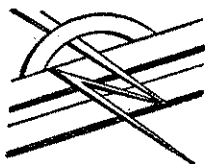


RAYNES PARK COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

The

SPUR

AUTUMN TERM 1958



VOLUME 14

NUMBER 1

# THE SPUR

RAYNES PARK COUNTY SCHOOL

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

Vol. XIV

Autumn Term, 1958

No. 1

## CONTENTS

	page
School Officers, Autumn Term, 1958	3
Headmaster's Notes	3
Editor's Note	4
Prize-Giving 1958	5
<b>The Tempest</b>	7
House Notes:	
Cobbs	10
Gibbs	12
Halliwells	14
Miltons	15
Newsoms	16
<b>Top People Say</b>	18
Da Vinci Society	18
Literary Society	21
Five-Finger Exercise	22
Geographical Society	23
Classical Society	24
Christian Union	25
Astronomical Society	26
Gramophone Society	27
Sixth Form Jazz Listening Group	29
Film Society	29
Debating Society	30
565 Squadron	31
19th Wimbledon Scout Troop	32
Filming in Greece	33
Visit to Westminster 1958	35
<b>Poem</b>	36
<b>When Night Falls</b>	37
<b>Night Fishing</b>	37
<b>The Ship</b>	38
<b>Firework</b>	38
<b>Epitaph</b>	39
<b>Cyprus 1958</b>	39
<b>Contemplations on Nature</b>	40
<b>The Noble Art of Programme Selling</b>	40
Rugby 1st XV	42
Rugby 2nd XV	47
Rugby Colt XV	49
Cross Country	49
Acknowledgements	50
Editors	50

## SCHOOL OFFICERS, Autumn Term, 1958

**Head Boy :** J. M. Adams.

**Second Boy :** J. A. Colmer.

**Prefects :** J. M. Adams, T. G. Ayres, A. A. Beattie, V. E. Bownen, R. L. W. Brookes, J. M. H. Chambers, M. Chiddick, P. C. Clark, J. A. Colmer, N. G. Cottee, J. Davie, R. J. Holmes, R. Impey, R. E. Lach, M. McLean, B. G. W. Morley, S. F. Partridge, P. C. Redshaw, D. A. Rolt, P. J. Venison, D. Wearn, M. A. Yeldham.

**Captain of Rugby, 1st XV :** T. G. Ayres.

**2nd XV :** J. Davie.

**Secretary of Rugby :** D. Wearn.

**Captain of Cross-Country :** J. A. Colmer.

**Secretary of Games Committee :** M. A. Yeldham.

**Prefect of Hall :** V. E. Bownen.

**Prefect of Library :** J. A. Colmer.

### HEADMASTER'S NOTES

Mr. C. H. Hobbs joined us only in September. He had a wealth of experience, in schools junior and senior, as Head and as Assistant, and natural gifts for the task. We and he hoped that, although officially retired, he could help part time and so continue the good work. He was, indeed, quickly off the mark, and first and second formers were happily at work with him. His sudden death on 15th October was a great shock and a great loss to us all. Our sympathy with his family in their grief is genuine and lasting.

During the summer holidays we had the bad news of the death of Leonard Strong, poet, novelist and broadcaster, a former Governor and a very old and good friend of the School. Seniors will recall his always stimulating and enjoyable visits. All three of Raynes Park's Headmasters were at the Memorial Service to him at St. Martin's in the Fields, and in his memory, Mr. Wrinch has founded a prize to be awarded annually for some piece of creative writing. Plays, poetry, and fiction are equally eligible, and we hope a worthy entry for the first L. A. G. Strong Memorial Prize will be forthcoming this Christmas.

We welcomed this term Mr. J. A. Brunt, formerly of Godalming Grammar School and Southampton University, who shares the teaching of mathematics to the highest levels. We know already that we are fortunate in this appointment, to a post that was unfilled last year. We are lucky, too, to have with us Mrs. M. J. Munroe, whose university was Oxford, on her return to part time teaching with junior forms. From January we are to have the help of Mr. J. F. G. Eldergill, who read both English and History at Cambridge, and has also an enviably varied sporting record. May it be long before *The Spur* has to say farewell to any of them.

Farewells will have been said, unhappily, before this magazine appears, to Mr. Wedderspoon. He has spent two years with us, helping VI formers broaden their horizons, fifth formers to pass G.C.E., Scouts to revive in energy and numbers, a hardy few to row (our first venture on the river), and at all times and places he has been giving cordially of his time, spirit and integrity. While respecting the motives which take him away to study for a second degree, we shall very much regret his departure. He quickly established himself as part of much that goes on here, and the gap he leaves is correspondingly felt by both boys and staff. We hope to see something of him in future.

Finally, we are pleased to congratulate J. A. Colmer on his election to an Open Exhibition in History at Queen's College, Oxford, and J. Davie on his election to an Open Scholarship in Classics at Exeter College, Oxford.

HENRY PORTER.

### EDITOR'S NOTE

This Autumn term edition of *The Spur* will not appear until well on into the Spring term. This apparent time-lag may appear to call for some explanation. A school magazine has two functions, the first being to present a record of the activities of the School, academic, social and sporting. It seems sensible to gather together in each issue the doings of one complete term and obviously to do this the editors must wait till the end of the term before all the material is available. After a further delay for checking the copy we are then in the hands of the printers.

(Only one major function of the term has no report in the following pages: the carol concert. This omission we make amends for here. The occasion was socially and musically successful: candle-light, music, words, drama, it had all the better qualities of traditional Christmas festivity. Dennis Aldersea and Brian Ayton (whose orchestral arrangement of *God rest you merry Gentlemen* was particularly delightful) and all the boys from this school and from Rutlish are to be congratulated.)

The second function of the magazine is to provide means for publishing more widely examples of the best original writing being done at all levels of the School. Here, obviously, immediate topicality is not particularly relevant. The original writing in this issue is chiefly verse for which, although we hope to receive more prose contributions next term, we make no apology. The tyro writer seems to find the cutting edge of verse more keen than prose for getting at the heart of his personal experience. The beginner's prose falls so easily into well-worn forms that the individual voice is often unheard. All the verse in this issue is what is known as 'free' verse — that is, it generally is without rhyme and without a regular metrical pattern. This does not mean that it is unlicensed, that 'anything goes', for the writer, though freed from

the arbitrary demands of finding a rhyme, has to be sensitive enough to allow the form to be moulded by the pressure of the experience he is trying to convey. Such verse is good when we sense the authentic note of the writer grappling with his own personal experience, using words to give meaning to that experience. This note is surely sounded in some of the pages which follow.

Finally, we have made a departure from precedent in having contributions signed in full. The previous doubtful anonymity of initials seemed to serve no useful purpose, and if any of you are encouraged to feel that if your next-door neighbour can contribute to *The Spur* then so can you, the change will be amply justified.

### PRIZE-GIVING 1958

On Tuesday, 7th October, the annual Prize-Giving was held at Wimbledon Town Hall. The guest speaker of the evening was Professor S. T. Bindoff, Professor of History at Queen Mary College, London.

The proceedings were opened by the Chairman of the Governors, Mr. J. Hood Phillips, who welcomed the guests, among them the Mayor of Wimbledon and Mr. Humphrey Atkins, Member of Parliament for Merton and Morden. Mr. Hood Phillips told parents of the inconvenience and distractions caused by work on the extensions, now well under way, but the resulting benefits in eighteen months' time would make it worth while. He congratulated the Headmaster on the fact that among the sixteen scholars who secured Firsts in Greats at Oxford recently were two old boys, P. J. Parsons and D. Jackson. Before calling upon Mr. Porter for his report the Chairman urged those who were leaving school to lend their support to the Old Boys, who urgently need help in connection with their new sports ground.

In his report on the activities of the school over the past year, the Headmaster began by regretting the recent death of Mr. L. A. G. Strong, the author and poet, who was formerly a governor of the school, and suggested that, with the approval of the Governing Body, a prize might be instituted in his memory for an original literary work of any kind. Speaking of the year as a whole he admitted that it had not been the most successful in the school's history, but the high standard of past years had

been maintained. Boys were not overdisciplined, he said, because unless you allowed them some discretion they would not develop any. But it was not good enough that so many boys had to be 'jogged, jollied and jostled' into learning; they should work by themselves and rely less on the efforts of masters to get them through examinations. The school was fortunate in having a set of masters willing to sacrifice their spare time to coach boys for examinations and to apply their energies to the organization of school activities. Mr. Timpson, in particular, deserved praise for his 'unfailing spirit and equanimity' as Deputy-headmaster and Commanding Officer of the school's Air Training Corps squadron, which was to be congratulated on being judged the best in Surrey. School sport had not been outstanding over the year, but although no team was unbeaten, none had been disgraced. Examination results were not uniformly satisfactory, but nevertheless the school had six distinctions and two State Scholarships to its credit. The Headmaster ended by thanking the Governing Body for its unfailing support throughout the past year.

Professor Bindoff, after presenting the prizes and trophies, admitted that he was well aware that the boys might not listen to him, though he foresaw the difficulties of sleeping in the Town Hall seats. In a witty speech the professor declared that he wanted to encourage learning, but only 'useless' learning. By this, he explained, he meant learning that was not done for any particular purpose; and everyone should endeavour to keep some part of the day devoted to doing something useless. Concluding his speech he asked the Headmaster if the school might be given a half-holiday, 'free from the pursuits of useful and useless knowledge.' This was duly granted amid thunderous applause.

The Mayor of Wimbledon proposed a vote of thanks to Professor Bindoff for his speech, and was seconded by the Head Boy, who also expressed the school's appreciation of the welcome half-holiday to come.

On this distinctly optimistic note the evening drew to a close, and after singing the National Anthem the assembly of guests, masters, parents and boys departed, turning over in their minds the possibilities of 'useless' learning.

JOHN ADAMS.

## THE TEMPEST

Why go to see one of Shakespeare's maturest and most superbly poetic masterpieces done by a group of schoolboys who must inevitably fall short of the competence of the professional theatre? It is a question often asked by those who stay away from school productions (and one sometimes suspects from professional productions too) but one which could be readily answered by those of us who saw the School production of *The Tempest* this term. We go because, provided the producer knows his job (and in the case of Peter Smith there is no doubt about this), we know we shall enjoy more than a few moments of genuine dramatic experience — moments when words and settings and movement combine to produce the thrill, the shiver down the spine, which is unique to the theatre. Such a moment was the opening scene of the play when Prospero drew a magic circle and to the accompaniment of 'heavenly music' conjured up the storm which wrecked the king of Naples' ship on the shores of the island, while Miranda gazed with horror at the image of the scene in the magic silver ball. This was visually and aurally exciting and convincingly introduced us to the fearful and arbitrary power of the one-time duke of Milan.

But how can schoolboy actors be expected to fulfil the expectations aroused by this opening scene, how can they hope to encompass the complexity and the poetry of Shakespeare's play? To answer this we need to be clear about what 'acting' is (and nothing does a greater disservice to our enjoyment of Shakespeare than to dissociate him from the rough-and-tumble of the theatre and the human frailties of actors). The dramatist presents his actors with a 'working script' — the printed text of the play — and it is their business, assisted by the producer, to bring these words to life in dramatic terms, on a stage and before an audience. They must draw on their own experience of living and of people to realise imaginatively the situations and the complex of relationships which the dramatist presents. The printed words are only one thread in the total dramatic experience, a clue to the actors of what the dramatist is after. It follows that the kind of performance finally given will depend on the actors' experience of living as well as on their technical competence and the dramatist's intention. Of a school production, as of any other, one asks that the actors shall, firstly, show that they have penetrated behind the words to the essential emotional experience which gives rise to them, and secondly, that their performance shall be rooted in their own personal experience, so that we become aware of an authentic personality behind the words spoken. One difference between schoolboys (and amateur actors generally) and professionals is that the latter, through hard work and experience, learn to 'take on', apparently, a variety of personalities without losing this authenticity. But the schoolboy actor may in compensation have a freshness, an absence of preconceptions about feelings and about acting, which will illuminate some well-worn dramatic situation.

An example of this in the present production was when Miranda exclaimed:

*O wonder!*

*How many goodly creatures are there here!*

*How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,*

*That has such people in't!*

The words were given life by our feeling that the actor had penetrated to the root of the experience which was behind them. Miranda, innocent, brought up in ignorance of the great world, still overcome by her meeting with Ferdinand, has her conception of humanity suddenly and excitingly widened by the appearance of the king of Naples and his party. (A further dimension for the audience was given by our realisation of the confrontation of the first-former with senior boys!) **C. D. Rendell's** awareness of this past history, his readiness to see these fellow-creatures as admirable and outside his world, together with the intensity which marked his whole performance, made this, as it should be, a high point of the production. Not an isolated one, however, for the story-line of the production was clear throughout and we were properly aware of the double irony of Miranda's words. These 'goodly creatures' were not as innocent nor as good as she thought, and yet in a way she was right for (and this is a key theme of the play) *they could be*. **P. J. Venison** gave Ferdinand the right lyrical quality as the young lover: he represents humanity as it could and ought to be.

Prospero himself is presented at the outset of the play as a ruler who having neglected his stately duties in Milan now dominates his island with somewhat arbitrary power, revengeful and capable of spite. **S. F. Partridge** had a firm grasp of this aspect of the character and his sudden outburst against Ariel for his presumption was admirably done. Indeed the whole complex relationship between Prospero and Ariel was well-conceived. **C. D. Robinson** gave us a faun-like, bright-limbed 'airy Spirit', nimble, obedient yet chafing under the discipline of a harsh master. (The relation of this performance to personal experience is perhaps clearer than most!) Prospero's other creature, Caliban, was also imaginatively played and **M. McClean** did well, as the performance progressed, to gain our sympathy for the 'deformed savage', hovering on the brink of articulateness, given to sudden accesses of lust and passion, in part a symbol of the early stirrings of the national conscience about the exploitation of the native attendant upon imperialist expansion:

*You taught me language; and my profit on't*

*Is, I know how to curse!*

Our sympathy for Caliban is increased on his realisation, too late, of the empty pretensions of his new-found allies, Stephano and Trinculo. **B. G. W. Morley** and **N. G. Coffee** were an admirably contrasted comic pair whose characterisations grew in richness at each performance. The piggy self-sufficiency of Stephano, his occasional glimmers of a kind of marginal intelligence, his pitiful reliance on the bottle, were a delight, and he was well supported by Trinculo, much abused, whose sporadic and earnest attempts at self-justification were doomed to ignominious failure.



These two represent, at a comic level, the depths to which the human creature may sink, just as Alonso, Sebastian and Antonio, illustrate the same at a moral level.

This, the king's party, was perhaps the least successful element of the production. In part, perhaps, they were sacrificed to the producer's conception of the opening scene of the play. This, though in itself highly successful, did deprive us of Shakespeare's introduction to both these characters and those of the master of the ship and the boatswain. (These last two, though vigorously played by **I. Corbett** and **D. J. Furminger** respectively, seemed still 'at sea' in the last scene.) To those unfamiliar with the play, the appearance on the island of the king and his party seemed unexplained — they seemed lost, and somehow never found their way into the play. **J. A. Bull's** Alonso was convincingly downcast by the double loss of his daughter (by marriage) and his son (supposedly by drowning), but so downcast was he throughout the remainder of the play that it was difficult to believe that he could ever have had the authority to rule in Naples. **R. C. Oakes** and **T. G. Ayres**, as the villainous Sebastian and Antonio respectively, worked very hard to get across the, to our taste, ponderous humour of the fooling of Gonzalo, played by **M. A. Yeldham**, but all three were more successful in the later scenes. Particularly good was the final scene when Prospero bewitches them all with his magic and is himself moved to forgiveness of his enemies and renunciation of his magical and arbitrary powers. This was another high moment of the play and **S. F. Partridge** coped with it extremely well. His Prospero lacked the innate authority which the language of the play suggests he would have had at all times, even in exposition, but had a lively grasp of the more demonstrative attributes of the character. His speaking too was almost always clear and well-controlled, particularly in the final speeches.

**C. Mottershead** and **R. C. Cottee** gave good support as attendant lords (the latter seeming particularly at home on stage and in his role); **A. T. Hedley** and **R. A. Lancaster** were a well-spoken and matronly pair of Goddesses; and **K. D. R. Hanson**, **C. J. Steer**, **B. Bennie** and **A. J. Bradley** were unrecognisable but spritely 'Shapes'.

The actors are at the heart of any performance, and it is right that they should receive most notice but of course the staging of a play involves much labour by those who are never (except inadvertently) seen. The presentation, though somewhat slack on the first night, improved thereafter and all are to be congratulated. **R. W. Lee** in particular played Ariel's accompaniments on the recorder sweetly and sensitively. It is however regrettable that the set gave so little help to the actors. It seemed awkward both in conception and execution, and was often inadequately lit.

Enough has surely been said to answer the question with which this report opened. A professional performance would in some ways have been better than this: it would certainly have run more smoothly and with the fluency which only experience can bring — but this production had its own merits, sufficient certainly to delight an audience. Producer and

actors, drawing upon their own experience of living and of the theatre, combined to make good and original use of the script provided by Shakespeare, to tell a story interestingly and convincingly, and to provide some moments of true dramatic excitement.

NORMAN STEPHENSON.

## HOUSE NOTES

### COBBS

**Captain:** V. E. Bowerne.

**Prefects:** A. A. Beattie, J. M. H. Chambers, D. A. Rolt.

During the last school year we lost Mr. Pratt, who took over Gibbs House, in the words of the Headmaster "without a little chagrin", nevertheless he takes with him our sincere good wishes for his future Housemastership. His enthusiasm, particularly on the Hockey field, has been a great inspiration to us all.

We welcome this term Mr. Horler, who brings our Staff up to full complement. He has already made his presence felt in encouraging the rugby teams, particularly the seniors. I hope his stay with us will be both happy and rewarding.

I would like on behalf of the House to thank Alan Thomas for his work last year as captain of Cobbs, and to wish him every success in his future career. May I extend the best wishes of the House to all who have left our ranks this past Summer.

This year we welcome a larger increment than usual of first-formers, of whom we have the highest expectations as the future success of the House is in their hands.

There were at the time of writing last term three Inter-House competitions unfinished. The Senior team finished the Cricket season with a flourish, beating both Newsoms and Halliwells, but combined with the Colts results we finished fourth. The House-Swimming Gala saw the culmination of a long period of preparatory qualifying by all Houses, not least Cobbs. It is, of course, essential in such competitions as this, Athletics and Gymnastics, that every member of the House should do his utmost to obtain the maximum number of qualifying points. We finished third in this competition, having started the day in fourth

place on qualifying points. I feel that had there been greater preliminary effort the team would have brought us a better result. Our outstanding performance was J. M. H. Chambers, the team captain, who won three Open events and was a member of our winning senior relay team; our only other winner was Jones in a Junior event. The Tennis competition came to a close last term without any great distinction for our team.

However, the past year saw the Chess team under Pacey-Day bring off a surprise victory in the Inter-House competition. In other competitions performances may only be described as reasonable; we were third in the Rugby and Cross-Country, and in the Hockey, owing to a fine performance by the Colts who won their section, we were placed second.

At the end of last term then, we found ourselves in the unenviable position of fourth equals in the Cock House Competition, and if we are to remedy this we must all pull our weight to obtain greater things this year.

This term the Senior Rugby team has certainly not disgraced itself, particularly since we started by no means favourites for the cup. After a somewhat apathetic start to practice, we entered the fray against Gibbs and then Newsoms, the two strongest teams. Although losing, the team did extremely well to keep the scores down to 3-8 and 3-9 respectively. Team spirit has been highly commendable and it was rewarded in our 3-3 draw with Miltons, incidentally the only occasion on which the team was at full strength. Unfortunately in our last match, against Halliwells we somewhat unexpectedly went down 6-14. It would be unfair to single out any individuals but A. A. Beattie, captain, and Foulsham, vice-captain, deserve mention for their keen leadership and spirited play.

The Colts have fared none too well either, they have in fact lost the three matches so far played. The results it would seem fail to reflect the team's potential ability, perhaps this is due in part to apathy.

The Juniors on the other hand under their captain Fisk, seem to be excellently drilled in practice, although they have not yet commenced their playing seson. It is to them that the House looks for success on the Rugby field.

At the beginning of November we held our Annual House Supper. It was well supported and enjoyment seemed to be on a high level. The programme was foreshortened due to dense fog which chose to settle on Raynes Park at about eight o'clock. Our thanks are due to Mr. Atkin for running the evening; to Mr. Horler and Mr. Kilburn for their support; to the parents who so kindly agreed to give up their evenings to manage the catering; and to those members of the House who so sportingly agreed to entertain us after the meal.

I feel that there is plenty of keen spirit in Cobbs House which with a little encouragement is capable of bringing off greater things. May I appeal to you to show plenty of the team spirit and team play which so often upsets form and goes a long way towards the winning of competitions. For this it cannot be more strongly emphasized that every member of the House is needed to contribute his best.

We look forward then to next term with higher hopes for the Hockey, Cross-country, Dramatics, Junior Rugby, and Chess competitions, also to the beginning of Swimming qualifying.

V. E. BOWERN.

## GIBBS

**Captain:** T. G. Ayres.

**Prefects:** P. C. Clark, P. J. Venison, D. Wearn.

My first job is to welcome all newcomers to Gibbs, and to express the hope that they will enjoy being in Gibbs and will give of their best to the house.

Last year we said good-bye to only one person, our house-captain "Loop" Lintill. Throughout the year he had joined in everything he could, and encouraged everywhere else. We all sincerely thank him for what he did for Gibbs and wish him all success possible at University.

Lintill concluded his last house notes with the hope that Gibbs would be firmly established as Cock-House this year: I am pleased to say that his hope has been fulfilled. We won both the Cricket and Swimming Cups, and so won the coveted Cock-House Cup.

We celebrated our victory with a house supper early in the term, where the sight of pinafores and prefects, piercing sausages and opening tins of fruit made one eager to at least witness the meal they had cooked. Afterwards, various games were played and a concert, performed by seniors and other house captains, was noisily — if not enjoyably — received.

In the field of rugby — the only inter-house sport this term — we have done extremely well. We have won the Cup, not outright yet, but if our colts win either of their two remaining matches, we have the cup to ourselves.

The seniors won all four of their matches: 8-3 against Cobbs, 27-0 against Miltons, 50-0 against Halliwells and 10-0 against Newsoms. P. C. Clark has captained the team — a very keen one — extremely well and has been backed up particularly by Wearn, Bond, Frank-Keyes and Venison.

The colts have so far won one and drawn one of their two matches. They soundly beat Cobbs, 34-0, but perhaps due to bad team positioning only managed to draw with Newsoms. Nicholls captains a team which includes the support of Wood, Clark and Wilbraham as some of its more talented members.

The juniors have had some practices from which it appears that Cox, the captain, and Evans will be the strongest players. We wish the team the best of luck in the competition next term.

D. Wearn and Nicholls are to be heartily congratulated on their county selection: Nicholls, indeed, has gone a step further and has been elected captain of the South of the Thames team.

To the future: Mr. Trinder is already taking parties of non-swimmers to the baths, so that we can repeat our recent performance in the Swimming Cup, while hockey and cross-country are being discussed optimistically. House plays come next term also, and we hope to re-establish ourselves as holders of that cup.

In conclusion I think that if everybody pulls his weight, our chances of retaining the Cock House Cup are excellent. Therefore my last word is to urge you not to let victory lessen the house spirit which always exists in Gibbs.

TERRY AYRES.

## HALLIWELLS

**Captain:** J. A. Colmer.

**Prefects:** M. Chiddick, R. Impey, M. McLean.

The end of a school year has brought its inevitable chapter of farewells, as senior members of the House move on to higher fields of endeavour. We have had to say good-bye to our former House Captains, R. P. N. Housego, who leaves us to read Modern Languages at Bristol, and C. J. How, who has entered the R.A.F. *en route* for Oxford, as well as to many others, whose loss will be felt in all branches of House activities. We wish all of them every success in the future.

The achievements of the House over the past year may be reviewed with some satisfaction. Though we failed to retain Cock House Cup, we secured those for Tennis, Cross-Country and Debating, together with the Junior Shield. This respectable total compares very favourably with those of other Houses.

Although our chances of retaining all these Trophies are reasonably good, it would be very wrong to let this belief breed complacency. In the main sports, rugby, cricket and hockey, our overall condition is lamentably weak, and it is the positions achieved in these fields that largely determine the award of Cock House Cup.

There has been little activity this Term beyond the senior rugby matches, and here we must record an unbroken series of defeats. Higgs, as captain, ably assisted by McLean, has endowed the Team with some degree of co-ordination and enthusiasm, but in the final analysis there is no substitute for a wide dispersal of Talent. While the Colts, under the very competent leadership of Stephenson, who must also be congratulated on his success in the Surrey Colt Rugby Trials, offer some hope of retrieving the situation a little, it is already evident that we cannot expect much in this particular field.

The two remaining Terms, however, offer a wide range of activities in which all members of the House can participate, and it is up to those concerned each to pull his full weight with vigour and determination.

J. A. COLMER.

## MILTONS

**Captain:** J. Davie.

**Prefects:** J. M. Adams, R. J. Holmes,  
R. E. Lach, B. G. W. Morley.

We started the Autumn term without several of the more prominent members of the senior house who have gone their several ways. The loss of spirited players like G. D. Crocker, our house captain, R. K. Stevens, B. R. H. Doran and J. D. M. French has been greatly felt on the games field; but we must not complain for we have the largest third year sixth of any house in the school.

After last term's triumphs in romping home first in Athletics and coming second in the Cock House competition, we began this one with confidence. The senior rugby team, captained by B. G. W. Morley, included seven first - and second - fifteen players. Although Morley led an inexperienced pack with vigour and determination, the threequarters proved to be unable to combine. We were hampered by having no regular scrum-half or fly-half, so this vital link was always missing. Only to Gibbs, however, did we lose heavily, and we did well to hold a strong Newsoms side to 15-0. By defeating Halliwells and drawing with Cobbs, we gained third place in the senior section. Brown is a fine colt rugby captain and led his team to victory against Cobbs. They were unlucky to lose him through an injury in the Halliwells match and, although winning at that point, finally succumbed. The colts have also lost to Gibbs but still have to play Newsoms. The juniors must learn to push harder in the scrum, to tackle more firmly and to run with greater determination in the 'threes' if they want to succeed next term. They have some stalwart individuals and are capably captained by Wright.

To show our labours last term were not in vain, we treated ourselves to a house supper. We brought our own food and were entertained by the antics of Alec Guinness in the *Man in the White Suit*. Thanks must be given to J. M. Adams, R. J. Holmes and B. G. W. Morley for all the hard work they put into making it such an enjoyable evening.

Next term are the House Play, the Hockey, the Chess and Debating competitions. In none of these are we without competent or even excellent performers; our hockey team, at any rate, should be one of the strongest in the senior school.

One sad item in this report is having to say goodbye to John Adams. On the rugby field he was a most courageous player; and his actor-producer rôle in T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* was one of the few golden pages in Miltons' history. I am sure we all wish him success in his future life.

J. DAVIE.

### NEWSOMS

**Captain:** M. A. Yeldham.

**Prefects:** R. L. W. Brookes, N. G. Cottee,  
S. F. Partridge, P. C. Redshaw.

The second sentence of these house notes, applies, I am glad to say, to a minority of members of the House.

"For goodness' sake, wake up and be reasonable." I am prompted to say these few words, because of a *couldn't care less* attitude, which has parasitically appeared, in much the same way as cancer does, in certain quarters. Two instances of this have been painfully obvious in connection with this term's House Rugby matches. The first concerned a certain gentleman who would not play, because: (a) he had no kit (this problem was soon overcome) and (b) he wasn't "any good". I am glad to report that this person eventually came to his senses, and played in three of the four matches, although not without a certain amount of persuasion. The second gentleman was, however, only asked to play in one match, a rather important one. He refused to play because he "didn't agree with it". I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions from this, and hope that in future this ridiculous attitude will cease.

Now, to some more pleasant news. We have to congratulate four seniors, R. L. W. Brookes, N. G. Cottee, S. F. Partridge and P. C. Redshaw on their appointment as school prefects. All deserve our congratulations.



Although we have gained four prefects, we have, however, lost one. G. A. Currie left the school at the end of last term, as did R. M. Nicholls, D. J. Hayhoe, and D. A. Groves. We also lost, half way through this term, A. R. Page, whose activities in the fields of chess and debating will be missed. He, and those who left last term, all have our best wishes for the future.

The first result of the swimming competition was not recorded on last term's House notes. Here, as in many other sports, we had to be content with second place. This was due mainly to the fact that Gibbs had gained such a lead with qualifying points, that to overtake them during the gala was almost an impossibility. There is surely a lesson to be learned from this.

At the time of writing, the rugby competition has not been completed, the colts having one game to play. The seniors, however, have played all of their games, winning three, but losing the fourth to a Gibbs side which had a stronger scrum.

N. G. Cottee, who has captained the team this year, and those members of the house who have played, must be congratulated on these results. The colts too, under the captaincy of Wheeler, have done very well indeed to draw with Gibbs. Of the other two matches they have played, they have won one against Cobbs, and lost to Halliwells. From those results, it seems that we shall be placed second in the competition.

As far as the junior rugby matches, which will be played next term, are concerned, our hopes are high. Under the able captaincy of Manger, the juniors have a strong scrum, and some fast three-quarters. If they will only learn to tackle properly, a fault which could be serious, their chances of success are high.

Finally, I should like to extend my thanks to all members of the House who have organised and participated in this term's activities. Their work has been much appreciated.

MICHAEL YELDHAM.

## TOP PEOPLE SAY

"Mm Interesting . . . . ."—N.S.

(Referring to the library table) "Has someone been frying sausages on it?"—H.E.R.

" . . . . . before the annual Saturnalia and licence to gluttony is over."—H.E.R.

(On a pupil being late) "Oh, James, I see, but not the first."—H.E.R.

"Come along, yew lehds."—Mr. Austin.

"I don't want to get angry, but I have every right to get angry and I'm going to get angry."—G.J.A.

"It's rather difficult to hear that silence."—W.B.C. (pondering).

"In those days people wore moustaches all over the place."—L.R.K.

## THE DA VINCI SOCIETY

The Society was very pleased to welcome Mr. Grainge, the new Craft Master, to its meetings, and to mark the occasion we invited him to give us the first talk of the term.

Under the title *Pot Luck* Mr. Grainge gave a most informative talk on the process of Pottery and its many attendant difficulties. He showed us a wide range of pottery to explain the variety of treatments that can be used. We trust that this is the first of many lectures to come.

History in the Society was made on 6th October when Mr. B. H. Rowling came to the School to give a talk on *Silk Screen Printing*. Mr. Rowling, who is now at the Kingston School of Art on a Design Course, is an Old Boy of the School and the first one to address the Society. In his lecture he fully explained the Silk Screen Process, as well as showing us examples of his work, and he also ably demonstrated the process for us. We should like to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Rowling for the thought and time he devoted to this talk which was so successful.

Once more Mr. Ayton delighted us with one of his very popular talks on music. *From the New World* was the intriguing title of his talk, and we were introduced to America through its music. Mr. Ayton provided a very clever musical collage on "tape", made up of a number of varied snippets of all types of

American music which was so popular that a repeat performance was requested. As we have now come to expect from Mr. Ayton, we received a first class talk, full of invention and a lively imagination.

Another new member of the Staff was introduced to the Society when Mr. Hounslow, who came to England from Australia, added to our "Personal Portraits of Places" with a talk entitled *Down Under*. Colour photographs taken by Mr. Hounslow of various parts of Australia were used to illustrate this talk. Mr. Hounslow proved no mean humourist and he claimed the animated attention of his audience. One aspect of Australia he managed to convey particularly well was that of the vast distances. There was perhaps one item lacking in this talk: we had hoped to see a demonstration of boomerang throwing!

*Art Now*, the title of the subsequent lecture by Mr. Stephenson, was a great stimulant to our members. In his talk Mr. Stephenson told us how he, as a layman, became interested in contemporary art and of his visits to the London Galleries. The development of the present movement from the Impressionists was clearly defined in this talk. A testimony to the excellence of this talk was the number of members who visited the Moltzau Collection at the Tate Gallery on the following Saturday, when Mr. Stephenson organised a party to see this exhibition of paintings from Cézanne up to the present.

Mr. Trinder intrigued the Society by announcing his lecture as a "Mystery Talk". On arrival at the meeting it transpired that his subject was to be *Water*. This had somewhat startling results on our members. The talk was again well illustrated by colour photographs taken by Mr. Trinder and he showed, through them, the significance of water on our emotional senses. We were shown the place it took in the natural scene, and the use that artists had made of it in their compositions. Once again we were able to enjoy Mr. Trinder's prowess as a photographer, and to learn from his excellent sense of composition. In his photographs one felt that there was a real eye behind the lens.

On 17th November we held the criticism of this term's Art Competition, the subject this time being any picture based on the

activities related to the building of the new part of the School. This time the critics and judges were Mr. Rudgley, Mr. Trinder, Mr. Grainge, and one of our visiting student teachers, Mr. Harbon. It was unfortunate that this subject did not attract the number of entries we had hoped for, but in spite of this small entry it was felt by the judges that a high standard had been maintained and it was their unanimous opinion that one prize should therefore be awarded and that this should be offered to Riley, P.A. of the third form for his composition of the old school buildings seen through a cage work of tubular steel scaffolding, a combination of the Old and the New.

The 6th Dinner Hour Concert, under the auspices of the Society, was held on 1st December. This time the meeting was held in the Library as the Concert included a choir of fifty ! The standard of the performers was up to previous concerts and we would like to offer our thanks to all the individuals concerned. Perhaps the organisation of the presentation of this concert was somewhat confused but the quality of the performers made it a memorable occasion.

Music would seem to have had precedence at the end of term. Dr. Morgan chose for his talk the subject *Folk Songs*. Without any mechanical aids Dr. Morgan held his audience spellbound with his discourse, venturing into many languages and dialects in his personal rendering of the Folk Songs of many countries. Perhaps his finale was his *tour de force*, one felt it came from the heart, a true expression of Folk Song, alive and sincerely felt. The subject of this last example was vital, alive, and no doubt, as Dr. Morgan had so admirably expressed in his talk, it had all the qualities so necessary to true Folk Song: it described a heroic character !

In conclusion I would like to thank all our speakers this term for contributing to what I feel has been perhaps the most successful series of talks we have had. Never have we had less than forty members present and this I think is eloquent. The Society is in good heart and I trust that its enthusiasm will persuade many more of you to make your way to the Art Room on a Monday at 1.10 p.m.

CECIL RILEY.

## LITERARY SOCIETY

This is one of the *unknown* societies of the school, but one which happily is never silent.

This term saw a play reading — a joint effort with Wimbledon High School to whom we owe our thanks — and also a collection of poems from the would-be bards of the Sixth Form.

The play chosen for reading was *The Lady's Not for Burning*, by Christopher Fry. Three young ladies and seven gentlemen gathered in a cold library on a most uncharitable evening to read to the one solitary member of the audience who was suitably clad in duffle coat and hood.

Five things stick in the memory of that evening: the cold made the deepest impression, closely followed by the utter relief of hot coffee and Mrs. Davie's spongecake. As for the acting, Davie's great character study of one of the major figures in the historical life of the school, was by far the most amusing feature. Mr. Stephenson's rendering of the young lover broke down the cold curtain with such effect, that all our sympathies are extended to any young lady who may try to resist his charms in the future. Yeldham's long awaited entrance (five minutes before the end) fulfilled the tension that had been building up throughout, and by the look on his face as he strained over his few lines, we could all tell that his wait had not been in vain.

The poetry reading was far more successful than expected, and the number of rising poets about to be unleashed upon society is quite formidable.

BRIAN MORLEY.

The Literary Society succeeded in capturing some of the season's festive spirit with a merry reading of the *Life of the Insects* by the brothers Capek. The play, in which the selfishness and foolishness of the human world is effectively but naively compared to the absurdity of the insects, proved on reading to be brimming over with a gay and infectious humour. Mr. Stephenson set the tone with a convincing rendering of the drunken vagrant, and T. G. Ayres missed none of the goofishness and ribald humour in a rip-roaring version of Otakarek. Do

ichneumon flies speak like Issy Bonn? S. F. Partridge thought so. No two beetles have ever been matter than M. McLean and Miss Christmas gloating over their "treasures". Countless other amusing incidents come to mind: J. A. Colmer, J. M. Adams and A. Oakley developed a winning combination as the military junta of the machine-like ants; indeed, I almost thought J. A. Colmer was realizing hidden dreams of power; and, if totalitarianism comes to Britain, C. J. West won't slip off the band wagon. Enough, I think, has been said to show that the Society is capable of spontaneously enacting and enjoying a good play. Not a little credit must go to the Society's secretary, J. M. Adams, for so aptly casting his company: he always had a keen eye for the foibles of all and selected accordingly. He must also be congratulated on the grub, which all the little "insects" ravenously devoured.

J. DAVIE.

#### FIVE FINGER EXERCISE

A notice which read, "All those wishing to take part in a school subsidised visit to *End Game* or *Ghosts*", and which finally resulted in a balcony seat at *Five Finger Exercise*, may not have been a very promising start to this term's theatre outing. However, twenty people, decided to postpone buying their Christmas presents for yet another week, and try their luck at the Comedy Theatre.

And their luck was in, for they were presented with a play based on family life, or should I say, jungle life, which rubbed in many home truths, on a set well designed and imaginatively used. The play touched upon many interesting and relevant subjects ranging from space fiction, through fatherly love, to homosexuality. Indeed its chief fault, apart from some defective acting in places and a contrived ending, was the fact that it attempted to deal with so many things — art versus the artless, father versus son, son versus mother, mother versus father, even the British versus the Germans — that it was unable to answer the questions it posed. Indeed the young author did not even attempt this, and he can be justly proud of the fact that in numerous coffee bars after the performance, people were still endeavouring to answer these very questions.

Thus, we had seen a controversial play, and long after we had departed into the fog, and were climbing into our respective beds, we were still engrossed in what we had seen, and at least one of our party was glad that we hadn't seen *End Game* after all — especially as it had been 'taken off' the previous Saturday.

P. J. VENISON.

### GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY

This term's Film Evening, held on 18th November, was well supported, despite the fact that there were no guests from the local girls' schools. The programme opened with a colour film, *West Country Journey*, which was sponsored by the British Transport Commission. It dealt with the picturesque holiday centres of Devon and Cornwall, and judging by general comment most of these had been visited by at least one Raynes Park representative. The commentary, some of which was in dialect, was a welcome addition to the excellent photography, and made up for any distraction caused by the distortion of the incidental music.

This was followed by *Traders in Leather*, a Unilever production, telling the story of leather production in Northern Nigeria. It is from here, and not from Morocco itself, that most of what we know as Moroccan leather comes. The skins are brought in from the desert regions by camel trains to the northern cities where they are traded to the Hausa Tribesmen, who dry them and send many by rail to the southern ports for export.

After a brief interval we viewed with interest a film entitled *Sunday in Leningrad*. This proved to be an impressive piece of Russian propaganda, with an English commentary. There was little to be seen of the Russian way of life, though the film showed a wide range of cultural activities (which are, after all, a legacy of the past) and the great health resorts set up by the State for the workers. The colour had a strong blue — green bias, and the pictorial reproduction was weak, particular frames failing to show up on the white screen.

By way of a contrast, the last film, on Burma, was in brilliant Eastman Colour — at times too brilliant, for at one stage the commentator was remarking on the yellow robed priests,

who were depicted on the screen in bright scarlet. *Pattern of Burma*, made by a petrol company, told the story of a Burmese local carrier who drives his lorry up from the city of Rangoon, along dusty roads, into the hills, delivering every kind of merchandise to the small upland villages. Each time a product was mentioned which stemmed from the oil company in question, the journey was interrupted to show shots of its production. This tended to make the film rather disjointed, though the overall effect of an insight into Burmese everyday life, its festivities and its oil industry, was extremely pleasing.

Our thanks are due to Mr. O'Driscoll for obtaining such interesting films which, with the refreshments provided during the interval, made the occasion every bit as successful as previous Geographical Society Film Evenings.

To the larger part of the school it must seem that this Society only meets once a Term, for a Film Evening. This unfortunately is often the case, though other activities have been, and are being, organised, mainly among Sixth-Formers. This certainly does not mean that other members of the school are excluded; far from it. If greater interest were shown, the Society's field of activity could be considerably widened. As a matter of fact, there is a Meteorological Group in the process of formation which would gladly welcome additional support.

V. E. BOWERN.

### CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Last term we had to say *vale* though not *in perpetuum* (we hope) to our secretary C. J. How who has graced our gatherings during the past year with his lively wit and resourcefulness. I am sure we all wish him success in his stay at Oxford which follows upon a brief interlude in the R.A.F.

On Thursday the 24th of July the meetings for the year 1957-58 were nicely rounded off by the President, Dr. Morgan, who gave a talk upon *the Wizard of Mantua*. Beneath this shady title there lurked the brilliant figure of Virgil himself, as Dr. Morgan pointed out by means of numerous amusing anecdotes. Not the least interesting feature of the meeting was the appearance of the renowned *moretum*; unfortunately the general



opinion of the members present was that however much Virgil has influenced later ages in his poetry Ruth Drew could have given him quite a few tips in the cookery line.

The first meeting of the Autumn term was held on Friday the 19th September: the Society read *The Frogs* by Aristophanes. Lacking the delightful fantasy of *The Birds* this play did not provide as amusing an evening as we had during the Summer term. The latter part which contains the contest between Euripides and Aeschylus requires a knowledge of the works of both playwrights in the original Greek to be fully appreciated, although, of course, much of the humour bubbles out of the barriers of time. A. J. Fowles as the big, bad Dionysus and Mr. Kilburn in a most plaintive and convincing rendering of "Blondie" endeavoured and succeeded in being amusing. The chorus won its usual laughs, and the variety of versions was this time added to by a Scotch translation entitled *The Puddocks*: so broad was the Doric that it even defeated the efforts of a native to pronounce it. The classical atmosphere was captured by Greek olives and Hymettus honey.

We must thank Mr. Dennis-Jones for paying us a visit and only hope we shall see more of him. The Headmaster too was kind enough to spare some of his valuable time to support us. And to the young ladies of Wimbledon High School we extend as always a cordial invitation.

J. DAVIE.

### THE CHRISTIAN UNION

The Scripture Union, the junior branch of the Christian Union has continued to meet every Monday lunch-hour. The meetings this term have included two film-strips, one of which was about Scripture Union missionary work in India. We have also had several quizzes and Bible-Studies. A few Scripture Union members attend a weekly Bible Study on Thursdays which has proved most interesting and useful. Our only regret is that we cannot enlarge the numbers, for since we meet in the waiting room we must restrict them.

The Christian Union began the term with a lively and most interesting talk from Mr. Michael Hews, assistant to the general secretary of the Scripture Union. Two weeks later Mr. Ralph

Mann gave us a stimulating talk on the subject of vocation. At this stage in the term a middle school section of the C.U. was formed which is now well on its feet. Its activities have been Bible Studies and talks, but are widening to include missionary interest and discussion. At the same stage in the term we must confess the senior section became spasmodic in its meeting.

All sections however, look forward to the Christmas Meeting on 16th December when our speaker will be Mr. Branse A. Burbridge, secretary of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship. This will be the first combined meeting we have attempted and we hope, if it is a success, that it won't be the last. We had planned to bring out another copy of our magazine but it was not possible this term. We hope it will be out sometime in January.

RICHARD IMPEY.

### ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

The Astronomical Society has been functioning regularly on Tuesday evenings throughout the Autumn term. Its activities cannot be described as wildly active for two main reasons; firstly because the Clerk of the Weather has been singularly inclement towards us during the term, either enveloping us in 'ten-tenths' fog or searing the hardy watchers of the Heavens with biting winds, and secondly because certain gremlins have been holding high carnival with the telescope. What exactly was wrong with the old 'scope no-one really found out but the long and the short of it was that the poor thing was suffering from general sciatica in the altitude and azimuth controls, considerable discrepancy between the position of the image in the direction finder and the image in the actual eyepiece and a chronic stiffness in the focussing gear. However, towards the end of the term a sterling effort on the part of the Secretary put the troubles right and now the telescope works excellently.

At the beginning of the term, of course, we took several new members into our ranks and so are now well up to strength and able to do some useful study. This does not mean that new members are not welcome, however: the more the merrier. The programme for next term should include plenty of observation, a study which has been sadly lacking this term and all those who

have had to give talks to the Society on evenings when it was too cloudy to do observation will heave sighs of relief at this! On the subject of talks, mention must be made of those who have lectured to the Society during the term. N. E. Cole has spoken on more than one occasion on the subject of the stars in general, M. D. Ross on the moon, D. F. G. Dwyer on Advanced Radio Astronomy (or so he informed us — this fact was not clearly discernible from the matter of the talk! Anyone who can explain in words of one syllable all the terms used in Radio Astronomy, will they please let us know), Mr. Trinder on 'oooooah . . . . well, I'll think of something by next week' and also minor contributions from C. Shute.

The term has, on the whole been most successful and interesting. The Society has not yet followed the Pig Club into obscurity! Therefore we extend our usual welcome to new members, especially members of the middle school and seniors, to our meetings next term.

CHRISTOPHER SHUTE.

### THE GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY

One or two minor setbacks, notably the breakdown of the gramophone, have kept us from meeting regularly during this term, but despite these we have been able to listen to a reasonably full and varied programme.

We certainly got off to a rousing start with Liszt's *First Piano Concerto* and *Hungarian Fantasia*, played with skill and gusto by Gyorgy Cziffra, the brilliant Hungarian pianist who escaped from his native land during the 1956 uprising: the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Pierre Dervaux gave him similarly spirited support.

A piano concerto was again featured at the next meeting — this time it was Beethoven's *Emperor*. The record we heard was one of a set of the five Beethoven concerti, all recorded within ten days, by the sixty-eight-year-old Artur Schnabel, with the Symphony of the Air under the bâton of Joseph Krips, providing a sympathetic backing. There was some very fine playing indeed in this popular concerto.

Beethoven was our composer at the next meeting as well. His *Fifth Symphony* was played admirably by the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam conducted by Erich Kleiber, on one of the earlier, but still one of the best, long-playing recordings of this symphony.

A recording of Mozart's *Four Horn Concerti* featured as soloist that great master of the French Horn, the late Dennis Brain. Listening to the poetic ease with which he skips through the dances and hunting tunes of these delightful pieces, we realised what a great blow his untimely death was to the musical world. The Philharmonia under Herbert von Karajan provided him with lively support.

As a change from those orchestral works, we were next treated to some chamber music with Schubert's Piano Quintet in A, more popularly known as the *Trout Quintet*. Scored for piano and an unusual form of string quartet, with a double-bass instead of the second violin, it was given a lyrical reading by Mieczyslaw Horszowski and the Budapest String Quartet.

Another contrast was provided by Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique*, played, on the recording we heard, by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Unfortunately, the internal speaker of the gramophone, which we had to use in this instance, was not able to deal too well with the great contrasts of this piece, ranging from the faintest whisper to powerful crescendos; also, the time did not allow us to finish this long work — we had to sacrifice the last movement. In these days of microgroove, a single record can last up to one hour; the time we of the Gramophone Society have at our disposal is very rarely over fifty minutes — usually somewhat less. Some day we hope to hear this Berlioz piece again, but we shall have to begin early.

Our last meeting to be held before these notes were written featured Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*. A series of four concerti for violin and orchestra, with some delightful melodies, they were played in a bright and cheery style by Reinhold Barchet and the Pro Musica String Orchestra of Stuttgart.

One last note: although this last record was borrowed from a Public Library (and we hope to get hold of other library copies), the Society still depends a great deal on records brought along from boys' personal collections. So far, this has meant that we

have only had the pleasure of hearing recordings from collections of two or three boys, and these are by no means everlasting; any offers for the lending of records will be very happily (and thankfully) received — as will any one who cares to come along during the Thursday lunch-breaks to listen to good music.

ALAN OAKLEY.

### SIXTH FORM JAZZ LISTENING GROUP

As attendances have increased this term, so has the difficulty of finding acceptable records. We are fortunate that an old boy, J. G. Bayly, has a large collection of excellent records of all types of jazz, which he is willing to lend us, and we are grateful to him for providing the greater part of the records played this term. Our thanks are due also to Mr. Riley for allowing us to use the art room.

Our programmes this term have included a very wide range of styles, although there has been a definite bias towards modernism, due to the taste of most members, as well as the fact that very few early jazz recordings have been loaned. Among groups featured have been those of Duke Ellington, Gerry Mulligan, Johnny Hodges, Mike Jackson, George Lewis, Dave Brubeck and the Modern Jazz Quartet. Next term we hope to present a series of programmes, tracing out history of certain instruments in jazz. If anybody has any acceptable records which they would like played we should be very grateful for the loan.

It has been disturbing this term to notice that a certain minority, including some from whom a more responsible attitude might be expected, have at times treated the Jazz Listening Group as a means of escaping the elements and having a very noisy conversation. I would appeal to these people to listen to the music and to allow others to do so.

C. J. WEST.

### FILM SOCIETY

By the time this edition of *The Spur* is published it is hoped that the second film will have been completed. At the moment (early December) there are still a few more scenes to shoot, but the greater part of the film is 'in the can'. Many people are

interested to know the title of our 'epic', and provisionally it stands at *For whom the Bell Rings*. A few months ago we added to our equipment by purchasing an invaluable Ciné Editor, which cost in round figures £XX ! It only remains for me to thank all those who have helped in the production (and that is virtually everybody); and I hope that they do not receive too great a shock when they see themselves on the screen.

JOHN ADAMS.

### DEBATING SOCIETY

At the beginning of the Term, the Debating Society might well have been pardoned for reviewing with some satisfaction its achievements over the past year. A considerable interest has been re-awakened in this very important school activity, and has found expression both in the frequency of debates throughout the year and in the very reasonable standard of debating achieved during the Michael Welby Cup Competition. At the same time, a highly successful debate with Rutlish School at the end of last year seemed to herald the opening of an era of inter-school debating. Aspirations soared high, and their fulfilment seemed the more likely in view of the comparatively large number of experienced debaters remaining at school.

These high hopes, however, have in some measure been disappointed. The meetings of the Society have been neither as frequent nor as well attended as could be desired, while the general standard of debating has declined somewhat since last year. The reasons must be sought in the attitude to the Society of the Upper School in general and the Sixth Form in particular. While most people are ready enough to speak in a debate if approached persuasively, there is a noticeable lack of that spontaneous enthusiasm and genuine interest that alone makes for lively debates and well attended meetings. One particular manifestation of this lack of enthusiasm has been an insistence by the speakers on spontaneous debates — presumably to avoid the very necessary labour of preparatory thought and note making. This is not, of course, to deny that practice in spontaneous address is a highly desirable exercise, but it should be regarded as an end rather than a means when one is engaged in acquiring

a proficiency in public speaking. It requires debators of considerably more experience than the present Sixth Form to endow spontaneous speeches with a fairly sustained level of excellence, life and interest. A prepared debate, on the other hand, gives one an opportunity of studying both the construction of a speech and the manner of its delivery. Only by an appreciable return to prepared debates can the general level be improved and the regular members of the Society gradually acquire a proficiency in spontaneous debating.

One is, however, enabled to strike something of a balance by the considerable interest in the Society displayed by the more junior members of the school. A junior debate was not only well attended but widely contributed to by members of the house, and a general tendency to side-track on a narrow motion was not altogether devoid of some appreciation of the finer points of debating skill. The Society intends to capitalise on this display of interest by holding another junior debate before the end of the term. The important thing is that the juniors are really enthusiastic about debating; greater proficiency in delivery will come with practice, and also by listening to those examples of more polished speaking that the seniors among us should make it our business to provide.

J. A. COLMER.

## 565 SQUADRON

This term brings us to the end of another successful year for the squadron. Both the major trophies for competitions in Surrey Wing have been retained by the squadron for the second year running and Sgt. M. A. Yeldham missed becoming the "Best Cadet" in Surrey Wing by only a few points.

All eighteen cadets who took proficiency exams in July passed, many with credits and distinction. As we were only two certificates behind Heath Clark School Squadron before this, this outstanding performance certainly secured for us the annual trophy awards on exam results. At a celebration party, held on Friday, 28th November, the news of our victory in the Wing Pennant competition was also broken to us by Sqd. Ldr. Simmonds. This is a happy coincidence, for at the same party last year, we heard the same news. As we have had these two

awards twice in succession now, the squadron is going all out to make a hat trick of it.

The Wing Pennant is awarded to the most efficient Squadron in Surrey Wing. The award is based upon training, sport, administration, organisation and general efficiency as judged at inspections during the year.

At the end of last term Flt. Sgt. How left the Squadron to go into the R.A.F. and in the middle of November Flt. Sgt. Barley also departed. Both contributed a great deal towards the squadron and we wish them the best of luck. As well as How, Flt. Sgt. Mayer is also due to go in the R.A.F. sometime within the next few months.

At the beginning of September a party of twenty-five cadets went to R.A.F. Biggin Hill to help in Car Park Duties for the Battle of Britain display. All cadets saw most of the display which, as it happens, was the best for many years. Later, in October, a party of cadets visited R.A.F. Biggin Hill a second time for Chipmunk Flying, which was unfortunately spoilt by low cloud which naturally limited the height and distance of flights.

As stated before, we held a celebration party for our victory in the Moss Trophy, on Friday, 28th November. After an enjoyable meal, conjured up by the new kitchen supervisor and Ldg. Cdt. Hart, we saw a full length film, *The Colditz Story*. We may now also boast of the Junior Air Guild, which has been successfully started with about fifteen members. New recruits for both the J.A.G. and the A.T.C. are always welcome; just come along on a Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

Promotions this term are: Sgt. Gibbs to Flt. Sgt.; Cpl. Yeldham to Sgt.; Cpl. Cole to Sgt.; S/Cdt. Brookes to Cpl.; S/Cdt. Braine to Cpl.; and Ldg./Cdt. Chapman to Cpl.

COLIN BRAINE.

### 19th WIMBLEDON SCOUT GROUP

This term the Troop has started off well, and there have been many improvements, especially in the standard of technical scouting and in scout spirit. New recruits have passed many tests, as



also have the older members. Six scouts have been invested, eight Second Class and three First Class badges have been gained, and four scouts have won the First Aid badge.

The *Den* is now more pleasant, with adequate lighting and heating and work on Patrol Corners has now reached a new level. Friday evening meetings have proved a popular innovation, especially the canteen after the meeting. Our four patrols are now the Curlew, Eagle, Hawk and Starling, and there is close rivalry in the monthly Inter-Patrol Competition.

At the time of writing preparations are in hand for the *Peruga*, which is the scouts' method of entertaining their parents at Christmas. In addition, all patrols have planned a Christmas good turn, and we hope to take the festive spirit of goodwill to those who often miss it. Other activities in the Christmas holiday include practice First Class journeys by all Second Class scouts, and a Troop expedition on 5th January.

Next year's activities, as planned so far, are a Camper Badge course at Easter and a summer camp. The camp will be held in the Cotswolds, on the estate of Lord Dulverton at Batsford, Gloucestershire. This site is in an area completely new to the Troop, and it is hoped that 23rd July to 1st August will be a period when the clerk of the weather is kind to us.

We are grateful for the leadership of our new scoutmaster, Mr. Grainge (Skipper), and for that of his assistants, Mr. A. Bourne (Falcon) and Mr. B. Vincent (Beaver), not forgetting the help of Mr. P. Newman. We have every hope that this team will lead the Troop to new pastures. At the same time we must thank Mr. Wedderspoon for all that he has done to keep the Troop going through the troubled times of the last few terms. We wish him well and hope that he has enjoyed his scouting with the Troop.

KEITH JOHNSON.

### FILMING IN GREECE

On the 12th of November, all three sixth-forms assembled in the Library to hear a talk by Mr. Basil Wright on his experiences while filming in Greece; the result of his labours, called *The Immortal Land*, is now showing at the 'Academy Cinema' in London.

Mr. Wright began by explaining that he always wanted to produce a film entirely under his own control and freed from restrictions, but had never been able to find the capital. However, his mother offered to contribute half the necessary sum and, after the remainder had been raised, a rough scenario was drawn up, although, as a matter of fact, this was hardly ever referred to during the actual shooting: Mr. Wright and his colleagues were most surprised when they found that the finished film corresponded quite well with the original plans.

Mr. Wright then went on to describe the work in Greece itself, with interpolations by Mr. Adrian de Potier, the film's director and an old boy of the school, who was also present. The unit had aimed to present graphically the curious complex nature of Greece — the overlapping of the Homeric and Classical ages with the spirit of nineteenth-century Greece in its fight for freedom. To achieve this atmosphere, shots of the Parthenon and a modern peasant, quotations from Sophocles and from twentieth-century Greek poetry were skilfully interwoven.

In order to get an overall impression of the country many places were visited. Shots were taken in a remote corner of Thessaly, in the Peloponnese, and in several of the Aegean Islands. The transport service, which was never very reliable, included an old station wagon fitted with an engine many sizes too small; an all-out effort by the cameramen was needed to coax it over any hill of reasonable size. However, much of the film was centred on Athens and Mr. Wright described how the clear Mediterranean provided such an excellent foil to the ancient buildings, as well as causing such a phenomenal interplay of shade and colour in the Greek landscape.

Finally there was the long and intricate process of editing the film, selecting the finest shots and juxtaposing them in the most effective order. Rex Warner, the well-known classicist, had written a script and the producer had the advantage of a real modern Greek's advice in perfecting the final version. To wind up his talk Mr. Wright said that his ambitions include the filming of Sophocles' *Electra* — if only someone would provide the money!

In conclusion the Headmaster thanked Mr. Wright, and said he hoped a school party could be taken to see *The Immortal Land* in the near future.

J. A. BULL.

## VISIT TO WESTMINSTER 1958

It was a cold and misty November morning when a group of boys from the Sixth Form, led by Mr. Atkins, their M.P., entered the St. Stephen's entrance and gazed around them at the rich fabric of the Palace of Westminster. Here at the head of a broad stairway was a ceiling vaulted with stone supports, leaving pentagons decorated in gold and red. Here, too, were oil paintings (well-known, though never before seen by us), rich tapestries and ornate doors. From the St. Stephen's entrance we went to the robing-room, and thence to the chamber of the House of Lords. To my surprise it was a comparatively small room, overpoweringly decked in red, sloping down to the Woolsack, draped in lush hangings. This all seemed very dignified until Mr. Atkins told us of the procedure when the House of Lords became a court, the highest court in the land. When this happens the aggrieved parties, their lawyers, ushers, etc., come to the bar of the House (a little enclosure at the far end of the chamber), while three or four weary law lords would hear the case from their seats. The picture that this conjured up in my mind — one end packed like a tin of sardines, and the other completely empty — struck me as being so ludicrous that I nearly laughed aloud.

We moved on from the House of Lords to the general lobby; this is where you come to see your M.P. From here we started for the Commons, having the door opened for us by a man regal enough to have been a Secretary of State. We found the Commons nearly the same as the Lords, but here the seats were covered in green, giving it a decidedly pastoral look. This chamber also was smaller than I expected. The reason given by Mr. Atkins was that the M.P.s were thus brought close together so that they might keep the attention of their audience when speaking. Mr. Atkins admitted that they had a television room at the House, and that as soon as a boring speaker began, a lot of M.P.s would leave to watch. We also had the voting system explained, and were shown the statute books. Coming back to the Commons, (the voting is done outside), we were shown the despatch boxes, from which the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition speak. I saw more than one of us surreptitiously slide his hand on to one of them. I have now to recall a very unfortunate incident. As you will know, custom forbids any sitting in any of the Houses by members of the public . . . Let it suffice to say that one of our drama group sat.

From there we moved on to Westminster Hall where various monarchs have been mourned. This is where King Charles I stood on trial for his life. We were shown a facsimile of the death warrant, headed by the signature of the notorious Bradshaw (who, incidentally, has a descendant in the House). We then moved out into the cold November air, where we left Mr. Atkins and returned to the coach.

I should very much like to thank Mr. Atkins for a very enjoyable and instructive morning. He had a manner which soon put everyone at ease, and a way of speaking which made it easy to visualise the history and pageantry which had been enacted within those walls.

M. McLEAN.

### POEM

ON the horizon the white sails crowd in distress,  
The howling wind paints arms of white on the tormented sea.  
In vain a lifeboat tries to pierce the unresting ocean,  
And the moon casts ghostly shadows over the wind-blown shore.

Mountains of cloud sweep towards the silent, glowing moon  
Only to vanish in the cold night air.  
Shouts are drowned by the crashing of waves on the sand and stone  
And the distant roll of thunder growls in everyman's ear.

The lighthouse flashes its warning into the night  
As miniature figures redouble their efforts to get their tiny boat launched  
The boat on the horizon goes down slowly,  
Another victim of the eternal sea.

At last the lifeboat is launched.  
A cockleshell in a vast sea of wind-torn water,  
Biffed and buffeted by the ocean.  
It carries with it the hopes and fears of thousands.

The little boat fills with water,  
But still it pushes its way through the dark,  
The moon looks down on the scene below  
As both boats are swallowed by the impenetrable sea.

The crowd disperse in tears,  
Seagulls cry overhead, wheeling and circling round a woman  
Who stands praying for those who lost their lives  
To the restless ocean.

ROGER TERRY (First Form).

## WHEN NIGHT FALLS

WHEN night falls over the golden country  
In elongated threads of crimson,  
Overlaid with pastel shades of pink,  
Filmy draperies and dying embers,  
And half hidden by water-colour washes;  
When night creeps quietly in,  
An intruder and a thief;  
When night falls, in flowing robes of red and grey,  
Drawn on the serrated wings of bats:  
Then will the emerald beetles,  
Living bullets wrought of fire,  
Soar with half-seen wings,  
Still shining when the sun has gone,  
And hurl themselves against my window pane,  
Amidst the fluffy russet moths.  
Away they ricochet,  
Back at an angle into the tomb of night,  
The blessed tomb,  
That yawns deeper every second,  
To catch the house, the forest,  
Waving fronds unseen at last,  
And me.  
And I shall slide into the all-encompassing pit  
As I have done a thousand times before,  
A weary coward,  
A fugitive,  
To sleep.

LOVEDAY (Fourth Form).

## NIGHT FISHING

THE goldshivered waters became still again  
As the silhouette skiff ghosted away downcurrent.  
The coupled yellow bridge lamps wavered in the water once more,  
And golden ripples slapped the bank sides.  
The skies were pure,  
And the stars shone coldly over the ink-black river.  
My candle twinkled in its jamjar,  
And fish plopped up with large silent eyes,  
Then twisted back to the cold green weeds.  
The silent trees pricked their ears but nothing came.  
Slowly, as I finished, low clouds scudded over the sky,  
And the river shone black and smooth.  
About half past two it began to rain,  
Lightly at first,  
The river being stippled with a thousand silver needles  
All singing on the waters.

Suddenly the night was full of noise, and I fled my rods,  
 My candle guttered out,  
 And I sheltered under the black dripping trees.  
 When the distant church clock had boomed three  
 I moved off down the bank, skirting the mudpuddles.  
 On reaching the bridge I sheltered two hours.  
 The way was cobbled  
 And each wet cobble reflected on the arched roof.  
 The shining tree leaves sent their reflection too,  
 And the whole hollow area danced with light.  
 Gradually the sky behind the power station became grey  
 And the cranes became cranes again.  
 The puddles were still now,  
 So I left the arch and trudged up the wet gravel path again,  
 Crunching past the grey grass and sombre trees.  
 I found my rods, collected them hastily,  
 And left the sluggish river.  
 On the grey bridge by the concrete bus-stop I waited.  
 Half an hour passed before the first bus came,  
 Dull red with its windows lit,  
 With a bleary-eyed conductor yawning on the platform.  
 So I left the river and stumbled home to bed.

M. McLEAN (Sixth Form).

### THE SHIP

**L**YING by the quayside  
 Tall, grim and bare,  
 Dreaming with an air of sadness  
 Dreaming of the days gone past,  
 Sadly I gaze on the furled up sails  
 and the broken mast.

ALAN BRADLEY (First Form).

### FIREWORK

**A** BLUE-GREEN potentiality, lit and glowing.  
 The fuse burns.  
 A sudden, joyous outbursting  
 of daylight  
 flooding the garden with whiteness  
 and brightness.  
 Brightness spawning teeming sequins,  
 living shards that rise from the milk-white trunk  
 and curve and scintillate, a moment's glory,  
 bouncing once and dying,  
 only to be followed by more,  
 and more beautiful life-stars  
 crackling, mischievous, jesting,

playing out their short existences  
in wild revels among the rain-wet grass-spears; then  
dying quietly, cleanly, completely.

A Sun-white after-image, a smouldering husk.  
Empty.

CRISTOPHER SHUTE (Sixth Form).

### EPITAPH

“FROM the neighbours.”  
So it read, so it ran upon my eyes,  
Gold on a green bowl  
For flowers at the grave.  
A mark of respect  
Recorded hard upon the surface of the years,  
A marginal comment  
That would outlast the text itself,  
Urgent, appealing, a telegram of truth.  
Or perhaps it was not so truly laconic:  
An afterthought,  
A touch of the hat,  
Or a card too late for a birthday.

J. DAVIE (Sixth Form).

### CYPRUS 1958

SPRING, iridescent and effervescent,  
Pregnant with bubbling blossom and a liquid-lightning flood  
of leaves and sky,  
Lances the thigh of Cyprus.  
Across the western heaths where the altars of Venus used to scent the air  
With fragrant frankincense, the soldiers crawl like fat black beetles,  
Armed yet hesitant, nervous in a cosmic neurosis which distinguishes  
Good and bad, friend and foe by the language they speak.  
Watch! Up there above the orange blossom the buzzards wheel,  
Cease to claw the upward surge of sky  
And plunge down in a graph of death towards the axis of the earth.  
One, two, three, four fissures of flame in the heather,  
Acridity of gunsmoke,  
Clamour and hell among the junipers.  
Flame retches into the air, smoke puffballs up,  
Truck overturned, men sprawling, the ugly flash of a bomb,  
The steeds of Death thunder through Paphos.  
They didn't really know what hit them. They wouldn't care now.  
And while the church-bells jangle in the villages  
And the world laps up the blood,  
In Cyprus the altars smoke again among the heaths:  
Gold for greed and myrrh for death.

J. A. BULL (Sixth Form).

## CONTEMPLATIONS ON NATURE

(translated from *La Vache* by Victor Hugo)

**A** INSI, Nature ! Abri de toute créature !  
O mère universelle ! Indulgent Nature !  
Ainsi, tous à la fois, mystiques et charnels,  
Cherchant l'ombre et le lait sous tes flancs éternels,  
Nous sommes là, savants, poètes, pêle-mêle,  
Pendus de toutes parts à ta forte mamelle !  
Et, tandis qu'affamés, avec des cris vainqueurs,  
A tes sources sans fin désaltérant nos coeurs,  
Pour en faire plus tard notre sang et notre âme,  
Nous aspirons à flots ta lumière et ta flamme,  
Les feuillages, les monts, les prés verts, le ciel bleu,  
Toi, sans te déranger, tu rêves à ton Dieu !

So, Nature ! The whole creation's solace dear !  
O all-embracing Mother, Nature Kind !  
We are all here in intermingled throng,  
Carnal, mystic, men of science, poets,  
Seeking food and shade beneath thy sides,  
Hanging all around from thy strong breast,  
And while, enhungered, our upleaping hearts  
With cries of triumph seek thine endless springs  
To change in future time the potent milk  
To strength of body, strength of soul, to drink  
In mighty waves your power and burning life,  
Your leaves and emerald fields, your mountains rearing  
Up towards the placid azure sky,  
You dream in distant ecstasy, of God !

CRISTOPHER SHUTE (Sixth Form).

## THE NOBLE ART OF PROGRAMME-SELLING

A seller of school programmes must, like lawyers, dustmen, film stars, and even schoolmasters, have special qualifications. These will include nerves of well-tempered steel, the patience of Job, the tact of an Ambassador, the brain of an accountant, a mania for collecting money, and sufficient cunning to avoid streets covered by any other programme-seller. Regarding the last item, you are definitely unpopular with the average householder if you are the third or fourth to appear within the space of ten minutes with a pleading look and an armful of programmes: you could be crowned with a saucepan.

Notice the technique of the expert even in the way he opens the gate. This is by no means a simple operation, since there are about two hundred types of latch, all designed to baffle or infuriate the inexperienced or ham-handed. Some need a good hard tug at a rusty little lever (this often



gives rise to curse-producing bloodshed and programmes slightly blood-stained); others force you to bend low to find a small gap in an overgrown hedge used as camouflage; while many do not appear to be there at all, compelling you to linger so long that you are in danger of being accused of 'loitering with intent'. Gate difficulties alone have caused many a programme-seller to give up in utter despair.

The true expert can be relied upon to get past the front gate ready for his encounter with his first householder. He may be an elderly gentleman, half-dressed, red-faced, unshaven, and obviously a retired major; hence the need for nerves of steel. He may, on the other hand, be a poet or an artist, and our expert will be prepared to quote Shelley or admire the view, to produce a genial mood. Generally, however, it is the housewife who opens the door, with floury hands and a slaving-over-a-hot-stove look. There is an appetising smell of fried onions, which is torture if you have been trudging the streets for hours on end long after tea. Unless you remember to give her a charming smile right away, you will get short shrift. By now, her children may have joined her at the door chewing hunks of bread and butter, and this may be your chance to get rid of quite a wad of programmes. The chink of the money will be music to your ears.

In contrast there is the short and decisive turn-down.

"Good eve —"

Slam!

You are then addressing the front door.

Again, in contrast, there is the very prolonged interview with a talkative lady who does not intend to buy anything, but does not reveal this until she has gone through an exhausting description of garden-parties at the beginning of the century.

Then you come across the chap who tells you how many organisations he supports, from the Boy Scouts to the local football team; so he regretably has no money to spare for your garden party. The true expert, however, is not daunted by this, and artfully mentions the many prizes to be won by a man of skill. This should result in the acquisition of at least one whole sixpence.

A big nuisance is the stray dog, who will follow you doggedly for many miles, trying to look as if he belongs to you. You will try to shake him off by hisses and curses, but the more you do this, the friendlier he becomes. The expert accepts the dog as a necessary evil, but he still has the problem of keeping him away from the front doors. This is done in the following way. He first of all shields the gate with his body, and keeps the hound at bay with a prodding foot till he has neatly slipped through the gateway and slammed the gate to. The dog problem is not wholly over, however. There is also the dog behind the front door. By the sound of him, he is something like his wolf ancestors, in that his one wish is to eat you alive. The stray dog outside the gate saves the situation by barking a canine greeting or challenge, and the programme-seller is no longer in the picture. He will accordingly make his escape unnoticed by either dog.

Only an expert can deal with the problem of change. At the first house where there is willingness to buy programmes, a pound note is produced and he is sweetly asked for "one threepenny one, please"! Instead of bursting a blood-vessel, the expert flatters the lady by trusting her to pay for her programme as soon as he has succeeded in selling a mere nineteen and nincence worth in the next four or five hours. The non-expert will, of course, forget to call back, and will have to make up the money out of his own pocket.

Every programme-seller worthy of the name will want to break the programme-selling record. To do this he will live on the streets for weeks at a time, will wear out three pairs of shoes, lose his voice and his temper, starve himself almost to death, be scolded both at home and at school, and then find that although he has sold 101 programmes, some other blighter has got rid of 255. This makes him vow never to sell them again, which he doesn't — till the following year!!!

ALAN GORMAN (third form).

### RUGBY 1st XV

Master-in-charge : R. Hindle, Esq.

Captain : T. G. Ayres.      Secretary : D. Wearn.

#### Results

v. Purley C.G.S. ....	Lost 6- 8
v. Tooting Bec. C.G.S. ....	Won 13-12
v. Wimbledon College ....	Lost 6-28
v. Beckenham C.G.S. ....	Won 21- 0
v. Sutton C.G.S. ....	Won 13- 9
v. Surbiton C.G.S. ....	Lost 10-36
v. Reigate C.G.S. ....	Lost 0- 8
v. Mitcham C.G.S. ....	Won 13- 6
v. Wallington C.G.S. ....	Lost 3- 6
v. Eliot School ....	Won 23- 0
v. City Freemans ....	Lost 3- 6
v. St. George's ....	Lost 0-17

Points for: 111

Points against: 136

The 1st XV, playing against larger schools than themselves, have had a reasonably good, and most enjoyable season. The spirit of the team has been very high, and therefore everybody has played with great enthusiasm: no one player has been outstanding, and generally all fifteen have played as a team. Injury has handicapped us throughout the season — to date we have not played

a completely full team— but we have always put out a good team, and always put up a good fight. The only two complaints I have are that we are firstly too gentle in the loose, and secondly that we do not settle down until after a quarter of an hour's valuable playing time has been lost.

In the opening match against Purley, although superior scrum-play won us the ball, the threequarters were not able to put this to advantage and our efforts were rewarded only by a try from Ekins. Purley deservedly scored a goal, and although we scored through a penalty, Purley finally scored the necessary three points to win 8-6.

Against Tooting Bec we opened the scoring with a goal by Bond, but were soon lagging through two penalties. By half-time we were leading 8-6, Yeldham having scored; Foulsham scored a goal, in reply to a Bec try and we eventually won 13-12.

Handicapped by four injuries against a far superior Wimbledon College team, we had only a try from Partridge to our credit, against Wimbledon's 20 points, at half-time. We improved in the second half when we conceded only 6 points, and scored a second try through Cottee.

Throughout the match against Beckenham, we were on top in all quarters, and by half-time we were leading 15-0, converted tries having been scored by Bond, Yeldham and Morley; in the second half we eased up, and added only a penalty by Wearn and a try by Foulsham to make a tally of 21-0.

Taking the field with too much confidence, against Sutton, we were soon lagging by three points. By half-time we had caught up through a penalty, kicked by Wearn. Morley scored a goal, to which Sutton replied with a penalty. After Venison had scored a goal, and the Sutton skipper a dropped goal, we were worthy victors by 13-9 points.

Against a very fast Surbiton team we did well to only be losing 10-17 by half-time, two tries — both converted by Wearn — having been scored by Foulsham and Ayres. In the second half, we went to pieces, mainly through unfitness, and conceded a further nineteen points. In this match the forwards played well against superior weight and the threequarters excelled in their tackling.

In the Reigate match, which we should have won, cohesion was lacking in all quarters, and even when Reigate lost one man, we still failed to score.

Beattie captained a winning side against Mitcham, in which Frank-Keyes opened the scoring, Burgess converting. Mitcham then scored six points. After which we took the lead with a penalty, and a goal by Cottee.

In the Wallington match we were once again unfortunate to be beaten by penalties. After summing up our opponents, we attacked but were unable to score. At half-time we were 0-3 down, and we obtained our try — scored by Slater — only after Wallington had scored another penalty.

Playing in the morning against Elliot, we came to the conclusion that we need not play very hard. Although Adams got three tries and Cottee, Venison and Bond one each, and Wearn five points, we should have got more.

Although lacking four of our players against City Freemans, the team was too confident. Playing bad rugby, we only once showed any brilliance when Cottee scored a goal.

Against St. George's we were beaten by superior speed and push in the scrums. Handling the ball expertly, their whole team threw the ball about and baffled us. After half-time, we were quite definitely on top for the most part, but lacked the necessary drive to score.

#### MEMBERS OF THE TEAM

**Ayres.** Colours 1957. He has played consistently well this season, as his selection for the county suggests and has always been prominent both in lines-out and loose scrummages, which has been a great incentive to the other members of the team. He has led the scrum with great skill and shrewdness which has resulted in us being able to play and enjoy rugby.

**Wearn.** Colours. 1957. As is apparent from his selection for the county he has continued to play first-class rugby. Although his place kicking has lacked previous accuracy, the rest of his rugby has inspired the team with confidence, although, perhaps, an outstanding part of his rugby has been the cleanliness of his shorts. In his work as secretary he has performed a difficult task efficiently.

**Adams.** Although not outstandingly fast, he is a tough, hard, fighting player whose weakness in passing is amply made up for by his calculated tackling.

**Beattie.** Colours 1957. He is a keen, hard-working second row forward, who plays particularly well in the loose. He is a good all-round rugby player, who, in true Scots tradition, finds the most difficult part the paying of his match fee.

**Bond.** He is an extremely agile and accurate scrum-half, who — either despite or because of his smallness — has made many useful breaks.

**Burgess.** Coming up from colt rugby, he found the speed and toughness of the 1st XV a bit hard at first. However, he is now playing with more confidence and skill, although his tackling is still suspect.

**Clark.** Colours 1956. He has been unlucky to be injured half the season. However, when he joined the team his almost immaculate passing, tackling and kicking have much improved the threequarters.

**Cottee.** A much improved player, who has enjoyed a good season, and whose passing and tackling are both good. However, to score more points he must learn to apply his speed more effectively.

**Ekins.** He played quite good, fast rugby at the beginning of the season, but did not retain his place. However, he has played since, and shown his usefulness.

**Foulsham.** He is a fast, generally hard-tackling wing-forward who has defended valiantly and attacked speedily. After a lapse in the middle of the season, he regained his old — good — form.

**Frank-Keys.** A first-class hooker, who at last is playing well on the field, he has given an extremely good service of the ball. He is still a little slow, and his tackling is still slightly suspect, but his hooking makes him irreplaceable in the team.

**Higgs.** Grim determination must describe his tackling throughout the season, and his loose play has been excellent: his handling, however, little as it is, is not outstanding.

**Morley.** He is naturally a good pusher, and a very determined player, who has kept himself very fit throughout the season. His contribution in spirit to the team contrasts well with his financial contribution.

**Partridge.** By creating a record number of off-sides, he is obviously an extremely keen and vigorous player. His tackling is good, although sometimes his passing and his tongue outshine even his tackling.

**Venison.** Playing at inside-centre and on the wing he has played some good rugby, but at times his passing and his running have lacked necessary drive: his tackling, however, has been very effective.

**Yeldham.** He is an intelligent fly-half, whose tackling and speed have greatly improved this season. However, although his catching of the ball is immaculate, his passing is sometimes inaccurate.

Cottee R., Davie, Nicholls, Page, Redshaw, Slater, Westall and Williams P. have all played games for the 1st XV, with spirit, if not effectiveness.

I would here like to express my grateful thanks for the immense amount of time that Mr. Hindle has spent in helping us, and to remind him that despite the songs we may sing about him, we appreciate his work very much.

So ends another season: we have not won as many matches as we have lost but at least we have enjoyed ourselves both in our rugby and not least of all in our singing; and as one illustrious member of the staff said, "Hoi, even if you've not got a good rugby team, you've got a first-class choir".

For consistently good play throughout the season rugby colours were awarded to Bond, N. G. Cottee, Foulsham, B. G. W. Morley.

TERRY AYRES & DAVID WEARN.

## RUGBY 1958

The following personal reports may help to explain the failures of this year's first XV.

**Wearn** (full-back).

Kicked a goal against Sutton in which he accidentally got his shorts soiled. Played well against Wallington and had to wash his hands afterwards.

**Adams** (wing).

Plays every other week, and Wednesdays. Especially good at running—straight into trouble. It must also be mentioned that he was allocated three tries in the Elliott match.

**Cottee** (centre threequarter).

A good defensive threequarter, especially when we are attacking.

**Venison** (first reserve).

Has won cups — sailing!

**Clark** (centre threequarter).

Probably our toughest player, hardened by several games in the seconds.

**Yeldham** (fly half). !

**Bond** (half the scrum).

Always has a headache just as we're going to begin training, which probably accounts for the fact that he is the fittest member of the team.

Also played — THE SCRUM, but they appeared so irregularly that it would not be fair to single out any one of them, especially Ayres.

P.J.V.

## RUGBY 2nd XV

**Master-in-charge:** J. D. Timpson, Esq.

**Captain:** J. Davie.

### Results

v. Purley C.G.S. ....	Lost	6-27
v. Bec C.G.S. ....	Lost	6-21
v. Wimbledon College .....	Lost	6-35
v. Sutton C.G.S. ....	Lost	6- 8
v. Surbiton C.G.S. ....	Lost	6-12
v. Reigate C.G.S. ....	Won	11- 0
v. Mitcham C.G.S. ....	Lost	3-15
v. Wallington C.G.S. ....	Lost	0-11
v. Sutton C.G.S. ....	Won	8- 3
v. Sutton C.G.S. ....	Won	16- 8
v. Tiffins .....	Lost	3-12

Anyone reading through our results is bound to note a startling discrepancy between the first and second half of our programme. The improvement was due to a tightening-up in all departments of the team. Forwards backed up the threequarters in attack and defence, and backs marked their men and tackled harder. It was in the first round of the "local derby" against Sutton that this change first became apparent; and indeed the Oberon

marsh must take the blame for the loss of that particular match. Enthusiasm on the field was never lacking; off the field, it was a different story. At the beginning of the season we were once forced to field a team of thirteen men; and the job of getting fifteen people out to a practice was an impossible task. Lack of practice and of a sense of teammanship told heavily with the forwards, who did not bind in the loose, rarely won the push in the tight scrums and showed no cohesion in the line-out. I feel sure that, if their individual speed and alertness had been moulded into the unity of a compact eight, we would have had a light but powerful scrum that could have served the "threes" rapidly and efficiently. Towards the end of the season they were on the way to achieving this, but ten weeks is too long to wait. A really bright feature in our forward play was the clever work of Williams, who, as far as I can remember, was never out-hooked. McLean was outstanding in the line-out and the loose and was always worth a try within our opponents' twenty-five. Behind the scrum, the threequarters passed neatly and efficiently but penetration was sadly missing on the wings and in the centre. Only Slater had the speed and fire that was really needed: he might have been more successful if he had tried to run round rather than through his opponent. We were fortunate in having such an experienced fly-half as Kingham, whose picking up and passing were remarkably deft. His angled kicks brought us to within an inch of the line on many occasions in the match against Mitcham.

I doubt if we have fared any worse than any second fifteen in the past two or three years. True, we are a small school and have but a small reserve of talent when the first fifteen has been picked, but I think we would have won at least three more matches if an attempt had been made to make the second fifteen into a unity. Mr. Timpson, at any rate, seems to have realized this and I would like to thank him for the time he gave to support us.

J. DAVIE.

The team was selected from :—

Griffin, Burgess, Ekins, Hopper, Thomas, Bown, Davie, Slater, Redshaw, Crowe, Kingham, Cottee, Williams, J., McLean, Holmes, Williams. P., Furminger, Clarke, Durrant, Cumes, West-all, Page, Rolt, Gould, Thompson, Seymour, Higham, Frank-Keyes and Clark.



## RUGBY COLT XV

The 1958 Colt XV was unquestionably one of the best we have had. Although most of the credit for their effectiveness must go to the captain Nicholls, the team had an unusually good spirit and generally fought hard even in adversity. The pack was by no means outstanding, but Brown, the leader, by example set a good standard and was ably supported by Clark, Early, Spencer and Thompson — if there was a weakness anywhere it was in the back row as a defensive and offensive unit. At half-back we were of course excellently served — Stephenson improved steadily and well merited his Surrey cap: when he remembers a scrum-half's first duty is to get the ball out quickly without succumbing to the temptation of an easy break, he will be first-class. The three-quarter — was good individually but never quite attained the rhythm in passing, essential for turning openings to best account — in defence too there were surprising gaps at times. At full back Courtney showed remarkable improvement especially in kicking and never really let the side down. It is fitting to end with an appreciation of Nicholls who created many an opening for others to score, and seized on half-chances which normally would have gone begging. His hands were well-nigh perfect and his running, especially in the first ten yards or so of a break, was thrustful and yet deceptive. If he is to be faulted anywhere it is his kicking, especially in his tactical use of a weapon of which he has a reasonably good mastery. We applaud his Surrey and 'South of the Thames' captaincies and hope eagerly that his selection for London is but another step to an England cap.

P. O'DRISCOLL.

## CROSS - COUNTRY

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

**Captain:** J. A. Colmer.

In the field of Cross-Country we are at the moment passing through one of those phases, almost inevitable in a comparatively small school such as ours, in which there is a noticeable deficiency in talent. This is particularly the case in the over-16 age group, where the situation has been made still more difficult by the demands of a very full programme of senior rugby fixtures. All

this, however, should not be allowed to detract from the considerable energy and enthusiasm evinced by our teams on all occasions.

The season opened with the Haskell Cup Relay Race, which was run at Guildford. Our Team consisted of Partridge, Kingham, Griffin and Pacey-Day, but as usual the competition was overwhelming and we had to be content with a position fairly far down the list.

Our next fixture was against Surbiton, in which we ran two teams, intermediate and junior. Though Surbiton won both races, the margin was reasonably small in each case, particularly in the junior event, which we would probably have won but for the indisposition of two of our best runners.

A Senior Team, however, was able to gain a victory against the R.A.F. (Chessington) by a comfortable margin of 35-44 points, though in the annual Quadruple Match in Richmond Park, against Tiffins, Kingston Grammar and Latymer Upper, we were soundly beaten by all three schools.

Generally speaking, the most promising performances have been made by those in the 14-16 age group, and constant practice and intensive training could provide us with quite a reasonable senior team for next year.

J. A. COLMER.

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The editors wish to apologise for any inadvertent omissions.

### EDITORS

Norman Stephenson; J. Davie; T. G. Ayres; J. A. Colmer  
N. G. Cottee; P. J. Venison.