

RAYNES

PARK

COUNTY

GRAMMAR

SCHOOL

The

SPUR

SUMMER TERM 1953



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THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

“ To each his need, from each his power ”

Vol. X, No. 5

Summer, 1953

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|---|------|
| Our Finances | 3 |
| School Officers, Summer Term, 1953 | 3 |
| House Notes: | |
| Cobbs | 4 |
| Gibbs | 5 |
| Halliwells | 5 |
| Miltoms | 6 |
| Newsoms | 7 |
| The Coronation Garden Party | 7 |
| The Coronation | 9 |
| Visit to Stratford-on-Avon | 9 |
| Spithead Review | 10 |
| Puppet Play: “Metra” | 10 |
| Societies: | |
| Da Vinci Society | 11 |
| Sixth Form Society | 11 |
| Christian Union | 12 |
| Classical Society | 12 |
| Literary Society | 13 |
| Debating Society | 13 |
| Gramophone Society | 13 |
| Chess Club | 14 |
| Model Railway Club | 14 |
| P.T. Club | 15 |
| Games: | |
| Cricket | 15 |
| Tennis | 17 |
| Athletics | 18 |
| Sports Results | 18 |

CONTENTS—continued.

| | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Editor's Notes | 20 |
| Careers | 21 |
| Homage of the Arts | 21 |
| Coronation Close-Up | 22 |
| Curtana | 23 |
| In the Abbey | 23 |
| The Pleasures of Walking | 24 |
| Underground Incident | 24 |
| Man from the Gold Coast | 25 |
| Meet the Editor | 26 |
| On Top of the World | 27 |
| Time and Tide | 29 |
| Poetry Competitions | 30 |
| Sudden Death (I) | 30 |
| Rain | 30 |
| Sudden Death (II) | 31 |
| The Turpin-Humez Fight | 31 |
| How was that? | 32 |
| Disillusionment | 33 |
| The Other Place (I) | 33 |
| The Other Place (II) | 35 |
| Juan II | 36 |
| Recollections in Tranquillity | 37 |
| How was that?—Answers | 38 |
| Letters | 38 |
| Editors and Acknowledgments | 40 |

OUR FINANCES

The accounts have now been audited for the year ending in April, and boys and their parents are entitled to a statement Broadly and briefly the picture is this.

We spent £72 1s.7d. more than we received—£572 7s.0d. against £500 5s.5d. This latter figure, our income, is made up from £288 12s.3d. from normal terminal subscriptions and donations, £207 9s.6d. for our half-share of the 1952 Garden Party proceeds, and £4 3s.8d. from the Sixth Form dances. Our expenditure may be divided into normal and exceptional: classed as normal would be £108 8s.1d. on this magazine and terminal diaries, £164 13s.10d. on inter-school games expenses (travelling, hospitality, etc.), £34 9s.4d. on games apparatus (the netting for the tennis court, the cricket cradle, etc.), and £26 4s.4d. on Library and other subscriptions. So far the total is £333 15s.7d. Non-recurrent items, ranging from sports day expenses, framing photographs, garden plants, notice boards and printers' gear to expenses of minor societies and tuning pianos, totalled £91 8s.3d. The amount spent on the pavilion, at Oberon, on deckchairs, crockery, etc., was also debited to this year to a total of £60 19s.6d. And there remains the big extra item of the year—the stage. We have so far spent £311 7s.3d.—£120 9s.0d. on the proscenium, £97 on the curtain, £93 18s.3d. on the revised lighting installation. Against this, however, we were able to set £75 3s.7d. which we had in the "Curtain" Fund, and a grant from the John Garrett Trust of £150; so that the total to be found from the current G.S.F. budget was £86 3s.8d. This brings the grand total on the outgoing side to the £572 7s.0d. mentioned, and the deficit to £72 1s.7d. We have been saving a balance in G.S.F. to cope with this long-foreseen stage expense, and may congratulate ourselves, I think, on having got over it so well.

The *John Garrett Trust* may not be familiar to all boys or parents. A dozen years ago Mr. Basil Wright established this with a princely gift of £1,000 in trust, which he has twice renewed on a change of Headmaster. He himself, Mr. Garrett, Headmaster until 1943, in whose honour it is named, and the Headmaster are trustees, and by general consent they can make gifts from the balance towards objects which the School needs but County Funds are not available to provide. The pottery kiln and the ciné projector are among the many things we owe in part at least to Mr. Wright's generosity. His interest in our doings is not diminished and we hope to welcome him as the judge in this term's House Play Competition. T.H.P.

SCHOOL OFFICERS, Summer Term, 1953

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. G. G. Law, M. A. Phillips, P. A. Tanner, J. F. Arnold, D. L. Hall, B. E. A. Jacobs, A. J. Tillinghast.

Captain of Cricket: A. F. Wright.

Secretary of Cricket: D. J. Ferebee.

Captain of Athletics: A. G. G. Law.

Secretary of Athletics: K. N. Eales.

Captain of Tennis: P. A. Tanner.

Secretary of Tennis: D. I. Cook.

Captain of Swimming: P. A. Tanner.

Secretary of Swimming: M. E. Talbot.

Secretary of the Games Committee: D. J. Bevan.

Prefect of the Library: A. J. Tillinghast.

HOUSE NOTES

Cobbs

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

Prefects: A. D. Brooke, K. R. Buckingham, D. A. Jackson, B. E. A. Jacobs, P. A. Tanner.

First, I must congratulate the *Hockey* teams on winning the Hockey Cup.

After the *Athletics* Qualifying we are in a good position with over 480 points. We have a strong team ready for Sports Day, and have high hopes of breaking the Halliwell monopoly of this cup. Any success we may enjoy will be in large measure due to the efforts of Eales, whom we must congratulate on getting his athletics colours.

We have four School first-team players in the *Tennis* team, and can justifiably hope to win the cup. We are indebted to Mr. Pratt, who spends much time coaching the Colts and Juniors.

The *Crickets* teams are doing satisfactorily. The Seniors were beaten by Newsoms, but beat Gibbs convincingly. Shepherd is the outstanding batsman: he is well supported by Jackson, Cook, Harper, and Eales. The Colts have won their first match, and, with such players as Francis, Hill (G. A.), Ingram, and Hill (A. D.), they should do well.

The *Swimming* team have been in practice since early this year: we are second in Qualifying points. When the Sports Day arrives, we will have some outstanding swimmers ready: notably Talbot in the Seniors, Eagleson, who regularly breaks the two-lengths breast-stroke record, and Edwards, one of the fastest swimmers in the School, in the Colts. We have only a few Junior swimmers, and we could do with more like Cooper, who turns up week after week to practise, and Baskett, who, although knowing himself liable to cramp, insisted on attempting to qualify for the three lengths. He had to give up just before the end, but such a spirit is worth more than points. I must again thank Mr. Foister for the untiring effort he puts into running practices.

Hayter is choosing and producing the *House Play*, and from him we can expect something really good.

The *Juniors* are well on their way to winning the Junior Shield yet again. They won all their rugby matches last term, and have started this season by winning their first cricket match, against Newsoms. Ridge is our outstanding junior, ably backed up by an enthusiastic group. Carter, for example, while trying his hardest to qualify for the 440 yards sprint, severely strained himself.

These are my last Notes, and it is with real regret that I say farewell to the House—the best House, I think—and I am proud to have been its captain. I have had the best possible Housemaster to work under—if you always have a leader of the calibre of Mr. Atkin, you will do well—and I have had some of the best possible boys to work with. By the time these notes are published I hope we will have the Cock House Cup once more in our possession. Should that be so, I have but one thing more to say: make sure you keep it.

P.A.T.

When Tanner and Brooke leave at the end of this term we shall lose two of the most loyal and enthusiastic members the House has ever had. Tanner's leadership has never been flamboyant. He has led by example, an example of never-failing endeavour and devotion to the interests of the House. Brooke has supported him throughout with the same unobtrusive zeal, and we shall miss them both greatly.

G.J.A.

Gibbs

Captain: A. F. Wright. *Vice-Captain:* J. F. Arnold.

Each House is blessed with so few people whose energy is sufficient to enable them to enter with force into every House activity, and whose personality inspires those who are taking part with them, that to lose one of them is a blow. Tony Jeapes left for Sandhurst at the end of last term, and the loss has been felt by everyone in Gibbs. We wish him every success in his army career.

The promise shown by younger members of the House towards the end of last term was refreshing. It was through playing as a team without any serious weak link, according to Mr. O'Driscoll, that the Colts won all their hockey matches, and so enabled the House to finish as runners-up for the cup. It was a splendid and unforeseen achievement, and although it was the result, in the first place, of teamwork, the parts played by A. J. Fowles—the captain—D. J. Roylance, D. J. Holden, D. G. Thomson and D. J. Nicholls must be acknowledged. We finished second, again, in the Junior Rugby Tournament, and, finally, won outright the Gymnastics Competition. We should remember—lost in our praise for the Colts and Juniors—that in the latter, Gibbs Sixth-Formers scored more points than the Sixth-Formers of any other House.

This is a fertile term, and of the many competitions, Cricket takes pride of place. The Seniors have so far beaten Miltons in a typical House match (in which Miltons lost their first five wickets for nine runs) and lost narrowly to Cobbs. M. A. Elliott has batted admirably in both games, A. D. Ridgway in one; and B. Mazdon has been the most consistent bowler. The Colts, led by B. G. Hope, have two fine all-rounders in D. G. Thomson and M. Loveday, but little else; and they have beaten Halliwells and lost to Newsoms. The Juniors' handsome victory in their first match augurs well. Lett is the captain, and a useful left-arm bowler: D. Wearn, who also bowls medium pace, Ayres, Smeeth and Lintill, are all fair batsmen.

The other competitions have yet to begin. Michael Booker is the most enthusiastic Gibbs athletics captain that I can remember, and it will certainly not be his fault if we do not finish well up. B. Stracy is the tennis captain, and a regular member of the School 1st VI. Of those stalwarts who have won the Swimming Cup for Gibbs for three consecutive years, R. Loveday, probably the best diver in the School, remains to captain this year's team. And then, crowning the year's activities, there are the House Plays. John Arnold, with B. H. Finch and C. C. Wright of last year's cup-winning cast still available, will produce "Badger's Green" for Gibbs.

Finally, were the entire magazine at our disposal, there would still be insufficient space to thank adequately all those parents and boys who made such a splendid effort, on behalf of Gibbs, at the Garden Party. Like Polixenes I can only "multiply with one 'we-thank-you' many thousands more that go before it."

A.F.W.

Halliwells

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

Last term saw us nearly bring off the surprise of the School year, in that we came extremely close to winning the Hockey Cup. Our team did not appear to be very strong, but we managed to win our first match, beating Gibbs 4—2. We followed this up by beating Newsoms 7—5, having been 5—0 down at half-time—a magnificent performance by the whole team. Cobbs were our next opponents, and if we had beaten them the cup would have been ours, but they were far superior in all departments, and ran out handsome winners by 5—2. Our congratulations are extended to all concerned and in particular to our captain, A. J. Tillinghast, for bringing us so near to victory. We must also congratulate him on his appointment as prefect.

This term sees the House engaged in many activities affecting the destination of the Cock House Cup, but it is very unlikely that it will be ours this year. It must be remembered, however, that we are the smallest House and at the time of writing we have won two out of the four competitions involved in the Cock House Cup.

There are two events which everybody is able to take part in this term, namely athletics and swimming. In athletics, however, we have not obtained our customary lead in Qualifying points, and Sports Day sees us lying fourth with a total of 458 points. This state of affairs is not at all satisfactory and has greatly diminished our chances of winning the cup, the chief fault lying in the Junior School, where qualifying has been very thin. However, we have some of the School's finest runners and we congratulate M. Cousins on winning his athletic colours.

The House seems to be extremely allergic to wetting its feet, and at the time of writing we are lagging behind in Qualifying points for swimming. If we fail to win this cup it will be mainly due to the fact that qualifying has not been up to previous standards.

Cricket has once again been in the doldrums, and so far we have played two Senior matches. We lost to Miltons by 8 wickets, being all out for 36, of which M. Cousins scored 18. Our next match was against Newsoms, and, though we lost, we fared much better, scoring 74 to their 94.

Tennis does not see us well off for players, but we wish our team, under the captaincy of M. J. Phillips, success in the tournament.

The House Play this year is being produced jointly by M. W. Dick and A. J. Tillinghast, and we wish them a most successful production. **M.A.P.**

Miltons

Captain: A. G. G. Law.

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

Hockey.—The competition last term proved to be not so successful as the previous ones have been for Miltons. Although the team looked good on paper it lost narrowly to Newsoms in the first game. The next two games were drawn and the last won by a margin of five goals over Halliwells. The Colts could do no better, for all they could show on the credit side was one drawn game. We finished fourth in the Hockey Cup Competition.

Junior Rugger.—At the conclusion of the competition last term the team showed one win, one draw and two losses, thus coming fourth.

Cricket.—Reverting to this term's activities, prospects seemed a little brighter at the start but were soon dulled when both Seniors and Juniors lost their first games. The captain, D. J. Ferebee, had excellent material to call upon, for no less than ten players come from the School first and second elevens. It was obvious that the team had not had sufficient time in which to settle down, for the Seniors then went on to record brilliant successes in the next two games. The Colts have not yet played a match.

Athletics.—The qualifying is now finished and although our position is uncertain we are definitely not first. Due to our lack of good athletes we shall not be able to make up the deficit on Sports Day.

Swimming.—It would seem that where one section of the House does its utmost the others are determined to let it down. This is the case in swimming. The Senior and Colts have many more Qualifying points than the majors and minors. There is still time, however, and it is to be hoped that the situation in athletics will not be repeated here.

Dramatics.—The play has now been chosen and casting is under way. We should do well in this, for the production is under the most able guidance of D. L. Hall and R. S. Betts.

At the end of this year we shall lose a considerable number of the Senior members. Unfortunately there is not a high opinion of those who must take their places. The boys lower down in the House must learn quickly to respect their new leaders and willingly give their whole-hearted support throughout the next year.
A.G.G.L.

Newsoms

Captain: D. J. Bevan.

Newsoms' achievements in the Spring Term were unspectacular; nevertheless, the spirit infused into the House by Mr. Hanson and sustained by Mr. O'Driscoll is far from dead. It is to be regretted that the Hockey Cup left our hands at the end of last term, in spite of the gallant efforts of the Colts team, who finished second in their competition. Their 9—1 victory over Halliwells did justice to the team, to Loible, Stevens, and the captaincy of Weightman in particular. Once again this year, the Senior team was disappointing, losing to Cobbs, and to Halliwells 5—7, after leading 5—0 at half-time. The Junior XV, after a shaky beginning against Gibbs, finished the season third in the Junior Rugby Competition.

This term the House has begun on a new footing: mediocrity has turned to success, success reaped by the concerted efforts of Juniors, Colts and Seniors working as a single team. Let not these words lead to complacency, but to even greater endeavours in the future. For the first time for many years there has been a lively enthusiasm to qualify for both Athletics and Swimming events; we have thereby accumulated sufficient points to lead in both sports. The team entered for the Athletics Sports contains much talent, and should do credit to the House. Michez is to be congratulated on being awarded athletics colours. For many years the House has shown its reluctance to enter the water; this year has witnessed a change of the tide! Moreover, a full team containing much useful material will be entered on the day of the Swimming Sports.

The main sport in which we are engaged this term is cricket, and our hopes of winning the cup are high. As yet, the Senior and Colt XIs are unbeaten. The comfortable victories of the Senior team over Cobbs and Halliwells are due in no small part to the forceful tactics of Smith (M. L.), Michez and Jordan. The Junior XI, however, has fared less successfully, losing one of the two matches played.

This term also sees the Tennis Tournament and the Drama Competition. We wish all concerned success. But success does not merely consist in scoring goals, amassing points and winning cups. Success lies in a higher, nobler achievement, the achievement of a thing well done. **D.J.B.**

THE CORONATION GARDEN PARTY

On Saturday, May 30th, the School Playing Field underwent its annual transformation into a fairground. The morning was wet but the enthusiasm of the fairmongers was quite undamped. They went about their preparations calmly and confidently assuming that the afternoon would be quite dry, and, sure enough, the last heavy shower stopped shortly before half-past two and gradually the clouds cleared away completely.

This year the Garden Party was a Prelude to the Coronation Celebrations throughout the country. "What Raynes Park does to-day, others will do to-morrow" is ever our motto. The Hall, Gymnasium and Main Entrance were bedecked with large banners, each 6 feet by 3 feet, made of yellow material fringed with blue and white and bearing a large red, white and blue crown. In the Hall itself there were eighteen of these, and the effect of the repetition of the one emblem was most striking. They had been mass produced by parents after Mr. Rudgley had cleverly designed and marked out the material so that scarcely a square inch was wasted. They are certainly a great acquisition to School Properties and will no doubt reappear at future festive occasions.

The Gymnasium was once again the Central Market Place and the stalls this year were brilliantly draped in red, white and blue. The Glassware, as usual, was a centre of attraction, but the Second-hand Clothing, Household Goods, Fruit and other varied stalls were also well patronized, so that little remained for sale after 5.30 p.m. In the Market this year the Library Bookstall made its appearance because Open Night was being combined with the Garden Party; and our thanks are due to the parents and friends who bought £20 worth of books at this stall and presented them to the School Library. Other Open Night features brought forward into the Garden Party included exhibitions and demonstrations in the Art Room and Workshop, while the Chemistry Laboratory was turned into a cinema which gave short programmes at hourly intervals. An innovation this year was the playing of Jazz by a group of Sixth-Formers and Old Boys in one of the rooms on the lower corridor. Each programme attracted such a crowd of listeners packed tightly in the room and doorway that the title "Jam Sessions" seemed most appropriate. Had the weather been really bad, these indoor attractions would have been most useful, and as it was they gave a width of interest to the occasion.

Out of doors one was immediately attracted by Newsoms' now well-established Garden and Flower Stall which is quite Covent Garden in miniature. All the old favourites of the Fun Fair were here again this year, festooned in red, white and blue. Coconuts were as attractive as ever and pony rides just as popular. The Archery and all the various "Try-your-luck" stalls provided a heap of good fun for the participants and a heap of cash for the General School Fund. When tired one could refresh oneself quickly at Gibbs' Snack Bar or in a more dignified and leisurely fashion at the daintily arrayed tables d'hôte (or should one say tables d'arte?) in the Hall. Alternatively, one could spend a restful half-hour putting in the Orchard.

By 7.0 p.m. the Hall had undergone another transformation and was now ready for the final concert. We were very pleased to welcome to this the Cardcroft Glee Club, which was introduced to us by two of our many co-operative parents. They gave us a generous selection of part songs. Mrs. N. H. Bellis delighted everyone with her singing of "Voi che sapete," by Mozart and the folksong "I've been Roaming," and Mr. John Money read magnificently John O'Gaunt's speech from "Richard II" and Archbishop Cranmer's final speech from "Henry VIII," as well as poems of a lighter nature. The Hall was full to capacity and the excited audience joined in the Community Singing of traditional patriotic songs such as "Here's a Health unto Her Majesty" and "Land of Hope and Glory" with enthusiasm. Finally there was the distribution of all the "Free Gifts" by the Headmaster and Mrs. Porter. During the course of the day many people subscribe to General School Funds under various schemes organized by Scouts and Houses and receive vouchers which entitle them to participate. If they are lucky they may receive a £20 credit note to be spent at Bentall's, a bottle of whisky, a basket of fruit, a cricket bat autographed by the Australian Touring Team, etc., etc. The climax of this riotous entertainment came when a certain member of the Fifth Form was fortunate enough to become eligible for a quantity of toilet soap and bath salts.

The tumult and the shouting died. All property had been brought indoors and locked up for the night, and then on Sunday morning parties of conscientious workers cleaned and put the whole building in order so that lessons could commence normally at the next meeting of the School.

The Garden Party this year was another wonderful achievement. The General School Fund and Scout Fund are some £300 better off for it, but, much more important, the spirit of the School benefits enormously from the working together of parents, boys and masters. They get to know and understand one another better. The School is deeply indebted to all parents and friends who worked so energetically and who gave so generously, and it thanks them sincerely. At the same time it hopes that they feel they have gained something also from the satisfaction of a good piece of work well done and from the making of good new friends.

R.L.

THE CORONATION

To the unthinking early motorist it was a strange sight. Boys were going to school at 5.30 a.m. ! But for those who thought again the answer was obvious. The date was June 2nd, the boys were on their way to the Coronation.

The party from our School numbered nineteen boys and Mr. Loveday. We were due to leave at six o'clock, and most were there on time. We had as transport two very dilapidated S.C.C. "coaches"; these were a cross between ambulances and "Black Marias," being painted a sickly shade of green. By the time we reached Morden South Station one of these vehicles had practically asphyxiated its contents—us !

For a change the train was not late and in a very short time we were well on the way to Blackfriars Station, the route being via Sutton, Hackbridge and Streatham. At our destination we walked the length of a white-tiled subway, only to gaze on the uninspiring spectacle of the Thames at eight o'clock on a wet and murky morning.

We then found ourselves in the middle of a seemingly endless "crocodile." This consisted of a detachment of pupils from every school in London and a good few from the Home Counties. Each party was preceded by a board, carried by the youngest member of the party, on which were mysterious arrangements of oblique strokes, letters and numbers, of which nobody took the slightest notice, although explicit and very detailed instructions had been sent as to the colour and size of the letters.

As everyone has by now a very good idea of the processions it will suffice to give a brief idea of our view, and our impressions.

We were standing on the "seaward" side of the Embankment, on a slightly raised platform on the pavement. We were about twenty rows back, but had a clear view, as the front rows consisted of smaller children. During the proceedings we each received a free ice-lollie and one (or more) cartons of Kia-Ora orange juice. When the processions came along we could see them first as they came to the end of Northumberland Avenue, about 200 yards to our right, and then as they passed us until they neared Big Ben, when they became obscured by the foliage. It appeared to me that the greatest cheers were received by the following people, in this order: The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh, other members of the Royal Family, Sir Winston Churchill, Foreign Rulers with beards (a likeness to Ali-Baba ?), other rulers, and last, but not least, "The man what walks behind with his barrer"—as the song phrases it.

I think that the party enjoyed the day, as did the other 30,000 children who saw the processions from a similar place to ours. I am sure, too, that all of us in the School join in the well-known but sincere words, "God Save The Queen !"

B. WINDSOR, VI Arts 1.

THE VISIT TO STRATFORD-ON-AVON

The visit to Stratford on May 22nd and 23rd was a very successful venture.

We went by coach from School. We were supposed to start at 9 p.m., but we did not leave until 9.25 because Mr. Money overslept.

The driver was a typical neat, clean, British worker, with well-greased cap and trousers. We set a fair pace, passing through Kingston, Windsor, Runnymede, Henley and Oxford.

We arrived in pouring rain at 1.30. We stopped on the bridge, opposite the Theatre, and the people staying at hostels and hotels got out. The rest camped for the night, just outside the town. In the afternoon we broke up into small, separate parties, and visited the various places of interest, such as Ann Hathaway's Cottage, the Birthplace, and the Theatre. I hear that some were skilful boatmen on the river.

Tea was purchased in the town, and then we collected at the Theatre to see "Richard III," with Marius Goring as Richard.

The play was done very well, in the true Stratford fashion.

The Theatre is a massive, red-brick building, backing onto the river. Inside, all seats are of red velvet, and all is beautifully decorated.

The next morning, after a camp-breakfast, we went for a tour round the Theatre, going back-stage, and under-stage. Many were interested in the lighting switchboard, which is the envy of all stage-managers. We went straight from the Theatre, and, apart from Mr. Smith's unfortunate predicament, all was well.

We returned to School at 4.15 p.m.

M. J. WARREN, IIIB.

THE SPITHEAD REVIEW

Monday, June 15th, had arrived. My friend and I were going to Spithead for the Fleet Review. We had no difficulty in catching a train, but, as bad luck would have it, we had to stand.

At Portsmouth we caught a ferry across to Gosport. In the middle of the Solent we could see the Fleet: big ships, little ships, long ships, and short ships, all dressed overall, ready to welcome the Queen. From Gosport we made our way to Fort Monckton.

From here we could see half of the Fleet. From what little knowledge we had of the ships assembled, we managed to pick out the *Vanguard*, *Eagle*, and the eight other carriers, including the *Magnificent* of the R.C.N. Already steaming up and down the lines of ships were the boats carrying sightseers. We had a three-hour wait until the Queen began her review, but we settled down to wait.

Suddenly, the air was shattered by a thunderous boom. It was the Royal Salute. From out of the Harbour came H.M. Frigate *Surprise*, acting as Royal Yacht for the day. Slowly she moved up and down the lines of ships. As she passed each ship, the order was given to "Cheer Ship!" Behind the *Surprise* came the Empire and Colonial guests' ships, large and stately, and dwarfing the little frigates and corvettes.

About an hour later the *Surprise* came back to the head of the Fleet, where she anchored in front of the cruiser *Glasgow*, and waited to receive the fly-past of over 300 naval aircraft. Overhead they came in batches of twelve. They were led by twelve hoverplanes, and the rear was taken by twelve jets. Then it was all over until 10.30 p.m., when the Queen would press a button, and, in the words of Commander T. Woodrooffe, who described the '37 Review, "The Fleet would be all lit up."

A. HISCOCK, IIIB.

THE PUPPET PLAY

"Metra"

Towards the close of the Spring Term the mysterious word "Metra" began to appear on notices around the School. To those unaware of the secret workshops and well-trained robots of Professor Hawkins, this word conjured up vague associations with the stifling hurly-burly of underground travel in Paris rather than with the cold, silent emptiness of inter-planetary space. The Puppet Club was preparing to project itself to the hitherto unknown planet "Metra."

Great credit must be given to all members of the Club who by their hard work and ingenuity achieved such an entertaining and amusing production of a play specially written by Mr. Riley.

Particularly impressive were the settings, ranging from a scientific laboratory to the interior of a space ship. Thanks are due to the scenery

painters (A. R. Beavitt, J. A. Castle, B. W. Rowling, D. E. Sanford and G. Way) for their hard and successful work.

The vital sequence of the play, the launching of the spaceship, passed with scientific precision, thanks to B. G. Barker, who designed and constructed the model with its electrically-operated "rocket tubes." The launching was shown as a scene on a television screen. M. J. Lavous was most convincing as an Australian television commentator. In this respect we are still hoping that the interest shown by the Television Service of the B.B.C. will lead to the whole production appearing in reality on television screens throughout the country.

The puppets themselves, convincingly characterized and realistic, were competently manipulated, under the leadership of D. H. Dann, without any noticeably unintentional hitches. The speaking cast put over the play in a lively manner and made themselves clearly heard. Particular credit is here due to R. S. West, as the professor; to B. W. Vincent and J. J. Stickleby as his irrepressible nephews; and to B. G. Barker as the ruthless foreign agent who is jettisoned into space somewhere in the region of the rings of Saturn.

Here a word of criticism: it was a little obvious at times that the members of the cast were reading their lines. More effort should be made to get variation in pace and genuine feeling and expression into the reading. The fact that the speaker is not physically acting on the stage means that he must make an extra effort of the imagination to feel what his puppet is supposed to be expressing and doing.

The finishing touches to a very good production were provided by skilfully chosen background music, smoothly and unobtrusively handled by C. J. Brett.

L.R.K.

Cast: Professor Hawkins, R. S. West; Paul and Alexander, his nephews, B. W. Vincent and J. J. Stickleby; Joseph Snythe, his assistant, B. G. Barker; Robot, manservant, J. M. Adams; Robot I, J. A. Castle; Robot II, D. H. Dulieu; Radio Announcers, C. J. Brett, J. R. S. Higham, M. J. Lavous and J. C. Davey.

Manipulators: D. H. Dann, G. Way, M. Reeve, B. W. Rowling, A. R. Beavitt.

Scenery painted by A. R. Beavitt, J. A. Castle, B. W. Rowling, D. E. Sanford and G. Way. *Lighting by* B. G. Barker. *Music by* C. J. Brett.

Stage Manager, R. S. West.

Model in launching sequence designed and assembled by B. G. Barker. *The production was written and designed by* Cecil Riley.

THE DA VINCI SOCIETY

The activities of the Society have been curtailed this term due to an unfortunate accident to the epidiascope, which was badly damaged shortly after the first talk of the term by Mr. Riley, who continued his series on English Water-colour painters. John Sell Cotman was the artist dealt with in this lecture; his influence on the modern water-colour painters was stressed and examples of his work and that of contemporary artists was shown.

Mr. Cholmondeley is to give a talk to the Society on Greek Art on July 6th. It is to be hoped that the epidiascope will be in full working order by next term, when we shall be able to resume our full programme.

A.C.R.

SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

For as long as I can remember, the Sixth Form Society Notes have taken the form of a dirge. The man in charge has always exhorted his select if restricted group of readers to join with him in deploring the state of an apparently infirm Society. At last something has happened: Sixth-formers are no longer loth, but wildly keen to support their Society. The man in charge has no longer anything to bewail.

Three meetings held after the publication of last term's *Spur* were remarkable for the enthusiasm with which they were received, and the tremendous social success with which they met. On March 5th, in an ingenious Mock Trial, before an audience of our own Sixth Form and our charming guests from Wimbledon County School, "Jelly Roll" Morton (played by P. A. Tanner) was charged that he did "commit a public nuisance, to wit, devising, inventing, or otherwise initiating and propagating a form, manner, or kind of cacophony called Jazz." H.E.R. became Justice Rudgley for the evening, and the witnesses, called by D. L. Hall for the Prosecution and A. J. Tillinghast for the Defence, used costumes from the School Wardrobe and wit from their own repertoires to enliven the proceedings. Among the Prosecution witnesses were Julius Cæsar (P. J. Parsons), Margaret Rutherford (M. W. Dick), Richard Wagner (R. S. Betts) and Sherlock Holmes (R. Gordon), and, in retaliation, the Defence called Louis Armstrong (P. J. Bunyan), The Bishop of Southwark (A. F. Wright) and Stefan Grappelli (D. V. Patrick). We are indebted, also, to six young ladies who acted as witnesses. The Jury eventually recorded a tie.

On March 26th, a Film Evening, consisting of René Clair's "Le Million" and a film analysing the narrative construction of "Odd Man Out," was equally successful. We again welcomed guests from Wimbledon County School.

Crowning the Society's activities was what must have been the most successful dance ever held at School. The music was played by Fred Faulkner's Band, and during the interval by the Rock Island Jazz Band. As a result of the dance, more than £10 has been handed to sundry School funds. A.F.W.

CHRISTIAN UNION

This term, inevitably, has been disorganized by the public examinations, but we have continued to meet whenever possible, to hear a number of varied speakers from Churches and Missions.

Well, we have come to the end of a year; a year, I think, of promise, and must now say goodbye to some of our members. We wish them "God speed" in their new life, whether it be in the Forces, at University, or in a new career; we hope that they will remember the time spent in the C.U., for I have never been so certain as I am now, after a year as leader of your Christian Union, of the truth of the ancient promise of God: "If my people, which are called by my name, will humble themselves, and seek my face, and pray, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

That is God's offer, stated in plain terms and confirmed by Christ in His life, death, and resurrection. Who can deny that our land needs healing, that we ourselves need forgiveness and direction in life? So many people are living aimless lives at present. But God has made His offer. Now it's up to us. Let us see that in our own lives at least, we accept this challenge, by humbling ourselves and seeking His face. If we enter the new year in that spirit, we can indeed look to the future with hope. D.A.J.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Our last term's meeting consisted of a talk, part of which was later given at School, about a visit to Yugoslavia and Greece by D. P. White and D. Thompson. Fortunately we had been able to persuade Mr. Raynham to take the epidiascope round, so they were able to show us their photographs.

They set out by car, and entered Yugoslavia at Trieste, visited the amazing limestone caves to the south, in which Toscanini once conducted a full symphony orchestra; then they went on to Zagreb and Belgrade. The most striking things about Tito's republic, they said, were the barrenness and poverty of the land, and the almost complete absence of motor vehicles.

Unfortunately the Belgrade-Athens road was so full of potholes that they had to turn back, leave the car and take to the Simplon-Orient express, in which they crossed the border into Greece, passed through the Vale of Tempe and arrived at Athens. They then showed us photographs of the Acropolis, of the new city of Athens, and of their visits to Mycenæ and its famous lion gate, and to the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. After saying that they had found the people both of Yugoslavia and of Greece most friendly and helpful, they described their return journey briefly, and so ended a lively and personal account of a holiday in one of the less visited parts of Europe.

No definite arrangements have been made for this term's meeting, but it should have taken place when these notes are read. D.A.J.

LITERARY SOCIETY

I must first apologize for an omission from the last *Spur* notes: last term Mr. Rudgley kindly consented to lead a discussion on T. S. Eliot's poem "The Waste Land," by proposing that it was a Romantic poem. He suggested that urban disillusionment was not Classicism but inverted Romanticism. Mr. Money maintained the classical status of the poem, and a most interesting discussion ensued. The "Big Fight," as it were, attracted many more members than usual, and proved to be one of the most instructive and enjoyable meetings that we had held for some time. Mr. Smith kindly took the chair.

We started this term with two entertaining "personal choice" meetings. A. J. Faint has addressed us on Rupert Brooke and Wilfred Owen. These first-world-war poets are too often forgotten, and it was most interesting to compare Brooke's romantic conception of war with the bitter, unrelieved realism of Owen. We are grateful to Faint for a fine talk. We have also held this term two successful Poetry Competitions, and our thanks are again due to Mr. Rudgley for his help.

Finally, since this is my last term here, I would like to thank Mr. Money for the large amount of time he has devoted to the Society since he came to the School. He has not only taught us a great deal, he has also been most pleasant company. P.A.T.

DEBATING SOCIETY

The heat of the Summer Term seems to have dried up the fountains of flowing eloquence, and we have gone so far without a meeting. We have a School fixture arranged against Surbiton for later this term, but general interest, it must be admitted, seems to have flagged. I hope that next term will see a revival in what was a flourishing school of debating. It would be a pity, indeed, were such a useful and pleasant group to fade out merely because of a temporary, half-hearted apathy which is by no means restricted to the Debating Society. P.A.T.

GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

Two concerts held near the end of last term proved the most popular we can remember. The first, containing Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and "An American in Paris," attracted some members of the School whom we have never seen before at the Gramophone Society. We have had no similar concert since, however, so we have not seen them again. The second was the concert of Italian Opera, introduced, as usual, by the Head of School. The attendance was smaller, but our meeting-place, adorned as it is with many *objets d'art*, regained its accustomed airy comfort.

This term we have continued our series of twentieth-century music. Before settling down to this, however, we decided to try a long-playing record of Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony," and arranged for a machine on which to play it. The work was introduced, and the needle applied to the record.

Then, and only then, the School gramophone became unco-operative, and finally drowned the magnum opus in ill-considered rumbling.

A piece of good news—that Giles can get any Decca record we want—relieved our low spirits after this catastrophe. Thus next week we had an interesting programme of modern Spanish music, introduced by Mr. Rudgley, followed on May 19th by Holst's "Planets Suite." The concert of the term, however, was undoubtedly the Coronation Concert, which was composed entirely of British music: it proved both that we have some more than competent native composers, and that they are appreciated.

We look forward to more twentieth-century music in the future. Walton, Ravel, Khachaturian and Shostakovitch should, we think, be given a hearing. We hope others think so too.

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

CHESS CLUB

Results

Here are the results for the Season, 1952-53:

| Opponents | Result | Score | Personal Averages | | | | | Avg. |
|----------------|--------|------------|---------------------|----|---|---|---|--------|
| | | | P | D | W | L | | |
| Old Boys ... | H | Drawn 3 —3 | | | | | | |
| Surbiton ... | A | Lost 2½—5½ | Jackson ... | 11 | 8 | 1 | 2 | 77.27% |
| Kingston ... | A | Won 4 —2 | Ferebee ... | 8 | 3 | 5 | 0 | 68.75% |
| Bec ... | A | Lcst 3½—4½ | Hayter ... | 11 | 6 | 3 | 2 | 68.18% |
| King's College | H | Won 5 —3 | Weightman | 12 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 45.83% |
| Kingston ... | H | Lost 2 —4 | Britton ... | 5 | 2 | 0 | 3 | 40.00% |
| Kingston ... | A | Won 3½—2½ | Cousins ... | 6 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 33.33% |
| Wandsworth | H | Won 5½—2½ | Page ... | 9 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 33.33% |
| Tiffin ... | A | Lost 2½—5½ | Fash ... | 5 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 30.00% |
| King's College | A | Lost 3½—4½ | <i>Also played:</i> | | | | | |
| Kingston ... | H | Drawn 3 —3 | Childs—P3, W2, L1. | | | | | |
| Sut ... | A | Lost 3 —5 | Burgess—P1, W1. | | | | | |
| | | | Betts—P1, D1 | | | | | |

Record: Played 12, Won 4, Drawn 2, Lost 6.

Knock-out Competition.—This year's competition once again resulted in a draw, as the final, between Ferebee and Hayter, produced no result. Our congratulations go to them, and to the unsuccessful semi-finalists, Page and Fash, for the very high standard of the chess they played.

D.A.J.

MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

This term we have made many additions to our track, as visitors to our show at the Garden Party will have seen. This is due to the enthusiasm of a few of our regular members putting in a lot of time at home, building models for the trackside, etc.

Membership remained at the same level as last year, which is very satisfactory, and has brought to light a few members who, with a little training, will soon be able to make all the buildings we shall need to complete our plans. The populating of the roadside and stations is going along on the lines we have planned. A few people here and farm animals there, as and when we can afford them, will soon make our track more like the real thing.

We are hoping, now that the track itself is completed, that we shall be able to have some enjoyable evenings running the trains to set time-tables, without having to call out repair gangs for track repairs, and to put right damage sustained since our last meeting, which at times has been considerable, and has taken up most of the evening to trace and put right.

New members and visitors will be welcome to any of our Monday meetings at 7.30 p.m. to 9.00 p.m.

S.J.Y.

P.T. CLUB

The P.T. Club has been meeting regularly throughout the year. We began with only a small group of boys, but numbers increased so rapidly that very soon it was necessary to form two groups—one Junior and one Senior. The Junior Section is the larger of the two, and many of its keen members show promise of upholding a good standard of gymnastics for the School in the coming years. The Senior Section has been concentrating on more advanced vaulting and agility work. Their standard is high, and for the Juniors to witness such "acrobatics" must surely be an added incentive to further effort.

At the Garden Party the Club gave a display of the type of work they had been doing during the year. This proved a success, although heavy rain beforehand made conditions outside difficult for gymnastics.

We go forward to a new year with the hope of an even greater membership and an increased amount of activity.

N.H.B.

CRICKET

1st XI

v. Wallington C.G.S., at the Oberon. Drawn.

School, 126 for 4 wickets, declared (A. J. Tillinghast 45, Beaumont 33, Shepherd 24).

Wallington, 46 for 7 wickets (A. F. Wright 5 wickets for 4 runs).

This was a strange match. Wallington came to the Oberon with a formidable reputation, to play a School team whose batting had not once, even in the less tense atmosphere of Trial Matches, looked capable of scoring many runs. They left, having been saved from overwhelming defeat solely by the inaccuracy of the School bowling. Shepherd and Beaumont opened quietly against accurate medium-pace bowling, scored happily after some thirty minutes, and then gave way to A. J. Tillinghast, who hooked furiously against consistently wild slow bowling. The innings was declared closed at tea, and Wallington set out at 5.25 p.m. to score the 127 runs to win. Twenty-seven minutes later they had scored 9 for 4 wickets, and one batsman pointed out to the Wallington umpire that this would be their first defeat for two years. From that moment not one of the five bowlers attacked the wicket regularly, and another wicket did not fall before 6.45 p.m. The match was left drawn, and the School team had every reason to feel confident.

v. Old Boys, at Joseph Hood's. Drawn.

School, 96 for 6 wickets, declared (Shepherd 46 not out, D. J. Ferebee 23).

Old Boys, 70—7 wickets (Michez 3 wickets for 28).

The match against the Old Boys was played on mud. The wicket was slow, and aided neither batsman nor bowler, and this game was the most perfect of draws. Shepherd and D. J. Ferebee, who ensured a sound score, might well have done so more quickly and so made possible an earlier declaration; but an earlier declaration in turn could have given the Old Boys an easy victory. Michez bowled alternately well and erratically, and took 3 of the 7 wickets that fell.

v. Tiffin School, at Hampton Court. Lost by 103 runs.

Tiffin, 148 for 6 wickets, declared.

School, 45 (Shepherd 21).

The Tiffin umpire pointed to the fundamental weakness in our batting, when, at the end of this disappointing game, he suggested that if we were to score many runs, it was essential that we had a good start. In this match we lost the early batsmen quickly, and then, on what was certainly a lively

wicket, nobody looked confident against accurate fast-medium bowling. After Shepherd, who scored 21 of the first 24, only Elliott, who deflected delightfully on the leg side, showed any ability.

v. Wandsworth C.G.S., at Wandsworth. Lost by 75 runs.

Wandsworth, 150 for 8 wickets, declared (Tulett 3 wickets for 37).

School, 75 (A. J. Tillinghast 41).

In an innings savouring to a certain extent of the village green, Wandsworth were aided by fielding lapses, and none-too-accurate bowling. With certain exceptions, the School batting that followed was inept. The exceptions were A. J. Tillinghast, who batted admirably in what was surely his finest innings for the School, and Smith, who drove the quicker bowlers, unwontedly for him, off the front foot along the ground. Nobody else looked for a moment like scoring runs, and only the edge of Tulett's bat provided comic relief in an uphill struggle.

v. Salesian College, at West Ewell. Drawn.

School, 90 for 7 wickets, declared (D. J. Ferebee 37).

Salesian College, 69—2 wickets.

It seemed proper that bad light and rain should have ended this game early. It had been played on a sodden pitch, under ominous, grey skies, and fast scoring was made virtually impossible. D. J. Ferebee and A. J. Tillinghast made every effort to force the pace by lofting their drives, and Salesians were set to score 91 in 90 minutes. **The School bowling was disappointing, and redeemed only by Day (P. L.), playing in his second game for the 1st XI.**

This has certainly been a disappointing season. The one consolation is that there are six more matches in which we might compensate for our present lack of success.

In spite of the inexplicable failures against Tiffin and Wandsworth, one cannot feel that in the batting lies the intrinsic weakness. It would not be unduly optimistic, in fact, to suggest that the batting has failed only after a miserable start by the bowlers. Good opening bowlers go hand in hand with successful school teams, and more than anything this season, the School lacks an opening bowler. Tulett is usually accurate, but lacks the edge of speed that would make him dangerous. Neither Michez nor Jordan have particular control. Day, in two matches, has suggested that he might become a useful, slow left-handed bowler, and Ferebee, in the last match, has hinted at his former accuracy.

Tillinghast, Shepherd and Ferebee, in that order, have been the most successful batsmen. Beaumont and Smith lack confidence rather than anything else, and Burns, Jordan and Elliott have yet to reproduce, to any marked degree, the form they showed in last year's Colt Team. The latter batted well against Tiffin, and for the most part has fielded splendidly. Smith has kept wicket very well indeed.

2nd XI

v. Wallington C.G.S. Won by 9 wickets: Wallington, 88; School, 90—1 wicket.

v. Tiffin School. Lost by 56 runs: Tiffin, 117; School, 61.

v. Wandsworth C.G.S. Won by 66 runs: School, 96—7, declared; Wandsworth, 30.

v. Salesian College. Won by 31 runs: School, 72; Salesian College, 41.

This might well prove to be one of the strongest 2nd XIs that the School has ever had. The batting has been stronger than that which has represented the 2nd XI for many years, but, at the same time, it is the bowling that has been initially responsible for the success.

Michez took 5 wickets for 32 in the first match, and then, in a second-wicket partnership of 62, Ridgway (53 not out) and Pooles batted splendidly. Day bowled well at Tiffin School, and took 4 wickets for 20, and D.A. Jackson

scored 29. At Wandsworth the batting was consistent, Williams, Ridgway and Burns each scoring more than 20, and admirable bowling by Mazdon, which included a hat-trick, ensured a comfortable victory. In spite of useful scores by Michez, Williams and Burns, the School total was rather meagre against Salesian College. Mazdon, however, again bowled accurately, and took 5 wickets for 12 in 12 overs.

D. A. Jackson and Ridgway have captained the team with imagination.

A.F.W., D.J.F.

Colt XI

The most important thing in a Colt XI is the promise of its players as possible future members of the 1st XI. Considered from this point of view, the present Colt team is very satisfactory.

Nearly everyone can bat correctly, there are at least half-a-dozen useful bowlers, and the fielding, in the main, is good. The only real faults apparent so far are in running between the wickets, which is still rather casual, and in a tendency to be slow off the mark in the field. More liveliness in these two departments would greatly increase the effectiveness of the team.

A practice match was played against Bushey School, which we won by 58 for 9 to 19. Orme bowled well, and Hill (G.) played a good innings.

This was followed by a match against Wandsworth School which resulted in a draw. After we had made 71 for 9 on a green wicket our opponents just managed to play out time with a score of 51 for 9. A temporary fit of deafness on the part of one of the umpires (who is writing these notes) probably deprived us of victory. Ingram (P. S.) took 5 for 15 and the team as a whole batted quite well.

The spirit of the team is good, and it is ably captained by Lavous, capably assisted by Weightman. Francis, behind the wicket, improves with every game.

G.J.A.

TENNIS

It is really too early to say very much about tennis since the team have only played two matches and the School Tournaments are barely started.

However, I have high hopes of the team this year. At Beckenham, it is true, we lost 3—6, but I think we have a genuine excuse in the very bad conditions of their grass courts. However, in our next match we beat St. Mary's College, a team much older than ourselves, by 8—1. I have left Cook and Brooke together at first pair since they are the one remaining "team," as it were, from last year. Cook is possibly the most compact player in the team, with a strong, and usually consistent, service, good ground shots and most delicate net volleys. However, he tends to lose a little by trying to be too clever at the net, and by overhitting the easier ground shots. Brooke has the hardest service in the School, but it is rather suspect this year and tends to crack under pressure. His ground shots, particularly his backhand, are very sound, but his net play leaves quite a lot to be desired and he must learn—like many of us—not to allow himself to become ruffled when he finds himself playing badly. Phillips is a newcomer to the team, and is here to stay. His ground shots are very powerful and keep extraordinarily low. He has up to now neglected his net play, but he is learning quickly and with his consistent, and quite tricky, service he is a sound player. Vennard and Stracy are a completely new third pair, and a strong pair they are, too. Stracy will have a good service in time, but as yet he double-faults far too much, while Vennard will have to change his service as he foot-faults almost incessantly. They both have plenty of good, if unorthodox, strokes but Stracy must remember that he is not playing table tennis, while Vennard must curb a tendency to swipe at his drives. However, they both have court sense, and remain quite unflustered in difficulties.

Over all, it is a good team and I think we will have a good season.

P.A.T.

ATHLETICS NOTES

As usual the School entered a small contingent in the London Athletic Club meeting at the White City, and although the Juniors were unplaced we were redeemed by a fine effort in the shot by A. G. Law who came fourth, and excellent running in the relay in which the School team, consisting of M. A. Phillips, Cousins, Eales and A. G. Law, was second, in the same time as the winners. For the second year in succession A. G. Law was chosen to represent London against Paris in the shot putt, and he is to be congratulated on winning first place in this event.

At the time of writing the School has had three inter-school meetings. The first, against Sutton and Tiffins at Sutton, was highly successful, and the School won easily from Sutton with Tiffins third. Notable performances in this match were the three firsts and the second gained by A. G. Law, and two first places in the Intermediate 100 Yards and Long Jump by Francis. In the second match, versus Wallington and Mitcham, the School seemed to be dogged by ill-luck all through the meeting, the most serious mishap occurring in the final Relay, when Cousins, one of the best Senior sprinters, pulled a muscle. A win in this event would have meant success for the School in the match. However, we managed to gain second place. Our last match up to the time of writing was versus Surbiton and Tiffins at Surbiton, and, despite the absence of two Senior sprinters, the result was never in doubt. The School team eventually won by 38 points from Tiffins, with Surbiton third. Two noteworthy performances in this match were those of M. A. Phillips, who very pluckily ran in all three shorter distances and the Relay; and Stracy, who threw the discus 115ft. lin.—a School best performance.

Once again the School competed in the Wimbledon District Schools' Sports, winning the Intermediate Cup, and coming third in the Junior event. We must congratulate many of our boys who ran in this meeting on gaining places in the Wimbledon Team for the Surrey Schools' Championships at Motspur Park on June 27th.

Before the day our prospects for the Surrey County Grammar Schools' Sports looked very good, but we underestimated the strength of our opponents. However, we did quite well in coming third in the Intermediate team event, and seventh in the Open. Individual performances were very good, and everybody who competed upheld the athletic tradition of the School. A. G. Law, competing with a badly pulled thigh muscle, still proved to be too good for the opposition in the Open Shot Putt, his winning putt being just three inches short of the record. Another praiseworthy effort was that of the Intermediate relay team who broke the existing record by one-tenth second.

Individual results:—

Open.—A. G. Law, 1st, Shot Putt. A. D. Brooke, 2nd, High Jump.

Intermediate.—Swinscoe, 1st, 440 Yards. Barry, 4th, 880 Yards. Michez, 1st, High Jump. Relay (Francis, Creasey, Weightman, Michez), 1st.

Junior.—Nicholls, 3rd, 220 Yards.

As a result of this term's athletic matches M. A. Phillips, D. L. Hall, Cousins, Eales, Michez, and Swinscoe were awarded colours. K.N.E.

SPORTS RESULTS

Finals of the field events were held on Friday, June 26th. Sports Day took place on Monday, June 29th, at the Oberon. Full results appear below:

LONG JUMP

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> | <i>Major</i> | <i>Minor</i> |
|------------------|--------------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Swinscoe (H) | Francis (C) | Brugger (M) | Impey (H) |
| 2. Shepherd (C) | Finch (G) | Roe (G) | Bowern (C) |
| 3. Smith, M. (N) | Stevens, R.K. (M) | Gamble (H) | Yeldham (N) |
| (18ft.10in.) | (19ft.3in.) (Rec.) | (14ft.0½in.) | (13ft.2½in.) |

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Michez (N) | Loible (N) |
| 2. Law (M) | Barker (C) |
| 3. Shepherd (C) | Stevens, R.K. (M) |
| (144ft.3in.) (Rec.) | (132ft.6in.) (Rec.) |

DISCUS

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> | — |
|---------------------|-----------------|---|
| 1. Stracy (G) | Higham, J. (H) | |
| 2. Cox (M) | Spencer, B. (M) | |
| 3. Eales (C) | Howard (N) | |
| (122ft.5in.) (Rec.) | (107ft.3in.) | |

SHOT

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> | <i>Major</i> | — |
|-----------------------|-----------------|---------------|---|
| 1. Law (M) | Spencer, B. (N) | Morley (M) | |
| 2. Brooke (C) | Lavous (M) | Stevenson (N) | |
| 3. M. A. Phillips (H) | Higham, J. (H) | Weston (G) | |
| (44ft.0½in.) (Rec.) | (39ft.0in.) | (29ft.9in.) | |

HIGH JUMP

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> | <i>Major</i> | <i>Minor</i> |
|---------------|-------------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Brooke (C) | Ingram, P. S. (C) | Gamble (H) | Edwards (G) |
| 2. Michez (N) | Stevens, P. (N) | Clark (G) | Coney (C) |
| 3. Stracy (G) | Cooper (G) | Thomas (C) | Willis (N) |
| (5ft.2in.) | (4ft.7½in.) | (4ft.1½in.) | (4ft.0in.) |

POLE VAULT

| <i>Open</i> | — | — | — |
|-----------------|---|---|---|
| 1. Loible (N) | | | |
| 2. Shepherd (C) | | | |
| 3. Halls (H) | | | |
| (8ft.0in.) | | | |

100 YARDS

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> | <i>Major</i> | <i>Minor</i> |
|-----------------------|--------------|----------------|--------------|
| 1. M. A. Phillips (H) | Francis (C) | Brugger (M) | Impey (H) |
| 2. Michez (N) | Creasey (H) | Higham, C. (H) | Bowern (C) |
| 3. Booker (G) | Cooper (G) | Roe (G) | Davie (M) |
| (10·4 secs.) | (11·2 secs.) | (12·6 secs.) | (13·3 secs.) |

220 YARDS

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> | <i>Major</i> | <i>Minor</i> |
|----------------|--------------|----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Cousins (H) | Creasey (H) | Higham, C. (H) | Stevens, D. (N) |
| 2. Brooke (C) | Hooper (M) | Lett (G) | Davie (M) |
| 3. Bevan (N) | Osborn (C) | Stevenson (N) | Dafforn (H) |
| (24·2 secs.) | (26·0 secs.) | (30·0 secs.) | (30·4 secs.) (Rec.) |

440 YARDS

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> | <i>Major</i> | <i>Minor</i> |
|-----------------------|-----------------|--------------|---------------------|
| 1. M. A. Phillips (H) | Barry (H) | Lett (G) | Stevens, D. (N) |
| 2. Booker (G) | Spencer, D. (N) | Hornsby (M) | Coney (C) |
| 3. Weightman (N) | Osborn (C) | Colmer (H) | Haines (G) |
| (56·2 secs.) | (60·8 secs.) | (68·8 secs.) | (67·8 secs.) (Rec.) |

880 YARDS

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Talbot (C) | Barry (H) |
| 2. Childs (H) | Eagleson (C) |
| 3. Smith, M. (N) | Fowles (G) |
| (2 min. 13·2 secs.) | (2 min. 18 secs.) |

MILE

- Open*
1. Hall (*M*)
 2. Braine (*C*)
 3. Childs (*H*)
(4 min. 49 secs.)

RELAY (4×110 yards)

| <i>Open</i> | <i>Colt</i> | <i>Major</i> | <i>Minor</i> |
|---------------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Halliwells | Halliwell | Halliwell | Newsoms |
| 2. Newsoms | Miltons | Cobbs | Halliwell |
| 3. Cobbs | Gibbs | Miltons | Miltons |
| (47.1 secs.) (Rec.) | (53.0 secs.) | (59.4 secs.) | (62.2 secs.) |

The final order was: 1st, Halliwells (1,168); 2nd, Cobbs (973); 3rd, Newsoms (970); 4th, Miltons (833); 5th, Gibbs (770).

At the end of the Sports, Mrs. Hood-Phillips presented the John Garrett Cup to the Captain of the Halliwells' team.

EDITOR'S NOTES

As you will see, this term's edition of *The Spur* contains more short stories, articles, poems and letters than usual; it is, perhaps, a shade more "literary" than some of its predecessors.

Now it must not be forgotten that *The Spur* exists partly to report School activities. House Notes and reports on Societies *must* be included. I have, however, sometimes felt that these Notes are unduly long, or, quite simply, dull. More importantly, the longer the notes and reports, the shorter must be the literary section. Of course, in the House Notes particularly, some repetition is inevitable; but don't forget that economy in writing is a virtue. I don't suggest that the House Notes should lose their personal character: I do suggest that the worthy reporters should keep to the point, and that the writers of the Societies' notes should cultivate a similar discipline.

I am surprised, incidentally, that few (if any?) Societies keep minutes of their meetings, and that the practice of *electing* members seems non-existent. Our Societies are free and easy, and happy-go-lucky; but sometimes, I would suggest, the neglect of formalities leads to the abuse of privileges.

To return to *The Spur*: while acknowledging its importance as a factual record, the Editors believe that *The Spur* is also a record of the intellectual and creative life of the School. This doesn't mean that it can appeal only to the mental giants at Advanced Levels; it is undesirable that it should be exclusively a Sixth Form publication, and in this connexion it is good to see more articles appearing from the Junior and Middle Schools. In the present edition each article carries the full name, and the form, of its author. It seems only fair that the author's efforts should be given full recognition, and only fair, too, that the reader should not apply standards relevant to Sixth Form work to contributions from the Third Form—which is not to say that some of the Junior contributions here included do not reach a very high standard.

May I here urge intending contributors to observe a few rules? Articles should either be typed or neatly written in ink. They should be written on one side of the paper only. They should show your full name and your form. They should contain a pencilled note of the number of words in each paragraph. They should be handed in on time. It is very rarely that I receive an article observing all these simple rules: *most* articles for *The Spur* have to be entirely rewritten before they are sent to the printers, though there has been a welcome improvement in the case of the present edition.

One more point: as Editor, I do not approve of the plan of drawing up in advance a list of articles for *The Spur*, which are then "set" as homework. Creative effort which is not voluntarily and freely undertaken soon ceases to be creative. Writing for *The Spur* is not a task; it is a pleasure—or it is nothing worth. The world is all before you: can any of you honestly say that there is "nothing to write about"?

J.M.M.

CAREERS

The chances are that whatever you begin doing when you leave here, you will be doing at one level or another for the next forty-odd years; it might as well be something you like doing, and do well, and you might sensibly spend some time and care deciding what it is to be. In the end, in choosing a career, a boy (with his parents) has to take the final decision and responsibility—and, incidentally, it is no use deciding to be an artist or an archbishop without facing the responsibility of making yourself suitable for the post. Boys have much more choice than they had before the war, with fewer worries about admission or expenses of training; but the best opportunities are rightly the object of competition by more applicants than can be taken. If you and a dozen others all want the one place left at a medical school or the single research appointment available, you have to outshine the others or else rest content with something less attractive. Opportunities must be deserved.

Each year boys approaching the beginning of their advanced course or the end of their time at School are given the opportunity of hearing a general talk on suitable careers from the County Vocational Guidance Officer and from the local Youth Employment Officer, and of asking questions on any line that interests them. Later, those who wish it can have private interviews with these expert advisers, and get guidance about their choice in general and introductions to particular employers. There are also occasional talks at the Employment Offices on various professions by members of them. The County Employment Service is linked with central organizations, and is your best source for help and advice, whether you want to work in Tooting or Timbuctoo. It is foolish not to take advantage of it; it exists only to help you either to make plans or discuss them.

No "Careers Master" exists here, as no one sees all Houses or all sides of advanced work. Instead, the Headmaster holds a considerable quantity of information on various careers, and he is always ready to show this and give advice to anyone who will ask him. But neither he nor the Employment Officers can go through every available career and describe it for a boy with a completely open mind to choose. You must first form some idea what sort of thing will suit you and be within your capacity. The general talks each year are to help you in this tentative choice, and there are a number of useful books and Careers pamphlets in the Library. There is no harm in beginning to think about this problem long before you have to give an answer. A last-minute choice is the more likely to be a misguided one.

T.H.P.

"HOMAGE OF THE ARTS"

June 2nd, 1953: surely this is a day embedded in everyone's mind who will read these words. "Everyman" was raised to exalted heights by the memorable events of the Coronation of our Queen Elizabeth II. In this modern age it was possible for most of us to hear and see the whole glorious pageant on television and the screen.

The beauty of the spectacle was on everyone's lips; all were lifted out of their everyday lives by the gorgeous spectacle. Thousands thronged the City in all its gaiety by day, a fairy-land by night. All responded to beauty created by artists and designers, old and modern. Surely here was a most concrete example of the vital place of the arts in the fabric of our lives—the transformation of the homespun. Yes, it is possible to live without the arts, but what an existence, mundane and colourless! No, this is not living: colour, form, sound, all these elements can be used to raise us above the daily round. To live fully these things are necessary to us. Reader, stop and think on June 2nd: the Abbey, the ceremony, the regalia, the literature, the music, London in all its decorative gaiety. Imagine the Coronation, if you can, without all this. No poets, architects, musicians, artists, designers, craftsmen. Here is the answer to all the cynics who say there is no place in the world for art to-day. It is imagination, that creative faculty of man, that translated the

spirit of the Coronation and produced the whole glorious spectacle. To live fully we must have imagination, the ability to dream and to convey our dreams. It is worship in a true sense. Through the arts we can reach out to the Infinite, convey perhaps something of the majesty of Creation. If in our puny way we can reflect just a little of that magnificence, then we can say that at least here on earth we are living. Let us be proud and grateful that we can through our artists reach out and in a small degree at least see something of the wonder of Creation.

The thousands in every walk of life who responded so fully to the Coronation confirm the belief in Man's response to the value of the creative arts. In the words of William Blake: "He who sees the Infinite in all things, sees God." A.C.R.

"CORONATION CLOSE-UP"

Who in Britain on June 2nd could fail to be impressed by the splendour of the Coronation in all its aspects? The spiritual meaning of the service was most impressive on its own merits, but was made a spectacle by its setting and appurtenances. The procession, both before and after, was all spectacle and a wonderful array of colour and splendour.

On consideration there are two things which made this great day the visual feast that it was—the British tradition and British artist-craftsmanship. As a background to all this was the imposing and beautiful structure of Westminster Abbey, steeped in tradition, and a monument to British craftsmanship in stone, glass, sculpture and architecture. The Abbey was built by Henry III and consecrated in 1269 on the site of the Norman church built by Edward the Confessor, which had for two centuries past been the Coronation church of English Monarchs.

With this historic background coupled with its religious associations it is fitting that the pageant of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II should have reached such a peak. Let us briefly look at the part played on this great day by craftsmen. Already mentioned is the Abbey, which, although its design has strong French influence, is English in expression. The Coronation or King Edward's Chair is notable not only because it was constructed in order to house the Stone of Scone in 1296, but for the fact that at this period chairs as such were almost unknown, which makes its conception, construction and decoration of gilding and mosaic the more remarkable.

The original regalia were destroyed after the execution of Charles I and those at present in use were made in 1661; the Sceptre with the Cross being made by Robert Vyner. The Crown was also made at this time, but bears still the name of the Confessor whose spirit dominates the Coronation. Probably the significance of the Crown springs from the marriage of the Roman circlet—the symbol of authority and power worn by the Emperors—with the dominating spirit of the Cross which surmounts it. Other remarkable pieces in the regalia exhibiting fine craftsmanship in precious metals and stones are the Ampulla and Spoon. The origin of the former is lost in antiquity, but legend has it that it was received by Thomas à Becket from the Virgin Mary in a vision during his exile in France. It was, however, found at the Restoration and after repair used at the Coronation of Charles II. The Spoon, which is of silver but gilded, has been in use since the twelfth century.

The most extravagant and impressive single contribution to the spectacle of the procession was supplied by the Gilded State Coach. This was designed by Sir William Chambers and built in 1762 for the Coronation of George III. The main carving was executed by Joseph Wilton, R.A., and the painted panels by Cipriani. During the renovation of the coach for this Coronation it was found that the wood on which Cipriani had painted the pictures at the side was splitting. This wood was removed from the paint film which was then transferred to new panels of a specially-selected grade of plywood, to minimize the future danger from the climate and time—a tribute, indeed, to the skill of the timber industry and the artist who executed the transfer.

In addition to these few selected items of work by artist-craftsmen many other examples can be seen in such items as the carpets made in Scotland for the Abbey; the Coronation Robes of woollen fabric woven in the traditionally Flemish weaving district of East Anglia; the embroidery on the chairs made especially for the occasion; the fine beaten metalwork from the Midlands in the helmets and breastplates of the Lifeguards; and the printing and bookcraft exemplified in the Bible presented to the Queen. It is to traditional British craftsmanship that we owe such a spectacle as was displayed on June 2nd and each of us must be proud to be heir to this heritage. R.G.A.

CURTANA

A poem in honour of the Coronation of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

Ten thousand shoulders ache on sodden pavements,
 Ten thousand elbows graze on pointed kerbs;
 Blisters stab the feet,
 And stomachs have grown tired of sandwiches
 That mum cut up last Sunday;
 Policemen's hats are tall
 And soldiers' backs are broad,
 Yet a million people smiling watch and wait.
 What hope inspires them, standing in the rain,
 From Scotland and from Fiji,
 From Ireland and from Canada,
 The Maori and the Cockney,
 What prize is theirs to-day?
 — A wave of the hand from a handsome man
 And a smile on the face of a queen.

D.A.J.

IN THE ABBEY

When I arrived at Westminster, there were not very many people near Victoria Street, so I had no difficulty in getting through; all I had to do was show my pass and the police made a way for me.

I changed in Little Dean's Yard, and then, accompanied by boys from Ireland, Scotland, Wales and many other parts of the country, went to the Cloisters to wait to enter the Abbey. While waiting I saw Field-Marshal Montgomery and the Duke of Norfolk. Then we moved off into the Abbey.

As soon as we arrived in the Choir-stalls, the Procession started to arrive. First came some pages leading the chief Peers' Procession; they were dressed in gold with the English Lions, the Irish Harp and the Scottish Lion on the back and front, while the peers wore their red velvet robes, but not their coronets. During the minor procession the Orchestra played a piece of music for each country in the Commonwealth. Then there was a fanfare, and the choir began to sing, "I was glad." Then, as the Queen entered the Choir, I crawled through a small hole so that I could see the procession better. When the anthem died down the service really started.

After three more pieces of music came the grandest and most wonderful piece of music in the Coronation, "Zadok the Priest," the music preceding the anointing. After the anointing came the presentation of the Regalia. Then came the supreme moment—the crowning itself!! This was the only part of the service I saw really well, and it was worth nearly breaking my neck for, for I had to lean right over the edge.

So to the Homage, during which we were singing all the time, but my eyes were not still. All the time there was something to see. After the Homage there was little more of interest till the outgoing procession.

The part of the service I enjoyed most was the procession out of the Abbey, in which I saw the Queen most perfectly. I also saw the rest of the

Royal Family. The one thing that people who watched on television did not see was the colour; it was most beautiful.

At the end of the service, when I left the Abbey, I fed the Duke of Gloucester's horse, which was standing underneath a shelter. Then I walked over to the Golden Coach, which, if I had wanted to, I could have touched. At last I returned home to my uncle's, to watch the procession on its way back to Buckingham Palace.

ANTHONY HORNSBY, IIC.

THE PLEASURES OF WALKING

The worst walk I have ever experienced was not intended to be a walk at all. It started twenty miles from home on my bicycle.

I was speeding down a long, steep hill on the way to somewhere or other, and, as always when on a cycle run, at any available opportunity I tried to see the gasometer at Mootspur Park. As my eyes tried to pierce the haze, a battle was going on in a roadside field. A crow and a rook were fighting for a worm on the ground. At last the crow got it, took a few short steps into the wind, and took off with the rook after it. The crow did not have time to gain height, so it flew low over the road right under my front wheel. At that moment I happened to look at the road in front of me. I slammed on my front brake (not my back brake). The obvious happened. I carried on some distance swerving about in a series of front-wheel skids, over the verge of the road and into a ditch, where the machine stopped. I did not stop. According to a law of motion, an object when set in motion will go on moving in the same direction until it is stopped. The ditch had stopped the bicycle, but it had not stopped me. So over the hedge I went and into the field on the other side. I went into an uncontrolled dive, to make a pancake landing on the green sward. I climbed back through the hedge only to find that the bicycle was unfit to ride. I began the weary walk home. I plodded onwards. One, two, one, two.

Three hours later, I still went on, almost as fresh as ever, eight miles nearer home.

Three hours later still. I felt very weary indeed. Only another five miles to go now. O for some lovely clear, cool, refreshing water.

"Catch a bus," says the fiend. "Onward," says my conscience. One, two, one, two.

Two hours later, on still. Almost home now, every step an agony. Can't last out much longer. There's my home! Or is it a mirage? I very slowly and deliberately undid the gate, put down my machine, and stumbled up the path. I tripped over the first step and fell up the rest. As I fell I grabbed for the bell push, groped for the bell push. I vaguely remember being pulled inside and put to bed, where I slept until next morning.

As you can imagine, I have taken a positive dislike to walking and also riding. I now travel everywhere by London Transport or the local bus company.

J. G. BAYLY, IIIB.

UNDERGROUND INCIDENT

He was quite a young man but his face had a haggard look, and one could detect a curious light in his eyes. He was standing away from the rest of the people on the platform, and was gazing with unseeing eyes at a large poster on the opposite side of the tunnel, which insistently informed you that "Guinness is good for you."

Suddenly he fumbled in his pocket and took out a packet of cigarettes and extracted one, which he placed in his mouth. He looked about him, and then came over to where I was standing.

"Do you think you could give me a light?" he inquired, and I was surprised at the cultured tone of his voice.

"Certainly," I replied, and groped in my pocket for my lighter. He was wearing a shabby grey suit which had seen better days, and his trouser turn-ups were frayed.

The light flickered on his face and he shivered in the cold draught.

"You don't look too good, old man," I said, a little anxiously.

"I'm all right, thank you," he faltered, and turned quickly away. I slid the lighter back into my pocket as I watched him walk dejectedly away. He started to walk up and down the platform and nearly bumped into a hurrying business man, who strode past me with a puzzled frown on his face.

He stopped his incessant pacing and looked at his wrist-watch. I found myself wondering whether he had a sentimental reason for keeping it, because it seemed out of place with his frayed cuff. Behind me I could hear the monotonous noise of the escalators, and I suddenly noticed for the first time how shiny the railway lines were. I looked up and saw that he had started his pacing again.

I became aware of the roar of an approaching train, and at the sound he stiffened: the cigarette dropped from his fingers, and I noticed how near he was standing to the platform edge.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw the train appear from the tunnel. He tensed. Then in a flash I realized: the agitation—the shabby suit—the haggard look.

"Look out!" I yelled, and started sprinting towards the crouching figure.

"Stop him! He's going to —"

My words were drowned in the tortured screech of locked wheels. A woman screamed, and I skidded to a stop. A crowd of passengers had collected round the front of the train. The train-driver's face was a ghastly white, and he was trembling like a leaf.

"Oh, my God," he groaned, holding his head with both hands. "Why did he do it? Why? Why?"

I became aware of an old lady beside me.

"—looked such a nice young man," she murmured. Shuddering, I turned away. My eye alighted on a small object lying on the platform. It was a half-smoked cigarette, still smouldering. . . .

R. S. WEST, IIIA.

MAN FROM THE GOLD COAST

One day I was given the opportunity of a talk with a coloured man from the Gold Coast. I accepted this chance readily as I am very interested in a colonial's life in his home country.

First he drew a map of the Gold Coast; then he said, "To start with I will tell you a little about the occupations in the Gold Coast. Most of the four-and-a-half million inhabitants work either on the cocoa plantations or in the cities as clerks or engineers. Even if a black man is brilliant and has many qualifications he will not earn as much as a white man at the same job. In the buses the white men sit on the better side of the bus, while the black men sit on hard wooden benches.

"Now for the education in the Gold Coast. When a child is six or seven years old, he or she starts going to school. After a year they have an exam. If they pass it they go on to the next class. If they fail they stay on till the next year. When a child is fifteen or sixteen he or she takes an exam, to try to pass into a grammar school. In the grammar school the principle is the same as in the primary school. I remember once that there was a youth of about twenty-four or five in our class, and we used to laugh at him when he shaved. He used to chase us, and if he caught anyone, the smaller boy got a good thrashing.

"The two main parties are the equivalents of the British Labour and Conservative parties. I vote for the Conservatives who are mainly the rich people. The Labour party consists of the people who don't enjoy life. (That is not my opinion.)

"There is no ban on hunting in the Gold Coast, as there is in Britain. You are not allowed to shoot the deer and ponies in Britain, but in the Gold Coast if you feel like snake for dinner, you take up your gun and go out and shoot one.

"In the Gold Coast most of the people are Anglican. On Sundays the churches are packed full with people. Sometimes you may have to stand outside the door because there is not enough room. But when a person from the Gold Coast comes here he sees the churches half empty. What are they to believe? That Britain is fooling them by sending out missionaries to make them believe that there is only one God, and that these missionaries are making them believe untrue things for the benefit of Britain? When I go back that is what I shall tell them. I believe that this is what is causing part of the trouble at the present moment in Africa. By making more people go to church Britain would draw the peoples of Britain and the Gold Coast, and indeed the whole of British West Africa, nearer together.

"When I first arrived in Britain I was very impressed by the transport; the buses are very frequent and much more comfortable than those in the Gold Coast. If you miss the bus from Accra to Saltpond you have to wait until the next day. From Accra to Ashanti, the inland capital, a small train, with wooden carriages, crawls along the narrow-gauge track once daily.

"We in the Gold Coast are very proud of the fact that the Gold Coast produces more than half the world's cocoa, and also helps to give Africa its name as one of the biggest mineral-producing continents in the world.

"I never believed in witch doctors and I had only ever seen one in my life. This man performed tricks which anyone could do. But one day I came to a village. Somebody had stolen some money and the people were asking the witch doctor to find out who it was. The witch doctor lit a fire and put his knife into it. Then he said, 'When this knife is red-hot I will take it out of the fire. Then, one by one, everybody will hold it to their lips. The person whom it burns is the thief.'

"When the knife was red-hot he took it out of the fire. There was a hush. He held it against his lips; nothing happened. He passed it to the next person, and the next; nothing happened. So the knife went down the row of people to the last man. Before the knife touched his lips burns appeared.

"Very well," said the witch doctor, 'to prove conclusively that you are the thief I will hold two sticks to your neck. Then I will let go. If they fall you are innocent; if they stay there you are the thief.'

"He put the sticks against his neck and then let go. The sticks stayed there and pressed into his neck till he confessed.

"I think that is all I have to say now," said the colonial.

"Thank you very much for your talk. It was most interesting," I said.

"Well, I had better get going now. Goodnight, and thank you for listening."

"Goodnight," I said.

G. R. HEWITT, IIIB.

MEET THE EDITOR

"What was it? A knife, file or 'ammer? Well, make yuh perishin' mind up, will yuh. Here's me, dilly-dallying on the end of this bloomin' 'phone, while there's work to be done!" That, if one could translate it, is the editor of the "Daily ——" telling one of his energetic reporters where to go, as once again he has arrived at the scene of a famous crime, at a time when all the others have finished work. Becoming impatient, he slams down the receiver and wipes his brow. Outside the prospects are not too good for him either; it is raining, the drops weaving patterns on the window panes, whilst drumming a melancholy rhythm at the same time on the corrugated-iron roof of the bicycle shed.

Imagine this man on a Sunday night, when two days' news has to be fitted into an ordinary-sized newspaper. He arranges the various items of news and interests into the appropriate order. But what is this? One is missing, one which was promised; and somehow two have appeared, uninvited. Immediately he cuts a good article from twenty-five lines to seventeen for the sake of these amateurish attempts, hoping that his superiors might not notice this. Then comes his triumphant moment: his edition is complete, and it can go to the printers. Here it is fed through a series of weird-looking machines,

and a copy is sent to him, our beloved hero. Reading it, he laughs at the cartoons, bites his nails at the serials, and ignores the amateurish articles. He is satisfied with the publication: let us hope and pray that his readers are.

Let us consider the editor of books, the first of these being the fact editor. The company by whom he is employed selects him to edit one of their mammoth, colossal, huge productions. It is an encyclopædia of some fifteen volumes and one index/atlas. He agrees (if he did not, he would most likely lose his job) and sets himself to the task in front of him. One of the first things to be decided on is the number of pages in each volume. He suggests, say, six hundred, and the book has begun to take shape. Then comes the searching for willing authors and illustrators who have to be goaded into work, reminded about it when they have completed half of it, and thanked when it is finished; thanked, thanked. . . . The finished articles straggle in one by one, until the poor man is by this time quite frantic; he rushes around, imploring, suggesting, threatening. . . . Comes happiness; the copy is finally rounded up, and the happy and thankful editor can now arrange his facts and statistics into the required order. The layout, he plans on a blank book the exact size of the intended article: it is rushed to the publishers and then to the printers. Now can the editor relax, until once again he is called to duty.

And then there is the fiction editor. His hobbies? Wine, women and song. Oh yes, and cigars. Life is very luxurious for him, and so I decided to investigate his mode of working, by looking in at his office.

It was a cold, blustering day in November, and I stood on the step of Mr. —'s main office. Straining my eyes, I managed to pierce the haze of the frosted window pane and saw that the room was empty. "Pluck up courage," said my mind; "recede," urged my limbs. Naturally my mind won and so I found myself in the office. It was very luxurious for Mr. —, Calendars with pictures of beautiful women hung from pointed pieces of metal which had been driven into the wall; various portraits of past directors of the company were suspended by wire from the recognized means of hanging a picture—a picture hook; the wall was distempered, plain and ugly. The furniture was sparse; an all-metal filing cabinet stood in the corner, unnoticed. There was the indispensable hat-stand near to the small, never-used first-aid cabinet, hugging the wall as if for safety. A few chairs were placed in utterly useless positions around the room. But the most mighty, marvellous, magnificent piece of furniture in the place was Mr. —'s desk and chair combined in one.

This chair deserves, I think, a small paragraph to itself. It was manufactured of the finest acajou, and was shaped so as to give the occupier the most comfortable posture and posterior. The padding was latex-foam rubber and was fixed on the back, arms and seat. The back of the chair rose above the level of Mr. —'s head, for, evidently, he was cunning; he liked to hear any careless remarks that the office boy might let drop, when his employer was apparently not there. Having seen enough of this particular office, I came away disgusted.

E. R. BRAY, IIIB.

"ON TOP OF THE WORLD"

Overshadowed rather by the Coronation, the news, "At 11.30 in the morning of Friday, May 29th, Hillary and Tensing reached the top of Everest," was flashed across the world to a newspaper office in London, and thus we were told that a great victory had been achieved. People read the news and said that it was wonderful, but most of them had little idea as to what it really meant.

The conquest of Everest was the climax to a long and hard story, for it was not simply the 1953 Expedition which beat the mountain; all the previous expeditions have aided the British in the Himalayas now. The first attempts were all made from the North through Tibet, which gave the expeditions a march of three hundred miles before they even started to set up camps on the mountain itself. This way to the top, via the Rongbuk Glacier and North Col, was discovered by Mallory in the reconnaissance for an attempt to climb the

mountain in 1922, led by General Bruce, with Norton and Mallory as chief climbers. This was the first expedition sent especially to climb Everest, and they soon found that it was going to be a difficult task. Problems kept cropping up and one of the most controversial was the use of oxygen. In the party were two groups, one wanting to use oxygen, the other deprecating it. The pro-oxygenists said that in the region that they were to climb the air contained little oxygen, which caused the climbers to lose concentration and find difficulty in movement. Therefore they must carry oxygen with them. Here the anti-oxygenists said that to carry the gas an apparatus must be made containing sufficient supply, and this apparatus would weigh so much that any benefit gained from oxygen would be lost through this extra weight. In the 1922 Expedition this turned out to be true, and the oxygen was not used with great success. Bruce's party started with high hopes, but they were not realized, and the results were disappointing. They lacked proper knowledge about oxygen and about the value of slow acclimatization, which is a method of climbing where the party travels slowly up the mountain and becomes used to the various altitudes before continuing. It has been found that, if the climber is acclimatized really well, he can climb almost to the summit without the use of oxygen.

The next expedition was sent to the Himalayas in 1924, again under the leadership of General Bruce, with Norton and Mallory again chief climbers. They attained a greater altitude than ever before, 28,000 feet, but tragedy befell them. Two great mountaineers, Mallory and Irvine, set off early one morning from Camp Six on the final dash to the top. They had over 1,500 feet to go in terrible conditions—cold and wind, and the summit covered with a white shroud of mist, into which the pair vanished. Odell, another member of the climbing party, following-up from Camp Five, saw them for a brief moment in a break in the clouds and reported that they were, "going strong for the top"; but they were never seen again. They disappeared into winds of 50 m.p.h. and a temperature of -58° F. As they went without oxygen, the going became more and more difficult as they climbed higher. Finally the wind whipped them into turning back, but they were so weak that they never made the return journey.

1933 saw the British again in Tibet. The long gap was due to the fact that the Tibetan Government had not allowed attempts to be made until then. This new attempt was carefully planned by the leader, Hugh Ruttledge, before they left for India, and was based on all previous knowledge. Oxygen was to be used only as a stimulant and not as a main weapon, and slow acclimatization was to be the keynote of the expedition. Thus the climbers left earlier than before and reached the mountain with a slow march and setting of Base Camp. All went well until they reached the North Col, which, instead of being a rough ice-fall, as in 1924, was now a shining slope. Steps had to be cut in it, and this caused the party to fall a little behind the clock. However, they reached the Col and set up Camps Four and Five, but this was as far as they were to reach, because the weather broke and gales blew. So bad were the conditions that they were all recalled to Camp Three on the glacier. The whole well-formed plan had miscarried.

The weather did let up after a while, and plans again went forward: Camps Four, Five and Six were filled and the final spurt to the top was all ready. Two parties of two men each both reached 28,000 feet, and, to their great excitement, found the ice-axe that had belonged to Mallory, showing that he had reached this height, and probably higher. Such were the results of the 1933 Expedition.

So we reach the present day with three more expeditions. The first was by Eric Shipton, whose reconnaissance caused quite a stir in 1951. This party did not set out to reach the summit, but went to pioneer a new route from the South, through Nepal. It will be remembered that Shipton found traces of the Abominable Snowman, but the expedition produced more concrete results than this. It showed that it was possible to get to the summit up the West Cwm Glacier and South Col.

The first attempt to reach the top by this route was made by the Swiss, and went very near to success, the pair to climb higher than ever before being Raymond Lambert and the now famous Sherpa, Tensing.

The third, and successful, expedition was made this spring under the leadership of Colonel Hunt. We know little about the events last May, but small snippets of information are reaching London. It is known that three unsuccessful attempts were made, and the fourth was made by Hillary and Tensing. They used oxygen and at the summit were able to breathe without the apparatus for a few minutes. The view as seen from the top looked flat and uninteresting. To date this is all that we know, the full report being eagerly awaited.

So another landmark has been achieved in the world of exploration, a landmark which took over thirty years to reach: surely one of the greatest feats in the history of human endurance. **R. GILES, VI Science.**

TIME AND TIDE

The rain of the day before was gone, and the morning was cool and still. The birds were singing gleefully in the trees at the prospect of a golden day, for even in London the day can be beautiful. Time seemed to stand still before the hubbub which would arise when the human race awoke. The gulls walked majestically up and down the river wall as the filthy water slapped gently against it. Below, the boats swayed on the lackeying tide.

Five hours later the pandemonium had broken loose again. Against the background of noisy traffic were the shrill noises of the street-vendors selling their wares. On the jetty, however, perched on an upturned barrel, unperturbed by the raucous scene behind him, the boatman looked dreamily towards the estuary. So at first he did not notice the young woman, who, money in hand, was facing him. He pulled himself up with a start, and untied the lightest boat from its hook in the wall. It was not until the woman had taken her place in the middle of it and was about a quarter of a mile upstream, that he wondered if he was right to let so young and fragile a person be in sole charge of so cumbersome an object.

Half an hour later she had reached Kingston. As she passed the enormous power station she was thinking of the endless miles ahead. She passed under the bridge, and now on her right was the long avenue of shady trees which led to Hampton Court. Derisive comments were yelled at her as she passed the urchins, who, complete with bamboo cane, bent pin and string, were fishing on the grassy bank. Morning had long since passed into a hot afternoon when she rested under an overhanging island tree at Teddington. As she wiped her damp forehead with her handkerchief she congratulated herself on her rowing skill, as well she might.

At four o'clock she pressed on further. A river party, singing snatches of the latest musical comedy, drifted past her down to Hampton Court. She smiled patiently at their absurd quips, and strained on again. Her hunger and thirst meant nothing if she could only forget them. By nine o'clock she had passed into the upper reaches and the profusely-foliaged trees formed a barrier on either side. In the shadow it was already cool and the gnats were dancing, presaging another fine day. The sun began to assume a reddish tinge and to slide gracefully on to the horizon. Slowly and stealthily the darkness came. She stopped rowing and dropped the oars in the water. In a minute they were out of sight and she was drifting downstream. She seized the enormous chisel in the piece of sacking beside her, feverishly unwrapped it, and dug it vigorously into the bottom of the boat. The water, black and oily, seeped menacingly in. She dug harder. In a minute two boards had cracked. She abandoned any effort, and the boat sank like a stone into the inky blackness of the river. **R. S. BETTS, VI Arts.**

POETRY COMPETITIONS

As reported elsewhere, two poetry competitions were organized by the Literary Society this term. Three titles were set for an original verse competition: Rain, Sudden Death, and the Corot painting, "Souvenir d'Italie," which was displayed on the Art Board. Entries were also invited for a verse translation competition; the poem chosen for translation being Rimbaud's "Dormeur du Val." Five original poems were received, and two translations. The judges were Messrs. Rudgley, Money, Herdman and Riley.

P. A. Tanner and D. A. Jackson shared the laurels, while M. F. B. Read's poem was specially commended. All three poems appear below. K. N. Eales and R. M. Pevy are to be congratulated on their translations. Neither was entirely successful, but, faced with a difficult task, both produced versions which were in the main sensitive and accurate.

Thanks are due to the judges, who responded enthusiastically and, truly, critically. J.M.M.

SUDDEN DEATH (I)

So still: the stillness knits and threads my flailing limbs.
As I watch, the clouds forgo their lumb'ring chase
And fall: sudden, to snuff the very flowers in growth.

My hands yaw and ache as I clutch the cold stones;
But they slide, and shift, and drop like tears, silent from my dreams.

But God! no noise?
I, who ran and sweated out a life looking for the shade,
Lost, in one great sickening yawn of silence.

Cold as gripping frost: cold and deep.
Deep almost as death: for now am I dead;
I, too, have passed the lily and the snow.

P. A. TANNER, VI Arts.

RAIN

People love to moan about the rain,
And pass remarks in the tube about the weather.
But I have seen
The rain-clouds gathering in the west;
Men turning
Towards the rain with upturned faces
Feeling the pleasant stream wash off
The dirt of barren years.
Fresh water licks away the salt
And man is young again:
Yet people love to moan about the rain.
But I have seen
Power and destruction in a storm,
Palaces and pylons
Tumbled, humbled to the ground:
Yet out of the rich mud,
Corn has grown in the shadow of the rainbow,
And life has come to man:
Yet people love to moan about the rain.
But I have seen
The cracked earth aching, opening parched jaws

In hunger; I have seen men
Sweating in agony and waste.
But the rain will come and feed the hungry earth,
And wash away the sweat and pain—
"The desert shall blossom as the rose":
Yet people love to moan about the rain,
And pass remarks in the tube about the weather.
D. A. JACKSON, VI Arts.

SUDDEN DEATH (II)

Would I were he while he did rove
Down woodland paths to run and laugh.
So gay he was, so young in love
With all God's charm and lively craft.
Through the great pinewood he had been
The hour before life's lustre dies:
Such beauty had he never seen—
So with a leap, he reached a rise.

His shady woodland—in whose care
And mossland paths he loved to stroll
To arbours emptier than fresh air,
And paths more secret than his soul!
Yet somewhere here perfection lacked,
His dreams did lose some vital joy.
Where is this joy? And here life cracked,
An ancient oak his dreams destroyed.

He looked, and saw a green gnarled bough,
Which, as he looked, snapped sharp and fell:
The bough came down and crushed his brow.
For him this was Death's last dread knell.
A screaming pain! One blinding flame!
And then still peace, God's perfect rest.
But we, who stay, will find some blame
In his crushed corpse to mourn and test.

Freedom, at last, released his soul,
Such joy is his for evermore;
His dreams, desires fulfilled in all—
In Paradise, all love, none war.
Would I were he while he does rove
Down heaven's paths; he runs and laughs.
So gay he is, so pure in love
With all God's charm and wondrous craft.
M. F. B. READ, VA.

THE TURPIN-HUMEZ FIGHT

The last time I went to White City was to see an A.A.A. meeting and I could not help contrasting its appearance then with what I saw on June 9th. The ring, a huge square of ring-side seats, and the elaborate announcement board with clock for timing each round caught the eye. Much of the grass was still visible and there was a constant stream of boxers and their supporters, with the inevitable buckets, to and from the underground dressing-rooms. The stands were pretty full when I arrived at 7.15 p.m., but seats were still available on them. Supporting contests began promptly at 7.30 p.m., though timing was upset owing to Johnson's losing his lightweight title earlier that day at the weigh-in, with the consequent alteration in his match.

About 10.10 p.m. all lights but those in the ring were switched out and, picked out by spotlights, first Humez and then Turpin were escorted from the dressing rooms, preceded by their respective national flags and followed by numerous attendants—Turpin so swathed in gown and towels that he looked like a nun. The preliminaries over, the 15-round contest began. As one might expect, the first couple of rounds were occupied in reconnaissance, but the pattern of the fight was worked out then. Humez took a body punch in the first round and a chin punch in the second, either of which would have floored an elephant, one thought, but he bounced like a rubber ball and it was obvious that he could not be knocked out. As he seemed unable to produce a straight left or right, it looked equally impossible for him to knock out Turpin, and so both men went for the points. From about the third round onwards I had the impression that Turpin was in complete control and never looked like losing it, even though Humez may have won two or three of the remaining rounds. Turpin treated us to a display of beautiful boxing; his straight arm punches were delightful to watch and must have been damaging in spite of Humez's close defence; and indeed I felt that here was a fight for real connoisseurs of boxing. The majority of the 55,000 spectators, who must have come to see a kill, evidently thought it was poor entertainment, for they booed when the verdict was announced, though I cannot imagine that a single one of them would dispute the decision.

Some random thoughts on the evening. I was agreeably surprised to find I could see so much from the top of one of the stands. The seats on the stands were hard, cold, and cramping, but the crowd who filled them were good-humoured and well behaved. Mr. Solomons deserves congratulation for providing boxing from 7.30 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. without more than a couple of minutes between contests. Andy Smith, who refereed the big fight, kept walking round the ring incessantly, unnecessarily, and almost to the point of distraction. London Transport might have made better arrangements for getting the spectators home—at 12.15 a.m. when I left the Stadium with about 25,000 others, the last City train had gone; so had the last buses, and the few taxis present were snapped up. Fortunately I found an all-night bus at Shepherd's Bush and managed to board it when the conductor's attention was elsewhere, and eventually got home, very hungry, about 1.30 a.m., well content with the evening's entertainment.

J.S.S.

"HOW WAS THAT?"

How aptly is the cricket scorebook so called! That England beat Scotland in 18— by 2—1 at Soccer, or was beaten by Ireland 15—12 in 19— at Rugger, gives little indication of the course of the games. But the devotee of cricket is almost as happy at home with any old volume of Wisden as at Lord's on a fine June day; he can recreate battles long ago from the scorebook as a musician reads the score of a symphony—fortunately, considering how often the weather will deny him a live performance. And what curiosities and eccentricities of orchestration the records disclose! For example, a Mr. F. Buckle, playing for Middlesex v. Surrey in 1869 bagged a surely unique pair—"not sent for in time, 0; absent unwell, 0." Miller's impressive early season average of 400-odd is dwarfed by that of K. C. Ibrahim who began the Indian Season six years ago with scores of 218 n.o., 36 n.o., 234 n.o., 77 n.o. and 144, when his average stood at 719. Another Indian, Sarwate, twice bowled out P. F. Judge of Glamorgan first ball with successive deliveries. How? Back in the Middle Ages of cricket William Ward "played the ball into the enclosure of his pantaloons; as extraction on the field was out of the question, the matter was compromised," history does not record how.

Here are some other posers, some from the remoter fringes of probability, some that an umpire might well be called on to answer without notice:—

1. **Playing for the Gentlemen against the Players in 1843 C. G. Taylor** was given out "hat knocked on wicket, b. Hillyer 89." Would he be out under modern rules?
2. In 1844 a batsman at Lord's chopped the ball down so hard that it rebounded and came off his bat to point who caught it. He was given out: rightly?
3. W. G. Grace in 1878 once ran six runs, for the last three of which the ball, returned by a fielder, was lodged in his shirt. Should they count?
4. Playing for Sussex v. England in 1827 James Broadbridge threw his bat at a ball too wide to reach. His flying bat hit the ball which was caught by point. **After much argument he was judged out. What would you have decided?**
5. The Australian Test batsman, Kippax, ran out to hit a no-ball but dragged it on his wicket, remaining out of his ground. The wicket-keeper gathered the ball, pulled out a stump and appealed. Given not out, Kippax went on to make his best score, 315 n.o. Was he out, and, if so, how?
6. In the Leeds Test in 1921 a chunk off Ducat's bat hit and dislodged a bail while the ball sailed off to be caught by slip. How was he out?
7. G. Wells (Sussex v. Kent, 1866) hit his wicket before the bowler had delivered the ball. Out or not out?

Remember you are the umpire and try to make up your mind before looking at the answers (sometimes tentative) on page 38. Remember, too, the best umpire is not always the one who gives the promptest decisions. Better hold up the game while you consult your colleague or thumb through the book of rules than give a quick but wrong decision.

H.E.R.

DISILLUSIONMENT

When man seeks freedom, vainly, in his life
To follow his own path, as in a maze,
The hedge is smashed, and peace is snatched away,
For rabbles surge around to sneer and gaze,
Smiling and spitting to the popular breeze,
And scorn pours down upon his saddened head,
As when the wind is screaming from the hill
Freezing the fertile plains with sheets of ice,
So the unthinking mob stampede to kill
And he, defeated, waits, upon his knees.

R. S. BETTS, VI Arts.

[Note.—The Editors make no apology for publishing these two accounts of a place with which most of their readers will be unfamiliar.]

THE OTHER PLACE (I)

"On a sudden open fly,
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. . . ."

I hesitated for a moment; then, clutching my permit from the Ministry of Infernal Affairs, followed Mr. Milton, the Ministry's official guide, under the huge gateway, and so began the "easy descent to Hades." We passed alone down a dark passage, broken at intervals by escalators, and flanked by doors inscribed "NO ENTRY—MATRICIDES ONLY," and the like. At length we reached the Central Hall, where various plagues and monsters had their offices—

Death and Disease, hundred-handed Officialdom and pale Ennui, Hunger and gaunt Austerity. Here, however, we did not stop, but continued on our way until we heard ahead of us the roaring of a river, and at length emerged onto its bank. Some distance to our right the stream vanished into the premises of the Styx Electric Company; but the only means of crossing appeared to be by ferry—always supposing we could reach it through the huge crowd which occupied the shore. My guide explained that this crowd consisted of those souls whose papers were not in order, and who could not be admitted until a quarantine period of one hundred years had been fulfilled. So we pushed on, and, thanks to Milton's command of the gentle art of shouldering, soon reached the edge of the water. The ferryman—a most disreputable figure for a civil servant—accosted us very rudely, but the sight of my permit quelled him, and we entered the boat, which was so old and leaky that I commented on the fact. "But repairs," replied Charon indignantly, "are so expensive; and at least I've got an auxiliary motor. Besides, this is a boat of *historical interest*: if you look, you can see where Aeneas carved his name on one of the benches . . ."

With that I had to be satisfied; but the journey was soon over, and, after paying our fare, we set out again. The Ministry's own watchdog (with heads, appropriately, in triplicate) tried to bar our path, but Milton contemptuously threw him a cake of red tape, which he snapped up in a single bite; soon he fell asleep, and we proceeded. On either side of the road lay the Mourning Fields, where the shades of unsuccessful comedians wander for all time, lamenting their fate; and then, further on, spread out the dwellings of those mighty with the pen: in this paradise the cream of past government offices mingle with many a spirit of secretary, and clerk. I was amazed to see from afar their ghostly ledgers and files; but it seems that whatever care a man took in life for his credits and debits, the same stays with him even after death.

At this point, my ears were assailed by a frightful wailing and groaning; and, turning round, I saw on my left a prison encircled with barbed wire and ringed three times by the burning river Phlegethon. Milton broke his long silence to answer my questioning look. "This," he said, "is the place where punishment is exacted from guilty souls; and no one may enter it unless he is a criminal. But when the Ministry appointed me their official guide, Minister Hecate herself described the punishments to me, so that I could explain them to sightseers. Within the huge gates of this place sit a legion of party whips, who leap upon renegade members' shades and drive them to their doom; nearby, too, you may see a hundred ravening Union Leaders, whose duty it is to chastise those who, in life, have been unfaithful to their workmates. Yet deeper within, the pit of Tartarus yawns downward, twice the height of the Empire State Building. In the lowest depth writhe criminals of all ages. Here, Wordsworth toils on a never-ending Excursion; here Nero plucks at a stringless lyre; here Livy orates to the bare rock face. Here Orbilius groans eternally beneath an ever-striking cane; here Gershwin revolves in a discord which never ceases; here Manley Hopkins. . . . But his fate is too horrible to tell; and we must hasten on."

Although I felt that my guide was, perhaps, avoiding the issue, I agreed; so at last we reached the Palace of Pluto, one of the stately homes of Hades, which the Ministry had taken over at the time of Nationalisation. It was now the department's underground headquarters. Here I left my permit in official hands; then, the two of us set out for the Elysian Fields to accomplish the object of my descent. We found the man I sought in that part of Elysium called Poets' Corner. On the pleasant green sward, bards of all nations were feasting and chanting their works. Pope reclined in a pleasant grotto with Byron, listening to "Don Juan," Canto XLVII. Shakespeare, of course, was drinking English-brewed ambrosia at the local inn. Ovid serenaded yet another lady-love. There was Dante . . . Molière . . . Money . . . and Virgil. We avoided Tacitus, engaged in cutting out every second word in his latest work, and Aeschylus, occupied in a skirmish with Euripides, and made our way towards the great Mantovano. He greeted Milton as a kindred spirit, and

when he had heard my request, welcomed me as a humble disciple: for I had come through the awful realms of the Styx solely to hear him expound his philosophy of Life and Empire as contained in the sixth book of the Aeneid (lines 724 *et seq.*). And expound he did. But the sun was warm and the grass was soft and he talked of the heaviness of the body . . . and I must have fallen asleep.

When I awoke, his face was purple and his voice had risen to a shout; I realized he was approaching a climax, and sat up hurriedly. The voice boomed out ". . . these, Briton, shall be thy arts—to keep the peace, to obey thy betters, and humble the upstart. . . ." Milton shook his head. "He's been offered a job on the Ministry of Propaganda," he explained in a whisper. The exposition was over: the great bard wiped his brow and called for refreshment. My guide declared that it was time to go, if we were not to transgress Ministry Regulations. Virgil suggested that we should go by the ivory gate of sleep; but Milton insisted that the lift was quicker. *Facilis ascensus Averno.*

P. J. PARSONS, XVI Arts.

THE OTHER PLACE (II)

Dimly, seemingly from some other planet, I heard the doctor's voice: "He's sinking fast, I'm afraid. There's nothing more. . . ." His voice droned on; occasionally I heard odd words: "Hope . . . best thing," and then, more sinisterly, "next of kin." But my head was filled with myriads of flashing, bursting lights, searing white, red, green, white, white, White! A dynamo seemed to race in my head. . . . Then I was walking down a thickly-carpeted corridor, dressed in my best suit, towards a door marked "Waiting Room." Suddenly I realized something—I was dead. But where on earth (I beg your pardon), where was I now? I opened the door. I would soon find out!

The room was apparently some doctor's surgery and it was occupied by about a dozen young men and women. Some of them were sitting in the familiar ramshackled chairs, but others were standing chatting. In the centre was a small table covered with magazines and periodicals. The other people were apparently unconcerned by my entry, and, feeling embarrassed, I picked up a journal. There was no fireplace in the room, but it was very hot. What was the magazine? I looked at its cover: it was an American one, a subscription copy, and its title was, "Death." Funny, I've never—Death! I jumped to my feet: "Where the hell are we?" I shouted. A second door opened, and a devilishly handsome, flawlessly-dressed young man entered by it. "Precisely," he said.

A little boy was trotting at his heels, but as the "man" saw him, he turned and shooed him away, saying gaily, "Run along, you young imp."

I gulped.

"I'm sorry about that"—this was the "man" again—"allow me to introduce myself. My name's Lucifer, but everybody calls me Luke."

"Why's that?" asked someone.

"Oh, just an Old Nick name. Cigarette anybody?" He offered round a packet. Trembling, I took one.

"Light?"

"Yes, please," I stammered.

For a moment I thought that he was going to breathe forth a dragon-like stream of fire, but he only handed me a box of Lucifers. I don't know how I lit that cigarette, but scarcely had I done so when he was once more speaking to me.

"The elevators and escalators are just through there"—he motioned towards the door. "There's a swimming pool, billiards saloon, tennis courts—all that you will want. There are many cafés where you can get snacks, but in any case the stewards will get you anything you order. A gong will sound for the more formal meals. The hotels are very luxurious."

Amazed, I listened. "Yes, but aren't we going to roast throughout eternity? What about the brimstone and sulphur and hell-fire? Aren't we damned?" I said.

The "man" laughed gaily, "Oh, you dear old-fashioned thing you. Freud changed all that years ago—brimstone!" He chuckled for a while, then: "Any more questions?"

"Yes," I said, "we've been doing things like that all our lives. If we're here for ever, we might as well be doing something useful. Like that we'd just be wasting our time."

For the first time, the "man" lost his friendly grin. He leered unpleasantly. "Yes, I know," said the Devil, "that's the hell of it."

A. J. FOWLES, IVA.

JUAN II

All Hail, thou Britain, Mistress of the Waves!
(It used to be agreed that none could better her)
All Hail! Whose shore the placid Gulf Stream laves,
Whose boast has always been that none shall fetter her
(For Britons never, never shall be slaves . . .),
Whose name's "this Demiparadise" *et cetera*
(Excuse the cut—a rhyming extrication)
O Britain, let me sing thy Coronation!

"The best thing yet since William conquering came"—
So hymn this great event the Sunday Papers—
" 'Twill cast a shadow quite on Test Match fame,"
'Tis like to bring forth many comic capers
Of Ermine Robes, and Coronets, and Dames
(With D.B.E.), and give peeresses vapours.
The true-born Briton, placid and phlegmatic
Will be quite Transatlantically ecstatic.

So now are loyal hearts (and stomachs too)
Full of the joys of "crowning" celebration.
Each street contains those patriot people who,
To beat the neighbours and exalt the nation,
Strive earnestly with tintack, pin and glue,
And fix up "likenesses" in loyal oblation—
As through th'array of butcher's tripe is seen
The photo-form of our beloved Queen.

The Muse of Music, too, Melpomene,
Must strive to celebrate; but I would fain a
Subject different in a different key
Had ta'en the royal commission—something saner
And more endearing (so it seems to me)
Than Merrie Britten's balding 'Gloriana.'
Then Mr. Masefield . . . But I'll not handle
So high a subject, to be call'd a Vandal.

I'm no misanthropic coronophobe
('Hater of Coronations'—hybrid word);
But I'm displeased at all the pompous robe
Of fatuous fuss and folly so incurr'd,
That girds it round—and so I sit like Job
Before the press's vapourings absurd.
'Long live the Queen!' say I: the longer she
The further off the next affair will be.

"MILORD ANGLAIS," VI Arts.

RECOLLECTIONS IN TRANQUILLITY

Eight years anywhere would be quite a lengthy period of time, but when those eight years compose roughly one-half of my life they seem especially long. At school you don't measure time in years: rather in exams, plays, Christmases; and as I look back it seems that those years were stages, seasons of my life, if you like. I remember the first day at the big new school: so smart, clinging to my new pen with a sweaty palm, my mother's entreaties and warnings still zinging in my ears; and I was so lonely and tried my best to be as unobtrusive as possible. I was, of course, needlessly early, but as the fatal hour approached I remember being so awed by the swaggering, tough, confident seniors of the school. I felt peculiarly afraid that I was about to be accused of doing something wrong—I was timid that day.

Next came pride—pride in doing foreign languages, and science; pride in going to the Library and perusing books I didn't understand; pride in all my books with coloured covers, and those text-books—so many important-looking books. I delighted to collect them all together in descending order of size. I was proud then.

My first detention struck me as being singularly unjust, but then so did most of the consequent ones. Funny thing, detention: sitting still and wasting time for two hours, watching the dear old gardener in his slow and steady travels.

I had determined to keep my books meticulously tidy: then came the first red pencil mark, around an incorrectly drawn bunsen burner (the flame was too big, I think)—and that was the first time I dared to be annoyed.

As a second and third-former I, of course, felt most superior—an old hand, as it were. This was the time when we made up funny names for masters—so amusing we thought it was. But it was in the fourth form that I became really blasé and so intent on showing off. What little wit I had revealed itself in a series of puerile jokes, called out at untimely moments, period after period, in an endeavour to gain a few cheap laughs. What a pest I must have been! Little wonder I spent as much time outside the classroom as inside.

Then came the fifth form when my carefree existence reached its peak: barely a minute passed without laughter, no time for tears then. I thought I had everything—a sure sign that I had very little. I was confident of my scholastic ability and proud of my little sporting prowess—and when I look back I realize how pathetically inept I was. Of course, that was the year I made a vital fourteen in a House cricket match—which is more runs than all those I have scored at this school added together. Yes, a proud moment, that.

Then, suddenly, I was a Sixth-former. Five years had passed, so quickly, and yet what an age it seemed since the day I first arrived—over eighteen hundred days, and every one packed with activity, and now I was a Sixth-former. This, I thought, this is my peak; why I'm almost a man!

First came the good intentions: the vast reading lists and the struggle to get all those "essential" books out of the Library. Then followed the lackadaisical, superior attitude which creeps over all Sixth-formers. They think they are people apart; in their own way they are as childish as First-formers. They indulge in the pseudo-intellectual joke; they develop a cult of childish irresponsibility; they think it better to criticize than to praise; afraid to acknowledge anything better than themselves, they give vent to floods of facile cynicism. I know all this, because I was as guilty myself.

And now it's nearly all over. Memories flash to mind and then depart as in a waking dream: the unsurpassed excitement of the last night of a School play, the urgency of winning House matches, the peculiar sensation as I walked into my first prefects' court—the wrong side of the table—but above all the happiness of it all, the finding of good friends in boys and masters, the sense of having lived fully. Get as much as you can out of your school. Don't be in a hurry to rush off to youth clubs and societies. The things that matter most can be found at school; it is an incomparable place. School life is like reading a very long, exciting book: it takes ages to get through, then suddenly

you are at the end.— You shut the book and all those years roll together and crumble to ashes like a burnt newspaper.

And suddenly I realize my education has hardly started. You learn nothing until the Sixth Form, and even that has done its best job if it has only taught you to think clearly for yourself. This School has done me a great service, for imperceptibly it has led me to a realization of my own inadequacies as well as my potentialities. As long as we are full of ourselves, we are empty: real quality starts with genuine self-awareness.

I wouldn't wish my school days all over again. It is one of the blessings of this life that whatever age we are, we consider it is the best age to be. I am blissfully content to be eighteen, but then so I was when I was eight. This School has taught me many lessons and has given me a wealth of invaluable recollections; its excellence will always bulk large in my memory.

Now, as I leave this School, my real education is only just beginning, but I shall always remember where it had its origin. P. A. TANNER, ex-VI Arts.

"HOW WAS THAT?"—ANSWERS

1. Yes. See Law 38, 1 (ii). In June of this year, Revill (Derbyshire) was given out when, shaking a hand hit by a rising ball from Bedser, he unluckily threw off his glove which broke the wicket; on the face of it an unsporting appeal and an over-technical decision.
2. Not now; Law 36, note 6.
3. W.G. was an expert gamesman. Since 1899, anyhow, the dead ball law would apply.
4. Law 35 says: "from a stroke of the bat," so it seems to hang on the definition of a stroke. If he had sent the ball wide of the fieldsmen the batsman would, no doubt, have made a run. So I would give him out: he can't expect to have it both ways.
5. Run out (Law 27), but see 41.
6. Out, hit wicket (38, 1 (ii)), assuming the wicket was broken before the catch was made.
7. A Law defines the conditions under which a ball is dead, but not the moment when it is first in play. A bowler who has not delivered the ball may run out a batsman backing-up too soon: presumably it is in play when he begins his run, or the enterprising batsman might deliberately flatten his stumps during the bowler's run-up and thus minimize the chances of being out in one of the—how many ways? H.E.R.

LETTERS

The following letters have been received:

THE EDITOR,
The Spur.

DEAR SIR,

To combat the menace of television a new type of film has appeared in the world. Though not a new invention, the three-dimensional film is now having its biggest boost, especially (inevitably) in America. The film-makers over the water, concerned at the drop in cinema attendances, now fondly hope to entice people away from their comfortable armchairs and their television sets with a device which, by its very nature, does not (they think) need a story. They might succeed, but only for a time, unless—the standard of the present 3D film is considerably raised.

On present "form" these films are destined to be among the worst ever made. Relying on slogans such as "a lion in your lap" and technical tricks that are perhaps the best managed things (technically) in these films, film-makers seem, up to this point, to have completely forgotten the use of a story. But the mere fact that it is technical tricks that draw the crowds shows the films' weakness.

— Moreover, these technical tricks will lower the æsthetic and artistic value of films, and, as cameras cannot come much nearer than nine feet to their subjects, tricks such as those beloved by Alfred Hitchcock (shots of individual hands or pairs of feet) will become obsolete. A new technique of directing successfully will have to be evolved. How long this will take is impossible to say, but it will not be a short time.

Meanwhile these films are drawing crowds, but only for a time, as the novelty is sure to wear off sooner or later. What film-makers do not seem to realize is that the public really wants good films, which will of necessity have to include a good story, good actors, and good photography, despite the present craze for three dimensions. Only when they do realize this will they effectively combat television and all that the word implies.

Yours, etc.,

J. MANNING, IVA.

SIR,

Personally I consider "British Railways" to be, for the most part, a disgrace to Britain. I feel very ashamed to say this as a lover of railways, but I think it is only too true. Take the old days, the good old days, when beautiful machines were turned out, gleaming with polished brass, and shining paint-work. Each locomotive had a care, never known now, given to it. Here were workmanship and pride, great traditions and standards set by such men as Stroudley and Drummond. Up to the beginning of the war this standard was kept up. Uniforms were smart; the railway staff were courteous and attentive; trains were fast and clean; and, above all, there was competition, which I think is the thing we are sadly in need of nowadays on the railways.

To-day the picture is different. On any line, perhaps with the exception of the Southern Region (by which we are served), the general trend seems to be towards grime and inefficiency. The locomotives are filthy; the same applies to the rolling stock. This state of affairs seems to be quite general, as any traveller may see for himself. Some locomotives run the fantastic figure of 150,000 miles before a general overhaul, whereas they should only run between 60–80,000 miles! This is one of the primary causes of the frequent lateness of trains to which we all are accustomed. To quote an example: trains on the London Midland Region, British Railways, were each averaging for a part of last year, forty minutes late!! For this there is no excuse. Uniforms are shoddy; the behaviour of some railway employees is shocking, as they adopt a "couldn't-care-less" attitude towards their work; some stations are cold, dirty, and badly kept; many branch lines are being closed, which is not surprising considering the awful services provided—two or three trains a day in some cases—and so people wisely use the bus, as it is often cheaper and more direct. The only people who patronize these deserted and forgotten lines are railway enthusiasts, like myself, and we do so only because we get pleasure out of it.

What can be done about this inefficiency? Well, for a start, decentralize the railways; split them up into smaller sections, so that they can be managed properly. Cut the number of staff—among them there are too many doing one job. Then, perhaps, we might have an improvement, and cheaper fares.

Britain used to lead the world in railways for many years, but now we are outclassed by such countries as Switzerland and France, who (although in the latter case suffering from the ravages of war) have made tremendous progress. Just think what goes through a foreigner's mind as he travels on our railways. I hope again, and I am sure, that something will be done about *our* railways, so that we can once more proudly say, as we do of many other things: "Britain leads the world."

Yours faithfully,

M. J. ESAU, IVA.

EDITORS

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

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The Editors apologize for any inadvertent omissions.