

THE SPUR

Vol. VII

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THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL.

"To each his need, from each his power"

Vol. VII, No. 7.

Winter, 1946.

HEADMASTER'S NOTES.

The departure of Alan Milton is a melancholy fact for all of us. His has been so many sided and so whole-hearted a contribution to Raynes Park, and he has had so much to give. For a man to be in charge of History and simultaneously of games, to run the Mock Parliament, the Hockey, the Music Circle, to be a Sixth Form Master and the founder of a House—this is an extraordinary combination of achievements. He has done all these things and others, done them supremely well and has won both respect and affection from everyone here. **Wider opportunities now call him. We must look forward to visits from him and be glad that he has been ours so long.**

This is the third time I have occupied this front page of *The Spur*, and I shall now resign it to the Editors. It is theirs by right, in any case, and I hope such bad news as has been written above will fall more rarely to them henceforward than to me hitherto. Mr. Walsh and Colin Parker bear the responsibility for *The Spur*, and to them as editors I shall submit anything that I would like to see in future numbers. I hope many will do likewise: there should be rather competition to earn space than a begging for contributions in Raynes Park's magazine.

Henry Porter.

SCHOOL OFFICERS. WINTER TERM, 1946

Head of the School : David Saunders.

Prefects :

C. R. E. Parker, B. A. Newman, J. C. Taylor, D. Thompson, P. E. Bide, D. A. Doling, G. Osmint, N. Godwin, T. J. Warham.

Prefect of Hall : C. R. E. Parker.

Captain of Rugby : D. M. Saunders.

Secretary : D. Thompson.

Secretary of Games Committee : J. C. Taylor.

Librarian : J. Joyce.

HOUSE NOTES

Cobb's

Captain : D. Thompson.

Vice-Captain : P. E. Bide.

Sub-Prefects : B. W. Amey, D. G. White, J. Norton.

House Prefects : J. Pooley, D. P. White, D. G. Lines.

Rugger

With the return to the House-League system we have, at the time of writing, played three of the four matches. Competitively we can be counted as unsuccessful, for we have lost two of the three matches, but it must be stressed that in both cases we have failed by the smallest margin of points possible: against Newsom's we were leading until the last minute when the try was scored which gave our opponents victory

by 13—12. After the postponement of our match with Milton's we eventually played them on a badly-worn and sodden pitch, and after a dire battle in the slush they ran out worthy victors by 3—0. The other match against Gibb's we won easily by 23—3. We look forward to our match against Halliwell's, and hope to give them a hard game.

Swimming

In the Sports last term, we displayed to advantage the talent existing in the House in this department, being placed second in the competition. We gained places in nearly every event, and, in fact, finished less than ten points behind the winners in the scoring for the actual Sports, but our lack of qualifying points made their victory decisive. Ian Bell and Paul Pooley are to be congratulated on their form, especially in the high-diving, in which they scored for the House both first and second places respectively. This augurs well for the future.

Junior House

We warmly welcome all the newcomers to the House, and hope that they will enjoy and benefit from their association with it.

As yet the Rugger Team has only played one match against Gibb's, which was won comfortably by 21—0. The team is strong and has a very good chance of winning the competition.

D. T.

Gibb's

Captain : N. Godwin.

Vice-Captain : J. Warham.

Secretary : Pead.

Sub-Prefects : Pringle, P. ; Bennett.

We welcome to the House this term Arnold, Aylott, Burgess, Jaepes, Loveday, Mealing, Phillips, P. V., Pocock, Ridgway, Stott and Upcott. We sincerely hope they will be happy with us.

Rugger

The Team has played enthusiastically under the Captaincy of Macdonald. In spite of the good play of Cameron and Champrey, who must also be congratulated on their regular appearance in the 1st XV, the other Houses proved too strong for us, especially after half-time.

The House expresses its regret at Priestman's accident, incurred in a 2nd XV match. He has had very bad luck. We missed him very much in our House matches.

Cross Country

This term we have held a considerable number of practice runs, and the enthusiasm shown has been remarkably high. We are confident next term of putting in at least the best trained team for the School Cross Country Run. However, we do want to see more Junior Members attending the practice runs.

Swimming

A number of enthusiastic Juniors have been visiting the baths regularly, and we are pleased to report that Phillips, P. V., has done the half-mile, Stott 6 lengths, Pocock 3, Davies 2, Birkett, Hamilton and Loveday 1 length. We hope to see our non-swimming seniors following their example.

Junior House

The Junior XV, of which Davies and Todd are Captain and Vice-Captain respectively, has not been successful in the matches this term. It has enthusiasm and courage, but lacks weight when compared with the Junior XV's of other Houses.

Halliwell's

House Captain : C. R. E. Parker.

Vice-Captain : J. C. Taylor.

School Prefects : C. Parker, J. C. Taylor, B. A. Newman.

Sub-Prefect : G. Thomas.

Last year our efforts were once more crowned with victory at all points. We had, however, to say good-bye to several seniors whose achievements were listed in last term's notes, and who were instrumental in winning us the place which we have now held for two successive years. But, in spite of these losses, if the House continues to show a consistent effort throughout the year and relies more on team-work and a general good standard rather than on the performance of one or two seniors, we have every prospect of prolonging yet further our record of success.

On the Rugger field, under the captainship of J. C. Taylor, we have made a good beginning for the year, and all Rugger matches have gone according to plan. Our first match, against Milton's, was an exciting game with a favourable result, and Gibb's and Newsom's have been subsequently met and defeated.

<i>v. Milton's</i>	...	Won 27—6
<i>v. Gibb's...</i>	...	Won 41—6
<i>v. Newsom's</i>	...	Won 16—3

Juniors

<i>v. Milton's</i>	...	Drawn 15—15
<i>v. Cobb's</i>	...	Won 23—0

Cobb's remain to be played. Junior Rugger has shown an equally successful record, and the team is still undefeated. Their Captain, John Mason, after leading the team in two victories, was unfortunately injured, and Casselton has filled his place.

Last term we were again able to celebrate the events of the year at a House-supper, and we hope that, bearing in mind some few of the things that were said then, the House will now go forward to another year of success.

We offer our hearty congratulations to our Captain, C. R. E. Parker, on his accession to Head Boy; and also to J. C. Taylor who is now Second Boy. John Ashley is to be congratulated on being made a sub-prefect.

Milton's

Captain : D. M. Saunders.

Vice-Captain : G. Osmint.

Cricket

Captain : J. Newcombe.

Although successful in Athletics, our strength is not yet equal to Cricket. Despite our victory over Cobb's, we were beaten by Newsom's and thereby knocked out of the competition.

Swimming

Captain : D. M. Saunders.

We came last in the swimming sports, and by our showing in the qualifying and the sports themselves, it seems that we lack both quantity and quality. Nevertheless, the performances of McBride, Vaughan and Brooker in gaining places are encouraging, as they will all be here next year. But the House as a whole must practice so that they can gain qualifying points. It is to be hoped that as many boys as possible will take advantage of swimming on games afternoons.

Cross Country Running

Although we have no outstanding talent, the energy of some of our boys this term under the leadership of Alder and Carolin augurs well for a strong team on the day of the run. I hope the practises are kept up and increased.

Rugger

Captain : D. M. Saunders.

Milton's have had their most successful season within the memory of any present member of the House. We have lost only to Halliwell's (27—6). Gibb's were beaten easily (26—6), and we beat Newsom's (8—3) and Cobb's (3—0) after hard and very exciting games. The whole team is to be congratulated. We shall be second in the House Competition.

The Junior House Team has also been successful, largely due to the titanic efforts of Tutt. We drew with Halliwell's (15—15) and beat Newsom's (28—3). We hope that their career will continue to be successful.

Despite notable losses like the departure of Faulkner and Bird, the House is on the road to great success. I wish the House, under the leadership of G. Osmint for the rest of this year, the best of luck and plenty of House Suppers.

D. M. S.

P.S.—We have before the end of this term to suffer a great loss in the departure of David Saunders. His enthusiasm for all House activities and his forceful convictions have assuredly raised the standard of work and play within the House. We feel very proud that he was also Head Boy and Captain of the 1st XV. The very best wishes for success and luck go with him from every member of the House, and we hope we shall see much of him in the future.

Newsom's

Captain : D. A. Doling.

Sub-Prefects : P. A. Blight, C. O. Farrow.

House Prefects : Colvin, Packham, Sleigh, Welby.

This term we extend a welcome to Mr. Atkins as Junior House-master, and to the Juniors who are now taking part in House activities.

Cricket

Captain : A. R. Marson.

In last term's notes we expressed high hopes for our cricket team, who had not, at the time of going to press, played any of their matches. Those high hopes were not quite realised. We defeated Milton's, but not Halliwell's in the Finals, when we were beaten by 9 wickets. Nevertheless, the team is to be congratulated on a highly successful season. Marson and Sleigh receive our congratulations on gaining their 1st XI Cricket colours.

Swimming

In the swimming sports, although second in the qualifying, we did not excel and thus achieved our time-honoured position of fourth place.

Rugger

Captain : C. O. Farrow. *Vice-Captain* : Sleigh.

This term the House Rugger competition is being played on a league basis. The team has played three matches. We beat Cobb's (13—12), lost to Milton's (3—6) and Halliwell's (3—16). However, the team has played after the usual Newsom's tradition, and we look forward to our final game against Gibb's. Sleigh was successful in gaining his 1st XV colours this term. The Junior House team, though not outstanding, shows a good nucleus for future House teams.

We wish to congratulate all those candidates for General School and Higher School Certificates who passed and thereby gained school prizes.

We were unfortunate to lose our House Captain, Wiggins, during the term. We should like to thank him for his work for the House especially in the productions of our House Plays. We have also lost Harrison, whose actions on the stage and Rugger field have been an inspiration to the House. We wish them luck in their careers after their service in the Army.

“ A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM ”

“ Sir,” said the most quoted and misquoted of Englishmen, “ a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well ; but you are surprised to find it done at all.” A Junior School play may well be approached with some such scepticism. For weeks past one has been more than aware of a certain post-haste and rummage in the land ; in dim corners one has discovered not merely mechanicals, but even lovers, dukes and fairies, rehearsing most courageously. “ What might be toward, that this sweaty haste doth make the right joint labourer with the day ? ” Will all the endeavour and all the dislocation of normality be justified in the event ? However daintily and obediently the little dogs walk upon their hinder legs, shall we not, even as we admire, mourn their essential four-legged doggishness ?

An evening of almost unmixed delight reduced these misgivings nearly to vanishing point. Here was the loveliest pastoral in the world in a production bubbling with vitality, charmingly dressed, regally mounted and staged. The width and depth of our beautiful apron stage have never been used to better advantage ; forest and ducal palace alike enchanted the eye with harmonious gradation of levels and perspectives. The costumes, from the magnificent Theseus to the smallest cellophane-wrapped fairy, were almost a miracle : it is hard to imagine, it is impossible to find words to praise, the labours of Mrs. Henderson and her assistants, who were faced with a cast of fifty and not even a clothing coupon to bless themselves with, and yet conjured from airy nothing a local habitation for each name.

The highest honours of the evening should, however, go to the producer, Mr. Smith. Efficient in all things, he excelled in two particular respects. The first was the brilliant handling of crowds ; most memorable were the building of the canopy of creepers over the sleeping Titania as the fairies sang their lullaby, and the superb late night finale, a torchlight procession which became a magical dance of a myriad fire-flies. The second was a wonderful fertility in happy ingenuities : one remembers with special joy the first appearance of Puck in the oak tree, the resonant spanking of Hermia and poor Moonshine deserted by his dog.

Imperfections in production were trivial and largely mechanical. Three should perhaps be mentioned. So frequently to begin a scene with silent business leads to an uneasy, though happily ill-founded, suspicion that something has gone wrong. There were too many abrupt transitions of lighting (and some noisy gear changes). Finally, the musical effects did not achieve the perfect timing of a Dobson and Young programme and the school gramophone gave distressing evidence of a certain preliminary breathiness.

In a long cast, two performances were outstanding—the only two who constantly convinced that what they gave came from within themselves and not from mere obedience to suggestion. First in merit came D. G. Allaway as Flute-Thisbe, a magnificent piece of comic invention, mopping and mowing, beaming fatuously, rivalling any

pantomime dame of the professional stage. A close second came R. B. Ayres as Helena, imperfect in gesture and bearing, but with vocal gifts quite amazing, the only boy who enhanced the blank verse, revealing meaning with every inflection.

Three other actors deserve praise almost as high. J. B. Florentine filled the part of Bottom with all necessary humours, a fine sonorous geniality and a proper pride. B. R. Walters created a sturdy, virile urchin as Puck, with ringing, almost strident voice and agile movement. A. C. Goodwin played Hermia as a spitfire in miniature, a pretty hell-kitten with a notable range of capricious mood.

A curious generalisation might here be made, perhaps thanks more to accidents of casting than to basic causes: within the range of boys of this age-group come the foolish, the fairylike and the feminine, outside it fall young gallants and older men. Among the four lovers there was no doubt as to the weaker sex: Demetrius had a voice but was too gangling and diffident, while Lysander seemed vocally and temperamentally quite unsuited to the part. The older generation were equally disappointing. Theseus was wooden and lacked graciousness, Egeus could not find the repetitive querulousness inherent in the lines, while Peter Quince was too lively and impish; missing that quality of a well-meaning but harassed old hen, anxiously and inefficiently mothering a monstrous brood of chicks, Peter Quince becomes, God bless us, a thing of naught.

Oberon and Titania shared qualities and shortcomings: both were splendidly audible and both seemed conscious that their lines were poetry and were to be declaimed as such; both alas! had hard, metallic voices and neither could move graciously and naturally about the stage.

In the more serious scenes, indeed, it was often to be observed that whereas gesture for its own sake was sometimes free and pleasurable, gesture in relation to another actor was embarrassed, halting and clumsy; in-fighting and clinches, whether amorous or hostile, were practised without meaning or conviction.

None of these last strictures applies to the hempen homespuns. There were a joy wherever they appeared and in the last act reached a pitch of entertainment very rare on any amateur stage, mounting from strength to strength in an apotheosis of inspired lunacy, riotously enjoyed with equal hilarity on both sides of the footlights.

And yet, for all the delights of the evening, one is left cantankerously nursing that infant doubt with which one began. Did not the very perfection of timing, business and memorising suggest an excess of prolonged, adult, expert supervision for this, the third major dramatic festival of the school year? Could not honour and ambition be satisfied with less than a cast of fifty, the concentrated energies of four members of the staff, the full use of all the theatrical resources of the school and four public performances at prices current in the provincial commercial theatre? One wonders whether more lasting value would not come from a more modest production, designed for home consumption only; a corporate act of *self-expression*, produced by boys and for boys, with adults available to give expert advice on request, a school show for the last day of term.

The present writer has felt impelled, by the quality of the fare provided, on this occasion to judge only by the very highest standards that he knows. He would welcome the opportunity to be a little less Olympian, a shade more indulgent,

“For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.”

J. B. G.

HOLLAND

The traveller approaching Holland from the sea first sees not the land—for that lies beyond and below the dykes—but what the Dutch have built upon it. This may be a massive, high-butressed church tower, serving as landmark, fortress and lighthouse; a windmill for pumping the water through the irrigation canals to drain the land; or small well-proportioned furnace-chimneys for heating the glass-houses; or, again, a great bridge, spanning one of the numerous waterways. Indeed, in Holland, every work of men's hands stands out clearly against a level back-cloth of cloud-streaked sky, as if to stress the salient characteristic of the Hollander, who puts practical things first, second and third, and dreams afterwards. Perhaps the perception of this natural feature may explain why such care has been taken to erect nothing which is unsightly, for it could not be hid. Evidence that this was not accidental is manifested by the absolute prohibition of advertisement either upon houses or hoardings. And no matter how little or how much of Holland our traveller may have seen he will not fail to have become aware of a functional beauty, a reposeful orderliness, and a simple rectitude in all things; in fact, a design for living, and not for exploitation or ostentation. As “Q” once wrote, “. . . in homely realism, lovingly studied and perfected for its own sake, Dutch art has always found its natural expression.” But it has not always been so.

Finding themselves in a waterlogged, tree-sparse land, divided into compartments by great rivers and incursions of the sea, and lying aside from the quarrels of Emperors and Popes concerning the earth and sky, what could be more natural or more sensible than for the Dutch to busy themselves with the sea. The first thing was to keep it out, and then to get out what was still left in. This took a long time. Later they learned how to win land back from the sea, and have been doing it ever since. Another characteristic attributable to their remoteness from the Imperial orbit was the sturdy independence of the city communities, which were so often thrown upon their own resources for defence. By the 16th century the wealth of Antwerp, the foremost port of Europe, and its satellite towns Ghent, Brussels and Liège, enriched by two centuries of weaving English and Scottish wool, had surpassed that of Venice in the preceding century. And had not the names of the Netherlands provinces slipped into the languages and literatures of all Europe for the wares they produced? Arras for tapestry, Cambrai for linen, Holland for broad-cloth, Malines, Bruges, Brussels and Valenciennes for lace, Edam for cheese. And in the north Amsterdam, owing its prosperity to the herring and the trade advantages of the Hanseatic League, had become the banking centre of Europe. But the 16th century was to see the events which brought about far-reaching changes in Dutch economy and to usher in a period of prosperity, comparable only to that of 19th century England and 20th century United States, together with a flourishing of the arts and crafts such as the western world has not seen since.

To the most politically chaotic, the most individualistically developed, the most industrially advanced and the most populous area of all Europe, at a time of the rivalries between burgher and cosmopolitan noble, between city and port, between townsman and peasant, came the Reformation and the Spanish occupation. The one ranging all the factions, interests and emotions in the great protest, the other goading to bloody revolt, which resulted in the loss of Antwerp, the richest southern provinces and the only area of mineral and forest wealth, but which was more than offset by the achievement of unity under that remarkable dynasty, the House of Orange, whose wisdom, domestic virtue, complete lack of personal aggrandisement and unswerving devotion to the welfare of their people, have earned and retained not merely the affection but the love of every Hollander for three and a half centuries, from William the Silent to Queen Wilhelmina.

With the establishment of the Dutch Republic the Hollander turns his back on the sturdy anarchy of Pieter Brueghel, and the remnants of the influence of Court and Church of Jan of Leyden and Hieronymus Bosch, while retaining and strengthening their naturalism, and moves into an epoch of a planned economy, based on the soil and the sea. The paintings of Rubens and Jourdaens mark the transition to the thoroughgoing realism of all subsequent Dutch art, whether of the great portrait painters, Hals, van Dyck, Myrtens and Soest, or Rembrandt, Steen and Brouwer, of the domestic intimacy, orderliness and repose of Vermeer, Pieter de Hooch and Terborch, of the seascapes of Storck, or of the landscapes of Ruysdael and van Cuyp. Indeed how clearly does Dutch painting reveal the Hollander, record his history and his interests, lay manifest his handiwork, accentuate his protest, and display his limitations. But how soon it ceased. Perhaps it was that sky again, that all encircling sky, that kept man's eye upon the level, preventing it from soaring; or perhaps it was that protesting spirit, refusing to indulge in the escapist literature and art of the machine age, as was so clearly seen in England in the first half of the 19th century, as the wheels whirred and the slag-heaps grew. Whatever it was the Dutchman set himself to cultivate his garden and cherish his family and civic life, finding therein fulfilment of his artistic perception and that sense of form which are found so pre-eminently in the husbandman and the seafarer. What could be more economical in line or more suitable for its purpose than a Dutch barge or a clog? Was ever a cow more perfectly bred for colour, form and yield than the Frisian and the Shorthorn? Or more compact than a cabbage or a bulb? Is anything more satisfying to the eye and touch than a polished lens or a cut diamond? And could anything be flatter than Mercator's Projection or more static than Lely's Flagman portraits at Greenwich or his Windsor Beauties at Hampton Court?

Now the loss of the Southern Provinces led to an intensification of agriculture and horticulture on the one hand, and on the other, now that the wool-spinning was finally lost, to a growing interest in overseas trade, to which the achievements of the Portuguese navigators had added not a little. Furthermore, with the invention of printing and engraving, in which Amsterdam quickly rose to a leading position, a Dutch school of cartographers grew up under the leadership of Mercator and Ortelius, Wagenaer and Blaeu, whose maps and charts, together with the aids to maritime navigation of Christian Huygens opened up the most sensational expansion of sea-borne trade and geographical discovery of all time. Within a few years Holland had acquired an empire and quadrupled her wealth by the trading of the riches of the Spice Islands to all the countries of Europe, but the power politics of England and France soon crippled the Netherlands, by sheer exhaustion, on land and sea.

At this point it is fitting to pay a tribute to the extraordinary liberality of the Dutch, except in matters of religion, in that they systematically strove for the free interchange of ideas, scientific inventions and technical processes and especially for the freeing of trade and for its conduct under an international code of law. The name and work of Hugo Grotius, the man who preached the doctrine of the Freedom of the Seas three hundred years before the British appropriated it, and, who drew up the Charter for the League of Nations and UNO almost exactly four hundred years ago, deserve especial mention. But the fact that he, like his contemporaries, Oldenbarneveldt and Arminius, was condemned to death for incurring the disapproval of the Calvinists is not irrelevant, although he himself escaped in a port-manteau like the Count of Montecristo; for the Dutch have always fought about religion, and two centuries of pledged neutrality have not altered it. Even so reasonable a man as Erasmus of Rotterdam avowed his heart to be Catholic but his stomach Protestant: Once the south was Catholic and the north Protestant, but now things are

reversed, and the great Catholic churches of the south have become whitewashed Reformed Church lecture-halls, in which endless sermons are preached, where singing is performed sitting down and praying standing up, where there is neither altar nor font and the offertory is collected with out-size fishing-rods with black velvet bags on the end. And still the national costumes of the peasants bear witness to religious difference, for the Catholics wear a pair of square gold wings attached to their coiffe at eye-level and the Protestants a pair of gold cork-screw shaped ornaments in the same position. Whether these emblems had any symbolic significance I have been unable to discover, but it would seem that if, in the modern world, they have any meaning, they still symbolise the two most hackneyed means of attaining Tomtopia, be it on the wings of a dove, by a flight of fancy in a D.H. 108, or with Colonel Monday on Hollands gin in a satellite pub.

If the Dutchman throughout his history has had his eye on the main chance, and his ear to the ground, his heart is in the right place, and, since England well-nigh ruined her best friend, he has had his nose to the grindstone as well, and beaten his halberd and cutlass into spade, trowel and hoe. With his sand he has made the finest glass and mortar; polished the most famous diamonds and the lenses of the first telescope and microscope, invented by Lippershey and Leeuwenhoek; coaxes Dutch natives to succulence on the sandy bottom of the Osterschelde; and produces such a riot of colour with tulips, gladioli and hyacinths in the dunes of the province of Holland, that it must be seen to be believed. Verily the Pride of Boskoop and Haarlem. And have we ever been more grateful in this post-war year than for the grapes, peaches, strawberries and melons flown daily by the K.L.M. to one or other of our inadequate air-ports? Surely it is the modern Garden of Eden, where "Adam delv'd and Eve span"? Then they took clay and fashioned it, making the finest and mellowest bricks in the world and the celebrated Dutch tiles. And what china or porcelain is more homely and charming than Delft? Perhaps Dresden?—*Sèvres*?—*Wedgwood*? **These learnt it from the Dutch. Are not the Dutch supremely sensible to expend their energies on the things of the soil, so delectable to the taste and touch, and so pleasing to the eye? And from the business angle, so shrewd; for are not all these things made from whence all springs and whither all returns again? Things self-increasing, self-fertilising, without waste; things too soon consumed and reddesired more abundantly? Why build factories when wind, bulb, plant, tree, and cow perform so beautifully, in so little space and with no ado, what man and machines do with so much fuss, litter, noise, smoke and smell—and with so little love? We have covered our land with eyesores and fringed our coast with piers, we are covering what is left with concrete, and enveloping it in murk. No wonder we hide it behind hoardings and repair to Tivolis, Granadas, Capitols, Luxors and Meccas to sob, stare and salivate at technicolor, unconscious of the gloom in which we sit, so conscious of the gloom in which we serve.**

The favourite adjective of the guide-books for describing Holland is "quaint," and "quaint," the dictionary tells us, means "daintily odd." Now any people less dainty or less odd than the Dutch it would be hard to find. He is essentially generous, forthright and normal—normal, some may think, to the point of dullness, for he has scant patience with eccentricity of any kind, despite the fact that the Netherlands Republic has a reigning sovereign. It was certainly not whimsy but sheer stark necessity that dotted Holland with gigantic barns and such a profusion of windmills as would have made Don Quixote quail. Flooded and frozen meadows forced the farmer to keep his cattle indoors in the winter time, so what could be more practical than to have crops, implements, litter and fodder under the same roof as dairy and threshing floor, or more satisfying than to work amid the cosy warmth of the animals, with nostrils filled with the delicious smell of

cows and horses, harness and hay. His personal needs are small so **his farmhouse is small, but his purse is big.** The Dutch house is the masterpiece of Dutch civilisation, the epitome of his being and history. It is narrow fronted, for space is precious and access from canal or road to cellar is essential. It is attached and neighbourly, deep, steeply pitched and flat-fronted. The facade is unadorned, large windowed and has a central entrance, raised upon two stone steps with a fanlight. It expresses simple integrity and repose, which is what it is for. Its large windows lend it frankness, its curved gable—the one concession to the Counter-Reformation—grace, and its mellowness warmth. There are no net curtains and no aspidistras. Anyone may see inside, and what he sees is good, solid, cosy comfort and a row of flowering plants the whole breadth of the sill.

Dutch architecture has remained staunchly domestic and compact, in the spirit of the Reformation, sternly resisting the uncanny, formal, classicism of the Renaissance with its pillars and porticos, balustrades and cupolas, and the extravagances of Baroque and Rococo liquorocity. The Dutch taught us how to outgrow our manorial discomfort, and the inhospitality of our Norman and Elizabethan interiors. In fact they inspired most of what is best in English architecture both internal and external. Danckert and Vingtoon inspired Christopher Wren and Grinling Gibbons (himself born of Dutch parents), Dutch William gave us Hampton Court and Kew Palace as models, and what we are pleased to call "Queen Anne" and "Georgian" styles are the application of Dutch principles and adaptations of Dutch modes. And Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton owe much to the Dutch craftsmen in marquetry, inlay and dove-tailing, especially to van Hysman and Daniel Marot. And now we have Pseudo-Tudor, Butlins, Pre-fabs, and our neighbours' radio. It is seemly, now that we have flattened the three countries containing the most architectural beauties with our Art and Heartbusters and Atomic Abominations, that we should think on these things and raise something lovely for posterity, lest the very stones of the ruins cry out.

In conclusion it is fair to say that England's debt to Holland bears a direct relation to her National Debt, which indeed the Dutch taught her how to fund. For they have taught us not only how to turn a cabriole leg but a pretty penny in Far Eastern waters, how to paint and build, how to drain the Fens and grow sugar-beet; in fact how to live and how to dye. And now it is our turn to lend a hand. We have begun to do so, so let us continue. And to end this essay in realism let me conclude on a note of whimsy. Might it not be said that but for Captain Cook, Sir Stamford Raffles, James Watt and coal, together with our inability to learn the Dutch language, we might have been invited to merge with the Netherlands instead of now urging them to join us?

T.P.C.

A GLIMPSE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA IN 1946

There is a popular impression, unfortunately shared by some in High Places, that the countries of Central Europe are areas of black and mysterious nothingness—or, even worse, of red, ruthless suppression. Perhaps these areas do exist, but certainly the enlightened and hospitable country of Czechoslovakia is not one of them.

On a day towards the end of August I sailed into the misty sky of a bleak English summer and four hours later skimmed down into the warm sunshine of Prague. I went, at the invitation of Czech friends met during 1939, when they were refugees from the Nazi terror, afraid of what I might find in a world of fading promises, afraid that the dark forebodings of secret police and new concentration camps, to a people who dared not talk (things which some of my friends has assured me

"on the highest authority" existed) might conceivably just be true—and returned an unshakeable admirer of this country of fairy towers, dark forests and modern industries. I should like to place it on record now that this is the first country I have ever visited where I could say that without exception everyone was unfailingly friendly, and helpful. During the whole time I could not forbear from contrasting the Parisian policeman who, in response to my most polite request, made in my most careful French, to be told the way to some quite well-known place dismissed me with "Eh pourquoi c'est moi, hein?" with that of a kind Czech here who, when my mixture of French, German and English failed to convey any intelligence, insisted on walking a mile out of his direction to lead me to a place I pointed out on my map. And this desire to be hospitable was not confined to my contacts with casual strangers. My passion for information led me to Ministries, headquarters of political parties, schools, and so on and everywhere. I was met by the highest official who could afford the time, and my innumerable questions were answered and my criticisms were greeted with respect.

In an article of this size I cannot attempt to do more than sketch in a few impressions of this exciting and varied country. Prague itself is, of course, unique with its medley of architectural styles; seven centuries may be seen all competing for one's attention in a single narrow view, from the severest Gothic to the most ornate Baroque Towers of every kind, slender tiled spires carrying clusters of yet more slender spirelets, pepper-pot towers straight from Medieval fairy stories, onion towers, cheese-shaped towers, spreading cupolas jostle one another and between them high-pitched wobbly roofs with delightful variegation of coloured tiles sometimes waving up in graceful curves to make windows that look like half-closed eyes; and below lie roads, pavements and squares made of small parti-coloured square flat stones set in swirling rhythmic patterns. In some of its narrow older streets one can walk from the bright hot sun into the dim coolness of vaulted wine cellars, where one needs only a modern imagination to people them with Faustus challenging the devil and Kepler scribbling away at his astronomical calculations. Through the city winds the rushing, leaping Vltava, in sharp contrast with our majestic but muddy sluggish Thames, and at night its islands twinkle with coloured lights and through the trees comes the sound of music mingled with the chatter of the people eating and drinking in the warm night air.

Food? Good in quality and quantity, and somewhat cheaper than in England. Rationing? Yes, for practically everything as with us, but even so, the shop windows are filled with a far greater variety and quantity of purchasable goods than we have yet achieved. Some commodities, for example, petrol, are in much shorter supply than even our own meagre ration, hence taxis are ruinously expensive unless one has taken the precaution of having a good supply of English cigarettes—the Czech ration is only issued to men and runs out to about two a day—which form an excellent basis for barter! Sugar on the other hand is plentiful, and one can buy sufficient sweets for a week's ration to become quite decently sick.

Amongst the younger people I found a tremendous enthusiasm for rebuilding their ravaged country; a dogged determination to make their political system work so that it is an example for the rest of Europe. With the older people, the sadness of death seemed still to be cling to them. Most of my intimate friends in Czechoslovakia carry the double stigma of partly Jewish blood and socialist principles, and are almost the sole surviving members of what was once large families. Lidice, the village which the Germans destroyed with psychopathic fury, digging up, pulverizing and scattering the foundations of all the houses, is only a short ride from Prague, but even the extermination of all Lidice's male inhabitants and the thousand hostages shot in Prague as a sequel, are flea-bites compared with the

millions who were wedged a hundred at a time into railway trucks and sent to the gas chambers of Auschwitz (and these are no figments of the propagandist's imagination; I have verified this from two people of eminent probity who bear the tattoo identification numbers of Auschwitz on their arms). The dark shadow has still not left these peoples' minds, and their attitude to the new things is more sober.

Lest anyone should think that the fact that Czechoslovakia has a Communist Government argues a dictatorship with the accompanying horrors of secret police, muzzling of the press, and so on, let me assure them that the Government is even more democratic than our own, since, not only are all parties represented in the House as with us, but the Cabinet itself is composed similarly, each party being represented in proportion to the number of its successful candidates; thus, for example the Minister of Education is a member of the Catholic party. Each political party has its own daily paper, which is published without any political censorship and criticisms of Government policy are freely voiced—but officials of all parties, and I discussed this question with all the leading parties, are united in their conviction that, however much their views may differ from those of the Government, that it must be made to work successfully, otherwise they believe that chaos will result. Hence everywhere there is an urge to get on with it and get things done, no matter how, so long as they are done, and leave the arguing until times are more propitious. And if you want to see a Czech really amused tell him he's a pawn of the U.S.S.R.

The general cultural level is very high. Schools are extremely well equipped, and the pedagogical methods enlightened. They are perhaps a little over academic, but within that limit they compare favourably with anything we have to show. The Theatre is very virile. The time I was there Shaw and Shakespeare were being played at four different theatres. I saw a production of the Medieval legends, "Ulenspiegel," by Burian, at the D47 Theatre, presented as a continuous series of lovely cameos with curtains and coloured lights as the only scenery; and at the Imperial Opera House a surrealist production of "Tales of Hoffmann" by a young producer of 25, named Radok which almost made me believe it was a good opera, so exciting was it. Good book-shops abound; in every big street in Prague you can find at least six first-class book-shops with books in every European language. And if *that* doesn't convince you of the high cultural level of the Czech people, perhaps this will (perhaps the printer will print it small so that my colleagues don't notice it)—corporal punishment is illegal in Czechoslovakia!

P.S.

VERSE

CLERICHEWS

I

Sir Francis Bacon
Was severely shaken.
He thought his name looked best
After The Tempest.

ANTHONY WELLS

II

Percy Bysshe Shelley
Said, "I wonder what the hell a
Vulture would do, if it found
Prometheus unbound."

ANTHONY WILSON

III

John Keats
Said, "If anybody meets
A Nightingale in the road,
Tell him I'm writing an ode."

ANTHONY WILSON

IV

James II
Hadn't reckoned,
On a Revolution, he thought uproarious
Being called "glorious."

P. P.

V

Joyce
After a day in Dublin, said in a weary voice
"Now one sees
Why I've just got to write Ulysses."

J. J.

VI

William Shakespeare
When he wrote "King Lear"
May have failed at the Globe, but he certainly did the trick
For the Arts Council and the Old Vic.

W. W.

THE CORBELLED TOWER

Silver, where the grey gull flies,
Flies a cloud across the moon's mirrored world.
Silent, the corbelled tower points
To its far distant counterpart.
What if *they* are looking?
Might we not see? See a tower
Tall, round, pencil-pointed?

Through its two small windows light
Thinly penetrates. Subtle suggestion
To those bereft of light more direct.
Through its two small windows we see
Dim shapes of continents, picture in solitude
Each river, coast and stream, each hill and plain,
Each town and tower. **But silent.**
No sound touches the soundless plain.

J. J.

CONTEMPORARY

Tomatoes ripen in dark cupboards or under the sun.
Misery puts a bloom on some, content on others,
But neither burnishes this one.
He like rich milk turning on a summer's day
Sours with joy; and he finds grief no cherishing womb
Only a condition of decay.

He is pointed and intent as a needle, not to mend
But to rend and with the same exclusive total
Devotion to his end,

And the single ascetic rigour of a lover of Stalin
Or of God, he grinds his rasping nature to a cutting edge.
Odd that he might have been

Crucified in another age not to himself but a tree,
 One whose blood as dung might have made the ground
 Flourish with sanctity,
 Who now like a disused ploughshare rusts among weeds
 While that power warps which might have opened the earth
 To acclaim the creative seeds.

W. W.

INCUBUS

And so shall the last faint recollection send
 Scurrying across the moorland paths
 The midnight hopes of pale sanity.
 While in the far distant mist
 Stand the blue lodge where Diabolos lives,
 And there when the moon is hid
 And sound is strangled in dull echo
 Comes Fear.
 Through each soft wall,
 Past each shadowed curtain
 That mocks the light
 Of the dark-giving candle,
 Is built the tower of Fear.
 Within, the steps,
 Looped with age,
 Filled with insinuant fear,
 Winding endless to cold height,
 Are each turn littered by barren souls
 That could climb no more.
 I entered and climbed step by step
 To one who stood silent
 And in tones unheard spoke
 Back, or on to the last grave,
 Grave without mould,
 Of unburied corpse fear-faced.
 Back I could not, on I would not
 But that one beckoned
 And I fell, through dark,
 Smothering dark, of endless night.

J. J.

REPORT ON THE PROMENADE CONCERTS

The 52nd Season of Promenade Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall was undoubtedly a great success. The prospects which the B.B.C. set before us did not contain an embarrassment of riches, but it was adequate, and well balanced.

The programmes were unchanged from the classical point of view, and the repertoire of "hardy annuals" was covered with the competence we have come to expect from the B.B.C. A very important feature of the season was the inclusion of substantial excerpts from the four operas comprising Wagner's great "Ring of the Nibelungs." In these excerpts important soloists were Eva Turner, as Brünnhilde, and Arthur Carron as Siegfried in the "Twilight of the Gods" and "Siegfried," and Oda Slobodskaya as Sieglinde in "The Valkyries." Other notable features were the inclusion of all five of Vaughan Williams' Symphonies and all Sibelius seven Symphonies. Vaughan Williams himself conducted a performance of his "London" Symphony.

As of old, the programme offered us a list of novelties, important among which were the first performances in England of Shostakovich's

9th Symphony, and Prokofiev's 5th Symphony. These were entirely different in character, the former light and happy, the latter obviously a great work of tremendous size and scale. Other notable novelties were the first performance in England of a lovely little work by the American composer, Paul Creston, his Poem for Harp and orchestra, the solo part being played perfectly by that great exponent of her instrument, Sidonie Goossens. Constant Lambert conducted the first concert performance of a suite of Arthur Bliss's music for the Sadler's Wells Ballet, "Adam Zero"—not, unfortunately, suitable for concert performance.

In the writer's opinion the most remarkable novelty was a setting of John Masefield's poem, "Where does the uttered music go?" for unaccompanied chorus by William Walton. The B.B.C. Chorus, under their conductor, Leslie Woodgate, made a profound impression, with their performance of the great music, which is destined to become one of Walton's most famous compositions. (It has already been recorded.) The words and music, dedicated to Sir Henry Wood, were given their very first performance at the unveiling of a window in memory of the great man in St. Sepulchre's Church, Holborn, the scene of Sir Henry's early life as the Church organist.

Other notable works during the season were four choral works: Delius' "Song of the High Hills"; Handel's "Alexander's Feast Part 2"; John Ireland's "These Things Shall Be"; and William Walton's great "Belshazzar's Feast." This work, I think, marked the climax of the whole season, for it was performed with the full complement of musicians demanded in the composer's score—a rare event. Readers may be interested to know that Ian Mackintosh was one of the "extras." Incidentally, the last three concerts leading up to the last night—the Wednesday with "Belshazzar's Feast," Thursday with Eva Turner and Arthur Carron in Wagner's "Twilight of the Gods," and Friday Beethoven's Choral Symphony, were probably the most significant of the whole season.

Now something of the soloists: throughout the season we had many opportunities to renew acquaintance with old friends exiled from this country since 1939; Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson, Antonio Brosa, Szigeti and William Primrose returning from American triumphs, Telmany, the Hungarian violinist making a welcome reappearance, the great Polish pianist, Nalcuzyanski, and Elizabeth Schumann, whose crystal tones once more gave us well-loved Bach and Schubert arias. Pierre Fournier, over from France, played the solo cello in Strauss's "Don Quixote" and Jo Vincent, the wonderful Dutch soprano imprisoned in a concentration camp during the War, swept us off our feet with sublime performances of Bach's Italian Cantata No. 209, and "Softly Sighs" from Weber's "Der Freischütz." Menuhin himself appeared to give a performance of Elgar's great B minor Concerto. Unfortunately he was very ill at the time, but his performance was not marred, and the slow movement was quite the most moving performance I have ever heard in any concerto. This was by the way Menuhin's first appearance at a Promenade Concert.

It now remains to mention the Orchestras and Conductors. The London Symphony Orchestra and B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra had four weeks each of the eight weeks season, and were conducted, as last year, by Sir Adrian Boult and Basil Cameron, with Constant Lambert as their associate.

It would seem that we have handed many orchids and no onions, but we must criticise the broadcasts. They were hopelessly inadequate, and on too many occasions the most important item on the programme was sacrificed for cheap Music Hall "turns" and other examples of the B.B.C.'s vulgarisation. Next year, we are informed, we shall have the Proms. broadcast to our hearts content, on the new Third Programme—very pleasant. But why should we have to wait for an entirely new

programme to be formed to give us what the Midland and Regional did quite well before the war.

That the season was enjoyed by the "regulars" was obvious on the last night, by the hearty singing in Henry Wood's Fantasie in British Sea Songs. Sir Adrian Boult made a short speech, and in it announced that there will be a fortnight's winter season of Troms. In January—Great news, indeed!

K. L.

THE RUGBY CLUB

Results of School Games.

1st XV v. Sutton County School	...	Won 39-6
1st XV v. Wallington County School	...	Won 13-8
1st XV v. Whitgift Middle School 2nd XV	...	Won 50-0
1st XV v. Harrow School 2nd XV	...	Won 12-11
1st XV v. K.C.S., 2nd XV	...	Won 15-8
1st XV v. Shore ditch Training College	...	Won 14-13
1st XV v. Beckenham County School	...	Drew 3-3
1st XV v. Shurbiton County School	...	Won 11-5
1st XV v. St. George's College	...	Won 15-6

1st XV Team:—Pegrum, Sleigh, Thompson, Parker, Welby, Taylor, Newman, Saunders, Ashley, Thomas, Lines, Simpson, Kohlbek, Champney, Hopkins.

2nd XV:—Herbert, Winter, Osmin, Colvin, Godwin, Birch, Cunningham, Priestman, Newcombe, Amey, Grindrod, Cheale, Wells, Phillips, Pead, Dohng.

2nd XV results:—

2nd XV v. Wallington	...	Lost 0-16
2nd XV v. K.C.S., 3rd XV	...	Won 38-0
2nd XV v. Beckenham	...	Won 10-9
2nd XV v. Shurbiton	...	Won 22-3

The new arrangement for afternoon games is working well and Rugby is flourishing in the School. House and Form matches have shown much spirit and the improvement in the standard of play is quite evident. The Colts, Juniors and 2nd XV teams have all had a successful term and the future of the game in the School is well assured.

The 1st XV has had a remarkable succession of wins and hopes to have an invincible season. Whatever happens, however, we can congratulate Big Side upon its well deserved success. The match against Harrow School 2nd XV will long be remembered by players and spectators (we are very pleased that so many boys and staff have watched the games). This was a fast, open game which we won by 12 points to 11. The hero of the game was Newman, who is a natural footballer, a born scrum-half, skilful, fast and determined. His taking and his handling are a joy to watch. In this game Sleigh dropped a splendid goal. Sleigh has indeed scored many points for the team by his excellent place kicking.

We beat K.C.S., 2nd XV fairly comfortably whilst our win against the Whitgift Middle School 2nd XV by 50 points to 0 shows that the backs are capable, if given the chance. The centres, Thompson and Taylor—the latter has done well at stand-off half also—are both speedy, powerful players. In the match against St. George's College (who until this game had not been beaten) Taylor played a first-rate game, scoring a good try and making many opportunities for the backs. Cameron is another three-quarter with speed and strength. His failure to score often enough, is due to weak handling and lack of coaching. We must admit that we need more opportunity for practising and coaching. There is no lack of ability but there are weaknesses in play which might well be eradicated. A word must be said

L. A. W.

THE SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

This term's programme was arranged as follows:—

September 25th. Debate: "The Modern Child is to be Deported." For: P. Pringle and Mr. Doolan. Against: S. Smith and Mr. Balslaw.

October 2nd. Forum on U.N.O.

Thomas, Norton, Evans and Alder led groups which discussed the control of armaments, the problem of nationalism and the "tune-

tional approach," Federal Union, and the question of minorities.

October 16th. B.B.C. Symphony Concert at the Albert Hall.

A wide variety of records, classical and jazz, some readings of poetry and prose, pieces played by Packham and Lockwood on saxo-

phone and accordion, made up an entertaining programme.

November 13th. Debate: "This House would welcome a con-

structive scheme for the emigration of British Youth to the Dominions." For: Tanner and Mr. Cattley.

Against: D. Saunders and Mr. Webb.

In both debates the standard of speaking was excellent, and the presence of the four members of the Staff was very much appreciated.

We look forward to three more meetings. A. M. F. Lahmer, Esq., M.P.

for Wimbledon is to lead a discussion on Parliament, and there is to

be a Model Parliament evening session and a Mock Trial. In addition

to these evening meetings there have been two further visits to the

Albert Hall, and another to the Britain Can Make It Exhibition. A

party is to represent the School during the holidays at a Conference

organised by the Council for Education in World Citizenship.

R. L. Bird, who was Secretary of the Society since its foundation,

left this term; we owe a lot to his patience, efficiency and tact, and

were lucky to have so good a secretary during the early days of ex-

portiment. His place is taken by C. E. Satter, the only remaining

original member, and a worthy successor to Bird. The Society has

now over fifty members and has a good record of attendance at the

meetings held in the Library on Wednesday evenings. Old Boys

frequently come, and are always welcomed.

But it was never intended that the Society should exist merely to

provide a weekly meeting. Its proper function is to provide all activities

in which they take part, and to provide new opportunities when they

are sought for. By meeting regularly and providing a wide variety

of subjects for debate and discussion, we frequently find that it is

necessary to form new groups. So it was that concert and theatre

going became a regular activity of the Society, and that the Model

Parliament, which started as a fixture in the programme of evening

meetings, soon burst these bonds and now meets every week on

Thursdays after dinner. In the same way the newly formed first-year

Study Group [Tuesdays after dinner: Secretary, Evans] was an off-

shoot of the Parliament and followed naturally from the belief that some real research into facts and figures was necessary if all our debating was to be worth while. We hope that, in future, the Study Group, which has so far heard papers on Exports [Hodges], British Farming [de Costa] and the Film Industry [Lines and Mr. Hanson], will be used by Cabinet Ministers as a Select Committee, and that the Group reports will be discussed in Parliament. Another possibility is that the Group should work as a Ministerial Department, and serve each Minister in turn as he prepares his case. The paper on the Film Industry has already prompted a strong recommendation that the Film Society should be revived, and its scope extended to provide education in film criticism. The Gramophone Club (Secretary, Beardwell) meet in the Headmaster's room on Friday after dinner; its revival was due to the enthusiasm shown when classical records were played during the Society's Personal Choice evening.

MODEL PARLIAMENT

The Parliament is now established and works smoothly. A Coalition Government of the left succeeded to the long supremacy of the Conservatives under Baker and Amey, and there are several new stars on the Front Bench. Most of the term has been spent on Penal Reform and Atomic Energy. The difficulty always is to achieve a high standard of debate and to avoid relying upon one or two Front Bench members only, before proceeding to a division. But there has been a great improvement recently, and the weekly meeting of Prime Minister, Leader of the Opposition, Government and Opposition Whips, Clerk of the House, and Hansard Scribe ensures punctuality and sufficient publicity. Questions to Ministers are now more artfully concocted and more persistently followed up, and the memory of the House is now sufficiently long enough to ensure some lively party warfare.

It seems the right moment to suggest a new purpose for the **Parliament**. I would like to see it concerned almost entirely with the neighbourhood around the School, perhaps even with School affairs. If our members represented local constituencies—Grand Drive, Kingston Road, Motpur Park, and so on, and made themselves familiar with those areas, and if Ministers were held responsible for local affairs—condition of roads, playing fields, youth clubs—a higher standard of debate and a better training in democratic citizenship would be achieved. **At least the idea deserves experiment. I am sure, too, that we ought to invite representatives from other schools nearby, and possibly parents as well. Hansard ought to be further developed.** At the moment Birch works hard to keep a record of proceedings, but we ought to make possible a circulation of perhaps a dozen copies, and certainly we should file away an official account of proceedings for future reference. We also badly need to organise the circulation of the Orders of the Day before meetings and to encourage some study by others than those who are down to speak. For this purpose the pamphlet literature, which is growing in volume, should be catalogued and pressed into service. We shall shortly need a Parliamentary Librarian who would do this job, and also maintain contact with associations which publish new sheets and commentaries.

The possibilities are endless, the Society is enthusiastic, and the work is both entertaining and worth while; we must make sure that it is continued and developed as fully as our conditions permit.

A. M.

THE PARTISANS

President: The Headmaster.

Secretary: C. R. E. Parker.

Members now at School: Mr. W. Walsh, Mr. E. A. C. Balshawe, C. R. E. Parker, D. Saunders, P. Pringle, J. Joyce.

Two papers have this term been delivered to the Society, both of them by members who have subsequently left us, to join the Forces. The first meeting, at which C. W. Baker read a paper on Modern English Music, was not held at School, as is usual, but at a member's house where Baker was able to make use of a gramophone and piano. He began his paper by describing the sources from which the style of modern English music has been derived. There was virtually no English music until the sixteenth century, and the Germans described us as "Der landt unter Musik." It was back to this Elizabethan music that men like Stanford, Parry and Mackenzie turned in the "Renaissance" of English music. He then dealt in some detail with the lives and work of some modern English composers. He told us how Elgar would go to the piano and compose brilliant improvisations and play parodies of other composers; and that Holdst at the tender age of thirteen was able to read Berlioz's book on instrumentation. He told us of many other composers, notably Vaughan-Williams, John Ireland, Delius, Arthur Bliss and Benjamin Britten, playing, whenever the need arose, pieces or phrases from their works, on the piano or the gramophone. Baker concluded his paper by reading an essay by Constant Lambert. From this we gathered that all music has been vulgarised by the collusion of popular and classical styles, and that we live in an age of tonal debauchery.

At the second meeting, which was held at School, H. Wiggins read a paper on the position of women in society. This was a carefully written scientific treatise in which he attempted to decide whether the woman has only a secondary part to play in the world, and if so, why has she tried to usurp the place of the man. In dealing with this question Wiggins went right back to the origin of mankind, and from thence examined many of the subsequent civilisations from which we might learn something of the woman's rightful place in the world. When the paper had been read, however, there was little vehement discussion as there were no feminists among us, and all present seemed agreed at least in principle that the woman's proper sphere of activities was inside the four walls of her home. At this last meeting, Mr. E. A. C. Balshawe was present, whom we welcome as a new member of the Society.

THE POETRY SOCIETY

President: The Headmaster.

Secretary: C. R. E. Parker.

Members: Mr. W. Walsh, J. Joyce, P. Pringle, C. R. E. Parker, J. Hopkins, A. Evans.

The Poetry Society survives. Although this may sound a somewhat negative declaration, we are justly proud that it has done so, since the loss of three more original members has deprived us of our main sources of inspiration. Robinson, Baker and Peake have all left us to join H.M. Forces. This is indeed a blow, for the Society relies mainly on members' original work. This term we are definitely short of contributions, but Mr. Walsh, Pringle and Joyce have all produced poems of exceptional merit, and carried on the tradition of reading new verse at every session. Two new members have joined us this term, as yet without muses of their own, but well able to fulfil the humbler tasks of criticism and appreciation. At our first meeting we were honoured by the presence of the Headmaster, when all the members were present, including H. S. Peake, who came back to read us two poems shortly before joining the Army. Membership of the Society does not cease on leaving the School, and we hope that our members now serving will again attend our meetings when they are released. For the present we look to the junior School to produce the new and vigorous poetic talent which was shown by their performances in the verse speaking competition.

LECTURES

Members of the School were privileged to attend the Annual Book Society Lecture at Friend's House in October. The lecturer was Bertrand Russel, and his theme the relation of Philosophy to Politics. It would be difficult to overpraise Lord Russel, whose lecture combined, in admirable proportions, profundity and piercing lucidity, metaphysical speculation and astringent wit. He began by noticing that the connection between Philosophy and Politics was less eagerly pursued in England than abroad. The Soviet System was based on the philosophy of Marx, the Catholic on that of Aquinas, the Nazi on German Idealism, and the Democratic Liberal system on that of Locke. That the sole aim of philosophy should be intellectual knowledge was a purely modern idea, an older approach considered that philosophy should combine a view of the universe and of man's place in it. Certainly a fundamental problem of philosophy was to reconcile social life with the urgency of individual desires. Government, the Religious Code, the priesthood, criminal law and Kings were services designed to effect this reconciliation. Philosophy has arisen in ages when religion declined in order to provide social coherence. Many philosophers were insincere and illogical through fear of social anarchy. Plato advocated strict censorship, oligarchy in government, large-scale infanticide, education for war—in fact, totalitarianism—because he desired to maintain a static perfection. But man is a restless, changing animal, the world is full of change, the planets change; there is ceaseless change. It is fatal to attempt as many idealistic philosophies have done to put a stop to time and fluctuation. Hegel, the other great idealist, believed that liberty was to be found in subjection to arbitrary law, that war was good, the Prussian State the test and internationalism necessary. From Hegel, Marx took over the belief that the world is ordered according to a logical plan, and this is dogmatically maintained over a large part of the world's surface. Of course, if you believe this basic dogma, no degree of coercion can be objected to. Idealist philosophy, in fact, has always led to slavery and reaction because reality is twisted and forcibly arranged in the service of an abstract ideal. For democracy empiricism is the only basis; it holds its beliefs tentatively and with moderation. Opinions held empirically are held as opinions are in science, subject to alteration and correction, and not as they are held in theology, rigidly and immutably. Once again we see wars of religion—now called ideology—looming ahead; to this dogmatic and intolerant spirit must oppose a liberal, empirical philosophy, halfway between dogma and scepticism. While theology is ready to impose a certain evil for an uncertain good, we must say that if the end is doubtful or the means unsure, we cannot commit a present crime for some uncertain future good. Suspicion is to be commended on the grounds of its greater truth as well as on ethical grounds. Dogma leads to fanaticism—to war—and now to universal death. But liberal empiricism is the one philosophy which can be adopted by one who requires scientific evidence and desires mutual forbearance.

9th October.—“Administrative Work in West Africa.”

In Mr. Lines' lecture we received information in its most palatable form, that of actual experience. It was the host of personal everyday observations that made this talk so vivid; the fact that refrigerators were general in the wilds of Africa, or that native girls plastered their hair with cow dung to enhance their personal charm, or that the local Arab-bred Emirs wore swords that had first seen service in the Crusades. West Africa is a land of colour and customs, and as such the white man must only exert his civilizing authority warily. Native administrators are used wherever possible to propagate our methods of selective breeding, or bridge construction, or to teach our modern ways of utilizing the whole of the coconut for oil, butter and soap as well as for food.

In all spheres the British authorities try to be helpful, yet not to interfere, to improve, yet not to disturb, and to spread the obvious advantages that Western civilization can offer to the African who is capable and willing to receive and benefit by them.

J. C. T.

November 12th, 1946.—Film “In Occupied Japan.”

Commentary by William Courtney.

After a short introductory talk with the aid of a large map of the Pacific, Mr. William Courtney showed as a most remarkable and interesting technicolor film reviewing the first year of Allied occupation of Japan. Mr. Courtney accompanied the film with an admirable commentary.

In spite of its considerable length and the nature of the seating, the audience was wholly absorbed from beginning to end by this amazingly fine film.

The film was shown in three reels, of which the first dealt with the events leading up to the formal surrender of Japan and the initial landing at Atsugi Airfield. The highlights of this reel were the pictures of the American battleship, “New Jersey,” and the surrender ceremony on board the “Missouri.”

The second reel dealt with the occupation of Tokio and the internal situation in Japan. The chief scenes that stand out from this reel were the pictures of atom-bombed Nagasaki and the air views of the intensely cultivated mountain sides.

The last reel included a visit to Hiroshima, a powerful sequence showing Fujiyama, and some scenes in a Korean port. Kyoto, the only undamaged city of Japan, was notable for its beautiful buildings.

If one criticism may be allowed, it is that the commentator made no reference to the actual government of Japan by General McArthur, which has caused much controversy recently. Otherwise, the film and the commentary were beyond all praise, and must leave an indelible impression on the minds of all who saw and heard it.

P.P.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES

This year's prize giving took place at Wimbledon Town Hall in, the presence of the Governors and a very large body of parents and friends of the School. Mr. Billingham, the Chairman of the Governors, was unfortunately indisposed and unable to attend. In his absence Mr. G. L. Lowndes presided, and after the Headmaster's review of the year, introduced the guest of honour, Major Guy Lloyd, D.S.O., M.P., who delivered an address which was both inspiring and inspiring. The theme of his discourse was the contemporary decline in moral and spiritual values. An acute historical analysis fortified and illustrated his theme, and then, speaking with great dignity and deeply sincere feeling, he insisted on their necessity in the good life. He made a sharp impact on his audience which was given, and gratefully took, the opportunity to lift its eyes from the complexity of immediate problems to a higher, nobler and more luminous plane of life. The Head of the School, David Saunders, offered the thanks of the School to the chief speaker in a speech graced with the admirable qualities of point, wit and brevity.

PRIZE LIST, 1945-1946.

Form Prizes

A4 Tanner, P. A.	M2 Florentine, J. B.
A3 Havery, R.	M1 Melmoth, A., Murant, A. F.
A2 Gillard, D. L., Jonas, D. S.	IV.3 Simpson, R. C., Kohlbeck, R. E.
A1 Menzies, A. F., Crichton, J. W.	IV.2 Simpson, A. G.
	IV.1 Harris, D. J.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST PERFORMANCES IN SCHOOL CERTIFICATE:—

Conchie, A. F. Mackay, D. Warren, A. S.

PRIZES FOR THE MOST PROMISING WORK IN FIRST YEAR SIXTH.

Birch, R. A. Needham, M. Tanner, D. W.

PRIZES FOR BEST WORK IN HIGHER CERTIFICATE:—

History—Saunders, D. M. *Biology*—Salter, C. E.
Geography—Pringle, P. A. R. Wiggins, H. S.
English—Robinson, R. H. Starck, G. P.
French—Taylor, J. C. *Mathematics*—Smith, H. A.
Physics and Mathematics—Norton, *Statistics*—Hatswell, E. D.
 H. J.

School Prizes

ART PRIZES—Buckingham, M. V., Absolon, M. G., Lintott, K.

MUSIC PRIZES—Ball, D. W., Parkhurst, B. R.

VERSE SPEAKING COMPETITION PRIZES:—

Betts, D. C., Havery, R. O., Mumford, R. A., Goodwin, A. C.,
 Grindrod, G., Parker, C. R. E.

HANDICRAFT PRIZES—Pooley, J. B., Warham, F. P.

SPECIAL PRIZE FOR CONTRIBUTION TO WORKSHOP—Ponsonby, F. N.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PRIZES—Bennison, R. E., Pringle, P. A. R.

JOHN ROBBINS PRIZE—Saunders, D. M., Birch, R. A., Pringle, P. A. R.

NORMAN SCIENCE PRIZE—Bennett, B. D.

WHITMAN PRIZE FOR MEDICAL STUDIES—Bird, R. J.

HEADMASTER'S ESSAY PRIZE—Joyce, J., Parker, C. R. E.

LEAVING PRIZE TO HEAD OF THE SCHOOL, 1945-1946—Hopkins, A. G.

Higher Certificates

VI. ARTS.

Bide, P. E.

Chamberlain, K. L.

Harrison, D.

Jowett, P. G.

Joyce, J.

Peake, H. S.

Pringle, P. A. R.

Robinson, R. H.

a Saunders, D. M.

Taylor, J. C.

a. Distinction in History.

c. Distinction in Mathematics.

VI. SCIENCE.

b Bennett, B. D.

Bird, R. L.

Carr, M. R.

Gravett, K. W. E.

Lough, D. G.

Marson, A. R.

Norton, H. J.

Salter, C. E.

Starck, G. P.

Wiggins, H. S.

b. Distinction in Physics.

d. Distinction in Statistics.

VI. ECONOMICS.

Gardiner, N. S.

Osmint, G.

d Hatswell, E. D.

Rolison, J. B.

c d Smith, H. A.

Junior Scholars of the Trinity College of Music

We are glad that Dennie and Allen were successful in obtaining Junior Scholarships offered by the County. This brings the number of our boys who attend Trinity College on Saturday morning under this scheme up to five. They are all enjoying their course of study immensely.

Recital in the School Hall

On Friday Evening, November 1st, we were delightfully entertained by Robert Wilson (pianoforte), Kenneth Martin (clarinet) and Bruno Schrecker (cello). These three Old Boys are studying at the Royal College of Music. They gave us, besides solo items, a most interesting Trio in B \flat (Op. 11) by Beethoven. Mr. Loveday added variety to the programme by singing (accompanied by D. W. Ball) three Roger Quilter settings of Shakespearian Songs. A collection for the School War Memorial realised £6 10s. 0d.

Visits to Concerts

Once again a party of twenty boys are attending the Robert Mayer Concerts on Saturday Mornings at the Central Hall, Westminster. We are enjoying the conducting and introductory remarks of Boyd Neal more than ever, and count ourselves lucky in obtaining tickets for the series, as more than three thousand applications had to be refused. Parties of Sixth Formers have attended the Ida Haendal and Campoli-Beecham Concerts at the Albert Hall, and received feasts of the violin Concertos and Symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms. A small party also attended the National Festival of Youth, "Music from the Ballets" Concert at the Albert Hall.

The Annual Carol Concert

As usual the Carol Concert will be at the very end of term, but this year there will be considerable changes in the programme. During Mr. Garrett's time we had a Carol Service similar to the Festival of the Nine Lessons of King's College, Cambridge. During Mr. Wrinch's time we changed it to a Concert at which we sang secular Carols and Wassails, read poems and performed the Mummings' Play. This year we shall revert more to the Service. We shall omit the secular part of the programme, but shall continue to include poems among the readings. The Carols will contain more two-part and four-part harmony than they have done previously. Another particularly interesting feature will be the reading of two poems by Mr. Walsh and J. Joyce which have been selected from a number written by members of the Poetry Society. Thus we hope in this "new" Carol Service to produce a "form" as distinct and definite as the other two and equally enjoyable.

R. L.

OPEN NIGHT

Not only am I a parent of but one year's standing; I have never attended an Open Night at Raynes Park or any other school. So I have no standards by which to comment on the Open Night at the end of last term. Moreover I have no idea what obstacles have to be overcome by teaching staff, cleaning staff and boys in presenting their school, their work and themselves for observation by outsiders. It may all be easier than it looks, and if so, my admiration for what struck me as a remarkably good job may be excessive. The fact remains that there was a vitality and enjoyment about this wide-ranging, and, in some sections, painstakingly compiled exhibition that was satisfying. Obviously Raynes Park is technically competent to fit boys to earn a living; but this is vigorously and truly related to other essential elements of liberal culture—scholarship and æsthetic creation, personal skill in handicrafts and natural observation, critical appreciation of public affairs, reasonable emphasis on physical fitness, and lively partnership between generations, in which the authority

MUSIC NOTES

The Orchestra

The number of boys who continue to make steady progress on the violin is really quite promising, and we offer our very sincere thanks to Mr. Parkhurst for the great help he is giving us. Several of the beginners are now sufficiently advanced to join the Orchestra proper which has been rehearsing regularly this term under the very able leadership of T. F. Cromwell each Friday Evening, from six to seven-thirty. A Melmoth, R. J. Threlfall and M. S. Leak are all doing well on the clarinet, flute and trumpet respectively. We have recently acquired a good 'cello and a second viola for which we are in debt to the extent of £22. We shall be organising Concerts next term to raise this sum. As we now have the double bass, two 'cellos (one on loan), two violas and several violins, we are no longer held up for want of instruments, but we do want two boys to volunteer to take up the 'cello seriously.

of the older rests less on status than on the quality of their understanding. Open night showed that Raynes Park is not frightened of enthusiasms and that its enthusiasms cover most of what is good in life.

Some things I did miss, either because they weren't there or because I didn't find them. If cricket was not possible, I should like to have seen **what the school could do at tennis**. In town and suburban schools, the less formal types of outdoor pursuits are important, and I should like to have seen something of the Scouts—even if they did have a show to themselves earlier on. And the exhibits in the Natural History section left me wondering whether quite as much use is made of Wimbledon Common as would be possible. Might not some continuous survey be made of some small part of it, the results being shown annually at Open Night, and the whole, over a period of years, providing a record of the natural history of London, as shown by one of its important open spaces?

I was left with several minor and major reflections. During the period I was at the school, the biggest crowds were at the boxing and the poetry-reading. This may merely signify that we are a gregarious lot and there was more room on the playing field and in the library than elsewhere. Or it may signify that in these days of extreme ideologies there are fewer "moderates," lying between the Philistines on the one hand and those who pursue sweetness and light on the other. **Or anything else you like. I merely offer the fact for speculation.**

I have also found myself reflecting on what Open Nights are for. Are they to show work being done, or successful work already done, or to capture the life of the school or what? Probably the answer is something of each. There must always be a pull towards showing the best only; but the life of a school is not confined to the visibly best work of its best boys, as several features of Open Night showed. The quality of a school's education is to be judged at least as much by the zest and happiness of its unsuccessful rabbits as by the triumphs of its distinguished members. Demonstration classes are one way of showing this side of the school's life, but is there more that could be done? **The answer may be "no"; but if it is "yes," I have no doubt at all that the resource and imagination of Raynes Park will show what it is before the school is much older.**

R. C. W.

THE 19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

The winning by the Group of the Local Association's Athletic Shield last term has been followed by a similar success in swimming. Our team entered the Inter-Group Contest and won the **Swimming Shield**. **The individual successes were: D. Grindrod (100 yds. Championship), J. Ashley, G. Thomas, N. MacDonald, A. Simpson and G. Grindrod.**

The local Youth Organisations' Swimming Contest followed, and several of our team were entered to represent Wimbledon Scouts who won the Cup.

In the Inter-Group Camping Competition of the Association, our team came fourth. It was a creditable performance by a necessarily last minute composite patrol which, while competing with efficiency and enthusiasm, also made it an enjoyable week-end in lovely woodland surroundings.

On the lines suggested by Imperial Headquarters which we ourselves have been approaching for many months, our senior scouts have now formed themselves into a separate section of the Group and will be known as the Orde Wingate Patrol of Senior Scouts. Membership is restricted to the Sixth Form or the over 16's. The District Com-

missioner was present when the first ten members were invested in September, and there are others who will follow this lead. On present staffing we cannot appoint a separate Scouter for this section of the 19th, but Mr. W. H. Thomas, who has done so much already, is acting as the adult leader. One fine week-end in September, he led a party on a boating expedition in the upper Thames. A couple of boats, some rare sunshine and not so rare thrills under difficulties, all went to give these fellows a grand time. On a Sunday morning in October, a similar team left Raynes Park in the early hours and cycled to the South Coast. They spent the mid-day period sunbathing on the beaches and cycled back home in time for tea. It provided a test of endurance as well as of mutual help. Later in the term two separate teams went out into Surrey to spend the night at Youth Hostels at Holbury St. Mary and Tanner's Hatch. They met the following morning for underground activities. Mr. and Mrs. Hooper, who have both had much experience in cave exploring in many parts of the country, led this party of twelve seniors and "Jerks" to the little known underground chambers in the chalk beneath Box Hill. It took all day to obtain sufficient data to make a complete survey of these subterranean passages. It was an unusual and strenuous activity demanding intelligence and patience. Among future activities of this patrol will be a tour of the Lower Thames docks, a visit to the Town Council Meeting, another all night hike and some industrial visits.

On November 23rd, the Senior Scouts gave a dinner party to the Choughs, Old Boys (and their wives), who are now back from the Services. Some Rangers, a few parents, the Commissioner and other guests attended the happy evening.

We congratulate G. Osmint on his appointment as Prefect and also Thomas and Ashley on becoming sub-prefects. We are glad too, to see several members now appearing in the 1st and 2nd School XV's.

The Scout Troop (now restricted to Forms I to V) has had its **full measure of active meetings on Tuesdays**. The Patrol Leaders of this section of the 19th are A. Simpson, P. Phillips, G. Grindrod and N. MacDonald who acts as Troop Leader. **The difficulty of finding adult help at Troop Meetings is reflected in falling off from our earlier standards of badge work, and all scouts must try to direct some of the great energy which goes into games and competitions, to the more serious task of becoming efficient.**

Our Treasurer, Mr. C. W. Elliott, states that the Group Funds provided about £38 for the coach and steamer expenses for the Cornwall Camp as well as covering partly or in full, the expenses of some of the campers. The major part of our basic fund has been put into Defence Bonds until it is required for its original purpose. It was necessary to spend some £33 on essential camp equipment this year while next year our bell tents will probably make their last stand.

Personal contact has now been established with our "brother" troop in Holland. At the end of August and in September our party was given a very warm welcome in the Hague and both the Scoutmaster and P. L. Phillips were invested as members of the 4th Damiaangroep. They visited troop meetings and Dutch Headquarters, and during stay were able to see much of the country and the towns of Amsterdam, Leiden, the Hague, Rotterdam, Delft, and the Zuider Zee. They found the Dutch Troop to be very keen and were able to see clearly how very valuable had been the relief parcels which we sent to them last summer. **Next year, there must be exchange visits.**

The first post-war Jamboree of Scouts from all over the world will take place in France next August, and plans are well ahead. Whatever the cost, we must see that the 19th takes up its full allocation of places although this may be disappointingly small, but in every case scouts must be fully qualified as 1st Class Scouts.

Annual Summer Camp

In terms of new experiences, new activities and new scenes, this Summer Camp at Perranuthnoe can well be said to be the best camp the Group has had. We may have had some inclement weather, some shortages and some loss of sleep—some were even sea-sick—but all these shortcomings were far outweighed by those many opportunities and those lovely scenes of the Cornish coast and the sea. For a long time shall we remember the castle of St. Michael's Mount standing fairy like above the mists as each day we met the dawn.

In travelling down to Cornwall by night train we were able to save a day and also travel in greater comfort. At Paddington we were surprised but greatly charmed when both Mr. Porter and Mr. Wrinch came to see the party off. It was a grand gesture and set the tone for the following days. There were just over thirty in camp and with a fair number of senior scouts who helped considerably to run the camp and relieve the work of the officers. The site was on the south eastern corner of Mount's Bay facing Penzance across the water to the north and the open sea to the south-west. Well away from buildings and roads and with the sea below us, it was an ideal site for which we are indeed grateful to the farmer, Mr. R. Phillips, of Merazion. The welcome given us by the local grocer, helpfulness of other tradesmen, the interest shown by the Local Commissioner and by the Vicar of Perran were things we valued greatly.

On most days we were able to bath not far from the site and there were rocky coast stretches and caves to occupy the more adventurous. Penzance, St. Ives, St. Hilary, Mousehole and St. Michael's Mount were all in turn visited by patrols. Camp-craft and collecting water from the cliff stream, shopping and wooding, wide games and running repairs left us little time to be idle. We were invited to join in the Cornwall Scout Rally and the seniors who went in our party each returned with a trophy from the swimming and athletic contest. The team as a whole won the inter-troop competition. On this occasion Lord St. Levan conducted our party over the Mount and Castle.

There were three major excursions during the camp. In the first week a large party spent all day on a cross country and coastal walk. They travelled by special coach to Land's End and here spent an hour exploring the cliffs and rocks. Then making south along the cliff tops and in weather which turned from heavy rain into a perfectly clear and breezy atmosphere, they passed Pordennack Point, Nanjizal Bay, Zawn Kellys and Gwennap Head. Here, perched on rocks some 400 ft. above the sea, they paused for a packed lunch and rest. The going was heavy, but magnificent views and an exhilarating sea breeze urged them on. Over Carn Les Boel, by the Logan Rock ten minutes in the Coast Guard Station, then down into St. Levan, the party went on, visiting the beautiful church at St. Levan and pausing therein awhile. A few bathed in Porthcurno Cove and some again in Penberth, a cove which still has not seen modern civilisation. Towards evening the party followed a stream inland to the village of Treen, and there boarded the waiting coach for home.

The second all day outing was more of a sea voyage. We boarded R.M.S. Scillonian at Penzance and in dull rain steamed out gently from the bay. From here to Land's End the sea became increasingly rough, and after passing Longship's Lighthouse, the ship ran into very heavy seas. The few seniors who faced the storm in the bows, little realised how often that end of the keel rose above the water and not many of the party escaped sea sickness. After four hours, the Scilly Isles gradually appeared out of the rain and foam, and it was a relief to enter the sheltered waters of St. Mary's Harbour. On the island the party walked for three hours in a steady rain, but even so it was easy to

imagine how lovely these islands could be in the sunshine. The visit was well worth while. As we boarded the ship for returning "to England," a gale warning went up but the trip did not appear to be so rough the latter part, after sighting land and hugging the coast, was even pleasant. At camp at night, however, we had a few words with the aforesaid gale.

On the last Monday of camp and in brilliant sunshine and a high wind, most of the camp spent another all day excursion exploring the coast from Perran to the Lizard. A coach took the party direct to Helston and Porthleven, and then to Poldu Cove. This lovely cove was found as a tiny gem in a rugged coast. We had to leave the coach, and from there walked on foot along the cliff tops. We dropped down into the fascinating little harbour of Mullion and then climbed again for a long coastal hike to Kynance Cove. From here the coach took us on to the Lizard where we were able to see the Serpentine stone workers busy at their craft, and we were conducted over the Lighthouse. The sea, which had been a deep blue broken by white breakers well out, became dull, and rain set in. When we arrived back at camp we found that the staff tents and two bells had "gone with the wind." The duty patrol had worked hard to get as much gear under cover as possible while at the same time preparing a hot meal for the returning party. That evening saw some splendid team work between seniors and scouters as they transported food and equipment to the barn and anticipated the work of the final day by dismantling what could be dried and packed.

Yes, we had our winds and rain and storm! But we had too our full share of sunshine and warm weather. We fulfilled our programme and cancelled nothing except perhaps the camp fires we love so much. As a camp, it was a little heavy for the recruits camping for the first time; for most of us it was hard work, and to the old and experienced campers among us it was good fun and a grand experience

OLD BOYS' SOCIETY

NEWS LETTER

At the end of last term we drew in the cricket match with the School. The Old Boys having won the toss decided to bat first. The opening play, however, was interrupted by the fall of the first wicket and, afterwards, by violent outbursts of characteristic English summer weather. These downpours had their advantages for we crowded into the elegant "pavilion" and proceeded to chat and natter quite vigorously. Fortunately only the initial minutes of play were interrupted, and for the remainder of the afternoon the weather, although moderately windy, was not biting cold. Play proceeded normally until the tea interval, at which time we retired to the School Hall to face a plentiful array of cakes, buns and jam, peaches, and ice-cream in addition to the normal supplies of tea and sandwiches. When the rioting "inner-man" had been sufficiently quelled, the game continued smoothly and peacefully. The O.B.s declared at 134 for 6 and put the School into bat. Play, for cricket, was active, but not sufficiently speedy to dispose of all the School team before stumps were drawn at 7 o'clock; the School scored 115 for 7. The players and spectators then dispersed to pursue. . . Well! need we go further?

The Dance, also held at the end of last term, proved to be another social success for the Society; the number of Old Boys present was double that at the first dance held this year. Although the number on the floor was surprisingly low—the general public were overawed by seeing some of our members in evening dress—the floor did not always seem empty, and at times dancing became exceedingly pleasant. The Dance for this term is being held in conjunction with the A.T.C., and all proceeds are going into the War Memorial Fund. I will only

