

RAYNES PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The

SPUR

SUMMER TERM 1952



VOLUME 10

NUMBER 2

THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

"To each his need, from each his power"

Vol. X., No. 2

Summer, 1952

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HAIL AND FAREWELL

THE SCHOOL'S best wishes go with Mr. A. G. Gray, who left us during the Easter holidays. We are sorry that his high gifts, academic and otherwise, are no longer to be devoted to education, but hope he finds satisfaction and success in his new career. At short notice, we were lucky to enlist the aid for the present term of Mr. R. B. Thompson, thanks to Egyptian ingratitude for his work at Cairo University, and we are sorry only that his plans do not permit a longer stay. The vacant place will be filled next term by Mr. A. J. Sweetland, who, after taking his degree with a double first in Latin and Greek at Cardiff University College, is now completing the Diploma in Education at Bristol.

We have now also to say a reluctant farewell to Mr. R. W. Fishenden, who takes up a post at Leicester after four years here, in which he has devoted all his energy and most of his hours to the school's physical education. The success of School Athletics Teams is one tribute to his work; a better one is the regret with which his departure will be received, alike by those who owe him their rugby, their running or their boxing, and by those whose prowess is not in games.

His successor will be Mr. N. H. Bellis, who from Westminster College went on to the special Physical Education course at Loughborough, which he completes this summer. He brings to his task enthusiasm and high qualifications, including a County Rugby Cap. We hope that both he and Mr. Sweetland have a happy and successful period of service with us—and a long one.

H.P.

GENERAL SCHOOL FUND

Boys and their parents, from whom "G.S.F." derives its support, are entitled to an account of its annual balance sheet. The 1951-52 figures have now been audited and approved by the Governing Body, and the position they reveal is summarised below.

Income is mainly from two sources: the terminal subscriptions, which between April, 1951, and March, 1952, brought in altogether £284 12s.6d.; and the share of the 1951 Garden Party profits, which was £218 4s.10d. Lesser sums from the Carol Concert, VI Form dances, etc., bring the grand total up to £519 14s.3d.

Expenditure, though heavy, was comfortably below this. The printing bill, covering the "Spur" and the gap between cost and receipts for the termly fixture cards, was £162 7s.6d. Expenses on games, mainly travelling and catering expenses for school teams of all kinds, with some minor items of equipment, came to £176 10s.6d. Subscriptions to periodicals, and other Library expenses (in addition to the gifts from parents on Open Night), with subscriptions to the Rugby Union and similar organisations, totalled £19 0s.10d. The brick pottery kiln, and what little coke we could get for it, cost £22 14s.9d. more than the special collections for the purpose. Expenditure (on programmes, etc.) for Sports Day came to £7 19s.0d., and for Prizegiving to £8 15s.0d. Finally, a large number of items, small in themselves, in aid of various clubs, for piano tuning, for copies of school photographs, and so on, came altogether to £23 11s.11d. The grand total, therefore, was £420 19s.6d.

This leaves a balance in hand for the year of £98 14s.9d. This is more than usual, owing partly to the increased income from the Garden Party, partly to the fact that we have not had to meet any large single expense, such as the Headmasters' portraits or the ciné projector, which figured in previous accounts. The present balance enables us more cheerfully to face the fact that new curtains for the stage, which have long been on the "some-time-soon" list, are now an immediate necessity. A considerable sum of your money will be spent on this during the coming year; we are grateful to Miss Woodhouse for having inaugurated last Christmas a "Curtain Fund" to meet this need—and for all her skilful and devoted work in managing G.S.F. through the year.

The School is grateful to parents and to boys for their generosity and active support of the Fund. Without it many clubs and activities, from pottery and chess to inter-school games, would be impossible.

H.P.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, SUMMER TERM, 1952

Head of the School: D. M. Spiers.

Second Boy: P. J. Casselton.

Prefects: P. J. Bennellick, J. R. Hobbs, A. S. Jeapes, F. M. Langton, I. B. Lawrence, B. P. Price, A. P. Redman, R. J. Wells, A. F. Wright, A. G. Law, P. A. Tanner.

Captain of Athletics: A. G. Law.

Captain of Cricket: A. F. Wright.

Captain of Swimming: D. M. Spiers.

Captain of Tennis: A. G. Inglis.

Secretary of the Games Committee: P. J. Casselton.

Prefect of Library: R. J. Wells.

HOUSE NOTES

Cobb's

Captain: P. A. Tanner. *Vice-Captain*: A. D. Brooke.

This term is an exceptionally busy one with many calls on people's time.

Cricket.—We have quite a strong Senior team under the captaincy of D. Shepherd, who is to be congratulated on getting School cricket colours after only a few weeks in the first team. He is ably supported by Burrage, Jackson and Cook. We won an exciting match with Milton's: when Shepherd was out for 39 all seemed lost, but Fash and Baker calmly got the necessary runs. Burrage took 5 wickets for 7 runs. We stand a good chance of winning our remaining matches. The Colt team under the captancy of C. Wright is unfortunately weak this year and their team is not having much success—however, it is not for want of trying. The Juniors are giving us our greatest support, and with such players as Ridge, Hill A. D. and Hill G. in their team they are well on the way to winning the Junior Shield for the second year in succession. Well done!

Athletics.—Due to grand effort throughout the House we finished second in qualifying points. We have many good athletes in the House, such as Brooke, Eales, Francis and Braine, of whom we can expect great things on finals day. Shepherd has already won the pole vault for us.

Swimming.—Qualifying is all-important here and, due largely to the great help of Mr. Foister, we have secured a substantial number of points. However, there are many people who could have got points who haven't bothered: they are going to make the keen people's task very hard on the day of the Swimming Sports.

Tennis.—As yet there have been no matches, but we have a strong team and hope to win the cup.

House Play.—The play is chosen. It is called "The Good and Bad," but it is not a moralistic play at all. With the help of Hayter and Jackson we should give a creditable performance.

This year is an interim year and we cannot hope to win the Cock House Cup without a struggle. However, there is much talent lower down the House and if we do not win this year we have every chance of doing so in the years to follow.

P.A.T.

Gibb's

Captain: D. M. Spiers.

Prefects: J. R. Hobbs, A. S. Jeapes, A. P. Redman, A. F. Wright, D. M. Spiers.

At the end of last term we won our first competition of the year by easily carrying off the P.T. Cup. This was a very pleasing result, as the competition depends on everybody pulling his weight and gaining points. Congratulations to all!

The main sport this term is cricket and our record so far is excellent. The Seniors have played only one match, against Halliwell's, which they won 46—24; the Colts lost to Milton's, but have since beaten Halliwell's,

and Newsom's; the Juniors have beaten Halliwell's, Milton's and Newsom's and have only to beat Cobb's to win the Junior Shield. With an effort we can regain the Cricket Cup which we last held in 1949.

In the Athletics Qualifying there was a much better effort than in previous years and we are third, only twelve points behind Cobb's.

Unfortunately, I am afraid, we have not got the individual stars to maintain this position on Sports Day. The Swimming Qualifying has only just started, but I think we shall retain this cup for the third year.

The remaining competitions to be held this term are the dramatics and tennis. We shall again produce a play with a small cast in the hope of maintaining our improvement of last year. Last year we were runners-up in the tennis and once again we have a strong team which includes five School team players, so we are all set to do great things.

Once again I must thank the parents of boys in Gibb's House for their wonderful work at the Annual Garden Party. We improved on our net profit of last year by making nearly £80 and this was achieved purely by hard work. Thank you all.

Finally, whatever the result of the Cock House Cup, and it will be known by the time these notes are read, this has been one of the most successful years the House has had for some long time. The traditional "Sag in the Middle" of our Colts has disappeared, indeed they have shown up the Seniors at times, and I am sure this is due to the good example of people like Elliot and Wearn, to mention but two of our Colts; I hope this state of affairs is going to continue because if it does we are going to gain and hold the Cock House Cup for several years to come. Go to it!
D.M.S.

Halliwell's

The Summer Term contains several competitions in Major Sports so that it has great importance in the annual struggle for the Cock House Cup. Fortunately most of the competitions are not finished until after the examinations, which are also regular feature of this term!

In cricket the House, one might even add as usual, has not been very well to the fore. In the Junior Shield Competition we were placed third. Hence we will draw a veil over these results and turn quickly to the Athletics Cup Competition, where we held a lead of 49 points in the qualifying rounds. After the preliminary competitions, in which we were expected to drop a little, we found our lead had reached the satisfying margin of 100 points over the nearest House. The House offers its congratulations to all those, particularly the Juniors, who took part, and especially those who gained places. A list of these place-winners would be so long as to turn the House Notes into a miniature Athletics Sports result list and has consequently been omitted. With many School runners in the House team we should manage to retain this lead on Sports Day. We also have a lead of three points in the Cock House Competition, but the other Houses are close on our heels, which certainly makes the competition interesting.

The Dramatic Competition will be held at the end of the term and M. W. Dick is producing "The Great Globe Itself" by Ralph S. Walker. Although this no longer counts towards the Cock House it used to be a Halliwell's monopoly, and we hope that this year it will return to its rightful owners.

Finally, on behalf of all boys in the House, I would like to thank all those parents who helped in the House's effort in the Garden Party and achieved such a wonderful result.
P.J.C.

Milton's

Captain: A. G. Law.

Prefects: F. M. Langton, A. G. Law.

This term and the last look like being the most successful that Milton's have enjoyed for some time. Last term we shared the Hockey Cup with Newsom's and in the final games the Seniors beat Cobb's (4—2). The Colts lost to Gibb's but triumphed over Cobb's and Halliwell's. This, I think, is the first sign that the House has a sure footing on the bottom rung of the Cock House ladder. We expect that in a few years time, with luck and an influx of the

right talent, the topmost rung will be firmly grasped. In this revival of spirit I. Barnett has played no small part, and it is with regret that we saw him leave before the end of the year. He was one of the very few Seniors who could be relied upon to support the House to the utmost of his ability.

To revert to this term's activities. The Seniors made a good start to the cricket season by winning their match against Newsom's, but then suffered a narrow defeat by Cobb's. An insight to future cricket possibilities was shown in the Colts, who won their first three matches by large margins. So far they have beaten Cobb's by 39 runs (Burns scored 34 and Orme took 7 for 14), then they won their match against Gibb's by 6 wickets. Burns also scored 35 against Halliwell's, whom they beat by 4 wickets.

In the Athletics it is again the old, old story of not enough qualifying points. We begin the Sports lying fourth, nearly 100 points behind the leaders, an impossible handicap. Swimming offers a brighter prospect, for we occupy a good third position. In this connection congratulations are due to Howard and Burns for gaining their Bronze Medallions and Pegram for winning his Intermediate Certificate in Life-Saving. At the time of writing the House Play Competition has not yet been held, but we are well prepared and hope for success.
A.G.L.

Newsom's

Captain: R. J. Wells.

Prefects: P. J. Bennellick, I. B. Lawrence, B. P. Price, R. J. Wells.

Mainly due to the consistent successes of the House Colt team, who succeeded in defeating all their opponents, we ended last term joint-holders of the Hockey Cup. Had our Senior team been luckier, we would have taken this cup outright.

Since the Senior cricket team has only played one match, which we lost to a strong Milton's team, our final position cannot yet be assessed. We must congratulate the Colts on their success; they have played four games and have won three, and finished joint-winners in the tournament. We may win the cup, and will certainly come in the first three.

Athletics Qualifying was slack and so we were equal last, but now that some final events have been decided, our position is more promising, and we are at present third. For this improvement we must congratulate Michez, Spencer B., Loible and Bennellick, who gained first or second places in these events. In the course of these field events, Michez raised the Colt high jump record to 5ft.2½ins., and the Colt discus record to 127ft.3½ins. Our hopes are high for the Sports Day results, for which we have entered a strong team.

It is good to note that the two Garden Party projects sponsored by Newsom's were so successful—the Gardening/Flower Stall raising about £5 and the Raffle about £17. Also at the Garden Party, a Basketball Knockout Competition was held. Working with great precision, our team knocked out the Staff team, Gibb's and, in the final, Halliwell's. Congratulations to the successful half-dozen who represented the House.

For some years the House has showed its reluctance to enter the water, and this year shows no change. Apart from some members of the Colt section, no interest at all has been demonstrated, and our Saturday morning appearances at Wimbledon have been unnecessarily few. It is probably too late to change our ignominious position for the Swimming Cup this year, but the Juniors must make some effort to alter this state of affairs for future years.
R.J.W.

THE GARDEN PARTY, 1952

It was Friday evening, and a fine evening. Old Jim Hopkins was standing at the one spot and at the one time that I, too, would choose to stand—"to stand and stare." He was looking west towards Firle Beacon just at the moment (it only lasts for a few seconds) when the sun sinks down behind the hills, and quite suddenly the lovely slopes of cheerful pastures become dark whale-back masses and Sussex Downs stand sentinel over the farms below. Old Jim had shut in the hens and turned the two mares out to grass. He

fumbled for the key of the stable door and found in his pocket two pieces of paper. He mused . . . "Aye, it'll be foine aroight . . . it alwuz is . . . and fancy 'im selling me these!"

* * *

Some said that three weeks was far too short to prepare anything (the date was published last Christmas incidentally), while others said that the 24th May was too early, too chilly, too risky of weather, or too something else. Others were heard muttering, "What! No ponies? No model trains rides? No programmes printed yet?"

Garden Parties and Scout Fêtes, it would seem, are intended to confound the pessimists and the indifferent, and this year's was no exception. The weather had broken earlier in the week and yet Saturday was the warmest day in May. With the Garden Party following so soon after the beginning of term, programmes and tickets were only being printed in the last week, in spite of energetic and co-operative effort on the part of the School Press. Yet more were sold than ever before, some 2,500 in fact. With less time in which to prepare there were more stalls and side-shows than last year, and in most cases they were more attractive. There was no bunting, there were no floating balloons, and yet there was colour and gaiety, a happy atmosphere, and a large and generous crowd.

By way of contradicting the Headmaster's comments about the choice of weather, this feature, an all-important one, was sheer luck. The day had been fixed six months ago and that without the aid of Old Moore! But events such as these do not *just happen* and there had been much work, sorting out, correspondence and co-ordinating taking place unobtrusively beforehand. School routine that week was quite undisturbed. And we all should have a pretty good idea who carried in his quiet way most of that burden! It was more satisfying this year to see all five Houses pulling their weight. The Scout Parents, as is their practice, had made earlier preparations and had met in committees during the Easter holidays. (Why must the Group Scouter be away just when a dozen or so parents had discovered his phone number?) The Form groups were responsible, rather unevenly I notice, for many of the side-shows. Why is it that of the three first forms, alike in all other respects, one produced a single item only, and the other two worked to produce over a dozen side-shows apiece? Of the Senior forms it must be said, regretfully but with emphasis, that they did practically nothing—and yet it is the Seniors rather than Juniors who derive most benefit from General School Fund by their Societies, Clubs, Senior School amenities, and the cost of fares and teas for School matches. A defence that they help in Houses is quite nonsense—the parents do all the House work! Their indifference goes badly with their expectation of privileges.

The tea service was as delightful and efficient as ever. Mrs. Overell and her grand team of Mothers and Girl Guides must surely know how much we all appreciate their fine work in the cramped conditions of the School kitchen. Gibb's Snack Bar provided a quick food and drink service for those who could not tear themselves away from attractions elsewhere, while the Tuck Shop and Ice Cream Bar gave refreshing punctuations to the warm flow of activity on the playing field. The Fortune Teller gave wisdom and caution to the needy, while the Staff and Old Boys gave sweat and speed in the basket-ball court. The aged putted quietly in the orchard, while the inmates of a zoo nearby munched unperturbed by youthful onlookers. Some there were that tried skill at archery, and others worked off energy at coconuts. The Gymnasium was as crowded and warm as any Eastern market and the stallholders, whether selling glassware or fruit, stamps or groceries, clothing or raffle tickets, had no relief until darkness fell. For those who were *far spent* there was a demonstration camp on the Scout reservation beyond, or a free seat in the heath garden.

In the evening the Hall, in a matter of minutes, was transformed from the cool quiet of a tea-room into a crowded concert hall. The Malwyn Players gave an hour of music and light comedy . . . and were followed by a trio which spent all its time giving away wines and rabbits, dollies and cakes, nylons and 20 notes.

It had been a happy day and a successful one. Of all the copper and bronze and silver pieces mounting in the Treasurer's bag to some £500, there should be a clear profit of £400. Let us admit, too, that it was fun working together as parents and boys and staff, and helpful in knowing one another all the better, and in being able to drop those subtle comments about sons, or parents, which in serious conversation one would never hazard!

* * *

It was Sunday evening, and a fine evening. Old Jim Hopkins was standing by the stable door watching the sun slip quietly behind those rolling Sussex Downs. He had just turned the two mares out to grass and the hens were in. He fumbled for the key of the stable door and found two pieces of pocket-worn paper. "Aye, I'd forgotten about 'em, and fancy me expectin' to win a Bentall Perm down 'ere, to say nowt about twenty quid!" Old Jim turned across the yard and ambled along the edge of the copse. "Aye me, but 'ts a good cause I s'pose." In the trees above, the rooks were settling down and bringing to an end their week's good caws.

"THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE" and "THE CRITIC"

"THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE," BY BERNARD SHAW

Cast:

Lydia, B. H. Finch; Cashel Byron, J. Manning; Mellish, *Byron's Trainer*, A. J. Fowles; Lucian, *Lydia's cousin*, R. Weightman; Bashville, *The Butler*, J. R. S. Higham; Cetewayo, *A Zulu Chief*, B. Spencer; Paradise, *A Prize-fighter*, B. J. McCartney; Lord Worthington, R. M. Cooke; Adelaide Guisborne, *Byron's Mother*, C. C. Wright; 1st Policeman, B. P. Betts; 2nd Policeman, B. G. Hope; Master of Ceremonies, M. Francis; Paradise's Second, G. D. Stringer; Spiv, R. H. De Gunten; Press Photographer, D. J. Holden; Autograph Hunter, J. Warren.

News-Vendors: A. Gallagher, R. E. Atkins, C. F. W. Higham, P. S. Tucker, P. L. Clark.

Africans: J. E. Nicholson, E. R. Osborne, R. A. Pegram, G. R. Cooper.

Crowd: P. R. Johnson, J. A. Castle, I. Hudson, R. N. Pevey, B. Denton, K. J. Loible.

Production by Cecil Riley.

Assistant Producers: The Headmaster and John Timpson.

Stage Manager: D. C. Lewis.

"THE CRITIC" or, "A TRAGEDY REHEARSED"

Written by Mr. R. B. Sheridan and originally performed at the *Drury Lane Theatre* in 1779.

Dramatis Personæ:

Prologue spoken by Mrs. Dangle

Sir Fretful Plagiary, Mr. Tanner; Mr. Puff, Mr. Dick; Mr. Dangle, Mr. Barnett; Mr. Sneer, Mr. Hayter; The Under Prompter, Mr. Cumner-Price; The Servant, Mr. J. G. Page; Mrs. Dangle, Mr. Betts, jnr.

Characters of the Tragedy:

Lord Burleigh, Mr. Smith; The Governor of Tilbury Fort, Mr. Tanner; The Earl of Leicester, Mr. Wright; Sir Walter Raleigh, Mr. Hall; Sir Christopher Hatton, Mr. Jeapes; Don Ferolo Whiskerandos, Mr. Patrick; A Beefeater, Mr. Betts, jnr.; Tilburina, Master Reade; Her Confidante, Master Elliot; First Niece, Master Vincent; Second Niece, Master R. Barfoot.

Sentinels, Rivers, etc. Mr. Arnold and other members of the Cast.

The Play produced by PETER SMITH and JOHN MONEY.

I saw the plays on two successive nights and each time enjoyed them both immensely, and everybody else appeared to enjoy them too; and so amidst

the plaudits that greeted the end of each performance one might graciously let the curtain fall with "congratulations, everybody!" and no more to be said. But the Critic, hoping still to avoid his fretful plagiaries, is expected at least to comment on relative merits and deficiencies, and to do so with neither too much puffing nor too much sneering.

I doubt if Mr. Shaw intended his tomfoolery to be acted by thirteen-year-olds, but that did not daunt Mr. Riley. He was out to provide fun and games for his junior cast—and provide them he did, to everybody's delight, and most of all to the delight of the players. Even so, it seems a pity he should cut the most characteristic Shavian digs at Ladies and Gentlemen, the unearned income-takers, the meat-eaters, fur-wearers and those "who grope for cures in the tormented entrails of friendly dogs". But no more of that . . .

The first scene was in Wilstoken Park, where Lydia soliloquises as well as any thirteen-year-old male could be expected to do on the female longing for a mate, "a sylvan god, tree-born in heart and sap." The part was sustained admirably throughout. One felt that her Cashel, when he arrived, might have been a more convincing sylvan god had he not remained so completely Manning. Even so he enjoyed himself, in fact hardly ever knew how to conceal his own amusement, and we were amused with him. And then came Mellish, that trainer of heroes, who gave one of the most convincing performances of all, and whose theme song,

"They say there is no other
Can take the place of mother"

will be heard about the place for long enough, though never brought to the pitch of Fowlesian raucous mawkishness which first made it memorable.

The second scene was in a room in Lydia's house. The magnificent picture . . . well, was magnificent, but why was it there? And the fascinating mobiles, tribute to the breadth of outlook which pervades our Art room, why were they there either? As an insurance policy, so that there was something to look at above if you were bored by what was going on below? But as such, they proved in the event quite unnecessary. Into this room flapped Lucian and, in a sense, he continued to flap, not unconvincingly, until the final curtain. He was followed shortly by the not yet Admirable Bashville himself, whose jealousy led him to break through the conventional attitude of the serving-man and flush on Cashel's boko nap his left

The Agricultural Hall, Islington, was the scene of riot from beginning to end. No players enjoyed themselves more than the massed newspaper boys who advertised the prize-fight between Cashel and Paradise, announced with magnificent Cockney raucousness by Francis. And then came Cetewayo and his chiefs, magnificent in their blackness, but scarcely magnificent in their savagery, which surely should have been the essential thing about them. Black-bearded Paradise entered, followed by Cashel; and Lydia's "his boxing things render him most attractive" was convincing but Cashel still looked comic. The stylised fight to music between Cashel and Paradise was well contrived and executed, but the *mêlée* which ensued, when Paradise threw off his gloves and the Zulus' blood boiled with joy of battle, was less so, when straight out of a comic came a whistle and two policemen hurling themselves on to the stage after a rush up the central gangway in a manner worthy of the best "comic" traditions of the force. It was, however, left to Cashel Byron to restore order by knocking out Cetewayo and his chiefs.

The final scene was again in Lydia's house and the high-spot was the arrival of Adelaide, Cashel's mother. She gave an almost professional performance, which was very fitting from one who purported to be a professional actress. We shall all long remember the concentrated pseudo-emotion with which she declaimed "My son." The impossible situation which was developing was then resolved by the impossible Lord Worthington, persuading Adelaide without much difficulty to become his Lady; while Bashville, having declared his love for Lydia, is prepared at last to relinquish her to Cashel, and himself to seek consolation as Byron's novice, the Admirable Bashville, for

"Fate drives us all to find our chiefest good
In what we can, and not in what we would."

I wondered whether Mr. Riley chose this play to indulge every school-master's desire to get his own back on parents by giving them the advice which Cashel sadly proclaims:

". . . Oh mothers, mothers,
Would you but let your sons alone,
Life were worth living."

His excellent assistants and conspirators, Mr. Timpson and the Headmaster could probably tell me, if they would.

And now for "The Critic"; the second act at least was practically pure Smith with little Money in it, but whether this was gain or loss, we cannot yet fully judge for we have always been short of money. But if Dilettantism produced those scenes and those splendid tossing galleons, let us have more of it. Our Dilettante proved no dabbler, but one who delighted in fine art in the early 18th-century sense of the word

The play opened with Mr. and Mrs. Dangle at home, if at home they ever were. Poor Dangle, yet it was perhaps not surprising that Mrs. Dangle paid too much attention to the dust on the furniture, and that the audience attended to her fiddling rather than to what The Critic had to say. But then The Critic had no easy part and, everything considered, managed more than tolerably well. Betts, certainly, has lost none of his ability to interpret female nastiness and something else—the laugh behind the fan with Sir Fretful Plagiary was perhaps the finest thing done in the evening—pure ripe plum. But there was no disguising the masculinity of Mrs. Dangle's feet. Mr. Sneer was withering throughout, but perhaps he will forgive me for saying that he probably found the part an easy one; he had only to become a "gentleman," and this refined rôle he maintained magnificently throughout. Sir Fretful Plagiary was also admirably cast—"though he is my friend"—and what I really enjoyed was seeing him so much himself and hoping perhaps . . . But does an actor learn more about himself by playing a rôle to which he is by nature born, or by having to stand in the shoes of another? a question to be asked. And so, not before time, enter Mr. Puff. Again poor Puff, others he could, but himself he could not; though by his own account of the use he made of his own misfortunes, one might have thought he could. Puff's was the most exacting part of all, and he maintained his rôle admirably. If, at long last, we found his lines a little tedious, I think it fair to blame Sheridan rather than D. Ick. His business on his first entrance and exit was excellent.

Of the play within the play, one can say that it went with a swing, the players enjoyed themselves with more abandon than the Juniors did in "Bashville," and there was throughout an air of expectancy, as no one, in the audience at least, knew when the next cannon would go off. In more detail, one might say that Hall was too concerned to be Rudgley to be Raleigh, not that it mattered, and he had his reward. Sir Christopher mouthed his words beautifully and presumably as intended, but we might have been further amused had we heard the words themselves. Whiskerandos is to be similarly criticised. It was not enough to have a vaguely Spanish accent—the words *did* matter—a little, anyway. His eye and leg movements were, of course, duly appreciated. Tilburina and her confidante managed their dual part with great cleverness, especially in the mad scene. Elliot must have acquired considerable dexterity always to be just in that place when Tilburina's next move would knock him over. Betts' Beefeater improved between Friday and Saturday with the length of his nose, but when he ceased to be Beefeater he did not quite become Strettan, and finally a mention of a "Mr. King" by one of the players drew a cheer for our own gracious King from part of the audience, for it appears impossible to keep domestic politics entirely out of school plays.

But to turn to the place where we began; these criticisms may appear but fretful carping. I thought the audiences, without exception, thoroughly enjoyed themselves. So did the players, and many among them learned much besides their parts.

H.A.P.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

President: Mr. A. Cholmondeley.
Vice-President: The Headmaster.
Secretary: D. A. Jackson.

Unfortunately, owing to various circumstances, we found it impossible to hold a meeting either during the Spring Term or in the Easter holidays as was hoped. Therefore it only remains for me to send the sympathy and condolence of the Society to Mr. Gray, who found himself compelled to quit the teaching profession so suddenly last Easter, and to hope that he is happier in his new job than during his short stay here. We have, too, to welcome Mr. R. B. Thompson, who has taken his place for this one term, and will have addressed the Society when these notes are read; his paper for July 10th being entitled "Antigonus Gonatas." The other welcome which we extend is to Mr. Balshaw, our first President, who has recently returned from Borneo and who, we hope, will be present at this term's meeting.

D.A.J.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Examinations have torn a great gap in the term, and one of the School societies to suffer most by this has been the Debating Society. Only one internal meeting has been held so far when, on Thursday, May 15th, C. C. Wright proposed the motion, "That this House feels like a million dollars." The debate was organised in a deliberate effort to draw the interest of those members of the School who do not normally frequent the Society. As such, the debate was a failure, since only the old, familiar faces were to be seen.

In spite of impending exams, Wright expressed his cheerfulness and looked forward to the future. His seconder, R. S. Betts, expressed his joy at the death of his pet octopus, if only because he no longer had to knit socks for this creature. The opposers, however, struck a more mournful note, although their countenances belied this apparent sadness. After R. J. Wells had reviewed the present and the future and found no solace, A. J. Tillinghast echoed his leader's grim forebodings, but the heart of the house was not moved, and the motion was overwhelmingly passed.

R.J.W.

POETRY SOCIETY

The Society has recovered from the poor situation of last term. Two excellent meetings were held in which Tanner read a paper on "Coleridge," and Hobbs one on "Hopkins." These meetings were well attended by regular members, but did not attract outsiders. Tanner's acute, if unoriginal, criticism was well illustrated by readings from "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan." Hobb's erudite discussion of Hopkins was a stimulating introduction to Hopkin's work.

A considerable quantity of original verse evolved from a proposed subject—The Sea. Manifold, Betts, Powell-Evans and Jackson all produced excellent poetry in free-verse style. Mr. Money suggests that we should all write sonnets. However, I must report that, unlike his predecessor, the President has not contributed any verse at all to the Society's quantity of original poetry.

I.B.L.

Tanner and Hobbs are to be congratulated on excellent papers, prepared under pressure. Hobb's paper attracted some of the girls of Wimbledon County School, who took tea with members of the Society before the reading of the paper. The President would here put in a plea for the vital discipline of literary criticism, and an apology for his failure to circulate any private sonnets.

J.M.M.

GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

This term began with a well-attended general meeting, the purpose of which was to discuss the term's programmes. Four main series were contemplated: a Central European series, an English series, an operatic series, and a late nineteenth-century series. When put to the vote, these received three, four, fourteen and thirteen votes, respectively. In view of the fact that no one series had a clear majority, the situation was solved to the satisfaction of nearly all members, by an arrangement in which such operas as were written in the nineteenth century should be included in a series devoted to that period in general.

Due to a cry for Tchaikovsky which had been originally raised last term, we started with his Symphony in E minor. We have also played his "Hamlet" and "1812" Overtures and the "Nutcracker Suite." Our numbers at these meetings have been small, due to the abstinence of our more purist members. Other Russian music included Rimsky-Korsakov's "Caprice Espagnol" and Moussorgsky's "A Night on the Bare Mountain." Richard Strauss had a programme devoted to his music, but his "Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel" appear to have been too hectic for our less tolerant members.

A programme of scenes from Verdi's "Falstaff" attracted a large audience. This programme, however, emphasised that, in the first place, opera on gramophone records is hardly opera at all, and, in the second place, such a programme requires considerable preparation on the part of the introducer.

The May personal choice programme was a programme of Rubbra's "Fifth Symphony." This excellent but little heard work was well received. Rubbra has had little luck in the way of recordings, but this new recording, sympathetically handled by Sir John Barbirolli, may help to remove some of the obscurity which surrounds his name.

B.P.P. and I.B.L.

CHRISTIAN UNION

In spite of upsets of one kind and another, the Christian Union continues to grow in quality, if not in quantity. The upsets this term have been cricket practices and examinations, which have been the compelling forces behind many absent members week by week. We have started, since Easter, two very important auxiliary weekly meetings. During the dinner hour on Monday we manage to fit in a Prayer Meeting—our power-house and only hope for success. On many Tuesday lunch-times, a Bible Study has been in progress in the open air. Besides these new additions to our programme, we continue to hold our weekly meetings on Monday after school—recently we have been engaged in "searching the Scriptures" to verify our faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. By the time you read this, we hope to have made a small *début* on Open Night.

You may think that this C.U. is alone in its faith. However, every other Grammar School in the district has a Christian Union and we combine with them each term for a rally in a local school. This term our rally is held at Surbiton C.G.S. on 4th July, at which the film "Dust or Destiny" is to be shown.

At the end of every school year, there are many changes taking place in the School. Some of our supporters will be leaving and we wish them God's speed. Next term, the initials at the foot of these notes will be different, and I ask you all to support David Jackson as he carries on the job of the Christian Union leadership.

As I make my way around the School, I get to know a lot of boys and to know a lot about various boys. It is surprising how many sport badges of Christian organisations and how many go to Church on a Sunday. But how many of these are Christians? How many have given their whole lives over to Christ to live for Him? Paul says: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to everyone who believes." If we are Christians, Christ calls us to be identified with Him. If it hurts a fellow-Christian to see another not upholding the name of Christ, how much

more does it hurt the Heavenly Father? If Christ has called you, He has called you to His service, and you should identify yourself with other of His servants. So, you other Christians in the School, take heed. Christ calls you to support Him in the Christian Union. Will you obey His call?

There are others who mock us Christians. If you were travelling along a road in the middle of the desert, and came across a traveller who was obviously lost and without food or water, I trust you would offer to drive him to habitation. Wouldn't you be astounded if he refused your offer, declaring that he was not lost and could easily reach civilisation by himself and on his own two feet! God is like that motorist. He can see that "we have no power to help ourselves," are lost for eternal life, and have no means of attaining it except by a miracle. Christ is that miracle. He has provided escape from the trials of this life and a sure way to His everlasting Kingdom. How has He done this? It is the old, old story. Jesus, in His love for us poor travellers, came down to this earth, lived a perfect life, and suffered a cruel death, nearly 2,000 years ago, to save us from eternal death. Eternal Life can start now. Many have put Christ, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, to the test, and found the One who gives the most exciting, happy and adventurous life. Yet there are those who scorn God's life. It's astounding.

F.M.L.

CHESS CLUB

Results 1951-52 Season.			Personal Results.				
			P.	W.	L.	D.	Pts.
1st VIII	8, Pelham O,	Win					
"	6, Kingston 2,	Win	Powell-Evans	7	7	0	0
"	2, Surbiton 6,	Loss	Inglis ...	8	4	2	2
"	6½, Sutton 1½,	Win	Lawrence ...	8	5	3	0
"	5½, K.C.S. 2½,	Win	Hobbs ...	8	2	2	4
"	2, Surbiton 6,	Loss	Ferebee ...	4	1	1	2
"	5, Sutton 3,	Win	Weightman J.	7	1	4	2
"	3½, Wimbledon		Betts D. C.	8	4	4	0
	C.C. 4½,	Loss	Jackson ...	7	5	2	0
Played 8,	Won 5,	Lost 3.	Weightman C.	5	4	1	0

Championship Results.

The championship was won jointly by David Powell-Evans and Alan Inglis, as a draw resulted from the Final.

RESULTS:

Quarter-finals: Powell-Evans beat Ferebee; Weightman (C.) beat Page; Inglis beat Lawrence; Betts (B.) beat Jackson.

Semi-final: Powell-Evans beat Weightman (C.); Inglis beat Betts (B.).

Final: Powell-Evans drew with Inglis.

Hobbs, who had long been considered a strong player, was quite decisively beaten by Page, who is acknowledged to be mediocre. This surprise was as nothing, however, beside the ludicrous showing of Jackson, who was defeated by B. Betts, who has had little experience as a competition player.

I.B.L.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

President: The Headmaster.

Chairmen: Messrs P. O'Driscoll and J. D. Timpson.

Secretary: B. P. Price.

This Society, which is open to all members of the School, seems to be regarded as one run for and by the Sixth Form. Our notices have always stated clearly that it is an open society, and it is not very encouraging to find 90 per cent. of our members are from the Sixth Form.

Gazing back over the two previous reports in *The Spur* it seems necessary to eat certain of my words: "... with lighter evenings our scope will increase" and "It is to be hoped that next term's examination commitments will not

hinder our progress." These remarks have been proved wrong. Examination commitments have hindered our progress. That need not have been so had the first year Sixth, or Lower School, taken the initiative and organised a meeting while their Elder brothers were busy preparing for a tussle with London University. Afternoon meetings would have been most acceptable, since film evenings seem most unappetising in the hot weather.

The scope of the Society is virtually boundless. Whereas the winter keeps us indoors, the summer provides us with endless opportunities. Expeditions can be organised. It seems that certain members already spend their holidays exploring odd parts of the country, and have presented us with interesting discourses on their excursions. How much better it would be if half a dozen ardent geographers were seen clambering over rocks and fallen trees in search of those elusive swallow-holes which, we are assured exist between Dorking and Leatherhead on the River Mole.

It must be admitted that this Society has so far this term not met. The Upper Sixth and Fifth Form members can be excused for this, but to the rest it must be said that had they organised the meetings, those engaged in examinations would surely have found time to attend them. After the examinations, and next year, we hope to flourish better than has hitherto been our lot.

Those of you who bother to read *The Spur* and our contemporaries in the Library will have realised that this School has far more societies and clubs than most. Many of these are poorly supported. Last term the Sixth Form Society was forced to terminate its one-time flourishing existence through lack of support. **Don't let other societies cease for the same reason.** The facilities they offer are for you. Use them, rather than let the School become a building which opens on the stroke of 8.45 a.m. and closes promptly at 4.00 p.m.

B.P.P.

SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

Considerable progress had been made with the laying of the third centre rail, the outer circle of the track, the main terminus station and the small station tracks. Normal train services have been kept running all the time work was in progress, with only slight delays to the trains.

The track was, as usual, on show at the Garden Fête and we are glad to say that we were able to provide a larger sum for the School Funds than in previous years. We are also hoping to put the track on show for the School Open Night this year, and we hope many will pay us a visit. The Club finances are in a reasonably sound state, with the result that the entrance fee is now 1s., with a subscription of 3d. a week. We shall be glad to welcome any member of the School who wishes to join.

Our Club night is Monday of each week at 7.15. We are still requiring the services of model builders for our building programme. No progress has been made in this direction so far.

S. J. YARDY.

NATIONAL SAVINGS NOTES

The National Savings Group is one of the organisations in this School which functions regularly each week. No matter how great the demand, it can never exceed the supply of stamps available. It is the Group's job, and pleasure, to supply a boy with a stamp or stamps, whether he brings 6d. or 10s. Although there are many other things on which the boys might spend their pocket money, it is encouraging to see some of the more thoughtful ones saving part, at least, of their weekly allowances.

In the first two terms of this school year, the total saved was £206 5s. The most which any one form contributed was £44 2s.6d., while certain forms found it impossible to save a penny. Late last term, there was a special savings week, during which the School Group functioned every morning. It seemed strange that when a special effort was made, nearly £30 was saved in one

week, whereas an ordinary weekly collection often fails to collect a quarter of that amount. It seems to show either that the boys have the money, but are too lazy to bring it if they are not reminded, or that some boys just went and asked their parents for something extra to save that week. The compiler of these notes suggests that boys remember to save regularly without being reminded, whereas, for fear of irate parents, he does not suggest that boys try to persuade their parents to give them a little extra.

This term, savings have been down. To date we have collected just over £30. Maybe the summer gives greater opportunities for spending. It is only to be hoped that this activity which will always function will have something worth functioning for.

B.P.P.

A.T.C. NOTES

The chief event of this term was the Surrey Rally at Kenley, when the squadron took part in the parade and march past of the whole Surrey Wing. The weather, while fine in the morning when seven Cadets went flying, repeated its performance of the last two years—and made the parade a somewhat damp affair. Despite this drawback, the A.O.C. expressed himself as being very pleased with the turnout and smartness of the Cadets.

Normal parades have continued throughout the term—two more Cadets being recommended for Flying Scholarships, and two gaining the Proficiency Certificate. Numbers have remained about the same this term, and we hope all those who become 14 during the Summer holidays will consider the advantages of joining up with the Squadron next term.

During the first week in September the Squadron will be in camp at R.A.F. Thorney Island, between Chichester and Portsmouth.

J.D.T.

CRAFT NOTES

"Our two-foot rules took us no nearer to exactness than the sixteenth of an inch: we used to make or adjust special gauges for the nicer work; but very soon a stage was reached when eye and hand were left to their own cleverness, with no guide to help them. So the work was more of an art—a very fascinating art—than a science; and in this art the brain had its share."

"The Wheelwright's Shop," by George Sturt.

These words are taken from George Sturt's fascinating story of craftsmanship in which the author stresses the perseverance and application necessary to the attainment of skill in craft.

It is a common fallacy that it is only with the more rigid materials that a very high degree of accuracy should be expected or, indeed, can be achieved. In fact this is not so, as an examination of craftwork from such masters as Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, Wedgwood, Morris and Gimson will readily show.

The essential for any craftsman is to become familiar with the material he is working, to treat it with respect and to use it within its limitations. This of necessity demands great sensitivity and understanding and no small degree of intelligence. With the material thus mastered, it is possible to produce fine work. This mastery of one's material has other important aspects. While it is possible to acquire unfeelingly a high degree of technical skill, one may be unaware of the potentialities for good design offered through the material.

The problems of design are very much to the fore at the present time and a great deal is being done to enable people to see the best of traditional and contemporary work in all aspects of the graphic arts by means of books and exhibitions. It is to our advantage to make use of the opportunities thus offered to acquire, as far as possible, an informed opinion on these matters rather than to adopt the conservative attitude, "This sort of thing has been good enough for generations, why bother to change it?"

With regard to the work produced in our own craftroom, there is evidence that greater consideration of and attention to the foregoing points would prove doubly beneficial—for it would not only raise the standard of craftsmanship, but would also give personal satisfaction and encouragement.

It is pleasing to note the amount of craftwork done out of school hours, and this term has been a busy one for many of us. **The Printers' Guild** has had a wide variety of work, all of which has proved most interesting, each job presenting its own problems. Owing to a quantity of work, printers' corner has been in a continual turmoil making everything "a rush job." The amount of **woodwork** being done outside the normal School curriculum is rather limited, the main item being the slip-catching cradle. This it was hoped would be ready early in the season but, owing to an unfortunate delay with timber supplies, this was not possible. At the time of writing, however, work is proceeding apace and the cradle is very near completion. The main item of interest with regard to **pottery** is that the kiln has had a much needed overhaul which has necessitated the completed re-bricking of the kiln lining. Though an expensive item, it is already apparent that there is a **great improvement in its operation**. The Pottery Stall at the Garden Party was a success which well repaid the extra work done by a number of you.

R.G.A.

ART NOTES

Recently in the Art Room we have been turning our attention to a new form of expression, that of Sculpture, and now quite a number of people are to be found busily engaged upon making portraits and animals in clay, while others have been at work carving in plaster and producing a variety of plaques.

In working in three dimensions, a greater realisation of form is obtained, a valuable asset in all artistic expression. Form is perhaps one of the most important components in a work of art, being the foundation upon which is built the fabric of the picture or design.

Indeed, whether one is judging an Old Master or an example of Modern Art, it is one's judgment of form content which is of primary importance. It is this correct awareness of the form content of a subject that gives it coherence and balance.

Not only is awareness of form essential in all work produced in the Art Room; it is also of primary importance in the Craft Room in all the varied activities carried on there.

The Puppet Club now has its headquarters in the Art Room. This term the Club presented their production of "Aladdin," by invitation, at the Educational Puppetry Association's Annual Festival. This necessitated our taking our entire "set up" to London and back in a day—an exhausting, but very enjoyable experience. We are now busy arranging our new production, "Peter Pan," which we hope to have ready for the end of next term. Open Night will be over by the time these notes are read, and no doubt you will have been able to judge for yourselves the Art work at present in the School far better than any notes can convey to you.

A.C.R.

THE 19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

Apart from an enjoyable romp on the Common with Mr. Dean, Troop Meetings this term have been matters of preparation for the Garden Party and the Summer Camp. Of the former some kind observer has written elsewhere; the latter is still the subject of anticipation. When so little opportunity for constructive tuition is to hand in Troop meetings, the value and importance of patrol meetings individual badge work is apparent. The Troop has been active this term. It would be possible to compile an impressive list of badges gained since Easter, but it becomes clear that among them Athlete and Linguist are names which predominate. It is not to deny the right of a School

scout to wear and be proud of these badges to say that a long list of them does not imply an active scouting term. These are the badges which are easy to earn because any fellow who plays a full part in school life can qualify for them without the need to exert himself unduly. In non-school troops where the school facilities are not available, these badges do represent hard work. With us, the valuable badge is that which demands an interest outside the School, which has carried the wearer further afield and has required him to extend his experience rather than show off what he already knows. It is good, therefore, to see Meteorologist (Bevan), Venturer (Langton)—a belated award through no fault of the recipient,—Camp Warden (Bevan), in this term's list, and to know that Bevan and Lloyd are well on the way to completing the requirements of the Ambulance Badge. There must be added a word of encouragement to those who put in first aid and signalling with Mr. Spencer and Mr. Howard, as well as words of thanks to these willing instructors, but what a great pity that few found time and energy to see the courses through to the end.

The Court of Honour has met more frequently and is beginning to discuss the policy of the Group more freely. The long, awkward silences and the long monologues of the S.M. are now less apparent. But whether this Court can yet claim fully to represent the opinions of the troop may still be doubted. If decisions of the Court take a long time to reach the newest tenderfoot, as in fact they do, then passage in the reverse direction is likely to be equally slow and the Court hears too late what the tenderfoot is thinking on the rare occasions when he does. Our Court will not be truly representative until there is more identity of interest between the patrol leader and his youngest recruit, until in fact each patrol is a unity and not a convenient collection of individuals for record purposes. Nothing will foster this unity so well as *activity* together, a job shared by all alike and equally. How clearly this has been shown at past camps. But during the year at home there have also been many opportunities and many jobs, and not all realised.

At Easter the cabin at West Hoathly was used but not to capacity. It gave some recruits their first nights in camp and the chance for Seniors on several occasions to do a spot of work. We were glad to invite another local troop to share its amenities over Whitsun: other troops have been putting out feelers concerning availability. At the beginning of July we shall be entering teams for both the Athletic and the Swimming Sports of the Local Association.

Camp—this year to be held in South Wales at Manorbier, literally in the shadow of Manorbier Castle and within a stone's throw of a lovely sandy bay tucked into a stretch of rugged coastline. It will be a new field for us, involving the long all-night journey to which the 19th is accustomed, but with the promise of an excellent site in interesting countryside and we shall certainly be able to thrust off the stuffiness of suburban life for the pleasures of robust activity in the open air. If in numbers the camp is to be smaller than in past years, we should resolve to let it reveal higher camping standards and an intimate family atmosphere.

This year is not to be an exception in the Group's policy to assist Seniors in going abroad. Much to our envy, particularly of the G.S.M. who has friends there and would jump at the chance, we are sending Bevan to Norway. He will go with Rovers from Kingston for a fortnight's camping inland after calling at Bergen. He deserves this reward for steady work and support during the year, and our good wishes are with him.

CRICKET, 1952

Results

1ST XI.

v Wallington: Lost by 1 wicket.
 v Tiffin's School: Lost by 6 wickets.
 v Old Boys: Drew.
 v City Freeman's School: Drew.
 v Wandsworth: Drew.
 v Bec: Drew.

2ND XI.

v Tiffin's: Lost by 4 wickets.
 v Wandsworth: Lost by 50 runs.
 v Bec: Drew.

1st XI.

The School batting is now stronger than it has been for many years. The opening pair is sounder than any that we have had during the past three seasons, the middle batting consistent, and the later order batsmen, who showed a more than ordinary ability to score runs at Wallington, are very rarely required. Yet the School has failed to win a single match.

For several seasons now the School has always played well on a good wicket. The ball, it is true, does not jump as dangerously from the Oberon wicket as it did two seasons ago, but a medium-paced bowler can still bounce it over the batsman's head, and the wicket is still certainly not a good one. The nets, again, are more depressing than useful and, as has been pointed out so many times before, our only chance to meet a good wicket is in away matches. Our lack of success, however, can be attributed only partially to conditions. We have failed to win, fundamentally, because not until the last match have we been able to score quickly enough, and because not once has our bowling settled down to a combination capable of dealing adequately with the opposition. Certain bowlers have brilliant days, but they are never consistent, and no two bowlers are brilliant on the same day.

In the first two matches, against Wallington and Tiffin's, however, it was the bowlers who succeeded, and the recognised batsmen who failed. Wallington won by only one wicket, thanks to some fine hitting by our later batsmen after we had lost six wickets for only 22 runs; and on a very green wicket at Tiffin's we lost a game, far harder than the six wickets margin suggests, after our batting, for the only time this season, had failed completely. Against the Old Boys and City Freeman's School we were left 95 minutes and 55 minutes to score 127 and 95, respectively. The batting did not fail, but in neither case was it capable of scoring quickly enough. In the match against Wandsworth, the bowling was at its worst. Only Ferebee pitched the ball up to the not particularly nimble batsmen, and only Ferebee, consequently, looked like taking wickets. The School batting, especially an opening stand between Shepherd and Beaumont, was far more accomplished than anything that Wandsworth had shown, but once again it failed to score enough runs in time. At Bec, for the first time, we scored quickly and very nearly won what was the most interesting game of the season.

But whereas the batting, especially that of Shepherd, has been consistent since the failure at Tiffin's, success for the bowlers has been spasmodic. Rose bowled well against Wallington, the Old Boys, and City Freeman's; Ferebee against Wandsworth, and Shepherd against Bec, and they received very little effective support at all. Shepherd usually bowls too short; Ferebee, always accurate, rarely takes many wickets, and at Wandsworth and Bec, Rose took too long to find a length, and there is no time for this in School cricket.

The team:

Wright, A. F. (Colour 1951: Captain) has captained the side intelligently and with imagination. He has carried the burden of the opening attack with some success, and has lately added scoring ability to an already immaculate style.

Rose (Colour 1952). A leg-break bowler who spins and fights the ball very well, but sometimes his length is a little uncertain. His batting has shown a welcome note of aggression.

Shepherd, D. C. (Colour 1952). After an uncertain start, he has developed into a very correct and stylish bat. Not only has he scored runs, but also taken useful wickets.

Beaumont has developed, this season, into a sound opening batsman with a careful defence.

Smith, M. L. is a natural wicket-keeper with swift footwork, and generally safe hands. A batsman with a good eye, he is happier against the slower bowlers.

Jackson, a batsman who makes up for a somewhat cramped style with concentration, and severity on the loose ball.

Tulett bowls a consistent good length, but lacks the stamina to be a stock bowler, and the pace to be really hostile.

Jeapes, A. S., a lower-order batsman, who, when required this season, has used his height to hit the well-pitched-up ball hard.

Tillinghast. His form with the bat has been disappointing, and he has lacked confidence, and his old forcefulness. He has bowled usefully.

Lewis, a medium-paced bowler, who, but for his somewhat erratic length, could be dangerous.

Ferebee (Colour 1951, Vice-Captain). Of the earlier batsmen, he has proved the one regular exception to the habit of slow scoring. So far, his innings have been brief, but consistently attractive and forceful, and he has become a useful off-spin bowler.

2nd XI.

Lack of concentration, and consequent failure to play forward to the well-pitched-up ball, has been the main reason for the failure of the 2nd XI batting this season. This team has had more chance to settle down than most 2nd XIs, but of the bowlers only Lee has taken wickets regularly, and he has been expensive. Lee, again, has been the most consistent batsman, and R. J. Wells, the captain, and Ridgway played good innings against Bec.

D.J.F. & A.F.W.

Colt XI.

Three matches have been played so far, all of them interesting and keenly contested. The first was against Wallington, a low-scoring game which we lost by one wicket. Jordan and Orme bowled well, and Burns distinguished himself by scoring 20, taking one magnificent catch, and dropping a "sitter."

Against City Freemen's we batted first and scored 100 for 7. A sporting declaration gave our opponents just time to get the runs, for the loss of the same number of wickets. Pooles scored 30 and Burns 22. Jordan again bowled well, though rather expensively.

Our third match, against Wandsworth, was a draw. Our opponents declared at 57 for 7, and we lost quick wickets in an effort to get the runs in time, finishing with 30 for 9.

Occasional changes in the Colt XI are inevitable, as various boys run into form. It is still too early to judge who will eventually make the best cricketers. On performance so far Burns has improved tremendously since last year, and is also a thoughtful and capable captain. As fellow-captain with Burns, Elliott is enthusiastic and shows an excellent knowledge of the game. Both he and Burns set a very good example in the field. Jordan has borne the brunt of the bowling and is developing well. He will eventually make a good all-rounder. Several others have the make of cricketers, but have yet to find their form. Together they make a team which is keen and workmanlike and enjoys its cricket.

G.J.A.

SWIMMING NOTES

At the time of writing the Swimming Sports have not yet taken place, so there is nothing for me to report. However, I will hazard a guess that two School Records will be broken by R. J. Shepherd, who, at sixteen, must surely be the best swimmer the School has ever had. We shall also enter teams in the Wimbledon and District Competition and the Surrey Grammar Schools Competition; in the former we should win at least one cup, but in the latter the standard has been very high in previous years and we shall have to be very much on form to win.

In the field of Life-saving several more people have gained awards, and A. S. Jeapes deserves special mention for gaining the Instructor's Certificate, and the Award of Merit.

D.M.S.

HOCKEY

The results of the matches played after the publication of last term's *Spur* are as follows:—

1st XI.

v. Kingston G.S.	Lost 1—9
v. St. Mary's 2nd XI	Won 5—2
v. St. Mary's 1st XI	Won 4—2
v. Old Boys	Won 3—1

2nd XI.

v. Epsom H.C. 4th XI	Won 4—2
v. Drayton Manor G.S. 1st XI	Won 6—1

TENNIS NOTES

After a fairly severe winter, the netting around the School Courts had rusted so badly, that along one section of the courts, it had completely disappeared. Thus before tennis could commence this term the netting had to be replaced. We were hoping that the County would help us over this difficulty, but, alas, they did not, and so we are indebted to General School Fund for donating a sum to us for this purpose. May I also thank the few Seniors and Juniors in the School who helped to erect the netting and generally made the courts fit for play.

Whilst waiting for the School Courts to be made serviceable, we were fortunate in having a new court at our disposal—that at the Oberon. This was remade completely during the winter months and tennis has been played there since the beginning of the Easter holidays. Unfortunately, it is some distance from the School and so cannot easily be used for School matches.

Up to the time of writing the 1st VI have played three matches. The first of these was away at Beckenham. The School lost by 3½ to 5½, possibly due to the absence of members of the team playing cricket and the match taking place on grass courts. Against Purley, the School lost by 2 to 7 on two occasions. Purley deserved their victory which was due mainly to the numerous over-hit drives and inconsistency on our part. Brooke and Bennelick as first pair have not hit their best form yet, although at times they have played good tennis. Tanner and Manifold have played well and are capable of fighting back hard. Hobbs and Inglis are learning to play together as a pair, although their overhead play still remains erratic.

Once again the Singles and Doubles Tournaments are well under way and have produced some strange results. This is not really surprising, for School Tennis is generally erratic. All players, especially Juniors, must remember that the only way to improve is to practise continuously and concentrate hard on the game.

A.G.I.

SQUASH NOTES

The number of boys who have tried their hand at this game is increasing steadily. Some two hundred have already played at least once. It is not possible for all boys to play as often as one would like, but at least they can obtain some knowledge of a game which they may afterwards wish to take up for themselves.

Even with these limited opportunities, there are many who show promise. Brooke still remains "Champion", on the rare occasions when he is able to appear, though there are several who can give him a good game. In the Middle School there is keen competition and there is little to choose between several boys on the "ladder." Wearn, Burns, Fewster, Dorey, Vennard, Brittain, Crierie, Loible, and Talbot all play a useful game, and there are several others within easy reach of these.

In the Junior School, particularly in the First and Second Forms, there is considerable enthusiasm for the game, and even at this early stage several boys show real promise.

Those who have not yet played and are interested are always welcome and will be accommodated as far as facilities permit.

G.J.A.

ATHLETICS

Interest in athletics continues to grow and already more School records have fallen. At Imber Court we did not meet with the success we had hoped for. Even so, the team did well to be placed eighth in the Senior and tenth in the Junior competitions.

There was a chance that Ron Sleigh, who has several times been placed in the A.A.A.'s long jump championship, might be the first Old Boy to perform in the Olympic Games. No British athlete achieved the standard set by the selection committee and Britain is not to be represented in the event.

In inter-School matches, we won a four-sided match against Tiffin's, Surbiton and Sutton, but were second to Wallington in another which included Mitcham. The remaining match with Kingston Grammar School and Caterham School should be very interesting, Caterham a rather unknown quantity, Kingston the formidable winners of Senior and Junior Championships at Imber Court.

The School Sports saw the first major assault on Halliwell's long tenure of the John Garrett Cup. Once again they emerged victors after the last event had taken place, with the narrowest margin of points for some years.

At Wimbledon District Sports held this year at Motspur Park, we retained the Junior Shield but lost the Senior Cup by a narrow margin to the Junior Technical School. As usual we supplied most of the personnel of the Wimbledon District team in the County Sports, also at Motspur Park, where the Seniors came 2nd to Croydon by only 3 points. Law (Senior Shot) established a new Surrey record of 44ft.8½ins., Casselton (Senior Quarter-mile) retained his title in spite of injury and Michez (Junior Discus), though second in the event, broke the existing record. All three have been selected to represent Surrey at Bradford on July 11th-12th in the All-England Sports. Other good performances were those of Brooke, Cox, Bennelick and Whittaker.

SCHOOL SPORTS, 1952 Results

	H.	C.	G.	M.	N.
Qualifying Points ...	442	391	378	353	353
Competitive Points ...	570	550	470	460	410
Grand Total ...	1,012	941	848	813	763
House Order ...	1	2	3	4	5

Event	Minor	Major	Colt	Senior (open)
Long Jump	Austin 12ft.7in.	H Ingram 14ft.10½ins.	H Francis 18ft.	C Law 18ft.9½ins.
Shot	—	H McCartney 28ft.7ins.	H Spencer B. 37ft.1½ins.	N Law 42ft.2½ins.*
Pole Vault	—	—	—	C Shepherd 8ft.4ins.
High Jump	Housego 3ft.8ins.	H Whitehead 4ft.2ins.	H Michez 5ft.2½ins.	N Brooke 5ft.2ins.
Javelin	—	—	N Loible 110ft.	N Michez 125ft.1in.
Discus	—	—	N Michez 127ft.3½ins.*	M Cox 104ft.5ins.
100 Yards	Poynter 13.6 secs.	C Roberts 12.8 secs.	M Michez 11.2 secs.	N Law 10.4 secs.
880 Yards	—	—	C Braine 2 m. 18.3 secs.	C Whittaker 2 m. 15.8 secs.
220 Yards	Poynter 31.6 secs.*	C Ingram 30.1 secs.	H Michez 25.6 secs.	N Law 24.6 secs.
440 Yards	Thomas 70.4 secs.	C Thomson 67.2 secs.	G Booker 57.1 secs.*	G Casselton 57.4 secs.
Mile	—	—	—	N Golding 4 m. 55.3 secs.
Relay	Cobb's 60.2 secs.	Milton's 57.3 secs.	Halliwell's 52.2 secs.	Milton's 49.8 secs.
Tug-o'-War	—	—	—	Halliwell's

*House Record.

REPORTERSHIP

or how to write articles for *The Spur* and similar literary magazines

Before sitting down to write, two golden rules should be firmly fixed in the prospective author's mind:—

- (a) be grammatical;
- (b) be vague.

The first rule is less important than the second, but merits attention. The novice to the art of reportership should write all his early articles correctly spelled and punctuated, and they should be grammatically flawless. It is only when the author has gained some reputation, and when the initials "R.W.F.F.F." means as much to the thronging millions as the word "Dyson," that the author can indulge in grammatical inaccuracy. Nor should the novice cram his articles with clichés that the House Captains are sure to want to use in their House Notes; phrases like: "seeing as how . . .", "when we cast an eye over . . .", "X is to be congratulated," etc., are definitely out.

Our second rule is of paramount importance and deserves amplification. (For use of "of paramount importance" and "deserves amplification," see end of preceding paragraph.) Vagueness in writing is always commendable; it gives the reader the impression that the author is being either profound or tactful, and the reader therefore reads on with greater deference.

A note to the authors of the House Notes would be pertinent here: remember that, while it is always desirable to create an impression of well-being and general success in the House, you must not be over-lavish with praise for the individual. Nothing is more dangerous than the direct compliment. The following alternative is recommended: "M-r-yn Sm-th scored a brilliant 4, after two early escapes. . . ."

If you are writing Society notes, the following comments may assist you. There are many ways of writing prose notes, among them the Pure Reportage, the Quasi-Intellectual, the Down-to-earth Illiterate and the Statistical approaches.

The most common, and least interesting, is the Pure Reportage technique, which involves a few facts, a few figures and a lot of blah. I quote from the previously unpublished "Agricultural Society Notes":—

"The term has passed without any sweeping changes being made in the Society's committee. Our presidency has changed hands, and we are at present without either Treasurer or funds.

"The Society's acquisition of a combined harvester was greeted by the rest of the School with no interest whatsoever until Smith (Upper IVC Trans.) set the machine in motion across the Headmaster's lawn, tearing up his favourite mimosa tree and cutting off the Biology mistress's foot. In all, it has been a satisfactory term. . . ."

The Quasi-Intellectual technique is to be found in the Poetry Society, Gramophone Club and Chess Club notes, where the budding T. S. Eliots cheerfully condemn offhand Tchaikowsky, Rupert Brooke or the Tug-o'-War.

Juniors use the Down-to-earth Illiterate method; their notes are terse, tepid and unexciting:—

"On June 23rd Mr. Crumb took us to Kew, to the Gardens, where we saw banana-trees, moorhens and Mr. Crumb fall into the lake. . . ."

Many reporters in their more abandoned hours, try their hand at the Literary-Reportage technique. Reports on films shown during the term vary between the styles of Reg. Whitley and Miss Lejeune. The Paris Trip, the School's Surroundings, the Caretaker's Laundry, all are subjected to this watered-down romanticism, and the result is usually banal in the extreme. The novice should avoid this style.

There is the Statistical style which often appears in the less imaginative House Notes, the National Savings Report, and the Games Reports. The old method of: "played 17, lost 'em all" is too often employed.

Masters' Notes are generally of quite a high standard, but the remoter the master's subject is from English, the better his notes will be. English

masters should be restrained, forcibly if necessary, from writing prose notes but should be allowed, perhaps once a year, to contribute a short poem, which the editors will pass, regardless of its quality.

When writing scripts to be given to the editors, avoid the two commonest kinds of script: the Stilted Ungrammatical (with which I have already dealt) and the Flowing Illegible.

A final word to would-be wags: do not bother to mis-spell names deliberately in your article; this is done quite competently by the editors, who always have the idea of a "brighter magazine" in mind. Such misspellings as A. S. Jupes and P. C. Asselton are anyhow too common nowadays to be funny.

SHORT STORY

"Escape"

My story starts in Poland in 1940; Poland only in name, an oppressed country under the heel of the conqueror, a land without a government, without an army, without hope. The years of occupation were long, weary years; years of strutting Germans and futile resistance movements; years when babies died for lack of milk, and your best friend was led away and shot.

Then news began to filter through, good news, some wildly exaggerated, some false, some over cautious, news that the Russians were launching a major offensive, news of great battles, news of whole armies cut off and dying of hunger. Then came evidence: German wounded travelled through our town in ever-increasing streams. Then came the remnants of Germany's great Eastern army, filthy, vermin-ridden men in uniforms so tattered as to be unrecognisable, so tired that they slept almost as they marched. I thought of these men a year ago, proudly goose-stepping their way through our village, and I knew it meant the end for Germany, the glorious end I thought. The end of the occupation, the birth of a new Poland. I was wrong. The following year the Russians drove the Germans before them and entered our town.

Then started the second occupation, only this one was worse. This one corrupted our youth into marching behind a huge picture of Stalin "for liberty" and the singing "Under the Red Flag." It corrupted your neighbours into spies always ready to betray you to the secret police. Sons betrayed fathers, brother betrayed brother, and I remember one youth whose only pride was that he had sent his parents and brothers to Siberia for life, and there were plenty of others like him. So, from all this misery, poverty and treachery, I have decided to escape.

"Escape?" I have watched others try to run away, I have watched them mown down like corn, and I have watched their bodies thrown into their nameless graves. No, this is not the way of true escape. The only escape lies beside my bed. It is a revolver, and it is loaded. For me this is the only escape. J.D.

PARIS, 1952

Seven-o'clock in the morning was a terrible time to be at Victoria Station, but nevertheless twenty boys did make it one morning last April in order to go to Paris. At last the train was due to leave, final instructions as to what to smuggle back were given, and we were off. We embarked at Newhaven and there was an immediate rush for the bar, strangely enough to buy chocolates which were off the ration. The journey was uneventful, except for a slightly inebriated man at Dieppe, who tried to sell us some postcards, but he was retrieved by his wife before we got a chance to see them!

At the Paris station we thought we were rather clever when we met our guide straight away and were the first group at the coach stop; we began to doubt our cleverness when everyone but us found their coach and eventually we left last.

We arrived at our rooms, one huge dormitory three floors up, and unpacked. Dinner came almost immediately and we went to the dining room

(Lower Ground Floor). The French are not barbarous savages, like the English, where food is concerned; they don't serve meat and potatoes at the same time, but as separate dishes. It can be said here that the meals all through were excellent, even if we did have to drink coffee from a bowl with a spoon.

The first morning we were taken for a motor-coach trip around Paris to see the sights in general, and, most important, we cashed some cheques and got our money, which was what everyone was waiting for. The weather was very, very hot, as indeed it was all the week, and the afternoon was spent in walking round the Latin Quarter at St. Germain des Prés. This walk was much enlivened by the startling performance of a sword swallower who could manage four bayonets all at once. In the evening we went to Pigalle to try and enjoy some Paris night life without paying for it. However, we settled for a drink and went back to bed.

In the course of the week we had conducted visits to all the famous buildings, including the Sacré Cœur, The Louvre, The Invalides, Ste Chapelle and a big store. It was at the Sacré Cœur that we got locked in at the top of the tower by a guide who thought that we could understand him. I am afraid he was not appreciated and when he held out his hand for a tip, twenty boys filed past and his sole gain was one trouser button and one franc.

After two days we found a nearby shop which sold "Coca-Cola," and many bottles were bought to drink with meals. We did have wine supplied, but it was rather cleverly made, inasmuch as it looked like Vermouth, smelt like Dubonnet and tasted like vinegar!

The longest journey we made was to Versailles. This palace was built for the King of France when the smells of Paris drove him out. It is a truly enormous and beautiful place, but it takes a very long time to walk round it. We also saw the Triasons, smaller palaces built for the King when he tired of Versailles, and the model village of Marie Antoinette. It was here that we were accosted by an ice-cream seller who advertised his wares by shouting "Esquimaux" (the French equivalent of "Walls"), to which came the snappy reply, "Non, nous sommes Anglais." We rode back to the station in a tram, a wonderful contraption driven by a large man with a fine black beard. When we arrived home that night we found another big Frenchman (most Frenchmen seem to have generous proportions) in our dormitory. He was obviously going to sleep with us, as he was stripped down, so we went to bed and made the best of it. However, at about 3 a.m. the whole room was awakened by stentorian snoring from this man. He could command a wide range of notes and his variations were superb. The next night he had a note on his pillow, "Défense de Ronfler." This Frenchman was accompanied by a horde of unruly French schoolboys, who occupied the dormitory next to ours and kept rushing through our room to reach the toilet. Unfortunately the inter-connecting door was of the self-locking type and somehow it got shut. This rather frustrated the French boys and they broke down a door panel. The sight of our forces lined up ready for battle, soon drove them back, and that was the last we saw of them. The next night we went to the Marigny Theatre to see an operetta, "Feu d'Artifices." This was a wonderful show and included a very clever pantomime horse who did a lively tap-dance, not to mention a very glamorous leading lady. We enjoyed it so much that those who could afford it went back the next night to see it again.

We were now nearing the end of our stay and everyone was thinking of buying presents. One lesson was learnt in the process of shopping: shops which exhibit signs proclaiming "English Spoken" have no more idea of English than the French 'buses. However, our standard of French was quite high generally, although one boy, who shall be nameless, went into a shop with the intention of buying a stamp and came out with half a loaf of bread! Despite this setback we managed to buy a great selection of things, ranging from Limoges pottery, through silk scarves and scent, to liqueurs.

So we came to the last day; the morning was spent on a boat trip up the Seine. On the boat we again met some young ladies whose acquaintance we had made on the Channel steamer. This meeting settled beyond all doubt how

we were going to spend the last afternoon. The young ladies brought some French pen friends with them and the pen friends were apparently very rich; it was a cheap afternoon as well as an enjoyable one.

Now it really was all over and we set out for home with one thought in all our minds—"The Customs." This fear proved to be false, as we walked straight through the shed and on to the train. It had been really good fun; we had eaten well, slept well and lived well, and, most important, there were still twenty of us.

Finally, since we did not keep together all the time, this article must of necessity be a somewhat individual account, so, parents, if your son has told you a different tale, please believe him; he is probably telling the truth!

D.M.S.

A PROLOGUE

Bifel that in one seson on a day,
In Raynes Perk at a tavern as I lay
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage,
To starte another terme with grete corage,
At nyghte was come into that hostelrye
Wel one and twentie in a compaignye
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felaweshipe, and maistres were they alle.
But natheless, whil still I have resoun,
I'll telle you alle the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren and of what degree,
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a fyne man wol I first begynne.

A *Geoffre* was who taught of Spanish main,
And goode and keene he was at many game:
He played at desert rats and squash ful wel,
Of better frensh ne man coude speke ne tel:
Rosie of hue and lyke a fyne jockie,
He rode or drove all cobs to victorie.

An *Archer* too coude pull a fyne bow,
And throw a pot, and wood he carf, ye know:
But on a stage he maketh much from nought,
And crafts and printing wordes he ther taught.

An *Artiste* was with pointed berd and alle,
In motteleye araye, he nas nat talle:
His vestis coloured faire and fetisly,
His resons spak he ful and solempnely.
Though ful of mobiles, often lat was he,
Ne was he to be fond at Assemblée.

And with hem was a *Maistre of Phisyk*,
In all this world ne was ther noon him lyk,
To speke of phisyk and of calorie,
For he was grounded in astronomie:
He kep his pacient a ful gret deel
By visual aid and magyk naturel:
From mountains of Morne cam he over the sea,
When angered was "Begorra Man" quothe he.

Another was and balde of pate was he
From faire city wher girles are so prettie:
Of rains and *paddy* fields he knew ful wel,
Of londes and sees and weather he coude tel.

A *Rudgley* fellawe was ther by the way,
In pointed wordes always had his saye,
Bold of his speche, and wys and wel y-taught,
Of music, art and bookes lakked he naught.
In terms had he caas and doomes alle
That from the tyme of King William were falle.
A *Pratte* was ther in this man's compaignye,
Who also taught of pelf and historie:
Hise eyen twynkled in his heed aright
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
A voys he hadde as smal as hath a goot,
And feeres of fundamentalles did him smoothe.

A *Roberte* was who ever loved a day,
And all his calculations were so gaye,
And certainly he had a murrye note,
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote:
Sent birdes cross-contrie and loved beste
A robin and a martin in his neste.

Doon from the sky a *Cholm* to schole cam in,
Than wolde he speken ne worde but latyn,
And termes in greke hadde he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of some decree:
Eek therto he was right a mery man
That biforn preyeres pleyen hym bigan.

A *herdman* was, hise flocke English to teche,
Games pleyed he once but now ne longer reche:
His house owed much, like paradise regained,
To *Milton*, longe syn left but gretely faimed.
A *wyf* he hadde and smalle and dark was she,
Taught numbers wel and kep lossed chattellie:
Her sylkes and weavings wer of swich a haunt,
It surpassed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.

An *alchemyste* was in this compaignye,
Grey was his berd and hadde he maladie
From ridynge fast upon an iren steede,
And red or greene lightes some do not heede:
Ful many a drogge and poudre was his geere
Yet on the stage he drewe a lyf lyk cheere—
Did Cymbeline to Twelwe Night undertake
With many a Tempest hadde his berd been shake.

A King, who speke the wordes of straunge Frenshe stronde.
For crowne upon his heed was nat to honde.
And with him Squyer *Money*, riche and bright,
In pleyes and poems took he grete delyght.
A *Trinder* man with creatures as his ware,
The lyf of plantes and floweres layed he bare.
Then *Foister*, *Fishenden* and *Courtenaye*
Ful featlie ran hir flok when out to plaie.

A *Timpson*, talle and estatlich was he,
Knew londes and seas and charts of Kon Tiki:
When sunshine cam, or rain, told he biforn,
And from the newest werres I wis air-borne.
His eyen twynkled as in any roach,
Daily he cam with wyf in ten horse coach.
And with hem brought he oft a ladde called *Vyse*,
Who speke in many tongues I do surmise,
And singen too and pley a tunefulle note,
And wore an oxon hoode above his cote.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
 That unto classic hadde he longe y-go:
 Discreet he was and of great reverence,
 Hise worde so wise, ful riche of excellence.
 Sounynge in moral vertu was his speche
 And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche:
 And lene he was—but ne more must be saide,
 For of this companye he was *The Hede*.

And with apologies to Geoffrey Chaucer
 Here wol I cesse my talle, ther is namore, Sir.

(The makere of this boke taketh his leve—Now I Preye to hem alle that this litel tretis rede, if ther be any thing that displese hem, I preye hem also that they arrete it to the defaute of myn unconninge, and nat to my wil, that wolde ful fayn have seyde better if I hadde had conninge: and forther-over ther is ne resemblance to any man who is *reallie alyf*.—E.G.R.)

TRISTRAM

Swirling twirling in a whirlpool
 Swings and twists the blackened hulk
 Stricken by fire's ravages, its cargoes
 Odours stolen from the far away,
 Are swept across decks and overboard
 Lost the ringing surges call India a dream
 Of Oriental splendour. Thunder surge
 Speak distantly and nearer of your sands
 The shells the spiral cochlea. Sweeten your fall
 The long decay and frantic frenzy's gentle lapping
 Seaweed draped and brown and clear
 In roughened buttons and silk coats.
 Poor, unwanted, hanging slowly
 To the white sands far below
 Clay and varnish sands and mortar
 Build a tomb for burnt-out lives
 Lost pink coral in the blue light
 Browning dried up vanished, never,
 Never to sail home again.

D.P.E.

A SOUL IN TORMENT

Fantastic rumours have drifted through the School concerning the absence of a certain member of the Third Form. So the Editorial Committee decided to send a representative to uncover the true facts, and this is the statement he managed to get.

One Saturday before the holidays, while learning the graceful art of riding a bike, I ran into a fast-moving car and broke my jaw. After being X-rayed, I was sent to a hospital some distance away, in a hospital car.

When I arrived, I was, to my disappointment, put to bed.

By this time I was famished, and asked politely for something to eat. The young nurse came over to my bed, smiled sweetly and replied, equally politely, that a young boy who had had an accident and had broken his jaw was in no condition to eat. I smiled sweetly back and, cursing softly under my breath about the inefficiency of British hospitals, I assured her that I understood.

The next day I was pleasantly informed by the same nurse that, as I was to have my face set, I could have nothing to eat.

Just as I was applying my teeth to the bedclothes, a low, blood-besmeared stretcher was wheeled in and two masked individuals placed me rather

unceremoniously on it. Smiling in a ghastly manner, they wheeled my hungry body into the bloody interior of the operating theatre.

I awoke next morning to find to my horror that my teeth were laced together.

The nurse walked in, interrupting my attempts to force my teeth apart, and asked me how I felt. Grinning sarcastically, I informed her that, apart from feeling intolerably hungry, and having a mouthful of evil-tasting wire, with my head going round in circles, I felt fine!

Five minutes later a different nurse entered, carrying a large tray of buttered toast and steaming coffee.

I rubbed my hands in pleasant anticipation and, as I was inventing a poem about the efficiency of British hospitals and searching desperately for a rhyming word for "buttered toast and coffee," she handed the tray to another patient and, amid a volley of indignant exclamations, re-entered carrying a bowl of lukewarm soup.

Just as I was pitying the poor soul who would have to consume the concoction, she walked towards me.

So, as she stood by, turning a deaf ear to my protests and a blind eye to my grimaces of disgust, I forced the revolting liquid down my throat, at the same time burbling something about the cruelty of British hospitals, emphasising "cold soup" and "wired-up mouths."

With the repetition of this dramatic sequence every day, and the further prospect of being washed by these merciless females, I was long awaiting my discharge.

Every day a nurse would come to my bed, force my lips apart and suspiciously inspect the surgeon's handiwork.

This nightmare went on for a week, punctuated only by the occasional change in diet—hot soup instead of cold—and, just as I was about to end it all with a keen-edged scalpel, I was discharged, feeling none the worse for my experience except that I now had a scar on my face, and a mouthful of wire, as well as having lost a stone in weight.

J.E.

TEACH YOURSELF MAMMACYTHIC

After considering the possibilities of Latin, Greek, French, Urdu, Russian, Polish, Glagolitic and Ga, I have come to the conclusion that a language which is to suit me perfectly must be of my own composition. I have therefore devised such a language, and you, dear reader, now have the privilege of taking your first lesson in this Super-Esperanto, which I have called Mammacythic.

The dominating feature of Mammacythic is its unambiguity, a feature amply illustrated by the conjugation of the verb in three persons, three members, seven tenses, three voices, five moods, two aspects and four genders: the fourth gender is to be used when that of the subject is unknown. None of the forms are duplicates. Nouns are similarly declined in eight cases and three numbers according to the eleven groups into which they are divided. . . . The many students of the Classics in this School who find Latin and Greek too simple will revel in the complexities of Mammacythic.

But perhaps the easiest way to illustrate the simple clarity of the new language is to render into it a typical English sentence such as the following:

"The pen of my aunt, which is on the teak-wood table, is bright green."

The subject of the sentence is "pen," translated by "grecht," a neuter noun; the definite article, nominative neuter singular, is "ys." Now for "of my aunt." "Aunt" is "anse," while its genitive (by mutation of the root vowel—Mammacythic Grammar, p. 64, Section 7, § 3, note (a) iv.) is "ensena"; "mine" is, in this case, "tros." So the first part of the sentence reads:

"ys grecht tros ensena."

By a long (and rather painful) process, the relative clause appears to be "mirs spero tekevodi gnerdus"—note "spero," from the highly irregular verb "zbor" (to be), and the locative case of the last two words. There remains

“is” – “spero” again, of course, and “bright green” – “orulo” (green) plus the intensifying prefix “dzu,” in the neuter. And here is our sentence:

“Ys grecht tros ensena mirs spero tekevodi gnerdus spero dzucrulij.”

Is it right? Yes, but for one or two minor points: the second “is” has its aspect wrong (for the pen is, presumably, *always* green, while it is only *temporarily* on the table), and the word-order could be improved, following the style of the first great Mammacythic author—myself. The result of the revision is:

“Ys tros ensena mirs gnerdus yr tekevodi spero grecht dzucrulij a.”

Simple, isn't it? Or, as we should say in Mammacythic,

“¿ Syi jae men'ejachinus as, éga ?”

[The author is willing to give lessons in his “magnum opus” for an outrageous fee.]

P.J.P.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The Editors beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines and apologise for any inadvertent omissions: The Aldenhamian, The Bristol Grammar School Chronicle, The Bryanston Saga, Caterham School Magazine, The Fetterian, The Kingstonian, The Old Spur, The Record.