

RAYNES

PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR

SCHOOL

The

SPUR

SUMMER TERM 1955



# THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

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

Vol. XI, No. 5

Summer, 1955

CONTENTS		PAGE
School Officers, Summer Term, 1955	...	3
Headmaster's Notes	...	3
House Notes:		
Cobbs	...	4
Gibbs	...	5
Halliwells	...	5
Miltoms	...	6
Newsons	...	7
House Plays, 1955	...	8
Garden Party	...	10
Seven-a-side Rugby	...	10
Hockey	...	11
Cricket	...	11
Athletics	...	12
Tennis	...	13
Christian Union	...	13
Da Vinci Society	...	14
Classical Society	...	15
Sixth Form Society	...	15
Literary Society	...	16
Gramophone Club	...	16
A.T.C. Notes	...	16
19th Wimbledon Scout Group	...	17
Chess Problem	...	18
Fable	...	18
The Truth about School Rugby	...	19
Portrait of the Bennet Family	...	20
Letter from a Traveller	...	21
My Earliest Recollections	...	22
From Hong Kong to Raynes Park	...	23
Editors	...	24
Acknowledgments	...	24

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, Summer 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. H. 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 Cricket*: D. C. Shepherd.

*Secretary of Cricket*: M. J. Lavous.

*Captain of Athletics*: M. Cousins.

*Secretary of Athletics*: C. R. Weightman.

*Captain of Swimming*: M. E. Talbot.

## HEADMASTER'S NOTES

We have to say farewell this term, very regretfully, to Mr. Cholmondeley, who for the past eight years has lent spirit to many sides of School life—not only in the classical teaching (where notable distinctions have rewarded him), but also in the Scouts, music, swimming, managing the House at plays or our collections for National Savings, and much besides. One might say that he has never produced a dull moment. We shall certainly miss him very much: and cordial though the congratulations of all of us certainly are upon his appointment as Headmaster of Rastrick Grammar School, beneath them is a little doubt whether the wide use of his gifts which he has allowed us to make here will be possible when he is tied to administrative chores! Our very best thanks and good wishes go with him.

Mr. Alexander leaves us, too, after a temporary appointment for the past year, in which he has very heartily identified himself with all good causes here and earned a real, personal esteem from us all. The 2nd XV and the Hockey XI in particular join those whom he has taught in owing him a debt of gratitude. We had also to say good-bye a week or two ago, on his appointment elsewhere, to Mr. Esdaile, whose help and presence we enjoyed during his temporary attachment here by the County as supernumerary member of Staff. Both of them have done good service to Raynes Park, and will be remembered.

Mr. Cholmondeley's post we hope to fill shortly. To help with Mathematics, we shall welcome next term Mr. D. F. High, B.Sc., of London University. As he is an Old Boy of our neighbours at Kingston Grammar School, we confidently expect him to add strength to our Hockey teams, and to much else besides.

A slight preoccupation with examinations has prevented "shooting" of more than a few tentative sequences of our projected film, during the first part of term. The first "rushes" gave great satisfaction to all but their (very properly, highly self-critical) authors, and we expect to be able to show the film this autumn with the pride with which we have always presented our plays. The latest of these, "Toad of Toad Hall," should give unaffected joy to audiences, senior as well as junior, and repay the devoted efforts of Mr. Townsend and his cast.

"G.S.F."—The annual accounts of the School General Fund have now been audited and show a satisfactory picture. Income came mainly from termly subscriptions (£313) and the share of the 1954 Garden Party (£174); other minor items brought total receipts to £512 7s.0d. This sounds (and is)

a good round sum, and you may be surprised to learn that we spent all but £7 of it. On games expenses, largely fares and entertainment for School matches, we spent over £217. This magazine and the terminal diaries cost £125 more than was realized by sales. A few additions to the Library, and subscriptions to periodicals and otherwise, cost £36. Over £33 (more than usual, but not more than they need), was spent on the School gardens. The Honours Boards in Hall cost £22 more than the sum we were given for a Coronation souvenir. These items total £433. Others, in themselves small, but numerous enough to fill a page if we had not more interesting matter to print, include grants to the many School clubs and activities and outings, costs of House plays, hiring films, buying prints, etc. These lesser items bring the grand total of expenses to £505 7s.4d. So we have a surplus of income over expenditure of £6 19s.8d.

Two considerations should be borne in mind. Our prizegiving cost nearly £70, for prizes, hire of premises, invitation cards and so on (the handsome programmes were a gift from Mr. Barfoot); at present there is no grant from the County for this, and it would have meant a heavy deficit in G.S.F. had we not been able to cover the entire cost from Tuck Shop balances. And the expenditure mentioned does not, it will be noticed, include any large special item, such as the proscenium, the stage curtains, or the trophy cases in former years. Any such heavy call would mean a deficit, and such there are bound to be from time to time.

We hope, therefore, that parents' support both for subscriptions and for the Garden Party will be well maintained. A word may be added about the "share" of the profits from this last. The Scouts invented and ran it, with the support of parents generally, for ten years; for nearly as long we have shared equally between their funds and G.S.F. the results of a combined effort—it now produces over twice as much as it did as a 19th Wimbledon Party only. By agreement with Mr. Raynham, for so long the strength alike of the Scouts and of the Garden Party, last year Scouts took £100 and the rest (£174) came to G.S.F., whose need, simply, was greater. By agreement now with the Scout Group Committee the annual division will depend on comparative needs of the time, Scouts having support for their current activities like other School groups, and their needs for capital expenditure being considered from time to time. In fact, the Scout Group has at present considerably larger funds than G.S.F. itself, but they have expensive, though worthwhile, plans in hand. However much or little they drew, we feel that Scouts and their parents will continue to make to this School occasion their outstanding (in proportion) contribution. "To each his need; from each his power." 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.

Both Colt and Senior teams won three games each to bring us the Hockey Cup.

We can have high hopes of winning the Cricket Cup as the Seniors have already won three games and the Colts two. D. C. Shepherd and Ingram have upheld the Senior team, and Ridge has ably captained the Colts.

Vennard leads a powerful tennis team, and this cup, too, seems within our grasp.

To this list of cups which we have a good chance of winning, I must add the Swimming Cup, but here the situation is by no means as satisfactory. In spite of the efforts of Mr. Lerpiniere, swimming practices have not been well attended, and so the notice-board shows a deplorable lack of Cobbs qualifying points. The fact that hydrophobia is rampant throughout the School is no excuse for this sort of apathy. In fact, I think we will win the cup, but both the burden and merit of this will fall upon such as M. E. Talbot, Eagleson and

Hill (A.D.), and not upon the House as a whole. This is just not good enough for a House with our tradition.

It is much more satisfactory to view our progress towards winning the Junior Shield. Having won the Rugby, the Juniors have made a sound start in the Cricket and are doing their utmost to obtain the Junior Shield once again. It seems that Cobbs House is built upon solid foundations.

The culmination of the term's activities could be the winning of the Cock House Cup for the third year in succession, if all-round effort is continued.

Unfortunately I cannot hold out much hope of success in Athletics, for although qualifying has been steady and we have a fairly good team, it seems that all the "big guns" are concentrated in one other House. However, a great effort could bring us second place or even a surprise victory. Last term we failed to distinguish ourselves either in the realm of Chess or of Cross-Country Running, but those involved in the House play will agree that our position of second in the Dramatics Competition was a proper one. Congratulations are extended to all concerned with the play, especially those with no previous stage experience.

Looking back over a successful year, I think Cobbs House spirit has not flagged. Let it never be said of this House that cups mean more to us than the means by which they were gained. Nevertheless, let us have those cups.

R.N.F.

### Gibbs

*Captain:* B. A. Stracy.

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

In the competitions which were not decided at the time of writing of last term's *Spur* we fared none too well. In the Hockey we were third, in the Cross-Country fourth and in the Rugby last.

However, in the far more laborious, nerve-racking struggle of the House Plays, we displayed our true form. R. C. Sherriff's "Home at Seven" was rendered with a sincerity and attention to detail which weighed Mr. Money's verdict in our favour despite Cobbs good production.

This term we have beaten Miltons in the Senior Cricket and lost to Cobbs. The Colts have won one match against Newsoms.

We have done well so far in the Athletics qualifying, and a strong effort on the day of the competition should bring its rewards.

The result of the Chess Competition depends on one game still to be finished between M. Gordon and Thornley. If M. Gordon wins this, then the Chess Trophy is ours. Fortunately, he is in a fairly strong position.

In the Tennis we shall stand a good chance; the strongest opposition will be from Cobbs.

Our Juniors came third in the Rugger and have so far lost one cricket match. Although our hopes of gaining the Junior Shield are not high, I am confident that there are many keen Juniors who will uphold the House in years to come.

Finally, thanks are due to the Gibbs parents and boys who have once again worked so willingly for the Garden Party. They made a major contribution to its financial success.

B.S.

### Halliwells

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

*Hockey.*—Under the able captaincy of Boyd, Halliwells' Senior team put up a valiant fight against the teams which, being composed of more skilful School players, had a marked supremacy on paper. Though not winning any matches, the team nevertheless managed to keep down the score, Smale being courageous if not orthodox in goal. Dyer made a good start in Hockey, and promises to be a good forward next year. The Colts fared better, gaining a win over Newsoms, losing to Cobbs and Miltons, and drawing with Gibbs.

*Cricket.*—Here, too, Halliwells lack the School players, whose ability has proved too strong even for the determination the Senior team, under Hudson, has shown. Against Newsoms the team was beaten convincingly, but in the following match against Miltons, they surprised themselves and the opposition by their effective though crude play. The match was still in the balance, with only a few overs to go, but Lavous' determined strokes soon put paid to any hopes. The next match proved to be a one-sided affair, Cobbs providing both House and School with many outstanding batsmen. The Colts' disappointing display was outshone by the Juniors, who seem to be keen and skilful, beating the other Houses convincingly. Gibbs, Miltons and Newsoms fell to the outstanding play of the team as a whole, and Kingham in particular, and the final match with Cobbs is eagerly awaited.

Swimming qualifying is going slowly, and Dunn, while providing the House with an excellent example, nevertheless fails to attract the less water-conscious among the rank and file. Not so in Athletics circles, where Cousins has drawn the House's attention to the necessity for qualifying, and has received an encouraging response. The Seniors have several good athletes, including Swinscoe and Creasey, who promise well for the actual Sports Day.

The House Play Competition, which was worthily won by Gibbs' first-class production, did not see Halliwells among the placed Houses. Mr. Money, whom most of the House still remember as a hard-working House-master, liked neither play, playwright, nor production. Nevertheless, "The Mob," produced as a sequel to last year's "Strife," gave enjoyment to the cast, who derived the amusement one usually gets from taking part in a play. M. Cousins proved a competent producer, J. Dunn took the lead well, Creasey made a promising début on the School stage, and Impey and Colmer played the female parts with grace. The Mob, who made a forceful impact in the final scene, deserve mention for competence in an important rôle. M.C. and J.R.S.H.

## Miltons

*House Captain:* J. A. Pooles.

*Cricket.*—Our cricket season began very satisfactorily. We were, however, unfortunate in that we were obliged to play our first game against the probable winners of this competition, Cobbs. However, our team is fairly well-balanced and we gained a pretty decisive victory over Halliwells, due largely to the accurate bowling of Orme and Richmond, and a staunch opening innings of 27 by J. A. Pooles. As yet no further games have taken place, but we remain confident of gaining a good second place, if not first.

*Tennis.*—So far, the Inter-House Tennis Tournament, as far as we are concerned, has not yet opened. Much cannot be said, but we are confident that our team, based upon Fairbrother, Wilson and Richmond, all of whom may be relied on, assisted by less prominent players, will give of their best in this competition.

*Athletics.*—The amassing of qualifying points, which ultimately are reckoned with those gained on Sports Day itself, is naturally the major occupation of the whole House. As usual, in this department the approach is apathetic. If, however, the example of our captain, M. J. Howard, were to be followed, we would, I am sure, achieve better results. I can only appeal for much more enthusiastic support in future competitions.

*Swimming.*—Once again qualifying points are our main concern, and the response is not all it could be. Our captain, Crocker, is younger than is usual, and consequently does not hold the authority of a prefect or sixth-former. In such a case it is the responsibility of the whole House to back him enthusiastically, and everyone must be more determined than ever. Let us hope that in the Gala itself we can do well.

*Hockey.*—On reviewing last season, the success of the Colts team is outstanding. Their keenness was admirable, and it was unfortunate that the Senior XI, due largely to an unstable defence, failed to realize the hopes that

were placed in them. The Colts success must be attributed to the individual performances of Gower, Morley, Holmes and Stevens, and the team-spirit of the whole side, which was an example to the rest of the House. M.J.L.

*Dramatics.*—For our House play last term we produced Terence Rattigan's "The Browning Version." Our producer, M. J. Lavous, ably backed by M. F. B. Read, J. M. Adams, J. A. Richmond, M. R. Burke and M. V. Ekins, not forgetting the stage manager, D. J. Drye, and his willing helpers, worked hard and well, but our production, although very good, could not surpass the outstanding performance of Gibbs, for which C. C. Wright and his very able cast deserve the highest praise. The audience, however, evidently enjoyed our play very much, and everyone concerned deserves to be congratulated.

M.R.B.

## Newsoms

*Captain:* R. A. Giles.

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

These notes last term left the House engaged in Hockey, Junior Rugby and Cross-Country but unable to complete any due to the weather. Into the end of the term we managed to squeeze all of these events and put on a House play.

In the Hockey, the Senior team, under Loible, achieved better results than expected in beating Halliwells and the very strong Miltons team (Loible getting three of our four goals), but it failed to beat Cobbs. The Colts also did much better than paper form would give us. Although they lost their matches with Cobbs, Miltons and Gibbs, it was always by the odd goal, and the team and Howlett, their captain, deserve our congratulations. We finished fourth in the combined result.

In Junior Rugby our team had a poor season, but Brookes (R.) led his team well, their main handicap being their small size.

The partial gloom of the Hockey season was brightened considerably by the Cross-Country Competition. After having been postponed for three weeks due to rain and then snow, it was finally run off on a Wednesday afternoon. We had a very strong team of eleven runners, and easily won the cup with 87 points against Miltons' score of 165. Indeed, our team did so well that we had nine runners in the first twenty-one. Individual praise must go to Stewart, who came in first for the House, and to Spencer (D.), the captain, who put in many training sessions to get his runners qualified.

The term ended with the House Play Competition, for which R. A. Giles produced "The Government Inspector," by Nicolai Gogol. Having been told after the dress-rehearsal by one of our House-masters that it was "— — terrible," the cast woke up their ideas and a transformation took place overnight. People remembered their lines and cues and the whole play went through with something of the swing it should have had. We were unplaced with Halliwells, but we hope we entertained the masses with our Russian comedy of village life. With our limited acting strength we did as well as could be expected. Special praise was given by the adjudicator, Mr. Money, to Partridge as the Mayor's wife, C. R. Weightman as the postmaster, and R. A. Giles as the inspector: they acted all the time—others please note! The stage staff, led by Currie, worked under extreme difficulty and produced a simple and effective set.

So to the Summer Term, the fullest of the year, containing Cricket, Athletics, Swimming, Tennis, Chess and the Public Examinations.

Our Senior cricketers have played two matches to date, having beaten Halliwells by eighty runs, C. R. Weightman scoring a half-century and G. H. Williams taking five wickets, but lost to Gibbs by six wickets. The Colts are gaining in ability as the season progresses, and have beaten Halliwells. The Juniors seem unable to score any runs or take any wickets and have yet to win a match.

Athletics qualifying has gone quite well, but there is still a lack of points from the middle and lower divisions of the House. However, we do have a

number of potential winners in all sections and should make a strong bid to retain the cup, which we captured last year. Good luck to C. R. Weightman and his team!

Swimming qualifying progresses slowly in all Houses, but it was good to see members of our House at Wimbledon on Saturday mornings lately. Cobbs will be invincible again, but we should be able to retain second place. How different from a few years ago when we struggled to get fifth place. Keep it up!

Our tennis team has moderate ability and will do its best, which is more important in many ways than results, and in the Chess we are playing Gibbs in the final.

The House is in the ascendant, and next year our Colts will be composed of the all-conquering Juniors of two years ago, while our Seniors will be losing little of their strength on balance. In a short time Newsoms may be Cock House.

We learnt during the term that Mr. Cholmondeley, who has been with us for eight years, had gained a Headship in Yorkshire. His new school's gain is our loss. He has worked hard in all House affairs and our prowess in swimming is due mainly to his work. He has been tough in many ways, but the House is better for it. We wish him and his family good fortune in his new appointment.  
R.A.G.

### HOUSE PLAYS, 1955

The standard of this year's House Plays was as high as I can remember—and in some respects higher; so that the annual platitudes about "attention to detail, care and forethought," are to that extent less trite. The choice of plays was on the whole happy, and the order and "balance" of the entertainment—necessarily, a rather fortuitous matter—was most satisfying. At the lowest level, there could be no complaints as to audibility (something of a record in itself) and at the highest level there were at least two first-class performances.

The plays were presented on successive evenings, three on the Friday and two on the Saturday. This rearrangement, kindly suggested by the Headmaster to suit the convenience of the judge, has, one ventures to think, a great deal to commend it. The usual day-long marathon is a severe strain, and not only upon the critical faculties.

We began with "The Browning Version" (Miltons). This was a workman-like production. There were agreeably easy performances from M. J. Lavous, as the philandering Hunter, and from J. A. Richmond as Taplow, though the latter appeared disconcertingly large and prematurely assured. M. F. B. Read, as Crocker-Harris, gave a thoroughly consistent performance of a character from some other play. The point about "the Crock" is surely that, in the unreal world of a Public School, it is possible to hide a sensitive soul under a black gown of restraint, and that when the gown is off—which it scarcely ever is—the soul appears uncomfortably bare, soliciting our sympathy. This "Crock" wore his heart so palpably on his sleeve that one felt the Lower Fifth would have broken him by the end of his first term. Read's version of the character (which was not without a certain neurotic power) must at least have given pause to any intending schoolmaster in the audience.

The producer made his points quietly and efficiently, though (a general fault this) the play proceeded at too unvaried a pace. It is nearly always necessary on the stage to *build towards* a climax—and that involves variation of pace and tempo.

Newsoms followed with "The Government Inspector." The play is a farce; but alas! we were offered not the extravagant gesture which was demanded, but rather a series of tentative prods. C. R. Weightman as the Postmaster, despite his machine-gun delivery, struck the right note of crazy eccentricity, but most of the rest of the company were content to circle gingerly round their parts, never quite coming to grips. Giles as "the Inspector"

worked energetically to infuse some life, and was occasionally genuinely funny. Mesdames Partridge and Vickers "fair-sexed it," in Swift's phrase, to good effect. The remainder of the cast were quite insufficiently differentiated; the support which their alternations between cringing servility and outraged respectability should have provided was simply not there. The play, as it were, was done by halves; though the Company rallied well for the final scene, to the obvious delight of the audience.

"Home at Seven," produced by Gibbs, brought Friday evening to an end. For all-round excellence of production and performance, it was soon obvious that this was going to be very hard to beat. The curtain rose on a set which immediately suggested just the right kind of suburban *milieu*. The attention to detail and the exactness of things in the various performances were truly professional. The audience was gripped from start to finish by what is, after all, only a pot-boiler—and a pot-boiler, moreover, which, owing to the exigencies of the rules, had been cut and divided into five scenes. As David Preston, C. C. Wright gave a most distinguished performance, beautifully suggesting puzzlement and stealthily encroaching fear. If Mr. Smith should be thinking of staging "Macbeth," he wouldn't have far to look for the name-part. Without exception, the supporting players were excellent: one remembers especially Finch's harassed Janet, an unselfish performance from Fowles as Dr. Sparling, Cooke's cynical and acidulous solicitor, and the admirable restraint and sincerity of Gordon's publican.

Halliwells, opening on Saturday evening, offered us the mixture as before. This time it was "The Mob" which was engaging their attention (and, intermittently, that of the audience) though Cousins had taken the very understandable liberty of pepping-up Galsworthy's original by interpolating a few lines of his own. The trouble with the problem-play is that, for all its assertion to the contrary, it is so little engaged with the real problems of life. Also it is essentially undramatic. Halliwells, in fact, never quite recovered from their choice of play, despite the fusty charm of Swinscoe's backcloth. Nevertheless this was a lively production, giving more attention than most to changes of pace and emphasis. The mob itself, after waiting so long in the wings, seemed a trifle flattened and hangdog on its first appearance, though it soon warmed up. Dunn, as Stephen Lee, despite some slipshod playing here and there, offered a convincing portrait of an idealist, at once withdrawn and passionate. And the standard of performance was generally adequate. But I must finally suggest, with all respect, that Halliwells brush the cobwebs away, and offer us a change of scene.

"Thor with Angels" (Cobbs) brought the evening to a close. Here was another production of great distinction, with a good set (not always well lit) and excellent costumes. Christopher Fry's rather self-conscious verse was delivered quite unselfconsciously by all concerned, and the genuine humour and gusto of the piece were "put across" for all they were worth, notably by M. Francis—a fine performance this. He was ably backed up by his wife (B. T. Ridge) who appeared, however, to have taken the veil rather prematurely. Manning was a convincingly aged and prophetic Merlin, giving a stillness and a focus to some of the more blurred and unfocused themes of the play. Hayter's rapt quality (by now familiar to all denizens of the Bushey Road) and his ability to suggest spiritual disturbance were admirably suited to the central figure, Cyren. This was a first-class performance—the actor's gesture is less awkward than of old—and beautifully spoken. If Mr. Smith should be thinking of producing "Hamlet" . . .!

Cobbs, lacking the finished polish of Gibbs, were unusually worthy runners-up.

One will remember much from the two evenings for some time to come. Nor is it any disparagement of the work of Mr. Smith and his henchmen to say that, when the final curtain had fallen, one went away feeling even more certain than before that the House Plays are the most valuable form of "extra-curricular activity" yet devised. And at Raynes Park, it is said, there is always a fair amount of extra-curricular activity.  
J.M.M.

## GARDEN PARTY

Once again the Garden Party this year was dogged by lowering clouds and showers of rain at its commencement, making anxious stallholders in the open air wonder whether they should run for cover. But happily the threats of the early afternoon were not realized, and though it was never over-hot, the sun did occasionally shine and all was well.

A number of experiments were made this year, partly to simplify organization, and partly from the sordid motive of cash profits. The Gym was spared any invasion, and the Hall became the central market. Gibbs House undertook the full responsibility for the catering, which they conducted in the Annexe Classrooms, under the able guardianship of Mrs. Bunch, Mr. Gordon and a loyal team of workers. The usual concert was omitted, which if it was missed by some, certainly enabled the clearing-up programme afterwards to be speeded up.

As before, parents supported the activities of their boy's House, while Forms organized their own sideshows, etc., and the Scouts, with their own parents, operated as an additional unit. It would be impossible, in the space provided, to thank or to mention all those who put in a great deal of work to make it a very successful Garden Party, both from the point of view of profit and of enjoyment. Nor, indeed, would it be just to compare profits secured as between Houses or Forms. But an impersonal reporter might well have noticed the queues of delighted children careering dizzily along on Miltons' Model Railway, run by Mr. Goddard, or watched balloons taking off into the sky, filled with hydrogen by Mrs. Claridge of Newsoms; if a gambler, he might have been tempted to join Mr. Howard's Housey-Housey circle, which did so well for the Scouts; but if a man of quieter disposition, our reporter might well have sought value for his money at the varied stalls in the Hall—such as the Kingfishers' "Bob-a-Nob," run by Mrs. Fash and Mr. Lloyd, the Halliwells' bottle stall, Mrs. Parsons' garden stall, or the wide variety of articles offered by Mrs. Salmon and her helpers at Cobbs' household and stationery counter.

But every type of visitor was well catered for—the athletic had many chances to try their skill; the operatic could visit Miltons' recording studio; for the naturalist there was the Scouts' zoo; while for those whose feet dragged a little wearily, there was the Library set aside as a Rest Room.

So as the day wore on, the money rolled into the bank in the Physics Lab. where Mr. Denton sat counting, and before it was all over, more than £400 had found its way there, from the pockets of parents, friends and members of the School. This, after deductions of some £60 in expenses, will enable a substantial sum to be made available to the boys to carry on their matches, societies and numerous outside activities, which are so very much a part of the life of this School.

J.D.T.

## SEVEN-A-SIDE RUGBY

The hard work put in by Fash and the two Rugby VII's in the early weeks of last term gave the fitness which tells so much in a "Sevens" Competition, but did not bring the teams as a whole to the pitch of co-ordination of which they were obviously capable. Hard ground during the month prior to the Surrey Schools Competition may be partly to blame. Thus the final two teams did not distinguish themselves in their first competition. Although both managed to defeat their first round opponents, they fell in the second round, the 1st VII going down to Bec, the 2nd VII to Wallington. The display in the next competition, held by the Wasps, was poor, although the 2nd VII were beaten by the final winners after a determined effort. Thus it was with apprehension that we entered the Windsor Sevens, a competition in which last year we were beaten in the final by Surbiton. This year we did not maintain such a standard, as we were beaten in the second round by an experienced Reading team. Nevertheless, the 1st VII did play well, and demonstrated the possibilities should Shepherd be given room to move. It was therefore in the

last competition that he was moved to centre three-quarter and Loible brought in to replace him at stand-off half. The forwards, too, were changed, Higham (C.F.W.) and Bray, who showed outstanding speed and ability, being brought in. With this new combination we beat Bec I, thus avenging the Surrey defeat, and St. Paul's. When we met Wimbledon I in the final, we went down after a defensive game. The whole team represented the School well, and deserve congratulations for a first-class effort.

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

## HOCKEY

### 1st XI

Team: Wearn (J.L.) (captain), Keeble, Fash, Loible, Hill, Pooles, Francis, Shepherd, Cousins, Lavous, Boyd.

### Results

v. East Grinstead	...	...	...	(H)	Cancelled
v. St. Mary's College	...	...	...	(A)	Lost 3—1
v. Surbiton H.C.	...	...	...	(H)	Lost 4—2
v. Royal Masonic	...	...	...	(A)	Won 2—1
v. Russell School	...	...	...	(A)	Cancelled
v. Kingston Grammar	...	...	...	(H)	Cancelled
v. St. George's College	...	...	...	(H)	Won 4—1
v. Spring Grove	...	...	...	(H)	Won 7—0
v. Badingham College	...	...	...	(H)	Cancelled
v. Beckenham	...	...	...	(H)	Won 2—1

Last season was a definite improvement on the previous one, for although four games were cancelled, owing to the bad weather, four matches were won quite easily. The first defeat against St. Mary's College was due to the lack of practice and the uncertainty of the team. The second and last defeat of the season came in the game against Surbiton Hockey Club, against which the team was outclassed by older and more experienced players. The team then gained confidence and a better form to win the next three games, and if the weather had not cancelled nearly half the total fixtures, the record might have been more impressive. Hill played consistently well at centre-half and was duly awarded colours. Lavous, a very neat and competent inside forward; Pooles, at right-half, who could always be relied upon either to defend or attack; Shepherd the main attacking force in the side, and Loible, at left-half, all gained colours.

K.J.L.

## CRICKET

### 1st XI

The 1st XI this season has been selected from: Shepherd (Captain), Lavous (Hon. Sec.), Pooles, Fash, Thomson, Ingram, Hill (A.D.), Hill (G.A.), Ridge, Orme, Weightman, Richmond, Loible, Vennard, Stevens.

The team has been fortunate this year in retaining Shepherd as captain. He and Ingram form a strong, reliable opening pair, an asset to any team. Unfortunately, Ingram has been in demand elsewhere; indeed, he has played for the Surrey Colts, and consequently on several occasions a gap has been left in the number two position. This breach has been ably filled by Pooles, who though being less forceful than Ingram, is none-the-less reliable. Batting strength this season is fairly strong and notable innings have been played by Ridge and Hill (G.A.), the former scoring a brisk 54 against Salesian College.

Our bowling strength is reasonable, and Thomson has developed into a fine aggressive opening bowler: his six wickets for 12 runs against Hampton Grammar School was an admirable performance. Weightman, who has provided our other "opener" when he has not been engaged as captain of the 2nd XI, is very fast but rather too erratic. With greater accuracy he could be extremely dangerous. Ridge and Hill (A.D.) have provided the spin bowling, and occasionally Shepherd has used his "leg-breaks" to good effect.

The most encouraging aspect of the game has been the fielding. There is remarkable keenness, and the accurate throwing of Ingram and Shepherd has been an example to all.

## 2nd XI

The team was selected from: Williams (Capt.), Weightman, Stracy, Hope, Richmond, Loible, Francis, Orme, Brugger, Avery, Gent, Loveday.

The 2nd XI this season has both sound batting and bowling. The opening partnership of Richmond and Hope shows great promise. One very pleasing occurrence in the 2nd XI is the return to form of Brugger. Lately he has lacked confidence and luck, but having scored 35 runs against Salesian College, he should once more provide a firm support for 2nd XI batting. The bowling of Orme and Weightman has been invaluable, the latter, playing against Wallington, taking five wickets for 36 runs, as well as distinguishing himself with the bat by scoring 21 not out.

As yet, neither eleven has been defeated, and we are anxious to maintain this record.

## Results

Opponent	1st XI	2nd XI
Hampton Grammar School	Draw	Cancelled
Wallington ... ..	Abandoned	Won
Wandsworth ... ..	Won	Won
Salesian College ... ..	Draw	Draw

M.J.L.

## ATHLETICS

This season the School team has been wavering in uncertainty; the captain, M. Cousins, has never really recovered from an injury sustained during the Rugby season, and no one has got down to the essential grind of training early enough to produce a first-rate team. The notable exception has been Loible, who, having attended a coaching course at Motspur Park during the winter, was able to raise the School Pole Vault record to 10ft.6in. and come fifth in the L.A.C. Sports at the White City at Easter. Stracy also has been recovering from injury, and in this meeting, which was his first after convalescence, he was unplaced. Thus the general attitude to training, save for the stalwart few, has been deplorable, and any effort which has come has come too late.

This general apathy manifested itself in the first two meetings of the season. The first was against Sutton and Kingston, and after we had waged war with the elements long enough for all to be soaked through, the match was finally abandoned. In the next match, against Kingston, Caterham and Surbiton, we were last. **But there were some excellent performances.** M. Francis won the Long Jump with a jump of 19ft.6½in.; B. A. Stracy beat the School record in winning the Discus with a throw of 135ft.7in., and Loible also beat the School Javelin record with a throw of 148ft.5in.

The almost inevitable win in the Wimbledon District Sports in the intermediate section resulted in the following being selected for the County Sports:

*Junior*—100 Yards and Relay, J. Davie (reserve). 440 Yards, D. Stevens.

*Intermediate*—100 Yards, A. Boyd, B. Finch. 220 Yards, D. Creasey. 440 Yards, D. Thomson. 880 Yards, C. Tabor, A. J. Fowles (reserve). Mile, J. Stickley (reserve). Long Jump, B. C. Wyatt. Javelin, R. Stevens. Pole Vault, J. Howlett, M. Edwards.

*Senior*—220 Yards, C. R. Weightman. 440 Yards, D. J. Swinscoe. 880 Yards, M. Talbot. Mile, M. Barry. Long Jump, M. Francis. Weight, B. Spencer. Pole Vault, K. J. Loible. Relay, C. R. Weightman, D. J. Swinscoe, M. Francis, R. Fash.

They go into the Sports with the best wishes of the School behind them.

In the Surrey Grammar Schools Sports we relinquished the trophy to Wallington, filling the fourth place. The notable performers were B. A. Stracy, who again beat the School record with a throw of 139ft.7in., M. Francis, who came second in the Long Jump, and Swinscoe and Loible, who were sixth in the 440 Yards and Javelin, respectively. The Senior Relay team came second. D. Stevens came second in the 440 Yards Under 16, as did Stone in the High Jump. Hornsby came sixth in the 880 Yards.

Thus with still some of the season left we can look back on some outstanding performances with satisfaction, but with the achievements of the average athlete we can by no means be satisfied. This season is B. A. Stracy's last, and in it we have seen the achievements of perhaps the finest potential athlete of the School. We extend to him and to our crippled captain our hopes for highly successful athletic careers at Cambridge. But above all, our thanks must go to Mr. Bellis; not only does he coach and help all day, but he is out in the evenings and far into the night. There is a moral somewhere, perhaps in the words of Geoffrey Dyson, our national coach: "If you're going to get anywhere in Athletics you've got to work, you've got to work hard, and if you're a professional coach you've got to work — hard." C.R.W.

## TENNIS

So far this term the tennis team has only had three matches. Two of these were in the Rootham Shield Competition. In the first round of the competition we played Strode's School, Egham. We won this match by four wins, no losses and one draw.

The team was: *1st Pair*—Stracy and Vennard; *2nd Pair*—Fairbrother and Bray.

In the second round we were drawn against King's College, Wimbledon, and we put out the same team. King's College had four junior Wimbledon players playing for them and we were soundly beaten, five-nil, although Fairbrother and Bray put up a good fight against King's second pair.

Our third match was against Beckenham Grammar School. We were not able to put out our strongest team because some boys were taking examinations. Our team, however, put up a very good fight, and the actual games were closer than the result suggests. Result: six losses, two wins, one draw.

The team was: *1st Pair*—Stracy and Vennard. *2nd Pair*—Williams and Fairbrother. *3rd Pair*—Shepherd and Richmond. B.V.

## CHRISTIAN UNION

As usual at this time of the year, the term has not been as active as it might have been, largely due, I think, to the disturbing influence of exams, the G.C.E. in particular. There have not been more than four main meetings so far. This term has seen a new venture, and we have moved our day for meeting over to Tuesday, and we will probably make this a permanent alteration. We have done this, in spite of the fact that we must not hinder the Scouts in any way, particularly by taking any members, as on Monday, four or five other clubs and societies are meeting at the same time. There is now even less reason why any member of the School should not attend our meetings.

Our mainstay, as usual, has been Bible Studies on the question and answer basis, this time on Practical Christianity, using the General Epistle of James. Our first meeting this term took the form of the first of these Bible Studies, and we concentrated on Chapter One of the Epistle.

On the following Tuesday, May 17th, we organized a coach visit up to Wembley to hear Dr. Billy Graham and his team. As there were several cancellations at the last minute, two boys from Rutlish School were able to come along to fill up empty seats, so that the final number of people going was 35. We feel that this was a very small number of boys to go from a school of this size, especially as, due to a subsidy from General School Fund, for which we are very grateful to Mr. Porter, the fare was only two shillings a head, the admission being, of course, free. The trip, however, was very worth-while,



providing everyone, I think, with a lot to think about, presenting the Gospel of Christ in, perhaps, an entirely new light. The journey home was not without event, but we arrived back at School safely at about 10.45 p.m.

Our next meeting, as a form of follow-up, was a showing of the *Fact and Faith* film, "The Prior Claim," the whole theme of the film being "Nature had it first." The film compared the modern gin-trap with the Venus Fly Trap, and other insectivorous plants, the modern development of night-vision by means of infra-red rays with the sensitivity to those rays that a rattlesnake shows, the acrobatics of an aeroplane with the marvellous stamina of the albatross and the tremendous agility of the bosun bird, which can even fly backwards. Finally, it was pointed out that if a model of the human brain was made, it would occupy a volume of three Empire State Buildings, and would still not be able to decide whether to have eggs or bacon for breakfast. God has a right to our lives; the right of creation; what are you going to do with your life?

Passing on to our future meetings, we are expecting the Rev. George Hewitt, Minister of New Malden Congregational Church, on July 23rd. Next term we shall still be basing our meetings on Bible Studies, as this is a very successful and profitable form of meeting. Finally, I would remind you of James' words (Chapter i, v. 5): "But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." P.R.J.

### DA VINCI SOCIETY

Due to a number of unavoidable delays, it was not possible to include our usual report of the Society's activities in the last issue of *The Spur*. This term marks the end of the third year of the Da Vinci Society's life, and this, I think, shows the sustained interest that it has commanded in the School. The following short report will indicate the liberal policy it continues to pursue.

Under the intriguing title "Hands," Mr. Alexander gave a talk on the correlation between hands and mind. His talk was keenly followed by a large audience, who were given a great deal to ponder upon. The new tape-recorder really came into its own under the capable hands of Mr. Townsend, who made excellent use of it to illustrate his very personal reminiscences of Greece, in which he built a very vivid picture of that country, its art, music and literature.

Last term two Exhibitions were held in the Art Room of the work of students from the Wimbledon School of Art. Miss Skinner, the head of the Sculpture Department, gave the Society a most informative talk on the exhibition of sculpture. Miss Skinner brought with her examples of the materials and tools of the sculptor, and by the use of these very ably conveyed the processes and problems of this art form. The second exhibition, that of stained glass, was ably covered by a talk given by Mr. Wilkinson, the head of that department at the School of Art. The audience were fascinated by the apparent careless abandon with which the speaker handled the glass. No doubt memories of "bloody" encounters were at the backs of most minds.

The two films shown this term were "Gauguin" and "Toulouse Lautrec." These French films were introduced by Mr. Riley, who gave a short talk on the work and place of these two important French impressionist painters.

The art and craftsmanship of bookbinding was the subject of a talk entitled "It's a Bind," given by Mr. Archer. This talk was illustrated in part by the work of pupils in the Craft Department. Mr. Rudgley, in his usual lively and entertaining manner, led us into the strange world of "Surrealism." This talk commanded a large audience, and it is to be hoped that many of them will take up Mr. Rudgley's challenge to try some "Surrealism" themselves, and therefore a follow-up of this provocative talk will be a competition, organized by the Society, for the best Surrealist paintings and objects. The final talk of the term was given by Mr. Seely, a teacher who was with us for a term from Barbados. His subject was his own country, and with the use of the epidiascope and records he built up a clear picture of that island. The

final recording to be heard was one which I am afraid could not claim to be a genuine native calypso, but had all its essential characteristics. It was a calypso entitled "The Raynes Park Calypso," and was based upon the extramural activities of a certain member of the Society. The Society owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Townsend and Mr. Ayton for their research into this West Indian art form and for unearthing this hitherto undiscovered example.

I would again like to thank all members of the Staff who have so admirably supported the Society. The large attendance at meetings is, I think, indicative of the genuine appreciation felt by the members of the Society for the work and co-operation of the speakers who have placed so much of their free time at our disposal. A.C.R.

### CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Once again last term that select body of gentlemen from the Sixth Form and upwards, which meets three times a year under the genteel excuse of the Classical Society, assembled, this time to read the play "Socrates," by Clifford Bax. Those of us from the School were particularly pleased to meet there distinguished scholars from a bygone age who have already won their laurels here, and are going, or have gone, on to higher achievements elsewhere. We met Mr. Parsons, who, as Aristophanes, hiccoughed magnificently, and his bitter rival, Mr. Jackson, the two of them now, alas, separated by the red tape at Oxford. There also appeared the hefty Mr. Bunch, and the towering Mr. Crichton, who has carried his triumphs into other than scholastic fields. Mr. Hopkins honoured us with his presence, as did Mr. Ferebee, whose services to School cricket are still remembered with gratitude. All these we were glad to see, and we welcomed all enthusiastically.

Unfortunately, Mr. Smith was unable to join us to read the title rôle of Socrates; nevertheless, Mr. Cholmondeley, taking over at short notice, enjoyed himself immensely, and read the part superbly. The other parts, brilliantly cast, blended together surprisingly well, and the whole proceedings were conducted in a style which well became their distinguished participants. This was not a little helped by the play itself, which is an adaptation by Bax of Plato's dialogues concerning the last days of Socrates' life. He included in it all the famous speeches, including Alcibiades' drunken eulogy of his friend and teacher, and the great man's own treatise on Love. The trial, with all its one-sided frivolity, he handled extremely well, and his use of crowds here I thought particularly effective. The portrait painted of Socrates' death was very sincere and touching, and for a moment subdued even the high-spiritedness of its readers.

Clifford Bax's excellent version, Mrs. Cholmondeley's excellent cooking—to which I would here like to pay enthusiastic tribute—and the general good spirit which was prevalent, led to a very enjoyable evening, and one which may in every way be counted a success. It is, therefore, with very sincere regret that we have since learned that the meeting to be held this term, when Mr. Cholmondeley will address the Society, will be the last ever to be held under his auspices. Mr. Cholmondeley, as will be seen elsewhere, is leaving us this term to take up a headmastership near Huddersfield, and so from the Classical Society I would like to extend our hearty congratulations, and our heartfelt thanks for his services to us, by whom his departure will be most keenly felt. Mr. Cholmondeley has served the Society faithfully and efficiently during his long stay with us, and it would be selfish of us to demand his services and abilities when they are more urgently required elsewhere: it is, however, to be hoped that this time, with the cornerstone removed, the whole structure will not topple. R.M.P.

### SIXTH FORM SOCIETY

This term was rather an uneventful one for the Society, only one meeting having taken place. Since the dreaded examinations were just around the corner at the time, this was to be expected. At this single meeting we saw the

extremely interesting film "The Life and Death of Colonel Blimp," starring Roger Livesey, Anton Walbrook and Deborah Kerr. It was in colour, and many of its camera movements elicited interesting comments from members of the School's own Film Society, not least from the harassed director, who complained that many of his brightest ideas had been used. We are indebted to Mr. Smith, who suggested the film and who brought along Mrs. Smith to swell the somewhat small company who turned up. It was a very enjoyable evening (free), with refreshments. M. Cousins made two very nice little speeches. J.M.

### LITERARY SOCIETY

After a sweeping opening on Dylan Thomas this year, enthusiasm has slowly and regrettably declined, so that only one meeting has been held this term. That was at the Wimbledon High School, where we accepted the return invitation to read another play by Christopher Fry, "The Lady's Not For Burning." With his rich and abundant fancy and ironic sense of humour, we were launched into a sea of dazzling verbal invention which never flagged for a moment. The play, even funnier than "Venus Observed" but less subtle, was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and we do thank Miss Thomas and the girls for making the evening the success it was. C.C.W.

### GRAMOPHONE CLUB

We have had a successful term and our meetings have been well attended. All our records have been long-playing, and we must thank West for the loan of his portable machine. The clarity and trouble-free running of the slower record has made us wish for a machine of our own, and during the term the secretary went to Mitcham Grammar School to see and hear the model the County supply. A favourable report was returned and an order has gone to the County for delivery. By the time these notes are read we should have it, but the County moves in a mysterious way and anything may happen. We live in hope.

Our long series on the Symphony was completed with works by Tchaikowsky and his contemporaries, and the term is to end with a short series of Bach's organ music, using Mr. Trinder's records. R.A.G.

### A.T.C. NOTES

Undoubtedly, the main event, since last going to press, has been the Squadron's camp, which took us once again to the familiar haunts of Thorney Island. But the circumstances were not so familiar. This time our camp was in the Easter holidays; we were blessed with perfect weather, and instead of the brown tents for sleeping and a marquee for the canteen, there was a comfortable barrack block with all (or nearly all) home comforts. The only other Cadet Unit at the camp was the squadron from Beckenham Grammar School, who supplied an eager set of rivals for the various games organized every evening. Of flying there was a-plenty—almost too much for some who were not too good "sailors." Four-hour flights in Varsitys and Marathons on navigation training-flights were available for everybody, as well as local trips in Valettas.

The chief entertainment of the week was supplied by W. O. Cox, who on a distinctly chilly day volunteered to be "dumped" into the sea in order that a helicopter of the Air Sea Rescue Unit might scoop him out, to demonstrate a new type of rescue equipment. Cox was duly clothed in a rubber "immersion suit," which theoretically kept the cold sea-water out, and was duly lowered into the "drink." The Alarm was given, sirens sounded, aircraft in the circuit were radioed to keep away, and sure enough in about three minutes a helicopter came screaming over the trees and circled round Cox, who by this time was slowly drifting out to sea. The first attempt failed as the net, caught by a gust of wind, turned inside out. Cox still drifted on, and it was getting difficult to

see him now. Again the helicopter hovered over him; the net was not behaving too well. And then a cheer went up as a dripping figure was seen in the bottom of the net as the winch slowly lifted it out of the water. But that was not the end of Cox's adventure. He had to stay in the net and be flown along dangling under the aircraft. Once over the aerodrome he was gently lowered and, to his great relief, laid softly on the grass.

Another good day was a visit to the King Alfred Baths at Brighton for swimming tests, and then on to Newhaven, where the Cadets were taken out in an R.A.F. Rescue Launch. Unfortunately, a thick mist prevented them from going far, and enabled them to see little. But probably the most excitement was provided when Cadets from nearby Tangmere Aerodrome "raided" Thorney Island, and our Cadets were responsible for preventing them "blowing-up" one of the hangars. It is gratifying to report that all invaders were eventually captured and the hangar is still there to this day. In all it was a most successful week, and our thanks are due to the Commanding Officer and Staff of R.A.F., Thorney Island, and in particular to F/Lt. Shelley, for their efforts on our behalf.

This term we have had our Annual Inspection, which was carried out by Group Captain H. E. C. Boxer, O.B.E., from Air Ministry. The inspection took the form of a ceremonial parade and march past, at which Leading Cadets formed a Guard of Honour, and Cadets who recently qualified for Advanced or Proficiency Certificates were presented with these. After the Parade, the Group Captain visited classes and spoke to the Cadets. He was good enough to give the Squadron a very satisfactory report at the conclusion of his inspection.

Apart from these events, parades have continued as usual on Friday evenings, where training is undertaken for the various R.A.F. certificates open to Cadets. We have particularly to congratulate Corporals Boyd and Hope on passing their Advanced Training Certificates with Credit. Finally there is an invitation to any members of the School who are over 14, and who are able to attend regularly on Friday evenings from 7-9.30 p.m., to join the A.T.C. Squadron at the beginning of the Autumn Term. J.D.T.

### 19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

During the first few weeks of this term, many of our energies were directed towards the Garden Party and troop meetings tended in consequence to follow anything but a normal pattern. However the result, socially and financially, seems well worth while, and a just reward for efforts put forth. The parents of so many Scouts are, I feel, to be especially thanked for their hard work during the afternoon.

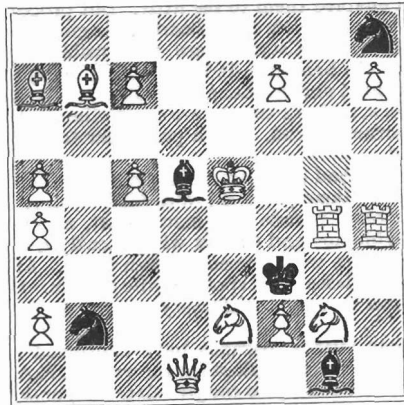
A total sum of £12 16s.6d. was collected by boys of the troop during this year's "Bob-a-Job" Week; this is very creditable, and congratulations are due in particular to several boys who raised over £1 apiece. Also during the Easter holiday several boys took part in a very enjoyable troop hike, involving much scrambling up and down Colley Hill and a ramble across Walton Heath; and we were represented at the Wimbledon District St. George's Day Service and Parade, held at Raynes Park Methodist Church.

The time for summer camp is drawing near. We hope to travel overnight on the day term ends, July 22nd, and to return on August 2nd. The camp is arranged at Perranuthnoe, a small village near to Penzance, and quite close to a site used by the troop in 1946. The site this year overlooks a most pleasant bathing beach, and has splendid views, in one direction of the coastline curving round to the Lizard, in the other of St. Michael's Mount and Penzance.

We still hope that there may be some progress towards the erection of a hut on the reservation this summer; we are still hoping to be able to procure a good second-hand hut large enough for our needs. Necessary repairs have been carried out at West Hoathly, and some younger members of the troop had their first experience of camping there this Easter. D.G.L.

## CHess PROBLEM

This interesting problem should puzzle experienced players for only a few minutes. Nevertheless, I have known relatively good players who are unable to cope with it after hours of study, purely because they fail to attack it analytically and resort to a fatal "trial and error" method. If you fail to do it after five minutes, I advise you to look at the hint on page 00. If you still cannot do it you will find a solution upon page 00. (If after reading the solution you are still unable to do it, chess is not your game.) I.B.H.



White to mate in one.

## FABLE

Once, in the Painted Desert of America, there lived peaceably a Millipede —this was in the days before Walt Disney filled up that place with cameramen and other disturbers of the peace. Those who have seen a Millipede know that its resemblance to a railway train is quite striking; and it so happened that there lived in the same part of the Desert a Beetle, who was also struck by this resemblance; for the Beetle had in his youth lived by the Santa Fe Railroad.

Now, this Beetle was no ordinary insect, for he was of quite unprecedented size and strength; moreover, it was his firm belief that his size and strength fitted him to be a King and Ruler of Insects, and this belief he proclaimed loudly to all who would listen. Yet the Beetle was secretly prey to a nagging fear, that there would come a day when his Strength would depart from him, and his Size be useless; and so persistent was this fear that he resolved to build himself a stone castle, which should forever be a protection against his enemies and against the Desert. Since he was to be a King, the Beetle resolved that others should perform this labour for him.

So it came about one evening that, as the Millipede was journeying home in a train-like way along a gully which last autumn's rains had worn in the sand, he came upon a newly erected post. The Millipede paused, and looked the post up and down. Pivoted at the top of the post was a striped arm; and leaning against the side of the post in a manner which suggested trouble was the Beetle. The Millipede blinked mildly, and was about to go on this way when the Beetle spoke.

"This," said the Beetle, in a voice which brooked no argument, "is a Signal. When it is Up—so—you may proceed," he continued, raising the arm, and hastily lowering it again, as the Millipede made to move off. "But when it is Down," he said, enunciating each word slowly and carefully, "You May Not Pass."

"Or Else!" he added, catching a rebellious gleam in the Millipede's eye. The Beetle then made sure that the Signal was Down, and ambled off, disappearing behind a boulder.

The Millipede remained, staring unhappily at the Signal. There was never room in his mind for more than the most immediate of thoughts, and at that moment, the memory of the Beetle's Size and Strength blotted out all others. He was still there when the Beetle reappeared round the other side of the boulder.

"So!" said the Beetle. "Excellent! You may now proceed." So saying, he raised the Signal with his bony arm. The Millipede made off at once, grateful for his release, but unable to shake off the feeling that the world was no longer the happy place it had been.

Next morning, the Millipede set out in his usual way to forage for breakfast, and before long found himself again travelling along the gully. To his dismay, he saw that the Signal was Down; but the pleasant warmth of the morning conspired with the Millipede's empty stomach to give him confidence, and he made to go past the Signal. But the Beetle at once appeared from behind the boulder and, in a voice as like to thunder as he could manage, cried out;—

"Hi, you! Where do you think you are going?" The Millipede came to a reluctant halt, and waited, staring at the sand. The Beetle came close enough to ensure that none of the effect of his words would be wasted, and went on:—

"What do you mean by trying to pass the Signal? You know very well that when the Signal is Down, You May Not Pass! Why do you suppose you were made in the form of a train? And why do you think the Good Lord gave me such Size and Strength?"

At this point the Beetle opened his wing-cases a trifle, so that the morning sun struck a shimmering golden-green blaze from his back. Then he went on:

"It is for me to control Signals, and for you to obey them. Very well. Since God clearly intends you to be train-like, it is fitting that you should perform the work of a train. It will be your task to transfer those stones"—he indicated an expanse of pebbles—"into the lea of this boulder. Now proceed." He raised the Signal.

So the unfortunate Millipede was set to hauling stones under the hot sun. Each morning the Beetle would set the Signal Down, stopping the Millipede on his way out, to give him his orders for the day; and a slowly growing pile of stones marked the Millipede's progress.

Now, it happened one morning that the Beetle came very early to the pile of stones, to examine the work; and as he walked by the pile, a large stone rolled from the top, and striking the Beetle, knocked him over, on his back. And the Beetle was afraid; for he knew that now his Strength was of no avail, and his Size was merely a hindrance; for he was helpless, and under the Desert sun he could not live long.

At this moment the Millipede came by, and the Beetle, seeing him, cried out lustily for help, waving his legs; but the Millipede saw that the Signal was Up—for the Beetle had not set it that morning—and went racing by, ignoring the Beetle's cries. It would be pleasant to record that he returned, out of compassion, to save the Beetle from an unpleasant death. But railway trains have no emotions.

M.G.

## THE TRUTH ABOUT SCHOOL RUGBY

Cricket used to be played with a branch of wood, a ball and a three-legged stool against the churchyard wall. Since then it has grown up into an eleven-a-side game with proper rules. Football used to be a seething mass of men looking for a ball buried beneath them. Since then it has turned into a controlled mass of men looking for a ball buried beneath them. But "Rugger" is one of the games that never grew up. A curse upon the head of the Rugby schoolboy who picked up the ball and ran with it. He deserved to be flogged for the pains and suffering he has caused innocent schoolboys.

There are three types of schoolboy Rugby players: those who like it, those who are indifferent, those who don't like it. Only the masters (whose memories have been twisted by the trick that time so often plays of picking out the bad points and leaving only a false picture of pleasure) really like Rugby. Or could it be they love to see those troublesome forms beating each other to insensibility? I hope not for my sake.

It is a fact that the scrum is the only form of legalized torture in this free country. The front row tends to be pulped, because of the great pressures converging there. The heads of the boys in the second row act as the motor tyres fixed to the sides of paddle steamers when they are moored to the quay. The back row is the padding that ensures a soft landing for the first and second rows if the scrum collapses. The ideal scrum-suit would look like that of the man in the tyre advertisement, with a double skin separated by air. This would stop the victim from being maimed for life by a good tackle or being forced to make a trip to the dentist by a bad tackle. The Romans probably picked up that cruel streak that let them enjoy arena fights from the Etruscans, but who have we to blame but ourselves?

Famous last words: "There's nothing like a good game of Rugby to keep you going."  
K.J.

## PORTRAIT OF THE BENNET FAMILY

The Bennet family (around which the whole plot of "Pride and Prejudice" revolves) consists of seven people—Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, and their five daughters. The incidents which occur in this book take place in the period of the reigns of George IV and William IV. As the manners and relationships of, and between, even close friends or relations were often more strained than nowadays, so the characters in "Pride and Prejudice" behave with corresponding respect and coolness towards each other. For instance, they do not refer to each other as "Mummy" or "Daddy," or use any other such modern ways of expression, but Mrs. Bennet calls her husband "Mr. Bennet," and the girls call their parents "Sir" or "Ma'am."

Mrs. Bennet is the mainspring of the family, her sole ambition in life being to marry off all her five daughters to wealthy or titled gentlemen. She goes about this in entirely the wrong way, being so anxious to see them married, that she tyrannizes her daughters into making themselves agreeable to marriage with almost any likely man who shows the slightest interest in any one of them. But if one should refuse a proposal, Heaven help her and protect her from her mother's indignant wrath! Mrs. Bennet is very discontented, but attributes this state of affairs to her nerves, and continually complains to everyone, especially Mr. Bennet, of her continual ill-health, her daughters' chances and mischances in matrimony, and her husband's own apathy towards this problem.

Mr. Bennet, knowing his wife's ill-humour and sharpness of tongue, spends most of his time, while at home, in the library, well away from the hurly-burly of female life, which swarms around him, all over the house, in the shape of his nagging wife and petulant offspring. But now and then he is shaken rudely out of his peaceful solitude by his always effervescent children and their mother, who continually want excuses to display themselves at the next local dance, so that the girls can be put once more on the market for eligible bachelors to snap up. Mr. Bennet, however, takes all his wife's persuasions and rebukes calmly, and even teases her all the time, although she does not realize this.

Jane is the prettiest and oldest of the five sisters, and has a very cheerful and composed disposition. Although the oldest, she is less sensible than Elizabeth, and spends much of her time looking out for men on the horizon, and upon meeting Mr. Bingley, promptly develops a liking for him, which is returned whole-heartedly, until the budding romance is later cut short by Bingley's friend, Darcy.

Elizabeth, as the most sensible of Mr. Bennet's daughters (and also, incidentally, his favourite), is the heroine of the whole story. She is lively and

pleasant, and Darcy, realising this, and acknowledging her prettiness, falls in love with her. Unhappily for Darcy, she is more suspicious of strangers than any of the other sisters, and has a better observation as well, so that, finding him disagreeable on their first meeting, she keeps this idea of Darcy, and hence, when he first proposes to her, she utterly and firmly refuses his suit.

Maria, the third sister, is rather unintelligent, and her intellect does not shine through the fog of uncertainty and difficulty. She is proud of her self-affirmed musical prowess, and when prevailed on to play the pianoforte, although in reality very unskilled, she is to eager to show off her capabilities, that she will play on and on for hours, if not reminded that too much playing is not good for the fingers, and that in any case the party is almost over.

Kitty, the fourth, and Lydia, the youngest sister, are very flighty girls indeed, and although Lydia is only sixteen and Kitty a little older, they both try to attract the attention of young men-about-town, especially the officers of the local regiment of soldiers. Lydia is very proud of her height, explaining that although the youngest, she is also the tallest girl, and so more gentlemen will, she hopes, be attracted.

The whole family live at Longbourne, their estate in Hertfordshire, which, sadly enough for them, is entailed, after Mr. Bennet's death, to the nearest male relative, who happens to be Mr. Collins, a cousin of the girls. Therefore, when Collins proposes to Elizabeth (near the beginning of the book) and he is refused, Mrs. Bennet gives Elizabeth the sharp side of her tongue in no uncertain manner.

Thus, the life of this typical, middle-class (although comfortably-off) family goes on, the females chasing or enticing males, and the father trying to referee the bouts and clashes of opinion.  
J.M.B.

## LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER

192, Merton Road,  
South Wimbledon,  
London, S.W.19.  
February 4th, 1955.

Dear Maitland,

I do hope you received my post-card from Kleine Scheidegg. I am a bit doubtful because there was a strike on in France at the time. If not, I will send you one I brought back with me, for that awe-inspiring scenery is too good to miss. We had a truly wonderful holiday in Switzerland, but I must say it is good to be back. I have only one complaint, and that is that we had rather a rough crossing on the return journey.

We arrived at Ostend from Basle with two or three hours to spare, and spent the time relaxing in the third class lounge aboard the *Prince Philippe*, a Belgian ship built in Scotland. As we sat in the lounge, we little expected that we were about to embark upon the most thrilling journey I have ever known, or, I think, will ever know.

We left on schedule and visibility was quite good as the liner nosed her way out of harbour. The trouble began an hour later, when rolling in all around us came a blanket of fog, and soon we were groping about on deck like so many blind men.

The fog seemed to be everywhere; nothing was impervious to it, and no matter where we went we could not escape it. Then a few minutes later the second blow fell; the navigational radar of the ship broke down. To put it mildly, we were in the soup, and a pea-souper at that!

Gallantly the ship ploughed on through a very choppy sea. Many of the passengers began to suffer from sea-sickness, and the children were getting scared.

At regular intervals the ship's horn gave tumultuous voice and the silence was split as with an axe. Then, a few moments later, an answering call would sound.

This blind man's buff continued for another hour and a half with only one break when the fog lifted enough to see a few hundred yards. But we weren't greeted with a very reassuring sight: we saw nothing but the masts of many dead ships lost forever on the Goodwin Sands! But this break gave us our position and the captain was able to set course for Dover.

Many people braved the weather and came on deck, and suddenly a breeze sprang up and the White Cliffs of Dover appeared as if by a miracle before our astonished eyes. Now I know what is the true meaning of the message those cliffs give: it is "Welcome Home."

That's enough about me. Now for you—please write and tell me of your adventure on the Norfolk Broads,

Yours sincerely,

BRIAN MORLEY.

## MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS

My earliest recollections go back to the days when I was, according to my relations, "A chubby small child, who would have indigestion when older," growing at the rate of 12oz. a week—double the average rate of other children. I have only a few memories of those days at the beginning of the war when I used to tuck into a bowl of bananas, over which were three grown-up portions of Devonshire cream, twice daily; a habit which I had to get out of because the war prevented the importing of fruit. Every afternoon I went shopping with my mother, and if, for any reason, I had failed to get what I considered to be my rightful portion of bananas and cream for lunch, then I would revenge myself while waiting outside a shop for Mummy. I would throw my shoes and socks out of the pram at passers-by, along with the articles which had been bought from the shops which Mummy had already visited. This was great fun. Luckily she had no need to buy eggs as we kept chickens.

My first home which I can remember was in Addlestone. There, to my great joy, we kept two rabbits in a hutch, and at the great age of two, I became "an authority on my rabbits," as my Grandmother used to say. There, also, my Daddy was in the Home Guard and had a terribly big gun which he used to carry on one shoulder when he went out every night. After two years we moved from Addlestone and my pets were sent to the butcher. That was a terrible day, because the butcher used to hang up dead rabbits in his shop window.

For two years, until I was four years old, I lived in a flat in Clarence Gate Gardens, London. I can only remember one room there—the one I was put in when punished. It was long and narrow, with a window at one end and the door at the other. The only piece of furniture which I can remember was an ottoman. This flat was near my Grandmother's hotel and also my Great-Aunts' houses. Often my Grandmother or an Aunt would take me for a walk in Regent's Park. Sometimes they allowed me to go all by myself on the boating pool, which was round with an island in the middle.

My most vivid memory of those days was when I walked with Mummy in Regent's Park, after going shopping. I was carrying my greatest possession, a little basket from my toy baker's van. But something had gone wrong that day for I was grizzly all the afternoon. Suddenly I jerked Mummy's hand and sat down and cried. I refused to get up and walk; I refused to be carried. So my mother walked on a little way. I caught up with her and promptly sat down again. So my mother put my wonderful basket out of my reach in the branches of a nearby tree. This frightened me terribly; my precious basket just couldn't stay there; it may get lost; it may get wet. So I pleaded with Mummy and pleaded again, but all to no avail, so I cried my eyes out all the way home.

In those days I used to sleep in a cot on which were pictures depicting scenes from nursery rhymes. My favourite picture was of the "Old Lady who Lived in a Shoe." It showed her with all her children climbing over the shoe.

In 1943, at the great age of four and a quarter, all five of us, that is Daddy, Mummy and myself, moved to Raynes Park. (I said "five of us" just now instead of "three of us" because at that age I could not count properly.) One day I was packed off to an Aunt's house. This Aunt was a dear old lady whom I called Aunt Flo. There for about a fortnight I played with my Uncle's magnets all day and every day in a little back room, until I climbed the dark stairs at night to go to the Land of Nod. Instead of sleeping, however, I used to play with a big horseshoe magnet which had been carefully smuggled upstairs under my dressing gown.

When I went home again I had a baby brother. Six months later I visited another Uncle's farm in Newton. This was the first holiday I can recall. On this farm I used to pick mushrooms in the cow-fields, and I remember vividly a newly-killed chicken hanging on a wall to bleed. Here, because I was five years old, I had to start school. Near the farm a small kindergarten school held lessons in a large room or hall in which were tables and benches. The teachers expressed delight when they heard I was coming, because my cousin had been there before and proved an excellent pupil. I, however, had to be different. I willingly walked to school with Mummy, but at the entrance refused to leave her. I cried and cried. The teacher, in order to pacify me, told me that I could arrange some flowers in a vase if I went inside and stopped crying. So I ran inside with glee. There I waited on a bench, banging my small bag, but I was never given any flowers to arrange and I disliked that teacher for ever-more. After walking home each day along the twisty roads fenced by high hedges and hoping not to meet a cow, I could sit in the farm's dairy and drink freshly-made cream.

After only fifteen days or so, I returned home, and attended another school. In an upstairs room I used to draw squares and circles to make patterns. I remember that then I knew everyone in that form yet I cannot recall any of them now.

The war was very fierce now; flying bombs paid deadly calls at night on many people nearby. We, that is my parents, brother and myself, used to sleep in a Morrison Shelter during the nights of terror. We were never hit.

These are a few of my earliest and most vivid and precious memories which I hope will remain with me all my life so that I can look back on a happy childhood.

If you walk through Regent's Park some day and find a small, round, straw-coloured baker's basket in a tree, would you return it to me? J.D.F.

## CHESS PROBLEM HINT

Note that white still has all his pieces and consider black's last possible move.

## FROM HONG KONG TO RAYNES PARK

(A letter received by Mr. Loveday from a former Head Boy.)

Monday, June 6th, 1955.

Dear Sir,

*The Spur*, which my mother sends me with unfailing regularity, observes that the wheel is turning normally at Raynes Park: men are still being transformed there, the societies still meet, and the editors have customary difficulties with contributors. And all this, which once I knew so well, is unbelievably remote. Hong Kong has been likened unto a ship, because here you do things which elsewhere would be considered quite abnormal, and doing abnormal things, Sir, and drugged by the fragrance of this glorious colony, I have begun to forget that ten thousand miles away there is an England.

But I must tell you of the normal pastimes, not the abnormal ones. Having remained a highly unsuccessful soldier, I have been plagued with practically no duties, and I fill the post of a civilian attached to the Army.

Life, without a real job—a dangerous situation—has revolved largely around St. John's Cathedral and the Hong Kong Stage Club, and practically everything I have done (normally) has been an offshoot of one of these. The Dean of St. John's, Freddy Temple, the great Archbishop's nephew, has been the most influential and profound character I have been lucky enough to meet. I have stayed with him and his family on several occasions, and it has been an incomparable lesson to see a family organized and run—if such words can be applied to family life—absolutely *comme il faut*. The Dean has filled, almost exactly, the place which the Headmaster occupied in my life in England: I can't remember one single direct rebuke from either of these gentlemen, and yet I have never known anyone who was as aware of weakness in me, who knew as clearly those frequent moments when I was not producing my best. I have taught at the Cathedral Sunday School, which is largely for Western children, with a number of Chinese and Eurasians, and assisted as sidesman during my stay here.

A great hobby has been Amateur Dramatics, and I have had parts in three of the Hong Kong Stage Club's four productions this season. I played Alan in Priestley's "Time and the Conways," Bruno, the younger son, in Melville's "Dear Charles," and finally I was a first-scene coachman and then prompter for "The Rivals." I had no idea that acting could be so enjoyable. Amateur Companies are of greater importance in Hong Kong because the theatre itself is so limited. Art, generally, is limited, and we, the Westerners, and the Chinese who share our tasks, are offered the exciting opportunity of providing our own. The Hong Kong Art Club produces a thoroughly good and entertaining collection of water-colours and oils each month, and the Hong Kong Singers have produced "The Messiah" in the Great Hall of the University, "The Crucifixion" in the Cathedral, and "Hiawatha" recently. And the University, where the Stage Club rehearses, is a great centre, and has the blessing of being easily accessible. I have met, and become a firm friend of Edmund Blunden, who is in charge of the English Department there.

Sir, I should never have chosen a letter-card: I knew that before I started. I write to send you my very best wishes. May I add, finally, that the Dean of Hong Kong remembers playing at Raynes Park when the Baliol Players from Baliol College performed there in John Garrett's day.

May God bless you,  
ALAN WRIGHT.

## EDITORS

*P. A. Townsend, Esq., J. R. S. Higham, M. K. Jones.*

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Editors acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines, and wish to apologize for any omissions: The Aldenhamian, The Ashtedian, The Beccehamian, The Blue, The Bristol Grammar School Chronicle, The Britannia Magazine, The Bryanston Saga, The Caterham School Magazine, The City of London Freemen's School Magazine, The Fettesian, The Kingstonian, The Radleian, The Record, The Woking Grammar School Magazine.

## SOLUTION TO CHESS PROBLEM

It will be seen that had black's last move been Kt from Kk3—KR1 or from QB5 or Q6 to Qk7 or the bishop on R7 to Kt8, then the white king would have been in check. Thus these moves are all illegal. Thus the only possible move for black was with his pawn. It could not have been from Q3 as the white king would have been in check. Thus the only move open to him was P (on Q2) to Q4 then the white pawn (on Q5) × *Pen passant*. Discovered check from the bishop on Kt7 and mate!