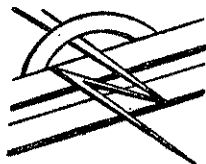


RAYNES PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The

SPUR

SPRING TERM 1958



VOLUME 13

NUMBER 2

THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

"To each his need, from each his power"

Vol. XIII

Spring Term, 1958

No. 2

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SCHOOL OFFICERS, Spring Term, 1958

Head Boy : G. D. Crocket.

Second Boy : A. A. Beattie.

Prefects : J. M. Adams, T. G. Ayres, J. M. H. Chambers, J. A. Colmer, G. A. Currie, J. Davie, B. R. H. Doran, J. D. M. French, R. P. N. Housego, C. J. How, W. R. Lintill, B. G. W. Morley, R. K. Stevens, A. Thomas, M. A. Yeldham.

Captain of Hockey : R. K. Stevens.

Secretary of Hockey : R. P. N. Housego.

Secretary of Cross Country : R. A. Willis.

Secretary of the Games Committee : C. J. How.

Prefect of Hall : W. R. Lintill.

Prefect of Library : J. A. Colmer.

OBITUARY

Anthony John Roe

It is with great sadness that I write these lines recording the death, on 27th January, of one of our Old Boys, Tony Roe. Tony, who was a member of Gibbs House, joined the School in September 1950 and left in July 1956 to take up a career in Accountancy. Although he frequently suffered from asthma, Tony quickly gained our respect by his spirited efforts with the Junior School Cross-Country Team. Indeed, there was one occasion, the Wimbledon Association Scouts Sports on the K.C.S. ground at West Barnes Lane, when he received an enormous cheer from all the spectators for his dogged determination in the Open Mile. That a junior boy should have held his own right to the finish against the huge Rover Scouts taking part was, to the crowd present, the embodiment of the spirit of Scouting.

It was in Tennis, however, that Tony achieved his greatest success while at school. He was awarded his School Colours and was selected for special coaching at Queen's Club. He was the envy of his colleagues when he told of his conversation with the great Drobny (at that time Wimbledon Champion). Tony was a key-man in the Gibbs team which won the House Tennis Cup for several seasons in succession.

After leaving School, Tony achieved great success with the Courtlands Club at Squash and only a few days before he died had been chosen to represent the County of Surrey. He was

making excellent progress with the firm of Accountants for whom he worked and his loss to the community at such an early age is a true tragedy. His mother, father and sister have our deepest sympathy.

R.L.

In these words Mr. Loveday, his Housemaster, speaks for everyone at Raynes Park.

HENRY PORTER

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

At the end of the Easter Term Mr. Archer leaves us, to become a lecturer in Craft at Chester Training College for Teachers. We are greatly in his debt for six years unselfish service, in which he has at the cost of much of his own leisure given successive groups of boys the opportunity to enjoy their leisure in the workshop, and both in and out of school hours to develop in a variety of fields their skill and taste. Potters, carpenters, stage designers, printers and the practical minded of all kinds have had from him example, help and encouragement. Nor has he ever been merely a specialist; in class-teaching and as form-master he has set a firm lead and a high standard. He retains the respect as well as liking of us all, and our best wishes go with him to his different new tasks.

H.P.

THE ALCHEMIST

It is more than twenty years since T. S. Eliot remarked on the awful fate of the reputation of Ben Jonson: "universally accepted . . . damned by the praise that quenches all desire to read the book." One approached the 1957 School production of *The Alchemist* then with some misgivings: could our players dispel the academic dust and cobwebs of centuries to display the gold beneath? Could the thing have any relevance to a non-specialist audience of today? The rise of the curtain on the glorious invective of the quarrel between Face and Subtle, with Doll Common their colleague, quickly assured us that at least we would not be bored. The pace and vigour of this scene, the facility with which the actors got their tongues round the forceful lines of Jonson's verse were exhilarating. **S. F. Partridge** as Face, the prime instigator of much of the play's mischief, quickly won our confidence in his ability to sustain his long and difficult part, and his later transformations

were both inventive and credible. Though at times during the course of the play we may have felt that he was not altogether in control, certainly there was never any doubt about his resourcefulness and his 'attack'. Indeed this is true of each of the villains of the piece. **J. Davie** as Subtle, the Alchemist himself, gave a thoughtful and satisfying performance. His evident familiarity with the terms and processes of alchemy as he crouched among his alembics and his retorts convinced us, as it convinced his dupes, that if there *were* anything in his mysterious art there was no-one more expert at it than he. The fun of wickedness was very ably conveyed too by **P. Riley** as Doll Common. He played his part for all it was worth and if at times some of his ad lib. gestures and grimaces did suggest too nearly a night at the panto he was always lively and amusing and good to watch.

With the three main characters established, the complete success of the play will depend on the force and variety of the succession of gullible victims who are lured to the absent Lovewit's house. Jonson gives us a sort of cross-section of London society of the time, though — and of course this is part of the play's strength — they are all types we may still see around us today. Certainly in this production each appearance of a new character made its due impact, with make-up and costume contributing effectively. **M. A. Yeldham** as Dapper, an eager lawyer's clerk, and **N. G. Cottee** as Druggier, an innocent tobacco-man, gave sound performances and introduced us to the methods employed by Face and Subtle to fleece their perhaps too-innocent victims. The grand entrance of **B. M. W. Morley** as Sir Epicure Mammon promised well for the new dimension which this character brings to the play. And indeed he had throughout an appropriate impressiveness of appearance and deliberateness of manner, though somehow the confidence and expansive sensuality of the part escaped him. It is perhaps not surprising, for Sir Epicure is in some ways the most fully 'realised' character in the play and certainly has the finest lines :

*I will have all my beds blown up, not stuft:
Down is too hard: and then, mine oval room
Fill'd with such pictures as Tiberius took
From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
But coldly imitated.*

J. M. Adams as Pertinax Surly brought a welcome breath of scepticism into the action and gave a firm and assured performance, both in English and Spanish. The two preachers, Ananias and Tribulation Wholesome., were well played by **R. M. Stevenson** and **P. J. Venison**, who amusingly conveyed the nervous tensions and fiery tempers which lay beneath the bland surface of the Puritan mind. The last of the visitors to the Alchemist was Kastril, the Angry Boy, played by **M. McLean**, who from his first charging entrance seemed set on doing harm to all who so much as looked at him. A nice performance, ably – and becomingly – supported by **C. J. Steer** as Dame Pliant, his sister.

Certainly then there were both force and variety in the characterisations offered to us by the visitors to Lovewit's house and the brew was kept furiously bubbling throughout by Face, Subtle and Doll Common. Perhaps too furiously, or rather at too consistently furious a rate throughout. For the major failing of the production as a whole was an insufficient *variety* of pace. Before the play was three quarters over, though excited and amused, we were breathless and it became more and more difficult to appreciate the significance of what was happening. This would explain the comparative lack of impact of the sudden return of Lovewit, the master of the house, ably played by **T. G. Ayres**, together with the noisy irruption of the neighbours. Climaxes such as this have to be played for by a preparatory slowing down or lowering of dramatic tension. The lack of depth in the stage did not assist this last scene for the lively crowd did not have room to display their evident talents. Up to this point, however, the set had been both imaginative and effective.

The final impression of the play, what we remember about it, was a liveliness and vigour and colour, which says a great deal for all those concerned with its production both on and off the stage. The producer himself, Peter Smith, is particularly to be congratulated on the fusing of initially disparate elements into a new and exciting imaginative compound. And at least one member of the audience was stimulated by this production with the "desire to read the book".

N.S.

HERBERT THE HEAD

The magic worked again. The little stage grew, the strings disappeared.

Three children in a wood, children nicer than C. S. Lewis's and better than Enid Blyton's: they take shelter in a house, are greeted by ghosts, are deceived by a wicked magician who needs their innocent blood to compound a potion which shall make him Master of the World, who . . .

But wait a minute.

Mazarin isn't really like that at all. Mazarin is rather a fruity, fumbling, fop of a magician, a busker whose Lear has one eye on the 'Bunch of Grapes'. His tricks do come off, just, but he keeps ill order among his ghosts, he is insulted by a Magglewock, a Dingerflood is flippant to him.

It is a part where a rather cracked tinkle is heard in every knell, i.e. a part rich in satire and enriched by its performance.

John Gough wrote this play, the first to be written and designed entirely by members of the Puppet Club. He succeeded remarkably well. The play did what puppet-plays must do, and made us believe in things that no clumsy human stage can make convincing. Its ghosts lived, its insane birds wore their spectacles with panache, the teapot floated — for all too short a time — with deliberate intelligent grace. The miracles were miraculous, the transformations swift.

And if the dialogue was in comparison stilted, yet it sometimes achieved that oblique near-sense that leaves a line curling some seconds on the mind before you decide to laugh. It need not have been so stilted. More speed in the picking-up of cues, perhaps in the speaking, would have vastly improved it — but of course it's very hard to train these creatures. It may be heresy to say it, but after all they *are* only wood and cloth, and they find it rather hard to learn.

Yes: yes of course! The children did escape.

G.M.

HOUSE NOTES

COBBS

Captain: A. Thomas.

Prefects: A. A. Beattie, J. M. H. Chambers.

This term has been an extremely busy one for the House. The main sport has been hockey, and in this both the Seniors and the Colts have had their successes, with the promise of further achievements still to be recorded. A large part of the credit for the display of the Seniors must go to the goalkeeper, Clay. His performance has, at last, earned him a place in the School 1st XI. Gibbons, Bowerman and Foulsham also deserve our thanks, but there is really no-one in the team who does not pull his weight.

In this year's Cross Country Race we fielded a strong team, but despite efforts by Gibbons (who was first) Griffin and Foulsham, our final position was only third. However, this was a fine effort, and a small part of Gibbons' enthusiasm found its way into every one of our runners.

We were rather unfortunate in the Gymnastics Cup this year, as we have very few sixth formers in the House. Even so, if everyone had bothered to spend one lunch hour in the gym, we would have finished in third or possibly second place, instead of the fourth position we were finally credited with.

Our only real success this term has been in Chess. The House Team was in great form and swept the board clean. So, to everyone's surprise we now hold the Chess Cup. Congratulations to all the team members.

The Debating team, although not tremendously successful, has always given its opponents a good fight. Next year, with virtually the same team, they should have far more success.

The Competition for the Junior Shield has started this term. We have some very promising young players in the Junior School, and I am sure that they will try their hardest to bring the Shield back to our House.

Swimming Qualifying has started this term also, and will continue until the swimming sports next term. I would ask every swimmer in the house to obtain as many points as he can, as a substantial lead now will ensure our success later.

The House Play this year is to be "Desert Highway". Rehearsals are progressing and we hope for more success than last year.

Next term's competitions include Athletics, Cricket and Swimming. In closing I would plead with that minority of the House who just "can't be bothered", to help those in charge of the various activities to bring back to the House the trophies that have for so long been in foreign hands.

A.T.

GIBBS

Captain : W. R. Lintill.

Prefect : T. G. Ayres.

This term we welcomed Mr. Pratt as our new Housemaster. A very worthy successor to Mr. Loveday, he has already shown that he is prepared to give much of his time and energy to us, and I can foresee nothing but success if we follow his sound advice and good example in all our activities.

We concluded the Autumn Term by winning the Rugby Cup and our congratulations are due both to P. C. Clark, our captain, and to the Colts, who, by winning their final game against Miltons, clinched the issue.

The Hockey this term has been a little disappointing, in spite of the expert coaching of Mr. Pratt. But we are still far from out of the running in the Hockey Cup. The Seniors very surprisingly lost to Cobbs in their first match (this, I think, was largely due to bad conditions), but we excelled ourselves against Miltons in returning a 5-0 victory — due wholly to the brilliant play of our forward line. Against an under-estimated Halliwells team we did well to draw, and this leaves us a mediocre Newsoms team to play. The Colts have met with no small measure of success, winning, drawing and losing their first three matches. Things being well, we have a reasonable chance of winning this Cup too.

We did not fare too well in the Cross Country, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that we did our best in the face of very strong opposition, and we owe our thanks to the "Barfeet" for the efforts they put in on our behalf.

In the Gymnastics Competition we came second to Newsoms, and all concerned have cause to congratulate themselves, especially the Seniors, who came second in their section.

The House Play preparations are going according to plan in the capable hands of T. G. Ayres and Venison, and I can only hope that the final result of the competition will duly reflect the vast amount of work that all members of the cast and all stage hands have put into *Dial 'M' for Murder* during their own time.

We managed to reach the final of the Debating Cup Competition, when we proposed the motion that "School games should be compulsory" and Halliwells opposed. We were not at all disgraced by being defeated by such an eloquent team.

Next term we have the cricket, swimming and athletic competitions. While not wanting to appear over optimistic, I think that the Seniors should have little difficulty in winning all their matches, and the Colts should also find little opposition. The swimming, however, is much in the balance, and I must impress upon all members of the House the need to secure as many points as possible in the qualifying if we are to be successful in this event. In the field of athletics we have a very strong Colt and Junior section, and this should nullify any shortcomings we may have in the Senior section.

Thus next term will probably be the most vital term Gibbs has faced for some time, as we have perhaps the best chance ever of winning the Cock House Cup. We can make sure of it if every single member of the House will pull his full weight in next term's activities.

W.R.L.

HALLIWELLS

Captains : R. P. N. Housego, C. J. How.

Prefect : J. A. Colmer. **Treasurer :** A. T. Rogers.

This term the house has seen both success and failure. To our disappointment we were edged out of second place in the Gymnastics competition by Gibbs. This was mainly due to the apathetic attitude of certain members of the sixth form. It must be remembered that to take part in one sport does not exonerate members of the house from pulling their weight in others. The Juniors, though keen, have not shown sufficient drive on the rugby field this term. Having lost their first match they have been eliminated from the knock-out competition.

To turn to our successes, yet again we have proved in the Cross Country competition that team spirit and determination are more valuable than a few star runners. Thanks to the invaluable leadership of Ali the cup is once again in our possession. Our congratulations are due to Kingham, Housego and Colmer for finishing well to the fore. On the Hockey field too our team, having obtained one win and one draw, have proved quite successful. If the Colts would pull their weight we would have a chance of gaining another cup.

Academically, we have had success also. Aply led by J. A. Colmer, the debating team, consisting of C. J. How, R. Impey, J. A. Taylor and Ali, has won the Michael Welby Cup. As the standard of debating has been very high this year we have the more reason to be proud of this achievement. More support for the team at the debates would have been appreciated. It is not enough to support one's house on the playing fields alone : all-round support is essential.

As this is written, the House Play is well under way, with R. Impey as producer. We hope that when you read this the cup will be in our hands.

C.J.H., R.P.N.H.

MILTONS

Captain : G. D. Crocker.

Prefects : J. M. Adams, J. Davie, B. R. H. Doran, J. D. M. French,
B. G. W. Morley, R. K. Stevens.

Last term the seniors only played three games of rugby, and as the match against Cobbs was postponed so many times it was decided to abandon it completely. As a result of this we were placed fourth equals with Cobbs in the cup. In the Cross-country competition, never a strong

point with Miltons, we came fourth, but we must congratulate everyone who ran, and especially our captain, Taviner, who ran extremely well and finished third, with only one shoe on.

In hockey our chances look brighter than they have for a long time. The seniors lost to a strong Gibbs team, drew with Newsoms, and just beat Cobbs. The Colts have met with a bit more success, and have won two matches, beating Halliwells and Newsoms, and just lost to a very good Cobbs side. The final result is still in the balance, and we can only hope that both the seniors and the colts can win their final matches.

In the gymnastics competitions the seniors failed to pull their weight in the qualifying, and we took an undistinguished fifth place. The debating team was a fairly strong one. They beat Newsoms in the first round, but were beaten by Halliwells, the eventual winners, in the semi-final. We all owe our congratulations to the Chess team, led by Vincent, which beat three Houses, but were beaten by Cobbs in their last match, and so came second in the championship.

Our main concern at the moment is the House Play. This competition is always difficult to make forecasts about, and it is always a very chancy business, as previous years have shown. The play this year is T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, and among the cast we have J. Adams, who is also doing a good job as producer, J. Davie and B. Morley. We can only keep our fingers crossed and hope for the best.

By the time this is read, of course, the results of all these competitions will be known and we will be occupied with next term's activities. These include swimming, athletics, cricket and tennis. In both swimming and athletics the House must pull its weight in the qualifying if we are to stand any chance in either competition. The athletics gives those who normally contribute little to the House a chance to gain many valuable points. Over all this will hang the shadow of the G.C.E.. To all those who are entering for these examinations we must wish the best of good fortune.

G.D.C.

NEWSOMS

Captain : M. A. Yeldham.

Prefect : G. A. Currie.

When last term's notes were written, the prospects as far as rugby was concerned, looked very rosy indeed; and I think that I can safely say that, in this respect, the house was extremely successful. The seniors completed their unbeaten record when they won their last match against Gibbs House by the narrow margin of one point. No small amount of this success was due to the effort which Thorp, as captain, put into the team.

The colts, although not quite so successful, can nevertheless feel pleased with their results. In last term's Spur, it was reported that they had played, and lost, one match. In their next two matches, against Gibbs and Miltons they brought off convincing victories, but lost their last match against Cobbs by three points.

In the field of junior rugby, the juniors have distinguished themselves by reaching the final of their competition. It is a good first contribution towards house activities, and one which I hope they will keep up.

As far as the hockey competition is concerned, we have not been so successful. The seniors have played two of their games, drawing one against Miltons and losing to Cobbs. The Colts have played three matches, and lost them all.

In the inter-house cross-country, our team, lead by Willis, came second to Halliwells. Willis himself was the second man in, Partridge came fourth, and Stevens tenth. There were, in fact, seven Newsoms runners in the first twenty-one places, but our last runner was unfortunately some distance behind.

On a happier note, it is my pleasure to record the fact that Newsom's House won the P.T. Competition, and it is gratifying to realise that this was in no small way due to the Seniors, who, in spite of exams., turned up to gain valuable points for the House.

In the Debating Competition, our team was beaten by a stronger, more eloquent Milton's side in the first round, while in the Chess Competition our team, led by Page, has had slightly more success, drawing one match, winning one and losing one.

The only other competition to take place this term is the House Play Competition, in which we are producing *Androcles and the Lion*. This has not yet been completed, but rehearsals have been under way for some considerable time now, and the cast have been working hard to make this play a success. It is some time now since Newsom's won a House Play Competition. Last year we came close to victory. This year, with affairs in the capable hands of Partridge, we have high hopes of success.

We are unfortunate this term in losing one of our most active seniors in D. C. Stevens. He has always contributed wholeheartedly towards house activities, and he will be especially missed in the fields of athletics, swimming and rugby. I am sure that each member of Newsom's house will join me in wishing him good luck in his future career.

M.A.Y.

THE DA VINCI SOCIETY

Before commencing a review of this term's programme it is necessary for me to complete my report of last term's meetings.

Dr. Morgan made his debut as a lecturer to the Society with a talk entitled *Karaghiozi*, in which he gave us his personal impressions of Greece and in particular a vivid account of the local Puppet Theatres. *Karaghiozi* we learnt was the name of one of the main characters in the puppeteers' repertoire, a kind of Mr. Punch, who is used to symbolise the spirit of Greek resistance. The lecture was ably illustrated with broad sheets of Puppet Characters, and Dr. Morgan set the atmosphere of the country by a well chosen selection of Greek music on records.

The last talk of the Winter Term was given by Mr. Rudgley, who chose for the subject of his talk *Gothick*. Once again we were introduced to a type of lecture which we have learnt to expect from Mr. Rudgley, who has the happy knack of finding out odd and interesting subjects about which he is able to enthuse his audience. In this talk he traced the development of the "Gothic" style in English literature and architecture. We were regaled with wonderful pictures of gloomy castles, maidens in distress, stormy skies, clanking chairs and all the other paraphernalia of this period, together with an excellent selection of readings from a wide range of authors. The talk was most aptly chosen heralding as it did the expectation of Christmas and ghost stories round the fire. Once more the Society is indebted to Mr. Rudgley for yet another excellent meeting.

The Society was fortunate in having as its guest speaker, at its first meeting this term, Mr. Ronane, who is the Stage Manager of the Wimbledon Theatre. Having learnt of our activities from one of our members he most kindly offered to give us a talk on some aspect of the Theatre. Bearing in mind that this was the term of the House Play Competition we asked him to talk to us on play production. Under the title *Producing a Play*, Mr. Ronane proceeded to give us many valuable tips which were of constructive value to the House Play Producers who had turned out in full strength. This lecture was well illustrated by original set sketches and working drawings, the work of Mr. Ronane's wife. We are most grateful to the speaker for the care and time that he devoted to the Society's interest and I am sure that all House Producers found the lecture most helpful.

At the beginning of the term, in the public press we were introduced to the portrait of Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret by Annigoni. This painting had caused widespread interest and therefore seemed a fitting subject for the second talk of the term, to be given by Mr. Riley. In many ways it is not fair to an artist to criticise his work on the strength of a reproduction and obviously we were only able to display the picture as published by one of the weekly magazines. The lecturer made a point of seeing the actual painting at Messrs Agnews of Bond Street before giving his talk in order to give a fair criticism. In his opinion the picture is immediately effective, but on further consideration would seem to be a collection of tricks, rather a pastiche on Renaissance Painting, and he endeavoured to point out how the artist had really failed to express true form. Examples of the works of Leonardo Da Vinci, Velasquez and Titian were shown to illustrate his arrangements. When judging a work of art it is necessary to compare it with only the greatest works and in the opinion of the lecturer this work, while very attractive, did not really stand up to critical analysis.

Under the title *The Art of Greek Vases* Mr. Kilburn gave the third lecture of the term. As with Dr. Morgan this was Mr. Kilburn's first talk to the Society and we look forward to many more from both of them.

Mr. Kilburn was fortunate in having access to a fine collection of slides on this subject from the Hellenic Society, which he used to illustrate

his talk. In many ways one was struck by the quite contemporary 'feel' in the designs he presented. In his talk Mr. Kilburn ably traced the development of the decorator and potter's art during this period. It was most interesting to see in some of the designs linework that has most definitely influenced some of Picasso's pictures. Perhaps the most outstanding quality to be observed in this art form is the wonderful sense of linear form expressed by an incredible economy of means.

The next meeting was devoted to the criticism of our Spring Term Art Competition, the subject set being *Winter*. Mr. Archer, Mr. Rudgley, Mr. Kilburn and Mr. Stephenson, were the judges and critics on this occasion. The standard of entries was very high and a final decision was very difficult. Perhaps the best works came from the lower half of the School. The judges were rather disappointed at the lack of senior entries and it's to be hoped that more works in this group will appear in the Summer Competition. Wilton of the Second form won the First Prize with a painting of Wimbledon Common, while Loveday, of the Third form, and Riley of the Second form tied for Second Prize. All three artists are to be congratulated on the excellence of their work. The Society would like to register their thanks to the judges for the time and effort expended for our benefit.

Mr. Arthur in his talk *The English Home* most ably covered a very wide range on this topic in his lecture to the Society. In the space of our Dinner Hour meeting he took us through the development of English Architecture from Saxon times right up to the present. The talk was illustrated by a particularly well chosen collection of illustrations. It is to be hoped that, as a result of this lecture, next term the Society should visit both Ham and Sion Houses, noble homes within easy reach of the School. In this talk Mr. Archer stressed the principles of good design embodied in the best of our great houses through the ages and showed in examples of good modern architecture the sound lessons to be learnt from the past.

After a postponement from last term Mlle. Audin was able to give us her talk on the French Impressionist Painters. The lecture was illustrated by a large collection of slides on this subject from the Victoria and Albert Museum. While they gave a good idea of the style of the various artists of this Movement it was to be regretted that the slides were not in colour. In her talk Mlle. Audin clearly showed us the development of the various artists connected with this period and she is to be congratulated on her excellent lecture delivered with lucidity and enthusiasm, no mean task when one realises that this was delivered in, for her, a foreign language.

The final lecture of the term was given by Mr. Timpson who chose for his subject *Norway*. Last Summer holidays Mr. Timpson visited Norway and took a large number of excellent colour photographs of the country. These he used to illustrate his talk, together with some examples of craft work which he obtained during his visit. Mr. Timpson with enthusiasm built up a very lively picture of his subject and it was evident by questions

asked at the close of his talk he had inspired members with a desire to pay Norway a visit in the near future. Mr. Timpson was careful to warn would-be hitch hikers that in this respect conditions were not really ideal due to the difficulty of the terrain. In his talk Mr. Timpson emphasised the aspect of the ability of being able to amuse oneself, inherent in the Norwegians, which gave rise to a lively development of Craft-work. Long winters in remote districts threw people on their own resources. One trusts that the eventual advent of Television will not have a detrimental effect on the lively Folk Art of this virile people!

Before I conclude this term's report, it is with regret that I, together with all members of the Society, must say goodbye to Mr. Archer, who leaves us this term to take up his new appointment at Chester. Mr. Archer has been a very good friend of the Society, and was in fact a founder member. We are greatly indebted for all the talks he has given us for he has most ably supported the Society and it is due to his continued enthusiasm and support that we continue to develop. Throughout all the fluctuations in the life of our Society I have always had the firm support of Mr. Archer and I would like to take this opportunity to thank him for all the encouragement he has given me and, with all members of the Society, wish him every success in his future appointment.

A.C.R.

DEBATING SOCIETY

This Term the Society's activities have been entirely concerned with the Welby Cup contest. Below are listed the motions, contestants, voting and the opinion of the judges:

| Motion | Contestants | Votes | Judges' Verdict |
|---|-------------------|-------|-----------------|
| That in the opinion of this house more time should be found in the curriculum for art, music and craft. | Prop. Milton's | 7 | Milton's |
| | Opp. Newsom's | 1 | |
| That this house is not interested in records. | Prop. Gibb's | 3 | Gibb's |
| | Opp. Cobb's | 10 | |
| That this house thinks the time has come for Britain to disarm unilaterally. | Prop. Halliwell's | 5 | Halliwell's |
| | Opp. Milton's | 4 | |
| That this house is against compulsory games. | Prop. Halliwell's | 8 | Halliwell's |
| | Opp. Gibb's | 7 | |

The experiment tried last year of compelling extempore speeches by announcing the motion only three minutes before the start of the debate was abandoned this year after serving its purpose well. A return to written out and frequently monotonously read speeches was avoided by allowing as notes only ten words on a post-card to the proposers and seconders, and five words to each of the floor speakers. I felt the results fully justified the new arrangements. All the debates reached a reasonably high standard

There was sustained interest for what the speakers had to say and much greater exchange than previously between the opposing teams, a mark of all lively debating. The peak of this series was reached in the debate on unilateral disarmament; possibly this was the best debate for several years and the performance of the winners could legitimately be described as brilliant.

The final debate was not so interesting, but the summing up for the proposition was the best we have heard for a very long time. Voting at house debates gives very little indication of the true opinion of the house on the motion in question: the kind of result received is one we have grown used to in the debates at a higher national level. But the number of votes cast is a sad indication of the few who find themselves wanting or able to attend. I stress the words "able to" for, in a school proud of the number and variety of its "out of school" activities, it is not necessarily lack of interest which accounts for the small numbers on any particular occasion.

H.A.P.

GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY

At last we have climbed out of the rut. It is very seldom — only once before in my memory — that the society manages to sponsor something more than its notorious termly Film Evening. Early in January Mr. Timpson presented a talk on his recent tour of Scandinavia. He showed over one hundred and forty coloured slides, most of which were his own work and of exceptional quality. The net result of the talk was a tempting invitation to explore Scandinavia for oneself and since we were assured that the Scandinavian peoples are very hospitable and the cost of living quite moderate a visit to Denmark, Norway or Sweden does not seem to be greatly out of the reach of anyone who is possessed by a lust for foreign travel. We are indebted to Mr. Timpson for an enjoyable talk.

May I, at this point, extend an invitation to any other members of the staff who have travelled widely to give the school an opportunity of sharing their experiences — via the Geography Society. After all, a talk on the Channel Islands, for instance, is hardly within the realm of the Da Vinci Society.

The programme of the Film Evening, held on 11th March, comprised four films, all of which had been released within the last twelve months. The first film *Indian Farmer*, showed how the Indian Government is striving to increase the productivity of the small peasant farms. On the whole the film was too drawn out and repetitive. This was followed by *Iron Ore in Britain*, a film commissioned by Stewart's and Lloyd's. Unfortunately I saw little more than the brief historical sketch which opened the film since I was busily engaged in burning a hole in the bottom of a saucepan under the guise of making coffee. The end product was an interesting brew. The film, however, I am led to understand was informative in spite of confusing technical details.

The second half of the programme began with the only colour film of the evening, *The Twilight Forest*. This was a first rate account of Man's conquest of the dense rain forests of West Africa for commercial timber. The climax of the film came when a group of native lumberjacks felled a giant Sapele — a scene that was handled very dramatically. The evening ended with *Link Span*, a film presenting the story of the Cross-Channel ferry system. The commentary started in a highly lyrical vein which did not altogether fit in with cars, trains and ferry boats, but continued on a more sensible plane.

J.M.A.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Science Society has been formed now for just one term and consequently there is very little that can be said concerning it.

Various films have been shown to members and these have proved quite interesting and informative. A start has been made by one or two members on a new periodic table for the Chemistry Laboratory — in fact all we wait for now is the material on which to do it. This is really the kind of thing the Science Society was formed to do: practical work, not only experiments, dealing with any of the Sciences. I hope that anyone in the Sixth and Upper Fifth forms who is interested in putting in a little effort doing such very worthwhile things will come along to our meetings on Tuesday lunchtimes in the summer term. If we can get a group of boys really interested in this work we will be able to achieve more and better results — and confound our critics.

S.D.P.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

This term has proved to be somewhat uneventful, which is largely due to the fact that the weather has often been inclement, and observation therefore impossible. Also attendances by seniors fell off towards the middle of the term owing to the trial examinations, and therefore fewer prepared talks than usual were given by members. During this time, however, juniors were given a grounding in the principles of astronomy. The talks which were given this term proved to be most interesting and informative. D. E. G. Dwyer gave an invigorating talk on the theories of Albert Einstein and their applications to astronomy. Our secretary talked about the night sky in January and February, which proved to be very useful on those evenings when we were able to hold observations, and B. S. Chapman talked about the planet Pluto, telling us most of the things which are known about this problematical planet. On the last meeting of term, talks are to be delivered by N. E. Cole and M. P. Ross.

The visit to Cambridge University Observatory planned for this term, had to be postponed, but it is hoped to be able to arrange this visit for the coming Autumn term. During the Summer term we are planning to send a party of members to the newly opened London Planetarium, which will provide an opportunity to obtain really valuable information that would not otherwise be available to us.

During the course of the term, the few clear evenings allowed us to make useful observations, and the Moon and the gaseous nebula in the sword of Orion (Messier 42) were seen under ideal conditions. We also saw the nebula in Andromeda, which is the only system outside our own galaxy visible to the naked eye. Many other celestial objects were observed, including double stars and star clusters.

The response to our appeal for newspaper cuttings dealing with either of the two Russian Earth satellites made at the beginning of the term was tremendous, the number of cuttings running into thousands. These have now been sorted, and the compilation of a scrapbook of them is proceeding. The task will prove a formidable one and will take many months to complete; the finished article will prove, however, a most valuable addition to our library of astronomical books. The society would welcome any similar newspaper cuttings concerning the new American Earth satellites, and these will be gratefully received by the secretary, N. E. Cole.

N.E.C.

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Twice this term the Classical Society have visited the theatre to see performances of Greek plays. The first was an American translation of the much publicised *Lysistrata* at the Royal Court Theatre and the other was the King's College Classical Society's production of *Ajax* — in Greek.

Lysistrata was a slick production which the audience and the large cast seemed to enjoy equally well. The slim figure and husky voice of Joan Greenwood as Lysistrata, were sufficiently domineering to take command of the *femmes fatales* of Greece and to make them do what she thought best for her country. The gruff old warriors and the impertinent washerwomen relished their parts in the delightful choruses which could be, and so often are, easily made dull and uninteresting. The amount of "slapstick" used was certainly justified and the movements and dances, although not quite up to Cossack standards, were all well planned. This, we are glad to say, was a Greek production with a difference for all the *femmes fatales* were *femmes fatales*, indeed.

Sophocles' *Ajax* had, so we are told, never been performed before in this country, and so it was with a feeling of not knowing quite what to expect that a large party set out to see it. Once settled comfortably in the little chairs of the Great Hall, and in what was apparently the wrong row, the curtains opened and we heard the shaky words of Minerva coming from a blank white face strategically situated behind a length of blue net. After a lighting failure and a "turn" from the chorus, which consisted of a hairy Scot, a teddy boy, and four others, all with knobbly knees, we were treated to some curious hand gestures from Ajax which were even more amusing than the headgear worn by one of the members of our party. Not until after the interval did the appalling production, in which too many people spoke too far upstage for too long, and in which people had red faces, white necks, and dirty hands, begin to liven up at all. It was saved, so to speak, in the nick of time by Menelaus, Teucer and Ajax's

wife; who spoke her lines beautifully. Indeed the only enjoyment this play afforded was when one closed one's eyes and listened to the continuous and beautiful flow of Greek from the actors' lips

However, the law of averages is inexorable and at this we cannot grumble. Indeed, all who visited both productions would like to thank Dr. Morgan for his work in obtaining tickets. P.J.V.

THE 19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

We have now had the full benefit of a permanent scoutmaster for nearly a year, and it has been noticeable how much the troop has profited by this. Any fears that the 19th might have to close down have been removed, and some constructive work has been carried out again, both in our headquarters and in general scoutcraft. It is pleasing to see that most of the new recruits have passed their tenderfoot and are well on their way to attaining their second class badge. A few have even reached this stage. More advanced badge work has, however, been a little neglected, perhaps chiefly owing to a lack of tuition, although school examinations do hinder considerably at this stage.

Next term we are looking forward to the arrival of Mr. Grange, who with much previous scouting experience, will be a great asset, especially to the senior members of the troop. For many weeks too, over the past two terms, we have enjoyed the willing help of Mr. Brock who, himself a scoutmaster of a Bermudan troop, has been of great service to us.

Amongst the varied activities of the troop, a small party of first and second formers were taken down to West Hoathly to gain experience in camping and pioneering, and were joined on the last day by the whole troop who arrived in a van driven by Mr. Wedderspoon.

Another expedition was launched during the Half Term holiday in February. Undaunted by the blizzard which happened to be blowing, the party departed by van in the direction of Ashdown Forest. On arrival at Reigate Hill, however, we were stopped by dangerous conditions on the hill, but undeterred, spades and rope were produced, and the troop gave help to the stranded vehicles until lunchtime, when the hill had been cleared. By then, many being cold and wet, it was decided to call it a day, and we made our way home.

At present, we are unable to further any improvements to our headquarters, as the hut is to be used as a temporary class room, whilst the new extensions to the school buildings are in progress. This is but a small setback, however, when the county has kindly offered to install new heating and lighting in the building for us.

Looking a little ahead, if all goes well the troop will be having its first summer camp for two years at Helston in Cornwall, while the usual patrol camps are to be organised by the scouts themselves. The troop should then be spurred to greater activity in preparation for this, and, although as usual the G.C.E. examinations are on us again, we hope attendances will not fall too low. A.E.B.

THE SPUR MODEL RAILWAY CLUB

By the time this issue of the *Spur* appears, the Garden Party will be close upon us, and one of its attractions will once again be the Model Railway Club. Membership fell towards the end of last term and we took full advantage of this short respite to carry out many improvements to the wiring and relaying of track and points. The flyover is now in service again and generally speaking we do not encounter half as much trouble with breakdowns and short circuits as we used to have before it was rewired. With the exception of two or three of the old members, the club's membership is now made up of new first and second form boys who have not been with us long. Nevertheless, we are hoping to instal some new scenery at the opposite end of the layout to where the new village was constructed last year, and to this end we shall welcome any constructive ideas from the members themselves and indeed actual assistance in the remodelling will be very much appreciated.

WANTED

As an incentive to attract more of the school visitors to the Model Railway exhibition during the Garden Party, we have in mind a side attraction: a Sale of second-hand Dinky or any similar models of miniature motor-cars etc. May we appeal to pupils of all forms to have a good sort through their treasure chests and bring their unwanted model cars to Mr. Atkin, who will in turn hand them to the club for ultimate sale to our visitors and their children who patronise us at the Garden Party. The proceeds of the sale, together with the small entrance fees we usually charge, will be equally divided between all your houses. So come on lads, please help us to help yourselves, roll up in your cars and leave them with us — there's plenty of room on the London Transport to take you home.

R.L.F. S.G.C.

THE GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

Although this term the majority of records played have been of the works of the "giants", we have also had a few of the more famous pieces of lesser-known composers. For at the beginning of the term the symphonic poems *From Bohemia's Meadows and Forests* and *Moldau* by Smetana were played, together with the *Daphnis and Chloe Suite* by Ravel, and the suite *Hary Janas* by Kodaly.

So far this term we have heard four symphonies. The first, Tchaikowsky's No. 6 (the *Pathétique*), was performed by the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Guido Cantelli. The rendering was, I thought, sensitive with some delicious and original touches. This was followed by Beethoven's Symphony No. 6 (the *Pastoral*), another extremely well known work which perhaps made it all the harder for the conductor, Wilhelm Furtwangler, and the orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic, to give a sound yet original performance, in as much as our critical faculties are sharpened by hearing the work so often. In the *Italian* Symphony of Mendelssohn,

played later in the term, Guido Cantelli and the Philharmonic Orchestra gave a performance which, though sound was not brilliant and not comparable to the reverse side of the record, on which there was Schubert's Symphony No. 8 (the *Unfinished*). In this, the conductor and orchestra did full justice to a theme which has been called "the most beautiful tune in the world" with good reason.

Although no concertos have been heard this term, we have played one work in which the soloist figures principally. It was Rachmaninov's *Variations on a Theme of Paganini*. Peter Katin, as the soloist, gave a fiery performance of this fiery work together with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. Finally we played Beethoven's *Appassionata Sonata*. This record, with Artur Rubinstein as the interpreter, is, and will be for a long time, regarded as a classic.

Attendance has remained, throughout the term, at about a dozen, but this is preferable, as too large an audience sitting on Art Room chairs tends to increase rather the background noise rather disagreeably.

R.J.Y.

6th FORM JAZZ LISTENING GROUP

Throughout this term attendances at our Friday lunchtime meetings have been generally disappointing but we are glad to observe that those who come once, usually return. We have tried to cater for all tastes in legitimate jazz, but have made no concessions to popular taste.

There are now so many types of music which come under the broad heading of "Jazz" that we are sure that many people who profess an abhorrence of jazz would find something which would suit their taste. We have had varying programmes this term including records of such musicians as George Lewis, Mike Jackson, Gerry Mulligan, Django Reinhardt, Johnny Dods and Jimmy Yancey, to name but a few.

We are indebted to all who have lent us records and would be pleased to hear from anyone else who would be willing to risk their records in our hands, as we are finding the supply of programme material increasingly difficult. We would also like to express thanks to Mr. Riley for allowing us to occupy the art room on Fridays. The only complaint we have about these quarters is that there always seem to be pieces of metal lying about which people cannot resist banging with paint-brushes.

On a more general topic, there seems to be a great deal of misunderstanding about what jazz is, with the consequence that many people vainly criticise something which is not jazz at all. Jazz is often blamed for the revolting noises produced by the practitioners of "rock and roll" and "skiffle", neither of which have any actual connection with the real music.

In concluding, let us say that any new faces in the art room on Fridays would be met with a warm welcome and some "hot" music.

C.J.W.

CHRISTIAN UNION

For a very long time indeed the writers of these notes have been forced to lament the poor attendances, and inactivity of this Christian Union. It is, therefore, all the more heartening to be able to say, we have good news to report.

We have increased in attendance, and expanded our scope considerably, so much so that we plan to produce a small magazine of our own, which, we hope, will already have been published by the time you read these notes. It will be the joint production of the Christian Union and the Scripture Union Branch which is our junior section, formed at the beginning of this year. This new branch has proved so successful as to demand a space of its own in the *Spur*.

The senior section has been meeting regularly this term on the subject of "The Christian and the World". We began with a fine talk from Tony Gill on "Loving your Neighbour", and have continued to study and discuss various aspects of this subject at subsequent meetings. In addition the Rev. Leslie J. Lawrey came to show some slides and to talk about his wonderful camp at Salcombe in South Devon, which several of us will be attending this summer.

But in joyfully reporting this good news we must not allow it to overshadow the good news that we have to proclaim at all times, whether our Christian Union has fifty members or five: namely that Jesus Christ is God, and all those that believe in Him shall have eternal life, instead of perishing. God did not send His Son into the world to pass sentence on it, but to save the world by Him.

R.I.

THE SCRIPTURE UNION BRANCH

The green and yellow badge of the Scripture Union that members of our new branch wear shows a lighted lamp spreading out its rays in all directions; for Jesus Christ said "I am the light of the World".

When we wear our badge it can do two things, firstly, it will remind us of our duty to Him. If someone were to find us wearing our badge, and yet doing things that we know we should not, we not only let ourselves down in the eyes of others, but also we let down all that our badge stands for. It is important, therefore, to see that belonging to the Scripture Union involves more than just daily Bible reading, and attendance at our Monday meetings; it means trying always to do our best for Jesus — if you like, it means that we are one of Jesus' "representatives" and it is our job to see that we make the best possible "representative". It is not easy to do this by any means, but then few really worthwhile things are easy.

R.I.

HOCKEY

Master in Charge: W. Herdman, Esq.

Captain: R. K. Stevens. *Secretary:* R. Housego.

During the early part of the season, trial matches were held, and, from the uniformity of talent displayed, it became apparent that many boys qualified for a place in the first eleven, although no player was outstanding. Team selection was further confused by the consistency of many players. In consequence experimental sides were fielded for the first half of the season. Numerous players were given a chance to prove their worth, yet it was not until our seventh game that we found a winning combination. Since then the team has not been beaten.

Results :

Opponents :

| | | |
|-----------------------------------|------|-----|
| Thames Valley County School | Drew | 1-1 |
| Kingston Technical College | Lost | 0-3 |
| Russell School | Drew | 3-3 |
| Beckenham C.G.S. | Lost | 1-6 |
| Kingston G.S. 2nd XI | Lost | 0-4 |
| Borough Road College | Lost | 0-3 |
| Russell School | Won | 2-0 |
| Badingham College | Won | 4-1 |
| Kingston Technical College | Won | 2-0 |

Goal Scorers: Holmes (4), Thomas (3), Morley (3), Venison (1), Frank-Keyes (1), Stevens (1).

Team selected from: Morley, Lintill, Yeldham, Housego, Gibbons, Clay, Davie, Holmes, Thomas, Stevenson, Bown, Doran, Frank-Keyes, Venison, French, Foulsham, Bond, Stevens, R. K., Cumes.

I should also like to thank, very much, R. Housego, for the hard work he has done as Hockey Secretary.

R.K.S.

HOCKEY 2nd XI

Results :

Opponents :

| | | |
|-----------------------------|------|-----|
| Thames Valley C.G.S. | Won | 3-0 |
| Russell School | Won | 8-2 |
| Reigate C.G.S. 1st XI | Lost | 0-2 |
| Badingham College | Won | 9-0 |
| Reigate C.G.S. | Won | 7-1 |

As is apparent from the results, the Second XI have had a reasonably good season. Although we have only played about half of the matches arranged, and despite the fact that we have had to feed the First XI quite regularly, this has been a very enjoyable and profitable season.

Of the players, Venison and Kingham have been outstanding among the forwards, while Clay — before being "called up" to the First XI — Bond and Doran have been the most reliable defenders.

It is notable that during the season, eleven players have moved between the Firsts and Seconds; it is therefore to the forwards' credit, that they have notched up such resounding victories, amassing 33 goals. The defence must also take some credit having conceded only 5 goals. Although not called on as much as the forwards, they have proved themselves safe when needed.

Team selected from : Clay, Foulsham, Bond, Doran, Gibbons, French, Cumes, Ayres, Young, Kingham, Frank-Keyes, Venison, Crowe, Stevenson, Redshaw, Williams.

T.G.A.

RUGBY

Master in Charge : R. Hindle, Esq.

Captain : R. K. Stevens. *Secretary* : P. Clark.

1st XV colours were awarded to T. G. Ayres, A. Beattie, G. D. Crocker, D. Hayhoe, P. Thorp, D. C. Stevens, R. M. Stevenson, D. Wearn. T. G. Ayres is also to be congratulated on his Surrey Schoolboys' Cap.

R.K.S.

CROSS COUNTRY

Master in Charge : L. R. King, Esq.

Captain and Secretary : R. A. Willis.

There are two runs which took place last term to be reported. Firstly there was a triangular fixture against Tiffin's and Upper Latimer. Upper Latimer were first, Tiffin's second and Raynes Park third. Gibbons was first home for the school in 13th place, having unluckily lost a shoe while lying sixth. Other runners were Taviner 15th, Willis 19th, Griffin 20th, Partridge 21st and Barfoot 22nd.

The other run, which achieved rather more success, was for the "Simmons Trophy". However, although we entered a comparatively strong team for this junior run, we did not gain a place in the first three, for which medals were awarded. There were 26 teams competing; and out of the 105 runners, Gibbons came 5th, Taviner 8th, and Foulsham 32nd. All schools within a five-mile radius were competing, and the team did well to take 6th position.

In the New Year I had hopes of bringing out a full cross-country team, with the school's eight best runners included. But these hopes were soon shattered when it was discovered that most of the team played hockey for the school. Most of the runs have therefore had to be cancelled.

A team was entered, however, for the Wimbledon District Trophy. Out of a small field of three teams, the School came first. Team positions

were :- Gibbons 1st, Willis 2nd, Taviner 6th, Kingham 9th, Partridge 10th, and Stevens 16th. Gibbons, Taviner and Kingham have since been invited to represent the District in the Surrey County run.

I believe full details of the Inter-House Cross-Country run will be published separately, but I would just like to mention the magnificent performance of Gibbons, and to add that it was the fastest time for an Inter-House run on this course.

Although I have not written anything about the rest of the team individually, they should also be congratulated on running so well against far better and more experienced runners, when they had no real chance of success.

R.A.W.

RAYNES PARK OLD BOYS SOCIETY

ON BEING AN OLD BOY

It is six years since I left Raynes Park: long enough I suppose to have had thoughts about it and the Old Boys Society. I think few Old Boys want to eradicate from their minds memories of their schooldays. Raynes Park had its many disadvantages; not exactly an inspired building site, many inconveniences as regards grounds and situation, but it was a reasonably comfortable place in which to live and it had societies and activities to occupy most of us for a considerable part of our time. It is, however, when one has left for some time, when one needs the odd testimonial or piece of advice that you appreciate the Headmaster and the Staff more perhaps than when you were at school. Then the building is forgotten. A school is essentially made up of people; and it is with them that you may wish to remain.

The Old Boys' Society helps I believe to a certain extent to achieve this. Like the school it has its disadvantages. We have as yet no club house, but it was only a year ago that we had no ground. The very considerable energies of a small group of people have made this possible. I am certain that it is not to be very many years before our main objectives are attained. At the moment, then, our building is forgotten. The Raynes Park Old Boys' Society is essentially made up of people. It has contact with many of the original members of the staff, we try in our magazine to record information about Old Boys of all generations. And we are succeeding. It is, I think something of a comfort to see how those who left before you are getting on, to see what they are doing. It could be more than a comfort. Something perhaps more like a guide and an inspiration. At any rate I hope so.

This article perhaps may read like an advertisement, but it is not meant to be so. Our membership is doing very nicely thank-you. It is something in the nature of an interim report on how we are doing and more importantly what we are doing and why we do it. And it is written by someone who feels he has had a more than reasonable start in life.

THE ODDITIES OF FASHION

In writing this, I have considered fashion as one who knows nothing about it. My own taste in clothes is of no account since the major part of my attire is handed down anyway. I go by my own lay impressions.

As a general rule the female of the species is the one with whom the word fashion is usually associated. Men's fashions have not varied much over the past fifty years (which seems to me to be a very fortunate thing in view of the dreadful things that have happened to more gullible woman) unless one counts the plus-fours of yesteryear, now worn only by Presidents of the United States, 'blues' singers and Bob Hope, and then only while golfing. The shape of feminine raiment has, however, undergone drastic changes in very few years. But these changes have not been for the better. 'Odd' is not a sufficiently descriptive adjective for the truly dreadful things that have been perpetrated on Woman in the sacred name of fashion. The Sack line?! Dreadful! Never in my life have I seen such effontery. The sack is nothing but a — sack! Woman's natural beauty, the bust-line, is hidden beneath a wide, ugly expanse of cloth. Surely there is something wrong somewhere. Again, consider the hobble skirt, a deliberate attempt by men (men always seem to be at the back of women's fashion) to shackle Woman, a survival, possibly, of the 'good old' poly- and endogamous communities of the past, where men had slavegirls, concubines and half a hundred wives as naturally as small boys have cigarette cards. The hobble skirt is not beautiful by any means. If, as appears to be the case, the sole object of a new 'line' is to cause as much discomfort as possible, then, and only then can the hobble skirt be construed a success. Indeed, it resembles a rather barbarous instrument of persuasion. Only the fact that it is worn voluntarily prevents the formation and intervention of a 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Women'.

Leaving the realm of absurd fashions in dresses we move to the even more absurd, and bizarre world of accessories. Hats rank high on my list. It is a fact that no two hats are ever the same. Lady's headgear styles are as diverse as pebbles on a shore. Some are small, 'chic', nestling in the hair and almost hidden thereby. Others, by far the most hideous, cover the whole head with extensions for neck, ears, throat and face. They may be

surmounted by a full complement of ostrich feathers, a flower or small market garden, or the stiff, glazed-eyed corpse of an Arctic fox. In the latter case they usually cost treble-figure prices and go out of fashion more easily than the others and thus are only a safe investment for the woman of substance. The hat is as changeable as the weather and must, unfortunately, like fishpond water, be 'renewed at frequent intervals'. More often than not the following dialogue is at the bottom of ninety-nine out of a hundred divorce cases.

She: "Darling, buy me that marvellous new hat I saw in XXXXXXX's today."

He: "But Precious, you only had a new one last month!"

She (exasperated with male misunderstanding of the female outlook): "That old thing! Why that's right out of fashion! Why, this new one's sweeping through Paris, everyone's raving about it!"

He (with contempt): "So what?"

And so it goes on.

This fickleness of fashion extends to many other things. Shoes for instance. Today the fashion may be a stiletto heel, tomorrow a flat-heeled casual shoe; the day after, one in whose hollow heels white mice gambol or small goldfish ogle caustically at passers-by. Hair-styles too, although more easily changed, are hideous all the same. In fact the whole affair is one enormous, sordid racket that relieves many a man of hard-earned money in the gentlest way possible

C.S.

THE NIGHT CAFE AT ARLES

RED and orange lamps light the gloom
Pierce the smoke and haze of the all-night café.
Here a man could meet his doom,
Here midst the sulphurous smoke the devil could hatch a plot
To catch his next victim.
A dulled billiards table with faded baize cloth
Leans in the middle of the sawdust-floored room,
The dull brown clock booms one.
Sense-deadened heavy-headed drunks loll in chairs,

A white-coated waiter, tray in hand,
Stands down by the rickety tables;
In the corner a wild-eyed young artist paints with quiet brush,
His fox-red hair is strangely out of place in the stuffy room,
His deft fingers throb with life,
A strife goes on within his brain,
Again and again the orange paint is dabbed on the canvas,
Life is too small for this man,
So he works in the early hours
Trying to capture the drowsy madness that pervades the air,
His spare frame relaxes in the wicker work chair
His deep tanned face and wiry hair
Glint under the glare of the hissing gas-lamps.
His picture done he tucks the painting under his lean arm
And stumbles out into the cold night air.

M.M.

LOVE

LOVE is a joy that leaps within the soul;
An ever-living flame deep in the heart,
That from a spark has grown to overwhelm the whole,
To send real life to every living part.

Love labours hard in the inward man,
When absent from each other lovers are.
And jealous love and hateful love, deep sorrow can
Produce in hearts that yearned towards the furthest star.

Love is to live at peace with one for countless years,
To know the every fault, yet love the same,
To bear the child that great affection rears,
To know another generation bears your name.

Thus love is grief and sorrow, hopes and fears,
The dread of parting company,
A perfect joy, a source of often needed tears,
But still it lives eternally.

A.T.R.

A CUP OF WINE

The silver decanter clinked and the wine swished sibilantly into the cup. Pale beams of sunlight penetrated the coloured panes and flickered in great pools of light over the green-veined marble. Sandals squeaked on the shiny floor; vivid cloaks trimmed with cloth-of-gold glittered in the sun which illuminated their owners' faces. All Levantine faces; Syrians with crafty eyes and skin the colour of coffee, curly-headed Greeks, fat old Asian potentates, legates from Thrace in military steel and Spanish leather. All Byzantine faces; discharged generals, penniless native rulers, disgraced governors, out-of-favour counsellors, harassed senators, all wanting something, boons or coins, from His Imperial Highness.

The tall young man, a son of the Proconsul of Mæsia (now, owing to certain territorial concessions, unfortunately redundant) poured out another cup of wine from the decanter and gulped it down. He was just about to repeat the process when a violent paroxysm of trumpet-calls came from a short distance away. The fanfare sounded again, the young man put down his goblet with an unsteady hand and turned his blue eyes to the door of the hall. There was a third arrogant burst of sound.

In a few moments a short procession filtered through the marble portals. In front, strutted a youth of about twenty, gaily decked out in a brilliant orange cloak, semi-armour of gilded steel chased in fanciful patterns and crimson military boots of Spanish leather; behind him trotted the authors of the fanfare, a quintet of Bithynian trumpeters, grinning all over their tanned faces. The apparition in the orange cloak strutted forward and demanded to be shown immediately to His Imperial Highness. It was only when he half-turned to await an answer that one could see a smear of mud across the orange, and dust staining the red leather.

"The Emperor is resting," muttered an elderly counsellor, rubbing his grizzled jaw, "He can see no visitors or messengers."

"By the gods!" exclaimed the envoy, "Can't you see, you old fool, I'm an Imperial messenger! I come from Rome! — Rome!"

"It's no good shrieking," interposed another courtier, "His Highness does not wish to see anyone. Not even a Roman envoy!"

“Bah!” growled the envoy, flicking his cloak around his thigh, “I ride five horses to death in Dalmatia and now I get stopped by a crowd of blockheads like you! Well, if I can’t see the Emperor Zeno, at least I can treat myself to his liquor!”

This said, the objectionable young envoy put his hands on his hips and swaggered across the marble to the table at which the proconsul’s son stood, pouring out his intended cup of wine. The young man, whose name happened to be Glycin, watched with complete indifference as the envoy planted himself in front of the table; the next second the envoy shot out a tawny arm and made a grab at the decanter. Glycin’s cup was swept off with a crash. The succulent red liquid laced the marble in narrow crimson veins, and dripped slowly from the table’s edge.

In the steely silence that followed the envoy banged the decanter to his fleshy lips and drained it to the dregs.

“Thanks!” he grunted, wiping his gauntlet against his mouth. The elegant Byzantine court stood aghast at such an assault on its elegance.

Glycin straightened his back and measured his words carefully. “You must come from Germany,” he said.

“Why?” growled the envoy, dropping the decanter to the ground.

“Why?” leered Glycin, “Because you behave like a Goth, that’s why!”

“You Greek clown!” screamed the envoy, clapping a hand to his scabbard. “The Emperor Romulus’ll throw you to the bears!”

Glycin clattered to his feet and half-drew his sword.

“If you’re not cutting stone in Judea before then” he snapped, “How much power has your phantom emperor got in Byzantium? How many Italian legions are stationed in Asia? How many galleys on the Euxine?”

“By Castor, I’ll have the skin off your back!”

In a few electric seconds the duel was on. Before any of the gaudy gadflies of the Byzantine court had realized the monstrous insult to their etiquette, the two Greek rapiers were clanging away in the centre of the hall. The two men circled round each other like a

pair of leopards about to spring. A crash of steel and they both jumped back to begin circling round again. A second crash, sparks leapt in the air, blood trickled down the envoy's cheek. They circled round again, silently, each awaiting his opportunity. A third crash as the blades met, the scuffle of leather on marble, heavy gasps, the flutter of a coloured cloak. Crash! Steel against steel, blood against cheek, as Glycin faltered back. Circling round again; a short hush as the two pairs of sandals traced an invisible path over the marble veins, four helpless pawns on a limitless chessboard.

Crash! sword against bone. A great shallow gash split slowly open above Glycin's collar-bone and little crimson rivulets meandered down his tunic, staining the yellowness in intricate patterns of red.

The court stood silent. August old men in flowing grey robes shook their heads in wonder, young men tugged their adolescent beards and staked mental wagers as the result. No one cheered the envoy and few were acquainted with the proconsul's son.

That young man indeed was hardly having everything his own way. Although lighter by far in weight, he seemed slower on his feet, more hesitant, placing his blows more carefully but scoring fewer hits.

They circled round again, poised on their toes. Glycin flung out an arm suddenly. The envoy staggered back in shock. The next second they were on one another like a pair of eagles fighting over a hare.

Glycin struck quickly, Cut, slash! Cut, slash! The envoy's tunic split into a mass of coloured ribbon, the fancy steel buckled under the strain. The man's face degenerated to a red mask. He breathed jerkily under the onslaught, panting like a bear, arms flailing wildly, lips a pulpy red mess. Another slash. The envoy crashed back against the cool tiling of the wall. He panted. His sword flopped leadenly at his side. He gasped. The sweat dripped off his forehead, the orange cloak hung limp, tattered, a fallen ensign of pride. Blood crested his mouth. Glycin raised the sword.

"No!" gasped the envoy "You can't kill me!"

"I had no intention of doing so, smiled the Byzantine sticking his rapier back in its scabbard. The envoy gaped. He got up and

stumbled over to a pillar, where he leaned weakly, gulping in mouthfuls of sweet air.

At once the court seemed to spring to life. An aged senator, who had been regarding the brawl in horror, clapped his hands. Immediately, two slaves, yellow-skinned Lebanese, came running up.

“Towels!” grunted the senator, “And lots of water! Hurry!” He turned to Glycin who was wiping the salty sweat off his brow with the hem of his cloak. “As for you my boy . . .”

Glycin smiled faintly and picked up a sugared fig from the bowl on a nearby table. “Just a moment, my lord. Shouldn’t we have a look at the message this man has brought? It may contain something of importance.”

“Very well,” sighed the old man. He turned to the envoy who was alternately groaning and wiping the blood off his face.

“Where’s that message?” he inquired.

The envoy dragged a hand down to his belt, and pulled out a long wooden tube. He flung it over to the senator.

“From the Western Emperor?” said Glycin, munching.

“By Pollux, can’t you wait a minute?” He inserted a finger in the tube and drew out a long white roll of vellum. “Yes. From Romulus Augustulus. Another of their phantom emperors, I suppose. Under the thumb of some German hooligan. It’s dated a week ago! Jupiter, that envoy must have ridden hard!” His wrinkled forehead frowned over the Greek characters. Suddenly his hand went limp. His face went white and strained, the blue veins in his hand stood out. He muttered voicelessly.

“What is it?” asked Glycin.

“The Emperor has abdicated, replied the senator in a half-whisper.

Glycin yawned and picked up another fig. “Who’s the successor?”

“There is no successor, or any rate Augustulus never appointed one. The whole fabric of the Western Empire has crumpled to dust. Odavacar the Goth has been installed King of Italy.”

The air seemed suddenly electrified. Glycin dropped the fig in mid-air.

"It can't be true!" he stammered.

"It is," said the senator. He waved the scroll with its huge gilded seals dependent from it. "Here you are then. Read it for yourself."

Glycin fondled the hem of his cloak. "I can't," he said.

"Can't read?" gasped the senator.

"Can't see," replied Glycin, "I've been blind since birth."

"By Pollux! Then how - I mean - why, you beat - that . . ."

"Pure noise. The creature had footsteps like an elephant, and smelt like a camel."

And the son of the Proconsul of Mœsia (now unfortunately redundant) smiled as he chewed his third sugared fig.

J.A.B.

POEM

Your cynical phrase

will not erase my lispng love of beauty,

And though I sit and gaze at leaves

that ballerina with the breeze and flounce the

April fashion,

And though I may absorb a rose,

do not suppose your sneer will smear my smile.

There is a girl I do admire,

created from the fire of sleep,

Lovelier my love than a lambwhite lilac,

Sincere my dear as a mother's fear,

humbler than tumbling tears;

Incarnate, in a dress of perfection, she comes to our room,

and you presume to assess her attraction,

Convert my stardust into sawdust

until it sting my eyes.

But your phrase is so slick,

your remark as quick as the flick of a knife,

And I am as naked as a baby,

naive as a melody.

J.D.

STORY

*All things are unreal
Unreal or disappointing* (T. S. ELIOT).

During the day it looks completely deserted. It stands forgotten by the busy world. An overgrown courtyard separates it from the road. Most of the courtyard and certain parts of the house are hidden by a high soot-brick wall, but through the hole where the gates should be one can easily see the front door, blistered and warped by the sun and rain and snow. On one side a pile of rusting petrol cans, on the other a heap of rotting firewood remind one of life long past. Above the firewood is a single dusty window still intact, and above that on the first floor two more windows — one bordered by faded floral curtains. To crown the building a chimney rears its ugly head high above the roof . . . ugly, ugly . . . yes, that just about sums up the place. But it is not the whole of this drab, time-worn house that interests me, just the room that lies behind the door and the window still intact. During the day it looks completely deserted, but at night . . .

For the last eighteen months I have gazed across the road at that empty house as a prisoner gazes at his prison walls seeking a way of escape. For me the house was my only chance of escape — escape from unreality. There is little reality about life when one is imprisoned day after day in a bed, imprisoned by an incurable paralysis of the legs. Through my prison window I can see the house but very little of the road. It is a busy road. I can hear, and sometimes see, the people who are passing — large women pushing pramloads of howling babies, schoolboys with caps in pocket whistling after the girls from the 'tech.', or a pair of lovers. In each one of them I can see something of my past, something of the time when life was a reality. For me now there is only one thing that holds any semblance of reality . . . the house.

"Come on now Stephen, it's time you lay down. I wish you would try to read a book or something instead of daydreaming all the time. It would help the hours to pass much more quickly. If there's nothing more you want I'll just draw the curtains. Good-night dear."

The door closed. Now the curtains make the room an even stronger prison. But she doesn't realise I can still see the house;

I can see it in my mind just as it is during the day. I'll go there tonight . . . tonight I'll get behind that door; I'll go into the room with the window still intact . . .

I crossed the road slowly. My legs were painfully stiff. I stood on the pavement and looked at the house, and as I looked I became aware of difference in the whole atmosphere of the place. Then I realised, not with my eyes but my ears, what was so strange: an air of silence hung over the house and over the whole street. I glanced quickly up and down the road. Silence. I turned and walked slowly into the courtyard through the deep shadow that lay across the entrance. I tried to ease the tension in my body by swallowing, but my throat was so dry that I could only gasp breathlessly; my clenched hands were hot and sweaty; a chill crept over me. As I passed out of the shadow a faint sound made me stop and strain my ears. It was the noise of talking and laughter and music. It came from the house. Confused at first, it grew clearer; and as it became louder and louder I could distinguish the voices: there was Jimmy Horrocks and Pete O'Sullivan, shouting and laughing over a pint; the stentorian tones of my Geography prof. lecturing in the Big Hall; the soft whisper of Margaret; and drowning all else, the roar of the crowd urging on the 1st XV to victory . . . the noise was unbearable. I clapped my hands to my ears and ran towards the door. Pulling one hand from my ears I battered the door. Again and again I battered but it remained shut. I fell to the ground, my body shaking and my ears ringing with those familiar sounds and voices. Dragging myself to my feet I made one final attempt to open the door; I threw my whole weight against it. There was a splintering sound and the door caved in. I fell with it. I struggled to my knees but had to clasp my hands to my eyes: I tried to look round the room but a powerful light was blinding me. It seemed to have no source, it was everywhere . . . everywhere blinding me. I swayed on my knees and fell back shouting and screaming . . . the light and the noise . . . the noise, there seemed to be a greater noise than all the rest hammering my eardrums . . .

"Stephen what's the matter with you!" Stop shouting like that. I only came in to collect your tray. It's so dark in here I had to switch the light on."

J.M.A.

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