

Chess Club

It was at the end of the Autumn Term that Mr. Madden, the founder of the club, moved to his new school, leaving a gap that it has been difficult to fill. We hope that he will inspire the same interest in the game at Sutton and look forward to the possibility of a match with them some time in the future.

After the Christmas holidays the club continued its activities under the leadership of its secretary, W. N. Davies. Despite his efforts, the attendance, which was large at the beginning of the year, dropped during the Spring Term, perhaps because of the rival attraction of Rugby practices. It is hoped that next year this tendency will be checked.

For many reasons, but mainly because of the large number of activities during the Summer Term, it was decided to follow the custom, established under Mr. Madden's leadership, of discontinuing the club until September, when it is hoped that members will attend again in their dozens.

Gym Club

DURING the past year the attendance at the Gym Club has gradually been increasing, but now that exams are near it has dwindled to nothing. Next term it is hoped that the Club can be expanded to include junior members of the school. This should raise the standard of gymnastics in the School considerably since it is much easier for the young and supple in joints to gain agility.

The aim of the Gym Club is to provide the more advanced gymnasts with more taxing exercises and also to help the weaker boys to improve. If you feel that there is not enough excitement in your life come to the Gym Club and enjoy yourself by doing a few back-flips and reverse somersaults.

D.J.H.

The Hopton Press

THIS year, in memory of Mr. Hopton and all that he did for the printing club, we have been renamed "The Hopton Press." Under his guidance the club flourished and produced work of a high standard. Now that the club bears his name it must do its best to maintain the tradition which he established.

The club has had a busy year and its members, under Day, their printer-in-chief, have had little time to use the printing room for other than legitimate activities. There have been crises, as when the only script in existence of the Spring Term calendar was lost and when one of our two printing machines was knocked over (a feat which would not have disgraced Her 1958 t time has healed the wounds to our prestige. Apart from calendars we have printed numerous dance tickets, programmes and membership cards, and we are currently engaged in producing a new edition of the School prospectus.

Membership this year has remained constant at twelve, and we feel that this is an ideal number for the club. We cannot deny that we are exclusive but this is necessary if the most efficient use is to be made of the facilities available. We shall always be pleased to welcome boys with a serious interest in learning to print into the club whenever vacancies occur.

Finally, we should like to thank the Parents' Association for a gift which will enable us to buy much-needed additions to our equipment.

Phalanx

THE Phalanx has continued to continue during the last year and this fact has caused some people to wonder whether this continual continuation is a good thing. We in the Phalanx would like to take this opportunity to dispel the doubters' doubts, adding that continual continuation will indeed continue.

Although one of the most conservative of School societies, the Phalanx has now been caught up in the steady march of progress, and there has been evolved an efficient and streamlined organisation to replace the rambling, semi-intellectual soirée that used to take place on alternate Wednesdays. In its new form, the Phalanx is better equipped to fulfil its aim, which remains as always the provision of services to the buildings and equipment of this School.

G.S.

Thursday Club

AT the beginning of the Winter Term, 1957, a new club came into being, with membership restricted to the first and second forms. It meets after school on Thursdays—hence its name. A varied programme is arranged for meetings and includes table-tennis, cricket, rounders, organised games in the gym, films and talks. The club has also numerous groups which cater for many interests and hobbies. The organisation is looked after by a committee consisting of a chairman, chosen representatives of the first and second forms and certain fifth and sixth form boys who act as group leaders. From the start this club set out to foster a Christian fellowship which it is hoped the members will maintain throughout their school life and beyond.

P.M.R.

Dark Grey

Hopelessness, adorned with sorrow,
Fashions fears for no tomorrow,
Days no separate beauty hold,
None exciting now, no gold;
Every flying moment seems
But reminder of my dreams,
Dreams which now in failure rest,
Dead and dust, expired, unblest.

They have fallen; life is now
Just a procession marching slow
In step, with regulated beat
Throb upon throb in every street,
Each man marching; in time, to come
Fearing, but forced by the beat of the drum,
Rag-clad or silk, to the palace of dust
Where clay covers learning and bones lose their lust.

I realised before, perhaps
The growing old, the cold that saps
Strength from the great and small, but still
I hoped. Hope dead, I have no will
To dream anew; imagination
Fails to find a fresh creation:
And so, too soon a force no more,
No fire is lit by fires of war,
And peaceful passions cannot hold
The soul of one, once young, now old.
Hopelessness, adorned with sorrow,
Fashions fears for no tomorrow.

P. T. PLATTEN 6 (2)

The Heron

He stands among the reeds, his silver head
Quite still but for his ever-moving eyes
Which search the swiftly-flowing river's bed
Till some small fish, attracted by the flies
Swims to the surface; then downward streaks
His pearly neck, and soon the shining fish
Is wriggling on the beak's sharp point.

D. J. RUSSELL 5b

On Making a Beginning in Music

I HAVE no idea why I began to play the flute in the beginning. All I remember clearly is that a large number of my friends were learning to play instruments in the manner of traditional jazz. We had a pianist, cornetist, clarinetist, trombonist, guitarist, and drummer. Now the trombonist had a brother who, while doing his National Service, was playing a tenor saxophone in an officers' mess. This brother acquired a flute from some undiscovered source. Owing to his previous practice with clarinet and saxophone, his fingering technique was quite wonderful. Unfortunately he could not play a note.

This instrument then passed to our pianist for an undisclosed sum of money. It was then that I discovered it. While the others were playing simple twelve bar blues I began to make vague honking and puffing noises on the flute. I borrowed the instrument and began to practise in strict seclusion, using a borrowed library flute tutor for instruction.

Now you must not imagine that my flute is the sort of thing one sees at concerts—all silvery, with beautiful rows of keys (about two dozen) which move easily up and down to produce lovely quick runs and trills. Mine is what is called a "simple" system flute. It has six holes and eight keys, placed so that the intervals made by fingering are accurate. Hence for anything even moderately complicated one must have slightly deformed fingers. Besides this, my particular instrument has several faults of its own. The springs are all much too strong, making the keys difficult to operate, and the pad on the second key from the bottom has a habit of falling out.

Despite all these faults I determined to buy this instrument and to be an amateur, insular flautist. But it was not to be so simple: someone else wished to buy it. I had hoped to obtain it for a mere thirty shillings, but a Salvation Army Cornet Player, desiring to play a woodwind instrument, offered more. Finally I was able to claim it for thirty-six shillings (my entire wealth at that time) by offering immediate payment. The hungry pianist could not refuse nearly two pounds in cash so the flute was mine.

Since then I have improved the instrument slightly: by fighting with it for a whole evening I have persuaded the tuning slide to work properly, but I have dispensed with the need for this by dissociating myself from the jazz musicians with their variable pitch pianos. Now that I am learning the slow movement from a flute quartet I find that two notes of it are outside my range. I have to decide whether to give up my flauting (which is not very good) or to buy a better instrument. I stand at the first crossroads.

S. GOULD 6 (3)

Winter

Frost clutches at the walls,
Birds break the silence with their calls,
Snow falls soft and heavy,
Covering all with a white fleece.
The frost makes patterns on the window
And the snow gleams on the ground.
The fine crystals hiss as they fall
And winter creeps across the land.

G. G. ATKINS II.

Painter's Vision

Sadly reposed, bitter salt swells my eyes
And colour flies as I glimpse
A shower of red stars fall into the furnace of an icy sea,
And sink between waves of indigo wheat.
Blue fire-birds feeding there scatter,
Leaving their golden trails among the printed aspen
That heaves in the scent of its own burnished smoke.
Bursting stone upon stone comes an angel,
Crashing scarlet through a yellow sky
And sent to guide me through a tunnel of white blood,
Spreading surface to surface on a never-ending sphere:
A sphere of oil in a metal road.
A feast here before
The slurring rains pour,
And wet the broken violet of my blindness.
"Death is black" roar the seas
Rolling back to reveal
Sun-bleached trees,
Green-ribbed and brown-eyed,
Staring at their horizon of yellow-cut quartz.
Opening my eyes I see the canvas's thought,
Painted with the mind's colour . . .
How much can be caught?

N. SPROXTON 6a

School

Exams have gone, we've done our best;
Half-term has come, we'll take a rest;
The Rugby teams have lost again;
Our effort marks gone down the drain.
We start each term resolved to try;
This time we really will aim high.
We really mean to do so well
The thought of praise makes our heads swell.
But somehow things go wrong for us:
Our homework seems like useless fuss,
Our French verbs drive us to distraction
And Maths soon loses its attraction.
Our Rugby tries don't get converted
In spite of all the skill exerted.
The other side has got more weight—
Our pack forms round the ball too late.
But still we don't regret the fun
Although no prizes have been won.
If we continue in this way
We'll have no super-tax to pay.

P. WILCOX 3b

Moscow

NEARLY everyone I spoke to before the trip expressed grim forebodings about my holiday in Moscow; some said that I would be followed everywhere by the M.V.D.; some simply never expected to see me again. Thus it was with great curiosity that I first looked on the suburbs of the city from the train as we arrived.

A foretaste of the time we were to enjoy at Moscow had been provided by the receptions we received at the stations where we had stopped in East Germany and Poland, and also in Russia itself, for there had been singing and dancing on the platforms and a welcome from many brass bands. But at Bieloruskaya Station, Moscow, so packed was the platform with exuberant Russians who had come to greet us that it was a trial of strength to get out of the train, and when we did, two young ladies had to carry my hold-all in order that I could carry all the bouquets presented to me; for each delegate was a separate celebrity for them. When the Russian massed band finished playing, the Scots took over and led us out to the waiting coaches to be driven to our hotels. This was the sort of effusive reception we experienced throughout our stay—signing hundreds of autographs and shaking thousands of hands. On certain occasions crowds would line the streets fifty deep.

From morning to evening we were taken by coach to every place of interest. There were visits, for example, to State Farms, power stations, the Kremlin and the Bolshoi Theatre. The excursions to

factories would consist of a brief look at such things as recreation centres and canteens, followed by musical entertainment given by the workers in the factory's theatre and then refreshments so that the nationalities might mix. Visits to the State Farms followed much the same pattern but included grand picnics which flowed with wine and vodka. Many meetings were arranged to enable delegates from each of the one hundred and twenty countries represented at the festival to join each other.

All this may appear to have been very expensive for us but, in fact, everything, including enormous meals at the hotel, travel on buses and the metro (which is nothing short of palatial), and cinema and theatre tickets was free to us on production of our festival card, as was also the fruit, wine and cigarettes at all the receptions.

One cannot praise too highly the splendour of the Kremlin, many of whose former rooms of state have gold and silver set into the marble or the beautiful panelling of the walls, and there hang from the ceilings great chandeliers which dazzle the eye. A Grand Ball was held there for those delegates lucky enough to get tickets, and those who went were shown apartments even more breathtaking than those I saw and which are not opened except to state visitors in case they are spoilt.

Just outside the Kremlin is situated the Mausoleum where Lenin and Stalin lie side by side. They are kept under 'deep freeze' in a vacuum, their faces covered by only a thin layer of wax. Through the glass of their coffins one can see them from only a yard away as one passes by, exactly as they looked in life, although Lenin is looking slightly withered now.

Perhaps the greatest of all the activities I took part in was the Hiroshima demonstration march. This was on so great a scale that the militia had to cordon off the centre of the city in order to let the procession get through to the Manezh, the largest of all Moscow's squares, where the main proceedings took place. I joined the banner-carrying procession with delegates from Finland and Austria and stood for about three hours until the demonstration ended.

It had been organised to emphasise the world's wish for the banning of the H-bomb and the proceedings included a speech to the many thousands assembled by a Japanese girl whose entire family had died as a result of the bomb dropped on Hiroshima. Later, at midnight, a film on the subject was shown on an enormous screen with translations into French, English, German and Italian and subtitles even in Chinese, Arabic and Hindustani.

There is not room enough to speak of all the things we did and saw in Moscow but we could not help being impressed by the friendship, understanding and warmth created by this festival between the national representatives there, and everything combined to make this the most happy fortnight I have ever spent.

J. E. KAVANAGH 6 (2)

The Firing Squad

Three grim-faced murderers are escorted down the prison yard
For the last, sad walk they will ever make; their faces are set, their
features hard.
Relatives stand by, their faces harsh with disgust;
In a way, they're glad of the coming death, for the world has but one
feeling towards them—distrust.
The prisoners are tied to the wall and prepare to die, and their spirits
begin to sag.
The Governor strides across the court to give them their one last fag.
The sudden click of safety catches gives a queer, echoing sound;
The convicts' heads are a maze of thought, their minds go round and
round . . .
The priest's hand rises towards the sky: in Latin he utters a morbid
prayer.
The convicts' faces budge not an inch: for them it's past praying to
be spared . . .
Then come three crashes, and then three cries as the bullets strike
home on each convict's head.
Three bodies sag forward, blood flows freely, and the prison yard
is stained bright red.

J. LOVE IL

Frost

Silver frost, shining frost,
Gleaming in the winter sun.
Glittering in the misty haze,
As the day is just begun.
Patterns on the windows,
Feathery and bright,
Fading slowly, slowly,
In the light.

G. WILLIAMS IL

The Party

'Fill up,' they say, 'fill up; it's early yet.
Time of the last bus? Don't kid yourself,
You're not here to remember, but forget;
You won't go home tonight anyway,
So think about that bus another day.
Hey! Pass me that bottle—no, the green one.
Ta! I'll fill your glass because I want to see you laugh
And have some fun.
Make time stand still for once.'

So time I drown in amber waves,
Sweet-scented billows roll from many glasses
Till past and future don't exist
And time no longer passes.

Before my eyes the liquids flow
Once dull, now bright;
As they catch the light
Coloured bubbles, like troubles, swim past me
And my knees that once held me
Now let me slide down,
And the 'I'—just a thought, but no longer caught,
Rises free like a cloud to float in the sky,
And thinks, looking down, 'Is that I?
That bucket? That shell?
That waterless well?
That bell without clapper?
That victimless cell?
Let it lie till tomorrow spread out on the floor,
Star-shaped its limbs, its head near the door;
For tomorrow will come soon enough.

N. SPROXTON 6a

Tragic Overture

(Composed while listening to Brahms)

Does sudden rage, or tiredness of the hour
Alone, turn this grey music into this
Great edifice of melancholic power?
The taut strings, screaming out their sullen hiss,
Are merciless in wailing like the wind
Or women at a death on some black shore,
While hollow horns in funeral fancy find
A barren answer flung across the floor
With dark crescendo from the frowning drum;
The throbbing falling into tune at last,
Sounds rise, and with despairing rhythm come
Like nightfall, throwing echoes to the blast
To sing their sorrow solemnly, while Fate
Taps his boned fingers on his ghastly pate.

P. T. PLATTEN 6 (2)

Love Lyric

In Egypt they worshipped the cat,
But I can't say I think much of that;
Some Indians worship the cow,
And I never could understand how
The owl, with its eerie "too-woo",
Could be worshipped in ancient Peru;
Or how natives could worship the fang
Of the sacred white snake in Perang.
Hippopotami, jackals and frogs,
Crocodiles, monkeys and dogs,
Have all had their share of the praise
In the ancient forgotten old days.
But, darling, if you had lived then
I am sure that those heathenish men
Would have dropped all their dogs and their cats
To worship just you, dear, and that's
What I do.

V. READ 5a

Letter to the Editor

J'accuse, j'accuse.

dear Sir,

why is it that we schoolboys have to read pages and pages of the intolerably booring epic poetry with its Heroic Cuplets and ellusive, incomprensile vocabulary of the Pope-Dryden type? why could we not have some of the poems of our own day and era which are much easier for us to understand? our modern Poets no longer relie upon the Crochees, the PTerradactylls and the gasameters of the ancients. No longer do they scribe those monotonously regular Panzas, the Victorian authers of which had to stretch their poetic Licences to the inuttermost and frequently inverted to Latin or French after their first five hundred lines or so in their desperado search for rimes: I quotient from the Browning version of "Naughty Darther"—

*And ne'er so sweet a lass I ween
Was ever filled with such chagrin.
His letter said he could not come
As, SCRIBITUR IN REFRIDGIDARIUM.
So she an answer betimes sent out
Replying "Chacun à son goût"*

This form of poetry, sir, is intolerable!!! Instead of these, our contemptuary modern poets and poettes have uncovered a diffident way of presenteng poettery in such a way that it immediately detracts ones attention and interest. This is done in two ways; either by putting formerly lengthy poetry into the Irish Limerick form—

*There once was an old ancient marrier
Who crossbowed a great albatross.
The rest of his life
Was all trouble and strife,
Which made him exceedingly cross.*

or by having no rhythm, rhyme or set length in their lines: such as this exert from "Sore Abe and Rusty"—

*Sore Abe was the
Son of Rusty, the great worrier, who did not
Know at all
He had
Had a son at all
Because
He had gone
Away before it all. When Abe saw Rusty he
Wasn't sore at all
But he was
Rusty, so Rusty, therefore
Was able
To
Saw Abe, see?*

It is oblivious from the above why we prefer this form of poetry to that of our ancestors and we want to see more of it taught to us in school in future instead of having to live in the past. What we say is, give these young and up-coming poets a chance to be appreciated by us who find their work continually griping for its relevance to modern affairs.

Singed

UNGRY OLD 6TH-FORMER

F. WEBB 6a

Rugbe

THIS is a short descriphsun of that nobel gaim Rugbe.

The gaim of Rugbe is usually played on a pitch, but half-way through gaim one has to get bulldozer to get from one end to the other.

A ball is used but this disappears at some time during gaim and one starts burrowing like a mole in the ooze for it. And gaim's master say, "Get out of there dear boy" and produce a cane and whack that boy, who then say, "What's that for?" and gets whacked again. Wearafter he promptly shut up.

Boots are worn on the feet and are used for purpose not in rule book such as kicking, heeling, etc. The studs on sole of boot are well placed for putting in enemy's face so that he drop ball (if it has not gone) and say, "Here, that was a fowl."

At start of afternoon everybody bright an happy and dressed up in flashy yellow jumper an white shorts and all troop on field and line up for start of match, and gaim's master come on field and chirpily say, "All ready there?" and he give whistle good hard blow that knock pea out of hole and gaim commence.

D. J. GREIG II

Prizes have been awarded to the following boys for their contributions to the Magazine—S. Gould, P. T. Platten, N. Sproxton, F. Webb and J. Love.

Cougar Ridge

When twilight covers Cougar Ridge
And dark blue clouds fill the sky,
There appear two flaming, virulent eyes;
And a vicious, fang-filled red-rimmed mouth
Utters a piercing cry.
Under the yellowish light of a fiercely shining moon
Come several ominous growls,
Drowning the feeble insect's hum.
A cougar, blackly outlined against a nightmarish sky,
Yells to his fellows that the hour of twilight has come.
The sound strikes terror in all beasts' hearts;
Even the mighty bull-moose turns to flee;
For a cougar will tear down his prey
And then some creature's blood flows free . . .
No beast dare challenge the cougar to fight;
He is meek and quiet by day,
But he is master of all at night.
As the stars begin to flicker on,
Lighting up a deep blue sky,
The cougars sharpen their claws on the rocks
And all repeat the first one's cry.
The rocks rise up round Cougar Ridge,
In the light of the moon like Stonehenge;
The time is midnight: now it is when
The cougars exact their revenge.

J. LOVE 1L

Wheels to Wessex

LULWORTH COVE, on the Dorset coast, and back to London in a day sounds formidable enough to a summer motorist, but for a cyclist! . . . But by means of a special train, over three hundred London members of the Cyclists' Touring Club invaded Wessex on a Sunday early last summer.

I met my section at nine a.m. at Wimbledon Station, the only stop between Paddington and Bournemouth Central. Several special vans with hooks hanging from the roof were provided for the transport of the cycles, which were hung by the front wheel, a nerve-racking experience for careful owners.

Clubmen at Bournemouth had conducted tours of the New Forest and other areas ready for the majority, but the dozen in my section, the Mitcham and Tooting Hardriders, wanted a harder ride — Lulworth Cove at least. Outside the station at 11.30, we were soon sprinting for road signs and loosening our legs up for the last burst to Sandbanks Ferry.

The sun was lost in a haze over Poole Harbour and the islands presented a green and brown contrast to the shimmering waves. As soon as the ferry grounded on the Isle of Purbeck we went off like bombs into the chalk hills. As hardriders usually race in summer, primes—races to hill-tops — became the order of the day. An unusually hectic one brought the dramatic situation of Corfe Castle, a cleft in a ridge, into view. Military domination of another kind was a spectacular exercise north of Lulworth Cove. From Worbarrow Downs we watched the tanks crashing over the dry gorse and plunging into nebulous smoke-screens while aircraft strafed sandbagged positions.

Now it was a downhill race to the Cove. We streaked past cars, pine groves and ruined cottages, pedalling furiously and flinging machines into cambered bends. We burned through the mellow village of West Lulworth and came down to the sea. We spent too much time there, particularly on the lobster tea, leaving ourselves only one hour to cover the twenty miles to the last feasible ferry to Poole. The train would not wait.

The long climb out of Lulworth in the blazing sun was agonising and seemed an age. Disaster—a puncture. But necessity lent speed and in three minutes we were off again. A different route to the ferry meant an easier ride and we flung everything into it, taking risks on the descent as time was pressing. A savage final sprint brought the ferry into sight and the sound of its rusty chains welcomed us aboard.

The grim exterior of Bournemouth Central gained a transient beauty as we reached it with minutes to spare. Anxious officials clucked around us but we hooked up our hot "irons" and settled back in our seats for a rowdy skiffle session and a rousing sing-song. The corridor was a bit cramped for a boisterous Hokey-Cokey but who cared? Only the train, it seemed, for it listed badly all the way home.

P. J. HART 6 (1)

Old Boys' Rugger Notes

THIS has not been quite such a good season as last year's—P 28, W 18, D 4, L 6. We started quite well but the side was never really together and most defeats were at the hands of teams which showed rather more determination to win. Too many games ended in wins by narrow margins. Kinsley again was the outstanding player among the three-quarters; in the pack some familiar faces have vanished, including that of J. B. Pritchard who has now retired for good. We tried out a number of new players during the year, of whom Ellingham was the most successful, and it is now a question of letting the new side settle down.

The 'A' and the 'B' both had good seasons, particularly the latter, scoring 417 points against 124; it must be admitted however that some of the biggest scores were made with the aid of players who subsequently proved to be more at home with 1st and 'A' XV's.

Officers for the coming season—President: G. J. P. Courtney, Esq. Chairman: E. L. Shepard. Captain: D. James. Secretary: M. Rowland. Treasurer: D. Kinsley.

Parents' Association

I SUPPOSE it may be said that the past year has been a quieter one for the committee, for there has been no fête or bazaar to organise. Nevertheless we have been able to make considerable gifts to the School. We have in fact provided the money to buy a tape recorder, which will be of inestimable value in the teaching of several subjects. Among other things we have agreed in principle to meet the cost of inscribing the name each year on the honours board.

Our chief money-raising effort has been the Jumble Sale, which netted £53. The annual dance at Mitcham Baths was as successful as ever, thanks to the many willing helpers. We have had several successful educational evenings, and the annual 'quiz' between the boys' and girls' schools was again very enjoyable, Mr. Lewis as usual asking the questions and dropping many an unveiled clue to the answer.

Our sporting activities, though enjoyable, were not very successful, for we took an awful trouncing at cricket and the tennis was a complete wash-out: never did so much rain fall in so short a time on the evening fixed for the match. Because of the bus strike we were unable to play our cricket match with the girls' school parents but it may be possible to do so later in the year.

In conclusion I would like to say to all parents that it is not only your subscription that we want but also your active support for all our functions. A glance at the Parents' Association calendar will show you that we have a variety of events, amongst which the committee hopes you will find something to your taste. By your active support you will help your son for there is much that we can do that is not covered by 'block grants' and the Education Act.

G. C. DAVIES,
Chairman



J. B. JACKSON's winning photograph in the
School Photographic Competition, 1957

Eric. M. Swedde ✓

Love from Eric & Ann

Alan P. Styles.

Jim Hight (Fred) ✓

J. Thompson

J. Lewis ✓

H. B. McKie ✓

S. Gould ✓

Ralph M. Sharp.

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