

# THE SPUR

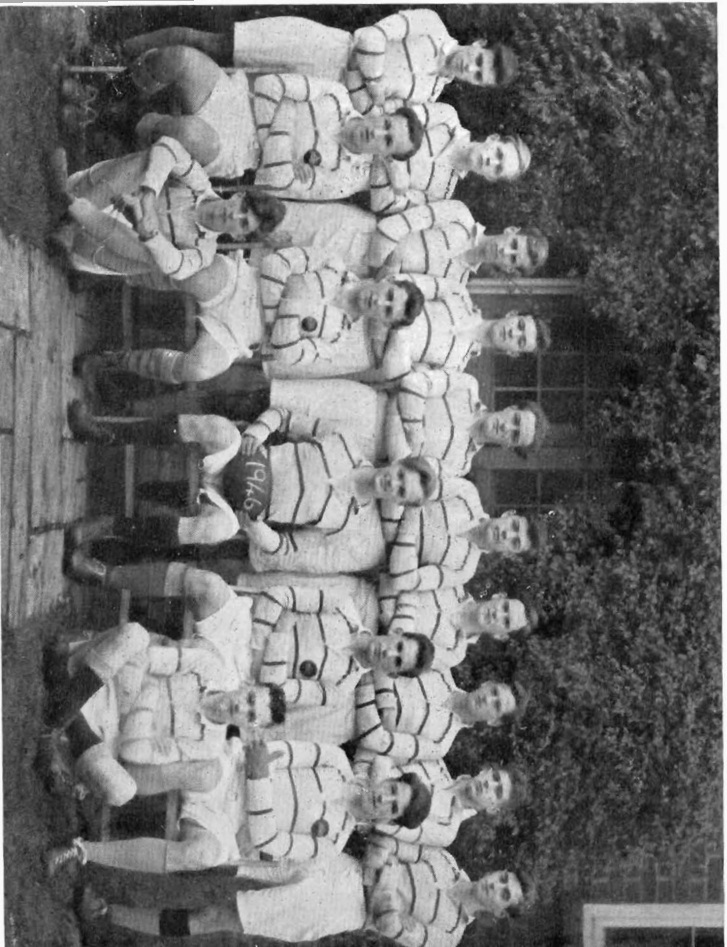
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1st XV 1946



G. Thomas R. Birch D. Lines H. Kohlbeck R. Simpson G. Pegrum J. Hopkins J. Ashley M. Cameron C. Parker  
R. Sleigh B. Newman D. Saunders J. Taylor D. Thompson  
M. Welby T. Champney

# THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL.

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

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Vol. VII, No. 8.

Easter, 1947.

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## EDITORIAL

The trial exams. have passed over, bringing with them the customary but temporary estrangement between masters and boys, and the more interesting events of the term are now the subjects of thought and competition.

On Wednesday, February 26th, over a hundred boys clad only in running clothes, stood shivering on the brink of the wide waste of mud, ice, and water that was Wimbledon Common. The occasion of this strange enthusiasm was the cross-country run for which both juniors and seniors had for several months been spasmodically training. The conditions were neither pleasant nor advantageous, but nevertheless the competitors went splashing off over a track considerably longer than last year's, and good time was made by all.

On Friday, March 28th, the inter-house Dramatic Cup is scheduled to be bitterly contested. At the time when this magazine goes to press rehearsals are already under way. Outside school hours form rooms are rarely without occupants who gesticulate impressively with the right hand while in the left is held the book from which, until the dress rehearsal, they are accustomed to read their parts. The plays that have been chosen are all widely different, and there is much speculation as to who will judge the contest.

This term we are again obliged to say good-bye to members of the staff who have been with us for many years. We are very sorry to lose Mr. Doolan who only came back to the school last year after war service, and Mr. Horne, who has been with us all the war. We wish them luck in their new positions and hope they will always regard the School as a fitting recipient of the work they gave.

C. R. E. P.

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, SPRING TERM, 1947

*Head of the School* : C. R. E. Parker. *Second boy* : J. C. Taylor.

*Prefects* : C. R. E. Parker, J. C. Taylor, D. Thompson, B. A. Newman, D. A. Doling, N. Godwin, G. Osmint, B. W. O. Amey, P. E. Bide, T. J. Warham.

*Prefect of Hall* : D. Thompson.

*Captain of Hockey* : D. Thompson.

*Captain of Running* : P. E. Bide.

*Secretary of Games Committee* : J. C. Taylor.

*Prefect of Library* : B. W. O. Amey.

## HOUSE NOTES

### Cobb's

*Captain* : D. Thompson.

*Vice-Captain* : P. E. Bide.

*School-Prefects* : D. Thompson, P. E. Bide, B. W. Amey.

*Sub-Prefects* : J. Norton, D. Tanner, J. Pooley.

There is very little to report in this issue, for although we are nearing the end of the term we have not yet, owing to the extraordinarily bad weather, yet been able to play any House-hockey matches. Similarly the Junior House has been unable to play the two rugby matches which were carried over from last term.

#### *Cross-Country Running*

Despite the very difficult conditions the race was run over the new course on the appointed day and we secured second place in the competition. This partial success was only made possible by the regular practice of the team and all those who ran should be congratulated on their several performances, especially P. Bide, V. Knowles, B. Amey and H. Adams, who gained places among the first ten.

#### *School Play*

The House can feel proud that in addition to a few minor parts, we were able to contribute two prominent members of the cast, David Lines as Malvolio, and Ronald Ayres as Olivia, whose performances were outstanding. It is therefore hoped that we will do well in the forthcoming House Play Competition, for which Michael Redgrave's "The Seventh Man" has been chosen.

D. T.

#### *Valete*

D. G. White left us last term to enter the Civil Service. From the time he entered the House he gave of his best in every way. He represented the House in Rugby, athletics, running and dramatics over several years, played Rugby for the School 2nd XV, and played a memorable part in two School plays, and served as a House and Sub-Prefect. He tried his hand at everything, got much fun out of all he attempted, and achieved a good all-round success. We wish him happiness in his future career, and will be glad to see him or hear of his doings.

### Gibb's

*Captain* : N. Godwin.

*Vice-Captain* : J. Warham.

*Sub-Prefects* : Pringle P., Bennett.

*Secretary* : Pead.

#### *Hockey*

B. Cunningham has been elected Captain of the House Hockey team. Owing to the very bad weather it has been impossible to hold any hockey practices, and so we shall confront other House teams knowing that they, too, have been handicapped in the same way.

After much uncertainty as regards our House Play it has been decided to enact Noel Coward's "Hay Fever." The producer will be N. Godwin.

#### *Cross Country Running and Athletics.* *Captain* : P. Pringle.

Progress in the right direction is always something to be desired, so the results of the Inter-House Cross Country Run are not unsatisfactory. By moving from our almost hereditary position of 4th in this activity the House has done something which even its glorious ancestors could not achieve. This slow, but sure upward movement must be continued in the future, for the House possesses some very promising material.

Of the race itself little needs to be said save that the weather was fine, the ground sodden, and the course strenuous. Pringle (4th), M. Holden (5th), Charman (8th), and Todd, of the Junior School (23rd), are to be congratulated on their performances and the whole team on its effort.

We shall do as well in the Athletics if every member of the House qualifies, for our final position will depend very much on points gained in this way.

N. G.

### Halliwell's

*Captain* : C. R. E. Parker.

*Vice-Captain* : J. C. Taylor.

*Prefects* : C. R. E. Parker, J. C. Taylor, B. A. Newman.

*Sub-Prefects* : J. Ashley, G. Thomas.

This term has so far seen little activity on the Hockey field, and no House matches have yet been played. The House team, however, captained by B. A. Newman, is as strong as ever and not without hopes of gaining the Cup again this year. Although ice and snow have prevented Hockey matches, the cross-country run was nevertheless carried on over a course consisting entirely of mud and ice. This run, we consider, was the ultimate test of the House spirit; with few exceptional runners, we managed by dint of hard work to gain first place. Mention must be made here of P. Street who came in first and proved that the middle part of the House is not without brilliant promise for future years. Cross-country colours were subsequently awarded to Street. The House play competition, which will be judged on March 28th, is the event with which we are now immediately concerned. Halliwell's play is "Tobias and the Angel," by James Bridie. In this we have a slight departure from our farcical tradition, but by the time this magazine is published the play will have met its fate at the hands of the adjudicator.

At the latter end of the Rugby season we encountered Cobbs on a pitch in which two elements—mud and water—strove for mastery. The result was a victory for Halliwell's (11—0), and the achievement of the Rugby Cup. We congratulate all those who last term took part in the performance of "Twelfth Night" and look forward to their appearance in the House play.

C. R. E. P.

### Milton's

*Captain* : G. Osmint.

*Vice-Captain* : J. Joyce.

The departure of Mr. Alan Milton, our founding Housemaster, at the end of last term, was a great blow to every one of us. It is impossible to write briefly a true appreciation of him, and to enumerate his many wonderful qualities and achievements. But he has won the deep admiration and affection of every member of the House, past and present, and has built up a strong and lasting House spirit. We all wish him the best of health, happiness and success in the future and hope that he will continue to follow our varying fortunes.

We heartily welcome his successor, Mr. W. Herdman. We hope he is as pleased to be our new Housemaster as we are happy to have him.

At the completion of the House Rugby Competition we were placed second. This is a fine achievement, and the whole team is to be congratulated.

The Junior House Rugby Team beat Gibbs, 33—0. The game with Cobbs has yet to be played, but we hope the previous success of the team will be repeated.

We regret having to place on record that we finished fourth in the **Cross-Country Run**. Nevertheless many members of the team made great efforts to score for the House and D. Langton is to be congratulated on finishing sixth. We hope that, with a greater abundance of senior members, we may do better next year.

Athletic qualifying will commence before the end of this term. Experience has shown that if we are to retain the Cup it is essential that every member of the House does his utmost to qualify in every event possible. **There must be no exceptions, and I hope everyone will bear this in mind.**

Organised activities for Junior and Middle School members of the House on Mondays and Thursdays have proved fairly successful. It is hoped that these "clubs" will widen their spheres of activity.

We were unfortunate to lose J. Joyce during the term, who has done good work as School Librarian. J. Newcombe also left us to take up farming at Merrow. We wish them both the best of luck and success in their respective careers.

G. O.

### Newsom's

*Captain* : D. A. Doling.

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

*Sub-Prefect* : P. A. Blight.

The Rugby season last term ended successfully for the House. Our last match, against Gibbs, played under adverse weather conditions, placed us third in position.

After a shaky start, the **Junior Team has settled down well**. The first game, against Milton's, was lost, but a determined effort on a real "mud-patch" enabled us to beat Cobbs. The team was well led by Crichton, and has shown great enthusiasm throughout the season.

So far this term we have been unable to play any House hockey matches. The cross-country run, however, has been held, and we wish to congratulate Matravers in gaining third place. Although outdoor activities have been held up, we have been able to utilise our energy in preparations for the House play. This year we are presenting "The Village Conjuror," by Lawrence Houseman.

In past years each member of the House has been able actively to support the House by gaining points in the athletic qualifying. We call upon each member to make the effort to gain as many points in this activity, for it is not confined to a particular few but is within the capabilities of each member.

This term we suffer the loss of C. O. Farrow. He was an active supporter of Newsoms. He captained the rugby team last term and would have captained the hockey team this term but for his calling-up. He was a member of the 2nd XV rugby team, the 2nd XI cricket team and the 1st XI hockey team. **Before he left he was awarded his hockey colours.** We wish to congratulate him. He was a good all round sportsman and we thank him for all that he has done for the House.

D. A. D.

### TWELFTH NIGHT

In the course of an account of the Junior School play, "Midsummer Night's Dream," in the last number of THE SPUR by Mr. John Grubb, to whose luminous perception and rounded humour the present writer desires to pay a tribute at once sincere and grateful, it was suggested that perhaps the very perfection of that production, its timing, business and memorising, implying an excess of prolonged, adult, expert supervision was perhaps too ambitious, that a more modest effort designed for home consumption only, would be more permanently valuable; and this point of view was so much more convincing for being expressed

with a grace, wit and tentative, subtly repetitive technique which would not have disgraced Mathew Arnold. It is too, a point of view with which one cannot but sympathise because—above its inherent validity—it looks beyond the immediate effect of the play to its place in the larger life of the community, because it attempts to elicit its more general and lasting significance. Candour compels the admission that one has been tempted more than once to adopt out-of-hand a similar attitude. Is the disruption worth while? Is the division of interest valuable? Is the play the thing? The production of "Twelfth Night" in the Winter term has supplied the occasion for a little reflection on this issue, and reflection has convinced me that it is. The disruption, the division, the turbulence—they do richly reward. The play provides an opportunity for an outpouring of creative energy, a focus for manifold interests to meet and integrate and an exercise in community activity. These things seem so close to our essential business—indistinguishable from it perhaps—that no amount of distraction could annul their value and their significance. This would be true indeed were the play trivial and the production mediocre; but if we are presented with Shakespeare, with "Twelfth Night" produced with taste, intelligence and disciplined enthusiasm, then surely standards are implanted and sensibility fostered, and this not by abstraction and rule, but concretely and implicitly, dramatically, in a way which responds to one of the deepest human instincts. This is a high claim but surely a just one. Many might be willing to accept the burden of these sentences but they have fretful memories of boys whose industry—to put it with careful negative, impersonality—has not flourished in the theatrical atmosphere, the mildly hot-house, the modestly amateur-theatrical atmosphere of school. This can hardly be denied and certainly not defended, but it is not insignificant that the field of inactivity of these is usually a general and not a specific one. But a visit to the Hall for a rehearsal, to the workshop, to the costume-room, reveals spontaneous energy, unforced enthusiasm, careful, concentrated, conscientious work, to willing co-operation and sacrifice of time and leisure—values which it is no extravagance to call not merely moral but spiritual.

And all of this was implicit in the comely shape of "Twelfth Night."

This rapturous play, gleamingly lyrical and ripely human, the fruit of a wise and happy spirit, is technically a difficult one to produce under any but strictly Elizabethan conventions and the producer added to his already immense difficulties by using realistic settings and by attempting to fit the loose flowing drapery of the play to a rigid, bony structure. Here is a matter upon which Mr. Grubb's criticism is apt and enlightening: he desired more modesty, greater simplicity, and had his advice on this head been taken and a more formal, less realistic approach to the problem of sets and staging been taken, the whole production would have benefited. One is not asking for curtains and nothing else—though this is an experiment which is heartily recommended—but less elaboration, a greater demand on the imaginative co-operation of the audience. Excessive emphasis on background and décor tends to obscure the essential truth about Shakespeare and the whole Elizabethan theatre, that the vitality is in the words and not in anything extraneous. It is temerarious to expect success while discarding the advantages of the Elizabethan of place and setting; without these the play's fluidity and mobility is halted, while the necessity for frequent curtains and scene-shifting breaks up the play's smooth running rhythm. This said, one gladly hastens to congratulate Mr. Moore and his assistants and Mr. Downing Williams and his assistants for providing settings designed with taste, executed with judgement and painted in glowing and gorgeous colours. Before these, thanks to the infinite industry and the imaginative versatility of Mrs. Henderson and her helpers, the actors moved in costumes so

accurate in period, so sumptuous in material, so elegant in design that they would have delighted the eyes and hearts of the Elizabethans themselves, who it is well known spent more on costume than on any other item of expenditure. On this head the present production spent comparatively little but how generous it was with time and patience, how prodigal of talent, how imaginatively bountiful!

It is to the producer Mr. Peter Smith, however, that the highest honours are due. The producer of a school play has a more than usually difficult task; not only has he to produce his play but he has to train his actors possibly from a state of total nescience, to inculcate in them the very fundamentals of their craft. The danger here is to impose the adult personality, the developed outlook upon the immature mind, which has its own peculiar sources of strength and attraction and so to cause an adventitious and artificial attitude to sit awkwardly upon youth, thus thwarting spontaneity, perhaps the highest quality of youthful actors. Mr. Smith successfully avoided this danger, and by some uncanny alchemy fused into a satisfying and refreshing whole adult skill and insight and youthful spirit and gusto. This combination of usually mutually exclusive characteristics was particularly evident in the comic scenes which were played with rare enjoyment and relish, with force, spontaneity and control; the "business" was admirably pointed and natural, seeming to bubble up from the context and not to be applied from outside; it showed too in the fluidity of movement, the ease and confidence with which the actors moved about the stage, in the natural groupings which never froze into merely statuesque tableaux. There were one or two blemishes in production, a case of poor casting for the part of the sea-captain, insufficient use of music to indicate a mood or emphasise an atmosphere and a palpable error of interpretation. Malvolio at the end was made pathetically pitiable, and although in itself this was a notable piece of acting it was irrelevant to the play's development and quite outside the dramatist's intention. The play was written in the morality tradition where wrong was determined and corrected and in Shakespeare's eyes Malvolio's pretension fully merited his castigation. Not to observe and to act on this was an indulgence in modern sentimentality or a mis-application of Freudian clinical psychology.

The lyrical element in the play was less successfully realised than the comic; perhaps it demanded a maturity and imaginative sympathy beyond the compass of boys. The Duke (J. A. Evans) paced with effective dignity and spoke with clarity and feeling; he invested himself with an air of tranquility and deliberation out of which the beauty of the poetry flowered like a rose. Olivia (J. E. Ayres) had the ability to burst with a fine air of conviction into a declamatory passion but was less felicitous in the more restrained and agonising mood. Viola (J. C. Powell) was sufficiently moving and engagingly tender but hardly spirited and vivacious enough. The comics were irresistible. Malvolio's (D. G. Lines) authority stamped the scenes he played in; unctuous pride flowed from him and the self-induced animation of his response to Olivia's assumed declaration of love was achingly funny, inspired clowning rising to the level of art. Sir Andrew's (K. Lintott) caricature of the foolish knight made him both entertaining and sympathetic, an apt comment on human cowardice, stupidity and loveableness. The clown (H. D. E. Parker) moved nimbly, sang pleasantly and excelled himself in the Sir Thopas scene in which he darted out of the skin of one character into that of others with dexterity and humour. Maria (A. C. Goodwin) made an admirable minx, pouting, flirting, swirling with flair and self-possession. Sir Toby (G. D. Pegrum) stressed the brutal side of his nature to the detriment of the jovial, but in the cakes and ale scene they joined in a marriage of joy.

This play was a delight, a refreshment to the spirit, a symbol and an effect of the School's creative vitality.

W. W.

## HOCKEY

The most we have to show for this season is a long list of postponements due to the unusual severity of the weather. Prominent in the list are two new fixtures; one against Surbiton Hockey Club, and the other against the City of London School. Our misfortunes were increased by our inability to use the Southern Railway ground, which we had been fortunate to obtain for Wednesday fixtures. So far we have played one first eleven match and there have been seven cancellations.

The one match played, against a strong Old Boys' eleven, showed that we had the makings of a useful side. The defence, including a new back in Pegrum and a new wing half in Cunningham, played very strongly against a fast forward line, whilst the forwards although dribbling too much on a rough, holding surface, showed promising form, especially on the wings. They were most unfortunate in striking the upright twice in the second half and had to be content with a draw—one goal each.

Pike and Taylor showed their usual good form and Thompson seemed happy in his old position at centre half, after a brief period at inside forward. Gibbard's inability to change his unorthodox grip will prove too great a handicap for quick stick work at close quarters. Farrow, whose departure in mid-season is to be lamented, and Welby were fairly good in mid-field, but lacked incisiveness when within shooting range. Parker's runs on the left wing were marred on occasion by an over-eagerness to score, when a centre might have been more useful. Sleigh and Amey have shown good form in practice, and with more than useful reserves in McBride and Holgate, we can look forward to the rest of the season with optimism.

W. H. H.

## THE SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

The end of last term was a sad occasion for all members of the Society: for it saw for the last time, Mr. Milton, who had been chairman of the Society since its inauguration. Mr. Milton supported many societies in the School, but it is perhaps for his unceasing energy in running the Sixth Form Society that he will be best remembered. The good wishes of the whole Sixth Form go with him to his new position.

The Society is now under the "chairmanship" of a triumvirate of the form-masters representing the main divisions of the Sixth Form: Mr. E. L. Hanson (Science), Mr. R. Loveday (Economics) and Mr. W. Walsh (Arts). It was decided to revive the original form of the executive by electing a committee. Owing to the increased number of *ex-officio* members, the number of elected members was raised from three to six, giving a total of ten in the committee. Each department of the Sixth Form is represented by two members, the period of office being for one term. Those elected this term were:

*Science*: C. O. Farrow, D. Tanner.

*Art and Classics*: J. A. Evans, Cheadle.

*Economics*: Osmint, Hodges.

This term has been marked by the decision that the Society should not have a fixed day for meeting, but should meet on one of the three days, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, the programme to be arranged by the committee and announced at the beginning of each term. General disapproval of the Society's old rules has led to their drastic revision by the committee, especially with regard to the method of entry to the Society, the former method being thought unjust.

The membership of the Society is now sixty-one—a decided increase from the original membership of seventeen. Whether this change from an exclusive to an inclusive body is going to have favourable effects is a mute point. An inevitable change of attitude towards

the Society has been registered among the members, since the standard of loyalty in attending meetings has fallen. Where the attendance was nearly 100 per cent. when the Society was formed, there are now few occasions when there are as many as 60 per cent.

The term's activities started with a debate (Monday, January 13th): "This House deprecates the decrease in present-day parental authority." S. Smith and W. Walsh, Esq. proposed the motion and P. R. A. Pringle and E. L. Hanson, Esq. opposed it. Although this meeting was poorly attended it formed quite an enjoyable evening. The second meeting (Thursday, January 23rd) was devoted to Documentary Films. Hopkins and Lines gave short papers on this topic which were followed by a discussion and two films: "The Nose Has it," featuring Arthur Askey, and the Basil Wright production "Song of Ceylon." For the next meeting (Wednesday, January 29th) a Forum on "Science in the Modern World" was arranged, but due to a small attendance, a discussion took place instead. The following week (Wednesday, February 5th), no ordinary Society meeting was held, members joining forces with the Model Parliament. A programme of classic films was given on Thursday, February 13th to which members of Wimbledon County School were invited. The films were "A Journey to the Pole" (a French cartoon) and "Waxworks," the famous German film directed by Paul Leni. No meeting was held during the week before half-term due to the Trial Exams. Wednesday, February 26th was a novel occasion, being the result of the combined efforts of the Society and the Sixth Form of Wimbledon County School. A debate was arranged, the motion before the House being: "This House is of the opinion that there should be equal pay among the sexes." The motion was proposed by Miss Rosemary E. Reece and Miss Daphne Ridley, and opposed by C. Parker and N. Godwin. The standard of speaking was high and the evening was one of the most successful this term.

The motion was carried by 30 votes to 13. Another Model Parliament is to be held on March 5th, and on March 10th it is hoped to hold the ever-popular feature, a Mock Trial. Apart from these fixtures, members have frequently paid visits to concerts and plays in Town. It is probable that a "Personal Choice" evening will be held at the close of term; the possibility of a Society Social and Dance has not been overlooked.

## 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, P. Pringle, D. Cheate, A. Evans.

Since the last issue of *The Spur* was published we have had two meetings. On November 28th James Joyce read a paper on "Magic." He defined magic as the art of bringing about a change in accordance with the will and hinted darkly at the effect of Witchcraft, Black Magic and Satanism on the world to-day. Both Christianity and Satanism, he said, arose from a primitive conception of magic. The principles of magic, were then further expounded, and magical phenomena were then discussed at length. Spiritualism is the direct intervention of the devil: pottergersists are not of the supernatural, but are an independent phenomenon allied to the workings of the will. Both, however, produce effects contrary to natural law. In the mind of man the failure of religion, atheism, and materialism often leads to mysticism, Satanism, and the art of magic itself. Joyce told us of many contemporary manifestations of the supernatural ranging from the positive existence of Leprachauns in Mr. De Valera's semi-medieval republic to the vision of a spectral Victorian lady in a crinoline which appeared to Mr. Charles Frank Turrell who was at the time cycling along the upper Bognor Road.

Headlines were hurled at us: "Foul deeds here in days gone by," says Vicar, and "Man overlooked by evil eye, dies medically sound," were some examples of contemporary spirit-influence. Joyce finished by reviewing the legal attitude to magic. He quoted laws under which it would be possible to denounce the Air Ministry's weather forecast as clairvoyancy, and mentioned a discussion held in a court of law as to what is White Magic and what is Black.

At the first meeting of the Spring Term, held on Thursday, February 27th, Mr. Walsh read a paper on "Some bases of Educational Theory." He said that man's fundamental attitude to education was naturally coloured by his conception of life, and here he dealt with the philosophies that considered the individual to be the primal entity and those which preferred the group. But the aim of education must be to provide conditions under which the individuality can flourish and allow it to develop so as to make the maximum contribution to the complex pattern of human life. The mind is made up of two elements, that of receptivity and that of purpose. The element of receptivity is concerned with the effect and persistence of the past and the element of purpose, or creativity, is concerned with the conflict and reaction of the individual on the crowd, creating a complex pattern whose significance increases with its complexity. The whole pattern may be remembered by the stimulus of mentioning one part. New experiences modulate old ones and recall them, and a mixture of radicalism and conservatism combines a routine tendency and attenuation of life with an instinct of drive and exploration. Play, he said, is a high creative activity, not a result of superfluous energy. Plays looks forward toward adult life, in the case of the child, and tends to symbolise the development of the race. It is here a katharsis of primitive qualities. Play is pursued for its own end; work for external purposes. The arts are the highest developments of "play."

The nature of man is inherent but can be affected by environment. "Education pent tout."

At this meeting D. Cheate and A. Evans were present as guests and were subsequently elected members of the Society.

The next paper, "La Rochefoucauld" will be delivered by Paul Pringle on Thursday, March 20th.

C. R. E. P.

## MODEL PARLIAMENT

A School Parliament must inevitably suffer from a lack of Elder Statesmen, and this lack of experience on the Front Benches has been particularly noticeable. Too much of the speaking has been done by the Party leaders; far too little by the back benchers. Although in matters of procedure the Westminster model is followed, there is one situation which we never see. At the conclusion of a speech at Westminster, several members will always be standing up to catch the Speaker's eye: in the School Parliament, such an event is almost unprecedented. This is a pity, for the knowledge that others wish to speak would make for better and shorter speeches.

This term began with a Labour Government, under the able leadership of Evans. His manner is perfect, and he manages to combine authority with dignity and knowledge. His White Paper on Palestine was a brave document, which provided an interesting topic for the evening meeting. Unfortunately his Bill to nationalise the land was crowded out by an unsatisfactory debate on the fuel situation. When the term of office of the Labour Party ended Amey formed a Conservative Government, but he has suffered from a weak front bench, and—it must be said—a strange lack of positive policy. In spite of its inevitable weakness, the School Parliament provides an excellent opportunity for senior boys to address themselves to national topical problems, and it is to the good rather than otherwise



that boys sometimes find themselves compelled to change over from one party to another. Party allegiances are not strong, party discipline is weak : it is a sensible solution to a problem, not a party victory, that we seek.

K. E. H.

## THE POETRY SOCIETY

*President* : The Headmaster.

*Secretary* : C. R. E. Parker.

*Members now at School* : Mr. W. Walsh, Mr. J. Air, P. Pringle, C. R. E. Parker, J. R. Hopkins, A. Evans.

Since last term the Poetry Society has maintained a reasonably high standard of poetic production. Meetings are now at less frequent intervals than in the period following the inception of the Society. A higher standard of poetry is achieved thereby.

This term we have lost Joyce, who, when he was still among us was a constant source of material in his capacity as High Priest of a celtic mysticism in which he was deeply engrossed. We now have, in Mr. Air, a new member of the Society who has already produced poems of great significance for its hearing. We are, as usual, short of productive members ; a fact no doubt due to the intellectual fatigue of a sixth-form overburdened with the responsibilities of the exams. We would welcome anyone with a propensity for " stringing verses " in any style.

C. R. E. P.

## VERSE

### Song of the Moon Spirit

Look not with corporeal eyes at me  
And I will rouse you from your mortal sleep  
With the music of my harp.  
Look and find  
Within the mirrored imagery of my spirit  
The fading perspective of falling dusk.  
Let me be seen  
In the rising colour of the setting sun  
And viewed with the shadow  
That falls from the soft mist.  
And I will tell of the flying raven  
That bears a flowering sprig  
And soars above the undisturbed domain  
Of sleeping earthly shape.  
With him I fly to the fir-topped valley  
And look far across the dark chasm  
To the flowing land of the lordly moon.  
Come and you shall see,  
Where the silver glens are full of animate light,  
The dance of the moon-child's shadow  
As he turns in infinite height  
To guide his earth-bound spirits  
As they burst their daylight reins and leap  
In melancholy joy to distant spheres  
Unheeding of the heavy clay.

J. J.

## A Soliloquy

" I have a study here in a tower, something like Scythrop's, where I am just beginning to recover the faculty of reading and writing."  
—Shelley to Peacock.

The furrows are desolate and the fields unploughed,  
The labourers stand idling, dazed by the sun.  
The sun is for the good of man, but it is too strong,  
Withered are the leaves and the branches dry.  
I am a madman who lives in a tower  
And the window has no blind.

The spirit is desolate, the new mind unploughed,  
The artists stand idling, silenced by machines.  
Machines are for the good of men ; they are too strong,  
Withered is the spirit and the fruit decayed,  
I am a madman who lives in a tower  
And the window has no blind.

Where is the beauty of an earlier age  
A beauty in the dawning of the sun ?  
Where is the beauty of a later age ?  
A beauty in the setting of the sun ?  
I am a madman who lives in a tower  
And the window has no blind.

We long for the beauties of a clouded sky,  
Where the sun cannot sap our strength.  
We ache for the hills, O give me the hills  
And the beauty of a natural scene,  
Or else I am mad and live in a tower  
Wasting for the window has no blind.

C. W. B.

## Scene and Significance

Glittering quicksilver the trout stream descends  
The difficult valley precisely in bewildering feline  
Leaps and arranges itself with a cat's skill .  
In awkward places among rain-rubbed rocks  
Whose hardness crumbles under the inflexible pressure  
Of caressingly gentle, lightly-foaming water.

Allegory in sandstone and fresh water  
Of what goes on with greater intensity down  
There in the universe of rock and salt  
Where the truculence of mole and burly cliffs  
Suffers the soft, sliding ocean touch  
And conforms to the feminine logic of the waves.

Marine and marble image of the encroachment—  
Behind the thin bone of the forehead, deep  
In the nerve-centres and under the muscled ribs—  
Of tidal, turbulent reality  
Upon the edged, intolerant ideal,  
And swirl of fact over the abstract cape.

W. W.

## GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

Geography can be an absorbing and far-reaching study, but of necessity in a school curriculum it must be restricted in scope and appeal to limits imposed by Certificate Examinations. The gap that must inevitably remain can only be filled by study out of school hours. For this purpose the Society has come into existence. It aims to conduct field research and local surveys and to make a study of the



many little known aspects of geography. Lectures from visitors, papers read by members, and healthy discussions will make this possible.

At the first meeting of last term Mr. H. Hallam read a paper on the Society Islands. He dealt in particular with Bora-Bora, which he visited in 1942, and where he conducted his own survey. His talk was finely illustrated with diagrams and photographs.

Later in the term Mr. G. W. Lines gave a talk, to a select circle of members, on West Africa. His account of the West African colonies, based on actual experience as one of His Majesty's administrators, enabled us to obtain a clearer understanding of the habits and life of the natives and was illustrated with excellent photographs.

At the last meeting of the term six topical short papers were read by members of the Society. N. S. Gardiner read a paper on "The Weather," a subject with which he is well acquainted. His talk was illustrated with photographs of cloud formation the nature and significance of which he described in great detail. A paper on "Venezuela" was then read by B. D. Cunningham, followed by an interesting account of "Town Planning" read by F. Hodges. An amusing and interesting paper on "Newspaper Castography" was read by P. A. R. Pringle. It was illustrated with examples he himself had collected and we were soon acquainted with another odd feature of journalism. B. G. Alder then took us on an illustrated tour of the Wye Valley and M. Needham gave a brief outline of the main physical features of Southern England.

At the first meeting of this term it was decided that the Society will commence a survey of a strip of Surrey from the Thames at Weybridge, to the southern border at Kingsfold. The area roughly seven miles long and five miles wide will be surveyed by separate groups of members, each gathering information regarding the rock formation, climate, communications, occupations, and so on. It is hoped that the completed survey will be presented at Open Night.

Later in the term Mr. Catley gave a talk on "How to enjoy Canada." He described the open air life of the country, and the wide opportunities offered for boating, shooting and fishing, and for hard work. His talk was immensely interesting and helped us to obtain a better understanding of the friendly, though cold, Canadian country.

It is hoped that this new venture will be successful and establish itself firmly as a part of school life. Next term, when we hope the weather will be better, we shall be able to conduct field research and earnestly tackle our "Survey of Surrey."

G. O.

## THE CHEMISTRY CLUB

At last the long-awaited revival of the Chemistry Club has arrived. Under the supervision of Mr. Smith chemistry enthusiasts are allowed the use of School laboratory equipment from five to eight p.m. on Mondays. At present the club is confined to members of IV<sub>1</sub> who are interested in the subject and who are willing to give their time, not to play, but to serious work.

After one session of preliminary exercises, in which we practised weighing and other essential operations, we have started to study elementary organic chemistry. **Note-books are kept in our own time.**

Anyone wishing to join, can ask to be considered for membership, but the number will not be raised above ten or twelve as a higher number cannot be easily managed.

Let me stress that the aim of the Club is to acquire as fine a knowledge of chemistry as possible and that enjoyment is a secondary consideration.

A. MELMOTH.

## THE ARMY: FIRST SIX WEEKS

"At night were come into that hamlet olde,  
Ful thryes hondred, ful and truly tolde,  
Of sondrie folk, by aventure y-falle,  
In felaweshippe, and conscripts were they alle. . . ."  
[Chaucer—freely adapted.]

We arrive, after spasmodic chatter in Southern Railway carriages. Already, as we swarm into the station yard, under the chimes of the Cathedral, we feel we are cattle, to be led, and prodded and cursed. The most must be made of the remaining moments before the insidious, disciplinary halter is arranged around our respective necks.

"Come on; 'oo's fer a beer?" asks a "wide" boy from the purlieus of Islington; "larst charnce, lads—come on." Shriill, nervous laughter surrounds his invitation. Mustn't be late. Conversation, stilted before arrival, is now freed by knowledge of the common lot. It gushes thinly from mouth to mouth; over-confident, over-loud.

"Gordblimey, what a dead lookin' 'ole. Gimme Oxted everytime. Cathedral? Yurss, old, ain't it? Look at them spires; nearly a couple a hundred foot 'igh. Mus' be. Glazin' looks bad; I was a glazier—seven quid a week. Gordblimey, bit o' change nah, eh?"

"If they ask me, I shall take a commission. But dash it all, they'll have to ask. I mean, surely they know who *are* the right types; one just doesn't linger in the ranks, I mean, does one? Or does one . . .?"

A stirring. A large man, with three immaculately pipe-clayed stripes, arrives bolt-upright upon a bicycle. We shuffle into four ranks, and are immediately informed that only three are required. Suit cases thud against flanks as we ooze away. The man on the bike smiles. . . .

A mile walk, and we feel like old sweats. Left-right, left-right, one-two, one-two. Regular and monotonous. Well, nearly regular; certainly monotonous. Perhaps some of us think of the Pilgrims, or of the billiard hall, the pubs, or the girl friend. And then, the Barracks.

You have seen a box? A large, ugly, red box, built of brick, with holes in its large, ugly, red sides? Then you have seen a Barracks. Nestling next the Barracks, is another large, nasty erection. This is the "Cavalry" Theatre, and its draughts are pneumoniatically placed. Three hundred hungry recalcitrants remained here for two hours and twenty minutes. Our identities were destroyed and we were consigned to Platoons.

In answer to my silent prayer the Barracks was full, and I and my Platoon comrades marched wearily over the brow of "some high eastern hill," and arrived apprehensively at a low lying wooden hut. We entered. Four men contemptuously beheld us. Sergeants.

"Anymoreorareyouthelot?" spat one. He drew breath.

"Siddown. Writechernamenextofkinreligion ifany." I gazed at him admiringly; a man, evidently, of few words; a man, indeed, who grasped essentials, had no time for mere decoration.

"Nameannumber. Putprivateafteritwriteit. Ifcarntwritemakeyer mark," he continued easily.

A reasonable man, I thought, as I complied with the courteous request. His companions were taciturn men; of fewer words, even than himself. One, I swear, said "nowink," and the other replied, "ugh." Apart from these shrewd thrusts, the conversation was, admittedly, one-sided.

We were shown our beds. Where all were of uniform dilapidation, quotation must be invidious. Hunger overcame depression, and we tasted Army food for the first of many times. I will not descend to mere invective; I shall exercise restraint, and describe our meal as it justly deserves: A mess of potage—"ask me no more."

As we were wandering from store to store collecting items of "small" equipment, I endeavoured to make bright conversation with a large corporal who accompanied us.

"I have never," I commenced engagingly, "seen the world at six o'clock—"

"You very," he replied with conviction, "soon will." I did, and it was and is a ghastly experience.

It is at such times that one's morale sinks furthest below normal. The next morning we awoke, but it hardly seemed as though morning had flung the stone which puts the stars to flight, for only a few, bad-tempered shafts of light shone upon the darkling bunks. The bugler was blowing his bugle, and my head was aching, my eyes were bleary as I fell out of the blankets. One could, with a little imagination, have believed our hut a rest-centre for alcoholics, as we staggered, drooping, to the washhouse. We washed, shaved, dressed, folded blankets, swept the floor and cleaned our boots in twenty minutes.

"When I say 'Move,'" said the corporal, "I want all of you outside with knife, fork, spoon and mug. Right—Move!"

Breakfast? Not quite. First comes "Rouse" parade, a ceremony lasting fifteen minutes and which involves left, right, and about turning, left and right wheeling, halt, quick march and many another pagan rite.

Then they feed you.

The Mess Hall is large. For the first time in our lives some of us experienced the "herd" instinct. We were fed in shoals, and we ate like pigs. There was a blue sky and a hawthorn bush outside the window, but three hundred pairs of eyes were fixed anxiously upon the corporal, stationed at the end of each table, hoping there would be some extra helpings. **We fought for the right to scrape the pans.**

Back to hut. We marched from there to be dentally inspected and medically examined. Overalls—known as "Denims"—were distributed; comfortable and capacious they are, but hardly "chic." Boots, seven league, were collected, as were pants, cellular, and slippers, agility. Lectures were delivered by the C.O., the Padre and the Personal Selection Officer. Dinner time passed, and our uniforms were given to us, only to be taken away to be "tailored"—even the Army can be euphemistic!

Loaded to capacity, our arms full of webbing belts, bayonet frogs, pouches, valises, small packs, large packs, water bottles and mess tins, we returned again to the hut, and prepared to bundle the vestments into our lockers. The corporal wagged his finger roguishly:

"No, no, boys," he said sweetly, "Not like that."

"Like this," he snarled, and he showed us the way.

But it was joy to see him labour!

"Kit," said he, referring to sweaters, vests and the like, "will be folded neatly into seven and one quarter inch squares. They will be **placed, one upon the other, the colours alternating**; for instance, blue, white, khaki and so on. Alright? Right. The edges mustn't overlap, not even a quarter of an inch."

"Now," he said, as he demonstrated the piling of kit, "it doesn't matter if you make them seven inches square, so long as the pile is even."

"In fact," he continued recklessly, "they can be *eight* inches square, but they must all be the same. There, now, that's better, isn't it?" He said this as he delicately manœuvred the pile into an adjacent locker. He fell back apace, and regarded his work.

"Nice—oh! yes, nice—very nice." He glanced at us for approbation.

"Surely," said one, "a small, though unostentatious wreath of marigolds arranged on top, would add to the general effect?"

"Ridiculous!" snapped the corporal, "there isn't enough room."

For this type of neurotic tidiness the Army has a word. . . .

The "Naafi" is a much maligned institution. The tea served within the Canteen is not of inferior quality; true, it could be a little sweeter. Rock cakes only resemble stone in appearance; usually they are served hot, and have a pleasant flavour. All food served in "Naafi" Canteens is filling and cheap, and thus Naafi's existence is justified. Its atmosphere, redolent of coffee, tea and steam, vibrant with many voices and the stamp and shuffle of studded boots, is friendly; while, in its upstairs section, the building usually boasts a couple of billiard tables, a quiet room and a reading room. The Naafi is the only social outlet of an Initial Training Centre; it becomes a habit, which, unfortunately, seduces one from more serious pursuits; for, let a man enter the Naafi, never so bravely armed with paper, pen and book, and the forces of darkness will surely overpower him, and a billiards cue will be in his hand ere he open his book, or his pen be inked.

**Primary training is, of course, an initiation.** The civilian mind must wither, and the military machine must be planted and carefully nurtured. **Drill is the most effective nurturer. Drill sergeants do not speak;** they have renounced language, and have adopted the weird cries of strange animals. "Left-right" becomes "Lip-vork"; "Right-turn" is "Rark-tarn." **To hear a sergeant in full throat is at once a spine-chilling and an unforgettable auricular feast.** Most drill sergeants are small men, while their brethren, the P.I. instructors are usually "stout carles."

**P.T. itself is enjoyable.** The conditions surrounding it are irksome, for one rises at six, and after the preliminaries have been accomplished, one prances, in boots, socks, shorts and vests to the P.T. field, bathed in darkness and soaked in dew. Then P.T. commences and is, in itself, enjoyable. Then, after the period has ended, the rushing begins.

Three minutes is the usual length of time allowed for changing from P.T. costume to working garb. Initial training is practised constantly at high speed, and the P.T. training is intended to help in maintaining this efficiency.

The P.T. instructors are a strange race. Large, muscular and impressive in body, **their voices are small and shrill.** Instead of the drill sergeant's *basso-profundo* "Shun!" we now hear the P.T.I.'s *soprano* "attinshon!" The chief of this remarkable band, at Canterbury, was a pocket Hercules with exquisitely dyed hair and a voice reminiscent of Arthur Marshall. He would skip joyously onto the field and begin:

"Now lads, hips raising—Go! Rayeeze . . . lower . . . rayeeze. . . Just *one* more, for me, now. Lovely! Skip-jumping—Go! Merrily, lads, merrily—a-one, a-two, a-one, a-two. . ." He took his job seriously, feeling that to coax was more effective than to order, but I would hesitate before declaring he was successful.

The sedentary hours of instruction are passed in the theoretical contemplation of Light Machine Guns, Maps and Grenades.

The L.M.G. is a wondrous weapon, God wot. Its component parts are many and strange. Wild tales are told of "the gas-cylinder locking bar," and instructors talk in awed whispers of the "body locking nut retaining plunger." O! shades of Strabismus (whom God Preserve) of Utrecht.

That which adds to the humour of the names of the S.M.G.'s various sections, is the fact that the instructors cannot perceive the comedy. They are grave and serious in the description of the gun; when they handle it, one sees the trembling and delicate fingers of some old bibliophile caressing reverently the binding of a first edition.

Maps and grenades are singularly uninteresting and the throwing of the latter is not exciting. Each trainee throws two grenades during his primary training.

I would like to mention the camp barber. Terrifying rumours had circulated concerning this legendary character; tales flew from mouth to mouth telling of the gruesome haircuts he was wont to inflict. But

we were all pleasantly surprised when only a somewhat closer haircut than is usual with a civilian hairdresser was given to us. The barber, himself, though, was a remarkable man, almost Dickensian in oddity.

A lad of some nineteen summers, he admitted that he was a cobbler by trade, but had been attracted to hairdressing while in the Army. As he cut one's hair, he would constantly lay down the scissors, and regard his own hair in the mirror with every sign of placid satisfaction. On one occasion, the bottlewasher, a most accomplished liar, told the barber that he (the bottlewasher) had once been in the same trade. Immediately, a professional argument of most obscure technicality, arose: the virtues of Brylcreem were extolled by the bottlewasher, while the barber condemned it as floor polish. So heated did the discussion become, that the barber threw rhetoric to the winds, and bore his rival to the ground, threatening to shave his hair to the very roots, which he very nearly did. The bottlewasher was silent thereafter.

I was once alone with the barber, having my hair cut, and he grew eloquent. He told me of strange desires he experienced: urges to **shave V shapes in his customers' hair, and such other weird lusts.** His favourite music was the opera "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," his favourite song, "Largo al factotum della citta."

Sweeney Todd, he said, must have been the greatest of all barbers, though a little extreme in his views. **I agreed, and hurriedly left.**

**The Army has one large redeeming feature.** It engenders tolerance.

Before entering the Army one is inclined, especially if one has recently left a Sixth Form, to think in terms of self. One is apt to imagine the world composed solely of two types of person—one's own type and the others. Only when thrust, against one's will into a barrack room of thirty privates, each different in mentality, social background and upbringing, only then does one realise that one's outlook has been deplorably narrow.

There was the bottlewasher, the man from Marlborough, the billiards professional, the plumber's mate, the surgical bootmaker, the sparring partner (self-termed a "pugilist"), the architect, the clerk, the tap-dancer, the ex-Bevin boy, the sheet metal worker, optician and many more; at least one had seen the inside of one or more of His Majesty's Prisons, and he possessed, curiously enough, the most honest face of us all.

Among so many, tolerance must be the supreme virtue; fights were invariably friendly rough-and-tumbles; a bad-tempered man was laughed at until he was cured. We all felt, during these first six weeks, that there was a way of living that could be unpleasant at the slightest provocation, and each was careful to humour his fellow. When we first arrived, we were warned that neither Religion nor Politics were to be discussed in barrack-rooms; they made for ill-feeling and strife, according to the authorities. But the authorities were proved wrong; on one occasion, when all and sundry were condemning a certain religious denomination, the sole follower, in the room of that denomination, rolled over in bed, and devoutly cried, "Hear! hear!" Seriously, though, the communal life that must be led, in the Army, inculcates a certain unselfishness, a carefulness for others, and squashes mercilessly those unnecessary little idiosyncrasies, those finicky tastes and distastes that one was apt to consider important in ordinary life. Discipline is hard, very hard; most of it is unnecessary, but the little that is valuable will remain as a great help when one returns to civilisation.

To anyone of any intelligence or imagination, the Army is binding and narrow. The best must be made of it. Observe its unconscious humour; you may laugh at it to its very face, for the Army has no sense of humour, and cannot see its own absurdities. You will be annoyed, irritated, depressed and occasionally tyrannised, but if you are able to see the humour of it, even if there's not much to be seen, you know, at least, that the Army has not damaged your mentality.

If, however, you feel like jumping out of bed at two o'clock of a winter's morning to "blanco" your gaiters and polish your mess-tins, then you should start worrying; if you ever feel like that, you will know you have become an Army Type, and you should contact your nearest undertaker.

R. H. R.

## LECTURES

### "U.N.E.S.C.O."

Tuesday, February 4th.

BASIL WRIGHT

Using his valuable experience as a delegate to the recent U.N.E.S.C.O. Conference Mr. Basil Wright gave his audience an important lecture on this promising new organisation. He began by explaining to the ignorant the meaning of the initials—"United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organisation." Mr. Wright continued by reviewing the formation of U.N.E.S.C.O. by means of a Preparatory Commission under Julian Huxley, which met in Paris. Although Russia had not, up till now, joined it the prospect of her doing so in the near future was more than possible. After a general digression on the working of an international conference Mr. Wright dealt with the aims of U.N.E.S.C.O. and quoted the preamble of its constitution—"Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that wars must end."

This sums up U.N.E.S.C.O.'s intentions and there were welcome signs that it was to work on a practical and not a vague idealistic plane. U.N.E.S.C.O. would supply her war-ravaged members with everything from pencils to film projectors. After the lecture Mr. Wright dealt with several interesting questions on the machinery of U.N.E.S.C.O.

### "Modern Painting"

February 14th.

REGINALD BRILL

On February 14th, Reginald Brill lectured to the Sixth Form on "Modern Painting."

He began by reviewing the position of the artist and said that "pure artists," or those who pursued art for its own sake, are the fountain head of industrial design. He put before us the problems of relation of material to form and of expression in terms of material. Pictorial art is not merely a copying of superficial appearance. The revelations of the artist colour the vision of the ordinary man, who is not conscious of actual appearance but rather of a figure of artistic symbolism in everything he sees. Mr. Brill then dealt with the development of art from the time of the Italian primitives. This part of the talk was accompanied by pictures reproduced by the epidiastroscope. He spoke of the discovery of form and the Italian renaissance; of Van Gogh and the French impressionists. Of late years we have seen the progression from the conscious to the sub-conscious—cubists, surrealists and abstract painting all of whom represent a new conception of painting which is still only beginning to take shape in the mind of the artist.

## BOXING CLUB

By taking part in its first inter-school fixtures the Boxing Club has now definitely established itself. Of the three matches so far held we have lost two and won one.

We made an ambitious start against Sutton County School and, although we lost by 8 bouts to 1 the team gave a credible performance. After Hobbs had lost a close fight, Biggs gave a cool display of boxing to beat Higgins. Of the remainder of the team Grindrod, Palmer and Tutt in particular fought well, while credit must be given to plucky efforts by Tanner and Phillips. In several bouts lack of experience, which can only be gained in matches, was a decisive factor.

Against Wandsworth County School, although we lost by 8 bouts to 2, the standard of boxing was much higher. Biggs came up against a difficult opponent in Nelson and narrowly lost a good fight, but Palmer and Grindrod, showing a much more aggressive spirit than in the previous match, beat their opponents decisively. Tutt again failed to press home an early advantage and Langton, Norton and Murant fought well against more experienced opponents.

The value of the two previous matches was shown when we beat Mitcham County School by 5 bouts to 2. The whole team boxed with a coolness and determination that had been lacking on previous occasions. Hooper gave the School a good start and, after Budgen had been narrowly beaten in spite of a very cool performance against a hard hitting opponent, Biggs, Wade, Tutt and Palmer boxed confidently and never lost the initiative. Palmer did especially well coming into the ring at short notice in place of Grindrod to beat a heavier opponent.

We hope soon to have our own ring so that we can have matches on our own ground. Our other need is for more members, especially from the middle forms of the School: too much of the Club's strength is now around 6 st.

Finally we express our appreciation to P. C. Harvey, who has given up so much of his time and to whom great credit is due for the high standard of boxing attained.

E. A. C. B.

## MUSIC NOTES

### Concerts

On Wednesday, January 22nd, a school party attended a stage production of Mozart's "Impressario," followed by Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," at the Guildhall School of Music, by the City Opera Club. The former proved to be a delightful curtain-raiser in which an impressario has to decide which of two eminent sopranos will be most suited to the principal role in his new production. Mozart, of course, extracts all the comedy and beautiful musical ensembles possible to such a situation and the operetta ends very happily with the decision to rewrite the plot of the new production so that both sopranos can be included. We felt lucky to have had the opportunity of seeing this lesser-known but beautiful work of the great master. "Dido and Aeneas" is also very seldom to be seen. It is most important historically as its dramatic treatment foreshadows that of Wagner and modern tunes. In this respect Dido's "Lament" at the end is particularly noteworthy. This was particularly well sung, and we came away feeling that the entire production was well planned and that the Chorus had been outstanding.

Our attendance at the Robert Mayer Concerts has continued with enthusiasm. At the first concert this term we learned quite a lot about the technique of the harp and the place it occupies in the orchestra. The programme included the Mozart Concerto for Flute, Harp and Orchestra (K. 299), the beautiful "Walk to the Paradise Garden" by Delius, and the riotous Elgar arrangement for orchestra of Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in C minor.

At the second concert we had a very compelling performance of Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, and an exquisite rendering by Denis Matthews of the Mozart Piano Concerto in A major. The audience was then completely carried away by the "Perfect Fool," Ballet Music of Holst, to such an extent that the "Danzas fantasticas" of Turina fell somewhat flat. We are looking forward very much indeed to the next concert on March 22nd when we are to have excerpts from five Mozart operas given by the Sadlers Wells Company. On the afternoon of the very same day we are to visit Covent Garden for the new production of the "Magic Flute" by the same company.

On February 4th a party of 70 boys from the Middle School went to Wimbledon Town Hall to a concert given by the London Philharmonic Orchestra arranged by the Surrey Education Committee. The items of the programme were introduced and conducted by Dr. Leslie Russell, who is to be congratulated for getting his voice over to every part of the Hall and for making all those members of the audience who had never been to such a concert before, really enjoy it. The programme consisted of Weber's "Oberon" Overture, Vaughan-Williams' "Fantasia on Greensleeves," the Andante from Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony, the "Nursery Suite," written by Elgar after a visit to the young Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret, and the "Hungarian March" of Berlioz.

A large number of concerts at the Albert Hall have been attended by smaller senior parties. Thanks are due to Mrs. Henderson for undertaking all the booking arrangements.

### Concert by the Wimbledon Orchestra

On Friday evening, March 21st, the woodwind section and pianist of the Wimbledon Orchestra will visit the School to give a concert of chamber music by Mozart and Poulenc. We are looking forward to it very much.

### The School Orchestra

Enthusiasm continues steadily. T. Cromwell, as leader, has done some good work at dinner times with the learners, and Mr. Parkhurst has continued staunchly on those Wednesday evenings when the weather has not made it impossible. We hope to give some sort of an instrumental concert to the School on the last afternoon of term.

### The Choir

On Palm Sunday afternoon the Choir intends to give "The Crucifixion" (Stainer). A small number of Juniors have been rehearsing the soprano parts of the chorus enthusiastically. The tenor solos will be sung by D. Vaughan and the bass solos by Mr. Loveday.

## "SONG OF CEYLON"

"The Song of Ceylon," a documentary film of sustained beauty in scenic effect and great clarity of expression, made by the two masters of the documentary art, Grierson and Wright. From the first sequence, deep in the dark mysterious Cingalese jungle, enclosed completely by huge palm leaves, throughout the film of the life and customs of the islanders, the film moves quietly but surely with supreme confidence in its technique of wedding image and sound to an extraordinary degree.

The film is divided into four parts. Part one entitled "The Buddha." Here we are introduced to the curious rites in the performance of the Cingalese religion. At this point Basil Wright introduces a beautiful visual metaphor. As the bell calls the pilgrims to worship, a bird is disturbed and the camera follows its flight over the country, accompanied by the sound of the bell.

The second part, "Virgin Island," leads us from the religious theme to the everyday toil of the islanders, and so to the third part, "Voices of Commerce." In this section the use of screen and sound track to produce one complete idea, although outwardly contradicting each other, is used to its greatest extent. For although on the screen we see the islanders going about their primitive ways of industry, we hear, on the sound track, divers sounds associated with modern manufacture. Business letters are dictated, voices announce the closing prices of tea from Ceylon, typewriters send out their staccato messages,



and trains rush upon their noisy journey; all this while we see on the screen natives uprooting trees with their elephants and climbing trees with their fibre loops.

The final part, "Apparel of the God," reintroduces the religious theme and also the great idols. At their feet we find a lone native doing homage to them in traditional manner. From this faithful worshipper we return to the dancers of the village. Alternately with the dancers we are shown pictures of the Buddha. But now these rites are no longer complete mysteries, for we have seen these people at work and progress; we have some knowledge of their problems and progress, and so when once again the great leaves screen the scene from us we regret that our encounter with these people should be so prematurely curtailed.

A frequent criticism of this film is that it moves too slowly, but this is only the slowness of the great mature river, telling its story in the detail it deserves, for it is no longer a swift-flowing shallow mountain stream.

J. R. H.

## WITH CAP AND GOWN IN MADAGASCAR

After we had occupied the northern tip of Madagascar for about three months the local French Director of Education suggested I should accompany him on an inspection tour of the remoter native schools in his area. For our journey over the appalling roads and dusty tracks we had what had once been a Renault saloon. It had, however, suffered from "requisitioning" by some South African airmen, who had converted it into a tower by the simple method of hacking off the top half. The effect on the doors was disastrous—one had given up the ghost altogether and the other swung feebly on its solitary hinge and had to be coaxed into position. The Malgache driver, who looked like George Raft, impassive and insolent, Paul the Director and I sat squashed in front, the back was filled with boxes of food and gear, and perched on the very back of the bodywork sat the Malgache cook, maintaining a precarious dignity in a white suit with a white sun helmet which he obviously did not need, but which in Madagascar is the mark of "European" respectability.

Fortunately the Renault engine had not suffered, and took us over bad surfaces and up fantastic slopes without much difficulty. Occasionally, when the wooden bridges were down, the steep wet banks of the streams were too much for it and we had to unload and send to the nearest village for a gang to help in the pushing. But normally the only discomfort of travelling was the fine red dust which covered us completely by the time we reached our destination. We would arrive at the chosen village in the late afternoon. The "Chef de Village" and the schoolmaster, both Malgaches, were summoned, and after much respectful bowing and hat removing we were taken to the hut set aside for European visitors. The villages all consisted of clusters of huts irregularly set under trees—palm, mango, raffia, kapok—and most of the huts were surrounded by a well-swept earth compound, neatly fenced. The general impression was always of tidiness, and the huts themselves made of a framework of poles with floors, walls and roofs of raffia, were invariably clean. Constant companions in every hut were the green lizards—a brilliant emerald with bright red spots and a crimson mouth; useful creatures because they live on flies and mosquitoes.

The first necessity on arrival was a bathe in the nearest stream, where we had to look out for crocodiles, and by the time we had finished, the cook had prepared a vast meal. The poor man was puzzled by my army rations. He insisted on serving tea for me with every meal.

as well as the coffee and rum which followed, and he could not understand why porridge came before bacon but rice pudding followed the

meat.

Next morning, in the sharp early sunlight Paul and I went over to the school. This was usually a hut like the rest but bigger, rather like a barn, and a French flag always flew on a pole in the "play-ground." The native teachers, perplexed by politics (and who could blame them?) were never quite sure whether I would approve of this flag, and they used to cast a nervous glance at me when French patriotic songs were being sung in class. As we went in, forty or fifty pairs of large bright eyes like grapes swivelled on to us. The faces were alert and eager, medium to dark brown with the faint purplish bloom of a ripe plum. The presence of the strange "Engliche" intrigued, but did not embarrass them. On the contrary some of the younger children used to spend the entire morning making eyes at me. Making a brave effort not to respond I watched and listened to the classes, fascinated by the carefully worked-out system by which the French attempt to turn the idle, childlike, faithless and altogether charming Malgaches into civilised Frenchmen. It is a principle different I think from any adopted in our own colonies, but considering the limitations of the inhabitants it certainly seems to work. The Malgache teachers I saw varied considerably, but the best were very good indeed. Trained in Madagascar they had nevertheless absorbed much of the spirit and even the appearance—in spite of the different clothes—of a typical French schoolmaster. And it says much for the strength of the system that, although this was Paul's first visit since the British landings had dislocated the administration and he had had no communication with them, the school everywhere, had reached the exact point laid down in the elaborate syllabus: education had gone on in these remote villages as if nothing had happened.

Illogically one expects "natives" to speak their own language or bad English. It was a shock to me to find little brown tots of seven and eight saying "Ze me love," "Ze sors de ma place," "Ze vats au tablane noir" in bright staccato voices, and it was enchanting to hear them sing "Cocorico" and "Sur le pont d'Avignon" with obvious enjoyment. The lowest class was taught in Malgache, but after that French was the only language used. The lessons were simple and appropriate, dealing with various aspects of native life and trying to instil some idea of agricultural routine into the happy-go-lucky Malgache—with success in exact proportion to the ability and energy of the teacher.

When we left the village after lunch Paul shook hands with the schoolmaster, if he was pleased with him, and perhaps deigned to accept a live duck or chicken as a present. If he was dissatisfied the farewell would be formal and accompanied by a severe lecture which the teacher would reply "Oui M. le Directeur," "Non M. le Directeur," removing his hat each time he spoke. And then we piled into the car and made off for the next village, preparing ourselves for the layer of red dust that would surely cover us.

We took one day off in the middle of the tour for bathing and fishing at a little village by the sea. We reached it by moonlight and found it the perfect island beach of Hollywood's dreams—a semi-circle of firm silver sand, a fringe of tall coconut palms, primitive canoes and fishing boats lying in front of the huts, the moon on the water. . . .

## "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"

A. P. POLACK.

The ingenious use of a permanent set with a skilful manipulation of several sets of curtains coupled with subtle and unobtrusive lighting give the impression of a gallant yet, I fear, excessive slickness. Nevertheless, Mr. Glen Byam Shaw's production is unique in so far as it is

possibly the first without the customary tedious and often noisy scene changes and the fatuous alarms and excursions with which many of Shakespeare's plays abound. But, though, on the whole, I deplore this almost fanatical desire for technical brilliance, raising the production of Shakespeare from the traditional to the somewhat mundane original—in spite of this, the production is, in many ways, quite beautiful. The grouping of characters and the impressive majesty and excitement of the death scenes, particularly that of Eros—are the supreme achievements of Mr. Byam Shaw's work.

It is true that the production is more interesting than the performance, but something must be said of the magnificence of Godfrey Tearle's Antony. Mr. Tearle's performance is one of classical Shakespearean acting with gestures not of life but true to convention, graceful and exact. The incredible depth and range of Mr. Tearle's voice play a large part in creating his dignity and nobility.

Edith Evans' Cleopatra has been criticised by many. It has been suggested that this was a piece of weak casting, that Miss Evans is too old to create the serpentine power of the Queen. These objections I reject utterly. Miss Evans blends a depth and profundity which alone lesson "the sense of criminality in Cleopatra's passion" and convince us of the regality of the Queen of Egypt. The last words over the dying Antony of Miss Evans' Cleopatra are surpassed in passionate intensity only by those prior to her own death.

A third member of this very competent cast who deserves special mention is Mr. Anthony Quayle as Enobarbus—whose voice I found displeasing, but who, as a rough soldier speaks some of the play's most wonderful poetry with a great sincerity and feeling. His death, too, is extremely impressive even on a rather underlit stage. These actors (who are helped very little by their costumes, indeed, the dresses of Miss Evans, almost without exception, might have been used in any of Mr. Wilde's comedies) with particularly sensitive performers from the ennuich Mardian and the Clown combine with Mortley's effective décor and Anthony Hopkins' very interesting music to make this a memorable production to rank with Gielgud's first "Hamlet" and Olivier's "Lear."

J. A. E.

## WORKSHOP NOTES

The main activity in the Workshop this term has been the construction of a Puppet stage. For a year we have been trying to prepare a Puppet show but have been thwarted at every turn. It has proved to be impossible to erect a temporary platform on the School stage for long enough to rehearse our play, and for our senior members have been involved in school plays. This term many have again been lost to us temporarily because of house plays, but at least the possession of our own stage has allowed us to hold rehearsals of a sort. We now have great hopes of any early production.

In February the stage was transported to London for the annual exhibition of the Educational Puppetry Association and was much admired. The settings and proscenium arch, designed and painted by R. Smith contributed much to its success.



and we are grateful to him for the time he put into this project. We now have on hand the construction of a number of trick Marionettes which we hope will take part in a Variety Show next term.

The Printers' Guild has had a disappointing term. For some time we have been considering the purchase of a new press as our present one is much worn and was damaged by enemy action during the war. Presses are not easy to obtain and we have been on the waiting list for one for over a year. Last term we were offered a second-hand press, but its price was £30 and once again we had reluctantly to refuse. We are doing our best with the original press and can only hope that next time we shall be more lucky.

Pottery has suffered more than most crafts this term. Owing to the fuel cuts we have not felt justified in using our gas kiln and, having collected enough raw pottery for two firings, have had to reduce production for lack of storage space. The weather too has not been favourable for a craft which requires the use of so much cold water. However, one or two juniors are making progress with throwing and will soon replace those experts lost to us because of the School Certificate Examination.

For some time now the Workshop has once a week been turned into a film studio. A team of experts from the Colonial Film Unit has been at work on a film which will show how our puppets are made and handled. Part of the film is in glorious technicolour and those of us who have had to face the camera are looking forward with some misgiving to the first private view. We hope that the School will have an opportunity of seeing the finished product but are making no promises until we see whether we really look as awkward and self-conscious as we felt under the blinding lights and before the camera with its intrusive clicking which almost compelled us to look at it; a thing strictly forbidden. However the producer seems satisfied, and we must wait and hope for the best.

D. M.

## THE 19th WIMBLETON SCOUT GROUP

Most of the members of the Court of Honour have been selected to represent the 19th at the World Jamboree in France next August. By the summer term, these patrol leaders must have passed the 1st Class Badge and this objective, combined with a renewed enthusiasm generally in the Troop, has set the pace for this term's meetings. Each week the programme has centred round the 1st class tests and in turn we have covered first aid, health and physical fitness, pioneering, exploring, tracking and observation, nature study of birds and trees, axeman'ship and the highway code. Inter-patrol competitions and games have punctuated the badge work and, with a few notable exceptions, attendance has been keen and regular. We have, in addition, had an excursion over the Surrey Downs during the earlier snowfall and also a wide game on Wimbledon Common.

A cordial welcome is given to our new members—Beard, Williams, Salter, Dick, Francis, Helliwell and Mealing; our very many thanks to Mr. Herdman for his help at recent troop meetings and to Mr. Thomas for his valuable service in particular to the Senior Scout Patrol. Mr. Phillips, who has been our A.S.M. for some years and a tower of strength on all occasions, has now taken over a troop of his own in Wimbledon. He does so with our very good wishes and many thanks for his grand help to the 19th. We shall continue to see something of him and benefit by his help.

We represented the Secondary Schools in the Educational Puppetry Associations Annual Exhibition at the College of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Square, from February 16th to 21st. On Tuesday evening a party of us went up to give a demonstration of puppet making and exhibited our new fifteen-foot stage.

This term has been a busy one for the Club. We had to finish the marionettes for "Noah's Ark" and complete the stage, so that we could produce the play at the end of this term.

## PUPPET CLUB

Two future events are now being planned. The annual garden party will probably be held on Saturday, March 31st, and it has been suggested that this year it becomes a joint school occasion in order to help the General School Fund as well as our own. This summer we must replace our tents by new ones, entertain fully a party of Dutch Scouts and send our leaders to the jamboree. At the end of the summer term, we hope to welcome to our homes a party of scouts from the Dutch Troop, the 4th Damaiaangroep, and then take them to our summer camp. Later on, our scouts will be invited to Holland.

We have been pleased to entertain the Wimbledon Rovers on three occasions. Mr. W. J. McCarthy gave a talk, illustrated by slides, on "Whaling in the Antarctic," and based on his personal experiences. Mr. Bullock of the Royal Naval College spoke on Anglo-Russian relationships and Mr. Palmer, M.P. for Wimbledon, spoke on life and work in the House of Commons. A training course for Scouters from this part of Surrey has also taken place over several weeks at our headquarters.

One evening in February, the parents came to a social evening at the School. Mrs. Collins ran an enjoyable beetle drive and a general discussion on Group habits followed over a cup of tea in the Common Room. Early in March there was a discussion evening for those parents and Choungs who braved the blizzard to enjoy an open discussion round the fireside. Topics ranged from co-education to the problems of the suburban community life and whether scientists are the right persons to decide when and how their discoveries should be used. There was an obvious pleasure in informal discussion and further such meetings have been arranged.

In the County Cross Country Contest held at Richmond, the 19th took fifth place, our runners being Thomas, Phillips, MacDonald. A 19th team is being entered for the County Boxing Rounds under the leadership of P. L. Grindrod.

A week-end was spent at the Youth Hostel at Oxford and during the day the party visited the colleges. Another hostel week-end has been arranged later this term and in the meantime the patrol has met both indoors and on hike.

The Senior Scouts, the Wingate Patrol, have met several times during the term and have rendered service at the Town Hall Musical Concerts. In the Christmas holiday they enjoyed the rare privilege of watching the historic "Ceremony of the Keys" at the Tower of London. Each evening at ten o'clock for many centuries, the "Keys," accompanied by an armed escort, have patrolled the Tower and locked the gates. On the same evening the seniors attended Evensong at the Crypt of All Hallows after being entertained to tea at the headquarters of Toc H.

Mr. Cobb's absence, introduced our new President to the Raynham, in room and held our Annual General Meeting. Mr. Raynham, in under Mr. Porter's guidance the meeting continued with its customary vigour. (I am enclosing to all members a duplicated copy of the minutes of this meeting. They will, I hope, be of interest to those unable to be present and will also save the time of reading at the next A.G.M.). Among those present were quite a few O.B. just demobbed from the Forces and we were pleased to welcome them back.

the main table was the expected sequence. When all had been eaten we retired to the Masters' Common Room and held our Annual General Meeting. Mr. Raynham, in

cat. But rationing paid its toll, and we were unable to give all a good tea. The teams were naturally given preference, but some extra food was placed on a side table from which the spectators could help themselves. This extra soon disappeared, and a good natured looting of the main table was the expected sequence.

was not outdone by lack of practice and so we won the game, 9-3. After the match and following a good clean up we sat down to eat. But rationing paid its toll, and we were unable to give all a good

The Rugby team (R. E. Pegg, J. Roberts, K. R. Forest, G. L. Billingham, K. W. Cottrell, A. G. Hopkins, K. O. Richards, A. Thompson, W. Roderignes, F. J. W. Howell, E. Wells, R. A. J. Wood, J. F. C. Green, E. G. C. Green, and J. H. Grubb) had an extremely slippery game with a horribly slippery ball, but weight and experience was not outdone by lack of practice and so we won the game, 9—3.

School.  
The Rugger team (R. E. Pegg, J. J. Roberts, K. R. Forest, G. P.

Between the writing of the last news letter and the end of the year the Society has held its Annual General Meeting, played against the School its customary Rugby match and also had another end of term dance—all three taking place in the same day and all three at the School.

### News Letter

## News Letter

## SOCIETY

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL, OLD BOYS'

1st XV	City Freeman School	...	Won	21-11
1st XV	Tiffin School	...	Won	15-11
1st XV	Bec School	...	Won	12-0
1st XV	Winbledon College	...	Won	5-3
1st XV	Old Boys	...	Lost	3-9

Points for : 228.  
Points against : 97.

Games played, 14. Won, 12. Lost 1, Drawn 1.

J. C. T.

AX 1st

Results of matches not recorded in last term's issue.

1945.—D. Saunders, J. C. Taylor, B. A. Newman.  
1946.—D. Thompson, Steigh, G. Thomas, J. Ashley, Lines, Pegrum,  
Cameron.

colours:—  
1945.—D. Saunders, J. C. Taylor, B. A. Newman.

The following members of this year's 1st XV have School rugby colours:—

will be of great value to the School in later years. Our only defeat was administered by a powerful Old Boys XV which, although vastly superior in weight, never overwhelmed the School completely.

Despite the departure of the captain to the forces and various injuries which necessitated changes to the 1st XV, no other school was able to beat us last season. Wimbledon College, previously beaten only once in two years, was defeated by 1st XV which included replacements: P. Bride, B. Amey and G. Osmint from the 2nd XV, who will be of great value to the School in later years. Our only defeat Against the Old Boys we played Wells, captain of the 2nd XV, who

Despite the departure of the captain to the forces and various

# RUGBY FOOTBALL



assistance in "behind the scenes" activities. It was a very enjoyable dance and we were pleased to see even more fresh, or should I say older, faces coming in during the evening.

For the new year there is not very much to tell. There have been a few minor alterations in decisions made at the A.G.M. in order to fit in with external arrangements—the support and dance is being reserved for next term, and extra fixtures could not be made for hockey owing to the weak response to the appeal for names of players. We were even unable to raise a full team for our match versus the School at the beginning of the year, but with help the game resulted in a draw. We do hope, however, that a great many more people (who play cricket) will write to Norman Poulter, 70, Portland Avenue, New Malden, telling him so, and also give him some idea of what you are negotiating a couple of extra matches next term in addition to the two with the School, and so we do hope to be able to raise a full team. Among our recent visitors to the School we saw B. G. Churcher (Newsoms '38-'42). He has just been demobilised from the R.A.F., while J. E. Burton (Newsoms '39-'46) has, at the other extreme, only six months service to his credit in the R.A.F. He is enjoying life at Gloucester.

F. Holland (Newsoms '38-'41) who was spurring our Ruggers team on to victory and also attended the A.G.M., was on leave after four years of life abroad. He has one more year to do and is hoping for a permanent commission in the R.A.F., for he thoroughly enjoys the life. H. S. Wiggins (Newsoms '39-'46), in a life of ups and downs, is undergoing a course for curing flat feet in the Army at Chester. E. W. F. Stubbards (Halliwell's '40-'45) is facing a forced holiday resulting from the fuel cut. He is working at Hawkers Aircraft Ltd. as a mechanical engineer.

H. Young (Newsoms '35-'40) after serving three years in the Fleet Air Arm as a leading Air Mechanic (L.) has seen service on H.M.S. Gilly and Colossus and also in India and Ceylon. He has now signed on for ten years in the R.A.F. as an electrician.

Norman Reid (Newsoms ), now demobbed, has gone back to London University to finish reading Statistics. R. H. Taylor (Gibbs '37-'43) is now stationed at R.A.F., Manston, where is also J. L. Cathrow (Cobbs '36-'43).

R. W. Wright (Gibbs '36-'44) writes from the Middle East, forty miles from Port Said on the road to Cairo. He is not working at the present moment, but he and his troop are expecting to maintain and service R.A.F. lines of communications. As might well be expected Keith has started to play hockey again for his Regiment. He also tells me that V. E. Mann (Cobbs '36-'41) is shortly going to Fayid, G.H.Q., M.E.L.F., but at the time of writing was just outside Cairo. E. R. Warren (Cobbs '37-'44) writes from Caterick, Yorks., where he has been posted from Canterbury as a Class I tradesman—Radio Telecommunications Mechanic.

D. C. Burgess (Milton '40-'46), we hear, is working as a farm pupil at Bruton in Somerset until next August when he hopes to go to an agricultural college or farm institute. P. S. G. Bridges (Gibbs '37-'41) writes from R.A.F., St. Eval, Cornwall, expecting to be demobbed about April, after which time he says he will be able to be of more support to the Society. P. C. Collins (Gibbs '36-'42) is now working at R.A.F., Colerne, Wiltshire, as an electrician, but he does not expect to be released for quite some time.

C. Thompson (Cobbs '37-'45) told me when he came up to play in our hockey team, that he is now playing hockey fairly regularly as left wing for Lincolnshire.

N. G. Broderick (Newsoms '36-'44) has joined the ranks of civilians and has returned to Queens College, Oxford. He finds working a drastic change from his "carefree" days in the Navy. I know you will join me in congratulating C. M. Nunn (Miltons '38-'43) upon his marriage six months ago. He is living in Cardiff at present, but he may move at any time since he is serving in the R.A.F. until 1955. Whew!

Alan Day (Miltons '38-'41) writes from Palestine. He is working in Intelligence, but the recent upset conditions make his work more political in aspect. Despite endless work and excitement of being too close for comfort to bomb explosions, he still finds time and enthusiasm to play Ruggers on dangerously hard ground. R. Wilson (Milton '42-'45) tells us of his activities since he left School in September, 1945. He had a scholarship at the Royal College of Music where he receives individual tuition in piano, clarinet, and theory of music. Not content in getting his A.R.C.M. in piano solo performance (for which we sincerely congratulate him) he takes on Holiday. He is still studying and we wish him luck. R. G. Forward (Miltons '36-'43), another still in the R.A.F., writes that he is ploughing along at Whitehall either pushing a pen or thumping a typewriter. His sincere wish is to be demobbed by October and go up to Cambridge.

We hear that B. A. Ruff (Cobbs '37-'45) is in Italy and D. Savage (Gibbs ) is in India and that A. T. E. Bray (Newsoms '41-'44) in the M.E. has the melancholy task of unloading illegal immigrants at Haifa and transshipping them to Cyprus. He will have a pleasant relief for he is due for home leave this month. Finally, may I close again reminding the home members of the Society to send their names to the respective sports secretaries promising to play fairly regularly next season (and this season for cricket). Thank you.

C. J. V. L.

## “THE SPUR” COMMITTEE

Editors: William Walsh and C. R. E. Parker.  
Committee: J. C. Taylor, P. Pringle, D. P. White, N. Godwin.

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dead."—Dr. Johnson

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## CROSSWORD CLUES

ACROSS.

DOWN

- 1 Astute's the word (7)  
6 These vehicles look smart from behind (5)  
10 "Cheek beaunted with plastering—" (Hamlet) (3)  
11 A variety of perch (3)  
13 Encountered (3)  
14 Of late (8)  
17 Considered dull in song (4)  
18 For the head of the duchess ? (5)  
19 Final den (3)  
21 End sometimes corked (3)  
22 Yet across the channel (6)  
24 The object of incendiarism (5)  
26 Look, after be (4)  
27 This pallor beheld is synonymous to 44 (6)  
29 A receptacle for fingers ? (3)  
30 Family or neck ? (3)  
31 "He chewed the thrice turned end of wrath and cooked his—" (Tennyson) (6)  
33 Where to dine, according to Chesterton (4)  
36 Wallace's Ben is found with a saint in a wood (5)  
37 Small rotters, perhaps ? (6)  
39 Miltonic marsh (3)  
40 This dance may be wetting (3).  
42 We come after the R.A.F. news (5)  
43 Press on (4)  
44 See 28 (8)  
46 "— what I —" (Hamlet) (3)  
47 Before being found in the rest (3)  
48 Palindromic small drink (3)  
49 Literary attempt (5)  
50 Stamper meddles (7)

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[illegible]

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