

RAYNES

PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The

SPUR

AUTUMN TERM 1952



VOLUME 10

NUMBER 3

# THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

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

Vol. X., No. 3

Autumn, 1952

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## THE GOVERNING BODY

THE SCHOOL welcomes and deferentially applauds the decision of its Governing Body, at their recent Annual General Meeting, to re-elect as Chairman and Vice-Chairman Mr. Hood-Phillips and Mr. Billingham, both friends of the School since its beginning, both fathers of Old Boys, and both ever ready with help and good will. We welcome too as new members of the Governors Mrs. Billingham, the Rev. Mr. E. W. Eyden, in whose Parish the School is situated, and Mr. Arthur Thompson, who is the first of our own Old Boys to sit on our Governing Body. We thank them all in confident anticipation for their devotion of time, energy and practical wisdom to our welfare.

On the other hand, all must regret the resignation of Mr. L. A. G. Strong, after many years as a Governor. We are consoled by the hope that we may see him nevertheless as a distinguished—and entertaining—visitor on many future, as on many past, occasions.  
T.H.P.

## THE NEW PROSCENIUM

IT NOW APPEARS most unlikely that boys will have seen the changes proposed for the front of the stage translated from design into fact before this issue of *The Spur* is out. The old curtains, compounded of war-time blackout, were never more than a makeshift, and are now near dissolution. Rather than replace them with expensive velour similarly spread from wall to wall, ceiling to stage, it seemed better (at not so much greater cost) to frame the opening actually used with a solid structure at sides and top, and have a proper proscenium. In converting our vague ideas into practicable and seemly shape, we have been vastly indebted to the expert aid of Mr. E. A. H. MacDonald, as ready to help now as he was while his son was with us. The Hall is more often used for assembly or as a dining-room than as a theatre, and it took time to reconcile desiderata. We had also to gain the backing of the Governing Body, get approval from the County Architect, satisfy those responsible for safety regulations, and obtain a licence for the timber involved.

The proscenium will be based on a wooden skeleton, faced on both sides with asbestos wood, flat or corrugated. It will leave an opening to be curtained 24ft. wide by 12ft.9ins. high, roughly the effective size now. The passage into the Hall from that end will be normally open, with a door which can be fitted during productions. The result should be both more attractive from the front and more convenient for players and producers.

To begin work now (November 14th) would be to risk having it half done when the "Merchant of Venice" is due, but early in the Spring boys and parents will be able to see what they have got for their money. The exact cost is not yet certain; it is not likely to be less than £200. Some of this I hope my co-trustees will agree should come from the John Garrett Trust. The rest must be taken from General School Fund; it contains a Curtain Fund specially collected for this purpose, though not enough to cover it, but thanks to parents' generosity at termly collections and garden parties G.S.F. is solvent enough to make up the balance.  
H.P.

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, Autumn Term, 1952

*Head of the School:* A. F. Wright.

*Prefects:* D. J. Bevan, A. D. Brooke, K. R. Buckingham, A. F. Cox, D. J. Ferebee, D. A. Jackson, A. S. Jeapes, A. G. G. Law, M. A. Phillips, P. A. Tanner.

*Captain of Rugby:* A. S. Jeapes.

*Secretary of Rugby:* M. A. Phillips.

*Librarian:* A. J. Tillinghurst.

## HOUSE NOTES

### Cobbs

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

*Prefects:* A. D. Brooke, K. R. Buckingham, D. A. Jackson, P. A. Tanner.

We were fortunate last term in losing only a few people, although Powell-Evans (to be congratulated on his State Scholarship), Burrage, Havard, Baker and Cumner-Price have all been active members of the House in the past. We wish them every success in their new careers. We have decided that this shall be our year, for we have a strong team for every competition. The Seniors have been strengthened by last year's Colts, while the Colts are now the same team as that which won the Junior Shield two years ago. Our new Juniors promise well, and we hope to win the Junior Shield for the third year running.

*Boxing.*—We started off the year the right way by winning the Boxing Cup. We have some of the best boxers in the School: our captain, Shepherd (D. C.), Eales and Francis (M.). They were ably backed up by such as Brooke, Wright (C. C.), Harper, Talbot, Eagleson, Vennard, Boniface, Clark and other game people. It is significant that we are the only House that in no way compels boys to enter for the Boxing Competition, and yet we have won the Boxing Cup for three consecutive years. This sort of spirit augurs well for our success this year.

*Rugby.*—Last year our team was very weak, but this year it shows considerable improvement. There is fight and determination to win in all our teams. The Seniors took the lead against Gibbs in the first minute, and never looked back. We won 27—19, with Eales and Brooke outstanding. Against Miltons we were attacking nearly all the time and were leading 8—5 until 15 minutes from the end, when, just as against Gibbs, we slacked off, and before we knew what had happened, we had lost 8—16: a pity, but our own fault. Brooke is a very able captain, especially when we are defending our line. Eales has had moments of brilliance and scored some fine tries: he is now one of the best threequarters in the School. Jackson, Francis, Fash, Wright (C. C.) and Harper have all been playing consistently well: but, then, so have the whole team, and it is as a team that we will win the Cock House Cup. The Colts have as yet played only one match, drawing with Gibbs 11—11. We earnestly hope that under their very good captain, Francis (M.), they will win the rest of their matches. Eales and Francis are to be congratulated on earning County trials.

*Cross-Country.*—Braine, probably the best runner in the School, and to be congratulated on getting his colours, has started to lead practices. If he is well supported, as I hope he will be, we may well win the cup.

*Juniors.*—They are having useful practices, which will pay big dividends when their competition starts.

One again I must say that we owe much to our so active Housemasters—Mr. Atkin, Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Foister, who are so willing to help and so pleasant in all our dealings together. If we win the Cock House Cup this year—and let us all make every effort to do so—it will be their triumph as much as ours.  
P.A.T.

### Gibbs

*Prefect and Captain:* A. F. Wright. *Vice-Captain:* A. S. Jeapes.

It was certainly a proud Gibbs House that Don Spiers left behind him at the end of last term. Our adequate performances in Cricket, Tennis and Athletics—we finished third in each—he so augmented with his cup-winning production of Eugene O'Neill's "Rope," and the spirit which his own example infused in our Swimming team, enabling us to win the cup for the third year running, that we finished runners-up for the Cock House Cup. Spiers is now a soldier; and gone, too, are John Hobbs and Alan Redman. We must thank

them for everything that they have done for Gibbs, and congratulate them on their University Scholarships. But we have also some gains this term. In the First and Second Forms we have seventeen more members, and in Mr. Bellis, a new and startlingly enthusiastic Housemaster.

Immediately, in the first competition of the year, the new members of the House have shown their worth. While Fifth and Sixth-formers politely declined, Juniors volunteered fearlessly to box, and enabled Gibbs to enter the largest team. There were few individuals of any repute—only Gallagher, in fact, as a seeded boxer—and there was little time for Mr. Bellis to train this team of debutants, yet we finished second to Cobbs. Wearn (J. L.), Roe, Lett and Edwards are to be congratulated on becoming champions at their respective weights, and Muggeridge, Gough, Mackenzie, Weston, Howsden and Wearn (D.) on boxing their way to the final. I must mention here the energy of Jim Wearn, the joint captain with Gallagher, in organizing and coaching the team, and then boxing in the final in spite of orders to rest a recently-healed broken wrist.

The results of the Rugby matches already played are more or less what we had expected. The Seniors, without two of their School players, lost to Cobbs, 19—27, and, in heavy conditions, beat Halliwells by 16—3. Backed up by Davis, Lynch and Arnold, Tony Jeapes has led the team vigorously, and, throughout, set an untiring example. According to the captain, Holden, what is wrong with an otherwise competent Colt team is a reluctance, particularly among the backs, to tackle low. Nicholls only has been willing to defend as well as attack, and he has been the most successful member of the team. They have lost to Halliwells and Newsoms, and have drawn with Cobbs. It is not until next term that Junior House matches are played, and practices suggest that by then the House team, under Clark, an enthusiastic captain, will be a strong one.

Impressive, we might say, this beginning to the year has been, but for the runners-up to Cock House, it is no more than adequate. The spirit is there: we can see that in the enthusiastic attendances at Cross-Country and Rugby practices, but it will need persistent effort from everybody to improve upon last year's result.  
A.F.W.

### Halliwells

*Prefect and Captain:* M. A. Phillips. *Vice-Captain:* A. J. Tillinghast.

At the end of last term we said farewell to P. Casselton, A. Manifold and A. Inglis, but before leaving they had helped to bring the Cock House Cup back to its old resting-place in Halliwells House. This was an extremely satisfying result, considering the poor start to the year. Warmest congratulations are extended to all.

*Athletics.*—Due to a grand effort throughout the House we led by 100 points on the qualifying rounds. The team, not forgetting this, set about the opposition in a workmanlike manner, and, sweeping all before them, once more retained the cup for the House. The House offers its congratulations to all those people who gained places, and particularly to the Colts and Juniors.

*Tennis.*—The Tennis team deserves our hearty congratulations on going through the competition unbeaten, thus once more winning the cup for the House. Congratulations are extended to A. Manifold and A. Inglis for winning Tennis colours.

*Swimming.*—Although we were last on qualifying points, the team is to be congratulated on its fine performance in moving up to fourth place, thus enabling the House to win the Cock House Cup. Well done!

*House Play.*—We did not excel ourselves in this sphere, and were placed in fifth position by the adjudicator. However, the House wishes to thank all the cast and the producer for working so hard, even if they did not quite succeed in winning the cup.

This term sees only two competitions concerning the Cock House Cup—Rugby and Boxing. The least said about Boxing the better. We did not enter a team this year, and I hope that this appalling state of affairs will not occur again.

We have always done reasonably well at Rugby, and by the time these notes are read the destiny of the Rugby Cup will be known. At the moment of writing, the Senior team has won one and lost two matches, beating Newsoms by 14—11, and loosing to Miltons by 8—24, and to Gibbs by 3—16. The Colts have two victories to their credit, and our thanks should be extended to Higham for his splendid leadership. If the Colts maintain this form, we stand a good chance of regaining the Rugby Cup, and we say, "Well played!" to them in anticipation. M.A.P.

In place of our well-loved leader of two years, Peter Casselton, now gracing the Royal Artillery, we welcome as our captain Michael Phillips, in whose able direction we have complete confidence. P.S.

## Miltons

*Captain:* A. G. Law.

*Prefects:* A. F. Cox, D. J. Ferebee, A. G. Law.

Many activities took place after the writing of last term's House Notes.

*Cricket.*—The Senior team had easy victories over Halliwells and Newsoms but were unlucky enough to lose to Cobbs and draw with Gibbs. The captain, D. J. Ferebee, and the opening batsmen, Beaumont and Bunyan, with the bowlers, Stocker, Tulett and Lee, all deserve praise for their sterling play. The Colts, under the leadership of Burns and Poole, lost only one game. The Juniors, however, offer little hope for our future success, for they lost three matches and won one. As a result we could only finish second in the Cricket Cup.

*Swimming.*—This is another sport in which we lack the power to take first place for, although we pressed Gibbs hard all the way, we could offer no competition in the diving, and so took second place. The total qualifying points were much higher than in previous years, no doubt due to the efforts of our life-savers. Roberts, Smith and the Junior relay team did well in getting firsts.

*Athletics.*—Our lack of qualifying points showed up on Sports Day when we started fourth and finished in that position. We were able to hold our own with the other Houses in the actual competition and, except for a weakness in the Colts, our competitors did well. Congratulations to A. F. Cox, Roberts and the Senior and Junior relay teams for winning their events.

*Tennis.*—Another woeful tale. Beaumont and Rawlings played extremely well as a first doubles pair, winning most of their matches, but the singles and second doubles players of other Houses proved to be too strong for us and we came last.

*House Play.*—If the hard work put in by R. S. Betts and D. L. Hall was anything to go by we should have certainly taken first place. Unfortunately "The Dumb Wife of Cheapside," though not a bad choice, lacked cohesion and several lines were fluffed. It is a pity that their efforts came to naught.

The Cock House Cup has once more eluded our grasp, and we were forced into last position. Thus we start the Winter Term with renewed enthusiasm, and because of this we can already boast of some success on the Rugby field and in the ring.

*Boxing.*—The heartiest plaudits are due to the Juniors for entering where Seniors fear to tread. Hornsby, Brugger and Stevens became champions at their weights. It is only fair to mention all those who entered, for to enter the Boxing is the criterion of House spirit. Congratulations for runners-up Adams, Swatten and Gent and entrants Crierie, Carver, Bourne, Pooles, Howard, Bayly and Bailey.

*Rugby.*—With the memories of our defeats last season still fresh we began this term with determination to win. The Seniors suffered some setbacks. We took the field for our first match minus three leading players and

soundly beat Halliwells, following this with victories over Cobbs and Newsoms: magnificent play! It is unfortunate that we cannot be strong in both Colts and Seniors at the same time, for our Colts have lost both the matches played. We hope for at least one win from them.

This year we seem to be bidding a little more strongly for the Cock House Cup, and it is only to be hoped that the progress will be maintained next term when the main sports will be Hockey and Cross-Country. A.G.L.

## Newsoms

*Prefect and Captain:* D. J. Bevan.

At the end of the Summer Term we were unfortunate in losing many of our leading Seniors, whose loyalty and unflagging efforts have been an inspiration to the House. To all we offer our appreciation of their services and extend our best wishes for their future careers. We welcome all newcomers to the House; we are confident that they will be happy and successful with us, and that they will serve the House to the best of their ability.

The Summer Term was marked by a combination of successes and failures. The House Cricket teams are to be congratulated on winning the Cricket Cup. The Senior XI, under the able captaincy of Lewis, were the winners of the Senior Competition, whilst the Colts finished the season joint winners with Gibbs and Miltons. In the Swimming and Athletics Competitions we were handicapped by an unhealthy lack of qualifying points. Success in these sports depends not upon the energetic outbursts of the few, but upon the hopeful attempts of the mediocre. Our deficiency of points before the Sports Day could not even be remedied by the individual skill of such athletes as Michez, whose ability to win five events—the Colt high jump, discus throw, 100 and 220 yards, and Open javelin—deserves mention. In the Swimming Sports, whereas the Seniors were incapable of entering a team, and the Juniors met with no great success, the Colt swimmers showed a capability hitherto unappreciated.

In the Inter-House Play Competition, the efforts of R. J. Wells in his production of "Birds of a Feather" were suitably rewarded by the award of second place. The cast of R. J. Wells, P. J. Bennellick, Giles and Weightman (C. R.), and Lewis and others behind the scenes must be congratulated.

This term had an inauspicious start when we finished fourth in the Boxing Competition. Nevertheless, Smith (M. L.), Fishman, Dorey and Forster are now champions at their respective weights, and deserve our praise.

In the Rugby the Seniors have met with no success, having lost to Halliwells 11—13, and to Miltons 8—14. Although lacking the material of the last two years, the team, inspired by the captaincy and skill of Smith (M. L.)—whose play has been rewarded by the award of School colours—has played with a marked degree of vigour and determination. In all sport last year the Colts were a pillar of strength to the House, and their 33—0 victory over Miltons promises well.

So far the Juniors have not begun any competitions; their enthusiasm, we hope, will bear fruit next term. This will be a lean year for the House, and will demand the special efforts of all, if the House is to make any progress in the fight for the Cock House Cup. D.J.B.

## PRIZE-GIVING

It was the first time for eight years that anybody had been called upon to do so, when Mr. Raynham set about preparing the School Hall for the annual Prize-Giving, on Thursday, October 2nd. For new premises in which to hold the Prize-Giving, and for new means with which to buy the prizes, the austerity of the County had driven us to search. No longer, the authorities decided, would we receive a grant for this annual event, and, without the grant, the Town Hall would have to be hired, and the prizes could only be bought at the exclusion of other vital necessities. And so we remained at home, in our own comparatively small Hall, and for the prizes we turned to the generosity of the parents and the Governors.

Whether or not the Prize-Giving was a success in the School Hall will remain a matter of personal opinion. Some found the atmosphere, when the platform was decorated, more impressive than that which the rather uncomfortably large Town Hall had created, but for others there were many disadvantages. The Hall is big enough for the whole School when everybody is standing, but when parents are present, and everybody sits down, then only half can be accommodated. And so the Senior and Junior presentations were, this year, separate functions. Under such conditions the work of the Headmaster was doubled, there was even less room for the parents, and many people, who used to enjoy the Prize-Giving as an opportunity for seeing the School together, were disappointed.

On each occasion Mr. Hood-Phillips presided, and on each occasion the Headmaster delivered his report on the School year. In his exposition of the academic situation the Headmaster was extremely frank, admitting that the General Certificate results at the Ordinary Level were below average. Neither would the admission of certain boys at a later age add to the general intellectual ability, but it would offer to more boys a chance to learn to use a greater liberty.

The prizes were presented to the Senior School by Sir David Hughes Parry, the Director of Advanced Legal Studies in the University of London. Sir David's address, if disappointing in its lack of the after-dinner wit which we would have expected from so distinguished a scholar in Law, was immensely valuable and topical. Sir David noticed how very much more important is the part which a grammar school can now play in a boy's life, but at the same time he drew attention—the attention of the parents in particular—to the fact that no school can take the place of a good, Christian home. If a boy is to be able to study successfully, this intrinsic foundation must be laid first, and it can be laid only by parents. Sir David was thanked by Councillor L. C. Kingston, the Deputy Mayor of Malden, and the Head Boy.

Coming from a sphere of life infinitely nearer the interests of the Junior School, Mr. Jack Crump, manager of the team which represented Britain in the Olympic Games at Helsinki, presented the Junior prizes on Friday, October 10th. When Mr. Crump, after explaining that he had been warned by a friend to talk only about Sport, had gone on to discuss the importance of sport in a grammar school, and had illustrated his address with instances from his own experience, he had done everything that the School had hoped for. We are grateful to him not only for his visit, which will be remembered (as the Mayor of Wimbledon pointed out in his vote of thanks) as an important event in the history of our School, but also for reminding us at this stage, when sport at Raynes Park is not as successful as it could be, that there are few other grammar schools which offer so many sports. The vote of thanks was admirably seconded by Mr. Raynham. A.F.W.

## PRIZE LIST

### Seniors

#### FORM PRIZES

- 5 Arts: P. J. Parsons, B. G. Hulatt, C. S. Norgate.  
 5 Science: M. Gordon, B. A. Stracy, J. M. Davis, P. Francis.  
 5 Modern: G. M. L. Tordre.  
 Lower Sixth: Arts—D. A. Jackson, R. S. Betts. Science—D. A. Burgess, D. J. Britton. Economics—D. J. Bevan.  
 Upper Sixth: Arts—J. R. Hobbs, D. C. Betts, P. A. Tanner. Science—D. M. Spiers, D. Powell-Evans, A. F. Cox. Norman Prize—A. P. Redman. Whitman Prize—P. J. Casselton. Economics—P. J. Bennellick.

#### SENIOR GENERAL PRIZES

- Art—A. E. Rust. Craft—J. M. Stringer. General Knowledge—D. V. Patrick. Verse Speaking—P. A. Tanner. John Robbins Essay—R. J. Wells. Governors' Prizes for Personal Effort—R. J. Wells, I. D. Barnett, F. M. Langton, D. C. Lewis, M. W. Dick. Head of School Leaving Prize—D. M. Spiers.

#### ADVANCED LEVEL CERTIFICATES

- 6 Arts: D. C. Betts, D. J. Ferebee, J. R. Hobbs, I. Lawrence, A. Manifold, P. Tanner, P. J. Vogado, R. J. Wells, A. F. Wright.  
 6 Science: K. R. Buckingham, P. J. Casselton, A. F. Cox, A. G. Inglis, A. G. G. Law, D. Powell-Evans, A. Redman, D. M. Spiers.  
 6 Economics: P. J. Bennellick, P. M. Childs, F. M. Langton, B. P. Price.

#### FORM PRIZES

- 1A—P. R. B. Ward, D. F. Williamson. 1B—J. A. Colmer, B. R. H. Doran. 1C—R. J. Young, R. B. Jordan. 2A—M. Loveday, D. G. Thomson. 2B—S. J. Cohen, B. H. Finch, D. J. Creasey. 3A—C. R. Weightman, J. R. S. Higham, A. J. Fowles. 3B—B. P. Betts, D. J. Holden. 4L—M. K. Iones, M. Howard. 4S—P. J. Steadman, A. J. Marriott.

#### JUNIOR AND MIDDLE SCHOOL GENERAL PRIZES

- Art—D. H. Dann, R. R. Knight. Craft—D. A. Beavitt, D. J. Mayer, B. G. Smith, M. Owen. Ian Hudson Prize for the Puppet Club—B. G. Barker. Mr. Hanson's Hobbies Prize—C. J. Brett. General Knowledge—C. C. Wright, D. J. Mayer. Verse Speaking—M. A. Elliot, S. J. Cohen.

#### UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS, 1951-52

- State Scholarships in Mathematics or Science—D. Powell-Evans, A. P. Redman, D. M. Spiers. County Major Scholarships—P. J. Bennellick, D. C. Betts, A. F. Cox, A. G. G. Law, I. B. Lawrence, F. M. Langton, J. R. Hobbs

### Trophies

#### INTER-SCHOOL

Wimbledon Chamber of Commerce Schools Relay Cup, Wimbledon District Schools Junior Athletic Shield, Kingston Grammar School Cross-Country Cup.

19th Wimbledon Scout Group—Wimbledon and Merton District Athletic Shield, Wimbledon and Merton District Swimming Shield.

#### HOUSE COMPETITIONS

The Parents' Rugby Cup, Newsoms. The Governors' Cricket Cup, Newsoms. The Spur Society's Hockey Cup, Miltons and Newsoms. The Cray Swimming Cup, Gibbs. The John Garrett Athletics Cup, Halliwells. The S. H. Marshall Cross-Country Cup, Halliwells. The T. W. Powys Cobb Tennis Cup, Halliwells. The S. B. Phillips Boxing Cup, Cobbs. The Junior Shield, Cobbs. The B. T. King Cock House Cup, Halliwells. The Michael Welby Debating Cup, Cobbs. The P. W. Garrett House Play Cup, Gibbs.

The Eric Parker Cup, F. M. Langton, D. C. Lewis.

## HOUSE PLAY COMPETITION

### SOME IMPRESSIONS

The Editors wish to express their gratitude to Mrs. Whitten, the adjudicator of last term's House Plays, who has kindly sent the following account of her impressions: Her article is followed by some comments and impressions from Mr. Smith.

\* \* \* \*

The Annual Inter-House Drama Competition held on July 23rd was won by Gibbs House with "The Rope," and proved a most interesting afternoon and evening's entertainment.

The encouragement and training given in this subject was evident in the enthusiasm and playing of the boys.

All teams showed imagination and initiative by the skilful use of a very limited stage. The "craft" of the theatre is obviously part of their dramatic training, and much credit goes to those responsible.

The afternoon opened with the costume play, "The Great Globe Itself" by Ralph Walker, presented by Halliwells House. The cast made a very good attempt at a long and difficult play. The presentation of a rehearsal at the Globe Theatre in 1611 of "The Tempest," by Shakespeare's Own Company.

would tax the imagination of the best of producers, and had a little more time been given to the study of characters much greater success would have been achieved. The set was workable and the costumes correct. The make-up was sufficient with the exception of Shakespeare, and here no attempt had been made to make the player resemble the portrait of our well-loved bard.

The team played well together, but were sometimes inaudible as a result of too much "up-stage" work. Cues were often slow, but a lot of good work had gone into the production of this long and rather unsatisfying play. Long parts require sustaining, and this is very rarely within the compass of the average schoolboy.

Miltons House then gave us "The Dumb Wife of Cheapside" by Ashley Dukes, a one-act play of great length which demands considerable attack and variety of pace. The long part of the Alderman who marries the Dumb Wife proved a little too much for the player, who nevertheless made a very gallant attempt.

The costumes in this production were well thought-out and colourful, each suiting the characters. The individual character work was good, but the pace required by this play rather overcame the players and the climax was not convincing. The set and properties were in period and good use was made of the stage. The producer had worked very hard with his cast and at times the result was very good. The play lived, and proved amusing, which was what was intended, but the variety demanded by the pace, pause and emotion proved too much to be sustained.

To these two Houses I would say, choose good plays and let them be short.

The evening started with "Birds of a Feather" by J. Francis, presented by Newsoms House. This delightful Welsh comedy was very well done. The Welsh was convincing, and a nice appreciation of the poetry was given us by "Twm Tinker." The set was good and the production thoughtful, but the character of Dicky Bach Dwl was not fully understood, and the more subtle points of the play lost. It needed a little more "point" to some of the lines, but generally speaking the play came over remarkably well.

The winning play, presented by Gibbs House, was Eugene O'Neill's "The Rope," an excellent choice and very well presented, with a nice understanding of the characters and a good feeling for the drama. "Luke," I think, was miscast. It is difficult to get an ideal cast when the choice is small. The producer showed a good sense of timing, which in a play of this kind is essential. A little more stress could have been given to certain points, and at times there was too much "up-stage" work. It is a "meaty" play and the cast got their teeth well into it, projecting sometimes like experienced players.

The evening ended with "The Good and the Bad" by Philip Johnson, presented by Cobbs House. This is another good play for such an occasion, giving the cast every chance to justify itself. Had the producer studied the text a little more thoroughly he would not have fallen into the obvious traps. The best performance of the evening came from "Mrs. Kentish," who gave us a well thought-out study; with a little more control over the emotional parts, he should prove a useful member of any cast.

When the producer has to act as well as produce something has to go, and in this case it was obvious that the production suffered. The dialogue between Rod and his mother, which is the keynote of the whole play, lacked variety of pace and emotion. The character of Rod was not quite understood, and the spiritual quality of the scene was missing.

I would like to congratulate all who took part, especially the School for their encouragement and training in the art of the Theatre. May I offer one piece of advice? A good play is always the best choice. Choose wisely.

\* \* \* \* \*

### House Plays

There are distinct advantages, as well as disadvantages, in writing one's impressions of a distant event; for whilst the drawbacks of so doing are obvious, one can say that those impressions that have survived can claim the merit of more than a fleeting value.

What then remains in my mind? Perhaps most permanently the long-held conviction that the choice of play is all-important. I have lived through a longish period of House Plays—from their ragged beginnings, through an era which was essentially "high-brow"—a horrid word for a horrid viewpoint—when nothing but the works of such as W. H. Auden was held to have the faintest hope of preferment, to the present time when all the plums are deemed to have been plucked and the choice of play is felt to be a frantic and often unavailing search. Now all the plays this year had producers who knew their jobs and casts which contained sufficient talent to produce a "winner": so that the play which remains entire in the forefront of my memory, Eugene O'Neill's "The Rope" was justly acclaimed the best, not only because it was well produced and acted, but because it was the *best play*. What delightful little touches of dramatic irony it held! Truly it was fairly obvious throughout that the ominous, dangling loop was to hold something of a dramatic twist, but what a delightful curtain it provided with the picture, so skilfully maintained by Finch, of the small girl playing "skips" with the golden hoard it inevitably revealed. The play had a crispness and confidence, under Spiers' able direction and portrayal of the central character which almost made me regret its termination—a most unusual reaction for a seasoned observer of House Plays! John Arnold's playing of the old man will remain "long in my memory, as will the other parts." Truly I could have wished the wife had been more slatternly and the returned prodigal less juvenile, but these are minor criticisms compared with the harmonious whole.

I'm afraid that, in contrast, my own House's production of a very slight, albeit fairly lengthy, play based on a rehearsal of Shakespeare's "Tempest," has left me with nothing more than a confirmation of my conviction that satire is a difficult mode to portray and that the representation of any authentic historical character, in this case the Bard himself, is fraught with dangers. There may have been a dramatic point to the play, but the fact that it now eludes me completely is a major criticism.

Now I *can* remember the story of "The Dumb Wife of Cheapside," perhaps because it's an old story by Molière which I knew before! But its details I remember little apart from my joyful anticipation of Patrick's appearance as the "Master Surgeon." †I agreed with the judge in finding it a lengthy play.

Of the remaining plays Philip Johnson's play by Cobbs has stamped most of its details on my memory. It was, by far, the most difficult play to produce, depending, as it did, on the subtleties of atmosphere and emotion. My feeling was that whereas it should have had twice the amount of rehearsal accorded to the other plays, it had had, if anything, a little less than the normal preparation. Even so, Hayter flew the flag of suppressed emotion bravely and maintained it to the end.

The remaining play, "Birds of a Feather," by Newsoms, I found very slight but definitely entertaining. I say "slight" because to me it was the prototype of the host of minor plays one finds so liberally scattered through all the Dramatic Festivals of the country. It seemed to me to hold, after the entrance of the not very convincing "Bishop," no dramatic dénouement at all, since the presence of the clerical gentleman showed his dramatic rôle without a shadow of doubt. Incidentally, can one imagine even a Bishop of such a region as Mid-Wales without a fairly marked dialect? Nevertheless, the play gave me real pleasure. The Welsh accent was by no means so horrifying as I had anticipated, and the two principal characters, Twm Tinker and Dicky Bach, in the persons of Roger Wells and Robin Giles, delighted both my eyes and ears.

At the risk of appearing egoistic, I should like to say that I agreed completely with Mrs. Whitten's placing of the plays and, but for minor inevitable deviations, with her grounds for the positioning. May the House Plays ever flourish, but let me reiterate that the play is the thing. Look for dramatic irony of situations, which is, I feel, particularly important in a short play where the time for building up the characters' psychologies is so limited. After all, you may win with your play or you may lose, but let it, at least, be one on which you can look back with pride. P.S.



## HOUSE PLAY CASTS, 1952

### Cobbs

"The Good and the Bad," by Philip Johnson

Riah Hollis, D. A. Jackson; Abel Gunter, J. Burrage; Mrs. Kentish, I. B. Hayter; Rod Kentish, P. A. Tanner; Jim Kentish, R. Fash.

*Lighting:* B. Jacobs. *Music:* J. W. Baskett. *Set:* R. Fash. *Assistants:* A. D. Brooke and K. R. Buckingham. *Prompter,* D. C. Shepherd. *Producer:* P. A. Tanner.

### Gibbs

"The Rope," by Eugene O'Neill

Abe Bentley, J. Arnold; Annie, C. C. Wright; Pat Sweeney, D. M. Spiers; Luke, M. A. Elliott; Mary, B. H. Finch.

*Lighting:* A. P. Redman. *Set:* A. S. Jeapes, B. Stracy and B. Clayson. *Producer:* D. M. Spiers.

### Halliwells

"The Great Globe Itself," by Ralph S. Walker

Hemmings, G. R. Mitchell; Condell, P. J. Casselton; Gilburne, M. A. Phillips; Burbage, A. C. Manifold; Slye, P. J. Vogado; Field, A. T. Boyd; Robinson, R. Smale; Ben Jonson, M. W. Dick; Shakespeare, J. R. S. Higham; Gougho, D. F. Williamson.

*Lighting:* G. A. Young and A. D. Charles. *Set:* A. J. Tillinghast and D. J. Swinscoe. *Prompter and Music:* P. M. Childs. *Producer:* M. W. Dick.

### Miltons

"The Dumb Wife of Cheapside," by Ashley Dukes

Manservant to Groat, H. K. Gubb; Master Quill, L. G. Lovick; Master John Groat, D. L. Hall; Ann, his wife, R. S. Betts; Waiting Woman, B. Vincent; Master Julep, D. V. Patrick; Master Sunder, F. M. Langton; Master Ounce, P. Courtier.

*Designer and Producer:* R. S. Betts.

### Newsoms

"Birds of a Feather," by J. Francis

Dicky Bach Dwl, R. Giles; Twm Tinker, R. J. Wells; Jenkins, C. R. Weightman; Bishop of Mid-Wales, P. J. Bennellick.

*Stage Manager:* D. C. Lewis. *Assistant Manager:* D. H. Dann. *Producer:* R. J. Wells.

## THE DA VINCI SOCIETY

The Da Vinci Society was founded at the beginning of the Winter Term, 1952. The aim of the Society is to stimulate a wide interest in the Fine Arts and Crafts. Membership is open to all members of the Fourth to Sixth Forms. Meetings are held weekly in the Art Room on Mondays at 1 p.m.

This term we have had a series of talks given by Mr. Riley, Mr. Rudgley, Mr. Archer, Mr. Trinder and A. E. Rust. In addition to these talks we have shown a film on the work of the contemporary British artist Henry Moore.

As can be seen from the above list the bulk of the talks have been given by members of the Staff; it is to be hoped that next term our programme will include a larger proportion of talks by members of the School.

The first meeting of the Society was held on Tuesday, September 16th, when ways and means as to its running were discussed.

On Monday, September 29th, Mr. Riley gave a talk on Linear Composition with an emphasis on its relation to Abstract Art. This talk was illustrated by a series of diagrams and examples of the lecturer's own work. A lively discussion followed this talk, revolving on the heated topic "Modern Art versus the Old Masters." The lecture was of an introductory nature, and is to be continued in the Spring Term.

Mr. Rudgley gave the second lecture of the term to the Society, his subject having the title "Penny Plain." In his talk, which was copiously illustrated, Mr. Rudgley traced the development of Black and White Illustration from the early works of Bewick and the Broad Sheet up to present-day newspaper and magazine reproductions. Mr. Rudgley also gave a brief survey of the methods of reproduction. An explanation of the title "Penny Plain" was given; all the reproductions that Mr. Rudgley showed could be purchased for a few pence, and he suggested that this was a very economical way of making a collection of Black and White work, pointing out at the same time the interest and adventure that could be obtained hunting out old papers and magazines in the junk shops where good examples of early work could be obtained for a few pence.

The subject of the Society's third lecture, given by Mr. Archer on October 13th, was "The Principles of Design." In his introduction Mr. Archer gave his definition of good design, the three main factors being FORM, FUNCTION, FEELING. These points were more fully explored and the importance of materials and technique was expressed. A wide range of reproductions of furniture was shown, including a series of pictures showing the development of the Windsor chair, and a few good and MANY BAD designs for television sets. Mr. Archer took these examples and proceeded to criticize them, applying the standards of good design which he had outlined at the beginning of his lecture. He stressed the importance finally of knowing for yourself what to look for in good design, and it was realized just how valuable a sound understanding of these design principles was in our acceptance of the many articles we buy and have presented before us to-day.

The fourth lecture of the term was given by A. E. Rust, of the Fifth Form, on October 20th, and attracted a great deal of interest. Rust chose for the subject of his talk "Calligraphy." This was a particularly interesting talk, due to the fact that Rust himself has made an intensive study of his subject and improved his own hand out of all recognition. He has also made a great many converts amongst members of his form. Rust prefaced his talk with a plea for better handwriting and pointed to the fact that this movement towards an improved hand had many notable adherents. He defended good handwriting as being legible, beautiful and speedy. In a good hand, he stated, there should be beauty both in the individual letter and in the mass. He then proceeded to trace the development of calligraphy from earliest times to the present day, using a very ingenious time chart which clearly illustrated his points. He finally showed examples of some of his colleagues' reformed hands and compared them with their earlier styles.

As a result of this talk it was proposed that a Handwriting Competition should be held. This was agreed upon and a prize is to be offered by the Society for the best example submitted.

Each of these lectures was followed by a separate exhibition of examples, held, in each case, in the Art Room.

On October 27th Mr. Trinder gave an introductory talk on "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," in which he traced the development and background of this movement. The talk was illustrated by a large number of reproductions. Mr. Trinder discussed the aims of the Movement and gave his assessment of the achievement of the various members of the group. In his opinion Holman Hunt was perhaps the real exponent of the tenets of this group, and we were able to study this artist's work from a large reproduction of his painting "The Hireling Shepherd." Whether the Movement was ever able to achieve its ends is a debatable point. Owing to shortage of time Mr. Trinder was not able to complete his survey of this interesting movement in art. By popular consent it was suggested that further talks should be arranged, a suggestion to which Mr. Trinder very kindly consented.

Our first film show was held on November 10th. The film chosen was on the contemporary British sculptor Henry Moore. The film, which runs for half an hour, showed us the artist at work on a large commission which he carried out for the Festival of Britain. We were also able to see shots of this work being cast in bronze. Henry Moore himself appeared on the screen and



explained briefly his manner of working. Examples of work that has influenced him were also shown. The film proved the enormous value of the moving camera in showing examples of the sculptor's art, in its ability to move round the carvings, in this way presenting the form content essential in three-dimensional work.

The Society is greatly indebted to the members of the Staff who have given considerable, valuable time in the preparation and delivery of excellent lectures. Their intention has been to give the Society a good start, and it is now up to the enthusiasm of you, members of the School, to ensure the continued lively existence of this worthwhile group. A.C.R.

### SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

When a society has only recently been disbanded through lack of support, one is naturally loth to re-establish it under the same conditions. Last Spring Term, due mainly to the reluctance of first-year Sixth-formers to attend, the Committee was forced to draw to a close the organized meetings of the Sixth Form Society.

Now a new first-year Sixth Form has replaced the old, and, in a first wave of enthusiasm, it is calling for new meetings of the Society. One Personal Choice Programme has been arranged and, if the support is adequate, regular meetings will be organized for next term. A.F.W.

### CHRISTIAN UNION

No one could possibly pretend that our attendances this term have been high, but the main thing is that the Christian Union is still in existence. Those members who have come have enjoyed a number of talks, not the least interesting of which was that given by the Rev. Samuel Burns, a missionary from the Sudan, which left a lasting impression upon everybody who attended.

But, although a witness of any kind is our primary aim, we must, too, extend our membership. It is incredible that in a school of nearly four hundred boys merely a handful are Christians. Many more there must be who go to church, who believe in Jesus Christ in their hearts and yet are too shy to come. Yet the Christian life must always demand an effort, and I do urge those people to make that effort and come along to one of our meetings.

A famous preacher is reputed to have said once that the Christian life was like a club where the entrance fee is nothing, but the annual subscription is everything. That is true: by the grace of God, our Lord Jesus Christ came to earth to die on the Cross to redeem all mankind: He came to save each one of you who read this article: He died for *you*. And the wonderful thing about it all is that all you have to do is to accept Him. The Light of the World is knocking at the door of *your* heart. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that *whosoever* believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Yet once you have accepted Him, and have His peace in your heart, you cannot leave it there. You must go on and fight for your faith, to do your bit to change the world. It will not be easy: Paul knew it, and wrote to Timothy: "Therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." Yet God will be with you, and there is an immense joy in having

"done your own little bit, made your own little try  
that the risen Christ should *be* risen." (D. H. Lawrence.)

God's love extends to everyone, but having accepted it, it is up to us to respond to that love:

"Love so amazing, so divine  
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

And now, as you go away to enjoy Christmas, do enjoy it; and, as you go, remember the true cause for rejoicing:

"Behold, a virgin shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name  
Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, *God with us*." D.A.J.

### CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Our meeting for the Summer Term was held on July 10th, when Mr. R. B. Thompson was the speaker. Let me say first how glad we were to see Mr. Balshaw, our first President, back again with the Society after his long absence in Borneo. We must welcome, too, Mr. Sweetland, who has recently joined us, carrying on our long-established tradition of having a new Classics Master at least once a year—which comes in useful for arranging speakers. Still, we hope that Mr. Sweetland will have a long and happy stay at the School and in the Society.

But to return to our meeting. Mr. Thompson's subject was Antigonus Gonatas, the dominant figure in the turbulent, chaotic period following the death of Alexander, who, in spite of many setbacks, including dethronement and a long exile, finally managed to secure peace in Macedonia for the very extensive period of five years. Perhaps the main point that emerged from this concentrated record of a neglected period of history was the reason why it was neglected; yet we did come into contact with a talented man who was content to limit his ambitions, and who, despite his stormy life, did find time to encourage the arts. We must extend our thanks to Mr. Thompson, who, although at School for so short a period, did give the benefit of his distinctive personality to all who came into contact with him, especially the members of this Society. For this term we hope to have a paper presented by Mr. Sweetland. D.A.J.

### DEBATING SOCIETY

"Men are never so good, or so bad, as their opinions" (Sir James Mackintosh). It must be stressed that it is essential in a Debating Society for people to come along and air their opinions. Too often they tend to come and *listen* to the four main speakers, who after all are only there to *open* the discussion. We must make it clear that not only do we want more people to attend our debates; we also want everybody to put forward an opinion—the more controversial the better—for, as Blake said, "There can be no progress without contraries." Our first debate was on the subject of American comics. Mr. Arnold, after most considerately explaining the origin of American comics, remembered to attack them, saying that they portrayed an excited distinctly "un-English" emotions, and acted subconsciously on youth at the most impressionable age. Mr. Tillinghast, in reply, said that it was the influence of war-time conditions, of the cinema, of such characters as Fagin, which had led our youth astray—anything, in fact, except American comics. Mr. Hall pointed out that these comics tended to despise and caricature intellectuals and to over-emphasize physical strength, thus leading to the cult of the "tough guy." Mr. Betts showed us that American comics paled into insignificance beside such nursery rhymes as "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son," which, he said, glorified vice, cruelty and larceny: which makes you think. The attack on American comics was finally warded off. The debate was successful, and we hope to have more by the end of term. We do think that debating is an essential part of a good education, and we do, once again, urge people to attend, and to say exactly what they think in their own words, trying to overcome the nervousness which keeps so many people rooted to their chairs.

"Damn braces; bless relaxes," said Blake: we agree.

P.A.T.

### POETRY SOCIETY

"When once the itch of literature comes over a man  
nothing can cure it but the scratching of a pen." (Samuel Lover.)

Because so few people have suffered "the itch" of poetic creation we have widened our field, and our meetings this term have been discussions on more famous poets. Our first meeting was concerned with Shakespearian sonnets.

The general view seemed to be that the restriction of a defined sonnet form acted as a limitation on Shakespeare's genius. Nevertheless there remain the striking Shakespearian images:—

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end."

Marvell came next under our scrutiny, and his famous poem "The Coy Mistress," which is typical of all that is good in the metaphysical tradition, came in for a mixture of ecstatic praise and stubborn ridicule. Some found the lines:—

"My vegetable love should grow  
Vaster than Empires and more slow"

vivid, immediate and passionate; others found them ridiculous: it was a healthy argument. Our next discussion was on the love lyrics of Shelley. Some upheld the undoubted beauty of much of his verse and his success in giving to us his emotional experiences, while others found him shallow, vague, childish and even nauseating, stoutly maintaining a preference for Emily Brontë. There is much to be said for both views, but one cannot deny the beauty of such lines as:—

"The wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream,  
The Champak odours fail,  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream."

On Thursday evening, November 13th, D. A. Jackson gave us an excellent address on Francis Thompson. In fitting response to the hard work he had put into preparing the talk, there was an encouragingly large audience of our own members as well as a strong contingent from Wimbledon County Girls' School. The great merit of Jackson's talk was that it was personal and original. He was talking about poetry he liked, and he was able to convey why he liked it. His talk provoked a lively discussion in which, unfortunately perhaps, an undue amount of criticism was levelled at Thompson. However, we do thank Jackson for making the evening possible, and we are looking forward to the next meeting of a similar kind, when A. J. Tillinghast will talk to us about Shelley. I hope this will be equally well supported.

Meanwhile we must remember that the primary purpose of the Society is the reading and discussion of the original verse of our own members. Let us hope that some of us will be afflicted with the "itch of literature" in the near future.

P.A.T.

## GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

At the end of last term and the beginning of this, we lost the secretaries of the past two years, B. P. Price and I. B. Lawrence. They both worthily upheld the Society's reputation for the presentation of good music, even though their ideas on the subject were somewhat dissimilar. With I. B. Lawrence we lost, too, the advantage of a gramophone library ticket, and since his departure we have had to rely on the School gramophone cupboard and members' own records. But with a continuation of the work of nineteenth-century composers up to half-term, and since then the music of the twentieth century, we have managed successfully, and the continuous hand-to-mouth existence of the Society has not detracted from its popularity: indeed, the attendance has never fallen below sixteen.

We began the term with a somewhat diverse personal choice by D. L. Hall, including the Allegretto from Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and the Finale from Stravinsky's "The Firebird." The week after, we recommenced the series of the previous term with a representative selection of the works of Chopin. Piano music was again represented on October 19th by the popular Concerto of Grieg, with Dinu Lipatti at the piano. A fortnight later a programme of music from Tchaikovsky's ballet "Le Lac des Cygnes" was presented; this proved to be exceptionally well attended. It was the

Symphonic form, however, which dominated the series before half-term: Schumann's First Symphony ("The Spring") on September 30th; Schubert's well-known Eighth Symphony on October 7th, and Beethoven's Fifth (the personal choice of P. J. Parsons) on October 21st.

Having commenced the latter half of the term with Sibelius' Second Symphony, we intend to continue the series of twentieth-century programmes until our records run out. Another Sibelius' symphony will be played to commemorate the composer's 87th birthday on December 8th, and next term we shall pass on to, for example, Elgar, Vaughan Williams and Debussy.

We hope that some members of the School will overcome their unfortunate prejudice against modern music, and will support these programmes.

R.S.B.  
D.A.J.

## CHESS CLUB

In spite of the fact—some might say because of the fact—that we lost six of last year's team at the end of the Summer Term, the Chess Club is having a successful season. Out of five matches played we have lost two, one against our bogey team, Surbiton, and the other against Bec, by the narrow margin of  $3\frac{1}{2}$ — $4\frac{1}{2}$ . We have atoned for this, however, by beating Kingston and King's College, Wimbledon, by 4—2 and 5—3, respectively. Perhaps the reason why these results are not better is the lack of average chess players to fill the last two or three places. Those players who occupy these positions must learn to concentrate more, and to think of all the board all the time. Still, the picture is not at all black and we can look forward with confidence to the season ahead.

Of the players Hayter has maintained a 100 per cent. record so far, and is the most consistent player. Ferebee is also unbeaten, but did not play against Surbiton. Weightman, I think, should play more chess, as should Page, who is brilliant one day and utterly thoughtless the next. Cousins has been steady at sixth board, and those beneath him—Cox, Lynch, Childs and Buckingham—while not yet experienced enough, have been extremely keen.

As for the Club, it is hoped that by the time these notes are read, Friday afternoon meetings will be in full swing again. These have tended to be forgotten lately, but we hope that the knock-out competition, which has started, and a certain amount of recruiting will increase the attendance. Particularly we would like to see Juniors at the Friday meetings, and the Fourth Form, who, although they have competitions of their own, prefer to boycott the Chess Club.

Full details of all matches played will appear next term. D.A.J.

## SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

We are glad to say we have completed the redesigning and relaying of the track. Progress has been made in the building and town planning departments, although the houses and shops are not being built as fast as we would like to meet all our requirements.

The planning of a new, large island station to serve both the outer- and inner-circle lines is in progress, and we hope building operations will start soon. Also being considered is a high-level goods yard, but this must wait until funds permit the purchase of the necessary track, points and controller.

Our membership has increased since we last made our report and we hope more will join us, especially boys interested in model building, as this is our most urgent need just now. We would also like to enlist the help of another parent who is interested in model railways and who can spare the time to come along on Monday evenings from 7.15 to 9 p.m.

S.J.Y.

Last term's *The Spur* contained an article on "Reportership" in which the accusation was made that the National Savings Reports were too statistical in style. At the moment, however, I can find very few statistics to write about.

**This term's savings total is more depressing than usual.** The average weekly total was £7 in the spring; this fell to £3 17s.0d. in the summer, and this term has reached the "all-time low" of £2 15s.0d. Nor is there much hope for the future; only three of the seven junior forms, which used to provide the bulk of our takings, now save regularly. Further up the School the story is the same; a short year ago the Economics Sixth headed the form totals, whereas now . . .

It is to be hoped that next term we can stop the rot and return to our former prosperity. J.A.

### A.T.C. NOTES

We were pleased to welcome 15 new recruits this term, bringing our total to 50—a big improvement on recent years! We also have to congratulate Sergt. Smith and Cadet Whitaker on being granted Flying Scholarships. F/Sergt. Cox also was approved for a Flying Scholarship, but unfortunately did not pass the Visual Requirements of the Medical Test.

Parades have continued, as usual, this term, and the chief event to report in this issue of *The Spur* is the Summer Camp. This year, for the first time, we were sent to a "B" Camp, i.e. a camp organized especially for the A.T.C., instead of being merely accommodated in R.A.F. quarters on an R.A.F. Station.

Thorney Island, between Chichester and Portsmouth, was our destination for the first week of September, where we found rows of tents pitched in neat array to welcome us—together with numerous Cadets from other Squadrons.

The tents were sited picturesquely between the perimeter track and some mud flats, with Hayling and the sea in the distance. By Field Service standards they were luxuriously equipped with camp beds (one per Cadet), electric light, sheets and pillow-cases. And here there was no question of working out our own salvation. From the moment of our arrival everything was "laid on," to use the Service equivalent of a plumbing phrase, and highly organized.

"Laid on" also was a staff of most efficient R.A.F. Officers and N.C.O.'s, who, having experienced a summer of nothing but Cadets, appeared to have acquired an almost schoolmasterly technique for anticipating their aptitudes and failings.

Generally speaking the week went very well. Everyone flew—and most for over three hours—the South Wales and Cornish coasts being favoured haunts of airborne Cadets. Locally, visits were organized to Portsmouth Dockyard, the Royal Naval Air Station at Gosport, Chichester and Hayling Island. The latter was ostensibly for Dinghy Drill—but as R.A.F. dinghies were not available, half-price tickets for Butlin's Fun-fair on the beach were issued in lieu.

The highlight of the week for many was the visit to the Farnborough Air Display (luckily the day before the tragedy), which, thanks partly to the Camp Commandant who supplied free transport, and partly to the Squadron's Welfare Fund, was a free day for the Cadets.

This term we have our two Annual Inspections by Surrey Wing and 61 Group. The first was very successful and this gives every hope that the second will be equally so. The inspecting officer was able to present F/Sergt. Cox with his Advanced Training Certificate—the first to be gained by the Unit for a considerable time.

Finally, the Squadron will be glad to welcome any members of the School at the beginning of next term, provided they are 14 years old. J.D.T.

As I write we are more than halfway through the Christmas Term, and the activities of the Craftroom are working up to a feverish climax. This is the time of year when everybody is busily working towards the Christmas activities, and most of these involve, to a large extent, the workers in many spheres of Craft. The School Play is close upon us, and the Stagecraft Guild has been busy preparing the stage to receive the set for "The Merchant of Venice." We hope, when this is complete, for an unusual and effective result. Interest in this task has been heightened by a visit, made just before mid-term, to the Wimbledon Theatre: here we were shown many aspects of the theatre by the manager, Mr. Guy David, and his staff, and we came away having benefited a great deal from the knowledge and enthusiasm which they imparted.

We have welcomed to the ranks of the Printers' Guild several new members who are proving extremely valuable to the team; some of them have shown their ability to do work of a high standard.

The amount of work to be done this term is alarming, and the programme will become even more pressing as the term proceeds. The planning of our work has not been assisted this term by other members of the School, who seem very reluctant to exhibit their talent for writing. It is always a very hard task to extract "copy" for "Oberon" and this term it has proved even more difficult than usual. The printers cannot hope to produce your magazine unless they have the "copy" in good time, and, as I write, this is almost non-existent, with barely a month to go to publication date. Please do not blame the printers for the delay—you are the people who set the pace.

The Printers' Guild has also had the opportunity of a visit of interest—this time to the printing and publishing house of Novello & Company, in Wardour Street. Here we saw all the processes involved in making books and sheet-music, from the setting of the type to the packing of the bound volumes for dispatch. In lighter mood, the Guild made a further excursion to town, this time for a little well-earned relaxation, to see "Meet Mr. Callaghan"—a thoroughly enjoyable evening. A further educational visit is being arranged, this time to see over a paper-making mill, but as yet no details are available.

I hope the interest shown in activities centred around the Craftroom will be maintained and even increased, and that many of you will make reasonable use of the facilities offered in addition to the normal classes. R.G.A.

### THE 19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

Many went west and one went east. D. J. Bevan was our chosen Senior to make, with a party of other Surrey scouts, a fortnight's trip to Norway, and we are glad we sent him. It was a thirty-six hour boat trip from Newcastle to Bergen via Stavanger, and after two days in Bergen, where it rained and rained, the party threaded its way for a hundred miles inland, along fiords, *through* mountains by roads that tunnelled when climbing was too hard, and so to Voss. Here in twos or threes the parties split to camp and hike cross-country to Ulvik, the head of Hardanger and back along the Hardanger Fiord. And the food was good and the Norwegians were kind. And the 19th was glad to be able to assist one of its number on such a journey.

The main Group went to South Wales for the Summer Camp, under the shadow of Manorbier Castle and within sound of the sea. It was the best bathing we have had for years, warm, safe, sandy yet deep, and frequent. On the camping technique, the standard was probably not as high as we like to have it, but the site was good, the weather kind, the coastline rugged and lovely, the food was good and the meat was very good! Some went off on First Class Test journeys overnight, and the Seniors spent the traditional few days' hiking by themselves: it was a pity they hitched and saved themselves a night in Pembroke Castle.

This term we have had our Parents' Meeting . . . I do believe that most parents deserve more than their sons. We have had a visit from Mr. Moyo, a Headmaster from Zomba in Nyasaland, who is here for three months to inspect scouting and youth club work before returning to his native sunshine. Mr. Hooper has been to lecture and project his photography of Cave Exploring and Bats. Some spent half-term at our Cabin at West Hoathly, and there may be a Peruga before Christmas. Bevan spent the summer holidays finishing off his Venturer and Camp Warden Badge Tests and has been awarded the Bushman's Thong. As a result of his having secured the right number of Public Service Badges he also becomes a Queen's Scout and will receive the Royal Certificate from the Chief in due course. But these are each special items, and on the whole the Group is not pulling its weight in routine meetings and proficiency work. I know we are working under staffing difficulties and time problems, but this is too often an excuse when the reason is not far to seek.

## RUGBY

### 1st XV

TEAM: Beaumont; Cousins, Michez, Eales, Brooke; Smith (M. L.), Jordan; Wright (A. F.), Bevan, Bunyan, Tanner, Patrick, Tillinghast, Jeapes (Colours 1951-52, Capt.), Phillips (M. A.) (Colours 1951-52, Hon. Sec.).

### Results

v. Wimbledon College	...	...	...	Lost 10—30
v. Surbiton C.G.S.	...	...	...	Lost 8—19
v. Beckenham C.G.S.	...	...	...	Lost 3—18
v. St. George's College	...	...	...	Lost 11—16
v. Wallington C.G.S.	...	...	...	Lost 11—14
"A" XV v. Ottershaw 1st XV	...	...	...	Won 11—6

The 1st XV has been unlucky this year, in that it has had an exceptional number of casualties, and has had to face the more difficult games at the beginning of the season. It is hoped that by the time these notes are being read the results will have improved. The main weakness in the team this season is the lack of "fight," especially in the threequarters, who have not been going as hard as they should. Their tackling, on the whole, has been quite good, although there is still room for improvement, but their handling both in defence and in attack has been poor. Eales and Michez, in the centre, have been working very well together and are quick to see an opening, while Cousins, on the left wing, makes up in speed and determination for what he lacks in experience. He should be invaluable next season. Brooke, on the right wing, has used his weight and strength to advantage, and his spell in the forwards has made him run harder. His powerful kicking has been a great asset to the team.

Beaumont, at full-back, has shown himself to be very cool and safe when under pressure, and has helped to score several times, by joining with the threequarters in attack. Smith (M. L.) and Jordan at stand-off and scrum-half, have been working together well, and Smith has been quick to seize any opportunity, especially on the blind side. His kicking has been extremely accurate and has often relieved the team when in defence. Jordan has been throwing the ball out well, and has soon adapted himself to his new position, and, although still rather slow in attack, his defence work has been quite sound, but he must fall on the ball more often.

The forwards have been using their weight well in the set scrums, but are not getting round and binding fast enough in the loose. When they do get the ball, their forward rushes have gained a lot of ground, and their dribbling has been fast and effective, but there is still a tendency to leave it to only four or five men. Bunyan especially has shown initiative in breaking quickly from the loose scrums and line-outs, and he is often supported by Bevan, whose hooking has been excellent. He has not despaired of losing the ball

until it is right out of the scrum. Wright (A. F.) has played firmly, although he must be quicker; he has used his weight to advantage. Patrick, second row, has shown himself invaluable in the line-outs, but he must jump higher. He has used his size and weight with determination. His companion in the second row, Tanner, has also played at wing-forward, and in both positions has shown speed and foresight. He has played hard throughout each game, and has been fast in breaking, both from the scrum and through the line-out. Tillinghast has run hard in attack and his handling and tackling have been sound in defence. Phillips (M. A.) has shown determination, and has been tackling and running hard. His falling has been excellent, and he has used his speed well by frequently joining in with the threequarters. This pack, like the rest of the team, has received an abnormal amount of injuries, although, luckily, only the backs have broken any bones: nevertheless in one game there were only five forwards on the field.

### 2nd XV

Team selected from: Mazdon; Ferebec, Stracy, Stocker, Booker, Tulett, Phillips (M. J.); Swinscoe, Lynch, Elliott; Francis, Brittain, Davis, Keeble, Wright (C. C.), Cox, Fash, Williams, Dorey, Featherstone, Childs, Steadman.

The 2nd XV has had a poor season, still having failed to win a match. This is mainly due to lack of thrust and determination, but other factors, such as the disarrangement of the team to provide the replacements for injuries in the 1st XV, must be taken into consideration. With very few exceptions the tackling, falling and the threequarters' handling have been poor and have often let the opponents through. It is essential that a player should be able to catch cleanly, run hard and draw his man before passing, and only Stocker, Ferebec and Swinscoe have done this. These three, together with Stracy, have been the only players who have tackled regularly.

The scrum has not been binding in the loose, nor following up its chances quickly enough, usually leaving forward rushes to Davis, who is one of the few to have shown any "fight" in the scrum. Cox, Keeble, Fash and Wright (C. C.) have played hard, and Wright especially has done well in the line-outs, throwing the ball back to Lynch at scrum-half. Lynch still hesitates before falling on the ball, but his passing has been good. A.S.J.

### Colts

Of the School teams the Colts can probably claim to show the best results, though they have not really struck a winning vein—mainly due to a lack of liveliness and spirit, especially when under pressure.

The outstanding back has been Francis (M.), who is particularly promising in spite of a succession of scrum-halves none of whom fits into the position as one would like. The threequarters are individually dangerous, if selfish: they must, however, pass with more care; in defence too much of their work is careless.

The pack has proved a problem, too; individually there has been some good play, with Higham (R.) and Spencer (B.) outstanding, but often it has seemed sluggish in heeling and breaking-up, faltering in defence and slow to pounce on opportunities. P.O.D.

### Juniors

At the beginning of term lack of pitches for Friday games slowed down coaching amongst the Juniors, but now that the "Joseph Hood" ground is available our position is eased, and, with three games taking place, we can cater for a good percentage of the 150 boys from the first and second years.

The change-over from soccer to rugger is a difficult one, as our present first forms will tell you, but, although a number of boys still prefer "the boot" to "the hand," the will to learn is there, and the keenness shown augurs well for School rugger in the future.

How quickly the game can be learnt and played quite skilfully is seen from the number of promising players there are in the second year. These boys, with a sprinkling from the third year, make up the School's Junior and

Bantam XV's. Fixtures for these teams are, unfortunately, very few, which means a loss of essential match-practice necessary for stimulating an improvement in play. Up to the time of writing the Junior XV has played three matches and has won one. The Bantam XV has had only one match, against Balham, which it won 27-0; we are hoping for more fixtures later in the term.  
N.H.B.

## SWIMMING

Slowly at first, but with gathering speed, we saw the new horizon. We had thought Alpha Orionis, shining so vividly in Orion, certain of glory. But had he not met Sirius from Canis Major, Sirius who was first magnitude? And so our dreams sped silently into the night, as the new records came.

We had dared, especially in Athletics, to hope much. After Helsinki, as few our trophies so wide our vision. As the country, on a national scale, came to the uncomfortable conclusion that its stars were not bright enough, so in our small way we have to adjust our view of School swimming. Attend our own gala, with the spray flying, and the records falling, and we are pleased. Measure us against other schools and we are chastened. At present we are not good enough to beat the other fellows.

We can, however, draw encouragement from this: man is born to run, but not to swim. You may run a mile at your fastest pace, and then by strict training better this time. But the improvement will be small compared with that possible to a swimmer, who flounders his first ungainly length, and then by assiduous practice improves beyond recognition. Next term it is hoped to begin selecting and to give training to those who will represent the School in the Summer Galas. It is those who are practising now, and practising often, who will win their places.

You will know that the best performers in sport are often the most graceful. Their timing, muscular control and saving of energy mean that they apply the effort just where and when it is most useful. You may be able to swim one length with the ferocity and turbulence of a wounded whale, but over three lengths the sleek seal will slip by you. Try, therefore, to be more relaxed when you swim. Let us also have, apart from the crawl, keen competition in breast-stroke, back-stroke and diving. In this connection it is a happy omen to see several First Form boys attempting the butterfly breast-stroke, which, done well, is faster than the othodox method.

## RESULTS OF THE 1952 SPORTS

### Seniors

Event	1st	2nd	3rd
1L Back-stroke ...	Spiers (G)	Shepherd (C)	Vogado (H)
1L Free Style ...	Spiers (G)	Patrick (M)	Tanner (C)
2L Breast-stroke	Shepherd (G)	Wilson (C)	Langton (M)
3L Free Style ...	Shepherd (G)	Rust (C)	Vogado (H)
Relay ...	Gibbs	Cobbs	Halliwells

### Colts

Event	1st	2nd	3rd
1L Back-stroke ...	Steadman (N)	Fash (C)	Crerie (M)
1L Free Style ...	Charles (H)	Talbot (C)	Loible (N)
2L Breast-stroke	Saunders (N)	Higham (H)	Hill (A.) (C)
3L Free Style ...	Talbot (C)	Lovick (M)	Bray (G)
Relay ...	Halliwells	Newsoms	Miltons

### Juniors

Event	1st	2nd	3rd
1L Back-stroke ...	Ingram (H)	Pegram (N)	Sinclair (C)
1L Breast-stroke	Roberts (M)	Nicholls (G)	Harvey (N)
2L Free Style ...	Lavous (M)	Robson (G)	Nicholls (G)
Relay ...	Miltons	Gibbs	Cobbs

Event	1st	2nd	3rd
Plunge ...	Tucker (H)	Tanner (C)	Shepherd (G)
Plain Diving ...	Baker (G)	Shepherd (C)	Loveday (G)
Springboard			
Diving ...	Baker (G)	Shepherd (C)	Knight (H)

The points awarded were 30, 20, 10 for individual events, and 60, 40, 20 for relays. The qualifying points obtained placed the Houses in this order:—Miltons, 297; Gibbs, 287; Newsoms, 225; Cobbs, 214; Halliwells, 211.

The final position after the conclusion of the Sports was: Gibbs, 627; Miltons, 517; Cobbs, 494; Halliwells, 431; Newsoms, 365.

Our congratulations are extended to the following, who set up records in the events named:—

Shepherd—2L Senior Breast-stroke ...	46.3 secs.
Saunders—2L Colt	51.7 "
Roberts—1L Junior	28.8 "
Halliwells Colt Relay Team (4 × 1L)	95.1 "
Miltons Junior " (4 × 1L)	113.5 "

and also to Talbot, on the award of School Colours, and again to Shepherd, whose excellent butterfly breast-stroke brought him victory when swimming for Surrey against Kent in the 100 Yards Breast-stroke, in which he set up a new County record of 72.6 secs.

In one way it was unfortunate that our own Swimming Sports followed the Wimbledon and District Secondary Schools Gala. This meant that we were unable to gauge the real strength of our swimming in time for this Gala and as a result our chosen team was not the best available. It suffered, except in two races, a total eclipse. Shepherd won, as we expected, the two lengths Senior Breast-stroke, and our team, Shepherd, Jeapes, and Gubb, gained second place in the Senior Medley Relay Race. The standard at these Sports was well above School level, and if we are to win any of the seven cups and shields offered for competition we must practise very hard.

Turning now to domestic affairs, it is proposed to change the emphasis. Coaching will be given with a view to producing racing material. This seems to mean that the fine work done by all those who attended the life-saving classes cannot be continued. It is sincerely to be hoped that they themselves and others who may be interested will obtain instruction by joining a club. Awards in Life-saving during the year were as follows: Jeapes, Award of Merit; Terdre, Bronze Cross; Burns, Bronze Medal; Howard, Bronze Medal; Whittle, Bronze Medal; Pegram, Intermediate Certificate.

It is proposed to begin the recording of qualifying points for 13 lengths, the 3 lengths Medley (dive in, 1 length back, 1 length breast, 1 length free style) and the beginners' width next term. It is pointed out here and now that the beginners' width is to be swum once only in your school career. It is not expected that a boy who swims three lengths like Clark Scholes or Jean Boiteux will ask to do the beginners' width.

Enough has been said. May we look forward to a good season ahead, and, if we are unable to boil, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim . . . and overflow the world, let us at least try.  
W.P.F.

## BOXING

In the absence of any outside fixtures, interest in the Boxing Club has not been very great this year, but it is expected that interest will be aroused by the entry of a small number of boys in the District and County Championships. The Wimbledon District Championships will take place on Monday, December 1st, and Tuesday, December 2nd, at Queen's Road School.

### HOUSE BOXING

The interest shown in the House Competition is not to be applauded, as most Houses had difficulty in forming a team; in fact, Halliwells House were

forced to withdraw from the competition. Final scores and placings were as follows: 1, Cobbs, 140 points; 2, Gibbs, 103; 3, Miltons, 83; 4, Newsoms, 77.

Of the twenty weights at which championships were decided, Cobbs won 8, Gibbs, Miltons and Newsoms 4 each. Cobbs had two seeded boxers and Gibbs had one. The preliminary bouts gave Gibbs a good lead, but Cobbs soon overtook them, and the Phillips Cup was duly presented to Cobbs for the third successive year.

<i>Junior</i>	<i>Intermediate</i>	<i>Senior</i>
4½-5 st., Edwards (G)	5½-6 st., Boniface (C)	Under 8st., no compet'n
5-5½st., Lett (G)	6-6½st., Forster (N)	8-8½st., "
5½-6 st., Roe (G)	6½-7 st., Clark (C)	8½-9 st., Smith (N)
6-6½st., Hornsby (M)	7-7½st., Warren (M)	9-9½st., Eales (C)
6½-7 st., Brugger (M)	7½-8 st., Eagleson (C)	9½-10st., Francis (P.) (C)
7-7½st., Stevens (M)	8-8½st., Talbot (C)	10-10½st., Wright (C.C.) (C)
7½-8 st., Fishman (N)	8½-9 st., Ingram (C)	10½-11st., no compet'n
	9-9½st., Wearn (G)	
	9½-10st., Dorey (N)	

Seeded boxers were: Francis (M.), Shepherd (D. C.) (C); Gallagher (G).  
D.C.S.  
N.H.B.

## CROSS-COUNTRY

This term, having lost many of our stalwart runners, we were obliged to recommence team building and, considering the team's lack of experience and practice, the results to date have been surprisingly satisfactory. But the real test will come next term with the Judge and Densham Cup Races, and our success in these events will depend on the will and the perseverance of our runners in practice.

Results this term have been as follows:—

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Result</i>	<i>Individual Performance</i>
Oct. 4th.	S. L. H. Moates Cup	No team race	Childs 9th, Hall 11th, Shepherd 15th
Oct. 8th.	R.A.F. Chessington "A" and "B"	Won, R.P. 35 pts.	Braine 2nd, Childs 3rd, Talbot 5th, Davis 7th
Oct. 11th.	St. Mary's College	Lost, R.P. 48 pts. St. Mary's 30	Braine and Childs=4th, Talbot 7th, Davis 9th
Oct. 22nd	Badingham College	Won, 10 pts.—28	Braine, Childs, Talbot =1st, Fewster 4th, Hall 7th
Oct. 25th	Sutton and Cheam Harriers' Senior Schools' Race	3rd team to Wallington	Braine 4th, Childs 8th, Davis 11th, Shepherd 12th
Nov. 8th	Badingham College (Junior)	Won, 36 pts.—42	Barry 1st, Osborne, Roe=3rd

P.M.C.

## ATHLETICS

Last term's *The Spur* omitted to mention the London Athletic Club's meeting at the White City on April 19th, to which we sent a team. With more than 150 schools engaged we did very well to finish in the first twenty, with two of our members, P. J. Casselton now, however, an old Boy, (Senior 440 Yards) and A. G. G. Law (Senior Shot) being chosen to represent London Schools versus Paris Schools in Paris.

Only one other School athletics fixture was not mentioned in last term's *The Spur*—the triangular match on the School field between Kingston-Grammar

**School, Caterham School and ourselves.** We finished second to a strong K.G.S. team, although in the process four new School records were established. Law (A. G.) achieved 24.1 secs. for the Senior 220 Yards, 42ft.6½ins. for the Senior Shot and 109ft.8½ins. for the Senior Discus; while Michez threw the Intermediate Discus 131ft.9ins., another record for his collection.

Once again we had representatives in the All-England Sports at Bradford. Law won the Senior Shot with a putt of 45ft.11ins. and was a member of the winning Surrey Relay Team. Michez finished third in the Intermediate Discus with a throw of 121ft.8ins. (No doubt, one of Michez's off-days!)

This season Athletics Colours have been awarded to A. F. Cox, Golding and Whittaker.

The Best Performance Book, in which a record will be kept of the best performances (not necessarily records) achieved in each event by boys from this School, has now received official approval. A.D.B.

## CRICKET

### Results since the last *The Spur*

<i>1st XI</i>	<i>2nd XI</i>
v. K.G.S.: Won by 9 wickets	v. K.G.S.: Lost by 8 wickets
v. Old Boys: Lost by 5 wickets	v. Surbiton: Lost by 7 wickets
v. St. George's: Lost by 8 wickets	v. Badingham 1st XI: Lost by 7 wickets

In the matches not recorded in last term's *The Spur* neither the 1st XI nor 2nd XI showed any great improvement. Although the 1st XI convincingly beat King's College 2nd XI, due mainly to a fine opening stand of 87 by Beaumont and Shepherd, we never looked like winning the other two matches. On both occasions the batting, which formerly had proved quite reliable, went to pieces, and the bowlers had little chance. Indeed, the keynote of the batting throughout the season was determined defence rather than a serious attempt to score runs. This policy was satisfactory enough against the weaker bowling sides, but against the hostile good-length bowling of such schools as Tiffins and St. George's our score was bound to be small. It was a pity this negative approach persisted, for with a little more aggression by our by no means untalented batsmen we could have improved our totals considerably. Only Shepherd, a new colour, who finished the season with the excellent average of 39, had the ability and determination to stay at the wicket and score runs at the same time. The bowling was not strong this year, but what it lacked in ability it made up for by honest endeavour. The main trouble was the absence of a fast opening attack and we had to rely generally on medium-paced bowlers. As a result persistence more than hostility was the characteristic of the bowling. The loss of form, during the latter half of the season, of Rose, who earlier had been awarded his colours for some fine leg-break bowling, was an additional set-back. In other departments of the game our fielding, though seldom brilliant, was usually competent, but it tended to be exposed by good running between the wickets. It was in this last art that, by indifferent and hesitant calling, we threw away many runs, and there were far too many batsmen run out.

The 2nd XI had little success, but enjoyed the matches. Wells (R. J.) put much effort into leading the side, and was ably backed up by Betts (D.C.), Lee and Ridgway.

We look forward to next season with confidence. Nine members of this year's 1st XI will be available, and the influx of some very useful talent from the Colt XI will be an undoubted asset. We should be able to field two very sound sides. A most welcome acquisition at the end of last season was a cricket cradle, constructed in the workshop under the supervision of Mr. Archer. **We are much indebted to him and his team.** In conclusion, it is perhaps not out of place to add also a word of thanks to those Masters who give up their spare time to run practices and umpire our matches. D.J.F.



It was with great interest that Fifth and Sixth Forms listened to a talk in the Library by Mr. Colin White (Halliwells, 1942-50), now a 2nd Lieutenant in the King's Own Scottish Borderers, who had just returned from the front line in Korea. He began by giving us a summary of events throughout the war, from the invasion of South Korea to the present time, and he soon dispelled any doubts among certain members of the audience as to who attacked whom.

Second Lieutenant White then began to tell us of his own experiences; of going on patrol and of sheltering in a fox-hole while shells were arriving at the rate of one per second. He said that the British soldiers, although grossly underpaid as compared with Americans and Australians, were in good spirit, and he was certain that they were the best soldiers in Korea. The Americans, he said, are fine soldiers now, but at the beginning were completely unfit, as they had been living among "the flesh-pots of Japan," whereas the British had been based at Hong-Kong, where the conditions closely resemble those in Korea. At the present time, the armies were at a deadlock, as neither side could advance, and the only action was by Commandos, who were constantly carrying out lightning raids on the Chinese lines. He mentioned that the U.S. Marines were so impressed by the Royal Marine Commandos that some of them were starting a move to adopt the Commandos' green beret as part of their own uniform.

After the talk 2nd Lieutenant White answered various questions: he said that the British Artillery is far superior to the Chinese, or indeed to that of any of the United Nations' Forces. He emphatically denied the accusations of atrocities or germ warfare which had been levelled against the Allies. He ended by telling us an amusing story of how a newsreel ciné-camera unit arrived when the K.O.S.B. was in reserve, and asked for pictures of the war. To oblige the cameraman they blew up oil-drums with Piats and fired every gun they could lay their hands on, while the cameraman happily filmed his "front-line news."

A.S.J.

## STAFF THINKS

Some people (not happily their pupils) imagine that school-teachers think, and think to some purpose; that they know the answers to some of the questions that matter, and are not merely the chance possessors of certain types of mechanism which enable them to relate the facts of history, to solve the problems of mathematics, physics or economics, or to translate Latin, Greek, Spanish or French rather more efficiently than the rest of mankind. Other people regard a teacher as a particular kind of mutt who, being possessed of the "superior" mechanisms above alluded to, has not the savvy to use them to gain a more substantial remuneration than Burnham.

Both parties might be suprised to hear that at Raynes Park, on quite a number of occasions in the last two years, about half the Staff have, without any external pressure from anybody whatever, met to discuss such questions as, "What is a school for?" "Education of the Emotions," "Is competition a good incentive?" "On rewards and punishments," and, perhaps most important of all, "What is the nature of the being to be educated?" These meetings were held under the auspices of the ponderously-titled Fundamentals Club, promptly and properly nicknamed the Fun Club—for so it is.

What is so encouraging at this stage is that there is often apparently deed disagreement on the answers to these "simple" questions—for any practical education must assume an answer to them, even when the assumers do not know what they assume. And this "disagreement" seems to me to imply that thought, as opposed to a certain mechanical mental efficiency, is not yet dead in just those minds in which it is most important of all that it should be intensely alive.

H.A.P.

The meeting itself was dull. I was bored. There was no writing-pad before me on which to doodle. The woven leather seats were uncomfortable and my neighbour smoked. I felt an urge to trample underfoot his foul pipe. A cigar I could have tolerated, at a distance, and this thought of cigars turned my mind to Mr. Winston Churchill. It was said of him, many years ago, that when he was present at a meeting life could not be dull.

I turned my eyes in his direction. Yes, there he was, sitting soundly on a broader seat than mine. His cigar was held but lightly, the greying ash poised, and his eyes shone. Puckish amusement lingered on between the heavy frown, the grimness, the force of a face that could say so much so often with words so few. Sitting near Mr. Churchill was the Lord Chief Justice, and there, too, were Sir John Simon, Mr. Walter Elliot and Lord Oxford. At the end of the line was Lord Beaverbrook gripping the mouthpiece of the telephone with that firmness he gave to every word he spoke.

Lloyd George was watching, beaming, and Ramsay MacDonald stood tense, his earnest hands more expressive than his bushy eyebrows. Near him was Baldwin, puzzled and worried, looking in fact as he must have looked before the Abdication. By him, solid, was Mr. Ernest Bevin, incompletely covered by an outsize in overcoats, and over his broad shoulders peered no other than Mr. P. G. Wodehouse.

Yes, it was no mere gathering of politicians, for there, too, unmistakable, was Augustus John, still draped untidily in his grubby apron. (Why *will* artists wear the clothes they do?) I turned and saw Somerset Maugham, silent and cynical, and there, too, was the chattering beard of Bernard Shaw and the portliness of G. K. Chesterton. Precariously poised on his chair was Hilaire Belloc, glaring across at H. G. Wells and wondering why that man's trousers were far too small. Beyond them, restless, sat Arnold Bennett, uncomfortably dressed for dinner. Sir John Reith watched from under uneven eyebrows, and, timid and lonely, stood Einstein, looking surprised at the singleness of his own shadow.

Yes, they were all there, and what a great company—a Low collection! As I sat in the Library I felt the impact of that deliberate act of John Garrett, in acquiring these pencil portraits and placing them here for younger generations to see. But do they *see* them?

Earlier this term I was passing through Hall with a visitor to the School. We were engrossed in formal business when suddenly he stopped and exclaimed, "That's a Canaletto, isn't it?" I was taken aback. "Yes, it must be," he added, as we examined the picture more closely. For the first time in many years "Whitehall from Richmond House" became a wealth of detail, of interest and beautiful workmanship.

As in the Library, so in Hall, and indeed elsewhere, our first Headmaster with great insight founded this collection; and it has grown since . . . from Tuck Shop profits! In Hall they are badly placed and all need re-hanging, but they *are* there, from the mellowed Roublier Andrai's "Old Testament Trinity" to the freshness of Van Der Weyden's "Luke and the Virgin." Beauneveu's "King Richard" keeps company with Uccellos' "Portrait of a Lady." Bellini's "Doge" is too distant to show the beauty and vitality in that face and the lovely texture of that robe. The sixteenth-century "Musical Ladies" is puzzling; the three are surely the same face? But it is the striking scarlet dress of the central figure which satisfies the eye, and the music is insignificant. Nearby Vermeer gives such a beautiful face to his lady and shows such skilful handling of the tapestries that one forgets the subject of the painting, the Courtesans. Contrasting are the two portraits, "A Young Man" by Raphael and Manet's "Amazon." The two original oils here of past Headmasters, "John Garrett" by Rogers and "Charles Wrinch" by Cooper, need but one comment—we hope they will not be accompanied by a third for many years to come.



Among other originals in oil is Henry Moore's "Old Jetty," now in Upper Corridor. Its colour and tone seem to change with the weather outside, and I like it for its mud, its rain-clouds and rotting timbers. Near to it is Sisley's "Regatta," a picture irritating in its patchiness and uncertainty but deserving of a better frame. Perhaps some physicist can explain why a copy of "Red Horses" should find its way amid charts and posters and galvanometers? Much more at home in the History Room is the "Prince of Orange" by Van Dyke and Holbein's "Sir Thomas Godsalve," Van de Goes' "Sir Victor" and Millais's "Boyhood of Raleigh." Is it history or some personal interest that includes in this group the "Cricket at Molesley Hurst" by Wilson?

Closely resembling a member of the Staff is the "Portrait of a Young Man" by Van Gogh, and less liked by him is Vermeer's "Houses of Delft." There, too, is Monet's "The River," Breughel's "Hay Harvest," Nevinson's "Downland Sweep," Gainsborough's "Daughters," "The Letter" by Petier de Hooch, Da Vinci's "Virgin," and Manet's "Fife Player."

Given the freedom of the purse I would add many more of both prints and contemporary originals; it would be a very different choice and I would, no doubt, shock the critics. Others are better qualified to write at length; my point has been served if I have drawn attention to those we have with us now, and no more shall be said lest this becomes, like the cover of this magazine, akin to a publisher's catalogue. **E.G.R.**

## CALLIGRAPHY

Calligraphy is the art of beautiful writing. Every age and culture has had its own distinctive script and it is only within the last three hundred years that such skill has fallen into abeyance. It is only the more fitting, therefore, that in an age of such momentous circumstances as our own, an age when the typewriter has relieved us of the main burden of fast writing, we should have our characteristic script, peculiar to this era. The time has gone when men could devote whole portions of their day to timeless contemplation of pen and paper, but let not this fact deter anyone from mastering the architecture of noble letters. It gives us a deep satisfaction in the pleasure of creating something beautiful, a satisfaction akin to that of the apprentice-craftsman learning his chosen trade in the Middle Ages. Anyone can learn calligraphy.

Ever since the sixteenth century, writing, both formal and informal, had been suffering a slow but irresistible decline, from Italic to Copperplate, from Copperplate to "Civil-Service," and by the nineteenth century it had reached a rock-bottom of Victorian soullessness. William Morris, the poet, craftsman and social reformer, always an admirer of mediæval illumination, was stirred by the insipid insufficiencies of his era, and it was he who first raised the signal which was to guide later reformers in our own century.

In 1898, two years after Morris's death, Mrs. M. M. Bridges published her book on handwriting, the models of which were based on sixteenth-century Italic. It was in 1906, however, that Edward Johnston's "Writing and Illuminating and Lettering" first awakened public interest. The sum of Johnston's works is not large, but his influence can scarcely be overestimated.

It was he who rediscovered the value of the broad pen, who brought the use of vellum and parchment back to favour, and who modernized the early mediæval hands for discriminate use in manuscripts. Although Johnston himself had an extremely vigorous Italic handwriting, it is not an uncommon criticism of the "Johnstonian" school that too little attention is paid to informal, everyday script. Perhaps this is true, but that was not Johnston's aim: his aim, as he so repeatedly stressed, was a revival of manuscript writing. It does not do to criticize a great man, to whom all calligraphers are indebted, for failure in a field in which he never claimed any influence. He was the inspiration of Eric Gill, whose type face is so well-known to typographers; of Mrs. Irene Wellington and Mr. M. C. Oliver, as well as Alfred Fairbank, to mention only a few.

It was left to Robert Bridges to explore the field of everyday handwriting, but for a few years at the beginning of the century it was still uncertain to what models the reformers would return. Mrs. M. M. Bridge's choice of Italic was confirmed in Grailey Hewitt's "Handwriting: Everyman's Handicraft" (1916) and his "Lettering" (1930). Since then, the movement has been gaining an increasing number of followers, especially in the last few years. At Harrow and Eton, calligraphy is taught and competitions held; a host of excellent books have been published on the subject; "Swans" have produced "the Calligraph" pen to meet an ever-expanding demand; and for the first time the movement has touched this School.

What then have these reformers discovered that is new? That the beauty and balance of good lettering depends on the use of a broad, edged pen; that for a combination of speed, beauty and legibility there is no better model than the "Italic" of the Renaissance: that for formal hands, at least, there is no better instrument than an old-fashioned quill; and that the best writing surface is vellum—all common knowledge 1,500 years ago. There is nothing new. Like the humanists of fifteenth century Italy we look to the pinnacles of the past—not to copy slavishly their superb models, but to invest our own writing with a charm and a character all its own. **A.E.R.**

## MISERICORDIA

The moon illumined the purple hill  
 As underneath the blackened oak  
 Black figures sat  
 Fluting an arresting air  
 Into the shadows of the night.  
 An owl's hoot, a glistening eye  
 Showed forth the mysteries to come.  
 As the wind caresses the glutted corn  
 The music swept into the air.  
 Then far away across the heath  
 Horses galloped recklessly.  
 Under the cloaks and masks was hid  
 An exhilarated expectation.  
 The music stopped, the flute was quiet:  
 Under the aged branching oak  
 Death was resolved upon.  
 Soon by the road the band stood waiting:  
 Soon the wheels of a coach came rumbling,  
 Suddenly the horses reared,  
 A shot was heard: a scream seared out:  
 Valued possessions were passed away  
 Staring into a pistol's mouth:  
 Then unwillingly, came silence.  
 Dejectedly the coach moved off  
 And eyes behind the velvet masks  
 Glinted on the golden coins,  
 The jewels dripping from the hands.  
 The morning wind softly arose,  
 The grey sky glowed with the orange sun,  
 And under the shadow of the oak  
 Standing grotesque and luminous  
 Against the glowing light,  
 Cold laughs were heard  
 And cries triumphant:  
 The whispering stars faded away,  
 The horses streaked across the heath  
 And the sun brooded over the hill.

## THE RAINBOW

We trace the rainbow through the rain  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be.

The lightning tears the very shroud of heaven;  
The old oak falls  
Where the horse and cart will travel no more  
The hoof-marked road to their home:  
The skeleton roots hold sway  
While the farmer's wife and the horse are dead,  
And the rafters rot;  
The barn owl flies away for another nest:  
But no nest remains.  
The farmer counts the drunken boots  
That cross the grating, and obscure  
The only light of that dark cellar,  
As he drinks the rain  
Dripped into the old cracked cup.  
While still the hail beats  
Down on the flimsy cabin of the heart.  
But over the desolate farm there dawns  
A rainbow, the messenger of life,  
A causeway  
From Hackney through the backwoods of the Rockies  
And through the muddy squalor of the paddy-fields of China,  
Right to the heart of God. D.A.J

## SCOTTISH INTERLUDE

My summer holidays this year found me in the Highlands of Scotland, at Fort William. A small folding caravan was our home, and this was towed by our car.

The first Wednesday found us at the top of the Pass of Glencoe. The morning was a frantic bustle to get away before the midges, for which the place must be famous, had eaten us alive. After a twenty-mile drive round Loch Leven to Fort William we arrived at Mr. MacDougall's camp-site, two miles south of Fort William. The camp, at the foot of a hill, was situated on the side of the main road to Fort William. This road ran along the side of Loch Linnhe. Looking out of the door of our caravan we could see right across the Loch to the hills beyond. The water was the clear greeny-blue colour which is found exclusively around Scottish Highland shores.

Mr. MacDougall greeted us, pretending he remembered us from our previous visit a year ago. "You'll have brought your wee caravan," he said, looking behind the car. "Aye, we've had a grand season this year." He did for us the same as he did for everyone and gave us "the best site on his land." He came round a little later to see how we were and asked us if we would like some milk and rolls in the morning.

As I walked up the field to fetch a kettle of water I remembered the year before. "Could you tell me where the tap is, Mr. MacDougall?" I had asked. "Aye, you'll not forget to turn the tap off after you," he said. "No," I assured him I would not forget to turn off the tap. "Aye, there's your tap." He indicated an old iron pipe, wedged into a waterfall which came down the hill. "An' don't forget to turn it off after." He chuckled as he went away to feed his hens. "Aye, I forget myself sometimes."

We had told Mr. MacDougall about our plans for climbing Ben Nevis the next day and he agreed to tell us what he thought of the weather in the morning. Later that afternoon he came to see us again. "Will ye be wanting some practice before ye go up?" he asked. "Would ye like to find my cow?" She'll be away up on the hills there." "Why, yes," I said, "I would love to." "Aye, well the man next door will go up with ye," he continued. "He'll talk

all the while, but ye take no heed o' him!" Together we walked up the field to where the man next door was waiting with his dog, a splendid Aberdeenshire collie called Froin. "You'll be coming up the hill with me," he said, and, as Mr. MacDougall left us, "We'll find MacDougall's cow."

Mr. MacDougall had one cow, traditionally named "Daisy." Mr. What's-his-name, from next door, had three. They all grazed on the hill together, and a small bell was hung round each cow's neck so that she could be found easily. This evening, however, it didn't help at all, since we started off in the wrong direction. The man from next door started his conversation almost before we started climbing. "Aye, MacDougall's got a nice lot of vans down there," he said. "That man along there" (he looked down to a little farm below us on the roadside), "he don't take the trouble for vans . . . I say, he don't take the trouble with vans." A short while passed before he started again: "You'll not have any glasses on ye? Aye, ye need glasses to see them cows." We climbed on, and before long he decided that there were no cows this way so we turned and started back along the top of the hill. The peak of Ben Nevis, hitherto shrouded in clouds, showed itself for a few moments. Its peak was a tremendous grey curve of hill, the colour of granite, and it towered above us in the east. A patch of sunlight crept slowly across it, making dark orange-red splotches of colour on the majestic summit. Then the clouds sank slowly back, hiding once more our goal of to-morrow. I turned to see the man from next door waiting for me. "You'll be more interested in the view than the cows," he said as we plodded on. The sun had already set behind the hills on the other side of Loch Linnhe and it was getting dusk.

After more climbing and scrambling we located the cows on the roadside some miles away: they were already on their way home. "I like the white calf," I said, as we were walking back. "Aye, that's my cow," he said, "jolly good one. Aye, that's my cow, you like her?" He was very proud of his cows, and, as he explained, you could see the white one from a long distance off . . .

"Aye, and it's a grand day for the Ben—and how many pints of milk did ye say?" The speaker was Mr. MacDougall, at about half-past six in the morning. "Would ye be wanting some rolls? Aye, they're hot from the baker." And so, a short while after breakfast, we set out up Ben Nevis by the path, which for the first part was mostly a waterfall. Without a doubt it was a great insult to the word "path." We climbed a little further over rocks and boulders before sitting down for a short rest. We had a little wager for a packet of chocolate, as to which of the hills before us was Ben Nevis. All three of us, however, were wrong, so we shared the chocolate at the lunch-time halt. One of the wooden trestle bridges over a small ravine had collapsed, so the path ended abruptly. It started again on the side, however, and so we scrambled round and started up the grassy slopes to a higher level. The view became more imposing with every step, and what appeared to be the summit became obviously nothing but a shoulder of hill.

After four hours of slow progress, for we were not experienced climbers, even up paths of this sort, we reached the summit. We had chosen a record day, for the view was fantastic—out to the Cuillins on Skye one way, to Scheihallion another way, and down the lochs to Ireland in a third. A thick wall of cloud hid everything to the north. The last several hundred feet of the Ben were nothing but chunks of rock which stretched as far as you could see on the summit. The top-most point was capped with a triangular pool, and a somewhat dilapidated observatory and hotel, which were no longer in use, also adorned the summit.

After a brief rest in the hot sun we descended. A tremendous crevasse near the summit held a two- or three-foot drift of snow, off which some men had taken a piece; they were bending over a small primus stove, melting it to make cups of tea. Soon after, the clouds rolled over and hid everything in a thick blanket. Suddenly, while we were resting, a great rift appeared in the clouds and, looking through it, we were able to see the lochs and hills below us, bathed in sunshine. Then once more the clouds closed and we resumed our weary trudge down the path.

R.M.C.

## "FIRE!"

One of the firemen of the Wimbledon fire-brigade was just about to sit down to his tea when "Clang! clang!" the firebell rang. The fireman snatched up his clothes and rushed to the pole. There were lots of other firemen sliding down to the fire-engine. In five minutes they were well on their way.

Some flats had caught fire. Flames were everywhere and people were hanging out of windows. An old man came running out with his beard on fire. The flames were quickly extinguished with a bucket of water. Firemen arrived and quickly put up the hoses.

A thin jet of water spurted from the hose and wove its way into the fire. Some firemen were putting up the escape, others getting the blanket out. Some were trying to get into the flats. Soon they had the fire under control and had rescued all the people. They arrived back at the station feeling very tired.

D.C.

(Form IB, Junior contribution.)

## SHORT STORY

The following short story was placed second in the Charles Wrinch Competition for this term's edition of "Oberon." We are happy to print it here. The author receives a consolation prize in the form of a 5s. book token. The Editors wish to express their gratitude to the donor of this prize, who desires to remain anonymous.

### "DOGGED DOES IT!"

Anyone accustomed to pass up Regent Street in the late afternoon would not have noticed with any surprise the crowds of students descending the steps on the left. Yet if one had, one would have noticed two distinct types: the dreamy head-in-the-air type, an ever-present danger to nearby perambulators, and the business-like quick-stepping type, an equal danger to shop-gazers and any projecting shopping baskets. Among this second, quick-stepping type was Iain MacPherson, wearing the usual college scarf (it was mid-July) and carrying a shopping basket—but then so were many others whose landladies were wont to use them as errand-boys.

On this particular evening he turned down Regent Street and was walking along with a sidelong glance every now and then at the motor-shops when, on the far side of the road, he noticed a white dog, with black spots and a wiry tail—a strikingly handsome dog. He had an uncomfortable feeling that the Dalmatian had noticed him, too, a feeling which was intensified when, with a strange glint in its eye, the animal approached a zebra crossing, carefully looked right, then left, then glanced right again, trotted solemnly across the road and fell in behind him. Iain increased pace—as far as that was possible—and weaved his way through shopping baskets, brief-cases, handbags and several linked arms, with a speed and agility which might well have been envied by any school threequarter; yet it was of no avail, for a hasty glance over his left shoulder revealed that the dog, being much shorter and therefore having no more than legs to contend with, was still on his trail.

Suddenly, Iain sprang to his left and was hidden in a doorway; relentlessly the dog came on, then with military precision it executed a perfect left-wheel and halted smartly about a yard away. Iain glared at the dog; the dog leered back, reminding him somewhat forcibly of the leer which his tutor was wont to adopt when he, Iain, had fallen for some simple catch-question or other. Moreover, disturbing thoughts were passing through his mind: he began to think it was some emissary of the devil come to lure him to destruction. Escape was imperative; but when through all the dingy back streets between Regent Street and Charing Cross Road he had gone through the whole repertoire of cat-burglars pursued by the Flying Squad, and the animal was still on his tail, the devil became a probability. Yet perhaps it was a shade of his girl-friend making enquiries about his neglect of letter-writing—perhaps if he went down on his knees before the dog—but only as a last resort. Back

in Regent Street again, he had an inspiration: with a brilliant body-swerve he dived in amongst the traffic. The dog, with a bark through the nose that more than one popular B.B.C. singer might have coveted, dived in after him. The resultant chaos was indescribable—one Austin Seven was so startled that it fainted on the spot, to the immediate discomfort of two pursuing cyclists—two buses swerved and scraped alongside each other, impairing the grin of a little man revelling in a cup of Bev, and disturbing the composure of a porridge-fortified caber-tosser opposite.

Iain took advantage of the interval in which successive drivers were trying to make the air even bluer than before, to slip down between the buses and board one. His peaceful reverie, however, was interrupted by a voice which announced: "Oy! you can't bring that inside—on top, if you don't mind, sir!" That was the Dalmatian, sitting right in the middle of the gangway. Iain could do no less than comply with a grunt, with the dog trotting up before him with a triumphant grin all over its spotted face. Once again Iain's fertile brain began to suggest possible origins for the Dalmatian: it might be some messenger from Mars on reconnaissance duty—or, again, perhaps the dogs had taken some hints from the Kikuyus and had instituted some anti-human rising in London. Not being keen on providing their first victim, he slipped down the stairs and out on to the pavement; but still the dog followed. At last Iain was convinced that the only thing to do was to take to his heels. Undeterred by remarks about the unsuitability of Central London for romping with a dog, he began a dazzling run. When finally he stopped through exhaustion, he listened carefully—nothing could be heard; he turned round—still there was nothing. With a sigh of relief he sank to the ground and, some time later, walked slowly back to his lodgings.

"Late this evening, Mr. MacPherson!"

"M'yes; I got held up . . ."

"Yes, I know, sir! Well, if you let me have the sausages, I'll get your meal ready."

"The sausages; yes, here you . . ."

Once again, quite plainly, he could see that same triumphant leer on the face of a white dog, with black spots and a wiry tail—a strikingly ugly dog.

D.A.J.

## SPUR SHORT STORY COMPETITION

F. L. Carver was the winner of this term's Spur Short Story Competition. His story appears below.

### "A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER"

Mr. Weekes, or Jonathan Timothy Simon Weekes, Esq., as he liked to be called, was fed up. Of all the thundering idiots he was the worst. Why ever did he, with a thousand pounds capital, have to buy a sweet-shop, a prim, little shop well able to provide for his meagre wants, it is true, but situated in an all-too-ordinary street in an all-too-ordinary town, namely Little Snodbury-on-Hill? But Mr. Weekes had that expression which bodes discontent. Gross, yet small in physique, he had a large head, thin, aquiline nose, churlish, stupidly square chin, and big, round eyes surrounded by wrinkles and excrescences that meandered over his face in undulating lines. Mr. Weekes did not like drink, nor did he smoke, denouncing tobacco as the curse of mankind; nor cursed he less those who had forsworn the practice of saving. Nevertheless he read all the modern, virulent literature, if the *Daily Mirror* or the weekly *Reveille* can be thus categorized.

In his dimly-lit emporium he squinted over the newspapers, arranged the confectionery and shuffled into the back room for a cup of tea. The tobacconist called and offered him a cigarette, which he accepted with the manner of one who will take that which is free. He puffed it moodily, as he reached down to the dirty shelf and opened the firework box for a "young pest" to

choose some—one penny banger. That only heightened his bad temper, and the extreme discontent suddenly came to a head. Throwing down the cigarette, he put on his coat, locked the shop door behind him and hurried towards the little 'bus that was rattling up the hill.

Puffing like a grampus he settled himself more comfortably in his seat and looked stolidly out of the window as the 'bus meandered through the cobbled streets. Past the hospital; past Brown the grocer's—Miser! past Simpson the fishmonger's—Money-grabber! and the butcher's—Swindler! and relaxed his mental epithets as the town gave place to the countryside. His mind turned back to the past twelve years. He remembered that he had a brother whom he hadn't seen during all that time, and vaguely he remembered hearing of his coming into wealth and buying a fine house in the country. He also remembered the address—"The Elms," High Cheshunt. "A little extra money," he reflected philosophically, "is always welcome," and seeing that his brother was of a generous nature like himself, and was, unlike himself, prosperous, he might, rejoicing at long-lost relationships, bestow on him some necessary commodity.

As the 'bus ran through the leafy lanes, he regarded the leaden sky, gazing unconcernedly as large raindrops suddenly beat down. He was warmed with other thoughts, pecuniary thoughts, and, for true satisfaction, what more can one desire? Only once were such thoughts marred—at the realization that he was enriching the Birmingham Corporation with fivepence halfpenny—and then the rain had stopped and he was stepping onto the sweet-smelling turf of Cheshunt village green.

For a moment he looked around him obtrusively and then, having been directed, he made his way with rolling gait towards a walled house in the distance. From the garden he gazed with scornful admiration at the ivy-covered façade. Undoubtedly the person who had informed him of his brother's wealth had not exaggerated, but Mr. Weekes did not dwell on such reflections as he let out a thundering knock on the door. There came no reply to this nor to his subsequent knocks, and eventually it entered Mr. Weekes's brain that the house was empty; moreover, the rain had suddenly made a renewed attack. Since his brother must be out, and would undoubtedly not wish him to stay out in the rain, he looked around for a suitable means of entry. To his annoyance all the doors were locked and no window open that could accommodate his corpulence. However, his questing eye found a ladder and an open bedroom window, by which means he entered the house and proceeded intrepidly down the stairs.

In the lounge he found to his satisfaction that a fire was burning brightly and, seating himself comfortably in an armchair, he gaped around with undiluted pleasure. A photograph caught his eye on the mantelpiece. Sharply scrutinizing it he felt an intangible feeling of consternation creep over him, for not one person in the picture could he recognize. Climbing the stairs again he went to the bedroom window and to his surprise discovered that the ladder had gone. Looking downwards he saw it lying on the ground. For a moment panic held him, the tip of his nose whitened and, had he not been bald, his hair would have stood on end. Did his brother still live here? Has somebody found the ladder at the window and, removing it, gone to inform the police? Then he recovered; no doubt the ladder had fallen down; yes, undoubtedly.

Descending the stairs once more, he crossed to a cabinet and, selecting a bottle of whisky, removed the stopper. Suspiciously sniffing the rich aroma, he poured himself a large drink and drained it with relish. This enlivened his spirits and he crossed to the window to survey the grounds. To his alarm he saw two policemen following a civilian figure who was pointing upwards to the bedroom window. In a flash Mr. Weekes had realized the situation. They thought he was a burglar. He would be sent to prison . . . All coherent thoughts fled, and he tore open the back door, streaked across the grass, rolled over a low hedge and covered the distance to the miraculously waiting 'bus like a sprinter.

His thoughts on the homeward run can be mercifully omitted; so, also, can his thoughts as he came face to face with the local policeman as he stepped off the 'bus.

"Just a minute, Mr. Weekes," said the policeman, "but it is my painful duty to tell you that your shop and house have been burnt to a cinder. The firemen have determined the cause as due to fireworks. Apparently some spark set them off, and the whole shop was soon a blazing wreck."

"Eh" moaned Mr. Weekes, tottering on his feet, "Ohhh!"

"Bad shock, hey! Of course you are insured?"

"Insure? . . . insured? . . . yes, oh yes. I am insured. I say, is this true . . .?"

He was surrounded by sympathetic people.

"You can have a room in my house for a while"—Brown.

"Anything I can do to help?"—Simpson.

But Mr. Weekes was far too interested in thoughts of insurance, and he did not notice a car pull up beside him and a middle-aged man step out.

"I say, bad luck, Jon," was the hearty cry. "Just been to your house and all I can see is fire-engines. How about coming to my home in the country till you can get ship-shape?"

In his brother's comfortable limousine Mr. Weekes sat back contentedly. "It's good to see you after so many years," said his brother, mildly.

"Now that your shop-business has been wrecked you'll have to look out for a new job. Matter of fact, I need a foreman for my farm who has some experience in agriculture. How about it?"

"Yes," said Mr. Weekes, awkwardly.

"Good show, then that's settled. Cigarette?" (offering a silver case from the driver's seat).

"Thank you," said Mr. Weekes, as a thought struck him. . . .

D.L.C.

## EDITORS

*J. M. Money, Esq., D. A. Jackson, A. J. Tillinghast, A. F. Wright.*

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