

RAYNES PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

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SCHOOL OFFICERS, Spring Term, 1955

Head Boy: M. Cousins.

Second Boy: R. A. Giles.

Prefects: C. E. Brittain, R. N. Fash, M. Gordon, I. B. Hayter, J. R. S. Higham, M. K. Jones, D. O. Lloyd, J. A. Pooles, D. C. Shepherd, B. A. Stracy, M. E. Talbot, J. L. Wearn, C. R. Weightman, G. N. Williams.

Prefect of Hall: R. N. Fash.

Prefect of Library: M. K. Jones.

Prefect of Workshop: M. K. Jones.

Secretary of Games Committee: J. A. Pooles.

Captain of Hockey: J. L. Wearn.

Secretary of Hockey: D. J. Keeble.

Captain of Cross-Country: M. E. Talbot.

Secretary of Cross-Country: M. J. Barry.

EDITORIAL NOTES

After last year's quintet, there seems some danger that we may this year have no Open Scholarships whereof to boast—though a last hope remains. Most likely candidates, having already a State (or County) Scholarship and a promise of a College place, are resting content. Those so far provisionally promised places at Universities include M. Cousins, B. A. Stracy, M. Gordon and D. L. Carver at Cambridge, R. A. Giles, R. N. Fash and D. O. Lloyd at London Colleges, I. B. Hayter and M. K. G. Hudson (for Medicine) and D. F. Page (for Dentistry) at London Hospitals, and G. H. Williams and C. E. Brittain at Exeter. Others will certainly follow.

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Preparations to attempt film-making this summer accelerate. The competition for scripts, for which this year's John Robbins Prize was offered, produced ten senior and three junior entries, into which much time and talent had been put. The result will be announced between the writing and the printing of these words. A provisional committee is studying the technical side. Several visitors have kindly given us the benefit of their wisdom and experience on the subject—Mr. Jack Smith of King's College School, Mr. Archer and Mr. Mattinson of the Wimbledon Ciné Club, and Mrs. Smith of Mill End Girls' School, High Wycombe. Their talks and their films have been enjoyable as well as useful. We have also, with the approval of Mr. Basil Wright and Mr. John Garrett, drawn a hundred pounds from the John Garrett Trust as capital for the venture, and more than half of this has now been translated into a Kodak Model K ciné-camera, with an f 1.9 and a telephoto lens, to begin operations.

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Visitors during the remainder of the term will include Mr. Wright, who is to advise the inner councils of film-makers on March 17th, and the Lord Bishop of Kingston, who will lunch on March 18th and talk to VIth Forms afterwards.

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The School has a reputation, not confined to the neighbourhood only, for its productions on the stage: it does more and better than most. Last term's "Romeo and Juliet" was worthy of its predecessors. It is more doubtful whether the School's support of the occasion was also as creditable as that in earlier days. This is one of the two or three major public events in the School

Gibbs

Captain: B. A. Stracy.

Prefects: J. L. Wearn, M. Gordon, C. E. Brittain.

year. Neither boys nor parents should regard it with detachment; it is not an affair that is the concern of others, which the ordinary boy and his parents need not support unless they particularly want to. Those who came to "Romeo and Juliet" were well rewarded. But if one year we put on a *bad* School play, we should still have a right to the loyalty and the presence of boys and parents. From the School, its staff and its undertakings, they receive a good deal more than their minimum legal rights, and they should feel that they owe something in return, and that they are glad to be associated with its public appearances. Enquiries after "Romeo and Juliet" showed that 40 per cent. of our own boys did not come to the play, and that over 60 per cent. brought no support from parents or friends.

These are discreditable figures.

T.H.P.

HOUSE NOTES

Cobbs

Captain: R. N. Fash. *Vice-Captain:* D. C. Shepherd.

Prefects: I. B. Hayter, M. K. Jones, M. E. Talbot.

Rugby.—The Colts have done very well this season and under the leadership of Ridge have finished second in the Colt competition. Owing to the adverse weather conditions, the Senior competition is still unfinished. So far we have lost three games, and whether we win or lose the fourth makes no difference to our position in the Rugby Cup. We are fourth, a position to which Cobbs House should never drop.

The Juniors, however, have had two outstanding wins, and we have high hopes of winning the Junior Rugby.

Hockey.—We have had several practices on the field and on the tennis courts, and they have already paid dividends. The Colts have won their first match and have shown that they have a good team. The Seniors have a nucleus of four 1st XI players and they are well backed-up by the rest of the team. We have a good chance of making up for the Rugby Cup by winning the Hockey Cup.

Debating.—We were, perhaps, unfortunate in being drawn against the eventual winners in the first round of the competition. Nevertheless, we went down fighting, and at no time was the reputation of the House for supplying a good debating team in jeopardy. M. K. Jones, Francis and Rowntree are to be congratulated upon their effective speaking from the floor, and congratulations are extended to Gibbs House for producing a team worthy of beating ours.

Swimming.—This term, fortnightly swimming practices have been arranged, and will be continued next term, when training for the Swimming Sports becomes of more immediate concern. Several boys have qualified in all, or nearly all, strokes, but we still rely too much on Seniors in this respect; the efforts of all swimmers in the House are needed to maintain Cobbs' high swimming tradition.

Chess.—The Chess Competition is still in the early stages, but we hope to gain, this year, the comparatively new trophy.

Cross-Country.—Owing to bad weather, the annual race has been postponed, and it is expected that it will be run on March 11th. We have enough talent to put up a tough fight, and I am sure the people concerned will not let the House down.

Dramatics.—I. B. Hayter is producing Christopher Fry's "Thor With Angels." It is a very good play in itself, and we may entertain high hopes of bringing back to the House the cup that has left us for a year.

R.N.F.

When the House Notes were written last term, the Rugby Competition was still undecided, and due to the inclemency of the weather it has remained in that state. It was thought that the remaining matches would have been played at the beginning of this term and a serious clash with hockey so avoided, but we have suffered at the hands of the severest winter since 1947, and neither hockey nor Rugby have proceeded as was hoped. We have managed to play one Senior and one Colt hockey match, however, and these produced two welcome wins. The Senior XI beat Newsoms by 2 goals to 1, while the Colts beat the same House by 3 goals to 2. This was a magnificent effort on the part of the Colt XI, who are being captained by Lintell, especially as half the team is drawn from the third forms, who, in their first term of hockey, have not had the usual number of trial games beforehand.

At this stage in the term, the drama and, if ardent cross-country fans will excuse me, the humour of the Cross-Country Run are usually nothing more than a memory. Once again the Fates have deemed otherwise for this year, and the competition is still to be decided. We do owe our congratulations to Fowles, however, who, blessed with the extremely difficult job of hunting out and training a team, has done remarkably well, aided no doubt by his skill in the use of rhetoric when opposed by those few members of the House who are content to sit and watch the world go by, and then share in the glory that their comrades have won. I am glad to be able to stress the word "few" when referring to that section of the House.

The only competition that has been decided this term is one on which the weather could have no effect at all. I refer to the Debating Competition, and I am proud to say that our debating team won it. This victory is even more praiseworthy because we had to plough our way through three strenuous sessions of debating, while our opponents in the final, Newsoms, were taking their stand for the second time only. In every debate we convinced not only the judges, who were unanimous in our favour at every session, but also the audience, which was very satisfying, especially to our leading speaker, M. Gordon, who spoke magnificently against some fine opponents. He was supported at the table by Fowles, who also showed a remarkable versatility, even bursting into song at one stage. The speakers from the floor were Wright, Wearn, Bray and Johnson.

Another House competition which requires brain rather than brawn is just beginning to get under way: that is the House Play Competition. This year Wright is producing R. C. Sherriff's "Home at Seven," and we believe that there is a strong chance that we will have added this trophy to our collection by the end of term.

I have left to the end the news from the Juniors of the House, not because they are less important than the other two sections, but because they are striving to win a competition of their own. The Junior Shield has not been seen in our midst for many years, but I hope that this fact will make them all the more determined that it will this year be returned to its rightful place. They have had only one Rugby match so far this term, against Halliwells, which unfortunately they lost by 11 points to nil, but if the team will follow the fine example of their captain, Bond, and his vice-captain, Venison, I am sure we shall see better things from them.

I will close by reminding Seniors that the strength and glory of the Gibbs that is to come lies in these Juniors. They need every encouragement, so that they may in turn encourage future members of the House to maintain the tradition that has caused us to be labelled, even by other Houses, as "The House with the finest spirit." Remember the motto that is on the Eric Parker Cup: "The Game is more than the Player." We would sooner not win competitions than be labelled unsporting.

J.L.W.

Halliwells

Captain: M. Cousins. *Vice-Captain:* J. R. S. Higham.

The rather disturbing weather during this term has considerably disrupted the sports programme, and on writing the House Notes, we find that the Cross-Country Cup is still awaiting its new owner, the hockey is far from being settled, and even some of last year's Rugby matches are yet to be played. It can, therefore, be understood that at the moment we cannot accurately foretell our chance of winning the Cock House Trophy, but if play is like our spirit it can safely be said that we stand a good chance of coming out victors.

In the Rugby Competition, Halliwells Seniors have played magnificently under the captaincy of Higham (J.R.S.), and with only one match left to play, we find ourselves easy winners in this section. However, the Colts have let us down rather badly, losing all their matches, with the result that now we must congratulate a well-deserving Miltons team on gaining the cup, and must content ourselves with second place.

Both the Seniors and the Colts have lost their first hockey match, but even at that we should not despair, for with a little more determination on the part of both teams, we may yet pull something out of the bag.

Although we did not have a strong debating team this year, we must congratulate Higham (J.R.S.) and our other debaters on putting up a stern fight against Newsoms, and even though we lost, we have nothing to be ashamed of. Similarly, with few chess players in the House, we may congratulate ourselves on drawing with Miltons in the first round of the Chess Competition. Who knows? With luck we may even pull through to the final, and gain this recently-acquired trophy.

The Cross-Country has now been postponed several times because of thick snow on the ground, but by the time this article is read the race will, we hope, have been run. In this particular sport we cannot boast of many fine performers, but we can at least pay tribute to Barry, who although quite young, is probably the School's best long-distance runner. Let us hope that even if the House cannot pull through to victory, at least he may lead the field.

The next major competition is for the Dramatics Cup, with the winning team gaining only a moral victory, in as far as the competition does not count towards the Cock House Trophy. However, even with such a great disadvantage, it is true to say that usually this is the most sought-after of all the School's cups. This year we see no exception to the rule, for each House seems to have chosen a suitable play, with the result that the competition will be keen and exciting. We ourselves will be striving desperately to retain the cup, and hope to do so with a presentation of Galsworthy's "The Mob." This should not be too difficult a task as we have both good actors and a lively House spirit, the latter being most essential to the production of a play such as ours.

Before next term commences, it must be remembered that the trophies for which we will be competing are never won by a few individuals. So let us strive to gain a lead over all other Houses in the qualifying points essential to the winning of the Athletics and Swimming Competitions.

M.C.

Miltons

Captain: J. A. Pooles.

This term has proved a memorable one in the history of the House because for the first time we have won the Rugby Competition. This notable achievement was due largely to the magnificent efforts of the Colts team. After two comparatively easy wins they kept an unbeaten record by beating their two strongest rivals in extremely close games. Against Cobbs they won by three tries (scored by Stevens, 2, and Moreley) to two; against Newsoms,

after being 0—6 down at half-time they recovered brilliantly to win by 8—6 thanks to some fine kicking by Hornsby, who kicked one penalty goal and converted a try scored by Windsor.

Although the Seniors could only win one game, against Cobbs, this proved sufficient to make us outright winners of the cup. In this section we have also to congratulate Howard on being awarded Rugby colours.

The Juniors have made a poor start in their competition, losing heavily to Cobbs, 41—0, and to Halliwells, 23—6. But it is hoped that they will not be discouraged by these set-backs, and will try all the harder to win the remaining games.

The weather has so far severely restricted this season's hockey matches. To date we have only been able to play one House match in the Senior section, against Halliwells. This resulted in an easier victory than the score of 2—0 suggests, and with a little more steadiness in the forward line the score could have been much higher. The goals were scored, one in each half, by Keeble and Pooles. The team as a whole seems generally sound and we should add further successes to this one.

Last year the Debating Cup was our possession, but in this term's competition we were beaten in the first round by Gibbs. We proposed the motion "That Horror Comics should be abolished," and despite good opening speeches by Cohen and Read, we were not strong enough to beat the eventual winners of the cup.

The other activities to be decided this term are the Cross-Country Run, the Chess Competition and the Dramatics Competition. Bad weather caused the postponement of the cross-country, but when the race is eventually run we hope to be well represented amongst the leaders. Our first chess match, against Halliwells, was drawn, and the deciding game has yet to be played. For the Dramatics Competition we wish Lavous and his cast every success in their production of Terence Rattigan's "The Browning Version."

Next term's activities include the Cricket, Tennis, Athletics and Swimming Competitions. If we hope to do well in the latter two of these, it is essential that we should begin with a substantial number of qualifying points, for we have few outstanding competitors in either field. At the moment, however, we are well behind on swimming qualifying points. This is a position which everyone must help to rectify because, if we can gain a high position in these minor events, it may well be that Miltons will make further history next term by winning the Cock House Cup for the first time.

J.A.P.

Newsoms

Captain: R. A. Giles.

Prefects: D. O. Lloyd, C. R. Weightman, G. H. Williams.

Rain, frost and snow have caused large-scale disruption to all games plans during the last three months, and Rugby has been extended into the Spring Term. In the Senior competition we beat Cobbs, Gibbs and Miltons, but fell to the powerful Halliwells side after one of the best House matches we have played. The weather nearly curtailed this match, a snowstorm occurring at no-side. The whole team, who never lost spirit, are to be congratulated. This result placed us second in the Seniors, but the combined result with the Colts gave us third place. The loss of Wyatt, who was ill, was a serious handicap to the Colts, he being absent while all the matches were played. The Juniors have only played one match of their programme, against Cobbs, and suffered defeat, but we have hopes for the future matches.

The extension to the Rugby season has resulted in a corresponding postponement of the hockey games. To date we have only played one match, that with Gibbs, which we unfortunately lost (2—1) in the final minutes due to a penalty bully, after holding our opponents for the whole of the second half. The team displayed quite good form, and we may rise from our usual lowly

position. Colt hockey holds little hope, due to the concentration of all the hockey players in Miltons and Cobbs.

One bright spot in the term was the success of the debating team, who were runners-up to Gibbs in the final. Our team chose the humorous side of the motion "It is a woman's world," and very nearly won the cup. Perhaps next year we may achieve the first place in the competition and bring home to Newsoms the Michael Welby Cup, given in memory of a former House Captain who died so tragically during his last year at school.

The weather has also held up the Cross-Country Run, which should have taken place two weeks ago. We have a strong team, which has been training hard for the event, and should figure high in the lists, if not first.

Looking ahead, preparations for the House play, "The Government Inspector," a Russian comedy by Nicolai Gogol, are in hand, and in the Chess Competition we have drawn a bye to the semi-final.

At half-term we held a House Supper, during which vast quantities of food were consumed and we saw a Charlie Chaplin comedy and a motor-racing film. Our thanks are due to Mr. O'Driscoll, who organised the evening, Stringer, who arranged the games, and the workers who spent most of their evening in the kitchen. Our congratulations are also due to Lloyd on his appointment as School Prefect.

So much for what has happened—the normal House Notes—but I think a few words should be written about the House as a whole. For a community to work everyone must pull his weight and not leave everything to a willing few. We must try to kill the apathetic feeling and sloppy attitude which seems to be setting in among some of the boys of this School, and indeed of this country. By exerting oneself a little, life seems fuller and is infinitely more worth-while. In the future, wherever the call arises, let Newsoms be solid in its purpose and success will follow. In all fields let every boy do his utmost when the cry, "Come on 'Soms," rings out.

R.A.G.

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

"Here's much to do with hate, but more with love."

Thus Romeo's words aptly summarise the School's fifteenth production of a Shakespeare play, a play of which many a boys' school would fight shy, but which in Mr. Smith's hands reached heights of beauty and pathos that may well justify it as his finest production. This story of two young lovers drawn to each other in stark violation of the sworn hatred between their respective families, suffered but to learn of their passion for each other in a moonlit scene "too flattering sweet to be substantial," shattered by events that drive them, as agony piles on agony, to find the only solace to their love in mutual death—this was the theme unfolded in a moving simplicity, against the bombastic backcloth of family strife, duels, anger, some humour and eventual "glooming peace" of reconciliation.

No one could venture that the producer had an easy task in presenting this piece, yet despite the problems of casting and stagework, there were moments of utter beauty that transcended all of these. The balcony scene, where the two lovers first learn of their mutual affection, was done with gentle charm that made it the climax to the first part of the play. But the full triumph of the producer's artistry came in the final scene, where by a skilful use of two levels, within and above the tomb, the final act of the doomed lovers and the distraught, well-meaning friar was portrayed with a poignant loveliness that embodied to the full the classical concept of catharsis. The memory of that lingering, melancholy, yet deeply peaceful, final curtain will long remain.

Thus of the whole; now of the parts. Juliet was filled admirably by R. Impey, who brought to the part a simple clarity which allowed the lyrical beauty of her lines to shine forth, rather than a display of passionate personality. The scene before she took the drug that was to carry her to the

tomb was finely done, and fully conveyed her loneliness and misgivings struggling with her love for Romeo. Romeo himself, played by J. Dunn, was sensitively and attractively portrayed. He looked the part—and if one felt that he lacked some depth of feeling, his unaffected style balanced well with that of his Juliet.

On the lighter side of the drama, C. Wright, as the father Capulet, was most entertaining as the "Cheltenham and Poona" type of family despot. His wrathful speech against his daughter's refusal to marry Paris was a triumph of timing, as he descended the stairs from her bedchamber. An able performance, too, was that of B. Finch as the Nurse and confidante to Juliet. She achieved humour with her tongue and shape alike, and a moving climax to her part came when she discovered Juliet apparently dead on her wedding morning. J. Colmer as Lady Capulet, with her prim, clear speech, acted well, and it was a pity more was not seen of her counterpart Lady Montagu (J. Adams), whose exit from the stage was a model of feminine ambulation of the period.

For clear speaking and confident delivery full marks were deserved by C. Rowntree as Benvolio, while his kinsman Mercutio, played by I. Hayter, gave evidence of considerable experience and confidence; his death scene was finely done. His murderer Tybalt (J. Manning) well earned his title "furious Tybalt," breathing hate and vengeance at every step; he, too, fought and died well. In complete contrast was Romeo's "ghostly confessor," Friar Lawrence (M. Cousins), the embodiment of benevolence and earnest intentions, which, in keeping with the tragedian's motif, but hastened the doom of the young lovers. His utter desolation at the ghastly miscarriage of his worthy motives was a memorable piece of acting. "We still have known thee for a holy man" echoed the audience's response to his final confession.

Of the other characters, J. Higham gave us a dignified Prince of Verona, S. Partridge never failed to entertain either as Peter the Clown or as the sinister, hunted apothecary, while A. Fowles as Paris was adequate if somewhat lacking in passion. Credit, too, for their contribution to a successful production, must go to the energetic members of the crowd, who gave us such a vigorous opening scene, to P. Corke as Montagu, and M. Burke, M. Lavous, B. Spencer and G. Frank-Keyes as servants.

Yet if the players worked hard to accomplish their parts, no-one toiled more than those who nightly hammered and sawed, painted and wired, to set the scenes of the street in Verona, the ballroom and bedchamber, the garden, the Friar's Cell and the drear, dank tomb, surmounted by that sombre cross—all to the design of Mr. Riley and Mr. Archer.

But as yet there has been no criticism. Not that there weren't faults—for one could assuredly find details that to the professional might have spoken indifferent talent, poor diction, delays—by which the hard-pressed producer must continually have been haunted. Yet even though these drawbacks were not wholly lacking, the overall impression that remained as the final curtain so slowly crept across that sepulchral scene where "The sun, for sorrow will not show his head," was one of tender artistry, born of a producer's affection for his play and brought to fruition by the labour of all those taking part.

J.D.T.

CAROL SERVICE

Once again, on the last evening of term, before breaking up for the Christmas holidays, we met in the School Hall and raised our voices in "hymns of thankfulness and praise." From the opening notes of "Adeste Fideles" to the final "Nowell" the congregation entered wholeheartedly into the singing, and listened intently to the unfolding of the Christmas story by the Readers and the Choir. The Headmaster gave us "The Prophecy" as it is found in the Book of Isaiah, the Chairman of the Governors gave us "The Nativity" as it is found in the Gospel of St. Luke, and Mr. Smith gave us a

most moving reading of "The Cherry Tree Carol." An interesting instrumental item was a Haydn Trio in which Mr. Ayton played the Flute, K. Whitehead the Clarinet and M. A. Trayler the Piano. The solo carols "Why do the bells of Christmas ring?" (Martin Shaw), "Madonna and Child" (Eric Thiman) and a West Indian Negro Carol were sung by Mr. Loveday, and a delicious secular reading from Ben Jonson was given by Mr. Smith. The special choir had been carefully selected and prepared by Mr. Vyse and deserves congratulation for the four-part Carols: "No room at the inn," "Carol of Service," "Quem Pastores," "Angels from the realms of glory," "Diverus and Lazarus" and "Yorkshire Wassail." Last of all came the Reading by the Second Master from the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John which summarises so perfectly the foundations of the Christian faith.

MICHAEL WELBY CUP

Time, it is said, has some of the properties of the jet aircraft, the infantry soldier, alcohol and the medicine chest. It appears also to share with practice the property of bringing perfection a step nearer. For the series of debates in the competition for the Welby Cup this year has produced a higher level of entertainment than in previous years. This is not to say that the general level of speaking should give any grounds for complacency, but an improvement in presentation of argument, fluency and wit has been most welcome.

Miltons, proposing with due solemnity "That Horror Comics should be abolished," were met in the first debate by a light-hearted Gibbs team. S. J. Cohen, proposing, deplored the contempt for human life and human rights shown in such publications, and believed that anything which served to blunt finer feelings, however small its influence, should be abolished. M. Gordon, for the opposition, would have nothing to do with the emotional appeal of his opponent, appealed for proof and matched his solemnity in his rendering of Fee Fi Fo Fum. M. F. B. Read, seconding for Miltons, regrettably proved himself well named by his adherence to his notes and made a sibilant appeal for the protection of the sub-normal. A. J. Fowles, taking his cue from the finale of his principal, took us into the realm of fairy-tale with accounts of highly successful larceny and similar crimes, and believed that the demand for "comics" was due to a craving for adventure, and that the ridiculous extremes depicted in them showed clearly the gulf between fact and fiction.

From the floor, J. A. Pooles attacked the publishers, J. L. Wearn would have no fiddling witticism and begged his audience not to strike a blow against freedom, M. R. Burke believed that comics bred immunity to the shock of revulsion against violence and C. C. Wright found something in a comic resembling the Chairman, gave us the plot of "Bride of Frankenstein," and believed that to drive the comic underground would be dangerous. M. Howard, after pronouncing the word "comic" a misnomer, proceeded to use it, and refused to believe that censorship was necessarily a bad thing, while A. Bray, professing himself no psychologist, believed a child found healthy relief in the pictures of the horror comic.

M. Gordon summed up with three props with which to support his defence: the need for proof, the safety-valve nature of the comic, and the tendency of adults to exaggerate. S. J. Cohen, at breakneck speed, claimed to produce the proofs required, called the comic a manual for a cosh-boy and resumed his seat breathlessly to await the verdict. The motion was lost by 14 votes to 19 and the judges handed on Gibbs to the next round.

"That poetry is a thing of the past" naturally proved a more serious motion. J. R. S. Higham, for Halliwells, digging into the past for his examples believed that civilisation and poetry had passed their peak. C. R. Weightman, pleading the part played by inspiration, maintained that poetry was both written and appreciated to-day, and so was a living possession for all time. In support of the motion, M. Cousins had harsh things to say of the fifth-former who drifted into the Arts Sixth because there was less work there, and

believed that cranks incapable of nothing better in a modern world drifted into poetry writing. R. M. Pevy contradicted Cousins' claim that one per cent. only of the population read poetry and believed that poetry vitalised a language.

From the floor D. J. Creasey, who was unfortunately too closely attached to his notes, pleaded his own old-fashioned tastes, and believed his own liking for poetry a proof that it, like himself, was not of the present; R. A. Giles lectured on T. S. Eliot, and Hudson believed poetry and the need for it to be crowded out by science, the media of modern entertainment and the rhythm of modern music. D. J. Mayer achieved a pleasing measure of fluency and quoted Stephen Spender and Louis MacNeice, while J. C. Dunn lamented apathy and a general inability to quote. D. Spencer believed that poetry was a release of emotion, and that as long as there was emotion there would be poetry. In their summaries, Weightman disliked Creasey's logic and Higham the past tense of Giles' verbs. The audience, with a number of abstentions, rejected the motion by four votes to 11 and the judges gave the verdict to Newsoms.

Cobbs House was Gibbs' second opponent and proposed "That this House would prefer Britain to be a Communist State rather than the 49th State." I. B. Hayter defined his idea of a communist state as one not in existence as yet, but "pure communism" based on the early attempt of the Christian Church. M. Gordon, for Gibbs, enumerated the first principles of Marxist philosophy and said that ideal communism was a myth. J. Manning reiterated Cobbs' faith in ideal communism as opposed to Marxism, and appealed to the house to forget the sinister implications now suggested by the word. A. J. Fowles was on familiar ground in his defence of America: he believed that as the 49th State, Britain, adequately represented at Washington, would have rare influence in checking American absurdities and hysteria.

From the floor, C. A. Rowntree pointed out the economic success of communist states; P. R. Johnson, for Gibbs, challenged the proposers to choose a side of their dilemma: it was, he said, impossible to reconcile a materialist communist outlook and Christianity. M. K. Jones somewhat aridly quoted the Declaration of Independence, wondered at the negro's position in America and thought that it would not appeal to him. C. C. Wright saw Shaw's "Apple Cart" in reverse (with the cart before the donkey?) and deplored the lack of freedom in the Communist state, and M. Francis begged us not to let Britain be Uncle Sam's 49th delinquent child. J. Wearn believed the opposition in the clouds, but Hayter refused to descend and emphasised in his summary his perfectionist ideal. Gordon had previously summed up his case by admitting, in spite of the Chairman, a defect in his knowledge of Greek, but none-the-less carried the house (10—12) and the judges with him to the final.

Here Gibbs met Newsoms in light-hearted mood, proposing that "It is a woman's world." M. Gordon claimed that the motion conjured up a vision of the defeated male and gave his version of the seven ages of man. C. R. Weightman produced a solar system of four worlds, and appealed for proof rather than humour from the proposition. A. J. Fowles' answer was in song, proving that the spirit of a notable member of an Egyptian dynasty—and, as he said of Florence Foster-Jenkins—lives on. He produced in imagination a veritable troupe of lovely ladies, but claimed that they all left men holding the baby. R. M. Pevy seemed interested in suffragettes, but said that women still had no say in religion, commerce and politics.

C. C. Wright found the world at the mercy of Mrs. Dale and Mrs. Austin, P. A. Tatlow found women plastered in advertisements, and J. Wearn found women necessary.

G. H. Williams was convinced that women existed only to satisfy the needs of man, and introduced the Goon Show. A. J. Bray believed that women were the inspiration behind great men and that men had the kicks in life and women the half-pence. D. J. Mayer thought the motion fatuous, and that women enjoyed their dependence on men. Weightman, in his summing-up, stated that liquor, not women, ruled men, returned to Mrs. Dale and the

Goons, and appealed to the house to acquit themselves like men. M. Gordon, who had played a major part in the series of debates, found himself as the last speaker with little to say, but stressed the metaphorical application of the motion and left the judges to consider their verdict while the speakers at the table faced a barrage of questions and impersonations. The motion was carried by 17 votes to 13 and the judges awarded the cup to Gibbs.

Gibbs indeed were worthy winners. Their speakers, especially from the table, produced a lightness of touch in their humour which enlivened the series and an evidence of preparation which ensured success. For, as ever, thoroughness here brings its reward, and in debating, as elsewhere, it is time, but time used wisely on the task in hand, that lends enchantment.

A.C.

RUGBY

Results

1ST XV	2ND XV
v. City Freeman's W 17—0	v. Wandsworth C.G.S. ... W 31—0
v. Wandsworth C.G.S. ... W 23—0	v. Purley C.G.S. W 13—0
v. Purley C.G.S. W 11—3	v. Mitcham C.G.S. D 6—6
v. Mitcham C.G.S. W 17—3	v. Tiffins C.G.S. L 0—6
v. Tiffins C.G.S. W14—11	v. Old Boys W 10—8
v. St. Benedict's W 34—9	
v. Old Boys D 0—0	
<i>Holiday Games:</i>	
v. Windsor R.F.C. ... W 19—0	
v. Streatham R.F.C. ... W 43—0	

1st XV

The 1st XV finished the season with an outstanding record: P14, W12, D1, L1. Points: for 196, against 68. (This does not include the holiday games.) The loss was against Surbiton C.G.S. and was reported in last term's *Spur*. The only draw of the season was against the Old Boys in a hard-fought match.

v. CITY FREEMAN'S.—Playing without four regular members, Fash, Francis, Shepherd and Higham, who were concerned with a Surrey match, the 1st XV gained a win over City Freeman's. To replace the absent players the back row of the 2nd XV scrum was brought in and Creasy played in the threequarters. I understand that it was a poor match, and our men were somewhat apathetic. Scorers were Hill and Spencer with penalties, Creasy and Cousins with tries.

v. WANDSWORTH.—The score would have been higher if the pitch had not been a mud-bath. The scrum gained possession of the ball nearly every time but the backs used the long pass, which was a mistake on such a pitch. Weightman scored first but the try was unconverted. Two further tries by Cousins and Shepherd came before half-time. In the second half Shepherd scored again and followed it quickly with a drop-goal. Two more tries were scored, by Hill and Weightman, but the score does not represent the ease of the victory.

v. PURLEY.—For this game Nicholls played at scrum-half, Shepherd at stand-off and Weightman in the centre. The pitch was extremely muddy and this slowed the game down considerably. The first try was scored by Swinscoe after a brilliant kick ahead by Nicholls. Hill scored the next try after backing-up Cousins, who scored our third try after a kick ahead by Shepherd. The opposing team scored a fine try just before the final whistle.

v. MITCHAM.—Mitcham beat Beckenham 33—3 and we beat Beckenham 8—6. In view of this the team had an extra training session in the gym. The wet conditions were luckily cancelled out by the Mitcham pitches, and on finding them dry, Fash put Weightman back to scrum-half. Despite a tentative start, we soon had the upper hand. The first try came from J. Higham after a cross-kick by Cousins, and a penalty kicked by Shepherd

made the score 6—0 at half-time. Shepherd landed a second penalty just before Mitcham's wing ran through an over-confident defence. It was a good game, and we never looked like losing.

v. TIFFINS.—This match we had to win. Again we were not worried by the recent rains as we played on the springy turf of Holme Park. Two danger points were seen, a Samson-like forward and the elusive Bruck at stand-off. The former was to be dealt with by Higham and Spencer, but the need never arose, for in the lines-out they never threw the ball in to him. The latter danger, however, proved to be only too real. It was decided that Fash would concentrate on his inside shoulder and Nicholls on his outside, and in this way he only broke through once.

Winning the toss, Fash decided to play uphill into the sun and against the wind. If we could hold them in the first half we would beat them in the second. The scoring was opened by Shepherd, who scored a penalty goal. They replied with a converted try by their very fast winger. Cousins missed him this time but he never missed him again. At half-time the score was 3—5.

During half-time Mr. Bellis gave us further instructions and advice. We restarted, and were held for a long time; then another penalty by Shepherd gave us a 6—5 lead. Seconds later they replied with a penalty to make the score 6—8. We then scored a beautiful try: Francis took an inside pass from Cousins and touched down. Minutes later Francis again scored by intercepting a pass and running thirty yards. Shepherd converted. Just before full-time their scrum-half scored by whipping round the scrum. This was a terrific match, in which Francis scored for the first time this season.

v. ST. BENEDICT'S.—The pitch at Ealing was frozen, and although Mr. Bellis kept saying "Tackle first time," we failed to do this in the first half and consequently they opened the scoring with a penalty and then an unconverted try. However, they also were reluctant to tackle on the hard ground, and Cousins and Shepherd scored before half-time. In the second half the fog came down and turned the game into a fiasco. In such conditions the side that gained possession won. We kept the ball and tries came from Shepherd (2), Cousins (5), Spencer and Loible. The opposition scored an excellent penalty goal, considering only the tops of the posts were visible. Good fun for the players, but the frozen spectators were lost as they gazed into the swirling mist.

v. OLD BOYS.—In the morning Fash and Shepherd had played for Surrey, and this undoubtedly affected their play. Our scrum stood up well to the Old Boys' heavier and more experienced pack, and I think that we had more than fifty per cent. of the ball. However, their defence was the best we had come up against and we were unable to score, although twice we thought we had made it. Our defence stood up well to the Old Boys' attack and they likewise failed to score. A great game and a wonderful match to finish the season.

2nd XV

P12, W9, D2, L1. Points: for 179, against 60.

When the last *Spur* went into print the Seconds were unbeaten, but towards the end of the season they lost to Tiffins by the narrow margin of 0—6. They finished the season with a fine record that any second team might be proud of. Much of the credit must go to Mr. Alexander and J. Wearn for the spirit they put into the team.

Fash, Francis and Shepherd have played twice for Surrey Senior Colts and have another game on March 16th. Shepherd has also played for the County School Boys' team and for London against Transvaal. As a result of his good play in these games, he now plays for Harlequins whenever free from School fixtures. His success this season is something he and the School may be proud of.

Practices for Seven-a-Side competitions are well under way, and this season we hope to bring some trophies to the School.

As a result of good consistent play this season, colours have been awarded to the following: Loible (full-back), Weightman (scrum-half), Francis (centre), Cousins (wing), Spencer (2nd row forward), Howard (2nd row forward), Williams (front row forward) and Hill (front row forward).

R.N.F. and J.R.S.H.

Junior Rugby

There have been very few Fridays this term when the weather has allowed us to play Rugby. House matches have had to be postponed week by week and, at the time of writing, six games have still to be played. The Competition looks to be quite open, although Cobbs and Halliwells, with two victories each, are probably better placed than the other Houses. We do hope that the weather will be kinder from now on so that the Competition may be completed this term.

N.H.B.

HOCKEY

1st XI

RESULTS

v. East Grinstead	Cancelled.
v. St. Mary's College	Lost 3—2
v. Surbiton Hockey Club	Lost 4—2
v. Royal Masonic 2nd XI	Won 2—1
v. Russell School	Cancelled.
v. Kingston Grammar	Cancelled.
v. St. George's 2nd XI	Won 4—1
v. Spring Grove	Won 7—0

The hockey programme has been seriously upset this term by the severe wintry conditions. Only three games have been cancelled, but practice has been almost non-existent. We took the field against St. Mary's College with a team that had not played together before, and several weaknesses showed. The game against Surbiton was played on a pitch that might have been suitable for other games, but was definitely not suited to hockey. Once again we had no answer to their attacks, which were centred around Darewsky, who was picked for the England team in the 1948 Olympics.

Since then, the team has settled down remarkably well, and any apathy that had been present at the beginning of the season was soon lost.

The team is now working well together. In the back division, Fash and Keeble, who has been a reliable team secretary, have worked up a fine understanding, and cover one another remarkably well. In the halves, Hill has been a fine pivot on which the rest of the team has relied with confidence. He has been flanked by two clever wing-halves in Pooles and Loible, who have fed the forwards well, and often take a leading role in attack. The forward line has at times lacked cohesion, and often they have seemed almost unwilling to shoot, but Shepherd and Francis on the right wing anticipate one another well and are extremely fast, while on the other side of the field Boyd and Cousins are rapidly settling down to a reliable combination. In the centre position, Lavous has held the forwards together, and quite often exhibits some brilliant pieces of dribbling which only lack the final touch which produces goals.

There has never been the same interest in hockey as there is in Rugby, but a core of keen players, especially Keeble and Pooles, has held the side together, and one cannot help feeling that with a little better fortune and less frost and snow, we would have had an outstanding season.

Team.—J. L. Wearn; Fash, Keeble; Pooles, A. D. Hill, Loible; Boyd, Cousins, Lavous, Shepherd, Francis. Also played: Loveday, Orme, Howard, Brittain, Weightman.

J.L.W.

2nd XI

RESULTS

v. Surbiton Hockey Club	Lost	6—1
v. Glastonbury Road School	Won	13—0
v. Royal Masonic School	Lost	2—1
v. St. George's College	Lost	3—1
v. City of London School	Drawn	1—1

Although they have recorded only one win, the Second Eleven has shown considerable improvement in positional and tactical play. The credit for this must go to Mr. Alexander who has transformed the Second Eleven from a collection of individuals into a team, and we can reasonably hope for more success in our future games.

Our fixture list has suffered many interruptions by the weather, and the first game of the season was eventually against Surbiton Hockey Club. We were beaten by a more experienced and dexterous team; but in our next match our rôle was reversed, and we beat Glastonbury Road School, 13—0. In the following three matches we and our opponents were much more evenly matched, and if our forwards had been more certain with their shooting the results might well have been in our favour.

The team has been chosen from: Cousins, Williams, Brittain, Weightman, Fowles, Orme, Creasey, Clark, Stevens (A.J.), Thompson, Brugger, Gent, Loveday, Howard.

G.H.W.

CROSS-COUNTRY

Our first match this term was against Wallington and Whitgift, at Coulsdon, on Saturday, January 22nd. Against a very strong Wallington team, who have the same runners as last year, we did well to come second. Wallington were first with 46 points, Raynes Park second with 56, and Whitgift third with 73 points. Individual positions were: Barry 2nd, Howard 3rd, Stewart 7th, Talbot 8th, Loible 15th, Smith 21st, Weightman 22nd and Bayly 24th.

We were hosts to Sutton C.G.S. on a fine and sunny morning on Saturday, January 29th. This was to be the first School race on the revised course, and Barry set up the record of 19m. 20s. Stewart was the next home for the School, in 4th position (19m. 33s.), and the other scorers were Hiscock 9th (20m. 15s.), Warren 11th (20m. 36s.), Spencer 13th (21m. 38s.) and Reeve 14th (21m. 55s.). Our other runners were Mellor, Bayly and Avery. As Sutton had six runners home in the first eight, the result was quickly established as a win for Sutton with 31 points to our 52.

On Wednesday, February 2nd, we were again invited to visit R.A.F. Chessington for a return match, having won the previous fixture. Having a much stronger team than before, the R.A.F. were indeed a good match for our runners, as can be seen by the result: R.A.F. Chessington 39 points, Raynes Park 40 points. Stewart was first home for the School in 3rd place, with Howard and Barry 4th and 5th, respectively. Smith, Eagleson, Hiscock and Warren were our other scorers in 7th, 10th, 11th and 12th positions. Bayly also ran.

On Saturday, February 12th, we entertained the Old Boys to a match at the Oberon. Unfortunately, "Pub" Childs could only encourage three other O.B.'s to leave their armchairs to run on a very cold afternoon, and Hiscock was very sporting in volunteering to run for them. Baulch, having once run round the course (to warm up!), ran away from the rest at the start, and finished in the record time of 17m. 38s. Over a minute later Howard came in 2nd, followed closely by Braine; Stewart was 4th. Hooper, Childs and Hiscock came in 5th, 6th and 7th for the Old Boys. The last five places were taken by Warren, Talbot, Smith, Barry and Reeve. The Old Boys won with a total of 22 points to the School's 33.

Stickley, Hornsby, Stevens and Mellor represented the School in a Junior Cross-Country Relay at Richmond Park on Thursday, February 17th.

Running the first leg, Stickley gained an early lead and completed the course in 8m. 3s., giving Hornsby a good lead. Hornsby ran well, and kept the lead, his lap time being 8m. 13s. Stevens ran 3rd, but the lead slowly decreased, until at the change-over, Mellor and the Kingston runner were abreast. Stevens' time was 8m. 24s. Mellor, running the last leg, could not match the stronger running of the Kingston and Wallington runners, but ran very well to pass the finishing post in 3rd position. He completed the course in 8m. 19s. Kingston G.S. was first, Wallington second and Raynes Park third.

At the time of writing, full details of the Judge Cup Race have not arrived, and the Inter-House Cross-Country Race has yet to be run. Competition for the cup is very keen, and in contrast to previous years, the result cannot be predicted with any certainty.

We have three more matches, the results of which, together with those of the Judge Cup Race and the Inter-House Cross-Country Run, will be found in the next number of *The Spur*.

M.E.T.

CHRISTIAN UNION

"That every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

First, in making this report, I shall deal with something not so pleasant to hear. Our average attendance this term has, so far, been very bad indeed. At our weekly after-school meeting the average has been about ten or eleven, if as high as that, while at our prayer meetings the average has been five. This is out of a total of about three hundred and eighty boys. I hope that this state of affairs will have improved by the time that this reaches you. We would indeed value your prayers.

Now to pass on to more pleasant matters. This term started off quite well with a Technicolor "Fact and Faith" film, "Dust or Destiny," in spite of the mysterious disappearance of the School projector and the inadequacy of the screen. Very fortunately, the Rev. L. J. Lawrey, travelling secretary to the Inter-School Christian Fellowship, who gave us a short talk afterwards, had brought his own projector, and after ten minutes of organised chaos the film got under way. Dr. Moon, principal of the Moody Institute of Science, was the narrator. It is pointed out that in the wonderful world in which we live there are few greater marvels than the mechanical efficiency and adaptability of the human body. The body contains a chemical plant far more complex and efficient than man has ever been able to build. In winter this remarkable system keeps us warm, and in summer we are kept cool by our own cooling system which is so efficient that it can prevent, for a short time, the temperature of the body rising even in heat sufficient to grill a steak. The nervous or telephone system of the body is highly complex and accurate; the hand is a perfect marvel of mechanical adaptability. More wonderful still are the human eye and ear. The ear is the most efficient sound detector known to man; and that wonderful pump, the heart, in a lifetime may beat for more than two thousand, five hundred million times without a stop for repairs.

Dr. Moon then turns to another wonder of nature, the homing instinct in pigeons and the instinct of migration. The greatest migrant of all is the Arctic tern, who, starting from within eight degrees of the North Pole, flies twenty-two thousand miles to the South Pole and back, the world's longest migratory journey. The bat's "radar" is then demonstrated. It would appear that equipping the bat in this way is part of an intelligent plan. "Whose intelligence?" we may ask. "The bat's?" On certain spring and summer nights it is a tradition in Southern California to go grunion fishing, but all that one needs for this is a bucket, for these strange fish come up to the beach to lay their eggs on land. The female grunion must lay her eggs with great precision. She must choose the night of the highest tide or a few nights after; she must choose not only the right night, but the right hour when the tide is

at its fullest, for if she does not, succeeding tides or waves of that very tide will wash the eggs away. Can you plant a seed upside down? No. No matter which way the seed is placed in the ground the plant always grows in the right direction. This principle causes the tree to grow up. The giant Redwood tree is probably the oldest living thing on earth. It was about two thousand years old when Christ was born and every day of its life (three thousand, eight hundred years) it has lifted at least ten tons of water to its top. It is evident that there is an infinite power behind the mystery of life. But is this power a blind, unintelligent, impersonal force? Dr. Moon goes on to say that it is good to consider these things seriously now and again, that no doubt we have formed some opinion on origins—where we came from. You can argue that the atoms and molecules of the various parts just got together by accident. But the simplest kind of reasoning should tell you that somebody made all those parts, somebody put them together for a purpose. You might just shrug your shoulders and say, "Well, it's just a matter of personal opinion," and let it go at that. You might, that is, but for the fact that this is an issue that vitally affects your whole life. You know, it isn't hard to believe in a god. It is the most simple and logical thing in the world. When we see the results of unbelief, it doesn't seem at all far-fetched to say that the only hope for the world as a whole, or for you, an individual, is faith in God. Not just belief in the Supreme Being or Great Force, but belief in a personal God, who loved you enough to provide a salvation for you "For God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten son, that whoso believeth in Him, might not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii, 16).

We have had two other speakers this term, contrary to normal practice, and devoted our other after-school meetings to Bible studies. Mr. M. H. G. Hews, Organising Secretary to the Inter-School Christian Fellowship, came down to give us a demonstration Bible study on January 24th, and Mr. Forsaith, the leader of Kingston Crusaders, gave us an inspiring talk on "Christian Stewardship" on March 28th. Our prayer meetings have been carried on, usually two a week, and have, in spite of the poor attendance, been very successful.

For the future, we have two main items on our agenda. First is this term's Surrey Schools' Christian Rally for Surbiton district, to be held at Surbiton County Grammar School, when the speaker will be Mr. R. S. Code, who will speak on "The Greatest Moment of a Lifetime." And second is the proposed visit to hear Dr. Billy Graham at Wembley Stadium. Further, we shall be moving our main after-school meeting from Monday to Tuesday, when instead of four other societies whose attractions we now have to compete with, we shall only have the Scouts on the same night.

Finally, in closing, I would remind you of St. Paul's glorious words, in the first chapter of his second letter to Timothy:

"For I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him, against that day"—

a level of faith that we try to keep up to in running this Christian Union.

P.R.J.

SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

So far this term we have had only one meeting, but that one meeting proved to be the best that the Sixth Form Society, or any other society, has had for a very long time. Mr. Cholmondeley (I hope I have spelt his name right) gave us a talk on his experiences during the Second World War. He held the whole audience enthralled for three hours by vivid description and humorous and dramatic periods that were mixed in the right proportions. Never has an evening passed so quickly, a sure sign that interest was maintained. If within the next three years the present Sixth Form all pass out as Pilot Officers in the R.A.F., it is Squadron Leader Cholmondeley who should receive all the credit.

Our next meeting will be on March 17th, and will be a Film Evening, on which we hope to show the "Chiltern Hundreds." It is hoped that the girls from the Sixth Form of Wimbledon High School will join our happy throng for that evening.

The dance last term realised some £9 profit, which goes towards our Society's Funds, with which we pay for films and the inevitable number of cakes that are disposed of at our meetings. Arrangements are going ahead for this term's dance to be held on April 7th, which is a Thursday. I hope it will have the usual support of all the Senior School.

J.L.W.

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Spring Term is notoriously the most hectic and rigorous for members of the Senior School, and as a result of the effort to keep pace with the welter of activities (and, occasionally, various subjects) many have been the prodigious feats performed. In spite of this, I am extremely glad to be able to say that the Literary Society is flourishing with an almost unprecedented vitality. If the reader (and Keats!) will pardon the expression, it might truly be said that the present excursionists into the "realms of gold" have proved themselves considerably superior to mere "day-trippers." Indeed, as pilgrims bound "to ferne halwes couthe in sondry londes" they must be congratulated not only for their persistence but for their catholicism too; a fact that should be obvious from a review of their activities.

First amongst these, and therefore, perhaps, responsible for setting the high standard, was Hayter, who, if he will forgive being called an activity, must accept considerable praise for his talk on the Irish poet Yeats. Wisely selective in his choice of material, he made no attempt to confuse the issue with detail, illustrating fully the three distinct periods which characterised Yeats' life. As was to be the case on several future occasions, his own voice contributed no small part to the general success of the meeting.

A fortnight later, on February 10th, members of the Society were delighted to visit Wimbledon High School, in order to join in a reading of "The Importance of Being Earnest." This play is familiar almost to the point of being hackneyed, but it speaks volumes for Wilde that he showed himself quite capable of devastating a generation brought up on Muir and Norden. One is bound to add that the quality of the ensuing refreshments did nothing to detract from our enjoyment of the evening.

This was shortly followed by a journey into a completely different idiom and vernacular when, five days later, a talk on the American novelist, Raymond Chandler, was given by Manning and Fowles. This was attended by a relatively small number. However, this was probably a blessing, for the atmosphere of the prefect's room, which now became our temporary "salon," produced a pleasant informality which blended well with the manner of the two speakers. These, both obvious and self-declared aficionados, illustrated some of the reasons for their devotion (addiction?) and then invited questions and criticism. They were greeted with plenty of both, and before long there arose a more general discussion, which (apart from the observation that Chandler's writing is docile!) ranged from Mr. Townsend's landlady to the influence and desirability of realism in Art. It is upon this subject that we hope to base our next meeting, which will again take the form of a general and illustrated discussion. The edifying influence of the prefects' room stands revealed!

This was followed in quick succession by two more events. The first of these was a visit at half-term to the Old Vic, where we saw Michael Benthall's production of "Richard II." Since I know it has already been "covered" by a colleague (Beware Mr. Dehn!) I will say no more about this and proceed to the second of these items.

This concerned another play, Christopher Fry's "Venus Observed," which was read in the Library on March 24th, and again found us collaborating with our friends from Wimbledon High, whom we now met on our home ground. The bulk of them came not to read but merely listen, and, while it

would not be fitting for me to comment on it, Fry's delightful poetry received ample testimony to its magical effects in their reactions. The humour did not slip by unheeded either, as I am sure the Headmaster, who very kindly sacrificed an evening on our behalf, will be the first to acknowledge. Once again, I have to report a highly successful and entertaining evening.

I cannot now finish these notes without a word of thanks to Mr. Townsend. It is largely due to him that our activities have been so many and varied, for while always remaining unobtrusively in the background, he has been responsible more than anyone else for the current enthusiasm in the Society, and we should acknowledge our debt.

A.J.F.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Last term's meeting was a memorable one in the history of the Classical Society: we heard P. J. Parsons talking about food for an hour and a half. For those of you who have had the honour to meet this distinguished scholar this may seem nothing unusual. On this occasion, however, the food under discussion was classical.

It is evident that interest in food and eating among the ancients increased as their civilisation declined. And Parsons gave us sometimes mouth-watering sometimes nauseating examples of this interest, culled from a wide range of authors. In Homer, the heroes dine sedately off hecatombs whenever the Gods need pacifying; while Aristophanes somehow manages to drag food into the conversation practically everywhere. But the tragedians mention food practically never. And on the whole the early Greeks were not interested in eating for eating's sake: "Too much eating destroys the sensibilities." Later on the Greeks do seem to have become more "food-conscious"; and we find Theophrastus writing his famous character-sketch of a glutton and Athenaeus producing several tracts on culinary matters and on food in general, in a work called the *Deipnosophistae*.

In the same way the early Romans were not gluttonous—Romulus was even reputed to have lived on boiled turnips! By Cicero's time, however, the situation had altered and frequent are the references he makes to the prevalence of debauchery and gluttony.

During the period of the Emperors Roman Society gradually became more gluttonous and debauched. Augustus the first emperor was very frugal in his fare. Horace, in his Odes, only mentions drinking, but in the Satires and Epistles he sinks to the level of eating. Claudius, a later emperor (40-54 A.D.), was far more partial to his food; but one evening he ate some mushrooms—"then he ate nothing more!" During the reign of Nero his successor, Petronius wrote his "Satyricon," a fragment of which, Trimalchio's Feast, survives. Here we are presented with gluttony, literally *ad nauseam*. At the feast the *hors d'œuvres* consisted of olives, dormice rolled in honey and poppy seed, hot sausages rolled up in spiced yolk of egg, and a zodiac composed of cakes, fish, honey-combs, etc. And this was only the *hors d'œuvres*: two full meat courses followed with all the trimmings.

We must offer our thanks to Parsons for an extremely full and interesting discourse, which was always entertaining. We must also thank Mrs. Cholmondeley who as always provided us with an excellent spread that in no way could be considered an anti-climax.

This term we hope to have a paper presented by Mr. O'Driscoll on some aspect of Classical Geography.

M.K.J.

DEBATING SOCIETY

On November 17th last term, the motion that "This House considers Science should wait for Man to catch up with it" was debated in the Library. The motion was defeated by eight votes to two. Uncharitable as it may seem, one feels tempted merely to record this bald statement of fact and then do one's utmost to forget the whole affair, for as a harbinger of what was to follow during the Spring Term, it proved singularly inappropriate. Little praise can be given on the strength of it, for scarcely any was earned by any participant—all the more incredible in view of the way each without exception distinguished himself in the ensuing and more rigorous House Competition. Two speakers can perhaps look back upon it with satisfaction, the two seconders, Burke and Mayer. The former for the Proposition, while lacking substance and not perhaps living up to his name, spoke pleasantly and lucidly. The latter, while guilty of the similar vice of shallowness in argument, did show himself the most polished speaker of the evening, and apparently was, too, the only speaker capable of finishing on a climax. For the rest, it is kinder to remain silent. Time healeth all things and it is not for me to touch upon old scars.

However, time is not always a blessing, and in one sense has proved a most unwelcome enemy. For due to a chronic lack of it, a debate with Surbiton County originally scheduled for this term has had to be postponed until the summer, and nothing appears forthcoming to take its place. This is a case of the flesh rather than the spirit being weak, but—to indulge in a moment's poaching—if the high standard of recent debates can be maintained, it would be a thousand pities to delay too long any intended sequel to the Michael Welby Cup.

A. J. F.

GRAMOPHONE CLUB

The latter half of the Winter Term was devoted to our study of Schubert's work on the symphony (not a full study, due to shortage of material) and was due to finish with the annual Opera Concert. This however had to be postponed since the day planned for it was not available when the time came. It did take place, though, at the beginning of the Spring Term, and proved quite successful, many people attending our meetings for the first time. The concert featured all aspects of opera and included many old records, Caruso singing three arias: "Miserere" from "Il Trovatore," "Celeste Aida" and "Oh Mimi tu piu non torni" from "La Bohème."

The following week we heard Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony and Vaughan Williams' overture to "The Wasps." Two digressions from our main theme *The Symphony* followed: the ballet music to "Petrushka" by Stravinsky and a Sonata by Brahms.

Looking ahead we have a personal choice programme presented by Robson, who intends to include the ballet music to "An American in Paris" by Gershwin. Also planned is our venture into long-playing records, thanks to Fairbrother, who is willing to bring his gramophone along: our gramophone, large as it is, only manages the single speed. It is proposed to play Symphony No. 4 by Brahms, Symphonies Nos. 5 and 6 ("Pathetic") by Tchaikovsky and Symphony from the "New World" (No. 5) by Dvorak. These records will conclude our survey of the Symphony since we have already had a series on the music from 1880 to the present day. A series of this magnitude tends to be incomplete owing to a shortage of records, and during the Summer Term a short series on the music of Bach is planned. This is in response to requests by members to hear some music of the early composers.

Our followers are generally few in number, but we hope that an interest in good music may be kindled in others through our weekly meetings in the Art Room.

R. A. G.

JAZZ CLUB

The activities of the Jazz Club have been considerably restricted this term owing to the G.C.E. trial examinations. At the time of writing, however, at least two programmes have been proposed. These are the New Orleans style of Colyer and Barber and the piano jazz of "Fats" Waller.

After writing the contribution to the last edition of *The Spur*, two personal choices were held. The first was given by Roberts and included both the "pure" jazz of Armstrong and Bessie Smith and the modern jazz of Oscar Peterson and Mulligan. The other personal choice was given by Corke just before he left and was solely traditional jazz. Since Christmas there has been a concert on long-playing records by Humphrey Lyttleton which was generally appreciated, and a personal choice by Hayter which included the many "popular" records which are universally recognised by their somewhat hackneyed themes, but are, nevertheless, good jazz.

After the G.C.E. examinations in the summer, we hope to do something rather more active and ambitious than at present. We have already had an invitation from the King's College Jazz Club to visit them for a lecture one evening late in the Summer Term. It is to be hoped that more people will come forward and submit suggestions to the committee. Finally, we thank Mr. Ayton for sponsoring the Club and Mr. Cholmondeley, who, although not interested in jazz, very kindly sponsored a meeting when Mr. Ayton was indisposed.

M. K. G. H.

CHESS CLUB

It is with some misgivings that I report upon the Chess Club's fast-failing activities this year. I can only hope that this inglorious period in the club's history is rather one of dormancy than of decadence. The spring of chess-playing energy in the Upper School seems to have declined in quantity as much as it has declined in quality and, although chess is still played, sometimes with astonishing vigour, in the lower forms, Junior enthusiasm is, as ever, spasmodic, and such a state of affairs does not make for a healthy club.

As a direct result of Senior apathy I see that the open competition has not, as yet, yielded an open champion, although the last of the "old school" of chess players, C. R. Weightman, has been eliminated by Reeve.

By the time these notes are read the fate of the House Trophy will have been decided, and it is pleasing to see a ray of hope in the high standard of play produced by some Junior players in the matches involved. School match results this year reflect the lack of practice by School players, but there is often a calm before a storm and I trust that next year will see the School playing more chess and consequently fielding a much stronger team.

In spite of the somewhat gloomy outlook presented by the notes above, I am sure that there is a wealth of chess-talent hidden in the School. It is up to you to show it off to its full advantage. It needs only a little effort on your part to produce worth-while results. It is your move!

I. B. H.

SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

Progress has been made with the new high-level track, but I am sorry to say it will not be ready for use at the garden party, when the ordinary track will be on show again as usual. We have experienced quite a lot of difficulty in getting the clearance over the other lines and keeping the gradient within a reasonable limit so that the engine can pull its carriages up the slope.

I am sorry to say that through business commitments I shall be unable to give the time to run the club during the Summer Term, and it is therefore with regret that I must say that our last meeting until October 3rd will be on April 4th, unless there is a parent who is able to spare the time to come along each Monday evening between 7.30 and 9.0 p.m. to help my colleague Mr. Phillips run the club until I am able to return and give a hand again.

S. J. Y.

CRAFT NOTES

In the months ahead many of you will be pursuing your chosen hobby of photography with renewed vigour, others among you will be getting out your cameras for the summer season, and still others using one perhaps for special occasions such as the School journey to Paris. Whatever camera you have the principles involved in its use are the same, and good results are not the prerogative of the expensive instruments. I would, however, urge you to use your camera wisely and be determined to make the best of any facilities you have by giving your photography a little thought.

Film is the very stuff from which pictures are made and is worthy of consideration. It can be divided into three main groups dependent upon the "speed" of the emulsion. In choosing the film one should aim to use the slowest that will give the picture required. In deciding this a number of factors must be considered: time of year and expected light source, interior or exterior shots, availability of a camera stand, and above all the qualities required from the film. Should you intend doing your own processing yet other considerations must be taken into account. As a general rule film speed is tied up with "grain" size, the slower film having finer grain, which under certain circumstances may be an important factor, e.g., when a greatly magnified picture is required. The "speed" of a film is rated according to a number of recognised systems, the most common being Scheiner, Weston, Din., H. & D., A.S.A. index and B.S. index. The last two have been standardised to the same value.

The film-speed rating is the all-important factor in the determination of exposure. Correct exposure is vital to the production of good negatives, which are essential for reproduction whether by projection or printing. Several methods of determining this are available—tables, calculators, visual extinction meters and photo-electric cell meters. Whichever one you use, and please do use one of them, learn to use it properly and have confidence in it. Remember, the light which you use to take a photograph is reflected light, and judgment of its intensity therefore deceptive. A reading should be taken as close to the subject as possible. Expose for the important part of your picture or balance your exposure between the extremes of the "Scene-Brightness range."

Take your time in making an exposure if you can. Study your subject well from all angles. Do not necessarily photograph the whole scene, a part of it may convey the impression and atmosphere you require more forcefully. Look at your subject through the viewfinder carefully and decide whether you have a picture or merely a record of fact. "Compose" your picture, see that it has good shape, balance and pattern. It should be unified—a "frame" is a good method of doing this—and there should be some interest in the foreground leading to your centre of interest. Bear in mind any colours you may want to correct for tonal values in your finished picture and if you have it, use the correct filter.

Before you shoot, check

Focus
Aperture
Speed
Transport, i.e. film wound on or motor wound up.

Good hunting and better shooting.

R.G.A.

19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

This term eleven boys have been invested as scouts, while several more should be invested very soon. Now that each patrol is up to full strength, it is up to each boy to work and make progress in his scouting under his P.L. Older members of each patrol have a chance and a duty to help forward the younger. Enjoyment derived from scouting depends on effort put in—and and this is true of a patrol, as of an individual.

On January 25th was held the annual Peruga, the occasion of a good "feed" for the Troop, and a most enjoyable event for everyone concerned. We were especially glad to welcome so many "new" parents into the widening circle of friends of the Troop. Every Scout Troop must rely a great deal on parents' support; and the 19th has been especially fortunate in that this has at all times been most willingly given.

Recently, in this connection, the Troop has had good reason to be grateful to Mr. R. W. Chiddick, for his invaluable advice in the matter of repairs to the cabin at West Hoathly. Such repairs and modifications have now been carried out as should make it free from damp. Several boys are to camp there this Easter; we wish them good camping—and good weather!

Plans are going forward for the provision of a large hut to be erected on the Scout Reservation. The intention is to have a building which can be used for normal Troop meetings, and which the boys can equip and look on as their own.

Lastly, we should like to extend our sympathy to Peter Newman, who was hurt in an unfortunate accident during Troop meeting this term. He has shown courage and great cheerfulness, and we are very glad that he is now making progress.

D.G.L.

"RICHARD II" AT THE OLD VIC

FIRST REPORT

On the afternoon of the Thursday following half-term, nearly all the Vth Form, accompanied by four masters of the English-teaching staff, went to see a performance of "Richard II" at the Old Vic. Here we sat in the most expensive seats in the stalls, and these, with our train fares, were purchased for an extremely modest fee.

The production was very good, never lagging for a moment, although it lasted for over three hours. The décor was very colourful, and the scenery, although meagre in the true Shakespearean style, harmonised well with the mood of the play. From the moment the curtain first rose, it was apparent that the stage would be used to full advantage, and this was especially so in the case of the octagonal platform in the centre of the stage, which was used for every purpose imaginable. The acting was of a high standard, although I thought that generally the supporting roles were played better than some of the main characters. There was no doubt that John Neville, as Richard, gave quite easily the best performance of the afternoon. In this very exacting role he fulfilled all my expectations, and the performance was excellently sustained all afternoon. He portrayed very well the callousness of his part, and yet when he experienced sorrow he had all our sympathy. The only woman's part of any note, that of the Queen, was well acted by that charming new actress Virginia McKenna. Unfortunately, the small part did not necessitate much speaking as she did not often appear. Neither of the old men, Gaunt and York, was very well done: Gaunt seemed to have a permanent rick in his neck, and York was like a senile old dodderer which was not at all in keeping with the part. He was made out to be a farcical character. Bolingbroke (Eric Porter), was very harsh and cruel, and rather immobile. Two very good performances were given by Robert Hardy as Mowbray and the Bishop of Carlisle, and by John Wood as Bushey, one of the three favourites of the king (who were all portrayed excellently), and Sir Pierce of Exton, the murderer.

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They each managed to play their dual roles so well that it was difficult to realise they were acted by the same person. I am sure that everyone who went enjoyed himself.

B.H.F.

SECOND REPORT

Perhaps it was due to the fact that the gallery at the Old Vic on Tuesday, February 22nd, was not filled to its usual capacity with inveterate students of the Bard's works, or perhaps it was the fact that one could stretch one's leg without hearing a sharp cry of pain as a hard toecap sought entry into someone's back: whatever the reason, there is no doubt that a certain air of frivolity was abroad amidst those sombre fittings.

I personally have never considered the play as worthy of being ranked among the greatest of Shakespeare's works, and a fault in this production was that it tried to make it so by over-producing the drama and pageantry. At the start, the action did not present the picture of what was going on as well as one would have expected, and every now and then one found that sentences had been omitted for no obvious reason, which is rather annoying to an audience intent on hearing a play exactly as it was written.

Of the principal actors there is no doubt that John Neville's portrayal of the king was of a standard as high as any that one can see. Meredith Edwards was a competent Gaunt who made the audience understand the trouble in his mind concerning the evil-doings of the king. Eric Porter as Bolingbroke and Robert Mardy as Mowbray seemed to rely too much on incoherent shouting in their first scene, which rather spoils their later appearances. Virginia McKenna was an enchanting queen, and made a great deal of what cannot be a very satisfying part for an actress of her calibre. As for the Duke of York, played by Michael Bates, Mr. Townsend confessed after the first act that he was a little worried by his interpretation of the part. At the end of the third, he had almost convinced us that he was a fugitive from a popular radio show that is heard on Tuesday night at 8.30 on the Home Service.

One could not fail to be impressed by the excellence of the settings. The stage was dominated by one huge platform raised on pillars, and round this monumental centre-piece grew scene upon scene, each one capable of setting up a wonderful atmosphere. Scenic design seems to be returning to that of the Elizabethan stage, which is an excellent thing. Simplicity in the set is always more effective than the bulky elaborations that one usually witnesses.

Altogether it was a pleasing production, possibly not as high as some that appear at the Old Vic, but it is a difficult play to produce, and many difficulties were well surmounted.

J.L.W.

THE "MEDEA" AT KING'S COLLEGE

Two small groups of Vth and VIth formers were given the opportunity this term to attend a performance, at King's College, London, of the "Medea" of Euripides. They were not disappointed. Everyone who saw the performance came away satisfied.

It is an ambitious thing to stage Greek dramas in the original language: the more one studies the subject, the more fraught with difficulty it appears. The King's College Classical Society, however, seemed to have surmounted most of the difficulties. Fortunately, they were able to strike the happy medium between the modern convention of action, and the ancient of simply standing still and speaking the lines. Most of the actors spoke their lines clearly and with expression. Their task was made all the more difficult, too, because the "Medea" contains a greater number of long speeches than many Greek dramas, and far less stichomythia (single-line dialogue) than is generally found. The only exceptions were the messenger, who tended to overdo his "breathless-haste" effect and to gabble his lines, and Jason, whose Welsh accent, though giving plenty of rhythm to his lines, occasionally obscured his pronunciation.

The Chorus, however, failed to impress. Choric odes, presumably, were originally meant to be sung: yet here was this particular chorus chanting in a not very convincing monotone—they did manage, however, to keep surprisingly well together. The chorus was, unfortunately, the worst flaw in an ambitious production that "came off" on the whole very well indeed.

The scenery and staging were very simple; all the better for that, perhaps, because an elaborate set and brilliant costumes would detract from the actors and what they were saying. Praise must go to the producer for his effective staging of the last scene where Medea leaves her palace in her chariot with the murdered children. This scene provided the best acting (in the modern sense) of the production.

Everyone, I think, came away impressed from a very enjoyable and successful production.

M.K.J.

RAYNES-PARKMANSHIP ON TRIAL

I arrived in Cambridge at about 3 p.m. on Sunday, December 5th, having made the journey from London with Brian Stracy. Both of us had come to attempt University Entrance Scholarships; Brian hoped to win a place, but since I already possessed one, my concern was to cover myself and the School with glory. We both failed. Nobody, however, could call the experience unrewarding.

The rooms they gave me in Queens' College impressed me (at first) most favourably. They were low and rather cave-like, and were lit by a half-dozen low-power lamps, made from bottles, which gave a pleasant glow. The roof was supported by heavy beams. There was a suite of quite comfortable furniture, and a huge arched fireplace, now bricked in to hold a small grate. A small dormitory adjoined the main room. I thought (at first) that Brian Stracy was quite unfortunate to be occupying a modern, gas-heated, rather austere room in Jesus College.

I shared my rooms with a fat, stolid Modern-Languages candidate named Battson, who came from what he called a "bourgeois public school." He had arrived by Daimler; he explained it was easier to drive than the Humber, because "it had pre-selector." Battson showed an almost complete indifference to the examinations with which he was faced: given the slightest chance, he would immediately go off to the pictures, which he did with remarkable frequency. The only time I ever saw him move fast was when he asked me the time, because he had an interview at 6.0 p.m. It was 6.15.

Although Battson's unruffled calm was a tonic to the nerves, he was impossible as a sleeping partner. Like myself, he found difficulty in sleeping in new surroundings, and his restless tossing and turning kept me awake until 4 a.m., at which hour I went into the other room and went to sleep on the settee. Surprisingly, I felt quite vigorous next morning.

I soon discovered how wrong I had been about my rooms. The toilet facilities, for one, were archaic. There was a sort of stone scullery or "gyp-room" next to my rooms. To reach it, I had to go out into the entrance-arch, so that at the start of each day I received the full force of the morning air on going out to wash. **There was one tap. The water came up through stone walls, and was unbelievably cold—stone-cold, in fact.** While washing in the gyp-room, one could be seen by passers-by in the street. (This did not worry me, but the effect on them was sometimes interesting. One respectable middle-aged lady mounted the pavement before she regained control of her bicycle.) The nearest lavatory was about seventy-five yards away. When the cistern was flushed it emitted a scream of amazing intensity. This scream continued all the time it was refilling. The first time I operated it, I dashed back to see if the chain had stuck at the bottom of its travel.

I was rather surprised to find that the majority of candidates were not even hopeful of securing Entrance Scholarships. They were there in the

(faint) hope of being awarded places (as opposed to scholarships) on the strength of their papers, and they regarded the whole thing as a very slim chance indeed. I met only one other candidate who already had a definite place at Queens', and one who had a provisional place.

Many of the Queens' candidates were Northerners, and were characteristically easy to get on with. Brian Stracy, however, found Jesus to be largely occupied by public schoolboys of the more snobbish kind. In their spare time, they would sit in the common-room with newspapers held before their faces. On average, there would be three copies of *The Times*, a couple of *Manchester Guardians*, and (occasionally) a rather furtive *Daily Mirror*. There was never a word spoken. Brian devised a typical Raynes Park reply to this haughty silence. In the common-room there was a dart board. Brian would stand in a creased raincoat, steadily throwing darts at this board. It was impossible to listen to the solid thuds of the darts going home in the silence without wincing. When he took to throwing darts at the wall, so that they crashed to the floor, I felt I had to leave.

I continued to discover the disadvantages of my lodgings. In a few days, I learned the following:—

(1) The coal fire was hopelessly inefficient. To persuade it to burn at all, I had to dismantle the gas ring so that I could use part of it as a gas poker. There was a bad leak somewhere, and at times I was faced with the alternatives of death by gas poisoning or death by refrigeration.

(2) The only way to keep warm at night was by covering the bed with coats and dressing-gowns.

(3) Almost everyone else at Queens' was accommodated in the new block, where all rooms had gas-fires, running hot and cold water, and small, modern kitchens attached.

(4) Brian Stracy was not unfortunate in his accommodation.

Brian and I made various explorations of the town. The most striking discovery we made was that the life of the town seems concentrated in a large number of small alleyways, which are hidden away in the heart of it. We wanted to take a boat out on the Cam, but the weather prevented us. However, I did on one occasion walk along the Cam through "The Backs" behind the central group of colleges. This was probably the most fascinating trip I made in Cambridge. The college grounds are very quiet and very beautiful. There were one or two surprises. One college (I am not sure which) was a superb white edifice, rising majestically from smooth green lawns. When I reached the other side of it, I found a barren wilderness, overgrown with weeds, and strewn with bricks, old wheelbarrows and motor-tyres. I also found my way into St. John's College, and crossed the Bridge of Sighs. I paused for a moment on the historic bridge, looking out over the water at the dignified grey walls of the college. Over the waters of the Cam there came the sound of a progressive jazz band. . . .

When I was not engaged in examinations and not in the company of Brian Stracy, there was singularly little to do. School-work was out of the question now that the exams were here. Moreover, there was a huge gap of six days between my last written examination and the practical exams, so that I had a great deal of spare time, while Brian was frequently occupied. Only Natural Science candidates were required to remain this long at the college. Battson disappeared by Friday, and indeed, many Science candidates went home in the interim. **Cambridge is an impressive place.** It is not grandiose, but it has about it a dignified air of scholarship and sanctity. Without the usual complement of life and laughter, this atmosphere can become depressing. **The weather was cold, and it rained frequently.** My initial enjoyment of conditions began to evaporate, and I began to think I should have gone home during those six days.

However, there were still a few bright spots. We had discovered a coffee percolator in my rooms, and were able to indulge in black coffee at night. It never seemed worth-while buying milk, although the gyp-room would have

been the perfect refrigerator. Brian also discovered a percolator and a splendid tea-set in his rooms, and we would sit there as late as college closing times would allow drinking coffee. He spent a great deal of his spare time in persuading the gas-fire to give a luminous flame. Having succeeded, he invited me to try. I turned off the gas, and, as he had hoped, there was a thundering explosion, for which I was quite unprepared. He also spent some hours in demonstrating to me the theory of discus throwing, using a foreign beer-glass mat he found in his rooms as a model.

The only examination in which I felt I had done well was chemistry; and, in fact, the examiner concerned invited me round to his rooms one evening. He chatted for a while, and then opened a cupboard in the corner of the room. Inside were a number of quart beer bottles. He groped about, and withdrew a bottle of sherry. He then offered me a glass. It was a few seconds before I could reply (when I accepted, of course).

There was a well-equipped common-room at Queens', which housed a television set. On one occasion, Brian and I entered this place late at night, and found one single wretched youth seated in front of the set. The place was otherwise empty. His eyes were glued to a dim picture which exhibited every fault possible with an old receiver in a region of low signal strength. It transpired that this ardent viewer had only seen television once before. Brian and I immediately set about correcting the picture. The viewer remained quite passive through half-an-hour of knob-twiddling. We finally obtained a quite fair picture; but the slightest movement on our part invoked a blinding flash from the screen and a deafening roar from the loudspeaker. We sat the viewer rigidly in his chair, cautioned him not to move, and tip-toed out to an accompaniment of blinding flashes and deafening roars.

Despite such diversions, the rain, the cold and the lack of company depressed me more and more. I finally decided to go home with Brian on Saturday when he left, returning in time for the practical exams. A pleasant feature of my stay was that there were few restrictions on my activities, so I simply walked out of the college and caught a taxi to the station and a fast train to London. I spent a very pleasant day and two nights at home, caught another fast train and a taxi back, and arrived in plenty of time.

The practical physics exam was in the famous Cavendish Laboratory. Inside the entrance to this institution, a notice read, "To Electron Microscopes." A pile of complex equipment lay in a corner. Through another arch was visible a splendid engineering workshop. The room in which the practical was conducted was a large laboratory, equipped with all the facilities one could want. They brought me a test-tube, a cork, a thermometer, a copper pot full of water and some pins and thread. They asked me to perform an efficiency test of impossible severity. I finished about one half of it in the time available. The chemistry practical was rather similar, but this time the invigilators were sympathetic, and added a quarter of an hour to the time available.

By lunch-time on Tuesday I had completed the Entrance Scholarship. It was expensive, it was troublesome and it was a failure. But it was very enjoyable.

M.G.

MR. CHANCER ABROAD

A 2nd-class Railway Carriage,
Nr. Friebourg,
Switzerland.

February 5th, 1955.

DEAR ALPHONSE,

Last time we met I was setting-off for a "Winter Sports" holiday at Gstaad, and I now write to tell you my adventures.

You'll be glad to know that I lived up to my nickname of "Trouble." It haunted me from the start. That train for which you saw me running at Victoria was not the Boat Train. It was a "local" to Epsom Downs. At last

I managed to board the boat at Dover and find my luggage—a van carrying same stopped quickly, shooting all my cases on top of me! I was uninjured.

The next stage of the journey to Berne was comparatively uneventful. True, I lost my passport, all my money, and had my pockets picked, but I did manage to retrieve the passport and some of my money.

In Berne I was my usual self. I was twice knocked down. Once by a car, and once by a Swiss gentleman (I use the word "gentleman" in the loosest possible way) when I attempted to hail a taxi and succeeded in hitting his wife!

Two days later, tired, footsore, weary and hatless, I came upon my destination, *Gstaad*. I presented myself at the "hotel" which had been reserved for me by Chase Tours Limited. I remembered their slogan, "HAPPY HOLIDAYS MUST BE 'CHASED'"—I was *caught*. From the outside the place seemed wonderful. From the inside it looked like a prison (at least, my room did). I felt sick. I drew some comfort from my travel agent's words: "Save on the hotel, have fun on the snow."

Next morning I hired a pair of skis and sticks. I had been told that if the top of the skis touch the base of the fingers when the arm is extended above one's head and the skis are by one's side, they are the right size. Similarly, if the sticks come just under one's arm, they are the right size. At least I did *one* thing right. Outside, I grabbed one of the "Hold-on" ski-lifts (which are operated by an endless conveyer belt) and this took me up to the top of a "slope."

Somehow I got started. Halfway down I lost my nerve. To my left an Italian acquaintance (I had lost all my friends) passed me. "Buon giorno," yelled he, "Come sta, signor?" It was not a "good morning." "Campare! How d'you stop these . . . things?" I called. He had no time to answer. We collided.

They were kind to me in hospital, and after a week I was discharged with my left arm in plaster. I had had enough. This was more than the frail human body could stand. I left for home.

Clutching my 3rd-class ticket, I entered a 1st-class compartment. The ticket inspector came along and turned me out. He need not have been *quite* so rude. I descended a class and my story is now up to date. I intend to post this letter in Berne if I arrive there in one piece, and I hope you receive it.

That inspector is coming again, so as I begin to hide under the seat I must stop writing. Wish me luck, he's almost here.

Sincerely yours,

John.

J.H.T.

A DAY'S OUTING IN 2055

"Let us go and see Aunt Jo to-day," said Mrs. Modderne. "We haven't seen her since last month, and it's not very far. Once we reach the Surrey Take-Off Base we can be in New Zealand by lunch-time." Mr. Modderne nodded over a mouthful of compressed protein. "Yes," he said, "I had the old jet car overhauled last week. Bobby, get in touch with your aunt and tell her that we will be with her for dinner." Bobby (the eldest of three children, two boys and a girl) went over to a contrivance looking like a miniature dust-bin. Taking off the lid, he pressed a switch, waited for a moment, and then asked for New Zealand. Within two minutes he was speaking to Aunt Jo. Meanwhile the daughter of the family was "reading" the news on a miniature television set. She could turn to any item she wished. They left the house by nine o'clock (the time was to be had from a radio-active clock which never stopped and was never more than a millionth of a second wrong).

They all climbed into the jet car, which was propelled by an atomic engine and super-streamlined. It was a vehicle that could fly, "swim" or run

on a road. The Moddernes decided on a road journey. They averaged a speed of two hundred miles an hour through countryside that was nearly all towns, and which had very few trees. There were no woods. In ten minutes they were at the Base, and by nine-thirty were aboard the Trans-Earth rocket ship which was to take them on their journey. This type of ship was used as a taxi, either for reaching the space stations from which the ungainly-looking monsters which travelled to Mars and Venus took off, or just for short Earth trips. The Moddernes hired this ship for twenty pounds, and soon it had taken off vertically, climbing through the stratosphere to the upper airless regions over a hundred miles above the Earth. Then, turning parallel to the Earth, the rocket accelerated to ten thousand miles an hour, and by eleven o'clock they had reached Australia, and began the long downward glide to New Zealand, slowing to a speed at which it was safe to enter the Earth's atmosphere again. They landed on the Christchurch Base at eleven-thirty, and from there they caught an omnibus to take them down to Dunedin, on the outskirts of which lived their aunt. This omnibus was slower than their own jet car, having a maximum speed of only one hundred and eighty miles per hour. They were soon speeding along the quarter-mile wide arterial road to Dunedin. The Moddernes admired what scenery they could get a glimpse of.

At one o'clock they were sitting down to a dinner of compressed *Vivicks* and carbohydrate cordial. Aunt Jo said that they had not given her a chance to get in any energised meat or anything. After dinner Aunt Jo suggested that they should go and see the weather cover under construction, so, leaving the dirty dishes to the automatic washer, they stepped on to a moving pavement and were soon at the limits of the weather cover. **This was a huge transparent dome, erected right over the city.** In the roof were weather controllers, so that the people could have whatever weather they fancied. There was one such dome already over London, and many more were being built all over the world. Great sections of the cover could be pulled back to allow the natural weather to come in, if favourable. In spite of all efforts, scientists had not yet found any means of controlling the natural weather, and modern cities needed just the right kind, or else things like the atomic heat generators could not function. Also, if a war did break out, this cover would protect the inhabitants from everything except the new light bomb, which was potentially so powerful that no country had yet dared to explode one, although America was thinking of doing so on a distant uninhabited planet.

On the way home they passed the Governor's house, and saw the detector of thought standing at the doorway, just in case anyone attempted to **assassinate him**. They saw, too, a new house being built. The bricks were comprised of protoganium, and were self-adhesive, and stood upright no matter which way they were put. When they reached Aunt Jo's house again, Mrs. Modderne decided that it was time to go home, so, after a sandwich of vitamins, they boarded a Christchurch-bound jet "hopper," a small machine with the function of a 1955 helicopter. They reboarded their rocket at seven o'clock, and were soon over the sea on their way home. When Billy was playing with the telescope he suddenly called to his father, "What on Earth's that?" Taking a look, his father laughed. "Only an atomic-powered submarine merchant vessel. You don't see many sea-going ships to-day. Too slow."

By ten o'clock they were home. By eleven they were all asleep. Mr. Modderne set his bed for seven o'clock next morning. These beds lulled the occupant to sleep immediately, but became uncomfortable at a pre-determined time, so waking the sleeper.

Thus ended the Moddernes' day out. They had often gone on such a trip, and thought, or should I say "will think," no more of it than we would of a trip down the river and back.

B.R.H.D.

We are outside a prison. It is a prison with thick granite walls and a few tiny windows. On the wall, we can see two faint white lines which were once goal-posts, but are now no more than smeary smudges, for it has been raining. The pavement is still wet and shiny, and the flickering gas light is reflected in a puddle.

Now we hear footsteps and can see a shadow magnified on the great grey wall. As it comes nearer, it diminishes into a small boy who is shuffling along the pavement. He is quite young, about eight or nine, and he is wearing an extremely large overcoat which is not in very good condition: one of the pockets is torn, a button hangs by a thread and the boy's bare arm is showing through a hole in the sleeve. He shivers and stamps his small feet on the pavement. They make that strange, squelchy sound which feet always make when they are stamped on the pavement. He is wearing big black boots, but no socks. His long trousers are stained and dirty; he has no turn-ups, but we can determine the line where they originally were.

Now we must have a close-up of the boy's face, for it is important that we should see who he is. He has a pale face, thin rather than small, for it is evident that he is underfed. His eyes are deep set and close together, his nose straight and sharp, and his mouth is sensitive and well-defined. Fair hair has tumbled untidily over his forehead and his ears are red with the cold. He is worried, and his fingers pull each other nervously. He has a haunting fear inside him that something he expects to happen, won't.

He stares about him for a moment, and then moves suddenly into a dark corner: his shadow dances and jumps madly on the wall. He stops, and we can see him pulling a dust-bin into the light. He rummages through the waste paper, string, potato peelings, and finds a lump of stale bread. He picks it up and sits in the gutter, trickling his fingers in the muddy water which is running endlessly into the drain.

A clock in the distance chimes ten. He is listening intently and remains quite still. A dirty paper bag is blown into his lap and remains there unnoticed. A light appears in one of the windows and several voices are heard. From the blackness behind, a large door opens, and a beam of cold light floods across the pavement. A woman's cry is heard and figures are silhouetted in the doorway. The little boy jumps up and runs across into outstretched arms.

"Mother!" He sobs and buries his head in her skirts, crying violently. The large door behind them is closed and they are left outside again. Large spots of rain are falling on the pavement. The boy's bread has been carried by the current and is now resting on the top of the drain. The pavement is wet and shiny, and the light from the grimy lamp slowly fades out. All is quiet, and we are left once more looking at the outside of a prison.

"Cut!" screams a voice, and a fat, perspiring man waddles into the picture, gesticulating wildly with an equally fat cigar. "It's great," he gasps, "just great." Everyone agrees that it was great while the fat man pauses to mop his brow.

"I wanna film great literature," sighs the blonde who has just played Mother. "I wanna play the heroine in 'The Brothers Karamazov'."

"Sure, honey, sure," pants the director. "We'll do that next. In Cinerama."

"I don't like this awful coat," complains the child in an affected voice. "It's too rough and big. If you don't do something about it, I'll see Geisler."

"Sure, kid, sure," pants the fat man heavily. "You were great. Just great."

Arc lights flash on and the rain-hose is switched off. The prison walls crumple into a mess of wood and plaster. Cameramen and the studio caretaker climb into their Cadillacs and drive off home. The fat man sweats in a hot office with a cold drink. The child drives home to his swimming pool and the blonde to a première.

Another day's filming is over.

C.C.W.

I was on a walking holiday in late summer, relying only on some sandwiches and some money in my pocket for my welfare. As the last rays of the sunset of a fine day faded away, the air became close and sultry. I was walking along a wide path in a wood when suddenly a huge pair of iron gates loomed out of the fast-gathering gloom in front of me. The plaster was flaking off the brickwork on either side and the rusty iron was showing through the paintwork on the gates. On the other side, a drive reached back, swung round, and disappeared from sight. It was lined with oaks of enormous size which seemed to frown down upon the unkept drive, as if in disapproval of the weeds. All was gloomily silent as though waiting, restlessly, for the imminent storm. The birds had stopped singing; the topmost branches of the lofty oaks hung motionless; the air seemed laden with foreboding.

Curious, I made my way up the aisle of stately oaks, and on turning the corner met with an astonishing sight. In front of me was a house, but it was no ordinary house which met my gaze, for it was a huge Georgian mansion. Large grime-covered windows stretched across the front at regular intervals, the monotony of which was only broken at one point by the main entrance. I took for granted that it was the main entrance for it was guarded by four massive columns topped with a plaster covering. In front of this was a white marble bowl where once fountains sparkled in the sunlight but where now lay early autumn leaves. I walked to the huge main door and managed to push it open. It opened slowly, giving an eerie creak as though unwilling to reveal the contents of the mansion. I stepped into the spacious hall and as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw that it was fully furnished in the Victorian style. There was a thick carpet on the floor and a crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling, which was heavily decorated with cherubs and entwined leaves. The only sign that the house was deserted was the thick layer of dust which covered everything. As I walked forward I stirred up little clouds of it. In front of me was a large carpeted corridor; on the left was a door, and on my right a flight of stairs. I was puzzled as to why the hall was so well furnished and yet so deserted, so I decided to look into the rest of the rooms to see if I could find anything to enlighten me. The first door I opened was a sort of sitting-room. It was well furnished in a style similar to that of the hall. There was a thick carpet on the floor and a settee stood to one side of the huge marble mantelpiece, upon which stood a silent clock and two porcelain statues. Plush chairs were scattered about the room and a chandelier hung from the ceiling. At each side of the large window hung heavy curtains edged with tassels. Each piece of furniture added to the Victorian atmosphere of grandeur and stiffness. On the walls hung portraits of women in crinoline dresses with lace finishings, and portraits of men in fancy waistcoats.

Then the storm broke outside, the lightning lighting up the rooms and the thunder shaking the house. I searched the whole house—the dining-room, the kitchens, the library, and the servants' quarters, the drawing-room, and the bedrooms, each room being in good condition apart from the dust, and each room being deserted. The flights of stairs, the corridors and the rooms were lined with portraits of men and women who looked down at the disturbance in disgust. At last, having searched the whole house and found nothing to satisfy my curiosity, I decided to spend the night in one of the rooms as it was still raining outside. I selected a bedroom on the upper floor, and after I had had some supper, I lay down on the bed and went to sleep with the rain still beating against the window.

At about two o'clock I woke up. The rain had stopped and the bright moonlight was shining through the window. All was silent. Suddenly a door slammed. The sudden noise echoed and re-echoed through the corridors until it died away in a murmur. This roused me from my semi-consciousness. Another door slammed. I got up. All was again quiet. I opened my door. Opposite my door was a flight of stairs. The moonbeams fell across a portrait which seemed to be jeering at me. I began to be a little "jumpy." I went down the staircase, and as I did so, far away down the corridor a door slowly

opened with a long-drawn creak and slammed shut. A window slid up, letting in a gust of wind which whipped up the dust, obscuring everything. The moonlight shone on the dancing specks of dust which slowly ceased their prancing and floated to the floor. When the dust had settled I saw that the window was again shut. **The whole house seemed to be laughing at me. I began clambering up** the stairs again, but stopped when a portrait of a man dropped with a crash to the floor just in front of me. I did not stop long, however, as a door slammed in the corridor behind me which sent me running up the stairs. In my haste I tripped up and fell against a portrait. There was a grating, and in one leap I cleared the last five steps. Looking over my shoulder I saw that most of that part of the wall had slid away, revealing a dark hollow. This destroyed what calmness I had left and I panicked, my only thought being to escape. I raced down the corridor, disturbing clouds of dust. A chair fell into my path, but I avoided it and sped on. I passed down stairs and along more corridors. I was hopelessly lost, but then I saw the main door still open. Several doors banged as though the house was angry at losing a victim. I rushed through the door, thankfully breathing the cool night air. I ran past the fountain bowl, down the drive, past the gates, and on. It began to rain, the cool water beating against my hot face.

At last I came to a village, where I awoke the innkeeper and booked a room. In the morning, when I viewed the night's events in a calmer state of mind and in more friendly surroundings, the whole thing seemed fantastic. I decided to ask an old man, who had lived there seventy years, whether he knew of any large house in that area. To which he replied that he did not. Since this incident I have never laughed at people who believe in ghosts.

R.J.Y.

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