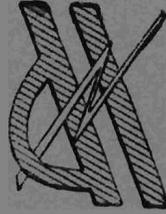


THE SPUR

Vol. VIII

No. 8



THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL.

"To each his need, from each his power"

Vol. VIII., No. 8.

Winter, 1949.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

Head of the School : B. M. Jones

Prefects :

J. R. Hopkins, G. D. Pegrum, J. R. Wells, M. D. Holgate,
J. B. Florentine, N. J. McDonald, D. A. W. Marles, R. C. Simpson,
I. B. S. Law, A. G. Simpson, P. Phillips, C. P. Tutt.

Prefect of Hall : D. A. W. Marles.

Captain of Rugger : J. R. Wells.

Secretary of Rugger : R. C. Simpson.

Secretary of the Games Committee : A. G. Simpson

Librarian : J. P. Hood Phillips.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Aldenhamian, Radleian, Kingstonian, Ashtedian, Wellingtonian, Fettesian, Bryanstone Saga, Bristol Grammar School Chronicle, Caterhamian, Beccehamian, and the Dolphin.

The Editors acknowledge with thanks the receipt of these magazines and apologise for any inadvertent omissions.

" THE SPUR " COMMITTEE

Editors : William Walsh, Esq., J. M. Hoare.

Committee : J. C. Powell, D. Powell, C. M. White, D. T. Beardwell,
B. S. Jackson, B. M. Jones.

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we record the death on September 7th, 1949, of Michael John Welby. He had been absent for the whole of the summer term, most of which he had spent in hospital. He entered the School in 1942 and rose to the positions of School Prefect, Captain of Newsom's House and a senior member of the Economics Sixth Form. He was looking forward to a University career.

"Mike" gave much to his School and his House. Modest to a degree of his own contributions and achievements, he was a promising scholar, a keen and hard games player, representing the School at Rugby and Hockey, a courteous and appreciative student, a popular leader among his colleagues and an active member of the wider community outside the School. He was ever ready to give of his time and energies and never spared himself to set an example for others. Most of us will remember vividly one of his last appearances at the School when, tired and ill as he was, he played a heavy and exacting role in the House Play, and perhaps this example of putting others before self is typical of the memory we shall all retain of his vigorous and splendid personality.

We extend to his parents and sister and friends our deepest sympathy and our sorrow at the cutting short of a life of such genuine promise.

* * *

With deep regret we record too the death of Brian Leslie Bartram on November 11th, 1949.

Brian Bartram came to this School in September, 1943. He was a cheerful boy, whose ready smile and keen sense of humour won him many friends. Modest, unselfish, and sincere, he was a good friend and a loyal member of his House and School. He was good at games and played for the School Colt team at cricket. Remembering the courage and determination he showed at Rugger we can the more readily understand the fortitude with which he endured his long and tedious illness. His messages to us throughout were of good cheer. Our deepest sympathy is with his parents in their tragic loss.

COBB'S HOUSE NOTES

Captain : A. G. Simpson.

Vice-Captain : A. Melmoth.

School Prefects : J. R. Hopkins, A. G. Simpson.

Last term we were unfortunate in falling to second position in the Cobb House competition after having held the lead for the greater part of the year. Excellent spirit was shown by the whole House and it was only due to some unlucky losses at the end of the year that we had

to relinquish our lead. Last term also we lost many of our valuable seniors. Their place must eventually be taken by our new members, to whom I would like to extend a warm welcome. This year we shall once again muster our forces and make another attack on the Cock House Cup.

Cricket

Our seniors were unfortunate in losing their first match to Gibb's and as a result were knocked out of the competition. They made up for this loss by winning their other two matches with Milton's and Newsom's. No spectacular results came from our Colts or Juniors although some good cricket was seen in their matches.

Swimming

We entered the swimming sports in third position on qualifying points. Our swimmers put up a good performance and retained our position throughout the sports. Our congratulations and thanks are due to Melmoth and Bell, our Co-Captains, who spurred on the House to get those precious qualifying points and who swam so excellently at the sports.

Tennis

Our tennis team, in the able hands of Gray, played well to enter the final. The destination of the Cock House Cup lay in the result of this match and we had looked to our tennis players for a happy victory. They were, however, defeated at the hands of Halliwell's more experienced team.

Rugger

In our first match against Gibb's we lost 19—3. The team was rather sleepy and missed many chances through being slow off the mark. In our second match, against Halliwell's, something struck the spark which fired the powder and the team played with renewed spirit. This year it was our turn to lose in this match which is now a traditional feud. The Colts have taken revenge and won both their matches against the same two Houses by considerable margins. The Juniors, so far, have only played one match, that being against Gibb's. It was lost 15—0. There is some good talent available in the Juniors and practice will show it to its full advantage.

A. G. S

GIBB'S HOUSE NOTES

House Captain : B. M. Jones.

Vice-Captain : N. J. MacDonald.

Prefects : I. B. S. Law, M. D. Holgate.

Last term lost us our House Captain, S. Priestman, known to the House, and indeed to the School, as "Sam." To Sam we all owe a debt of gratitude, for his personality and enthusiasm have gone far to produce the house spirit of which we may boast to-day. We wish him the best of luck at the University and we want him to know that we do not forget him and will always be pleased to see him.

We also said good-bye to B. R. Buttery, our Tennis Captain, D. K. Mills, C. Davies, R. V. Sandham, M. J. Todd.

Yet with the new term in spite of those we lack we may offer a hearty welcome to those whom we gain, Betts, Denton, Fowles, Hope, Johnson, Roylance, Cooper, Dudley, Gallagher, Holden, Wright and York. They have started well and we hope that they will display the same spirit throughout their school life.

Cricket

The cricket last term was the first sign that our heads are well and truly above the waters of insignificance, for in this we gained the Cup. The team was ably led by M. D. Holgate and in honour of the occasion we celebrated a House Supper.

Swimming

Here we had the tantalising experience of seeing the Cup slip through our fingers for want of a paltry few points. I do not wish to prolong the agony on this subject except by congratulating L. Bunch on his captaincy of the team and also everyone who entered the events.

Rugby

This term we have had bad luck with the Rugby. MacDonald has succeeded in producing a well co-ordinated senior team which has a remarkable team-spirit and a commendable lack of conversation while playing. Although we overcame Cobb's and Milton's, we weakened to Newsom's in the second half of the game and lost the match as a result. The colt team has not done so well, although they scored a victory over Milton's.

The Junior team, captained by J. L. Wearn, has so far beaten Cobb's. We congratulate them especially this term on their enthusiasm and their play.

HALLIWELL'S HOUSE NOTES

Captain : J. R. Wells.

Vice-Captain : D. A. Marles.

Last term proved to be one of the most exciting terms ever, as far as the House competition is concerned. The Cock House trophy was in doubt up to the last few days of the School year. We had to fight to be Cock House for the fifth successive year, but we did it.

Jock Mason led our senior cricket team gallantly, and it was no fault of his that we lost in the finals to Gibb's, who proved to have the better side. Our colt eleven lost us the second place in this competition, and we had to be content with the third. This year's House colts must remember that the fate of the various trophies depends as much on their efforts as it does on the seniors.

The Swimming Cup became the centre of a most thrilling encounter. On the day we found ourselves second in qualifying points (that must not happen again!) In spite of the exhortations of Derek Marles, the captain, Gibb's held the lead. From the start it was a neck to neck race, first Gibb's and then ourselves in front. The climax came with the last event of the day, the senior relay. By winning this we managed to hold the Cup by the skin or our proverbial teeth. Special mention must be made of A. Charles, who broke the Junior two lengths free style record.

We were given no time to rest on our laurels. We found ourselves level with Cobb's in the battle for Cock House, with only one event left, the finals of the Tennis; we were playing Cobb's. Michael Davis led our team coolly and confidently to a splendid victory. So ended the Cock House saga of 1949.

The celebrations took the form, in the usual manner, of a House Supper. This also served as an opportunity for the House to wish Mr. Lyle every success in the hazards of matrimony.

This year we have kicked off to a good start by being well in the running for the Rugby Cup. Our Senior team has beaten Cobb's, 16—6, and Milton's 8—0. The Colts started off a little cautiously and lost to Cobb's, but came back to beat Milton's convincingly.

The House had few losses last summer, and so our strength is relatively increased this year. We had, however, to say goodbye to Peter Street, who is now working in a bank; to Alan Conchie, who is carrying out his medical studies at Sheffield; and to Peter Fiander, who is joining the regular army. To make up for these losses a number of new boys have, of course, now joined the House. We hope they are happy, and that they will have better luck with the Junior Shield than our Juniors did last year.

And so into another Cock House competition.

J. R. W.

MILTON'S HOUSE NOTES

Captain : G. D. Pegrum.

Vice-Captain : C. P. Tutt.

At the end of last term we had to say farewell to many of the senior members of the House; we wish them every success in their future careers. The end of the year did not, however, end with the results we hoped for. We tried hard in the Cricket competition, but lack of seniors with cricket ability made it impossible to win more than one match. Cricket of our many games is surely the most individualistic. Mention must be made of our one cricketer, C. P. Tutt, for inspiring leadership of a team which at its best could only be called mediocre.

The Colts and especially the Juniors, decided to show the Seniors how cricket should be played, and indeed showed them and the other Houses too. The Juniors won their cricket competition and are to be congratulated on their success. The Colts came second in their part of the tournament; they would and should have been first but for a loss against Cobb's.

Our Swimming team also lacked individual swimmers. The House however worked hard at qualifying and with a few good swimmers we should have been fighting for the first place instead of a lowly fourth. In activities such as cricket, tennis and swimming we feel this gap which the brilliant players could fill with great effect upon the team's position in the tournament. Our tennis team under the leadership of Richardson played to the best of their ability.

Turning to this term we have a sad story to tell. The rugger team seemed full of promise and was prepared for an extremely hard fight. Team injuries falsified these hopes as the team played their first three matches without several of the key positional players. We lost these three matches but the team has played well together and feel they would have fared better had they been able to field the best possible team. The Colts and Juniors would perhaps rather be allowed to forget their efforts in the House matches, so let us leave them with the glories of cricket and say no more.

The cross country team has already started training and under the management of last year's captain, Hobbs, should produce of their best in the inter-House run.

G. D. P.

NEWSOM'S HOUSE NOTES

To Newsom's, House Notes this term cannot be full of the jubilation **customary in the autumn term.** The beginning of the School year was overshadowed for us by the news of the death of M. J. Welby. Michael Welby was a House captain who by his energetic leadership and unselfish sense of purpose endeared himself to us all, and his loss was not one to be sustained lightly. A further blow to the House came early in November, when we heard of the death of Brian Bartram. He, too, was a member of the House whose passing leaves us with a real gap in our ranks. More adequate tributes to them both will be found elsewhere, but Newsom's in particular would add its sincere words of sympathy with the parents of each to the tribute paid by the whole School.

We welcome as housemaster this term Mr. L. R. King, and hope that he will have a long and happy association with the House.

Once again we find ourselves with only a few sixth-formers. Many of the stalwarts left last term and, unfortunately, we find many gaps in our rugger team and other House activities.

By the time this is published we shall have had to part with P. Phillips; it does not seem right to say "Good-bye" as we hope he will return to visit us. He has been a pillar of strength in House

activities, notably on the rugger field and in the boxing ring, and in last year's cross country competition, and we wish him God speed, and good luck for the future.

Rugger

The strength of our team has been sadly depleted now that Phillips has left. So far, with his help, we have played two senior matches, the first against Milton's (won 13—3), and the second against Gibb's (won 6—3). **I trust this is a good omen for the future.** The team obviously lacks experience, and the three-quarters need more determination, but the team plays well together and should be commended, rather than criticized, for its stout-hearted playing.

The Colt team has also played two games, against Milton's and Gibb's, both of which they have won. We hope they will keep it up. The Junior team shows promise for the future and has started its matches with a win against Milton's.

In other fields, we must congratulate all, not few in number, who received prizes on November 16th.

Last, but not least, in these notes, I should like to welcome the newcomers to the House: Castle, Judge, B., Judge, R. J. R., Stevens, Tabor, Dann, Loible, Pevey, Spencer, B., Spencer, D., Tucker and Weightman. I hope that they will absorb the House spirit and take part in all our activities—in fact, be true scions of Newsom's!

J. B. F.

TWELVE YEARS OF HOUSE PLAYS

In the last issue of *THE SPUR* I gave a list of House plays from their inauguration and I should like now to make some brief observations on this spate of histrionic effort.

A glance down the list will yield the gratifying thought that there has been a commendable veering away from the vastly over-worked one act plays typified by "The Thread of Scarlet," "The Man in the Bowler Hat," which have been presented heaven knows how many times in every drama competition that ever was and can now be decently interred. The plays now are still a fairly mixed bag, as they should be, but show on the whole, sufficiently more enterprise to convince that past experience is not entirely wasted.

For myself they woke a flood of reminiscence. I came on the scene in the 1941-42 period and my first memory is of watching with acute embarrassment a number of gentlemen in what is now my own House, carcering around in palpable lab. coats weaving some apparently dastardly plot known only to themselves. Occasionally I got snatches of dialogue which tended to obscure rather than illuminate the fog. Truly it was placed last, as it deserved, but even so the judge, Mr. Neville Coghill, gave it "good marks for audibility"; I think he would adopt a different standard of excellence now. Then I remember vividly the vast bulk of Fred Holwill climbing the last few feet of F6, an apparently almost inaccessible mountain, and flinging himself into the lap of a rather frail junior with a cry of "Mother." I'm sure it was a good production because Mr. Basil Wright, who is no mean critic, said so, but I confess to finding it rather comic and pretentious.

Then came my conversion to the real value of House Plays, when Cobb's made their version of "Thunder Rock," and I found myself moved even to tears by the sincerity of Carter's playing of the ghostly Joshua. **Why should this and many other pieces of acting I've seen since on the School stage be so intensely moving?** Mainly, I suppose, because amateurs and particularly schoolboys act chiefly through themselves rather than through trained technique and as in this instance the "solid monument of sincerity and character," as the judge, Mr. A. K. Boyd, described it, *was* Carter and knowing him as such I was profoundly moved. And it was then that I realised that House Plays

on striving to draw on what Mr. Boyd called "the sudden bounty of drama" until you make a thing which for you and your audience, will be a valuable memory.

P. S.

SCHOOL AND THE ARMY

This article is not intended as a guide, humorous or otherwise, as to what to do or what not to do in the Army, nor is it an account of "My First Six Weeks in the Army." What I want to do is to give some indication of the advantages, disadvantages and requirements of service in the Royal Army Educational Corps.

Service as an Education instructor is, I think, without doubt the most useful—both to himself and to the Army—thing that a National Serviceman from school can do. The pay is good and there is the added attraction of three stripes. The requirements are an aptitude and ability for teaching and surprisingly enough for hard work.

"How do we get into the Corps?" is probably the first question you would ask. The answer is simple. When you have your "medical" and are passed, you, together with everyone else, are invited to express a preference for some Regiment or Corps if you want to do so. Resist firmly the attractions (if any) of the Army Catering Corps which the interviewing Major will dangle in front of you and state that you wish to be put down for the R.A.E.C. The effect on the Major will probably be the same as red cloth to a bull. He will spend five minutes telling you in somewhat heavy tones why you should not join the R.A.E.C.

The gist of his argument is "Damn it they're not soldiers they're school teachers. No traditions, nothing, nothing at all. My God!" Unless you fancy yourself chatting about with rifle and bayonet for 18 months (and believe me you will get enough in the first weeks of basic training) stick firmly to your point that you wish to be put down for the R.A.E.C. The Major will then probably change his line of approach and murmur something about them being full. This may or may not be true (it depends largely on the time of your entry, i.e. whether there is a large intake from University or Teachers' Training Colleges, etc.), but he will in the end, and is indeed bound to, put you down for the R.A.E.C.

If you are fortunate, and the War Office approves your application your calling-up papers will bid you to report to some A.B.T.U. (Army Basic Training Unit) and will be endorsed "for R.A.E.C." [The camps you are likely to go to are either Bushfield, near Winchester, Shorncliffe, near Folkestone, or Brecon in Wales. Of these the best are Bushfield and Brecon; Shorncliffe is a cosmopolitan camp with about eight training regiments there and suffers from this. At Bushfield are the King's Royal Rifle Brigade; at Brecon are the South Wales Borderers and the Welch Regiment.] Basic training itself is not pleasant, but it is not so unpleasant as one imagines it is going to be. It one is unlucky there may be a sergeant whose attitude is "These are the Education — are they, right, we'll find some nice jobs for them." Most sergeants, however, are scrupulously fair and you will not do more than your fair share of dirty fatigues.

After ten or eleven weeks basic training you will pass out of A.B.T.U. and be transferred on probation to the Army School of Education at Bodmin, Cornwall, for a three months course.

First of all a word about Bodmin itself. It ranks with Cambridge and Redruth, as one of the three worst towns in Cornwall. Architecturally it is, to say the least, not attractive, it is bearable when the sun shines, completely unbearable when as often happens it rains. There is one decent café, numerous pubs and one cinema which shows ten year old films (I have just seen there David Niven in "The Way Ahead"). The sole advantage of the town is that it is bang in the middle of

are rather like the little girl in the nursery rhyme—when they are good they are very good and when they are bad they are horrid.

One has only to read all the criticisms in *The Spur* and draw on ones own memories to realise that House plays have generally improved vastly. We have undoubtedly moved up from the time when the judge could say of a play he placed *second* in 1940, "Some members of the company were far from word perfect, and the prompter seemed to have a copy of some quite different play," to a point when as eminent a critic as Mr. Esme Percy could say of Cobb's production of "The Seventh Man": "I cannot imagine this play being better done." There may have been a qualifying clause in his mind but I think that he spoke with complete sincerity and was feeling the essential uniqueness of good plays done well by schoolboys. It is not easy to decide what has attributed to this undoubted rise in standard. Tradition is probably the inspiring coupled with an increase in knowledge, wisdom and technical ability which the increasing length of the School's life has helped to accumulate.

Now as a tailpiece I shall ignore the condescending smiles of the more expert and try to say what I feel are the bare bones of a successful production. Let it be assumed that I am talking to a budding House producer who is just trying to sort out his ideas.

Choose your play: understand it and decide what it is trying to say to the audience. Don't over-teach yourself and choose something very obscure or high falutin on the assumption that nothing else will be preferred in the competition. Ignore the hypothetical highbrow judge and get hold of something either with an idea which appeals to you or which just generally presents a slice of life that tickles your individual fancy—something peopled by characters not made of cardboard. Then ponder on it at all times when your mind need not be occupied by work. Having plotted it out in considerable detail in your mind (this is the stage I always find to be the longest and most difficult but also the most exciting because it's the period of real creation), make your "book" and get some of your ideas on paper. Then attend to two major pieces of technique: make all your words audible and all your actions visible, so that you will need to use considerable exaggeration of voice and movement without making either apparent.

Even given this, your play will probably not hold an audience. Think of the audience as a class of rather recalcitrant children on a hot summer afternoon and use your invention to keep recapturing its attention. Pull up your peaks of speech from the level plain of the dialogue by varying the pitch and speed and loudness; syncope your pauses, make new and exciting patterns with your characters—anything of course, be a dramatic reason underlying your grouping as nothing is more irritating than meaningless artificial regroupings. Remember there is no such thing as a right or wrong grouping divorced from its context. The judge of 1940 commented adversely on "the awkwardness of Joan being placed midway between her interlocutors and the audience," an obviously bad and ineffective position; but he praised an identical position in these words: "Sunday held a whole scene with 'The Man who was Thursday,'" it was essential to preserve the mystery of Sunday's face.

Have, as near as you can achieve it, iron discipline in your rehearsals—acting can be a stupid waste of time if it isn't controlled and disciplined—and finally, when you are approaching your opening, bring in a stranger to the play and run it through for him and don't be hurt if he looks utterly at sea. If he's fairly intelligent he'll be reacting just like most members of your ultimate audience. Then go

Cornwall and it is possible to travel about quite a bit over the weekends. Cornwall itself is, of course, a glorious county.

The camp is not badly fitted and is quite pleasant when there is no rain. However, by the time you reach Bodmin you will be quite accustomed to Army conditions, so it will be of more interest to pass on to the course itself.

This is of three months duration and is divided roughly into two parts. The first eight weeks consists of groundwork. Lectures on educational theory and how to teach various subjects and teaching practices themselves form a large part of the programme for these first weeks. You are watched over, guided, directed, enticed and sometimes reprimanded by an officer or N.C.O. in charge of your syndicate (the company is divided up into syndicates of about 15. Two syndicates form a platoon). It is largely on his report on your ability as a teacher that your success or failure in the course depends. Teaching is done in the Army at three levels, Stages A, B and C. Stage A are barely literate; Stage B are literate with a mental age of about 14 in educational matters; and Stage C are reasonably intelligent individuals. The majority of the Army to-day is Stage A or B. Flexibility then in teaching is one necessity: you must be able to get down to the class's level and to hold its interest. For the purpose of practice the "class" consists of the other members of your syndicate, who criticize you afterwards and very frank they are, too!

After eight weeks you appear before a Command Selection Board consisting of a Colonel and Chief Instructor, the Company Commander and your syndicate officer. Whether you pass this Board depends largely on the report which goes in on your ability as a teacher. Three stripes are the reward of passing C.S.B.

Four weeks later is the great, and long awaited, passing out parade, and you pass out into that wide open space which the Army euphemistically calls "the field." Your job will probably bear no relation to that recommended for you by the Selection Board. I was supposed to teach English at an Education Centre, but am now in sole charge of the education of a small unit.

Such is the way of Army organisation and such is my job to-day, and a very worthwhile job it is too.

D. P. W.

STRATFORD IN 1949—

Prompting thoughts on producing Shakespeare

English child [looking at portrait, 1944]: "That's not Mr. Shakespeare."

American teacher [1930]: "I never understood a Shakespeare play yet except one I saw played by Americans. It must be the English accent."

"... With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare when I measure my mind against his."—George Bernard Shaw.

* * *

E. M. Forster once murmured that in a novel there must be a story and likewise in a drama festival there must be a play. In this case, the Shakespeare Festival of 1949 at Stratford-upon-Avon, there are six: "Cymbeline," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Henry VIII," "Much Ado About Nothing," "Othello" and "Macbeth."

On Shakespeare's home ground a standard of perfection is demanded of both actors, producers, designers and composers and at this year's festival there were many variations on this rather difficult theme. James Bailey, who designed "A Midsummer Night's Dream," was called "... a gifted criminal..." Tyrone Guthrie's production of

"Henry VIII," as "technical brilliance divorced from the tough fibre and lyricism of the text, and John Gielgud was credited with achieving "A tense balance of word and image, tone and motion."

In the face of this and more devastating criticism from other quarters one hesitates to assess the value of these productions. Let it be said at the beginning that they were all eminently worthwhile and extremely stimulating. "Cymbeline," "Henry VIII" and "Much Ado" achieved a continuity not so evident in the other plays. Godfrey Tearle's performance as Othello went from strength to strength until in the final scene he achieved an extraordinarily moving nobility, while his production went from bad to worse. Both Venice and Cyprus were seemingly uninhabited apart from the minimum of dramatis personæ and the resultant effect was decidedly unsatisfactory. A jewel will not shine unless it is in its right setting.

The production of "Cymbeline" by Michael Benthall, although one critic seemed greatly surprised and rather disappointed that he had not destroyed the play entirely, emerged from the "inventive furore" with colours flying. It was well acted, brilliantly decorated and lit and with some excellent incidental music. Altogether by far the most satisfactory offering.

"Henry VIII" became a gorgeous pageant and lost almost entirely "the complex threads of political thought and character etching in a flash of velvet and call of clarion." The watchword of dramatic critics to-day seems to be "Victorian." If they dislike something then they call it Victorian. The sets for "the Dream" were "Victorian and unessential" and the dramatic staging of the final scene of "Macbeth," with its use of music and the dropping of the Thane's shield, "Victorian in character."

One is tempted to pose the age old question "What do dramatic critics want?" Good acting, of course, but not even Shakespeare, genius that he undeniably is, intended his works to be recited, so to speak, on an empty stage. He lived in an age which did not know the full meaning of the words "scenery, costume or lighting." If he had been writing to-day, he would undoubtedly have taken full advantage of the modern developments in stagecraft as he did of the developments of his own day. It is impossible to produce Shakespeare to-day, on the "picture-frame" stage exactly as it was done some 300 years ago. Shakespeare suggested the settings for his plays through the words because it was the only method open to him. Where the production of "Cymbeline" scored was that it allowed the Bard to speak for himself as well as making the production fictionally beautiful and exciting and musically pleasant, without overloading with extraneous details of "production" and "business."

It is fully realised that the essential characteristic of the Elizabethan drama is that it is planted in man's imagination and not in his eye, but Shakespeare in a large theatre such as the Memorial Theatre at Stratford on a bare stage with no attempt at "background" would almost certainly be wrong even if it proved to be an interesting experiment.

Next year's Festival, beginning in April for six months, offers among other plays John Gielgud in "Measure for Measure" and "King Lear."

"... A very disagreeable family, those Lears. But, I like the wicked bits," as a Scottish lady was heard to remark. Any one who can bus, cycle or hitch hike the 90 odd miles to Stratford next year will be amply rewarded.

J. C. P.

VERSE

POPPY DAY

The lousy uniform discarded for another.
A symbol of a better cause
Or better pay.
The man remains
Lost in a swirl of confused ideology,
Fighting for a slogan where his father's
Fought for faith.

But faith is a prerogative
Of the unadvertised, now
The man self-hounded to an indiscriminating doom
Leaves behind him few regrets.
His name is represented by a general symbol,
A number on a monument,
A piece of wire and cloth.

C. M. W.

SEASIDE.

Open the door, bang the door,
Riding down to Bangor,
Sandwiches, sandals and sun.
Paint the stucco, peel the stucco,
Nothing is too good.
Take the minarets from Turkey,
Take the fountains of Granada,
Take stainless steel and neon,
Give it to the trippers,
Take the money from their pockets.
Advertise the sea,
Cauterise the sea,
Bind it with promenades and piers.
And the sea submits,
Lies tattered on the grinning pebbles,
Laps blandly over Cockney toes.
Kill the daylight, flash the neon,
Splash the sea with red and green.
Rising and slowly rising,
Falling and gently falling,
Quietly and quickly away to the South.
Out in the darkness, out in the mystery,
Frightful and cold and alone.

D. T. B.

SONG.

Oh bear me away
On the wings of a mad bird,
Hide my heart in her breast
Until the sun is gone ;
Let her softness be that
Of love and of rest.
Take me where
The sun cannot warm,
Or the clouds bear all
The tones of unfettered love.

D. W. T.

POEM.

I cease to question myself,
And turn with the world
That there I may learn to trace
The delicate heart of love,
Or the frenzied mind of lust ;
The lover, the madman and poet,
Who sit and sing in a whirl of dust.

D. W. T.

DAWN.

Wake-a-waive early paper streamers in the wind
Salt-a-top water swilling grey clouds
On Furthering Heights.
Walter vater everywhere butt nary trop too trinket.
Auroare you saltstained sescape,
Auberammergo re surge ye rockers
And knockerbrinker to him who stops you.
Canyoute canoete rapides,
Tide and Thyme ?
Whyt Clyffes of doverhanging chalke,
What light crepes dawn your craggy flanks ?
Son. Sonne ! Wher ?
Ober chile horison be al mij suns remembered,
Numbph, Hymnph, Nymph, of dorning mawning ?
Yes, yea, indayd. Wher ?
Est is Ost and Yeast is rysing.
Watery sun sears cliffe for
Thousands-thousandsth tyme,
Shiekspare Clyffe frome Tyme,
Playse, s'il du plait, an bitte morning.
And mourne stretches ocean
Surly sully amazaring ocean
Though crack shal come and dawn shal go
Out and out about the shout of curlewing waves
A dawn a down a coast a wake a wave
A waif, a waive, a wave
A wove, aweave, a wave awave,
Dawn !

J. M. H.

POEM.

The moon has dragged back the sea
And left the black mud
Streaked with water,
Reflecting the light.
The grey grass, salt stiffened, is
Surrounded at its base by a thin platform
Of suspended ice.
The wind whines through the clumps,
The patchy mist blanketing the light
Surrounds the sullen bell-buoy at the mouth
Of the creek, which clangs faster in the lowering night.
The lonely skein of wildfowl
Comes across the arms of the sea,
Their thudding wings
Come and go quickly,
Leaving only the streaked sky
And their wild cries.

C. M. W.

NOT AT HOME.

The bird that floats upon the air,
The fish that trembles through the water,
The beast intent upon the earth,
Share the smooth caress of a home
Whole and total as the womb.
But man,
Proud man lies on rough rock
And unconforting stone,
Flinching before the inhospitable
Rancour of a raw and alien air.
The scent of anxiety troubles the day
And at night the sharp corners of strain
Fray the nerve of the vagrant who seeks
An interim of oblivion :
This refugee from the past
And person displaced from the present
Striving
Without hope for he has no despair
For the poise of the bird and the beast
Careful as a design of candles
And careless as the attitude of a rose.

W. W.

CHINOISERIE.

Lotus blossoms floating on water
Glide beneath the painted bridge,
Crystal laughter, tinkling lute
Die in the shadow of the wind,
Porcelain princesses, pale and wan
Sit beneath the willow trees
And a "drowsy Emperor" nods his head
While incense rises on clouds of gold
Above pagoda's glistening towers.
A sad procession, with waxen tapers,
Chanting priests in yellow robes,
Passes through the fragrant landscape
As the ivory gates close
And all are lost from sight,
While incense rises on clouds of gold
Deep into the perfumed night.

J. C. P.

NAUFRAGE.

It ran black and silent
Forcing a rusty wake
Through the smooth, strong waters.
A wicked vessel
Teeming oaths and sweat
And the lives of desperate men—
Dark slaves bolted limb and limb
To the oscillating pistons,
Stretched and torn.
All was discord and relentless purpose,
Iron bones strove against metal flesh
And wrenched and thrust
Against the unmoveable darkness.
A dry heart rattled
And grated against withered ribs,
A spirit flickered with a hard blue light
And died.

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The wild craft shook
And battered itself against the ragged hail
And plunged on
Into the sharp death of the rocks,
Spilling itself out
And sowing the unploughed furrows of the sea
With a wretched seed,
Leaving only sickly white shapes
Floating purposeless to the unsympathetic moon.

B. S. J.

L'ENSEIGNEMENT EN FRANCE

Part II

Pour donner un aperçu, d'une école recondaire française, rien ne se prêtera mieux qu'un lycée à la description. Le système du lycée fut originellement l'idée de Napoléon Ier qui organisa l'enseignement en France dans un cadre très rigide, presque militaire et centralisé à l'extrême : son but était en effet de transformer les jeunes lycéens entrant en sixième en excellents citoyens et partisans acharnés de l'empereur. Après cent cinquante ans, l'organisation a peu changé, mais l'esprit dans lequel l'éducation secondaire est conçue repose sur des principes différents. On s'efforce bien entendu de donner une culture durable à la jeunesse lycéenne, et l'idée du kalos k'agathos est toujours prévalente quoique le prestige des études gréco-latines commence à décliner. L'enseignement s'y partage en deux sections principales : la section classique et la section moderne. La section classique se subdivise en sections A, B, C, qui ont pour base d'études : la littérature française, le latin, une langue vivante et le grec (A), ou une seconde langue vivante (B) ou les mathématiques (C) ; à cela vient s'ajouter la kyrielle des matières d'oral (Physique, chimie, maths, histoire, géographie, obligatoires pour tous) qu'on pioche sérieusement aussi. Dans la section moderne, par contre, il n'est pas question de latin, et l'on s'appesantit beaucoup sur les mathématiques et les sciences.

Mais la différence entre le lycée et la "Grammar School" s'accroît davantage si l'on en compare les méthodes. L'écolier français me semble prendre son travail scolaire plus sérieusement que son condisciple anglais : l'importance accordée aux examens, en effet, desquels tant de choses dépendent, explique en grande partie cette différence ; mais, il faut bien le dire, le lycéen est de nature plus studieuse que le "grammar schoolboy"—quoique l'on trouve des cancren en France aussi bien qu'en Angleterre. Etant donc porté à l'étude, le lycéen aura moins besoin d'être aiguillonné et surveillé de près dans son travail : le professeur de lycée, par conséquent, aura davantage tendance à faire ses cours sous forme de conférence, laissant à ses élèves le soin de prendre les notes et renseignements qu'ils jugent bon, s'ils s'intéressent au cours ou point du tout si ce sont des cancren ; méthode excellente pour les élèves intelligents ; mais les médiocres se sentent bien délaissés ! Une telle méthode, bien entendue, n'est jamais poussée à l'extrême, et souvent le professeur trouve un compromis acceptable pour tous—une autre différence, que j'ai remarquée, également, gît dans l'attitude respective du lycéen et de l'écolier anglais envers le travail de classe. Cela est un peu la conséquence de ce qui j'ai dit plus haut. Tant qu'il est assis sur les bancs d'une classe, le jeune anglais a l'impression de travailler à outrance ; et à la fin de sa journée scolaire, il ne se sent guère d'envie de faire les devoirs qu'on lui donne. Il les fera bien entendu, mais en sachant bien qu'on ne les lui fait faire que pour le maintenir en forme. C'est en classe qu'il emmagasine le bagage de connaissances nécessaires—c'est en classe également qu'il est censé les digérer. Il en va tout autrement dans le lycée français : l'élève vient au lycée pour recueillir, de sources autorisées, les renseigne-

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ments nécessaires au bon fonctionnement de son travail ; ses professeurs lui en fourniront à foison ; après quoi, qu'il se débrouille ! Sauf dans les écoles privées, on ne lui mâchera guère son travail. A lui de s'organiser. Cela explique la longueur démesurée de ses devoirs, le soir, où on lui demande de fournir un labeur soutenu et sérieux sur un point particulier : il y fera toujours porter tous ses efforts. D'autre part, outre les devoirs écrits qui prennent déjà beaucoup de temps, se dresse chaque soir devant le pauvre forçat le spectre hideux des "leçons" à apprendre pour le lendemain, autant de leçons que de matières différentes ce jour-là ; et chaque période (période d'une heure) commence toujours par une récitation en règle.

Où pourra s'étendre indéfiniment à analyser les ressemblances et différences des systèmes français et anglais. Ce que j'ai dit des lycées est aussi vrai des autres établissements secondaires français. Je n'ai fait qu'étales quelques caractéristiques essentielles. En conclusion, je voudrais simplement faire remarquer que l'on s'efforce davantage en Angleterre d'adapter l'enseignement, dans chaque école, à la capacité intellectuelle des individus en face desquels on se trouve ; en France, au contraire, l'élève doit se hisser lui-même, au prix d'efforts plus ou moins épuisants selon ses capacités, au niveau théorique exige de lui par un programme officiel auquel le professeur se tient toujours rigoureusement. Personnellement, je préférerais la seconde méthode malgré son caractère un peu rébarbatif de prime abord—il est vrai que je ne peux déceimment renier l'atmosphère dans laquelle j'ai été formé.

G. M. A. B.

SHORT STORY

A Comment

The examination was about to begin. The candidates sat in their places, tense and silent. Their thoughts, however, were not focussed upon the trial of intelligence through which they were to pass ; every fragment of concentration seemed to be directed towards a desk at the front of the examination hall. This desk was constructed differently from the others in the room, being somewhat lower, almost like a coffee-table, but wider and broader, indeed, with a greater expanse of top even than the invigilator's table. This extra space was taken up by orderly arranged stacks of examination paper, and a complete and obviously valuable set of draughtsman's instruments.

Suddenly, the double doors at the rear of the candidates swung open. All heads slowly turned, and a soft sigh, perhaps of awe, perhaps of fulfilled expectation, breathed its way towards the ceiling : he was due to arrive. A master entered and held open the doors, as if preparing the way for something, somebody. Then the Headmaster could be seen in the corridor outside, gently pushing some contraption. After backing with it through the swing doors, he pivoted the chair, for so it proved to be, and revealed him to the craning boys.

Again that sigh caressed the walls, as all eyes fixed themselves upon Him, sitting hunched in His chair ; the chair which the Authorities had paid for, and had had constructed with pneumatic wheels and scientific springing, for the safe transport of His person to the examination room. The Headmaster even was to attend His needs personally. This boy was a genius, a Brain without precedent, and the Authorities could not risk injury or shock to such an asset to their school. His bewildered parents had been persuaded to allow their remarkable son to stay at school at night as well, to save any discomfort in travelling home. Nobody else mattered ; He was the school.

The chair was wheeled between the desks to that other desk, at the front of the room, and there adjusted to the right position so that He could take the examination in comfort. The Headmaster placed a special fountain-pen in the nerveless, clammy hand, and another,

ready-filled, upon the desk. With a respectful gesture, he then bent and whispered a word or two in His ear. The gigantic domed head, entirely out of proportion to the pitifully wasted body and limbs, seemed to sway uncertainly, as if the head was too heavy for the neck. As the Headmaster left the hall, He turned and followed every movement with His pale blue heavy-lidded eyes. All the candidates could see, and seemed fascinated by the thin yellow face, the small pointed nose with its pinched nostrils, and the unnaturally red full lips, the lower one hanging loosely.

The invigilator entered, and a stir of papers marked the beginning of the examination.

* * *

The entire school and all the parents were assembled in the school hall to hear the results of the last examinations. Everybody knew what the Headmaster would have to say. Everybody knew who would be top, and bring fresh honours to the school to gladden the hearts of the Authorities. Who else but Him ? He could not fail ; He was a Genius.

As the Headmaster gave out the inevitable results, they all started to clap, in a mechanical way, their faces blank, emotionless, or sullen . . .

D. P.

CRAFT NOTES

The main feature of this term's activity has been the preparation and presentation of our Puppet Operetta, *The Press Gang*, by Nancy and Alan Bush. Work has been going on steadily for the past twelve months and the whole project has been an excellent example of team work producing a worth-while product. About eighty boys have had the pleasure of taking some part, and, from the soloists down to the smallest boy selling programmes, all deserve our congratulations. The Puppet Club gave their performances on the 24th, 25th, 26th November, each time playing to packed and enthusiastic audiences. A large party of children from a nearby school attended the dress rehearsal and seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves. The recorded sound proved to be very clear and together with the skilful movement of the puppets and the delightful scenery painted by Mr. Riley, the whole presented a fine sight. It will be hard for the puppeteers to better this performance—but they are going to try !

Our second electric potter's wheel (this time provided by the County) arrived towards the end of term. It is equipped with a *jolley* device which enables many shapes of the same design to be produced very quickly. In a year or two we hope our fifth forms will develop sufficient skill to prepare the intricate moulds and jigs for this branch of the potter's art. The kiln has been working at full speed to keep pace with the growing volume of work, and considering its limited capacity a remarkable number of pots have passed through its transforming heat. Almost a third of a ton of pottery will be taken home at Christmas time.

The Printers' Guild have worked well again this term. The two presses have seldom seemed still and a wide range of printed work has been produced. Most notable of this term's products have been the programme for this year's Prize Giving and the delightful Christmas Cards—but most members of the School will have examples of both these in their keeping by now. The Library Review again absorbed a great deal of the term's effort and its twenty-four pages bear adequate testimony to the mountain of keenness and good will which is involved.

In short the term has been a vigorous and rewarding one. Setting high standards is one matter, however, improving them is another. We must return to our crafts next term determined to work better and harder than ever.

D. R. S.

HARVEST CAMP 1949

This year we visited that most beautiful of counties—Kent. The camp site was in the grounds of the school at Sheldwich, a small typically English village only six miles from the Kent coast at the Isle of Sheppey. Last year our tents were pitched on "a waste land of thistles, barbed wire and rusty ammunition boxes." What could be further removed from the decidedly primitive conditions of the disused military station in the rugged country of the Welsh border than the neat modern school building with its well tended gardens and an orderly row of tents on the green of the school field. The spirit of the camp remained the same, however, in a universal determination to give all the help possible in bringing in the harvest.

That everyone who went to last year's harvest camp "signed on" almost to a man for this one, is a tribute to the confidence felt in the organising power of Mr. Lyle and Mr. Fishenden, who with Mr. Henderson were responsible in so great a measure for our personal comfort and well being. In this respect, too, mention must be made of the kitchen staff and their helpers, who seemed never to stop working throughout the whole fortnight, producing an impressive array of dishes which, in excellence, were often more reminiscent of an hotel than a camp. Our grateful thanks go to Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Lines and Mrs. Fishenden, who gave up so much of their time to the incredibly difficult task of feeding upwards of forty voracious boys so well for so long. Their kitchen, however, though better equipped than last year's Nissen hut, with its unique coal range, could not be called lavish in its appointment.

The fine weather which continued almost without intermission during our stay enabled the farmers to give us all the work we could possibly cope with. On many farms work continued long into the evening, even after dusk by the aid of artificial light. Workers went out to some dozen farms in the district, many of which were over three miles away and every day brought its fresh crop of blisters and aching joints to form the subject of animated discussion over the evening meal. The juniors, too, played their part as orderlies in the kitchen; having more leisure than their seniors several of the more enterprising among their number formed limited companies, whose advertisements—displayed prominently on the camp notice board—exhorted all and sundry to have their shoes cleaned or their washing and mending done at really competitive prices. Others explored the neighbouring countryside, visiting nearby Canterbury.

At week-ends the seniors too were able to follow their own inclinations and cycling and cricket were only two of the activities which flourished. Some of us were invited to play for the village cricket team; that Sheldwich won easily was incidental to the pleasure of playing on a village green which seemed to come to life from the old Hambledon prints. The camp itself played two games under the captaincy of C. P. Tutt. We lost the first against the local youth club, which was surprisingly urban in conception amidst its rural surroundings. The second game, however, against a neighbouring village, was won fairly comfortably, which consoled us in some measure.

On the first Sunday a party, full of the bravado which your early morning swimmer invariably affects, set out for Seasalter, some seven or eight miles away on the coast. The expedition will perhaps be chiefly remembered for the chill of the water and a beach sloping so gently that much wading was necessary before encountering deep water.

A Harvest Supper was held on the last evening, followed by a sing-song, which somewhat understandably made up in volume what it lacked in technique; the camp ended on a happy note financially, its solvency was assured with a substantial sum remaining for distribution after the deduction of all expenses. This, though, was perhaps the least important indication of its success, for a success it undoubtedly

had been, giving the town a glimpse, perhaps all too brief, of the ways of the country, and a lasting respect for the farm and farm workers.

D. J. G.

PRIZEGIVING

We were pleased to see, at this year's prizegiving, so many guests and friends of the School on the platform. There were present the Mayor and Mayoress of Wimbledon, the Chairman of Merton and Morden Council, the Mayoress and deputy Mayoress of Malden, Mr. Palmer, M.P. for Wimbledon, and members of the Governing Body. Mr. J. Hood-Phillips, Chairman of the Board of Governors, who presided at the meeting, opened with a brief vigorous speech, summarising the decisions and problems that the Governing body had been concerned with during the year. He also emphasised the necessity for a school uniform. After this the Headmaster gave his report of the events of the year. The School had reached certain customary peaks, he said, although academically the school could achieve much better results, especially in the Higher School Certificate examination where only 60 per cent. of the candidates were passed. Working space had been considerably increased by the addition of three new class-rooms in the annexe, and the School had received its first complete redecoration. The societies extant in the School varied from term to term in their popularity but a great amount of activity existing outside school hours continued to thrive. The Headmaster laid stress on the dramatic achievement of the School, which had become more than a game of dressing-up and continued to go from strength to strength. The Headmaster concluded with an exhortation for a greater effort in work and play for the year to come which he hoped would be as successful as the last.

After the Headmaster's report, Mr. Hood-Phillips introduced Canon Howard, M.A., Master of St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, who then proceeded to present the prizes. When these and the House Trophies had been distributed, the Canon delivered his address. In a witty, compelling speech, simple enough for the youngest to understand and appropriate enough for the elder members of the School, he outlined a positive code for the schoolboy which he symbolised in three words, "Create, Co-operate, Criticise." He dealt with them each in turn and addressed in turn the boys, the parents, and the masters. He emphasised, through each word, that the schoolboy has to be taught to think and construct for himself. To the parents he said that if a child shows signs of developing a strong attitude of his own, he should be left alone to discover the merits or demerits of this attitude for himself. To the boys he said that one must create something of one's own accord, whether it be scholastic endeavour or craftsmanship; and to illustrate this point he entertained us with fable about a certain imaginary Grumbleby, a schoolboy whose talents were not in his schoolwork but in woodwork, which no-one suspected. Canon Howard re-iterated that a boy's attitude is valuable providing it follows the three positive tenets which he offered.

Mr. Gray, Vice-chairman of the Governing Body, moved the vote of thanks, which was well seconded by B. M. Jones, the Head Boy, for the School.

PRIZE LIST, 1948-1949

Form Prizes

I.A.—P. A. Tatlow, D. L. Carver.	III.A.—P. S. Hughes, D. J. Bevan.
II.B.—P. L. Day, J. B. Taylor.	III.B.—D. N. Salter, D. A. Burgess.
II.A.—P. J. Parsons, J. M. Davis.	IV.A.—C. I. Brown, J. R. Weightman.
II.B.—B. A. Stracy, C. S. Norgate.	IV.B.—A. P. Redman, A. F. Cox.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST PERFORMANCES IN SCHOOL CERTIFICATE :—
 V.A—A. F. Menzies, J. W. Crichton, R. E. Bennison, L. W. Bunch.
 V.B—L. E. Palmer, T. G. Wolkenberg.
 V.C—C. Rippengal.

PRIZES FOR THE MOST PROMISING WORK IN FIRST YEAR SIXTH :—
Science : F. J. Atkins. *Arts* : J. P. Hood Phillips.
Economics : B. R. Walters.

PRIZES FOR BEST WORK IN HIGHER CERTIFICATE :—
WHITMAN PRIZE (*Medical Studies*) : A. F. Conchie.
NORMAN PRIZE (*Best Science H.S.C.*) : M. S. Leak.
Chemistry : G. D. Pegrum. *English and History* : D. T. Beardwell.
Physics : F. C. Bagley.
Mathematics : J. H. Wilkinson. *Latin* : D. K. Mills.
Geography : A. J. Forward. *Classics* : A. S. Warren.
Economics : J. F. Cammack. *Statistics* : D. J. Harris.

General Prizes

General Knowledge : J. R. Hopkins, P. S. Hughes, R. A. Giles.
Art : M. J. Todd, A. J. Tillinghast, D. J. Swinscoe.
Craft : K. J. Kimber (*Puppets*). M. W. Hamilton (*Pottery*).
 B. K. Doling (*Printing*).
Stage : J. C. Powell, J. R. Wells, J. R. Hopkins, C. P. Tutt.
Verse-speaking : B. M. Jones, R. S. Betts, M. A. Edwards, C. C. Wright.
"Personal Effort" prize for good work outside School routine : J. B. Florentine, A. J. Hopkins, P. J. Miles, F. M. Langton.
Headmaster's Prize for Photography : A. G. Simpson, A. F. Conchie.
Mr. Hanson's Hobbies Prize : A. A. Vincent, N. A. Blackwell, D. J. Swinscoe.
John Robbins Essay Prize : J. M. Hoare, J. C. Powell.
Headmaster's Essay Prize : D. T. Beardwell.
Leaving Prize to Head of the School, 1948-49 : D. P. White, S. Priestman.

Higher Certificates

VI. ARTS.	VI. SCIENCE.	VI. CLASSICS.
M. G. Absolon	F. C. Bagley	S. Priestman
D. T. Beardwell	B. R. Buttery	A. B.A. S. Warren
A. J. Forward	N. G. Colvin	
B. S. Jackson	A. F. Conchie	
D. K. Mills	M. S. Leak	VI. ECONOMICS.
J. C. Powell	G. D. Pegrum	c. J. F. Cammack
D. A. Tribe	J. H. Wilkinson	D. J. Harris

a. *Distinction in Latin.* b. *Distinction in Greek.* c. *Distinction in Statistics*

Trophies

The Parents' Rugby Cup	Cobb's
The Governors' Cricket Cup	Gibb's
The Spur Social Society's Hockey Cup	Cobb's
The Cray Swimming Cup	Halliwel's
The John Garrett Athletics Cup ...	Halliwel's
The S. H. Marshall Cross Country Cup	Newson's
The T. W. Powys Cobb Tennis Cup ...	Cobb's
The S. B. Phillips Boxing Cup	Newson's
The P. W. Garrett Dramatics Cup ...	Halliwel's
The Eric Parker Cup	B. M. Jones
The Junior Shield	Newson's
The B. T. King Cock House Shickl ...	Halliwel's

Hobbies Competition

Last term I offered a prize for some piece of work done out of school, for something which had been done because a boy wanted to do

it and not because he had to. My reasons for this minor burst of generosity were several. I was frankly curious to know what interests and hobbies boys had and it seemed to me a good thing to make an opportunity for specimens of their activities to be gathered together so that we could all see them. I felt, too, that knowing what interests boys had would give, perhaps, new sidelights on them. Often a boy who does not shine at schoolwork has some interest or hobby at which he is really expert and I thought that some small reward for this would be worth while, even if it were only the encouragement given by being able to exhibit his work. I was anxious, too, to encourage a spirit of craftsmanship; that joy of working for its own sake, that love that is lavished on a task for one's own satisfaction of giving of one's best. Only when you have worked hard and carefully can you experience that intense personal pleasure that the true craftsman knows—and pride of craftsmanship is found much too rarely these days.

I had no idea what response to expect. It would not have surprised me to be inundated with model aeroplanes! The entries were very varied but small in number, only fifteen. A small number indeed for a school of our size. What was the reason for this? In these days of so much ready-made amusement are boys losing their instinct to create? Perhaps many regard their hobbies as personal activities not to be shared with others. Many almost certainly just didn't bother, which was a pity. All the entries were of good standard and the task of judging, in which I asked Mr. Shannon to help me, was difficult. Originality influenced us a good deal and my intention of awarding one prize had to be revised, so that I finally awarded three.

The competition will go on this year and I hope for many more entries so that next Open Night we can have a really representative exhibition.

Prizes went to Vincent (5B) for a collection of original poems, to Blackwell (4B) for a really comprehensive diary of sporting events, and to Swinscoe (1A) for a really well mounted collection of Army badges. Other entries were: Threlfall (6Sc.), veneered tray and box, Cumberlidge (6Sc.), a standard lamp and stool; Baulch (5B), a model engine; Redish (5C), an interesting collection showing the different appeals of advertisements; Harris (4B), a model plane; Chalmers (3A), a collection of souvenirs of a visit to France; Stringer (3A), an excellent stamp collection; Hudson (2A), stamp collection; Parsons, P. J. (2A), collection of historical charts; Phillips (1A), stamp collection; Taylor (1B), collection of arms and monograms.

E. L. H.

THE SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

The Sixth Form Society has managed to have three evening meetings at school, and an outside debate so far this term. On September 29th, members of the Society conquered their usual embarrassment at doing something individually, and we had an enjoyable Personal Choice Evening. Readings chosen from an assortment of literature, and a rather more classical selection of gramophone records than is sometimes had, proved that the Sixth Form can entertain itself, as well as be passively entertained.

A reading of Priestley's "The Linden Tree" on October 21st gave us the opportunity of inviting Wimbledon High School to one of our meetings. Whether reading or only listening, all seemed to enjoy the meeting, and we hope that other play readings will be equally successful.

The following evening, 22nd October, the debate with the West Wimbledon Society over practically everything connected with the cinema, all arising from the motion that "the commercial cinema is dope," resulted in a triumphant victory for Raynes Park. Messrs. J. M. Hoare and C. M. White opposed and seconded the opposition, respectively, for the School, and succeeded, with the staunch backing

of the Society members (not forgetting J. A. A. Evans, who helped the cause by a brilliant piece of arrantly deceptive logic !), in winning some forty votes for the honour of the cinema.

The most recent meeting, for the showing of a film, was on 11th November. The film was "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and must have been revolutionary for its time, being a series of close-ups, pointing the atmosphere and emotion of each episode. Joan was played by Mlle. Franconetti, who put an incredible amount of feeling into the part. One could hardly help comparing the production of Karl Dreyer with some, indeed, most modern efforts at film-making, and incidentally, with Bergman's latest saga, "St. Joan." "Comparisons are odious"; perhaps Hollywood has good reason to echo this saying.

There remains but one Sixth Form Society event to be held. This is the Sixth Form Society and Rugby XV Dance on the last evening of this term, December 20th, as suitable a finish to the Society's term as any.

D. P.

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

The School play, as everyone can hardly help knowing, is at the end of this term. The enthusiasm shown by all in the case or connected with it reflects well the attitude of the School to these things. Unfortunately, loyalties are often divided by such activities, and the Christian Union, at least, has not remained unaffected. "Rehearsals" has been the cry of most members every Friday.

We have, however, limped along, with sadly decimated numbers, but still a Christian Union. No speakers have been invited, for lack of even a potential audience; we have existed on Bible Study, which, though seeming less interesting, gives us a continuity of subject—Paul's missionary journeys as related in Acts, chapters 14–24. There is so much that any person may learn from these readings: tenacity to one's object, diplomacy and tact, foresight, and humility; all displayed to a very high degree by Paul.

Let us trust, then, that in the Spring term we shall appropriately flourish once more, growing not only in numbers but also in Biblical knowledge and spiritual power, with less to hinder us, and possibly more to help us.

D. P.

THE GRAMOPHONE CLUB

These notes are a tale of woe. The new radiogram which we were promised has arrived, and has proved a great disappointment. It has never been in proper working order since we had it and several of our programmes have been ruined by its misbehaviour. However, it has been sent away for a thorough overhaul, and when it is finally working properly, we hope to be able to persuade more people to lend us their records.

Meanwhile, we have continued to use the acoustic machine which, though it can be relied upon to do its job unobtrusively, has become inadequate by modern standards, both in reproduction and in the reduction of record-wear. At the beginning of term, Mr. Riley offered the hospitality of the art-room for our weekly meetings. We were glad to accept, for we were thus able to relieve the Headmaster of a weekly inconvenience which he has so kindly borne for many months.

We have been unable to carry out a coherent series of programmes this term, since many members were understandably unwilling to lend their more precious records until they could be played on the new instrument. To fill the breach, we have made up programmes from an assortment of records. Being thrown back on our own resources, we have re-discovered some attractive but neglected records in the School collection. This has proved a partial consolation.

The only programme with a purpose that we have attempted this term was one to mark the centenary of the death of Chopin. Unfortunately, the new instrument, with malevolence in every valve, tricked us into trusting it again, and so ruined another recital. Truly, the Gods make instruments to plague us.

D. T. B.

YOUNG NATURAL HISTORY CLUB

After a timid start the club is proceeding with vigour. We now have twelve members in three groups, working on fish, birds and trees. We hope to extend our activities in due course with greater membership. At present we are collecting information about our special subjects of interest and gathering the nucleus of a library. Outside, we have made a survey of the School and are now plotting on it the position of plants growing here. Later, in the spring and summer, we hope to extend this to a survey of all other living things as well.

P. G. B.

THE 19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

The Summer Camp, Arthog, N. Wales

"Hi, Ferret, where are you going?"

"Only meat! Just dashing off to meet the train."

That brief conversation took place every morning in camp, and indeed, on many evenings too. The butcher in Barmouth was certain he had put the meat on the 8.35 a.m. and the guard (the station did not support a porter) was equally certain that the meat was not on his train. Yet in some mysterious way the meat appeared at the station an hour or so later when there was no train. Ghost trains perhaps? When we were expecting sausages, large joints twice our ration appeared. When we were expecting legs of beef, it was sausage meat. And when we were not expecting anything at all, liver for eighty healthy helpings turned up and *that* when the only thing to pass through the station was a single loco puffing an unperturbed way along the winding track to a place beginning with PL and with twenty other letters placed seemingly at random after it.

"But, Sir," said Ferret, "in spite of the meat, that is, in spite of my cross country runs to meet imaginary trains, it *was* a good camp—and look at those clouds rolling down the hillside, do you think it is going to rain?"

Yes! That, like the meat and ghost trains, was a frequent problem we were seldom able to answer. Most of us hopefully regarded the other fellow as a meteorological expert while knowing our own complete inability to read the signs and make a forecast. We realised, too, that Koko's skill at determining weather conditions when flying at 9,000 feet wasn't a great help in deciding whether to climb Cader or no. The local farmer's philosophy was as helpful. "If you climb to-day you'll get wet and won't see where you're going: if you wait till it's fine, you'll not get wet and you'll see where you're going—natural, isn't it?" And the last three words were said as only the Welsh can say them.

This year's camp was rather like that . . . a series of the unexpected, of difficulties which turned out to be good fun, of non-stop trains which stopped for the 19th, of mountain climbing which the juniors took better than the old hands, of Church hymns becoming vocal races, of striking mixtures of sunshine and rain, efficiency and inefficiency, bread and no bread. Even the local inspecting D.C. came within five minutes of our arrival and somehow gave us a good camping report. But let it be said at once that most of the days were fine and warm, that we arrived after an all-night journey punctual to the minute, that we ate 660 pounds of bread and as many points worth of

rationed foods, that every day we had a full programme and Gilwell's S.T.A.'s were quite unnecessary, and that most of the Group climbed both Cader and Snowdon and not by the easiest paths.

As a parent said this term, parents and boys alike should be very grateful for such a camp and the staff who ran it. There was Tiger in charge and he gave all the work to other fellows. There was Koko as an assistant but who did all the work. There was Courtenay who had a hand in everything although he said he couldn't do a thing. There was "Mr. Courtenay," whose name isn't that at all: he came for a restful change and spent all his time logging timber and caring for tools. There was Jerks, who made everybody else do it before breakfast and beamed his way over every obstacle. Of the Scouts themselves, Hopkins (he has another name but kept it in bins) and Hood-Phillips (Ferret of the first line) made an excellent job of ordering foods and keeping stores, Casselton was ever ready with his first aid, Simpson looked after tools and pioneering gear (Sambo, where's the . . . ?); Langton as Snowball sat often on a log writing up the troop's, he kept up a shining eye on the Kingfishers, Beard hovered over the Eagles, Childs was at home with the Curlews, Christmas fathered the Woodpeckers and Napier brooded over the Seagulls. Up on the hill some-where the senior scouts all looked after each other.

It can justly be said that camp was, in some respects, less smart and thorough than those of the past few years. The fact that most patrol leaders were new to their job and that we had several recruits in camp is true, but must not be left as the reason. The patrol system worked well but with something to be desired in the tastefulness of cooking menus and methods and in the imaginative nature of some patrol hikes. It seemed a pity to travel so far into lovely mountains and then hear that some patrol walks inevitably finished at Barmouth. The inter patrol competition was won, quite narrowly, by Kingfishers. Patrol sites and fires were well sited and scattered—tent inspection involved quite a long walk. Harding was very resourceful in converting a natural cavity in the rocks into a central kitchen fireplace, it retained its heat throughout the camp.

Jerks led the first ascent of Cader, but a heavy wind and lack of training brought the party to a standstill some 1,000 ft. from the top. They circled Llyn Gader and returned by Hafod Dywyll. Later in camp a second party in better weather followed (or preceded?) Tiger and Koko. Brilliant sunshine and an icy wind rewarded the climbers. It was a junior who first planted his patrol colours on the summit. There were several patrol walks over the hills north and south of the river valley. Snowdonia was too far away to permit walking there and climbing. We left camp by coach at 8 a.m. and in turn visited Ffestiniog, Bettws-y-coed, Capel Curig and Pen-y-pass. From here we were given six hours to approach Snowdon by the Pig's Path and climb the east side.

On another occasion the seniors were sent off one morning with a minimum of equipment and food and told to return not before the evening of the following day. Their instructions involved following cross country an imaginary straight line from Dolgelly to Harlech, there to make camp and return another way. One didn't press for doubtful details but they all returned in good fettle and bare feet, having made the grade in adverse weather.

A small party, Mac, Ferret, Cass and Koko attended a typically Welsh concert at the National Eisteddfod in Dolgelly. Among others, they heard a Welsh audience accompanied by an English orchestra and an Italian tenor singing American into a disappointed microphone. Mac is now said to be studying Welsh with a view to distinguishing the days of the week.

Scouting This Term

Baden-Powell always maintained that the patrol spirit is an essential to good scouting. After a short spell in the summer when camp preparations were carried forward on a troop basis, the emphasis this term has been on the patrol unit. The weekly meetings have given most time to training by competitive activity on the Common, the Reservation and in the gymnasium. The inter-patrol Silver Medal Competition takes on a new interest with the patrol leaders, whose appointment was confirmed early this term—Langton for the Kingfishers, Christmas for Woodpeckers, Farrant for Seagulls and Beard for Eagles. Stringer, Cook and Young have passed Second Class and Christmas First Class. Other badges passed include Swimmers by Loveday, Handyman by Smith, Music Maker by Stringer, Camp Warden by Hopkins, who is also on the way to joining Casselton as King's Scout. Fash, Loveday, Bevan, Davis, Hood Phillips and Christmas have completed the first class journey test. Excellent logs by the juniors here show that initiative is by no means confined to seniors. There have been the monthly Church Services at Christ Church on the first Sunday evening in the month and some members of the Group attended Remembrance Day Service.

Hopkins and Hood-Phillips have put in further spade work at West Hoathly. The Planning Authority approved our scheme in record time and at the end of November Mr. Macdonald received the Building License. Our cabin at last will develop under the hands of the builder. In the meantime there is much hard work to be done in the orchard as preparation for camping next spring.

The 19th Wimbledon Guild of Old Scouts held its Annual General Meeting in October with a satisfactory report of the first year. Any Parents of the School who have been connected with scouting will be welcomed as additional members. The Guild is to entertain the Troop at the end of term and we know they will do that very well! After a long period of silence, "The Elms" will soon appear as an overdue and awaited bulletin of all 19th affairs.

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

President: Mr. B. W. Vincent.

Vice-President: The Headmaster.

Secretary: A. J. Hopkins.

Since the society's proceedings were last reported there have been two meetings. At the first Noel Goodwin read a paper on Epicureanism, giving an excellent survey of Epicurus' simple life and beliefs. He was a materialist passing his theories on those of the atomists Leucippus and Democritus. His ethics were based on the idea of obtaining the highest possible freedom from evil, but the control of desires demanded by this theory was often not attained by many of his followers, thus giving some people the impression that the Epicureans merely craved for pleasure.

At the second meeting, held at the beginning of this term, we sadly lacked the presence of Mr. Balshaw but were glad to welcome Mr. B. W. Vincent. The subject of Mr. Cholmondeley's reading was a character sketch by Oman of Cato, Caesar's main antagonist. Because of his great struggle against the dictator, this man of the most upright character is often called "the conscience of Rome." He suffered heavily for his beliefs and was often the object of an enraged mob incensed by Caesar's henchmen. The description of Cato's death was most vivid, including the well-known story of his reading Plato's "Phaedo" for many hours before finally committing suicide to avoid the nemesis of Caesar. At the next meeting of the Society on December 9th we are to hear Mr. Vincent's presidential address on the theme "They say it is dead, but when did it die?" A social evening has also been suggested for sometime in the Christmas holiday.

A. J. H

THE POETRY SOCIETY

This term we have held fairly regular weekly meetings. A membership of nine has shown itself to be the most convenient and comfortable number for discussion. There has been a veritable deluge of original verse which has met with energetic criticism. Mr. Walsh as chairman contributed his usual sharp observations on the verse and anything less like a "mutual admiration society," as has been asserted in a previous issue of THE SPUR, could scarcely be imagined. An innovation has been introduced in the form of tea and sandwiches at some meetings which has been highly successful and which we hope to continue.

The verse itself seems to be changing in that it seems to have become more cheerful. The flood of disillusioned, gloomy poems has by no means been stemmed, but there are several signs of more light-hearted or optimistic verse appearing at these meetings. A fairly representative selection of poetry appears in the "Library Review" and this magazine. It is a pity that the praise and attacks on these poems cannot be published alongside them and the discussion which they have provoked. In between meetings devoted to original work we hope to have a series of meetings to consider the poems of Yeats. This has been quite an energetic, argumentative term for the Poetry Society.

J. M. H.

MINIATURE RAILWAY CLUB

After an exploratory meeting, at which adequate support was assured, this new venture "opened its regulator" on October 17th and is now "full steam ahead." We are hopeful that the "signals will be clear" and that members will retain their enthusiasm, so that "express running" may be maintained.

Doubtless there will be "local branches" leading to ancillary activities, such as the building of model stations, bridges and scenic effects, but the "main line" of our activities will be the creation of an interesting and accurate layout, sufficient in itself, but expandable as future funds permit.

Although we are ourselves in the "Schools" class and in the course of our studies are required to learn of "King Arthur" and "Lord Nelson," our tasks are becoming "Consolidated" and our outlook "Pacific." Few of us have crossed the "Atlantic" and perhaps none has met the "Mikado," but we are all admirers of the "Princess Elizabeth" and acknowledge the genius of "Sir Nigel Gresley."

However, to return more close to our own activities, we would explain that we have fixed an "00" (16.5 mm.) gauge, and are well forward with our preliminary work.

It is our aim to have something really worth while to show at the next garden party; but our layout will, we hope, be "always complete but never finished," to quote from a well-known advertisement.

The Headmaster has graciously consented to be president. D. H. Baulch is secretary, J. L. Wearn assistant secretary, and A. M. Lee treasurer. The help of Mr. Baskett, Mr. Yardy and Mr. Phillips is greatly appreciated.

THE CHESS CLUB

There have been good attendances of the Club all the term and among players there has been a welcome group of juniors whose standard is often high. This augurs well for the future of the Club and its team. The Club has a fair sprinkling of members drawn from every part of the School, whose enthusiasm is shown by the number of games that may be seen during lunch hours and even break.

The team has had a successful term, results being as follows:—

Opponent.	Home/Away.	Lost/Won.	Score.
Pelham School Home	Won	5 — 3
Wandsworth C.G.S. Away	Draw	5 — 5
Pelham School Away	Won	4½ — 3½
Tooting Bec C.G.S. Home	Lost	5½ — 6½
Kingston G.S. Home	Lost	3 — 5

For 23. Against 23.

It is proposed to hold House matches next term.

565 SQUADRON A.T.C.

Numbers have increased slightly this term although the Squadron badly needs recruits who are prepared to pull their weight.

Training has gone ahead steadily on Friday evening with the November Proficiency Examination in view for more experienced cadets. We welcome Mr. D. A. Hope, an ex-cadet of the Squadron recently released from the R.A.F., who is helping us with Armament instruction in which we had previously been deficient.

Outside activities have been confined to one morning's flying, a future event at the time of writing, but the better weather next term may see us airborne rather more frequently. Next term, also, we are to receive our Annual Inspection, by which time we hope that our numbers will be considerably increased.

L. D. L.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

President: The Headmaster.

Vice-Presidents: Messrs. J. H. Hallam and P. O'Driscoll.

Chairman: D. Powell.

Secretary: A. J. Hopkins.

So far this term there has only been one official meeting of the Society, owing to the unfortunate late return of Mr. Hallam from his summer sojourn in the Basque country. It was thus that it was not until nearly half-term that the Society's officers were elected and the term's programme decided upon.

One major decision was taken, that of re-establishing the School meteorological station, and in this respect, as well as for the enlightenment of the School in general, it was decided to order the Daily Weather Map from the Air Ministry. Other activities for the term are a visit to the Ordnance Survey at Chessington and the continuation of the general geographical and historical survey begun last term. It is also hoped that various members of the Society who visited foreign countries during the summer holiday will be giving short talks on their experiences.

A. J. H.

JUNIOR SCHOOL PLAY

The works of such writers as Edward Lear, Lewis Carroll, James Thurber and columnists like Timothy Shy and Beachcomber flourish because they abandon themselves completely to a fantastic madness, which, just because it is cleverly constructed nonsense, is extremely amusing to read. But this madness is not easy to cultivate. It looks easy but it takes a great mind to explore and exploit it successfully. Perhaps the classics in this branch of literature are the works of Lewis Carroll—and more particularly "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-glass," which are in themselves masterpieces of grave nonsense. It was, perhaps, fitting that the Junior School should present these two works, adapted together into one play, for the performance at the end of the summer term. The choice was one in which they could, and did, drop all restraint and bring to life all the

brilliant madness that sparkles so gaily in this nonsensical fairy-tale.

The pace throughout the whole production was brisk and sufficiently abandoned to suit the atmosphere of the play, and with the exception of one or two scenes where the action seemed rather static, or the madness was rather overdone, the cast co-operated wonderfully and managed to maintain the continuity of the plot signally well, which is indeed a great feat, for it meanders in such a dodderly inconsequential manner, like a traditionally absent-minded cleric that one has to hold on firmly to the reins in order that the delicious nonsense shall fully come over to the audience. I suspect that this was in the main part due to the production of Harvey Hallam, which was efficient and colourful throughout both plays.

The first play, "In Wonderland," seemed to me to be a more complete and entertaining production than "Through the Looking Glass," although the latter showed more competence generally in acting than the first. Alice, in the "Wonderland" episode, was played by B. Jacobs who put a considerable quantity of life into a part that often tends to be plain and lifeless. He was, however, at times indistinct and seemed occasionally to be nervous. He was prompt and co-operative for the other players and fell in naturally with the theme of the play. Other actors worthy of mention in the play were R. Betts, J. Goodger, C. Brown, J. Davies and M. Edwards. Betts was excellent as the Duchess, and his sadistic treatment of the baby was delightful to watch. Goodger's Queen of Hearts was an imperious, frightening performance of a part to which he took naturally. The Mock Turtle was beautifully played by C. Brown, who has shown his versatility in previous Junior School plays. He concentrated all the time and his mournful song and dance with the Gryphon (M. Phillips) was one of the most amusing scenes of the evening. The Mad Hatter and the White Rabbit, played respectively by J. Davies and M. Edwards, were both well-acted and distinct. A large cast of various animals, soldiers, royal children and other weird and wonderful creatures fitted in well, and, for the most part, performed competently.

The abundance of enthusiasm shown in this play sometimes burst out of control and rather spoiled the desired effect. The Cook was too energetic and boisterous in hurling a number of assorted, wildly-aimed utensils at the Cheshire Cat and sometimes drowned the lines of the Duchess and the other players. The March Hare's tea-party also got out-of-hand in places, when everybody seemed to be carrying his own particular brand of madness to a confusing extreme. Nevertheless the Dormouse (J. Dunn) played his part well and subjected meekly to the stream of tea which was poured down his neck at one stage of the proceedings. This scene was a successful exposition of madness and slapstick and was very amusing, even if it did seem to prolong itself unduly. The scenery and costumes, of which more shall be said later, were very well designed and executed, and I particularly liked the Cheshire Cat, which though inarticulate, contributed greatly to the scene with its fulsome complacent grin and its vast nightmarish body.

The second Alice was played by I. Hayter. Very sure of himself, and with a good voice, he played the part with competence and charm. He seemed more in charge of the action than the first Alice and had the ability to concentrate which some of the other players seemed to lack. Without exception the principals in this play maintained a very high standard of acting. Brown, Betts and Hall continued in strong vein the work they had put in in the "Wonderland" episode. Tweedle-dum (J. Wearn) and Tweedle-dee (B. Clayson) were well matched, acted vigorously and spoke up manfully, while Patrick was a gushingly successful Red Queen. The star turn, if I might call it such, of "Through the Looking-Glass" was the White Knight's horse, manipulated enthusiastically by Tillinghast and Jeapes. Together with the acrobatic clumsiness of the White Knight (Brown), it brought forth roars of delight from the audience.

One general observation on both the plays was that the Juniors seemed to be out-balanced by third and even fourth formers in numbers, and that the off-stage credits were almost entirely by senior members of the School.

In both plays, the final processions were well arranged and the choirs sang competently throughout. The costumes and scenery maintained excellently the style of Tenniell's original illustrations to Carroll's work, and were as usual brilliantly executed. Mrs. Margaret Henderson, Miss Dorothy Woodhouse and Kenneth Lintott must be complimented on the fine results of their labours with the costumes, and Mr. Cecil Riley and Mr. Dan Shannon for the excellent scenery, which this year was executed entirely in black and white.

The music was arranged and played by Mr. Allan Cholmondeley, assisted by I. Lawrence at the piano. Mr. Allan Cholmondeley and Mr. Lesli Vyse directed the choirs.

The final credit for the evening's work must go to Mr. Harvey Hallam, whose fine production co-ordinated the work of actors and technicians so well, that "Alice" must add itself triumphantly to the slowly growing list of competent, entertaining Junior School plays.

J. M. H.

RUGGER

1st XV.

In spite of the apparent promise shown in the first match of the season against the Old Boys, a weakened Old Boys' team it is true, the 1st XV has not produced the form expected. Pegrum proved to be an early casualty, and fielding a team which was not our strongest, we lost by a good margin against a much heavier and more experienced team fielded by Public School Wanderers. Florentine, one of the reserves brought into the team because of injury to Marles, proved that there was no fault to be found with his tacking.

The match with Beckenham was drawn.

Although we have a surfeit of good forwards, the fine play of the Wimbledon College pack was enjoyed and appreciated by all who saw the match. Each side scored a try and Wimbledon College won by a penalty goal. Rain threatened the match with St. George's College, but eventually three teams travelled to Weybridge. Everybody expected that the team should have settled down and that we would make amends for our defeat of last year. However, the three-quarters failed. The centres kept the ball too long and the general defence of both covering forwards and three-quarters was slack. Walters, who came into the team as fly-half the previous week, played a very good game and made many openings. The match against R.A.F., Chessington was lost, chiefly because of the indifferent handling of the three-quarters.

In the first half at Bec, the School did well to hold off the opponents in the teeth of a gale and at half-time there was no score. Most of the second half was played in bright sunshine and the final score of two tries by Tutt, both converted by Wells, against a try and a penalty goal, gave us our first victory against another school.

The match against King's College School 2nd XV brought the quickest score of the season. Pegrum celebrated his return to the 1st XV at wing three-quarter, in place of injured Holgate, by scoring a try by the corner flag after an approach which was truly elephantine, but even so, within a minute of the kick-off. He must train hard to regain his speed. The other five tries came from the hard working forwards and K.C.S. scored a penalty goal near the end, the final score being 18-3.

McDonald, who has been off form amongst the forwards of late, but who has shown promise in various back positions for his House, was tried at full back in the last two matches, and in a strange position has done some good work.

The three-quarters have got to learn to draw their man and then to pass. If they find a gap they must remember that the attack is still only just developing and that to run into a covering forward within the next ten yards is futile.

Jonas must be more ready to fall on the ball in defence after a wretched forward has knocked the ball back from the line out, and also if the opposing scrum attempts to wheel and take. When not under great pressure his services are good.

The forwards must remember to cover across in defence. This has been their greatest weakness. Their attack has been good but they are slow to bind in the loose and much unnecessary mauling has resulted. The only chance of any attack by the backs making progress, depends on the quickness of the heel after a check; and this in turn depends on the forwards packing low and binding. The present policy of taking the ball from the line out until checked and then heeling should improve all the "loose" scrummaging.

Wells is a greatly improved pack leader and Phillips and Tutt have been the best forwards.

R. W. F. F.

2ND XV.

The 2nd XV has this year proved itself in no uncertain fashion and can justly be regarded the best XV in the School. In spite of frequent changes, the team has retained its unity and co-operation continues to be the hallmark of its play. The pack deserve special credit—in all departments they have shown skill well above the expected standard and in the all-important task of quick heeling from tight and loose scrums are setting an example for the whole School. In open play the pack has been lively in attack and vigorous in defence. To single out members would be invidious, but Gray, Bunch, Crichton, Bennett, Mills, Birkett, have all played a valuable part.

The strength of the backs has been the unselfish and constructive play of the half-backs. Biggs and Mason, and their weakness in the failure of the three-quarters to get the best out of their opportunities. Shepherd, Florentine, Cumberlidge and Lavender all defend well but spoil promising openings by hanging on too long and trying to beat too many opponents. At full-back Absolom has been steady and reliable.

P. O. D.

COLT XV.

Though they have yet to win, the Colts have improved since their first match and have held most of their opponents to a close score. As a team they are keen and hard-working but lacking "fire" and the ability to take quick advantage of opportunities. The forwards pack well, but frequently fail to get the ball back to their three-quarters, either through faulty hooking or holding on too long in the second row. In the loose they do well individually, but fail to follow up quickly enough when one of their number makes a break. In line-outs they play well defensively but in attack rarely make a clean catch and throw back to their three-quarters. All have played well at times and it is pointless to mention individuals as the above remarks apply to the whole scrum.

Both Beard and Menzies have played in the scrum-half position. The former continues to play pluckily, but less boldly than before, and appears to have lost his liking for the job. Menzies throws out a good pass, but is occasionally slow in gathering the ball and getting round the scrum. At fly-half Budgen has put in some hard work, but seems slower than last year and less effective in tackling. At centre, Smith, M. L., and Shepherd are young and seem likely to become really good players. Shepherd's tackling has been an example to the team. Brooke and Eales, on the wing, are tall and fast, but neither yet uses his speed to full advantage. Brooke is too prone to dash back into the middle and

Eales hesitates too long when confronted with opposition. Three boys have played full-back, and all have done quite well. Tillinghast, at present in this position, tackles courageously, but is inclined to hurry his kicking. Taylor, Good, and Lee have all rendered useful service from time to time.

G. J. A.

JUNIOR XV.

After several lean years it was refreshing to see the under 14's get off the mark with a 12—3 victory against Beckenham. They played much better football and Mervyn Smith did some very good work at fly-half, although he should have used his three-quarters a little more. Stracey's casually drop-kicked penalty from near the touch-line will be remembered for a long time. St. George's College beat us by 8—3 in a rather scrappy game. This is the nearest the Juniors have ever been to beating St. George's, who never once produced the form we usually expect of them.

R. W. F. F.

Rugby Results 1949

1ST XV.	v. The Old Boys	Won	17 pts. to 11 pts.	
	v. Public School Wanderers ...	Lost	38 pts. to 5 pts.	
	v. Beckenham C.G.S.	Drawn	6 pts. to 6 pts.	
	v. Wimbledon College	Lost	6 pts. to 3 pts.	
	v. St. George's College	Lost	19 pts. to 6 pts.	
	v. R.A.F., Chessington	Lost	9 pts. to 3 pts.	
2ND XV	v. Bec School	Won	10 pts. to 6 pts.	
	v. King's College School 2nd XV	Won	18 pts. to 3 pts.	
	v. Beckenham C.G.S.	Won	24 pts. to 8 pts.	
	v. Wimbledon College	Lost	16 pts. to 3 pts.	
	v. Sutton C.G.S. 1st XV	Lost	12 pts. to 3 pts.	
	v. King's College School 3rd XV	Won	20 pts. to 0 pts.	
3RD XV	v. Bodingham College 1st XV	Won	31 pts. to 0 pts.	
	v. Surbiton C.G.S.	Won	20 pts. to 3 pts.	
	v. Halliford House 1st XV ...	Won	28 pts. to 3 pts.	
	v. Halliford House 1st XV ...	Won	29 pts. to 8 pts.	
	COLTS XV	v. King's College School	Lost	51 pts. to 6 pts.
		v. Beckenham C.G.S.	Lost	6 pts. to 3 pts.
v. Wimbledon College		Lost	6 pts. to 3 pts.	
v. St. George's College		Lost	16 pts. to 3 pts.	
v. Bec School		Lost	11 pts. to 3 pts.	
JUNIOR XV.		v. Beckenham C.G.S.	Won	12 pts. to 0 pts.
	v. St. George's College	Lost	8 pts. to 3 pts.	

R. C. S.

SWIMMING

The Swimming Sports, held on 25th July at Wimbledon Baths, resulted in a very close finish, the House competition remaining very open until the final relay. Two records were broken, compared with five last year. Full results are:—
Qualifying points, scaled down to total the number of points awarded in the actual races (180).

Gibb's	296 points count	49½	towards the House Cup.
Halliwell's	291	48½	" " " "
Cobb's	234	39	" " " "
Milton's	178	29½	" " " "
Newsom's	75	12½	" " " "
1 Length Free Style (Colts): Spiers (G), Lavender (M)			
Shepherd (C)			21.9 secs.
1 Length Free Style (Seniors): Marles (H), Bell (C), Reynolds (N)			18.9 secs.

2 Lengths Free Style (Juniors) : Charles, A. B. (H), Croft (C), Loveday (G)	*64 secs.
Plunge : Bunch (G), Melmoth (C), Marles (H)	44 ft. 10 in
2 Lengths Breast Stroke (Colts) : Christmas (M), Spiers (G), Cheney (H)	58.6 secs.
2 Lengths Breast Stroke (Seniors) : Charles, A. D. (H), Priestman (G), Melmoth (C)	54.2 sets.
1 Length Breast Stroke (Juniors) : Shephard (G), Crierie (M), Day (H)	30.7 secs.
3 Lengths Free Style (Seniors) : Charles (H), Bell (C), Reynolds (N)	75.6 secs.
Relay (Colts) : Gibb's, Milton's, Halliwell's... ..	*105.5 secs.
1 Length Back Stroke (Juniors) : Shephard (G), Wilson (C), Charles (H)	35.5 secs.
1 Length Back Stroke (Seniors) : MacDonald (G), Laver (H), Vincent (M)	24.8 secs.
1 Length Back Stroke (Colts) : Phillips (G), Langton (M), Wilson (C)	31.9 secs.
Plain Dive : Williams (H), Bell (C), Marles (M)	
Springboard Dive : Marles (H), Bunch (G), Bell (C)	
Relay (Junior) : Halliwell's, Gibb's, Cobb's... ..	123.3 secs.
3 Lengths Free Style (Colts) : Christmas (M), Vogado (H), Phillips (G)	95.5 secs.
Relay (Seniors) : Halliwell's, Cobb's, Newsom's	82.2 secs.
	*New School Record.
<i>Final Positions</i> : Halliwell's	116½ points.
Gibb's	111½ "
Cobb's	69 "
Milton's	55½ "
Newsom's	16½ "

Teams from the School took part in two Inter-Schools Galas towards the end of the summer term. In the Wimbledon District Gala on July 14th we gained second place, being resoundingly beaten by a talented and well-trained team from Wimbledon Technical School. There was no Schools placing in the Surrey Grammar Schools Gala at Croydon on July 19th, but the competitors saw a display of first-class swimming in which Raynes Park played an enthusiastic if unobtrusive part.

This term swimming was taken on games afternoon and will continue throughout the winter.

L. D. L.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

In the middle of November and after a most gratifying orgy of scoring against the Southern Railway "A" XV, your correspondent's thoughts naturally turn first to Rugby football. Those whose families habitually take the *Wimbledon Boro' News* will of course have been following closely the career of the Old Boys' XV with the aid of those allegedly "condescending" reports furnished largely up to the present by its captain. The record to date may be described as "a good average one"—five wins and five losses, with 114 points scored against a deficit of 112! Team raising has always been difficult, but welcome support on the touch-line has been given by a steadfast—and hardy—band of wives and sweethearts. A great deal more support from members of the Society would be greatly appreciated. Our hardest blow occurred perhaps when our inexperienced XV were soundly defeated by a very fit and keen School team; and the pleasantest occasion when a coachload went to Newland Park Training College in Buckinghamshire and found some excellent entertainment provided.

For more general news your correspondent can only promulgate a few sketchy reports and rumours, for, as so often happens, the task of

compiling these notes has been sprung upon him lately. The tendency of Old Boys' movements, as far as one can gather, in recent months has been towards home; amongst those who have returned from overseas are "Jesse" Taylor, Geoff Osmin, Basil Edwards, Eric Wells, and John Carter, though the latter will shortly be travelling back to Nigeria after a leave which has carried him all over England and to Paris. The West Country has always held, it seems, a strange attraction for Raynes Park—apart from the movement of masters begun in 1942 by Mr. Garrett, some of the first signs were shown by John Hitchon when he settled down at Gooseford, where he now lives a countryman's life with his wife and two daughters, amongst his pigs, his bullocks and his chickens. Denis Rendall, Fred Holwill and Cyril Hill have all this year taken up teaching in Bristol, while your sometime Secretary, Charles Honeker, after enduring an attempt at a business career in London, has followed his natural bent in joining Mr. Milton in adult education at Dartington in Devon.

A few Old Boys' achievements must be recorded. At Oxford Michael Brown gained a first-class degree and an award to study for a D.Phil. and then capped it all by being elected Captain of Boats for his College for the third year, a very rare distinction indeed—and probably unique for one from a non-rowing School! Further athletic distinction has been shown by Ron Sleigh, who now jumps more than 23 feet and is reported to be among the first five exponents of the long jump in England; we wish him every success in his further training.

About happenings at the Universities your correspondent will refrain from commenting and leave that task to individual letters from those seats of learning. But perhaps he should record that Raynes Park for the first time has gained control of *Isis*, the leading Oxford undergraduate journal. Derek Cooper is in command as Editor and Robert Robinson his lieutenant as News Editor, while the names of Paul Vaughan and Alan Day may be seen at the foot of many a film critique. Of the consequent effect upon the journal your correspondent unfortunately is in no position to judge, since no copies have been sent for his perusal.

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