth and complacency, then victory will be a calamity. Milton's "hard liberty" is being fought for, and will be won. But unless the struggles for its preservation are to go perpetually on, we must understand that the life of liberty is indeed "hard" and be prepared to fulfil our obligations to make it work. Then and then only shall we be true to Milton's vision of this country "As an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam." Only by preparing an alert, informed and politically aware generation can we confound the enemies of true democracy here and abroad, who, "in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms," and who would find in such a year their opportunity.

HOUSE PLAY COMPETITION, 1942

Cobb's: Scenes from Auden and Isherwood's *The Dog Beneath the Skin*. Producer—Cooper D. M.

Gibb's: Scenes from Auden and Isherwood's *The Ascent of F6*. Producer—Vaughan P. W.

Halliwell's: A. P. Herbert's *Two Gentlemen of Soho*. Producer—Tait D. B.

Milton's: Scenes from Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. Producer—R. G. Forward.

Newsom's: Scenes from Elmer Rice's *Judgment Day*. Producer—Cattell G. M.

It is only fair to begin by saying two things. First—I have never adjudicated a play competition before. Second—I have never previously attended a House Play competition at Raynes Park. In view of these statements it will be understood that I was not only embarrassed by the privilege accorded me on this occasion but also—I admit to my shame—doubtful as to the quality of the work which I was to view. This very egotistical paragraph had to be written in order to justify and to place in perspective the enthusiastic terms in which the rest of this brief summary is written.

In my opinion, all five of the House Plays showed exceptional merit. Indeed, I doubt whether any other boys' school in this country could ever attempt to present three hours of dramatic entertainment of such high quality. The choice of material alone is significant, proving as it does that the boys of Raynes Park have a lively, well-read approach to stage needs and possibilities. I would suggest further that the choice of plays indicates that life at the School has succeeded in that most essential but often all too lacking result of modern education—a lively social conscience.

So much for theory. As regards practicalities it is very important not to underestimate the grasp of stagecraft and the technical skill shown by producers, stage managers, and other technicians in all the plays. It is remarkable to reflect that not only the choice of subjects but also the entire production—as well as the acting—was solely in the hands of the boys themselves.

To decide on the sides of merit of these productions was no easy matter. Between all of them lay the narrowest margin of decision; but the final list does represent a sincere attempt fairly to balance all the factors, both practical and imaginative, shown in action by the parties concerned.

Gibb's: *The Ascent of F6*.

I put this first, not merely because it was a courageous and ambitious choice, but also because it was carried out with both skill and imagination. It was extremely well-cast; the problem of presenting a convincing illusion of mountain climbing was triumphantly solved (better solved, indeed, in my opinion, than in the first London production of the play); the chorus on stage, the semi-chorus off stage, were admirably balanced, and spoke not merely in unison, but with a sense

of drama as well as of rhythm; and the lighting effects were very skilfully conceived as an integral part of the mood of the play.

Halliwell's: *Two Gentlemen of Soho*.

Comedies always seem easy to do, but are actually very difficult. This little burlesque is hopeless unless it is produced in such a way that the gags and the timing of both dialogue and action move to a split-second tempo. Only those who know the agonies of rehearsal can guess what this fact means to the cast, the stagehands, and the producer. Well, the cast was admirable, and in at least two cases quite wickedly brilliant, the timing was extremely good, as witness the way in which the off-stage music swelled up and faded as the curtains at the side of the stage were opened or closed—a technical point needing meticulous rehearsal, and clearly not a lucky fluke, since the stage action, the give and take of the dialogue showed the same accuracy of aim.

Milton's: *Julius Cæsar*.

The most ambitious choice of the lot, but on the whole must take third place because execution did not keep pace with intention. Cassius, Antony, and Cæsar were all admirable, and the grouping of the conspirators was well conceived. But the whole affair moved too slowly, and unfortunately the crowd failed to back up Antony's able and impassioned harangue. I salute not only Milton's courage but also their determination to gear the scenes they chose to a definite style. The production was streets ahead of any other school show—it was, to be entirely paradoxical, vanquished only by its peers.

Cobb's: *The Dog Beneath the Skin*.

After a rather sticky beginning (apart from the well-spoken opening chorus) this production got into its stride over Destructive Desmond and the lunatic scene. If the whole had been as good as this latter episode, Cobb's would have been serious rivals to Gibb's. There was some very good acting, particularly from the King, Desmond, and the chief lunatic.

Newsom's: *Judgment Day*.

It was a great pity on this occasion that there had to be someone last on the list. There was so little to choose between the last three, and the margin between the last two was infinitesimal. The choice had to be made, however, and I can only add that the production was on a high level, and the acting, particularly by the Defendant, very good, and that the whole affair moved at a very satisfactory speed.

BASIL WRIGHT.

HEADMASTER'S ESSAY PRIZE

Comment by Robert Graves

It is strange that after 300 years Milton can still excite such passionate feelings in his readers and even force them into self-contradictory judgments about him. I sympathise with the essayists: in writing a long book about Milton and his first wife it has been a most uncomfortable experience to have his ghost as it were haunting my writing-table with glowering eyes and minatory whispers. The final effect of reading his work in bulk and detail, together with all the available historical evidence about his life, was a thankfulness that Milton was *not* "living at this hour." Fundamentally, I think he was interested in nothing but his own career as poet and scholar; in hacking his way to the temple of Fame over the dead bodies of his enemies, rivals and friends. True, he was a loyal servant of God, but he made God a shield and buckler for his own murderous campaign. Even in his Latin *Lament for Damon** (Charles Diodati), grief for his friend's death does not prevent the intrusion of a long passage about his own epical ambitions. He paid the price of blindness not so much for the defence of the Commonwealth as for the conquest of Salmasius: "Conquering kings their titles take . . ." and he hoped that if he completely confounded Salmasius in his own field, he would succeed to the title of First Scholar of Europe. His austerities were founded on a mystical belief in the magical power of chastity as a means to immortality. But his ambitions proved his undoing. When Civil War threatened and dramatic poetry went out of fashion he decided to win public fame by polemical writing, and this insensibly drew him into dishonesty. By the time he had been Secretary for the Foreign Tongues to the Council of State (a proto-Facist institution) and incidentally Assistant Press Censor—why is this fact kept out of text-books when so much stress is laid on the *Areopagitica*?—he had smudged his moral copybook so badly that he had even become a "crony" of the disreputable turncoat journalist, Marchmont Needham. When the Commonwealth collapsed, he naturally returned to his literary ambitions. With all possible deference to the essayists and the world in general, I cannot think of Milton as a "great" poet, in the sense that Shakespeare was great. He was, I think, a little poet, an exquisite little poet, who was impelled by terrific ambition to bloat himself up, as Vergil (another little poet) had done, into a towering, rugged major poet. There is good evidence that Milton consciously composed only a part of *Paradise*

*Milton's Latin poems tell a great more about himself than the English ones. I recommend for the Library, Skeat & Visiak's *Lament for Damon* (Oxford Press), an admirable translation.

Lost, the rest was communicated to him by, he thought, supernatural agency.

The effect of *Paradise Lost* on sensitive readers is "overpowering." But is the function of poetry to overpower? To be overpowered is to accept spiritual defeat. Shakespeare never overpowers: he raises up. To write in simple terms, so as not to get involved in the language of the morbid psychologist, it was not the Holy Ghost who dictated *Paradise Lost*—the poem that has caused more unhappiness, to the young especially, than any other in the language—but Satan the protagonist. The majesty of certain passages is superhuman, but in effect finally depressing and therefore evil. Parts of the poem, as, for example, the account of the rebel angels' military tactics with concealed artillery, is downright vulgar: vulgarity and classical insipidity is the connecting material between the high flights, the communication diabolisms. Paul Vaughan was acute enough to point out the vulgarity of the architecture of Hell.

In judging these essays I have not let my own view influence my judgment of the essayists' merits. B. Simeone wins the prize because he has read the literary and historical sources with greater diligence and understanding than the others, and because he has answered the set question without self-contradiction or irrelevance and with originality, and because he has spotted two important points in Milton's story which have eluded the rest—his belief that *Paradise Lost* was divinely communicated; and his timidity in company which drove him into excesses of literary bravado. (St. Paul confessed to the same failing.) I found all the essays intelligent and interesting. R. Dixon had thought a lot about Milton, but seemed to lack a firm critical basis to relate his remarks to; D. L. Nightingale blew hot and cold in a rather Jesuitical plea for Milton as intellectually honest because he did not realise his intellectual dishonesty. Paul Vaughan was sensible but not very sensitive in his judgments. A. H. Overell pulled his punches a bit: if he had trusted his own feelings more, as a guide to historical judgment, he would have done better. He writes: "When we hear that he is like Vergil, our respect rises a degree."

Is this irony? The "when we hear" sounds very much like irony. **He made one very good point: Milton's gift to English of the Latin literary conscience, which has had an excellent sufflaminatory* effect on English exuberance.** ("Look the word out if you don't know it," as my form-master at school used to say in frequent parenthesis.)

ROBERT GRAVES.

*Sorry: This adjective isn't in the O.E.D., only *sufflamine* and *sufflaminatio*. The meaning is to put a break on a wheel.

THE VERSE-SPEAKING COMPETITION

He sat in the library staring blankly at a printed page of poetry. There were four verses, very short; he had chosen them for their shortness because of a bad memory. He knew the first two verses off by heart and he kept on repeating them as if to reassure himself for his ignorance of the other two. As the minutes went by he decided not to repeat any more the two verses he knew but to concentrate on the elusive lines which he could not repeat without surreptitious glances at the open page. But how? Why hadn't he learnt it last week? He made swift mental excuses for his negligence and persuaded himself that his present predicament was inevitable and entirely justifiable. Having tidied up the disorder of his mind he turned his thought once more to the lower half of the page and eyes before unseeing now awoke to the urgency of Time.

He began to master the third verse, jumbled phrases cohered into rhythmical sense and he felt suddenly elated and extraordinarily happy. Leaving the third verse he turned all his attention to the final stanza; he read and re-read it; he concentrated on the thought-sequence, on the words, on the images, on the pictures in his mind's eye. He looked at the print which meant nothing again and then he was called downstairs to be judged.

Ten exacting minutes fled by in which he wandered unhappily up and down the confines of a corridor muttering unhappily to himself, his lips moving desperately, and his hand now revealing, now concealing a limp, exhausted book of verse.

"You're next." He went in through a door which had been left open by one going freely forth. He shut his book wretchedly . . . oh, why had he ever . . . ? "Yes?" the hand with the pencil relaxed and the judge sat back comfortably in his chair. Something was evidently expected of him; he shifted miserably standing there. **Then he began.**

He never remembered beginning. He just started. When he had stopped altogether the hand picked up a card from the desk; a voice as from afar said "Thank you" very politely, very finally.

He found himself outside the door still clutching the book. All through lunch he sincerely hoped that he had spoken badly. If he was to be selected for a still more excruciating test of endurance, he would have to relearn the miserable poem as well as he could. After lunch they told him that he was among the select minority who were to entertain the whole School at two o'clock. He searched for his book and recited the piece of his choice aimlessly and endlessly until the harshness of a bell jangled his thoughts.

The School had grown since lunch, it was now twice as large and twice as noisy. The hapless happy chosen few sat in front of the whole School like a row of sacrificial lambs herded together for imminent destruction. The entertainment began. The first performer mounted the stage, recited competently and received an encouraging round of applause. The judge wrote something with a pencil and waited for the next poem.

At length it came to his turn, he whom we have watched so closely. As he mounted the steps he forgot the first line of the poem with which he had struggled, it seemed, for months. A silence followed the announcement of his piece. He advanced to the edge of the platform—and spoke. Most of what he said was authentic; he never faltered once he had begun, partly because he wanted to get it over, partly because everything crowded into his brain at once and he wanted to turn it into words before it crowded out and away.

The last verse proved pitiless. It came and went in undertones while he mentally reconstructed the first, second and breathlessly the third stanza. But when it should have poured out in a triumphant climax there was only a framework of puzzled thought. Without haste and with studied equanimity he spun out the lines which he knew and filled in those he had forgotten with vague half-lines that sounded to his harassed ears as flat as the spirit which removed them from their context. The last line he plucked from a misty void devoid of thought and drew it majestically across the poem as a final curtain of hilarious hope.

D.M.C.

At the Competition held on Wednesday, July 22nd, eleven were selected to recite their chosen poems before the whole School. The following boys finally recited: the poems were:—

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------|
| Vaughan P. W.... | "Binsey Poplars," by Gerard Manley Hopkins. |
| Cooper D. M. ... | "Look, Stranger," by Wystan Auden. |
| F. J. W. Holwill, | Epilogue to "Astrophel and Stella," by Sydney. |
| Smith D. F. ... | Henry V's speech at Agincourt, from Shakespeare's "Henry V." |
| Peake | John of Gaunt's dying speech from Shakespeare's "Richard II." |
| Robinson | "Bat," by D. H. Lawrence. |
| Schrecker | "The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna," by Wolfe. |

- Cockman "Sea Fever," by John Masefield.
 Warner "Lepanto," by G. K. Chesterton.
 Grindrod "Kubla Khan," by S. T. Coleridge.
 Priestman "The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet,"
 from Shakespeare's "A Midsummer
 Night's Dream."

RUGBY

In spite of numerous losses to the School XV we have so far this year kept up our unbroken record which started at the beginning of the 1941 season. On the whole one must admit that the quality of the team, apart from some outstanding exceptions, is not that of last year, either in stamina or brains. But coherence has been achieved and the XV is more and more playing as a connected whole, which, after all, is really more important and valuable than mere flash-in-the-pan performance.

The Thames Valley match provided a scratchy and rather inexpert opening to the season. Throughout the game we had the measure of our opponents, though we never rose to much more than individualist; bullocking forcefulness.

Quite otherwise was the fixture against K.C.S., when we really did pull out of the bag a quality which must have surprised us—one which, I think, has hardly been reached since, though the standard of our play has generally gone up.

The game against Whitgift 2nd XV proved an unexpectedly easy one against a side which was below their usual ability, and we were able to dominate the play throughout. Much the same occurred against the Harrow 3rd XV, which was a big side with considerable individual talent but which was weak in cohesive play.

And so we retain, thus far, an undefeated record but stern matches lie ahead. The Old Boys will probably have a very strong XV and may very possibly be the first Old Boys' side to defeat the School. And the last week of term gives us matches against Rutlish and Wallington!

CHARACTERS

F. J. W. HOLWILL* (capt.) (*Forward*).—As good a forward and a far better captain than any school team can expect to have. Has been the father and mother of the XV both on and off the field. Unlike many parents has never been under the impression that his geese were swans, but has made some of them into swans nevertheless.

G. P. BILLINGHAM* (secretary) (*Stand-off half*).—The brains of the attack and an inspiration to the defence; a place-

kicker of quality and a thorn in the side of the opposing team. Without him the XV would have looked pretty foolish.

GREEN* (*Forward*).—Has hooked with some success and can always be relied upon to play hard and clean football. Always sound but, fortunately, seldom flashy.

FORREST* (*Three-quarter*).—Compact, brainy, thrustful. Sums up a situation quickly and usually does the right thing.

BARKER* (*Forward*).—Still thinks that Rugby is a conversational art. Fair in the loose but doesn't do enough in the tight scrummage.

HOPKINS* (*Forward*).—A really dashing and hard-working player with a beautiful flying tackle. He should be very good next year.

HITCHON* (*Forward*).—A trifle sedate and slow. But he gets through a good deal of honest work.

RENDALL (*Three-quarter*).—Purposeful and courageous both in attack and defence, and most unselfish in feeding his partner.

RUFF (*Scrum-half*).—From a weak beginning he has improved considerably, but still needs to be neater and quicker.

BELL (*Three-quarter*).—Shows a good deal of thrust but holds on too long and is an unreliable defender.

CARTER (*Forward*).—Fast and enterprising. He should be very useful next year.

SAXBY (*Forward*).—Pertinacious and hard pushing. And good in the loose, too.

BROWN (*Full-back*).—Cool in judgment and courageous in tackling. With more experience he should shape well.

WILLIAMS (*Three-quarter*).—He has learned how to tackle, but not yet how to rnn. But he will do.

LIDDLE (*Forward*).—He has picked up the game quickly, but has not yet learned how best to use his considerable speed and physique.

1st XV

Points

	Points		
	For	Against	Result
v. Thames Valley County School ...	19	0	Won
v. K.C.S. 2nd XV	24	8	Won
v. L.C.C. School of Building ...	21	3	Won
v. Whitgift 2nd XV	29	3	Won
v. Surbiton County School... ..	33	0	Won
v. Harrow 3rd XV	22	3	Won
v. K.C.S. 2nd XV	20	3	Won

2nd XV

v. Surbiton County School 2nd XV	15	3	Won
v. Rutlish Under 16½ XV	36	3	Lost

Colts XV

v. Rutlish Colts	3	36	Lost
v. K.C.S. Colts	8	8	Drawn

"A" XV

v. City Freeman's School	0	23	Lost
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SWIMMING SPORTS, 1942

At the Sports held at the end of the summer term on July 28th, the points were awarded as follows:

<i>Houses:</i>	1.	Milton's	...	92	points.
	2.	Cobb's	...	77	"
	3.	Newsom's	...	69	"
	4.	Halliwell's	...	67	"
	5.	Gibb's	...	52	"
<i>Clubs:</i>	1.	Spartans	...	56	"
	2.	Athenians	...	27	"
	3.	Trojans	...	25	"

THE PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The fading of the joke: "What's the big picture this week?" may be taken as a sign of the general acceptance, for good or ill, of the Picture of the Week as a School institution.

The material for the display has hitherto been supplied from Mr. Haslam's own collection and from the School library. Now we are fortunate in the kind co-operation of the librarian of the Wimbledon Public Library, who, although we do not come within her diocese, so to speak, is lending us each week as many reproductions as we want from her comprehensive collection.

It is thus more possible to make one display follow upon the last, so that periods of three or four weeks can be devoted to one chapter in the history of art. This policy will be followed in future, except when we interrupt the series with special numbers, such as the Royal Academy plans for the rebuilding of London and the display of a special issue of the Architectural Review in design in common objects.

It is not possible for the organiser of the Picture of the Week to gain a clear estimate of the value of this weekly display. In any case he rather doubts the validity of Gallup polls and all attempts to reduce appreciation or educational influences to figures and columns. Even if some enterprising statistician were able to measure emotional reactions to works of art in "aesthetic units," he would only have attempted the problem because of his false and feeble estimation of the value of a work of art, which certainly does not exist merely to be taken as an occasional stimulant.

The cause and effect of mental events is largely incalculable. Very often a chance or momentary impression bears fruit many years later; a haphazard remark rouses latent ideas in the listener of which the speaker was unaware. It may well be that a boy who carefully studies the board every week will retain less than one with ideas of his own who is stimulated by a casual glance.

The teacher therefore to a certain extent places his faith in the very illogicality of mental cause and effect. It is possible that some such explosive and far-reaching changes are also brought about in the minds of those members of the Staff who, ever eager to learn, are occasionally to be seen scanning the Picture of the Week board.

With such profound philosophy the organiser sets about his weekly show; but even if his theories were proven false he would probably continue merely for his own satisfaction in defending a small outpost of colour and contemplation in a spot where too often the ebullient barbarism of youth reigns supreme.

G.M.H.

RECITALS

Elizabeth Lockhart Recital

Given in Hall on Friday, October 14th, 1942

Sonata in C major for Violin and Piano (K296)	Mozart
ELIZABETH LOCKHART AND MR. BEECROFT.				
Arias	...	"When a Maiden takes your fancy"	...	Mozart
		"Rogues like you" from "Il Seraglio"		
MR. LOVEDAY.				
Introduction and Rondo capriccioso	Saint Saens
Slavonic Dance in E minor	Dvorak
Spanish Dance from La Vida Breve	deFalla—Kreisler
ELIZABETH LOCKHART.				
Songs of Travel	Vaughan Williams
MR. LOVEDAY.				
Symphonie Espagnole (last movement)	Lalo
ELIZABETH LOCKHART.				

Louis Kentner Recital

The School was privileged to hear a recital in Hall by Louis Kentner on Wednesday, November 18th. The programme was as follows :—

1. Sonata in F minor, Op. 57 ("The Appassionata") Beethoven
2. Sonata in C major, Op. 53 ("The Waldstein") Beethoven
3. (a) Etude No. 3 in E major
(b) Fantaisie-Improptu in C sharp minor } Chopin
(c) Improptu No. 1 in A flat major }
4. (a) Consolation No. 1 Liszt
(b) La Chasse
(c) La Campanella } Paganini-Liszt

Mr. Cecil Day Lewis Recital

With Mr. Beecroft, on November 29th. 1942

1. The Queen's Maries }
The Bonnie Earl of Moray }
The Star of the County Down } Traditional
The Spanish Lady }
2. Sonata in C Major Mozart
3. D'un vanneur de blé Lennox Berkeley
Come away, Death Dr. Arne
Loveliest of Trees George Butterworth
Weathers Maurice Besley
4. Intermezzo, Op. 116, No. 6 }
Intermezzo, Op. 118, No. 2 } Brahms
5. Killarney Balfé
Believe me, if all }
Farewell, but whenever }
Oft in the Stilly Night } Thomas Moore

SQUADRON 565 A.T.C.

Commanding Officer : F/O. H. F. Halliwell.

Adjutant : F/O. L. E. Pead.

Senior Flight Commander

and Equipment Officer : P/O. G. M. Wilson.

Flight Commander : P/O. D. Moore.

Warrant Officer : Mr. C. R. B. Joyce.

Current roll : 56 Proficient Cadets.

47 Non-Proficient Cadets.

In the last issue of *The Spur* there was no account of the activities of the School Flight (as it was then), of the Air Training Corps. This omission was deliberate as so much

was in the air. Now with much settled and accomplished we have good cause for report and pleasure.

During July we made our first visit to an Elementary Flying Training School and so sealed out attachment to an aerodrome for flying purposes. Altogether 60 cadets have had flights and in some cases have had the thrill of taking over while in the air.

A little later we were attached to a service aerodrome for instruction and interest courses. Unfortunately only the C.O. has as yet seen this promised land. His report of it makes tantalising hearing : a large station with many enormous servicing and repair hangars and a host of different types of planes, link-trainers, and life in barrack rooms when week-end or longer visits are made. The Commanding Officer, Officers and men of the station are out to do all they can to make such visits enjoyable, instructive and welcome on both sides, and we already have to thank the Liaison Officer for interested help. It was disappointing that the projected visit by some thirty cadets at half-term had to be cancelled, but it has made our appetite even keener.

Then there were the two summer camps, which are reported at the end of this article.

The climax to our summer's activities came in October, when the Headmaster announced that the School unit had been given Squadron Status with a School Flight and an Old Boys' Flight as the strength was over 92 cadets over 16. This had been worked for, talked about and schemed for since the early days of the year when its probability was realised. The break in training at the end of the summer term necessitated by the public and school examinations was turned to good account, for in return School and Old Boys' Flights for the first time met together in the evenings and Shadow Squadron organisation was introduced. Squadron drill became the real thing with 80 on parade and an open night. Sqd. Leader. Whittington (District Inspecting Officer) took the salute at a march past that was entirely officered from "fall in" to "dismissal" by cadets. This attainment of Squadron Status means not only that greater opportunities will come from the outside but also that more chances for responsibility will come to cadets. With this in view N.C.O.'s classes have been established and have already yielded one batch of corporals. There is more in these classes than just the winning of a stripe. Establishment will not allow for more than a certain number, but all cadets should strive to pass through an N.C.O.'s class.

Our training is going on apace. Last term we were able to attend a parade a fortnight at the H.Q. Company

51st Batt. (Surrey) Home Guard, through the very kindly help of the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Colonel Ralston.

In this way a class of 16 cadets from the Old Boys' Flight was given a course of instruction on the Browning heavy machine-gun and sat for an examination held by Major D. A. Cox, M.C., and 2/Lieut. Hiscock, D.C.M., of the Battalion. All were successful and their success is yet another entry to go on the record sheet for use when they enter the R.A.F. An Anti-Gas Course and First Aid Instruction were other features of training. Mr. G. Lawrence, Asst. County Civil Defence Officer for the City of London and of St. John Ambulance Brigade, was responsible for these and we express our thanks to him for finding time to train the Flight. Finally we wish to express our grateful thanks to Mr. P. Smith, of the Staff, who has devoted so much of his time to the Squadron; and also to Mr. Newsom, for passing on his own experiences in the R.A.F.

The percentage of cadets who have passed the Proficiency Examination, Part I, Phase II, is high and compares favourably with other School units, but the last batch entered was disappointing in its results. Every cadet should get his Proficiency badge as soon as possible, and we are hoping for great things from the new entry.

Besides what may be called class work, there have been route marches, field exercises on Wimbledon Common, signals and a field day with the Home Guard, and lectures from experienced members of the R.A.F.

Sqd.-Leader J. Higson Smith gave some very interesting talks. Sergt.-Observer J. F. Smith and his New Zealand rear gunner Sergeant, on rest from operations, called in to see us and gave us an instructive and amusing afternoon by running an R.A.F. Brains Trust, with the help of Mr. Newsom; Mr. P. Smith acting as questionmaster. Their answers were terse and well flavoured with R.A.F. language. Then two officers from Odiham, F/Lieut. Miller and P/O. Trewin, gave us some very interesting lectures and experiences, whetting our appetites for the future.

With regard to sport we hope to co-operate more fully with local Squadrons. Parties of cadets have attended two meetings, one at Imber Court and the other at the Beverley School.

To those who have left us to join the Forces we send our best wishes.

Lastly, as a fitting postscript, we offer our congratulations to P/O. A. V. Cook, our first ex A.T.C. cadet to be commissioned.

Training Camps

From 8th to 15th August a party of cadets under the command of F/O. Pead attended a training camp at an R.A.F. station. On Sunday, the 9th, after a good breakfast at the Station Mess, we attended Church Parade in a hangar. We spent the remainder of the day in looking over the aerodrome.

A week's programme of lectures and demonstrations had been arranged on subjects ranging from Gas, during which many tears were shed, to Security.

After Sunday the week went quickly. Inspections were made of aircraft, hangars and aerodromes. We received **instruction in armaments** (including the Sten gun, automatic weapons and aircraft cannon), parachute packing and servicing of aircraft. Everyone controlled a link-trainer for five minutes or more, fired ten rounds with a service rifle and carried out many operations peculiar to the R.A.F.

The accuracy in shooting amazed the Range Officer, and said much for our range training. We also surprised ourselves by winning four out of six fights in a boxing match.

We thought, as we lay awake on Friday evening, of the Spitfires, Hurricanes, Beaufighters and Defiants over which we had crawled for many hours, of the new friends we had made and of this experience of R.A.F. life.

The Station Staff helped in every way possible and our grateful thanks go to them.

We returned on Saturday 15th, thoroughly satisfied with our week's training. G.A.H.B.

From 17th to 22nd August a party of 24 cadets attended camp under P/O. Wilson and P/O. Moore. On the first day the camp was organised and 565 Flight was attached to "C" Flight, Blue Squadron. The routine of the second day was typical and consisted of breakfast at 0800 hours, kit inspection at 0900 hours, followed by parade and prayers. At 1000 hours the whole Wing undertook a route march of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles and returned an hour before lunch, which was at 1230 hours. During the afternoon we took the forced march tests for Proficiency Part I. A cricket match between "B" and "C" Flights occupied our evening. Among our other activities were visits to the aerodrome and workshops, and by the third day every one of the 600 cadets in camp had flown. Thursday and Friday mornings were spent on the parade ground and ended with an inspection and a march past. Our cadets distinguished themselves in the camp sports on Friday afternoon and a very pleasant week ended with a camp concert. D.A.B.

HARVEST CAMP, 1942

Photographs can be dangerously misleading, but they often serve as a timely corrective to a fickle memory. There is one of a score of anxious-looking boys watching Mrs. Austin and Mrs. White fishing for potatoes in an enormous black dixie, another of Father Driscoll standing in his friendly way with a crowd around the open fire, a third of a post-office van outside the gate besieged by a clambering mob which hopes to swell its secret hoard of cake and chocolate. But the subjects are mostly drawn from the fields, and the impression is of the enormous Wiltshire skies and the smooth green slopes under which we worked. Four boys are walking abreast between rows of sheaves with a background of standing stooks; some are pitching; others on top of a full cart swaying back to the half-built ricks, and yet others snoozing against the shocks of wheat waiting for an empty cart to return. And there is the foreman standing, hands on hips, looking up at a just completed rick; he says, "You know, I do love a good rick."

Most of the photographs are taken during tea-time—the grand hour when, with afternoon dullness gone and only the effortless work of the evening to look forward to, one sits with mug and sandwiches feeling that life is good. It is at this time of day that it is possible to realise that not in every sense do boys "loathe work." They loathe it if results have to be shown within a time short enough to demand hurried, scamped work, or if there are no results to be seen. They can't understand the immobility of the young tractor-driver who, with professional skill, conserves all his energy for the long months of ploughing to come, nor the stupid purposeless energy of an adult who works alone for the sheer liking of hard work and exercise. But it is after tea that the discovery is made that work is pleasantly done, if rhythmically done, that release from that afternoon sense of futility is gained by accepting without complaint the unhurried life of the land. There is one photograph of a group on Inkpen Beacon; everyone had run up that formidable hill from the field in which they had been working; and which was now done with. It had been a hard day, and it was the satisfaction of work well done that drove them up that hill with an energy they thought had been spent. It was not long before the snobbish disdain which every boy has for the professional gave way, first secretly, then openly, to an admiration for the proficiency of the farmer and for his mastery over his environment. In the same way, and in the camp itself, it soon became clear that no boy likes mess and filth and disorder; and though the stupidly lazy will put up with these conditions, most find themselves learning very quickly what every housewife

learns immediately, that it is the kitchen and the scullery and the backyard that have to be looked to before life becomes pleasant or even tolerable in the sitting-room.

The photographic record is incomplete; there are six boys who do not appear at all. They lived a life apart during the day, and at night seemed to be hugging to themselves a secret, as if afraid that discovery would bring an unwelcome change. They were working together on a farm some distance away, where the landlord worked with the labourers, knew their names and their interests, and saw to it that a family relationship bound them together in a common concern for the land on which they worked. The rest of us felt that they had something over us, that our life was unrelated to our work and to the country in which we lived. And if there is one improvement more than another which I should like to see, it is that that we who are casual visitors should live in much closer contact with the men who belong to the land and whose associations with it are permanent and indissoluble. A.M.

FARMING IN WILTSHIRE

Those who go to a farm for their summer holidays often eulogise harvesting as an idyllic occupation. They talk sentimentally of the fields of corn, golden in the sunset, or of walking home with tired limbs but a singing heart to the traditional farm-house meal.

I should hate to be criticised as a person more ready to find faults than virtues; but the disadvantages of harvesting struck me, and in my defence I must say they struck most of us at the harvesting camp, more forcibly than the pleasures. On our first working day, the party I was with had no sooner picked up a sheaf or two of oats than it was discovered with cries of disapproval and pain that they were peppered with thistles—and giant ones at that. When we had stooked two sides of a fifteen-acre field, we discovered that harvesting makes one unbearably hot and tired, that we were not really vitally concerned as to whether our stooks stood up or fell down, or whether they were in straight rows or higgledy-piggledy over the field, or whether we had six sheaves to a stook or twenty-six. And when we flopped down in the prickly stubble, we found that we got bitten by some wretched little insects known as harvest bugs; nevertheless most of us preferred the bugs to the thistles and the heat and the boredom. We were all heartily glad when the reaper and binder broke going over a bump and could do no work for several days. It is very amusing to recollect, on the occasion of this heaven-sent relief, the eagerness with which we agreed to dig a horse-pond; we even intended to try and dig a good horse-pond until the spades were actually in our hands, and

it began to rain, and the mud became muddier, and there was another three hours till tea-time. The day after this we were told to dig a road down the side of a hill; the pride we took in this was astonishingly great; we boasted to the other people at the camp, who went to different farms and weren't so fortunate as to lose their reapers and binders, about our progress down the hill. When we had to turn again to the old game of harvesting, the reaper and binder having brought itself a new nut, we were so disappointed that, in vain hope, we left our spades on the open hill-side for several days until it was obvious we would not want them again, and they were getting rusty, and nobody would take them back to their native barn if we didn't, and anyway it was our duty to preserve the metal.

The camp itself, apart from being soaking wet most of the time, was perfectly comfortable; we had a barn to sleep in, a barn to eat in and a barn to hang our wet clothes in; we had a tap and a horse-trough to wash at and a shed for our bicycles; we even had an electric light after a few days. But our greatest asset was the Rector, who seemed to have an everlasting store of just the things we were likely to need; if our oil stoves refused to work, and the fire in the open was full of water, he could spare some oil to get it going again; if a more delicate cooking apparatus was required for a particular meal, he had an oven fitted with the appropriate knobs. Four or five times he took parties to view his church or the grounds of the Old Rectory, which were designed by the man who designed the grounds at Versailles; one afternoon he conducted us over the Inkpen, the biggest hill in the district, where some of us later tried to catch some rabbits but failed. Rabbits, of course, supplied one of the chief topics of conversation after we had been told to go to sleep at night; the fanatical fury of the farm labourer at the sight of a rabbit found a sympathetic reception with us; for we could vent our spleen against farming in general and stooking in particular by dropping our sheaves as the rabbits began to sneak out of the patch of corn in the middle of the field and hurling ourselves on to them, or sending them flying with vicious kicks; we brought the carcasses home and had a meal of them, which we were callous enough to enjoy.

I will conclude appropriately by mentioning the two greatest pleasures of the fortnight: the first, a pleasure one always finds on a farm, was in the faces, the voices and the characters of the farm labourers; the second, and I am not being ironical, was the cycle ride on our return journey, over the Wiltshire hills, and down a long slope, through several charming villages, to Andover and, finally, that mine of pleasure and excitement—London.

A.H.O.

FARMING IN KENT

In their eagerness to begin harvest-work and to experience the rigours of farm-life, the three members of the farming party who were to spend the first fortnight of August at Coldblow Farm cycled to their destination in a spirit of rivalry; their object was to see who could arrive there in the shortest possible time. All three set out at about the same hour; the first two arrived at half-past five in the evening, and the third arrived half an hour before midnight, having journeyed to within several miles of Hastings. He was sick on the eve of the following day and was duly derided by his companions.

The many speculations which had been rashly or wisely made about the nature of harvest work before the party arrived were now put to the test. When we gazed upon the broad expanse of swaying, ripened corn, with its yellow stalks, greyish flag and spiked ears, which jostled each other before the veering wind, our hearts softened and not a thought of hard work passed through our enraptured minds. But whatever had been our emotions or our apprehension, we wrestled with the newly-bound sheaves and stooked or "shocked" them in neat, parallel rows; indeed, at teatime on the first day of harvest-work all were agreed that stooking was enjoyable. As the binder cut one field of corn after another, the three original harvesters perfected to an unsurpassable degree of reliability the art of standing three pairs of sheaves against one another in such a way that nothing but the deadliest storm could lay them flat. But the two others, who arrived at the beginning of the last fortnight of August, experienced, at first, considerable difficulty even in picking up the sheaves and in disentangling those sheaves which the binder had twisted and tied into one big ball of straw; their exasperation was assuaged by their heated criticisms and hot grimaces cast at the operator of the binder who sat on an iron seat, and worked the three levers, or jumped on and off the moving machine and heaved the swathes of corn over the corn divider on to the moving canvasses.

There was a period of stooking, whole-time stooking, and nothing but stooking, when for the first time one began to understand something of the meaning of drudgery. The corn had to be thoroughly dry before it could be carted and it was important therefore that none of the stooks in any of the eight corn-fields should be allowed to remain on the ground. Fortunately, mealtimes were pleasantly frequent, at eleven, one, four, and six o'clock, apart from breakfast at eight or thereabouts, and a late supper: but what was the greatest blessing of all was a deep, cool and shaded pool on the edge of a ploughed field, and what was formerly a pond where cattle quenched their thirst and sheep were drowned now became an excellent swimming pool. In the almost unbearable

heat at midday, when it was time for the midday meal, some would run over and plunge into the cooling water; or in the evening, when work had ended for that day, others would bathe in the cold, glinting pool. At other times, after working and sweating, one could listen to the syncopated wallowings of a jazz-adept on the piano, or to the wireless and hear Beethoven's Choral Symphony, or on a Sunday go and shoot a rabbit, or read a complete edition of Milton's poems.

Then came the carting-period; a period of hectic pitching and laying of sheaves, of being almost drowned and literally drenched in sweat, of falling off carts and stacks, of leading tramping horses, and of gulping down pints of water. When one has finished loading or unloading a cart of its sheaves, one wonders how survival were possible; when the stack is finally built, it stands as a symbol of all the labours and sweatings of the past weeks; it is criticised and appreciated as a work of art, as a triumph of endurance, as a source of warm pride and infinite satisfaction.

G.M.C.

FARMING IN DEVON

The first recollection of these three weeks on a Devon farm is that of the journey down; a cattle-like existence in the corridor of a crowded train rocking down from Waterloo to Exeter. Then a thirteen-mile ride by 'bus over an apparently inexhaustible series of hills and valleys, a somewhat surly greeting and a tramp over a long hill with the view which is so characteristic of Devon; the view across a valley to the other side with its square green and yellow fields. Then the first meeting with the farming population of the district. Four farm-labourers speaking a language in which the only intelligible words made a mere town-dweller bluch and wonder at the reputed piety of the rustic. The little heap of buildings, the heart of the surrounding fields, with its thatched roofs, appears in the valley and we are soon eating tea at the wooden table before the wide, open fireplace. A lazy week-end and then—work. The tool which I had always connected with the Red Flag became the personification of all that is tedious, painful and irritating; the sickle, with its handle shaped carefully to pinch and blister the hands of its unsuspecting users, vainly hacking at the ground and seeking to clear it of even the most insignificant and harmless weeds. A back-breaking afternoon in a perpetually bent position, slashing at the impertinent tops of soft-stemmed thistles in a field where all one's concentration is needed to prevent oneself from rolling down into the ditch in the bottom, left-hand corner of the field.

Cream—Devonshire cream—thick, luscious, illegal blobs.

The cows which we drove in and took out twice a day; each with its own personality. There are two types of cow: the meek and completely subjected, and obstinate, awkward, treacherous ones. That cow which turned its scraggy body at every gate and butted the more virtuous members of the herd with its twisted horns and crooked nature into a state of panic, only increased by the hail of physical and verbal blows by the cowherds in the rear; and that particularly gaunt, particularly perverse, yellow cow, my own private enemy, which would regularly lurch several times round the yard with a mixed expression of fear and insidious mockery before going into its shed. The village at night with its cluster of cottages round two shops and a church, its only apparent aim in life being to fill the churchyard with old, weatherbeaten, stereotyped tombstones.

The harvest; the golden grain, more valuable than gold; the slaughter of countless rabbits and the inexpressible joy when one escaped the clumsy attempts of the lumbering humans. The sheaves of corn, each with a carefully arranged outer layer of thistles to tear and scrape the arms of the unsuspecting townsman.

Work in the fields by the hedges while the rain streamed down and the rest of the living world seemed to be underground, sitting round large, blazing fires.

The utterly despicable pigs and the noble, superhuman horses. The gallop bare-back over the hill on a perfect pony and the realisation that horses learnt the thrills of flying long before men. The black cow with its obscene leer which led us in a chase through the fields and up the relentless hills, which enraged one with a desire to be God and sweep them all away. And the dying hen in the corner of the yard, still glaring fiercely with its bright, pointed eyes at those who invaded the sacred peace of its death scene.

The views from the village to the purple hills in the distance and from a bracken-covered crag over to the other slopes, mysterious masses of dark green and black clouds, with the sacriligious gash of the mechanical lumberjack, reducing beauty and nobility to a heap of sawdust.

The bed which threatened to roll down the crazy floor under the wash-stand.

The feeling of desertion; a feeling that the whirlpool of the world has cast us out into a dim, insignificant backwater. And then the return home. We leave the interesting, luxurious fields of Devon, and pass by the flat, stupid, inferior farms of that colourless region between London and the West Country. A gradual change from old England to modern Suburbia and then—London. And soon comes a feeling that this suburban existence is synthetic and aimless and a yearning for the open-air honesty and simplicity of the Devon fields.

D.L.N.

19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT TROOP

Annual Summer Camp

History was made when the Troop arrived at the camp site in August to find the whole camp pitched, fires burning, shelters erected and a meal ready. Some of the older hands remembered some years ago after travelling all day and arriving on the heights of a strip of Cornish coast, only half an hour before sunset, we had to struggle in a high wind wet with mist to erect tents and shelters and make our beds. This year they smiled. The advance party had worked well.

To some, a camp in Surrey did not appear very attractive after our earlier adventures in Cornwall and Devon. But any fears there may have been vanished quickly as our lorry, laden with kitbags and two dozen hungry fellows, crossed the River Wey, groaned painfully up the hill by Charterhouse, sighed with relief as it crossed the Portsmouth Road below the Hog's Back, and then wended its way through wooded lanes to Peperharow. A circle of beeches capped the brow of a hill, and underneath only the curling of blue smoke broke a careful camouflage. Beyond, to the south, the fern-clad slopes of Thursley Heath rolled away to the distant Punch Bowl and Hindhead.

The advance party had cycled to Peperharow some days before and had already spent a week-end under canvas. Tents and shelters had been erected, fires and pits dug, and a food tent furnished and filled; they had completed a host of routine jobs which usually tend to dull the first twenty-four hours in camp. Moreover, they had enjoyed themselves and the responsibilities given to them. Training and week-end camping experiences in the summer term were fully justified.

There were some twenty-five of us in camp, divided into five patrols and led by Troop Leader Forward (recently awarded his First Class Badge and Green All-round Cord), and staffed by Mr. Cobb and the S.M. P.L. Collins led the advance and rear parties and incidentally (and efficiently) took over the food supplies. Ivins took over the Colours and time signals, Kentish kept a watchful eye on erections and tents, Caira became postman (most popular when delivering), Pead nursed the Troop equipment and Judd the trekcart, while Strapp, as the camp scribe, followed the footsteps of the S.M. and took down, sometimes too exactly, all he said. Patrols took turn in being on duty day by day, and although some of their methods needed more care and attention, there were no failures in the kitchen this year but several new dishes. The Food Office was considerate (we juggled with over three hundred points), the grocer kind, the milk was rich, the butcher generous, and the vegetables we pulled as

we wanted them. War-time diet was certainly not a thin one in camp.

The River Wey flowed through the park and our early-morning wash often became an early-morning bathe. For deeper and more adventurous swimming we walked to Hampton Ponds some two miles away. One ardent angler promised to provide the camp with fish for tea; he tried; we enjoyed our fish immensely—pilchards (on points). But where the river failed, the woods succeeded in providing food values—the blackberries were in profusion and delicious, with variations by bilberries and nuts. It requires more patience and care, however, than the Seagulls showed, to stalk rabbits and kill. The high number of deaths in camp was direct evidence of the richness and abundance of our food supplies—the deaths of wasps. One even preferred to be swallowed rather than the death by “take 'em by surprise.”

Our camp-fires this year took on a new and welcome change. The impromptu orchestra played excerpts from Elgar to Gilbert and Sullivan, vocal items came from Scotland, the Volga and from “over the ocean”; there were yarns by the S.M. and “comments off” by Mr. Cobb. Rain damped our guy-lines but not our spirits on most evenings. On one occasion Pead collapsed in the dock of the High—very high—Court, as he was being tried by Chief Justice T.P.C. for a major offence against the S.M.'s bathing costume. Forward, as counsel for the prosecution, put up a stern front against Caira, counsel for the defence. The witnesses were many, the confusions surprising, the verdict was guilty—at all costs. The prisoner lost consciousness and never heard the sentence.

Our visitors included the Troop Treasurer and cheque book, several parents and friends. One Old Boy, Ralph of the Seagulls and the Royal Navy, hitched-hiked from Portsmouth to spend a night in camp; and he enjoyed it.

On Sunday, the Troop attended the Service held in the Peperharow Church. Dating back to the thirteenth century and often restored, this delightful little church within the Park serves the Mansion and the Park cottages. There was a special sermon for our visit. In the evening, we held our own short service within the camp.

There were several walks and wide games. We spent one whole day out in a cross-country trek to the Devil's Punch Bowl and Hindhead. It was a grand day of sunshine and rain, heath and hill-tops, bracken and bog. The seniors celebrated the last night by a moonlight bathe. We shed our clothes and wrapped in mist; the owls hooted to our aquatic revelry, and midnight chimed.

We are grateful to Mr. Hancock, who kindly tended our needs and gave us all freedom. We owe much to Lord

Midleton, who not only welcomed us so freely to the Park but who has written since to the Troop and has invited us to camp again at Peperharow.

The Autumn Term

A programme this term has suffered badly by interruptions and lack of continuity. Our numbers are up and the recruits are more than we can take. The diary includes a camp reunion and sing-song, several patrol visits to London, two Troop Church Services, a Parents' social evening, a talk on citizenship by Mr. Gough, and the field day. The proceeds from next summer's fête will go entirely into the fund for purchasing our own camp site in Surrey; preparations have been started.

Certificates of "Good Camping" were awarded to Forward, Collins, Cheatle, Kentish and Strapp. The Camp Competition was won by the Eagle Patrol.

THE CONFERENCE AT NONSUCH COUNTY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

It is always a good thing for members of one school to come into contact with members of another. At the Nonsuch County School Conference, which took place on 30th and 31st October, history was made. All the Surrey secondary schools were represented, and for one and a half days we had the opportunity of mixing freely with each other to discuss the reorganisation of Britain after the war.

The thirty members of the Raynes Park party were greeted at the gates of the School by an enthusiastic band of hostesses, who called upon us to divulge the name of our school. We were immediately led along a subtly winding path into a large hall packed with chairs. As the hall grew more full, the atmosphere became more tense; everyone kept very close to his or her schoolfellows, and discussed with an excited scepticism what would be the nature of the conference. Soon it began, and we listened first to a lecture on Social and Economic Problems after the War; this was followed by a lecture on Soviet Russia. In the afternoon we heard an edifying talk on the United States of America, and then departed to our discussion groups. The function of these first discussions was, I think, to enable everyone to acquaint himself with the other members of the group, and the discussions were generally reported as having gone bravely round in circles without many conclusions being reached. Nevertheless, on the following morning, having heard what in my opinion was the best of the lectures, on Town and Country Planning, we once more went to our discussion groups and debated earnestly.

The value of the conference was incalculable. All doubts must have been dispelled as to the enthusiasm for re-planning among those whose job it is to do it. True, the forces of reaction are still strong; the most lamentable incident in the conference occurred when, after the lecture on Soviet Russia, someone stood up, and, having admitted his ignorance on the subject, recited with an eloquence born of constant and loving repetition all the stock criticisms of communist Russia, asking with self-assured patronage, what about the Ogpu? what about the anti-God campaign? what about the persecution of minorities? A round of applause followed this tirade, but far louder was the applause which greeted the lecturer's convincing demonstration that such questions were based upon ignorance. Baffled but undismayed, the Symbol of Reaction fell silent. All the lectures were followed by questions which alone would have provided ample subject for debate; all the questions, except those of this solitary offender, were evidence of close attention to and interest in the points raised by the lecturers. As one of the speakers insisted, now, and not after the war, is the time for thought about post-war planning.

Nothing could be more appropriate than such conferences at the present time; the only regret that most people expressed was that the Nonsuch Conference was not nearly long enough. We congratulated Nonsuch on their enterprise, and hoped that we may have such a conference with ourselves as hosts at Raynes Park.

P.W.V.

OXFORD LETTER

DEAR SIR,

Some readers will peruse this letter in the hope of finding some small talk of sophisticated undergraduates with their legendary eccentricities, quips and quiddities. It is not for these I write. I write for those who hope to come up to Oxford, and for the parents who hope to send them; if I can increase the numbers of the latter my end will have been achieved.

Scholarship in itself is an asset of considerable value. Nevertheless learning can be acquired in countless other universities as well as in the Sixth Form at School, where one is allowed already to taste of that intellectual freedom which leads to freshness of thought and independence of spirit. But scholarship is limited, whilst the major lessons of Oxford life are not.

For most of us this experience of possessing rooms of our own is quite a new one. The desire to possess is one of man's outstanding features, and let us not say it is a bad

one. A true socialist would be the last to oppose possession in moderation, for he knows, as well as we know, that man expresses himself by means of his possessions. If we desire to see his character, one of our first moves is to study his clothes—his shirt, his jacket, or

“A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility.”

And so these rooms, in which we first taste the joy of ownership, are simply the raw material to be worked and moulded by our own characters. For the first time we are able to live with pictures of our own choice in surroundings which harmonise with our own tastes and feelings. The private room is the centre of Oxford life, and round it swings the wheel of life with all its companionship, hospitality, and love, as it is expressed in hospitality. Few things are more important than the Oxford tea or supper party, when people are drawn together by ties of friendship and affection. These parties lead invariably to conversation, and even, on occasions, to intelligent conversation, although the frequency of this last phenomenon cannot be pressed.

The countless societies which form a large part of Oxford life can best be introduced by describing our own activities. David Vaughan has been up for some time and goes down at the end of this term. The rest of us are freshers—Arthur Thompson reading Law at Balliol and Peter Crumley Chemistry at the same college. Eric Daniel is reading Physics at Oriel, whilst David Vaughan and myself are both reading English, David at Wadham and myself at Exeter. Several of us fell for the Labour Club as soon as we arrived, and some of us regret it. This is only one of the political clubs in Oxford, however. Beside this, there is the Conservative Association, which, I am glad to say, is patronised by none of us. The Dem. Socs., or the Democratic Socialists, hold ceaseless strife with the Labour Club for the supremacy of the Left. They boast none of our allegiance. Eric Daniel tells me he belongs to the Liberal Club.

The Experimental Theatre Club commands the attentions of two of us. I am glad to announce that David Vaughan's designs for *The Impresario of Smyrna*, the E.T.C.'s next production, were judged to be best in the stage-design competition held at Exeter College on November 3rd. On October 30th, David Vaughan and I shared a prize with another competitor for a performance of the Painter scene in *The Spanish Tragedy*.

Other societies we support are the Junior Scientific Club, of which Crumley is a member, the German Literary Society, in which Arthur Thompson hopes to keep up his German, and the Ballet Club, on whose committee David Vaughan now serves. Most games are to be played here. Thompson

is playing goalkeeper, with much pleasure, for the Balliol and Trinity Hockey Club, and, with rather less pleasure I believe, he is playing in the front row of the Rugger scrum. For my part I can claim to have done some rowing, but not well.

One thing seems clear as one looks back upon the past life and compares it with the present. This period of one's life spent at Oxford is one of rapid and unceasing development. One visualises what one used to be and thinks “I will never be quite like that again.” It is put exactly, I feel, by Mr. Eliot :

“Fare forward, traveller! not escaping from the past
Into different lives, or into any future;
You are not the same people who left that station
Or who will arrive at any terminus . . .
You are not those who saw the harbour
Receding, or those who will disembark.”

May I just add, for the benefit of those who hope to follow us to Oxford—

“. . . Not fare well
But fare forward, voyagers.”

We look forward to welcome next term Michael Saxby, Jim Hitchon and Paul Vaughan.

Yours sincerely,
CHARLES HONEKER.

CAMBRIDGE LETTER

DEAR SIR,

Members of the School, having read the record in this Magazine of yet another term's active life in the School, may perhaps welcome a few words from the Old Boys in Cambridge. De Potier at St. John's, Franks at Magdalene and myself at Christ's, along with Mr. James, who is on work of national importance, make up the total representation of the School in this lovely place. We look forward to our number being steadily increased.

Franks is training for the R.A.F., whilst De Potier and myself are on normal engineering courses—normal, that is, beyond the fact that we are doing three years' work in two years. De Potier, a wizard with wireless, is lucky in having exceptionally large rooms to himself in his college, where he can produce weird noises to his heart's content. Actually, of course, Mr. James and I have spent several happy evenings listening to his wireless, and the “Old School” is one of our favourite topics of conversation on these occasions, and one that never fails to be interesting.

As for Rugger, the standard in an average college team is good, and I think any member of the School team would

stand an excellent chance of getting a place in it. Other sports such as hockey, athletics, squash, badminton and rowing all have their enthusiasts in the winter term, when there is time for them.

All courses of study in the University are now very concentrated, and added to this we have moderately arduous military duties. Ten hours a week, which is the minimum, does not sound much, but seems quite a long time when we are pulled through hell-fire in the approved army style.

Life in a University, however, even in wartime, is a very gracious thing, and I think Mr. Harold Laski has described the fellows up here very accurately when he writes: "They take serious things seriously. They have a vivid interest in everything life offers, and, save for a small group of Communists, a grand sense of humour."

We at Cambridge are very proud of our Old School, because in the people around us we see so many good qualities that we know to exist, and know to be cherished, in the School.

We are sorry to lose the Headmaster, but our loss is Bristol's gain, and we wish him the best of luck. To his successor we offer our warmest welcome, and look forward to very happy visits.

A Happy Christmas to all the School, and may the New Year bring better and happier days for us all.

RONALD F. PEGG.

OLD BOYS' SOCIETY

The Old Boys' Society labours on, despite the growing handicap of the war which is swallowing up more and more Old Boys very soon after they have left School and spreads them far and wide over the world. Contact is kept with them, however, through their parents, who always show interest in the progress of the Society and to whom I send my thanks.

By the time this reaches you the Old Boys' Society will have had its Annual General Meeting and played the School in its yearly game of Rugger. This year I think our chances are considerably greater in this encounter than they have ever been, as more Old Boys are playing regularly than ever before. R. Pegg and A. Thompson are playing for their respective colleges, A. Day and N. Molchanoff for London Orient, and Pengilly for Kingston Technical College.

At the end of term the Headmaster's departure will be a sad blow to the life of the Society, since it has been solely through his untiring work that it has been kept together and increasing its membership. He will be missed by all when they visit the School. We must extend a hearty

welcome to Mr. Wrinch, and hope that his stay at Raynes Park will be a happy and successful one; and to Mr. Garrett, let us thank him once again for all he has done, congratulate him on his appointment, and wish him the best of luck in his new home.

"THE SPUR"

Committee: Bannister B., Brodrick N. G., Cooper D. M.,
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