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SCHOOL OFFICERS, Summer Term, 1956

Head Boy: J. A. Pooles.

Second Boy: J. R. S. Higham.

Prefects: A. T. Boyd, D. J. Creasey, D. J. Drye, A. J. Fowles, D. J. Holden, K. J. Loible, M. F. B. Read, D. C. Spencer, P. A. Tatlow, C. R. Weightman, C. C. Wright.

Prefect of Hall: C. R. Weightman.

Prefect of Library: P. A. Tatlow.

Prefect of Stage: D. J. Drye.

Secretary of Games Committee: J. A. Pooles.

Captain of Cricket: M. J. Lavous.

Secretary of Cricket: P. Ingram.

Captain of Athletics: C. R. Weightman.

Secretary of Athletics: M. Francis.

Captain of Swimming: G. D. Crocker.

Captain of Tennis: A. J. Bray.

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

Mr. Bellis and Mr. Lerpiniere leave us this July, greatly to our loss and regret. In four years Mr. Bellis has imparted no little of his own zest and skill to our doings in various fields; our possession in turn of the Surrey Grammar Schools Athletics Cup, of the Cup for the highest-placed school of our size in the same Sports, of the Relay Cup, and of the Rugby VII's Trophy, — repulsive though the last must be considered, — is testimony to his influence. He has inaugurated P.T. Clubs and an Inter-House Gymnastics Competition, and given generously of his own time and spirit to School affairs. He takes to Bedales our gratitude and best wishes. Mr. Lerpiniere has, though in only two years, made his mark on the teaching both of History and of English, and examination candidates and others are in his debt. He has also most successfully carried on the Scout Troop, and not only recruited fresh strength to it and kept it active in meetings and in camps, but also got it a headquarters of its own, to leave as an impressive legacy to his successor.

We welcome this September Mr. G. N. Gurney, who after taking his degree in English at Worcester College, Oxford, went to Cambridge for his Certificate in Education, and Mr. R. Hindle, of King Alfred's College, Winchester, and the Loughborough Physical Education College. Both have much to give to School life, and will without doubt give generously.

It grows perceptibly more difficult annually to gain entry to the Universities. Several seniors who deserve to do so, and will certainly find their niche (if necessary, after National Service), are unfortunate in leaving School without definite promises yet from colleges. Those more happily placed include J. A. Pooles, who is to go to Caius College, Cambridge, J. R. S. Higham and

C. R. Weightman to Wadham College and B. Spencer to St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford.

We end this year without an open scholarship to boast of, but in compensation have congratulations to offer to several Old Boys on their university distinctions. First must come P. J. Parsons, who at Oxford won both the second Craven and the De Paravicini Scholarship, a performance which puts him among the two or three best classical scholars of his day in what is still the foremost university in the world for the subject. He also got a First in Classical Moderations. So did D. A. Jackson; and with two out of a total of only seventeen on that list we can (temporarily at least) look most classical schools in the eye. Firsts were gained also by D. J. Britton in the First Part of the Natural Sciences Tripos at Cambridge, and in the preliminary 'Mays' by B. J. Stracy in Mechanical Science and by P. A. Tanner in English. D. M. Spiers was near enough to a first for his College, Trinity, to elect him to an Exhibition. D. Powell Evans has been made a Scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, for his First in Mathematics Moderations last year. M. W. Dick has also just obtained a First, in Botany, at Queen Mary's, London. And we hope for more to come.

General School Fund is in a satisfactory position, according to the accounts recently audited for the past year. Boys' subscriptions, with a few other donations, totalled £320; of the £350 raised at the 1955 Garden Party the General Fund took £275, leaving £75 for Scouts; the Carol collection and one of two minor items raised the total income to just over £600. Main items on the outgoing side were as follows. Games expenses, including team travelling and teas, cost £205. (It would have been £15 more but for the recently introduced match fees payable by team-members. This will save more, in a full year. This fee is regrettable, but is necessary if we are not to spend half our income on the small minority who represent us in inter-school games. Boys, or their parents, have responded well to the request.) Library expenses, in addition to the County grant and Open Night gifts, were about £28. Subscriptions amounted to £15. We spent on the Honours Boards £14, on the electric gramophone £32, on stage lighting and improvements £56. This magazine and the termly diaries cost £93 more than they brought in. Other smaller items, of less than ten pounds each, amounted to nearly £70 more, making the total £513, and leaving so far a balance of £90 on the right side. The orchestra, however, has needed this and more. Over £250, in addition to what boys and their parents have spent direct, has been invested in School instruments or temporary help to boys to acquire their own, and another £20 was spent on stands, music, etc. Towards this we had a grant from the John Garrett Trust of £150, and from the Tuck Shop of £20, so that

just over £100 remained to be found. This was done at the cost of G.S.F.'s balance and £12 from its reserves. The expenses for prizes and prize-giving, which we have also to find for ourselves, there being no money from the County for the purpose, were £73 odd, but this has been covered by special donations totalling over £23 and another grant by that useful institution, the Tuck Shop, of £50, so that the General Fund had to find no money for the purpose. The orchestra will be less expensive in subsequent years, but other demands are sure to be urgent. The Fund, therefore, continues to need and deserve your support, by subscriptions, through the Garden Party, and otherwise.

HOUSE NOTES

COBBS

Captain: M. Francis

This year we reluctantly surrender the Cock House Cup to another house. This was not altogether an unexpected event and it has not left us downcast. We could see at the beginning of the year that if we were to make a reasonable showing in the Cock House competition it would mean a hard and sustained struggle against houses that had perhaps better raw material than our own. Looking back on the past year, I think we can be justly satisfied with our efforts.

The Juniors found themselves placed second in the competition for the Junior Shield after the Rugby season, having won two matches and lost two, but their skill with bat and ball this summer was found wanting and they did not manage to win any of their cricket matches. Thus they were placed fourth in the Junior Shield competition.

Despite the presence of a number of 1st and 2nd XI hockey players, the Senior team could do no better than finish the season equal fourth in their competition, having lost three out of their four matches. Despite this result, the standard of play at times was excellent: Stone, Hill, Ridge and Feather are worthy of mention for their tenacity and 'never-give-in' spirit, which, if it could have inspired the whole of the team, might have brought better results. The Colt hockey team fared better, winning two matches and losing two and being placed second in their competition. We finished the season fourth in the Hockey Cup competition.

The Senior cricket team may justly feel themselves cheated by the weather of a one hundred per cent record this season. After a two-wickets win over Newsoms we drew with Miltons. When the match was called off owing to rain we were in a commanding position. The team then went on to beat Gibbs and finished the term with a convincing ten-wickets win over Halliwells. The mainstays of our team this year have been our 1st XI stalwarts, Hill, Ingram, Ridge and Poynter, and Stone and Lea from the 2nd XI. The Colt team met with less success, and we were placed a disappointing third in the cricket competition.

We found ourselves placed last on qualifying points in athletics this year, but a good all-round effort on Sports Day brought us up to third place. Congratulations are due to our event winners: Stickley in the Open 880 yards and Mile, Francis in the Open Long Jump, and Foulsham in the Major 220 yards.

So far this year we have won only one cup: at the end of the Spring Term we became the first holders of the B. C. Michez Gymnastics Cup. Winning this competition was a good example of an all-round effort by the House, nearly every member of the House playing his part, but worthy of mention are those among the highest point scorers: Coney, Stone, Atkins and Francis.

Our tennis team, led by Atkins, did particularly well this year. They beat Newsoms, Miltons and Halliwells, but went down fighting to the star-studded Gibbs team, and were placed second in the competition.

Last term I wrote of our House Play production in *The Spur*: "I feel sure that next term I shall be able to write about its success." It was a success in as far as everyone on the stage and back-stage enjoyed doing it, but the adjudicator was less forcibly inspired. Let it be sufficient to say that the sombre moments were too colourful, the opposition too stiff, and the adjudicator beyond bribery.

The one competition not yet decided this year is for the Swimming Cup. Cooper is leading a keen if somewhat inexperienced team, but we feel sure that all the work he and Mr. Lerpiniere have put into training the team will be rewarded. Mr. Lerpiniere is leaving us this term and I am sure that all the House, not only the swimmers, will miss him. During his term of office as Housemaster he always gave himself wholeheartedly to any House activity he was called upon to arrange or support. Our best wishes go with him, and I am confident that the enthusiasm he has shown in organizing swimming practices will long be remembered and will inspire future swimming teams. I feel sure his motto is 'Practice makes perfect'.

Inevitably we will be losing many of our Senior members at the end of this term, and it looks as though only a few of our fifth and sixth form stalwarts will be back next term to lead the House. Another hard year lies ahead of Cobbs, but if every member of the House pulls his weight, Mr. Atkins, Mr. Pratt and the leaders in the Senior School will steer the House to success.

M.F.

I cannot let this term pass without paying tribute to the work of Michael Francis. Throughout his career at this school he has been a most enthusiastic supporter of the House. As a leader he has always been quietly effective and as a House Captain one of the most efficient we have had. It was his misfortune that his period of office came at a time when support from the rest of the House was less strong than usual. On behalf of us all I wish him every success in his future career.

G.J.A.

GIBBS

Captain: A. J. Fowles

Prefects: D. J. Holden, C. C. Wright

Gibbs finished the School year in most uncharacteristic fashion, for forsaking our usual rôle of the sound, middle-of-the-order batsman, we managed to score not only a century or two, but also a couple of ducks. For the sake of climax we might therefore consider the disasters first.

Hockey was most certainly a 'disaster', and as there is no point in crying over spilt milk, I shall say no more than that. Anybody wanting just the facts may gleam them from my colleagues' usual half truths. We began athletics with high hopes only to see them crumble. A fine concerted effort in the qualifying, largely inspired by Hiscock, saw us in second place despite our lack of big names. But on Sports Day the disadvantage told and we slipped to last place. So long as the present

iniquitous disparity between qualifying and Sports Day continues, it is a position to which we must be reconciled.

This sombre background, however, provides a foil for our more glittering exploits in the cricket, tennis and House Play competitions. Of the last we may be doubly pleased in that not only did we gain first place, but did so at the expense of a very fine and 'slick' production from Miltons. We perhaps owe success to the impressiveness of our temerity in attempting a Shakespearean play. The production was a House Play in the best sense of the word: every year was represented among the cast and a host of enthusiastic stage hands pitched in with their help. Hickford doubled a stage manager's job with a strong supporting performance, and Finch, apart from portraying a very fine Hal, worked prodigiously to ensure the play being easily the best costumed House Play I can remember. A host of performers—Gough, Ayres, Venison, Davies—made entirely successful debuts: all may claim to have had a share in the cup's winning. But there is no doubt as to whom should go the lion's share of praise. So many considerations could so easily have produced chaos had we not had the full talents of Chris Wright. His producer's ability to combine a really sensitive feeling for his text with the energy and enthusiasm of an impresario fused everything into a balanced whole. His own Falstaff set the seal on an unrivalled list of School parts and I, personally, have felt privileged to act under his guidance. Having secured for us two successive victories on the House Play stage, he is now leaving us, but there will be nobody incapable of appreciating how much we owe to him. We wish him the best of fortune, and suspect it will not be long before some dramatic group is enhanced by his membership.

On the cricket field the Juniors swept to four magnificent, clear-cut victories and did so well that they pulled up from their disappointing Rugby position to take second place in the competition for the Junior Shield. Congratulations to all concerned. The Colts, too, surpassed themselves, and in going through the season unbeaten laid an unshakeable foundation to our win in the Cricket Cup. Their final win over Newsoms, narrow as it was, provided a fine example of how to fight back from an "impossible" position. Ayres, Howsden and Frank-Keyes with the bat, Wearn with the ball, and Bond, keeping wicket immaculately, have been outstanding. The Seniors not only lacked such a wealth of talent but were also hit by some bad luck. Rain robbed them of a certain win over Halliwells, so that after their losing to Cobbs, prospects seemed dismal, Miltons, however, were narrowly beaten, leaving the final match against Newsoms as the game now deciding the competition. Again the rain intervened. Newsoms' tail-enders were pluckily fighting a rearguard action when a storm came to save them. However, a draw was sufficient to see us home in first place.

In tennis we romped home an easy first. Our team, made up exclusively of School players, was far too strong for the opposition it encountered. As usual, Cobbs provided the only resistance worthy of the name, but although they prevented a "unanimous" win, Tony Roe impressively decided the match with a singles victory over Atkins. It was a pleasant change not to find ourselves having to substitute grit for skill. Bray, the captain, gave a uniformly superb performance and, again, it is with great regret that we lose such a fine Rugby and tennis player. His wholehearted effort has been an example to all.

Swimming alone remains undecided; first place seems beyond our present reach but we should in no way disgrace ourselves.

Thus another year is spent, and after remembering past encounters with pleasure, we must bid farewell to those now going from us. Wright and Bray I have mentioned. Hiscock has done our running proud and

brought the best out in all he has helped. Nicholls has shown versatility and Hickford has proved the essence of house spirit. But our prime loss is David Holden. Perhaps the most versatile games player in the School, he has earned the respect of all who have played with or against him. And always he has pulled out something extra in house matches. Along with the "lesser lights" we wish him God speed.

In conclusion, I feel this year has enhanced Gibbs' tradition. Our position of runners-up in the Cock House Cup is a vast improvement on last year's of wooden spoonists. Above all, we remain the proudest, most stubborn house, and, on the level terms, the hardest to beat. Next year, perhaps

A.J.F.

HALLIWELLS

Captain: J. R. S. Higham

Prefects: A. T. Boyd, D. J. Creasey

Our performance in unreported activities of last term was not at all disappointing: in the Debating Cup, for instance, we went down by "the narrowest of margins" when replying to Newsoms' proposition regretting the lack of liberty in this country. All the members of our team acquitted themselves well, producing, in polished speeches, facts, figures, persuasive slants and new angles to attract the judges. If in the House Play competition our production of "Captain Carvallo" failed to impress the judge into awarding us the cup, it yet gave the audience a merry time and provided the cast with that enjoyable spirit of competition and camaraderie which is, I feel, the main point of the plays. Those who had anything to do with the production, either on the set or behind it, deserve our praise. Boyd, Brett, and their assistants did us proud in giving the actors confidence and the play that extra speed and smoothness which are the foundations of a comedy. On the sports field, our hockey team beat both Cobbs and Gibbs, but fell to strong Newsoms and Miltons teams. Boyd and Creasey were our outstanding players, and they were ably supported by Dyer and Gamble. It was the Seniors' unexpected success combined with the Colts' results which gave us third place.

In this term's activities, too, we have done quite well. We are by now accustomed to see the Athletics Cup return to us each year, and it is the more sad that this year has proved the exception. Despite determined efforts by Creasey, the team could not catch Newsoms, and had to be content with second place. But we can still boast some athletes, for next year our House is to provide both captain and secretary for the School in Creasey and Gamble. Our congratulations are due to both of these, and to Higham, J.R., on gaining their colours. Cricket for our House is normally a long list of failures; but under Dyer the Seniors showed a new strength in beating Miltons and drawing with Gibbs, although both Newsoms and Cobbs proved our betters. This combined with the Colts' result to put us into fourth position.

In tennis, too, we came fourth; the team was not particularly experienced, although in Kingham both House and School have a future trump card. In the last cup to be decided, our good performance in qualifying points helped a mediocre team to beat Cobbs into third place. Our one star performance was the Colt Medley Relay, where our swimmers beat the old record. By coming second in this competition the House avoided coming last in anything: a consolation at least for our winning no cups.

Everyone, probably, is likely to recall with the greatest pleasure the sphere in which he was most successful; thus we in Halliwells would like to direct the School's attention to the younger generation of school-

boys, and especially those who belong to our House. They, having been unbeaten on the Rugby field, went on to become the winners of the Junior Shield by their ability in Cricket. It was the House's only trophy, but it was the more welcome for coming from the younger members of the House. Those who are leaving this year may just remember the predecessors who brought the House into the realms of glory, but they themselves have seen the times of trouble. It is comforting to know that we have such competent successors.

J.R.S.H.

MILTONS

Captain: J. A. Pooles

Prefects: D. J. Drye, M. J. Lavous, M. F. B. Read

Once again we are going to finish last in the Cock House competition. Despite some early promises we have flopped once more. In each activity we have had our share of School players, but on each occasion the rest of the House has failed to back them up. For two years now I have written dismal notes on dismal performances, and they have brought forth not the slightest improvement. This term I intend to mention our successes alone, with the hope that a few cheerful words will inspire a little more effort in the future.

To begin with, the Senior hockey team maintained its unbeaten record throughout the Spring Term. After a shaky win over Halliwells, we trounced Newsoms by 5-0. The whole team played excellently, especially the forwards, whose quick passing completely baffled the opposition. The goals were scored by Lavous (3) and Holmes (2). Our other two wins were less convincing. Against Gibbs we came from behind to win 2-1, and although we beat Cobbs 4-1 we were never really on top.

The second outstanding success of the term was the House Play. Our production of "Seagulls over Sorrento" held the audience throughout and was acclaimed by everyone to have been a great success. Unfortunately the judge liked Gibbs' effort better and we had to be content with second place. Most of the credit for the production must go to Read for his magnificent efforts as producer, and to Lavous for his brilliant performance as Badger, the cockney seaman. However, the whole cast responded excellently, and they, as well as all the stage hands, can justly feel proud of their contribution.

The most pleasing aspect of this last term's activities has been that what successes we have had have come mainly from the Juniors. At cricket all our teams together have only won three games. Of these the Juniors XI has claimed two at the expense of Cobbs and Halliwells. The team has been well led by Slater, who has proved very promising both as bowler and batsman.

In the athletics our only runner to gain first place was Brown, who won the Minor 440 yards. Others who gained places included Lavous, Stevens, Davie, French, Slater, Heaver and Courtenay. Thanks to their efforts we managed to climb from last place in the qualifying to fourth place in the event as a whole. Our fortunes in the swimming were some what similar, only this time we failed to make up our deficit in qualifying points. Nevertheless, our swimmers produced some very fine performances, in particular Crocker, who, competing in four events in addition to the relays, won two and was placed in the others. Lavous and Goddard also gained places, as did the Colt and Senior relay teams.

Finally I would like to wish the best of luck to all members of the House who are leaving, and to all those who are staying on, in the hope that the latter will be able to pull Miltons out of the doldrums into which we appear to have sunk.

J.A.P.

NEWSOMS

Captain: C. R. Weightman

Prefects: P. A. Tatlow, K. J. Loible, D. C. Spencer.

This year my concluding House Notes really can conclude, since all save the swimming is over and Newsoms for the first time in fifteen years is Cock House. There are first a few of last term's activities to be dealt with. In chess, we defeated Miltons in the final and so won the trophy. For the first time ever we won the Welby Cup. Although we did not achieve again the high standard which defeated Gibbs earlier that term, nevertheless we defeated Halliwells by a narrow margin. In the gymnastics we were not so successful, and only managed third position. This was in no way due to the Colts and Seniors who both headed their respective age groups. We also got through another House Play.

One of our major victories last term was the Hockey Cup. Mr. High had trained the Colts very thoroughly and they won all their four games. Yeldham, although not having much to do in goal, proved himself a very good captain, and I predict that Newsoms will use his powers to the full during the next two years. K. J. Loible led the side well to win the two Senior games necessary, and A. J. Stevens, who is one of the best hockey players we are ever likely to have, is to be congratulated on School hockey colours.

Turning now to this term's activities, we find that three teams are captained by Loible: tennis, cricket and swimming. Although we did not win the tennis, we did better than we have done before and came third. We beat Miltons and Halliwells with Loible and Stevens as our star performers. There is such a wealth of talent lower down the House in tennis, that I believe we could win this cup next year. In cricket we were second, with the Colts winning three games and the Seniors two (the rain intervened in the vital match with Gibbs when we needed five runs to win with five wickets in hand). Thorpe captained the Colts well and was their outstanding performer. A. J. Stevens, as well as keeping wicket extremely well, proved the pillar of the batting with 44 not out against Miltons and 29 against Halliwells. Hayhoe bowled well and deserved his 7:18 against Halliwells. Swimming qualifying has gone so well that we are 85 points ahead and our powerful team should win for us on the day.

In the Junior Shield competition we were third, but were second in both Rugby and cricket. Mr. King has put a lot into the Juniors and they must realise this. There are a lot of very keen people in the Juniors, such as Cottee, Clarke, Tibble, Huggins, Hopper, Elsdon, Spencer and Wheeler, and if they all pull their weight, we should do very well in future years.

Our most convincing victory of the year was in athletics, where we gained 1394 points, defeating our nearest rivals by hundreds of points. We were well ahead in qualifying, which is the best sign of all, and on the day our stars shone brighter than we had dared to hope. The Minors contributed 180 points, Elsdon won the 100 and 220 yards, Wheeler the Long Jump and Spencer the High Jump, and the relay team also gained first place. The Majors also contributed 180 points. The relay team won, and Redshaw won the 100 yards, Cottee the High Jump and Hopper the Long Jump. The Colts contributed 250 points, Stevens, D. C. won the 220 and 440 yards (the latter with a new School record), Yeldham the Shot and Discus, and Willis the Javelin. The Colt relay team also gained first place. The Senior contribution was 260 points. B. C. Wyatt is to be congratulated on the award of School Athletics colours. In athletics our outlook is bright, but this year we must be even more pleased to see the superiority in qualifying than in individual performances.

This has been how we have won the Cock House Cup, and everyone has given of his best to the House, as is shown by our lead in the athletics and swimming qualifying. Before I end I would like however to pay tribute to my friends at the top of the House who are leaving. It is to them mainly that the praise is due. Barry Spencer has been invaluable in every sport, but his Rugby has been outstanding. We all congratulate him on his two England Rugby Caps and wish him the very best of luck. In one of his newspaper cuttings it had "Oxford will be glad to have him". They will never be so glad to have him as we have been in the last seven years. The closest and most substantial support I have had has come from K. J. Loible. He has been the School's greatest all-rounder and we all commiserate with him on missing the All England Athletic Championships through a back injury. Other invaluable friends have been Robert Pevy, the imperturbable, Paul Tatlow, P. G. Stevens, Brian Wyatt and Don Stewart. To all these I and the rest of the House extend our deepest thanks, and wish them the very best of luck in their future careers. My final tribute must be to Mr. O'Driscoll, whose co-ordination and keenness have been responsible for the House's plans achieving fruition. He knows us all and there is no one he has not helped. The House must add its many thanks to mine for the wonderfully full and victorious year we have had. I wish Alan Stevens and the rest of the House the greatest luck next year, and I know you will go from strength to strength. With my thanks for the last seven years in Newsoms, culminating in the past victorious year, from me the rest is silence.

C.R.W.

COSI FAN TUTTE

On the evening of 1st March, the School was able to celebrate the bicentenary of Mozart's birth by attending a performance in the School Hall of 'Cosi fan tutte'. We are indebted, for this interesting opportunity, to Mrs. Bellis, who brought along a number of her musical friends to perform this ever popular comic opera which was first performed in Prague on 26th January, 1790, under the patronage of the Emperor Joseph II.

The orchestral parts were played on the piano by Miss Valda Placknett, who from the start gave firm leadership, setting the tempos clearly and bringing out the clever rhythms and delicate melodies precisely and clearly. The company was indeed fortunate in having such a capable piano-conductor. The general arrangements for the production were made by Mr. Michael Musgrave, who sang the part of Ferrando with a pure light tenor voice and acted convincingly. The pleasing baritone voice of Mr. Michael Channon was heard to advantage in the part of Guglielmo, while the firm bass of Mr. Lawrence Reed added the right touch of worldly sarcasm to the part of the old philosopher, Don Alfonso. The two sopranos, Miss Isobell Sage, an agile coloratura, and Mrs. Bellis, richly lyrical, blended beautifully as Fiordiligi and Dorabella, and Miss Esther Jones was a truly coquettish Despina.

The whole performance was memorable because the individual qualities of the voices were sharply contrasted and the

beautiful Mozart melodies were thus clearly defined in the concerted scenes.

R.L.

HOUSE PLAYS, 1956

The business of acting falls into two halves. In the first place, the actor has to be — really *be* — the person he's pretending to be: second, he's got to prove it. The proving it, well, that's the technique of acting, the skill: the use of voice, gesture, lights, costume, make-up, all the rest. But it's the being which is important: if you *are* Charley's Aunt, the chances are you'll behave like him.

Boys are good at this. They are young enough not to be self-conscious (as you grow older, self-consciousness plays the very devil with pretending), and their power of imagination hasn't yet been diffused. If the boys in the House Plays fell short in the matter of technique, fell short of being able to prove the thing up to the hilt, their absolute conviction that they *were* Falstaff and Carvallo and Lofty and Sergeant Major Morris must surely have rubbed off on to the audience. It rubbed off on to me, and left me convinced that in the matter of vigorous deception the House Players have absolutely nothing to learn from the West End.

Halliwells showed me what a good play *Captain Carvallo* is (how often is it the other way round! Counterfeit acting, of which a critic sees more than his fair share, can diminish even *Hamlet* to vanishing point). *Carvallo* is a realistic piece, and Halliwells were wise to present it simply and not invent opportunities for decoration (full marks to electrician Brett for not messing about with the lights). But if you *have* a window in your set, why not use it? People inside the house continually spotted other people approaching the house — without looking out of the window.

Am I carping? I don't think so: if you present your play in a realistic mode, you must expect your audience to treat it realistically.

While the actors spoke, the play rattled along nicely: when they stopped, the play stopped with them. It is the producer's job to build up tension — to attach his play to the audience by a sort of umbilical cord, and keep that cord taut. When his actors stand about and forget to act — during exits and entrances, for instance — the cord goes slack and the audience begins to feel the hardness of its seats.

Everyone spoke up splendidly. The Baron (K. Hopper) made a very good first entry — drunk, but not too drunk. His

trouble, however, was word-swallowing: a lot of good stuff went for very little because he delivered it to the floor. Caspar (Creasey) was effective, but could have done with a spot more thrust — after all, he had good grounds for being annoyed.

If I say I found Carvallo himself (J. Higham) something on the dull side, I do at the same time recognise what a difficult job he had. He had to play a straight, interesting, contemporary *chap* — a task at which any experienced professional might be expected to boggle. The two most striking performances, for my money, came from J. Colmer and C. Higham (what a Higham cartel the whole production was!). I still remember the studious simplicity with which Higham said "I am Professor Winke and I study tadpoles. . ." Wisely, he let the dry fun speak for itself and refused to gum the thing up with a lot of comic and curious acting. Colmer's Smilja was a most convincing affair — prim and feminine and splendidly agitated at the right times. All the time she (he) spoke, the cord was tight, the tension existed. A most pleasing performance.

Gibbs' *Henry IV Part One* gave us a very good set indeed — colour in the right places, and colour which did not make a noise. The scope for inventive lighting was well taken, and I make no complaint that sometimes those who were speaking had their faces half in and half out of shadow — I think it helped the effect. For in this play the producer was plainly concentrating upon a homogeneous effect, and not over-intent on bringing out his stars: the stars in this production were well able to look after themselves.

Indeed, at one point — the scene in the pub — the standard of presentation very nearly approached the professional. Matters of tension were really well thought about here — a most subtle sense of climax, building up to 'banish Jack Falstaff and banish all the world', with the quiet words of the Prince sliding quietly over the top of it. An example of climax reinforced by anti-climax.

It was so much all-of-a-piece, this pub scene, with the stage alive from prompt-corner to prompt-corner, and some truly admirable playing from the small parts. *This* crowd was no collection of nonentities, this was an assembly of individuals. Did you spot that excellent fellow who played Bardolph? J. E. Gough. Why, Gough *was* Bardolph, nidding, nodding in a dreamy drunken stupor while Falstaff and the Prince and the other principals were doing their stuff. But he was holding the stage as much as they — *and* not overdoing it. Good for Gough, say I — and for Poins (Ayres), a most alive actor, understanding and relishing all his lines. As Falstaff, Wright was a little apt to tug his voice about — to clown, perhaps, when there was not much reason for clowning. He was a bit *too* fancy, at times.

And why did he persist in dropping aitches? Wright's Falstaff (whether Wright liked it or no) was plainly a gent: why did he try and go against it? But these were flaws in a performance of great promise (how naturally his gestures arose from what he had to say), a performance which was otherwise a most impressive unity.

A bright, intelligent, entertaining (ah, that's the word!) production which pleased me enormously.

Cobbs *Monkey's Paw* was, alas, a classic example of how bad plays carry their own penalties. You may be the best actor in the world, yet poor parts, cardboard characterisations and bogus situations will hamstring your ability to *show* you're a good actor as surely as though you had your hand tied behind your back.

Oh, what a dreary little shocker this is! A roomful of the dimmest personae in the whole canon of English drama — an old bore of a Sergeant-Major, understandably superannuated: a timid Ma, chiefly occupied in telling Pa not to do things: and a shuffling flavourless Pa, horribly ground down by a thirty years' association with Ma. How had they not gone mad in that fearful interior?

Cobbs just weren't equal to the unfair task. Rowntree brought a measure of attack to Pa, and Strutt made a suitably addled Ma, — but I was never really convinced, and this was the fault of Mr. Jacobs, not of Cobbs.

But the lengthy curtains between acts *were* Cobbs' fault, and as far as one could gather, there seemed to be little change of scene — this might have been avoided. Why the rosy glow suffusing the last scene? And why did it suddenly vanish? I forgive the lamp which wouldn't turn off — these things will happen. But, since the entire play hangs from the one slender dodge at the end — the opening door, and the discovery — a swift final curtain is imperative. It was not forthcoming.

Bad plays — don't touch 'em.

The slack, unbraced, fumbling atmosphere of the lower deck was authentically established from the very beginning in Miltons' *Seagulls Over Sorrento*. We were presented with as rank a bunch of layabouts as even the navy has to offer — and how shockingly well everyone seemed to understand the nature of the folk they were playing! They all *looked* more their parts than anyone in any of the other plays (of course, it was easier for them: a uniform is an easily-assumed distinguishing feature). Badger, especially, seemed ten years older — in years and experience — than, I hope, he could possibly have been. And I particularly congratulate Able-Seaman MacIntosh on his beard. For one joyous moment I thought it might be real — but later

(reluctantly) conceded that the Headmaster would never have permitted such a thing.

Sprog hit the naive note very well — but his contact with the other actors was not quite as sure as it might have been. Lofty had obviously not allowed his visits to the pictures to go to waste: his arrogant swagger was of the very essence of one of Mr. J. Arthur Rank's juvenile leads — and very suitable, too. Herbert's lovely brick-red face was a delight, and so was his voice — a sound as of boiler-nuts rolling about in emery-paper.

But this play calls in large measure for a display of that other half of the art of acting — technique. It just isn't as easy as it looks. Miltons got plenty out of it, but it would have taken a professional cast to have got the lot. Unfortunately, unless you *do* get the lot out of a play of this kind — a play whose very good gags become a little tiresome once you realise it has little else to offer — your success is going to be more limited than it will be in a play whose pleasure is offered to the imagination.

The hand-slapping at the opening of Newsoms' *Mid-Summer Night's Dream* set the simple comicality of the scene at once: the shouting at Starveling and the kicking of Snout were pleasant touches of production — someone was plainly trying to keep up Newsoms' reputation for slap-stick. But — as with Cobbs — there were too many apparently unnecessary curtains. And I felt the actors were not really acting *to* each other; they spoke their lines monologue-fashion, *in vacuo*. Surely, too, the clowns should have enjoyed themselves more? And they were not sufficiently differentiated.

Bottom, for me, kept himself too much on a single note. His hoarse tones were a strain — certainly upon himself, and possibly upon the audience. I would have had him more enjoying his pre-eminence. I looked for a more swelling pomp. As it stood, his Bottom put me more in mind of some simple-minded gauleiter than of a rustic bombard. Puck was too refined a sprite, and the fairies could well have given themselves more voice.

Oberon had a natural contact with his audience, and used his good voice not only to embellish, but to bring out, his meaning. His 'wild thyme' speech was just a little marred by slowness. Titania, on the other hand, rattled away like an express train, and seemed to iron out her verse (good stuff it is, too). But, tatty wig apart, I found her a convincing figure.

My choice of winner came, ultimately, to a choice between imagination and slickness. I therefore chose Gibbs, for their rich-textured, thoughtful production of *Henry IV Part One* and reluctantly placed Miltons in the second place for their bright, breezy *Seagulls Over Sorrento*.

I would like to thank all the Houses for the pleasure they

gave me on each of two evenings. I would like to congratulate them on the memorably high standard of their acting, and I would like to apologise for marring everyone else's fun by having to select a winner.

Robert Robinson.

GARDEN PARTY

A warm summer evening in early June after a long spell of fine weather. Forebodings of an early change in the atmospheric conditions. Much unusual preparation in and around the School. The orchard changing into a golf course; the cricket net into a coconut shy; the Scout reservation into a fortune-tellers's glade; Mr. Loveday directing thousands of loaves and tens of thousands of cakes into the Annexe; primitive jungle music emanating from the Art Room; bottles of many hues and equally varied content pouring into the Hall; Mr. O'Driscoll busy with a floral display in the Quadrangle and Mr. Atkin ushering in gallons of Ice Cream to cool those flushed with excitement after riding on Mr. Herdman's scenic railway. Such were the incongruities that pervaded the School on 1st June in preparation for the Annual Garden Party.

The day dawned fine and remained so long enough for a good £500 to be gathered in . . . and in view of the sterling efforts of the First Forms in selling over a thousand programmes each, the support was excellent. Boys exhibited their usual promise for a career in either advertising, the circus, or merely "confidence", and even though the rain came as clearing up began, the day was a great success, yielding a clear profit to the General School Fund of over £420.

J.D.T.

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL PLAY

"Once Aboard the Lugger" by Alec Rowley and Rodney Bennett proved excellent entertainment: a straightforward piece of fun well within the capacity of the players both from an acting and vocal point of view; and it was of just the right length.

The first night audience was small, but most appreciative; all enjoyed themselves and so did I. I feel that any negative criticism is bound in the circumstances to be somewhat pernicky. It is because the play was so well done that one is forced to look for small points where someone or other fell short of perfection: points one would hardly have noticed had not the general level been so high.

The set for the deck of the "Nutcracker" lying at anchor in the Port of London was excellently conceived, executed and lit. The opening chorus, "Never Go to Sea", found the cast a little stiff in their actions, but the singing from the word go was energetic and clear. Mr. Higgins, the Mate, sustained his part

well throughout, but I should have appreciated at least a trace of swagger. The wordless chorus "Ump-er-er" was done with immense zest, and the Captain's entry, particularly his walk, was excellent. Sludgy Meagles, alias Misery, sung his melancholy "I Sowed a Seed in Spring" with a strong clear voice yet with a suitably miserable expression which he kept up while he was actually acting, but occasionally forgot while waiting for his cue (He has not a naturally long face!). The Captain accompanying him at his beloved harmonium made wonderfully sympathetic motions with his head. It was a pity, by the way, that a large part of the audience were never able to see what I happen to know was an ingeniously conceived harmonium, as more than a chest of drawers which had to be carefully concealed. The chorus, "Farewell London", at the end of the first scene was particularly well sung, the basses in the wings blending with the trebles and altos on the stage. First form sailors smoked their pipes with considerable relish and savoir-faire.

The chorus managed to be thoroughly weary and sleepy when we saw them for the first time in Tropical Waters singing "A Thousand Miles We've Sailed". The Captain tried to stir them to life by gathering some of them to do a horn-pipe, but they were difficult to wake up. I was struck by the Captain's fine display of controlled anger when he sent Misery below deck. I wondered whether the sailors might not have been given a little rhythmic movement while they sung "The Mermaid". This chorus was followed by a trio, "After you, Sir" (since nobody wanted to take the risks involved in personally stopping the ship's leak by sitting in the hole), in which the Captain excelled himself and the Mate and Bosun did very well. At this point the rest of the sailors made a very good entry but did not show anything like enough excitement on the discovery of land; nor could I quite understand why the discovered land appeared to be visible in two opposite directions at the same time.

The set for Act II depicting the cannibal island was effective, the foreground of palms being most realistic, but the shape and colour of the second island I found a little trying. The cannibals' entry and dance would not have been savage and abandoned enough had not the Cannibal King with his little movements and ferocity more than made up for the somewhat wooden dancing of some of the others. The sailor's burlesque Irish dance had the audience in fits, but the climax of hip waggling came rather early in the dance so that the rest was a little tame by comparison. The Bosun, whose burly figure and general manner were just right for the part, appeared a little nervous in his Handelian recitative, but recovered himself when joined by the chorus. This was followed by the Victorian Ballad, "I Mourn the Day I lost You", in which the Captain lamented his drowned harmonium. For me this was the highest spot in the play. The Captain, though he

was having trouble with his voice, somehow created by gesture and movement just that sentimental atmosphere which it is usual to associate with the Victorians; he is to be congratulated on a fine piece of acting.

Misery Meagles, helped by his lobster love, at this point in the play finds and brings back the lost harmonium and is thereby the means of rescuing the whole ship's crew from its impending fate as food for cannibals. The quartet of the Captain, Mate, Bosun and Cabin Boy was delightfully sung. Tom the Cabin Boy's voice was particularly pleasant, but by contrast with the others he hardly appeared to act at all. He might have been helped by a little more dressing up.

So delighted were all at the recovery of the harmonium that they did not notice they were being surrounded by the cannibals led by their king, who was again outstanding. Misery, however, who was not present when his mates were captured, rose to the occasion. The savages were soon worshipping the god emitting such strange sounds from the belly of the harmonium, and instead of feasting on their captives brought gifts to Misery, the high priest of their new god. All was to end happily for at this point a ship's siren was heard, but the final "Ship Ahoy" was so weak that it was almost drowned in the various other noises of the finale.

The Producer, the Musical Directors and all the numerous people, staff and boys, who co-operated in connection with the set, the make-up, the properties, the dances and the front of house are to be heartily congratulated. The going, one may guess, was hard, but the result excellent. The performance gave pleasure to all who, for whatever reason, came to see it. We hope even more will make the venture of faith next time and be as well rewarded.

H.A.P.

RUGBY

Owing to bad conditions, and other absorbing activities, Rugby sevens practices were reduced to a minimum. But what the team lacked in fitness and finish, it more than made up for in keenness, as can be seen from the fact that we played in the finals of three competitions.

Playing first in the Surrey Sevens, we survived two easy rounds against Bisley and Selhurst, and met the holders, Tiffin School, in the semi-final. Our tactics were, by this game, obvious: superiority in the scrum was to give the backs the chance to send our "speed merchant" Francis away. But against Tiffin the difficulties were greater, and after trailing for most of the game, we won by a try in the final minute. Francis was, as before, the scorer, and Loible proved his safe kicking by converting and bringing the score to 10-8. Whitgift won the other semi-final 3-0, by a blind side try; it was an indication of the tactics they were to use against us, and we took care to protect the blind flank. In a ding-dong struggle with each side taking the lead, we managed to win by 9-8. Loible's penalty from the half-way line combined with

tries from Weightman and Francis to win us a handsome cup, and a shield 'for keeps'. It was a welcome surprise.

The Wasps competition saw two teams from Raynes Park. The second seven, under Creasey, won its first match against Purley seconds by 6-3, but in the second round they went down fighting to St. Benedict's. The feature of their play was, as with the firsts, a fast winger in Wyatt, but their weakness lay with the forwards, who were fast and determined, but lacked the required finesse in the tight. The first seven fared better. We hoped to meet Wimbledon in the first round, but with them engaged in the public schools competition, we met and beat their third team 19-0. In the next round Purley almost ended our career, but we rallied to put them out and meet Chiswick in the semi-final. Their style of play was similar to Whitgift's in being opportune and tricky; but with determination we held them to a draw at full time, and a try by Higham, C. F. W. in the second period of extra time beat them 6-3. Surbiton met us in the final, the fresher for less tiring rounds, and we opened the match like a tired team. With eighteen points against us, however, we pulled together to score thirteen points, and with some few extra minutes might have pulled the game off. As runners up, however, we were happy to receive Playfair Rugby Annuals.

On Easter Monday we went with two teams to play in the Windsor Sevens. The crowded roads meant a late arrival for the players, who were forced to change in the coach itself, to the embarrassment (or was it amusement?) of accompanying girl friends. In the rush, we arrived in time for the seconds to take the field, and for the firsts to warm up by racing to their pitch through crowded Windsor streets. The disorganised character of the arrival did little to compose the minds of the teams: the seconds went down to the Royal Grammar School, High Wycombe, by 5-8; the firsts survived their first round against the holders, Bec, who fell by 19-3, to be beaten by the same High Wycombe School's first seven by 8-14. It was not one of our better performances, and we were forced to watch Surbiton take off yet one more trophy.

Our last competition was organised by Twickenham Rugby Club, and played in almost continual drizzle. Once again we entered two teams, and were pleased to see both do well: the seconds' "kick-and-rush" style suited the conditions, and allowed them to beat Surbiton II 6-3, and the recent conquerors of the "great" St. Paul's, Thames Valley, by 3-0. That put them into the semi-finals. The first team beat Thames Valley II by 15-0, and met the seconds by knocking out Wimbledon College 12-5. The semi-final was played in no spirit of competition, with basket-ball and association football mixed in; but with the prospect of Surbiton in the final, no energy could be wasted in what would have been an enjoyable tussle. The first team did in fact meet Surbiton, but could not beat them, despite an injury to their centre: this speaks well for their team, which we should recognise as one of the best one could meet in schoolboy Rugby.

In fifteens as well, members of the School have distinguished themselves. Francis, Loible, Weightman, Higham and Spencer, B. were invited to play for West London against East. Of these only the last three in fact played, as Francis and Loible were needed for hockey. Higham and Spencer, B. went on to play for South East England against the South West, and Spencer, B. went on through another trial to play for England against France, and against Wales. In both, we understand, he distinguished himself, and brought honours to the School: we all congratulate him.

But what of next year? The 1st XV may do well under its new captain Creasey, despite the fact that many old hands are leaving. As usual, practices are being organised to produce a fit team. But one advantage they will lack, and that is the spirit and technical ability of

Mr. Bellis. Looking back over former notes it is hard to find any movement or success which did not start with his coaching. Mere words cannot express the debt we owe him; but each of the School players will remember the way he encouraged the team when they were not up to the standard he set, and how he shared with us the happiness of victory. I personally shall not quickly forget his mounting joy as we survived the rounds of the Surrey Sevens, and his delight as we walked off with the cup, only three years after he had introduced sevens into the School. The fact that this year, and last, the notes have struck a note of satisfaction and optimism reflects the new spirit he has injected into School teams. His leaving cannot but be a loss: the gain goes only to his new school, and we wish him good luck in his new post.

N.H.B., J.R.S.H., D.J.C.

HOCKEY

1st XI

In the second half of the season the weather was a little more favourable, even if our fortunes were not. Of the six games we played we won only one; three were drawn and two lost.

After a few weeks' rest because of bad weather, the team was brought out of cold storage to play St. George's College 2nd XI. Although we dominated a younger side for long periods, we were unable to score, and thus had to be content with a 0-0 draw. The play was generally scrappy, and lack of fitness meant that many promising moves were wasted.

Against Kingston G.S. we began in the same scrappy manner, but this time a far more experienced side was quick to take its chances and we were three goals down inside fifteen minutes. After this, however, we settled down to play some of the best hockey of the season, but we were unable to avert defeat, losing by 5-2.

The match against Beckenham was again below standard, and a 1-1 draw was a fair result. However, we followed this with our second 7-0 win of the season. This was at the expense of Badingham College, whom we completely outclassed in spite of the fact that we had four reserves playing. Three days later we played what was probably the best match of the season at Cheam. The standard of club hockey is always high compared with our standards, but we rose to the occasion well, almost forcing a draw in the closing stages.

The season ended with a 'Festival' match against Melle College of Belgium. Everyone rose to the spirit of the occasion, but none more than Loible, who instead of despatching one of the opposition to hospital, as has been his custom, obliged by removing his own captain. Needless to say, we lost.

Looking back, the season on the whole was quite satisfactory, even though we only had two victories. The big weakness in the team has been the forwards' lack of punch in front of goal. Undoubtedly the art of "sharp shooting" is the most difficult to master. Perhaps it was because of this that all the season's honours, in the form of colours, went to defenders. They were awarded to A. J. Fowles, D. J. Creasey, Loveday and Stevens (A. J.), all of whom must be congratulated.

Match Summary

Played 9; Won 2; Drawn 3; Lost 4.

Goals: For, 26; Against, 19.

Teams Selected from: Pooles, Loible, Lavous, Fowles, Creasey, Stevens, Loveday, Francis, Boyd, Hill, Holden, Orme, Nicholls, Dyer, Emmerson, Feather, Ingram, Gent, Weightman.

Goal scorers: Hill 8, Lavous 6, Loible 6, Pooles 2, Nicholls 2, Dyer 1, Emmerson 1.

2nd XI

Results

v. Russell School	Won	7—1
v. St. Mary's College	Lost	1—2
v. St. George's College	Drew	2—2
v. Kingston G. S.	Lost	2—3
v. Beckenham C.G.S.	Drew	2—2
v. Badingham College	Won	5—0

Team selected from: Weightman, Holden, Orme, Dyer, Ingram, Ridge, Lintill, Stevens (R.K.), Emmerson, Roe, Holmes, Stone, Boiling, Gamble, Feather, Drye, Atkins, Wyatt.

J.A.P.

CRICKET

1st XI

This year's team has been selected from the following:—Lavous (Capt.), Ingram (Hon. Sec.), Hope, Ridge, Hill, Stevens, Loveday, Nicholls, Poynter, Weightman, Pooles, Brugger, Loible, Gower.

This season's results were as follows:—

Kingston Tech.	Drawn
Hampton G.S.	Drawn
Wallington C.G.S.	Won by 7 wks.
St. George's College	Drawn
City Freeman's School	Won by 32 runs
Bec School	Cancelled
Salesian College	Cancelled
Battersea G.S.	Won by 18 runs
Wandsworth C.G.S.	Won by 5 wks.
Surbiton C.G.S.	Cancelled
Old Boys	Cancelled

The 1st XI this year is as yet unbeaten. We were fortunate last year in retaining a large number of the 1st XI, though we said good-bye to Shepherd and Thomson. The batting of this year's team has been strong: Hill and Ridge have batted well, the latter scoring 57 against City Freeman's. Lavous has had a welcome return to form, after a rather disappointing season last year, by scoring 64 not out against Hampton G.S.

The main criticism of the batting has been the slow running between the wickets, and also the lack of backing-up at the bowler's end. Surely anyone who is able to get into the 1st XI, be he bowler or batsman, should know the fundamentals of running between the wickets.

Whereas the batting has been strong, the bowling has been distinctly weaker. Weightman has opened the bowling, and at times bowled well, but on other occasions has tried to bowl too fast, and consequently lost both length and direction.

The fielding has on the whole been good, with Lavous, Ridge, Hope and Weightman always prominent. The one feature of the fielding which has caused some concern is the seeming lack of energy of the younger members of the team to chase the ball. This must be remedied.

The Oberon wicket has been better than last season. Thanks for this must go to Mr. Dilly, who with inadequate time and implements has done his job well. By next season it is hoped that we shall have the new cricket nets which are so badly needed.

I should like to thank all members of the staff for umpiring in various matches, and also Mrs. Dilly for the excellent teas that she has prepared throughout the season.

Colours have been awarded to Stevens, A. J. and C. R. Weightman.

Hope is to be congratulated on his appointment as Cricket Secretary for 1957.

1st XI Averages

Batting					
	Inns.	Runs	Highest Score	Not Out	Ave.
Ridge, B. T.	7	154	57	2	30.8
Ingram, P. S. B.	6	136	54 not out	1	27.2
Hill, G. A.	7	172	39	0	24.6
M. J. Lavous	6	113	64 not out	1	22.6
Bowling					
	Overs	Mdns.	Runs	Wkts.	Ave.
C. R. Weightman	69	27	139	14	9.9
Ingram, P. S. B.	98	26	191	19	10.05
Ridge, B. T.	26	1	73	7	10.4

2nd XI

This year's team has been selected from:—Francis (Capt.), Fowles, Boyd, Holden, Drye, Dyer, Morley, Orme, Hornsby, Gamble, Lea, Thomas, Stone, Spencer, B.

The team has met with mixed fortune this year. Of the 9 matches planned, 1 has been won, 2 lost, 3 drawn and 3 cancelled. M. Francis has captained the side well, and has kept wicket with his usual efficiency. Fowles has been the most successful batsman, though on many occasions he has lacked support. The bowling has been good, probably the best for some years. Orme and Hornsby have opened the bowling, and often had the opposition in difficulty. Lea in his first game for the 2nd XI returned the excellent figures of 5-16.

Let us hope that this team has gained some experience of Senior cricket, enough to equip prospective members of the 1st XI for next season.

P.S.B.I., M.F.

COLTS

Three matches this term have been spoilt by the weather. Although only one of the four completed games has been won there have been close finishes in two others, and in none have we been outclassed. The need has been for batsman, or rather for the coaching facilities to produce batsmen. Good nets are a necessity we do not yet enjoy.

Ayres, besides being a thoughtful and enthusiastic captain, has batted well at times and is learning to curb his impatience and keep his shots down. Kingham, too, is developing well, though still uncertain in his running between wickets. Of the other younger members of the team, Howsden, Frank-Keyes, Crowe and Bond show promise with the bat.

The strength of the team has been in bowling, particularly in that of Wearn and Thorp, both of whom are quite fast and can swing the new ball. Wearn has been the more accurate of the two, but both have bowled well. When required, Stevenson and Crowe have given useful assistance.

In the matches I have seen the fielding and catching have been more satisfactory than the running between wickets. Yeldham has kept wicket consistently well.

The following have played for the Colts this term: Ayres (Capt.), Wearn, Thorp, Yeldham, Stevenson, Howsden, Frank-Keyes, King, Golden, Townsend, Kingham, Bond, Crowe, Williams, P. R.

G.J.A.

JUNIOR CRICKET

The season has been as gloomy as the weather. Of the four fixtures arranged, one was cancelled, and another was abandoned after only seven overs had been bowled.

In the home game with Battersea G. S., the visitors built up a good total largely through a sound opening partnership. Declaring their innings closed at 131 for 8, they easily dismissed the School for 33. Against Wandsworth C. G. S. Foulsham lost the toss, and the School, being put into bat, scored 43. Clay was top-scorer with 12, and the opposing wicket-keeper obliged by conceding 15 extras! Our bowling again lacked penetration, and the opening pair put on 37 so that the remaining runs needed for victory were easily gained.

The disadvantage of being a comparatively small school seems to be more keenly felt in Junior than in Senior games. We have at this stage few boys who have the enthusiasm and self-discipline to study the game closely and to take adequate practice. The batting has been hesitant and particularly weak in defence, while some of the bowlers have sacrificed accuracy for speed. Above all, there is too much slackness in fielding in Junior games: good bowling, as should be well understood in Surrey, is ineffective unless it is supported by mobile fieldsmen who are concentrating on the game. On the brighter side we can confidently expect that Foulsham, who has led the side capably, Clay, Farmer, and Burgess will make a very useful contribution to the School's cricket in years to come. We are sorry, however, to lose two promising cricketers in Davis and Tribute.

A.J.S.

ATHLETICS

The active season for our athletics started earlier than usual this year with a Young Athletes Course arranged by the Central Council of Physical Recreation lasting three days in mid-April. Seven School athletes attended this course at the London University track at Motspur Park, and all found it instructive and enlightening, even though most of them admitted it really showed how unfit they were. Apparently they did not continue the good work started here, for the team entered for the London Athletic Club Schools Championships at the White City at the end of the month failed to distinguish itself in any event, and this cannot be blamed wholly upon the exceptionally high standard of performances by event winners at this meeting.

The only inter-schools match of the term was a triangular match versus Surbiton C.G.S. and Kingston G.S. We finished the evening in second place to Surbiton; this was not altogether disappointing as the match was helpful in showing our potential strong points and our shortcomings before the Surrey Grammar Schools Sports. High jumping has not reached a very high standard in the School in the past few years, and it was very encouraging, therefore, to see two athletes (Weightman and Gamble) clear 5 ft. 6 ins., thus equalling the School record of five years' standing. In this same match three new School records were established:

they were by Stevens in the Under 16 440 yards (56.8 secs.), Wyatt in the Open 220 yards (24.0 secs.), and Loible in the Open Javelin (152 ft. 3 ins.). This last performance was particularly significant as Loible had intended to concentrate on pole-vaulting this season and had not done any training for the javelin. It was fortunate for the School that he was wooed back to his first love.

The presence of a new cup in the Surrey Grammar Schools Sports this year for two-stream entry schools was an added incentive to our team. No one was more convinced of our ability to win this trophy than Mr. Bellis, and our success was in no small measure due to his enthusiasm and encouragement. Besides winning the two-stream entry cup, the Seniors were placed second in the whole competition and the Juniors fifth. The best individual performances were by Loible in the Open Javelin (placed 2nd with 155 ft. 7½ ins., again breaking his own School record), Higham in the Open Discus (placed 2nd with 121 ft. 0 ins.), Weightman in the Open High Jump (placed 2nd with 5 ft. 4 ins.), Stevens in the Junior 440 yards (placed 2nd in 56.9 secs.) and in the Junior 220 yards (placed 4th in 25.1 secs., a new School record). The Senior relay team of Francis, Weightman, Creasey and Wyatt rounded off this successful afternoon by winning the Relay Cup, their time being 46.6 secs.

Two days earlier at Motspur Park the School Intermediate team carried off the shield, which by now must be quite at home in our trophy case, as winners of the Wimbledon and District Sports. Individual winners were Gamble in the High Jump (equalling the School record of 5 ft. 6 ins.), Stevens in the 440 yards (56.0 secs.), Hodgson in the 880 yards (2 mins. 15.2 secs.), Stickley in the One Mile (4 mins. 47.7 secs.), and Stone in the Hop, Step and Jump (32 ft. 8½ ins.). Junior winners were Elsdon in the 80 yards (10.7 secs.), Davie in the 100 yards (11.5 secs.), and Impey in the 220 yards (26.6 secs.).

As usual we had our fair share of representatives in the Wimbledon and District team for the Surrey Secondary Schools Sports, this year held at Motspur Park on June 30th. This year we can boast of three County Champions: Francis won the Long Jump with a new County record (20 ft. 7 ins.), Loible won the Pole Vault equalling his own School record (10 ft. 6 ins.), and Gamble won the Intermediate High Jump, equalling the School record (5 ft. 6 ins.) for the third time this season. As a result of their performances, Loible and Gamble were chosen to represent Surrey in the All England Championships at Plymouth; unfortunately Loible was unable to compete due to a recurring back injury. Perhaps this meeting will give Gamble the chance to beat the School record which he has been so near to breaking this season.

Newsoms entered the School Sports with a convincing lead in qualifying points, a lead which they never lost, but gradually increased throughout the two days of the Sports. With Newsoms in a more or less unassailable position, the struggle for the remaining places became more interesting. Gibbs, placed second on qualifying points, could not take full advantage of this on Sports Day and slipped into fifth place, while Halliwells, third on qualifying points, moved up to second place, and Cobbs, placed last in qualifying points, moved up to third place. The Sports were held in conditions which proved unfriendly to most competitors: a gusty wind blew for most of the afternoon and the relays were run in an ever-increasing downpour. Two School records were established in the Sports this year: by Francis in the Open Long Jump (21 ft. 2½ ins.), and by Stevens in the Colt 440 yards (56.2 secs.).

The John Garrett Cup was presented to Weightman, the Captain of Newsoms, by Mr. E. G. Raynham, who is now Headmaster of Pewley G.S.

As a result of their consistently good performances this season, School colours were awarded to Creasey, Gamble, Wyatt and Higham.

The new School records established this year are:—

Open 220 yards, Wyatt, 24.0 secs.

Open Long Jump, Francis, 21 ft. 2½ ins.

Open Javelin, Loible, 155 ft. 7½ ins.

Colt 220 yards, Stevens, 25.1 secs.

Colt 440 yards, Stevens, 56.2 secs.

The Open High Jump record of 5 ft. 6 ins. was equalled by Weightman and Gamble.

M.F.

RESULTS OF THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

OPEN EVENTS

100 yards			11.3 secs.
1st Weightman (N)	2nd Creasey (H)	3rd Francis (C)	
220 yards			24.3 secs.
1st Wyatt (N)	2nd Creasey (H)	3rd Francis (C)	
440 yards			55.0 secs.
1st Creasey (H)	2nd Wyatt (N)	3rd Stevens (M)	
880 yards			2 mins. 18.6 secs.
1st Stickley (C)	2nd Stevens (M)	3rd Thresher (G)	
Mile			4 mins. 59.3 secs.
1st Stickley (C)	2nd Hiscock (G)	3rd Tabor (N)	
High Jump			5 ft. 2 ins.
1st Weightman (N)	2nd Gamble (H)	3rd Thomas (C)	
Long Jump			21 ft. 2½ ins.
1st Francis (C)	2nd Wyatt (N)	3rd Gamble (H)	
Discus			122 ft. 2 ins.
1st Higham (H)	2nd Spencer (N)	3rd Feather (C)	
Shot			37 ft. 7 ins.
1st Spencer (N)	2nd Higham (H)	3rd Lavous (M)	
Javelin			133 ft. 0 ins.
1st Emmerson (H)	2nd Lavous (M)	3rd Clark (G)	
Pole Vault			9 ft. 6 ins.
1st Loible (N)	2nd Emmerson (H)	3rd Thomas (C)	
Relay			48.7 secs.
1st Halliwells	2nd Newsoms	3rd Cobbs	

COLT EVENTS

100 yards			11.7 secs.
1st Impey (H)	2nd Davie (M)	3rd Bownern (C)	
220 yards			25.3 secs.
1st Stevens (N)	2nd Impey (H)	3rd Davie (M)	
440 yards			56.2 secs.
1st Stevens (N)	2nd French (M)	3rd Kingham (H)	
880 yards			2 mins. 18.7secs.
1st Hodgson (H)	2nd Coney (C)	3rd French (M)	
High Jump			4 ft. 8 ins.
1st Edwards (G)	2nd Partridge (N)	3rd Golden (M)	
Long Jump			17 ft. 5½ ins.
1st Kingham (H)	2nd Townsend (N)	3rd Golden (M)	

<i>Discus</i>			92 ft. 0 ins.
1st Yeldham (N)	2nd McLean (H)	3rd Frank-Keyes (G)	
<i>Shot</i>			35 ft. 6 ins.
1st Yeldham (N)	2nd M. Millington (C)	3rd Pond (H)	
<i>Javelin</i>			125 ft. 2½ ins.
1st Willis (N)	2nd Crowe (H)	3rd —	
<i>Relay</i>			53.1 secs.
1st Newsoms	2nd Halliwells	3rd Cobbs	

MAJOR EVENTS

<i>100 yards</i>			12.5 secs.
1st Redshaw (N)	2nd Foulsham (C)	3rd Goddard (M)	
<i>220 yards</i>			28.5 secs.
1st Foulsham (C)	2nd Redshaw (N)	3rd Slater (M)	
<i>440 yards</i>			67.0 secs.
1st Burgess (H)	2nd Heaver (M)	3rd Cottee (N)	
<i>High Jump</i>			4 ft. 2 ins.
1st Cottee (N)	2nd Burgess (H)	3rd Jacobs (C)	
<i>Long Jump</i>			14 ft. 4 ins.
1st Hopper (N)	2nd Phillips (M)	3rd Williams (G)	
<i>Shot</i>			27 ft. 0 ins.
1st Wooding (H)	2nd Slater (M)	3rd Sole (G)	
<i>Relay</i>			56.9 secs.
1st Newsoms	2nd Halliwells	3rd Cobbs	

MINOR EVENTS

<i>100 yards</i>			13.4 secs.
1st Elsdon (N)	2nd Nicholls (G)	3rd Cobb (C)	
<i>220 yards</i>			30.6 secs.
1st Elsdon (N)	2nd Nicholls (G)	3rd Courtenay (M)	
<i>440 yards</i>			71.7 secs.
1st Brown (M)	2nd Powers (C)	3rd Clark (G)	
<i>High Jump</i>			3 ft. 8 ins.
1st Spencer (N)	2nd Wood (G)	3rd Smalley (M)	
<i>Long Jump</i>			12 ft. 10 ins.
1st Wheeler (N)	2nd Brown (M)	3rd Dalton (G)	
<i>Relay</i>			61.0 secs.
1st Newsoms	2nd Gibbs	3rd Miltons	

Final positions of Houses:—

1st Newsoms	...	1394 points
2nd Halliwells	...	1063 points
3rd Cobbs	...	786 points
4th Miltons	...	743 points
5th Gibbs	...	710 points

TENNIS

At the time of writing the School Tennis Team has played only three matches, owing to unfortunate cancellations due to bad weather and overcrowding of engagements. Of these matches two have been won and one lost. The two wins were against Strand School, by 9-0, and Purley C.G.S., by 5½-3½, and the loss, 7-2, was against a very powerful side

from St. Mary's College, but we were by no means disgraced. We also had one Second Team match in which we beat a previously undefeated Purley side by 6-3. So taking all into account, I think I can justly say that the First Team, consisting of Shefras, Atkins, Roe, Kingham, A. J. Fowles and Bray, A. J., and the Second Team, consisting of Loveday, Stevens, Brugger, Ridge, K. J. Loible and D. J. Holden, are, positional play apart, very good ones, though fixtures have been lacking.

To move over to the domestic scene, the Tennis Club has had a very successful term, the credit for which must in no small measure go to the new master in charge, Mr. High, who has spent much of his time in organising, checking on balls, and doing all the more arduous jobs connected with the Tennis Club. The courts also have been improved by the appearance of new nets and repainted lines, though I am afraid the side-netting and the surface of the courts leave much to be desired. Membership however is around a very healthy seventy, and ranges from first to sixth form players. Courts have been bookable at all convenient times, and have proved extremely popular. Also this term we have been engaged in a School Singles and Doubles Tournament. In the Doubles Ridge and Ingram lost to Stevens and Loveday, and in the Singles Atkins is waiting to play Bray, A. J. As well as this, to complete a full tennis term, the House Tennis Matches have been going on, the cup being won by a very strong Gibbs side, with Cobbs second and Newsoms third. A. J. Fowles, Roe, A., and Atkins, R., are to be congratulated on being awarded tennis colours.

A.J.B.

SQUASH

This year for the first time we embarked on a series of squash matches with King's College School. We played three matches, but unfortunately lost them all by the narrow margin of three matches to two. Next season, however, we hope to reverse this situation in a fresh series, although many of the present team will be leaving. The teams were chosen from the following players:—Bray, A. J., K. J. Loible, Paxman, Trayler, Roe, Ridge and Nicholls, of whom the more successful were K. J. Loible, Bray, A. J. and Roe. For the opportunities in the School of playing squash, all thanks must go to Mr. Atkin, who has unstintingly given both his time and energy to coaching all those who have wanted to play. But now his efforts are turned against himself, for in our last fixture we are opposing a staff team of Mr. Atkin, Mr. Bellis and Mr. Timpson.

A.J.B. K.J.L.

CRAFT NOTES

For some time now I have made my notes of rather a general nature with no particular reference to the School crafts. At times, however, it seems to me that what takes place in the craft-room and the opportunities there open to the School, are taken too much for granted. In School life generally there is a wealth of opportunity to pursue a great number of interests: and yet where is the interest? Perhaps by supplying such a variety of activities we dissipate the School's energies and the School as a whole suffers. Fortunately the activities centred around the craft-room seem to suffer little from lack of support, but not always is the support and enthusiasm directed by the most suitable attitude.

Perhaps one of the most delightful books ever written on craft is 'The Village Carpenter' by Walter Rose. Although concerned with carpentry it is impossible even for Walter Rose to keep it in a watertight compartment; like all craftsmen, it is the 'craft' that is important to him, and not so much any particular part of it.

'The woodworkers of a century or so ago added to their carpentry the dignity of craft; this is why the examples of their handiwork that remain are treasured. Let it not be assumed that it is merely because such work is old that it is appreciated so highly. Even a slight study will reveal the artist mind that prompted the hands, the perception that had grasped the principles of design, the certain knowledge in its decisive finish. There is the secret of its permanent inspiration, its power to soothe and charm.

Never before has knowledge been so accessible to the student. Lack of opportunity made our fathers yearn for it; freedom today causes many to despise it.'

How true are those words. Craftsmanship, both in the activity and the passive appreciation of it, has great soothing powers for those who will take the trouble to give a little time. How concerned we all are with time these days. **Craft, real craft, takes little account of time.** A piece of craftsmanship is a job to be done well, demanding all of oneself in its execution and giving great pleasure in this and the completion, whether it be woodwork, pottery, printing, book-binding, stagecraft, or any other craft you may care to try. None of them can be skimmed or glossed over without losing the very essence of craft. None of them can be limited to 'two periods a week' on the time-table. Each of you who throws a pot or sets a stick of type or looks at a well finished piece of furniture or sees a dramatic production is taking part in a creative experience: and to enjoy the fruits of creation it is necessary to yearn for knowledge, which is so readily accessible to all of you if you will give yourself and your time to the job and not to the irritating distractions that are so frequently a by-product of School activities.

R.G.A.

19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

This term has seen the near-completion of the Scout Hut, which should be ready for use in September. I do hope that all members of the Troop will value it, use it, and take a pride in keeping it presentable. It will be possible for each patrol to have some space to keep special books and equipment, and this change from the present cramped conditions for storage and patrol meetings should be very beneficial and make for progress in scouting. Here I would like to thank all members of the Troop who have worked hard during, and particularly outside, Troop meetings, to prepare foundations and decorate the Hut. And I must mention our debt of gratitude to the small party of Fifth Form boys, leaving this term, including only one member of the School Scout Group, who have worked hard and most usefully in erecting partitioning and carrying out internal decorating.

Roger Mann is leaving this term; he has been of great service to the Troop in recent months, and we shall miss him. I wish him well at the commencement of his career.

I should like to include in these notes a word of welcome to Mr. G. N. Gurney, who is joining the staff in September and who will be my successor as Scoutmaster of the 19th. I am very glad indeed that he is coming to camp with us and will meet the Troop in this manner before taking up his duties at the School. I hope he will be very happy here and am sure he will receive every assistance from Seniors and boys of the Troop in making his taking over of the Troop as smooth as possible.

May I thank those, parents as well as boys, who have likewise been of assistance to me throughout my time as Scoutmaster? There are few

things so satisfying to anyone in charge of boys as to see some of his number taking on responsibility and willingly doing a thing or giving a hand — without having to be asked or instructed. Happy is the man — or boy — of whom it can be said, as of King Hezekiah, that "in every work that he began . . . he did it with all his heart".

D.G.L.

A.T.C. NOTES

These notes are being compiled as the Squadron is preparing to set forth on its Summer Camping expeditions, which this year are being held at R.A.F. Debden and R.A.F. Woodvale. The former, to which a select party of six Cadets are going under F/O Jeffs, is near Saffron Walden in Essex; and R.A.F. Woodvale, where the main party of the Squadron will be under canvas, is on the Lancashire Coast, South of Southport. For full reports of these camps, see the next issue of *The Spur*.

Undoubtedly the main event of the Squadron's year has been the unwelcome news that we are to lose our Commanding Officer — Flight-Lieut. W. Cousins. The conspicuous rows of campaign medals, gained for service in many parts of the globe, could hardly escape official attention, and it was not surprising when news reached us that Headquarters Surrey Wing wanted him for their Staff. Accordingly on 8th June the whole Squadron paraded ceremonially to bid him an official farewell. A Guard of Honour was mounted for him to inspect and this was followed by a March Past at which Flight-Lieut. Cousins took the salute. The Commanding Officer of the Wing (Wing Commander A. Longhurst) and other Wing Staff officers were present to watch the final parade which was followed by a Farewell Party in the School Hall.

After a supper there were speeches by the Wing Commander, by Mr. Loveday for past members of the Squadron and Parents, and by the Headmaster for the School. Then Flight-Sgt. Upcott, on behalf of all past and present Officers and Cadets of the Squadron, presented Flight-Lieut. Cousins with a pair of binoculars, as a token of their appreciation for all that he had done. The party subsequently adjourned to the Library to see the famous Battle of Britain Film "Angels One Five".

The term has brought a number of successes in the Proficiency Examination but, regrettably, none in the Advanced. Sgt. Read is to be congratulated on the successful completion of a glider training course at R.A.F. Kenley, and Cadets King and Stevens, D. C. on being chosen to represent Surrey Wing at the Group Sports at R.A.F. Uxbridge. Other events that should be recorded during the term were the very cold day chosen for the Surrey Wing Rally at R.A.F. Kenley, and the not much warmer day at Walton-on-Thames when Cadets Edwards, King, Stevens, D. C. and Willis gained places in the Surrey Wing Sports.

The first parade of next term will be held at 7 p.m. on Friday, 14th September, when any members of the School over 14 years will be welcome.

J.D.T.

LITERARY SOCIETY

*"The time has come, the Walrus said,
To talk of many things"*

Since the Summer Term for Seniors primarily concerns the conflicting activities of Sports versus Public Exams, it is all the more surprising that the walrus of the Upper Sixth should have met at all this term to discuss that most antiquated and quite useless subject of English Literature. Yet we have, and though attendances have been small, and though there has been no attempt to chronologize or plan, I would venture to say

that in many respects, this term has seen the most useful series of meetings in the last two years. We have skipped from Persia in the eleventh century to the present day, from Elizabethan London to nineteenth-century Russia, the main idea being that we might stimulate interest and in the years following school, turn back to some of the things we had discussed outside the examination syllabus. There is such a wealth of treasure in our language; past and present, that it is almost sacrilege to ignore it for those ephemeral pleasures available to all. A love of literature is one thing, but an understanding of the subject is another, and "what we cannot understand, it is very common and indeed a very natural thing for us to undervalue" (Lockhart). At the moment when literature barely rouses the support of even the Arts Sixth, it is profitless to expect a scientist in our midst, but the few who sacrificed their leisure did find, and will continue to find, an appreciation of good writing.

Fittingly enough, the first meeting of the term was conducted on 17th May by Mr. Townsend, who, after a brief introduction, read Edward Fitzgerald's translation of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam", or, as he explained, the quatrains of Omar the tent maker, a Persian poet and astronomer who lived in the eleventh century, and whose "rubaiyat", though formerly independent stanzas, had been woven together in a connected train of thought by the translator, expressing the poet's meditation on the fundamentals of life and his epicurean philosophy of enjoying wine and song. The exotic images and rich language, making melody and spreading magic, made an effect on the audience, due largely to the excellence of the reading, but a discussion was postponed since everyone felt the poem deserved a second consideration.

A fortnight later, Wright picked up the threads of the work that was done last year on Dylan Thomas. He read two short stories to illustrate the two-fold style of Thomas' work: one, "A Prospect of the Sea", similar to the author's early poems, was in a serious mood and therefore difficult to follow; the second, written in "Under Milk Wood" vein, was simply called "A Story" . . . "if you can call it a story: it has no beginning and no end and very little in the middle", and illustrated Thomas' compassionate yet devastatingly accurate observations on human nature.

It was left to Fowles to give a most eloquent discourse on Christopher Marlowe the following week. This was, perhaps, the most rewarding meeting of the term, for the talk was at once intensely personal and well-informed. Few of us knew anything about this enigmatic genius who was a contemporary of Shakespeare, but Fowles so cleverly illustrated his thesis that Marlowe's greatest gift — his exaggerated and constant use of hyperbole — was also his greatest defect, that we went away with at least one very good argument as to why Marlowe could not have written "Twelfth Night". The great merit of this talk was that Fowles' eloquence was immediately comprehensible: he had one main argument to propose and he put it forward without meandering into complexities.

Complexity was the keynote of Weightman's talk on Francis Thompson, a Victorian poet, and Thomas Traherne, a Metaphysical. Though this comparison was intelligent and the appreciation sincere, the discussion suffered because the poets were so difficult. The link between them was the metaphysical qualities to be found in the Victorian poet. Thompson's "Hound of Heaven", describing the poet's flight from God, the pursuit and the overtaking, gave evidence of the seventeenth century influence. Thomas Traherne, on the other hand, a metaphysical writer of religious works in prose and verse, was original in thought and gave to his writing a remarkable musical quality. Apart from this sketchy impression, the poems yielded little from a first reading, and Weightman could only recommend them for the future.

Burke wound up the term with a short, forensic account of the famous Russian novelist, Nikolai Gogol. After a brief résumé of Gogol's romantic but unhappy life, Burke read "The Coach", a short story, as representative of Gogol's literary ideas and style. This was a picaresque satire on the provincial Russian society of the day, and though the nineteenth-century translation was inevitably rather quaint, Gogol's manner was clear and shrewd, and the characters and situations were reminiscent of those in Gogol's great play "The Inspector General" that was performed by Newsoms last year.

Thus ended the series of meetings that were held on authors and poets chosen at random. It has been an encouraging term, and if anyone has already returned to the works again, a successful one too. It only remains to express an optimistic view of the future.

C.C.W.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

We were very glad to welcome to the meeting at the end of the Spring Term Mr. E. A. C. Balshaw, the Founder and first President of the Society, who was attending it for the first time since he left the School in 1948. Since then the number of members has steadily increased and it has always been a problem to find suitable accommodation for meetings. We must therefore thank the Headmaster for again giving up valuable time at the end of term in allowing us to meet at his house, and we are also very grateful to Mrs. Porter for providing and preparing a considerable quantity of food for the large gathering.

Mr. Jones read a paper entitled "Trade, Travel and Geography — the key to the Ancient World". Mr. Jones is, of course, well qualified to speak on the geographical side of Classical studies as he has travelled a great deal around Europe and therefore has gained considerable knowledge of the Mediterranean region from his own experience.

The speaker described the geography and climate of Greece and explained that because of the difficulty of contact with other Greek states on the mainland due to great mountain ridges, the maritime cities quickly developed an overseas trade. There are only three good passes into Greece from the north, and any invader can be checked with adequate defences in each of these, as both Xerxes and Mussolini discovered. He then expressed his views as to why Sparta stayed at home, and said that being a very conservative state shut off in the Peloponnese, she had no need of trade but relied on her own resources. Mr. Jones then turned to deal with the topography of Italy and Southern Gaul which he illustrated with some excellent slides which he himself took, and we were able to see the difficulties which he had to endure on his journey over the Alps. The speaker then ended his talk by recounting some of his own experiences.

At the end of the Summer term a trip was organized to visit St. Albans. During this visit a short meeting was held to elect new officers. Mr. A. J. Sweetland was re-elected President, the Headmaster Vice-President, and D. Shelley was elected Secretary.

P.A.T

GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

At last we have reached the end of our series on the concerto. From Vivaldi, Bach and Handel, we have progressed to Gershwin and Copland. Solo instruments within our compass have included piano, violin, viola, 'cello, clarinet, trumpet, horn and organ.

Since the last of these reports appeared there has been a programme of piano music by the "late great", as they say in other circles, Dinu Lipatti, a Personal Choice programme given by A. R. Beavitt in which he played Sibelius's tone poem *The Swan of Tuonela*, and excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakov's musical addition to the *Arabian Nights*, *Scheherazade* and two Beethoven Piano Sonatas, Nos. 23 and 28, played by Solomon (unfortunately coinciding with the Sixth Form trip to St. Albans), as well as the normal series of concertos.

In March we had Solomon playing Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto (as might be expected, the most popular concert of the year), followed the next week by Grieg's A minor Piano Concerto. As advertised in the Spring, use has been made of the facilities of the American Library, to whom we are indebted for most of our concerts this term. The first of these was Saint-Saens' beautiful 'Cello Concerto, accompanied by Ernst Bloch's Hebraic Rhapsody, *Schelomo*. The following week we played Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 1, which, if not so celebrated as the second, still contains the familiar Rachmaninov ingredients. Next was played Ernst Bloch's Violin Concerto (There are those who insist we have had a surfeit of this Swiss-American Jew, and this was the least popular programme of the year).

The next programme in our series was George Gershwin's Piano Concerto in F, and the name of one of the most popular composers of lighter music and jazz seemed to attract some new faces to our meeting. Continuing with modern American composers we played Victor Herbert's 'Cello Concerto, another serious work by a composer better known for his lighter work (most famous is his operetta, *Naughty Marietta*), which though perhaps derivative is certainly worth listening to. After the examinations, which disrupted meetings in the second half of the term, the "most-played and most-honoured of American-born composers", Aaron Copland, was represented by his Clarinet Concerto, which he wrote for Benny Goodman in 1948. And so, with a span from early eighteenth century to mid-twentieth, our "Survey of the Concerto" came to an end and we closed the year with highlights from Johann Strauss's operetta *Die Fledermaus*.

Finally we must most sincerely thank all those who have helped to lighten the burden of presenting the Gramophone Society at all: the American Library for their friendly co-operation, everybody else who has lent us records, and all those people who have attended the meetings and who we hope will continue to do so for a considerable time to come. The Society, after all, exists for the benefit of all music-lovers in the School, and we hope that they will make the fullest use of it.

J.C.D. B.G.B. J.E.N.

CHRISTIAN UNION

Generally speaking, this term has been one of advance. Although not apparent on the surface, we have great cause to thank God. As a result of the poorly attended meetings of last term, it was decided by the committee to reduce the number of meetings held per term, but to increase publicity and personal work, thus putting more effort into each individual event.

The first important meeting of the term was the showing of the Billy Graham film, "Oil Town U.S.A.", at Rutlish School, to which we, among twenty other Christian Unions, were invited. Two showings of the film were held, at 6 p.m. and at 8 p.m. one Friday evening; the attendance at each meeting was about two hundred boys and girls from local grammar schools. Approximately twenty boys went from Raynes Park.

After this, we had the Rev. Buchan, Curate of St. Saviour's, Grand Drive, to give us a series of talks about our faith. These meetings were held in the dinner hour, attendances averaging about six. This was extremely poor attendance for talks that were really very helpful.

To wind up the term we held a film-evening on Tuesday, 10th July at seven o'clock in the Library. A talk on Hildenborough Hall, the well-known Christian holiday centre run by Tom Rees, was given by Mr. R. I. Johnson, who brought with him some colour slides of the work. The Fact and Faith film "God of the Atom" was also shown, and afterwards, Dr. M. Manderson gave us a very thought-provoking talk based on John 3.16. — "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life".

We hope that future speakers will include Mr. A. E. Collins of the London City Mission, Mr. Dick Bell of London Bible College, and the Rev. L. J. Lawrey, travelling secretary to the Inter-School Christian Fellowship, to which we are affiliated. We also hope to start a Prayer Fellowship for Parents and Old Boys, which you are invited to join. We feel that this Fellowship could be a big step forward in the history of our Christian Union if we could gain enough support from friends willing to pray for us. It has been said that prayer is the power-house of God, and if we can obtain this backing, great things are in store for us. At first we should aim to bring a prayer-letter out once each half-term to fill in the gap left by this account; but as time goes on, we should hope to bring it out more frequently. Would any parent or friend interested please get into contact with us by writing to:—

The Prayer Secretary,

The Christian Union,

Raynes Park County Grammar School,

Bushey Road, Raynes Park, S.W.20.

Finally, I would like to quote what could well be our motto text for the next School year:

"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2.15.

P.R.J.

DA VINCI SOCIETY

It has not been the usual practice to hold Da Vinci Society meetings in the Summer Term, but we have departed from our usual procedure this term by inaugurating what we believe is the first lunch-hour concert of "live" music in the School.

Under the title "Concert for Voices and Instruments", Mr. Vyse introduced the programme and gave an excellent talk on the various items. The performers were drawn from members of the Staff, First Forms, Third Forms and Sixth Forms.

The programme consisted of the following pieces:

Choir.	Welcome Sweet Pleasure (a ballett)	Thomas Weelkes.
	The Silver Swan (a madrigal)	Orlando Gibbons.
	Fine Knacks for Ladies (a lute song)	John Dowland.
Recorders.	The Merry Month of May (a madrigal)	Henry Youll.
	Fly Not So Fast (a madrigal)	John Ward.
	A Canzonet	Thomas Morley.

Three Songs. Rogero
 The Sick Tune } Anon.
 Loth to Depart }
 Aria for four recorders Thomas Morley.

The meeting was very well supported and we hope that this eminently successful experiment will be the forerunner of many more in the future.

The Society is greatly indebted to Mr. Vyse for all the work and time that he put into this new venture, and would like to take this opportunity of expressing their thanks.

A.C.R.

RECORDER CLUB

This term has proved an eventful and successful one for the Recorder Club. With its still increasing numbers, it has given one concert itself, and performed in two others. After much work and planning, Mr. Vyse has brought the Club to a high enough level to perform before an audience.

The Club's first concert, the programme of which will be found on another page, was given in conjunction with the Choir, and was played before the Da Vinci Society. This was a great success, and we felt that it was the first step towards our ultimate ambition of playing before a much more important audience.

It was not long, however, before we were requested to take a major part in a concert which was being given for those who had helped in the Garden Party. More ambitious pieces were played in this, including a Sonata by Bach, and the whole programme was received well by a responsive audience.

But, having performed successfully on two occasions, a third opportunity was yet to come before the end of the term. On Open Night, the Club gave a short concert in the Library, with a demonstration lesson beforehand. In the first half, some of the pieces that had previously been played to the Da Vinci Society were repeated, then, having performed once again the delightful Bach Sonata, two pieces by Telemann were played, firstly a Trio-Sonata in F Major for two Treble recorders (with a piano accompaniment by Hammond of 4a, who has not, hitherto, been mentioned), and secondly another Sonata in F Major for solo Treble recorder, also with a piano accompaniment. This, like the rest of the programme, was quite unrehearsed, being put on on the spur of the moment. Despite that, it came off very well, and was much appreciated by the audience.

The Recorder Club has had a busy term, but does not intend to slack in the Autumn, for already we have planned to perform in the Carol Concert, and to make that term as successful as this has been.

R.W.L.

GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

Instead of the usual film meeting this term, a meeting organized by two of our members was arranged. We hope that this meeting will encourage boys to take a more active interest in the Society and that other members will come forward with suggestions for future meetings.

At this meeting C. R. Weightman and M. Francis addressed a full house of about fifty boys on their exploits while hitch-hiking through England and Wales during the last summer holiday. The tour took them

first to Swaledale in Yorkshire, then to the Lake District; from there they hitched to North Wales, and then down to Cornwall. This journey gave them the opportunity of exploring both the well known scenic beauties of the Lakes and Snowdonia and also the less well known back roads of the wilder parts of the Pennine Moors and the Welsh mountains. The tour ended, after a two-week stay on a farm on the North Cornwall coast, with a hitch-hiking race back to London. The two competitors dead-heated, completing the 250 mile journey from Bude to London in the creditable time of twelve and a half hours. Judging by the reactions of the audience, the Society found the talk both interesting and amusing.

M.F.

SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

During the term the model railway has been under the constant care of the permanent way maintenance staff, and steady progress has been made on the fly-over, the foundations of which were laid earlier. The increase in freight traffic, resulting from the acquisition of new wagons, has shown the need for extensions to the goods sidings, and the "contractors" are already busy with the necessary track-laying and provision of new sheds and station.

In the village, the state of some of the property has given cause for a little alarm; we have to remember that all this property was built when the railway first came, and depreciation was inevitable! But with a little renovation, some new "brickwork" and secure foundations, we shall soon have the village back to its original attractive state.

Clearing away some of the obscuring landscape has now revealed a wide panorama of cliffs, with glimpses of the sea and of the little harbour, past which the "Silver King", the "Duchess of Athol" and the humble tank wend their various ways. True to the traditions of the best-run railway systems, we can honestly say that, despite the work of the maintenance crew, the service has remained uninterrupted.

Highlight of the term was the Garden Party, when the Spur Model Railway again attracted a constant flow of interested visitors of all ages and both sexes. The operating crew, working a shift system, maintained a schedule of main line, branch line and goods train working, and the resulting takings were a record for the event.

The Club meets each Monday evening in term time, 7.15 p.m. to 9.0 p.m. Why not come along and help in the running of a really fine scenic layout? A cordial invitation is extended to new members.

R.L.F.

CACTUS SOCIETY

This has not been a very active term for the Cactus Society owing to the G.C.E. and School examinations.

Nevertheless some work has been done. Seeds were distributed to members, many of whom had never had previous experience in the propagation of these plants from seed. We wish them all luck with their seeds and hope to be able to record a successful germination and consequent cultivation in the next issue of *The Spur*.

As usual, an exhibition of plants was on view on Open Night, and although much smaller than customary, owing to the short time available for the preparation of the show, many parents and boys visited us and expressed their appreciation of the plants.

Once again, we are always eager to welcome new members, and if

anyone would like to know more about these fascinating plants we are always ready to help or give advice relating to general cultivation, flowering and growing from seed.

C.J.H.

CHESS CLUB

Captain: C. R. Weightman

Secretary: S. J. Cohen

Last term we played two matches, both of which showed how weak the School team still is. We lost 3-5 to Rutlish, a match that should have been won, considering that Rutlish, after a long lapse, have only recently taken up chess again. This early set-back was an omen of worse to come. Against Epsom Grammar the Seniors lost $1\frac{1}{2}$ -6 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the Juniors lost $\frac{1}{2}$ -7 $\frac{1}{2}$! In eager anticipation of a repeat performance, Epsom Grammar have already sent a challenge for next term.

Below is an analysis of the Senior team for last term's fixtures.

Player	v. Rutlish	v. Epsom Grammar
1. Weightman	0	$\frac{1}{2}$
2. Cohen	1	$\frac{1}{2}$
3. Reeve	1	0
4. Loveday	0	$\frac{1}{2}$
5. Brugger	1	0
6. Tatlow	0	0
7. Thornley	0	0
8. Page	0	0

The only match arranged for this term was one against 'Tiffin Girls' School, but this was unfortunately cancelled at the last moment and has been postponed until next term.

S.J.C.

A Letter from the Old Boys' Society

THE GAUNTLET

"When the storm threatens, a man is afraid for his house.

But when the house is destroyed there is something to do.

About a storm he can do nothing, but he can rebuild a house."

'Cry, the beloved country'.

Nobody can spend five or eight years in a society without becoming attached to it in some way. And when you must inevitably leave the society, waiting for the change, and the final departure itself, can be disturbing. I suppose the permanent achievement of your existing Old Boys' Society is to smooth out the changes, to keep you in touch, and to do something after the storm. But at the moment we are young and only the foundations of the new house have been laid.

We offer little, and we ask much from individuals. Here's an invitation, as it were: "Come and maintain something, if, in retrospect, it seems worthwhile". And the allegiance is absolutely free; the only allegiance. We throw down a gauntlet which you can take up, and by taking it up you are adding your own brick or bag of cement.

How is the change smoothed out? Obviously by keeping up with the activities which began at School. We play sports at various standards. The Rugby 1st VII has won a Surrey Old Boys' Seven-a-Side tournament for the past two years, while in the weekly 3rd XV there are gentlemen who still happily slice the ball over their heads when they punt. They

say it reminds them of their First Form days (— and then retire, after the game, to their pedestal in Kensington Gardens). Another member continually delights the opposition, because, they tell us, he looks exactly like Charles Laughton as he kicks off. I don't know; I never had the good fortune to see Charles Laughton playing Rugby. At the same time, under cover, 'The Saints', made up almost entirely of Old Boys, proceed assiduously towards recognition as a first class Amateur Dramatic Society, with powerful presentations of usually inscrutable plays. They always welcome new members, and the Captain of Cricket will receive you with open arms, while nobody can ever do enough worthwhile work for the Garden Party Organiser. **If you have Gipsy blood, join him.**

And so the change is softened when you leave School, and the hard core is laid in the foundations. But the complete building will depend on people who've left Raynes Park. One can snap one's fingers and say: "Organise a Fête!" It's less practicable to say: "Produce an Old Boy of Raynes Park".

Here, then, is the gauntlet.

A.W.

RICHARD III

Produced and directed by Laurence Olivier, "Richard III" was a huge, splendid, sardonic version of Shakespeare's historical melodrama. All the elaborate spectacle and the magnificent detail of dress and panoply were finely woven with William Walton's stirring music, and the production, handsomely designed by Roger Furse, was embellished by resplendent costumes against a stylish but unadorned background. Comparison with Olivier's earlier attempts at Shakespeare are inevitable, and "Richard III", though an inferior play to "Hamlet" and "Henry V", emerged I think as the superior film. Liberties could be taken with the text to improve the tempo and help to clarify the murky plot which would not arouse a murmur from the pedants. Indeed Olivier, and his text adviser, Alan Dent, acknowledged the additions of Colley Cibber and Garrick, whose contributions such as "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" and "Richard's himself again" struck me as good stirring stuff, as good, anyway, as the Bard's. Often the obscure course of events was emphasized or clarified by visual links: Richard almost handed Clarence's murderers a revoking instead of a condemning order; Stanley's messenger found Hastings with Mistress Shore, whose creation by Pamela Brown did much to give the plot coherence.

Unlike that of his over-laborious "Hamlet", Olivier's direction of "Richard III" was unobtrusive. Where possible he preferred to let the play, or rather his fine cast, speak for itself, and often positioned his camera to photograph a scene of more than five minutes in length. His first soliloquy, with a generous share of 3 Henry VI, III. 2, was taken in one "shot": a miraculous feat. Yet his skilful artistry was there: Richard's shadow loomed over the bars of Clarence's cell across to King Edward's throne; the crown rolled among the horses' feet at Bosworth; when Richard was finally driven to bay like a hunted stag, all we heard was

his heavy breathing, and we glimpsed the dead depot's Gartered leg dangling from the saddle as his horse was led away. The detail was delightfully savage: Clarence was butchered and then immersed in a malmsey butt; Richard died in animal convulsions after his horse had been shot; after Hasting's execution, the axe and block visibly ran with blood.

After his classic interpretation of Agincourt, however, the treatment of Bosworth must have presented Olivier with a pretty problem. Here, though the battle contained some of the finest moments, I found my greatest criticism. The course of events was confused, the colour patchy and the continuity surprisingly bad. Most surprising of all, the only celebrated line in the play — "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" — was the least dramatic. Mention was made of a marsh, and had we seen Richard, with his horse sucked under him, wading bloodstained through a marsh strewn with corpses to make a lone stand against his ring of enemies, the line would have been more dramatic because more realistic. As it was, the corpseless clearing at the end looked more like all film producers' evergreen stand-by, Wimbledon Common, than Bosworth field.

No matter: the rest of this magnificent film was ample compensation. The cast, which no theatre could ever hope to contain, gave the perfect performances that were expected. Distinguished artists made distinguishable figures of Clarence, Buckingham, Edward, Stanley, Hastings and the Lady Anne, and even such minor characters as Brakenbury and the Lord Mayor had their moments. But the fascination of the film naturally fell on Richard, and Laurence Olivier's witty, treacherous, subtle, self-admiring murderer was a masterpiece of wicked amusement. No regard here to America's "Friends of Richard III Inc.": the promises of deceit and butchery were confided to us with an air of sardonic satisfaction, as if some delightful prospect were being revealed. Yet we had glimpses of the fanatic and the insane cruelty: Richard's answer to Buckingham's query for Hasting's disposal was simple — "Chop off his head man"; the witty conversation with the little prince was broken off by a petrifying glare; the honeyed voice making its wicked jokes could afford to humiliate Buckingham when Richard wore the crown. Olivier's Richard was such a tremendous achievement because it was so ferocious yet so funny, calling for an overwhelming admiration and an irresistible esteem. At the end, there was a grandeur and a pathos that Shakespeare's more noble heroes could claim. It suddenly seemed desirable that this puckish tyrant should live, if only to delight us with some more wicked plots and amusing murders, rather than the unimaginative and unattractive prig, Richmond. When Richard died, the triumph of Good over Evil was complete: but there was no satisfaction.

You might think from this review that I considered "Richard

III" to be a one-man film. In many ways, of course, it was Laurence Olivier's personal triumph as actor and director, but there were many more artists, musicians and technicians involved whose skill and precision made the film possible. My heart leapt with pride to think that so much talent existed in this country. No other country could have produced this film. No other country has produced a second William Shakespeare. "Richard III" has been regarded by some as unpatriotic: it was, in fact, a very fine tribute indeed to the flowering and universal genius of our tiny island.

C.C.W.

THE JOY-RIDE

The smoky, blackened heart of the great city seemed to swing with dizzy speed out of sight; the broad river, which had become a mere gutter trickle in my eyes, faded below the horizon. Soon, below us, lay the familiar countryside of red-brick villas, neatly-clipped hedges, and white dusty roads. As we passed over a railway, a thin, black line snaking its way across the earth, a tiny toy locomotive chugged by at a ridiculously slow speed.

A moment later, I leant forward and tapped on the glass partition dividing me from the pilot, pointing to the ground as I did so. The airman gave a curt nod and we circled round and round, high up in the blue heavens, as a hawk does before pouncing on its prey.

Quite suddenly, almost before I realized, we were plummeting downwards. The landscape roared with a rush of wind to meet us, the countryside getting larger and larger and larger. . . Whoosh! At a moment's notice we pulled out of the dive, straightened out, and zoomed low over the fields.

Now we could see everything in detail, though the landscape still seemed incredibly microscopic from our superior height. I picked out the dark green of Ashenly Woods showing up like a rare emerald in the light green of the fields, Topham Church, its spire just visible above the trees, and the little tarn shimmering in a burst of March sunshine.

As we turned, a little beyond my house, to come sweeping back, the tall Lombardy poplars shook their heads aggressively at us. Then we were over a flat field, silently gliding downwards, except for the engine sending its untuneful song into the blue. The tall grasses flattened out as we came over them; then we were down and rolling over the earth, our wheels spurling up dust and broken blades of grass. Our nose tilted up, our tail came down, and we were bumping uncomfortably over the rough ground. Finally the great propeller turned its last revolution, the roar of the engine slowed down to a steady pulsating beat and

we came to rest by the side of a gorse bush. "Like it?" asked the pilot, pushing back his goggles. "Magnificent!" I cried, and staggered out on to terra firma.

J.A.B.

PICTURE

The metal glistens in the flaring nebula-light. The ship rears like the fantastic steeple of some strange cathedral. It is red, blood-red as the nebula, with the solar corona emblem gleaming on the piscine fins. Round the base, like so many ants, swarm tiny, insignificant men. Above the fins a mouth, open for food, **gapes as a man enters. A man? Short and squat, the metal being climbs like some weird robot up the last laboured rung to the open door. Another man, imprisoned in a metal space-suit, mounts the ladder and stands, one steel foot on the step, the other splayed on the green quartz, looking away, afar to the distant ranges.**

The blue hills shine and glimmer like crystal as the dying star-light touches them with fingers of orange flame. Over the crests an angry red borders the horizon, the red of conflict between screen and screen, projector and projector, as kingdom battles kingdom for the prize of galactic supremacy. But the mountains hide the battle and we can only imagine the strife as the stars wheel over airless Antares X and the suited man gazes to the distance.

. . . For it is only a picture . . .

C.R.S.

THE TALES OF MR. HOFFMAN

From the graves of a machine-gun riddled Joe Macbeth and a decidedly modern Carmen Jones steps the spectre of Elmer P. Shakespeare Jr. and the re-setting in general of the classics. New vistas of gimmicks galore unfold upon the cinemascopic screen. Come with us now to the mightiest Western of them all — "The Romeo and his Juliet Story".

To the evocative tones of Tex Ritter singing the star cross'd ballad of "Frankie and Johnny", the opening shot reveals a sun-baked Arizona cattle town — Santa Verona. The scene is tense: Ben Montana and Ty Capulet, Italian rapiers exchanged for Colt .45's, are about to shoot it out. This is where we expect to hear

"Turn thee Benvolio, look upon thy death."

Instead, as the gaunt figures approach up the dusty street we hear a laconic

"For Gettysburg, Yankee."

However, before shots can be fired the marshal — known as "Duke" — intervenes. From him we learn that there is a bitter feud between the Montanas, supporters of the North and sheep-farmers, and the Capulets, old Confederates from the Deep South and cattle-men. Ty Capulet, that "Good king of cats", we learn from a character remarkably like Gabby Hayes, is "a pretty ornery critter", and so when Johnny Romeo muscles in on the Capulet barn dance we sense trouble . . . From this, the rest of the plot should be clear. The writing out of Ty, the sending away of Johnny by the marshal — "While I'm marshal of this burg we ain't havin' no lynchin' goin' on" — and the Commanche hold-up of the stage carrying the fateful message. The poison is obtained from an old Injun medicine man who like his original has his reservation and, in a blazing gunfight, Count Paris, "the Dude", is shot plumb. Finally, instead of the golden statue to Juliet, Old Man Montana inscribes an epitaph upon her tomb. And in the final shot of Boot Hill, we read in the strong light of high noon this message so lovingly carved: "One of the Capulets, killed by mistake".

We sit back enjoying the flavour of the month, and after seeing the trailers to a thriller, "The Merchant of Menace", and a newspaper combine story, "The Marriage of Figaro", lick our way on to the second feature. This, based on "Richard II", is a blazing exposure of the fight game entitled "The Harder they Fall". Featuring the current number one on the Hit Parade "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen Rock 'n Roll", it tells how Rick the champ falls a prey to the big time. While the main contender Henry "Bolo punch" Broker is winning support, Rick wavers between over-confidence and remorse. Shakespeare's kingly

"And tell sad stories of the death of kings"

becomes, when addressed at Rod Steiger on the screen,

"I used to be good in there, Joe, I used to be good."

Rick loses his "crown". Finally, in a vicious alley fight he is stabbed by one of the Broker's men.

We leave the cinema with our imaginations fired. Why not a re-issue of the wanderings of Ulysses called "Oh Didn't he Ramble?" Sir Laurence Olivier as Peter Sellers parodying Marilyn's Lady Macbeth. Bing Crosby in "Back to Methusala . . ."

Plainly such entertainment, relying as it does on the gimmick, would soon pall. Before long we would see a reversion to the past. Caesar in toga would again die a death at the hands of Romans in the "Asphalt Forum", and even if his original haunts seem rather flat to the modern cinema fan, we must remember all haunts are pitched on a spirit level. **Now read on.**

A.J.F.

One of the most recent additions to the rural scene in summer is the long line of traffic that sprawls over hill and valley in an optimistic endeavour to reach the sea. Within a matter of weeks now, all the cars that have been safely locked away in cold storage for the winter will re-appear at week-ends and bank-holidays, and whenever the traffic grinds to a halt all over the country, then it is sure sign that summer has arrived and the unfortunate motorists have to use their own resources for amusement and pastime. For the traffic jam has become a feature of modern roads, and unless the motoring public of Britain quickly accustoms itself to the fact that summer travel consists largely in standing still, there is a risk of wide-spread road mania and traffic neurosis. The motorist who draws up at the tail of an extensive block must put aside all thoughts of immediate progress and make a wise use of his ample leisure time. Those who live in or near London, of course, accustomed all the year round to fifteen to twenty minutes stretches of immobility, have less need than most for instruction in this important aspect of life on the road, but for those who generally prefer to hike, cycle or fly and whose knowledge of car-riding is therefore out of date, a few hints might be practical.

The first point to realize is that *you* must rely on *your* own resources for passing the time. I can see the day coming when buskers will entertain the lifeless line of vehicles by miraculously freeing themselves from heavy chains and sacks, or reciting passages from "Hamlet". Roadside television cannot be very far away, and anyone who establishes cafeterias and children's playgrounds along the Brighton road will make a lot of money. The next Election, provided that anyone gets home for it in time, may well be fought out on the issues of Government action to alleviate the boredom of traffic-jammed motorists. But at the moment, as there are no signs of development, we have to help ourselves.

The second point to realize is that no physical activity on your part can alter the duration of the block. I have seen innumerable people, not ordinarily certifiable, spend their time in traffic jams shifting about in their seats, opening and slamming doors and leaning out of the windows at intervals as if expecting to see some faint traces of life in the distance. There are countless drivers who press the clutch pedal up and down, ease the pressure on the brakes, rev up the engine and thump the wheel as if they were ever ready to set off for a drive. Some old fashioned people even sound their horns, as if arriving off-stage in a third-rate farce put on by a repertory company. I have travelled with, or more accurately sat beside, a driver who every minute would flick the windscreen with the back of his hand and

peer intently through it as if we were rally competitors about to overtake a rival on a hairpin bend nearing Monte Carlo in a blinding snowstorm, when all the time we were melting in dazzling sunshine opposite a fish paste factory on the Kingston By-pass.

With these two facts in mind, we can review some of the harmless, and indeed necessary, occupations that have been devised for habitual car-riders. Close scrutiny of the people in the car behind is an amusement by no means devoid of interest. The mere action of turning round in your seat and looking out through the back window puts the people in the car behind at a disadvantage. Once they are aware of their sudden exploitation, they become self-conscious, and if you are really good at it, they not only fidget and adjust their glasses but also do quite laughable antics like engaging in an over-animated conversation or lighting a pipe when they are already smoking a cigarette. If, on the other hand, you are counter-attacking a rude stare from the people in front, it is a good plan to start the windscreen-wipers working and pull down the sun shields.

Useful though the people front and back may be, this type of entertainment must undoubtedly wear thin as the hours drift by, for in modern motoring, they always remain the same people from one hold-up to another. Other forms of entertainment must therefore be sought to while away the later hours of waiting. If the driver of the car behind is more than normally stupid, you can entice him to swing out of the line in the hope of passing two or three stationary cars on the inside lane. The amusement derived from watching him face the oncoming traffic is painless but brief, and this game cannot be attempted on a dual carriage-way. Provided you have pencils and paper (never, by the way, go on a long journey without such necessities), you can estimate the amount of petrol that would have been saved if the engine had been switched off at the start of the hold-up instead of now, calculate the number of hours late on arrival and think of all the ways of saying the expedition was a mistake from the start and write all of them down, ask each other if this is their idea of a day by the sea, and reflect aloud that if your advice had been taken, you would never have taken this route. Looking out of the windows on either side is not very profitable, since on the roadside one is constantly enraged by the free flow of traffic in the opposite direction and the view on the near side is generally eclipsed by advertisements for soap powders or red-brick houses with lace curtains. The chances of seeing a family at dinner or of spending fifteen minutes beside a cricket field with play in progress are, in my experience, nil. Eating, if done at all nowadays, is done with noses on the telly screens, and fifteen minutes is the time taken between innings.

There are other amusements, but you must think them up for yourselves. Off you go, then, and good luck. C.C.W.

FOR EVER

A sight far worse than death itself,
Is Old Age doomed to linger
Among the blossoms of its youth,
Whose song it sings no longer.

And so from Wisdom's glorious towers
The summer suns have flown,
And gloomy echoes sound the hall,
While walls have mossy grown.

To the mind that once with avid joy
Great Homer's lays devoured,
Or cruised along lush streams with Keats,
The golden flavour's soured;
The scented glory all is dead,
Like roses' gorgeous petals shed.

The lines that have a surge inspired
Of mighty love and awe;
The wondrous dream from poppies drawn,
And Virgil's ancient lore;
The lines that made a bosom swell,
Heaved the heart with mystic wonder,
Clove all earthly thoughts asunder,
So bursting out this mortal cell.
Now discordant fall the notes
Of once eternal music.

Eyes are bleary,
Mind is weary,
Trying to echo the past.
Greatness has left,
Harmony cleft,
Wisdom is ready to die.

In soft Elysium's balmy glades
Where Muses lie dreaming,
Fair Wisdom is beaming,
To brighten earth's shadowy shades.

J.D.

In an age of scientific method, archaeology has become but one more sub-division of a department of science. The gain is great if we take accuracy as our yardstick: but by making all archaeologists conform to a fixed pattern, and by setting up the giant Pitt-Rivers and his little brother Mortimer Wheeler as pattern archaeologists, the individual outlook, which was often disastrous, but always quaint and amusing, is of an age gone by.

The archaeologist we know is no more than the enlightened progeny of the tomb-robber. As soon as anyone put a valuable object into a grave, somebody else made it his primary aim to dig it up again. The thieves of Egypt have acquired no little reputation; they were still at it, and doing well, a hundred years ago. But the Romans, instead of furtively digging up treasure to sell, happily collected curios to exhibit. And so in England, where nobody had anything of great value, and was disinclined to bury it if he had, the only tomb-robbers were the Romans, and their efforts were scattered and spasmodic. After their inquisitive outlook had declined, the Saxons went on digging up graves, but only to bury their own dead, for they were too lazy to build new ones. Archaeology was at an end, until, with the Normans, curio-hunting was reintroduced. In 1178 certain monks dug up a barrow at St. Albans in the hope of finding the remains of "the holy martyr, St. Amphibalus". Some twenty years later the bones discovered during the enlargement of a church on to a barrow circle were recognised as those of three Irish saints, and reburied with reverence in the church.

After this, motives degenerated again into those of the tomb-robber, and barrows were opened to supplement the national revenue with treasure — with varying success. A certain Matthew Tyler of Dunstable lived off the proceeds of a find in a nearby grave. In Dorset, however, Royal Commissioners "dug for three days, and went away having found nothing but a few bones". It was only in the seventeenth century that this outlook was replaced by the desire for scientific discovery, and men were attracted by the prospect of finding ancient skeletons, and not lured by the possibility of legendary riches. In his excavations Stukeley noted down how the corpse had been placed in burial: if he had paid as much attention to the whereabouts of the barrow as he did to the position of its occupant, his work might have been useful as well as interesting. Although his contemporary, Hoare, once consulted the expert knowledge of the local butcher concerning a bone he had found, yet he left much to be desired. It was his practice to appear on the scene only when his hired labourers had cut right through the grave. The work of such as these opened the way for societies which attended the excavations. In

1844, for instance, twenty carriages and "numerous hired vehicles" took witnesses to Salisbury, where Lord Albert Conyngham "dressed up in an exploring costume" to open eight barrows. The day was ruined by torrential rain. The Rev. Isaac Stephenson stood by at such meetings, and composed such doggerel as

"But who's he arm'd with shining trowel,
Who all their labours watches so well?
If fond of work he does not show it —
Why! that's the barrow-digger's poet!"

A more caustic bystander remarked of such a congress, "After the opening of the other three tumuli, nothing decisive could be ascertained except a conviction of the impolicy of attempting to explore so many barrows in one day". Nor was this the archaeologist's only fault: at a Derbyshire excavation an urn was broken up, and the pieces distributed as keepsakes.

The position was as unorthodox as ever when Pitt-Rivers stepped on to the scene in the late nineteenth century and replaced Hoare's descriptions, which often ran as amusingly as the one about the skull, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile, a singularity that I have never before noticed", with detailed scientific accounts: he is now held up as an example to future ages, but whether he will be copied or not is uncertain. On the Salisbury Plain villagers are still seen at dusk making their way with pick and shovel to find legendary Wessex gold. The British Army has found it amusing to fly in the face of the Pitt-River's school and dissect barrows, not with the excavator's trowel, but with the inhuman Churchill tank. And the British Government still maintains its position as arch-tomb robber by insisting on its share of any valuable treasure-trove.

J.R.S.H.

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