

THE
MITCHAMIAN



SUMMER

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The Headmaster

THE MITCHAMIAN

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EDITORIAL

ALTHOUGH it is traditional and appropriate to publish the Magazine in the last term of the school year it does not follow that writing for it should be regarded as a seasonal occupation reserved exclusively for those few weeks when other demands upon contributors' time are greatest. Another mistaken idea which affects the quality and representative nature of the Magazine is that it is some kind of official publication, rather like a White Paper, issued each July by remote authority to inform boys of what they already know or do not wish to hear. If this view has any substance it is through the failure of most boys to recognise the Magazine as a medium of self-expression which is available to any member of the School who has something to say that is worth saying. Not only articles and poems but comments and opinions, in the form of letters to the Editor, are always welcomed for publication. The Magazine exists to be written to as well as for, and it cannot reflect the interests of its readers unless they are prepared to voice them.

This year we have a reasonably good selection of poetry but there is still a need for more prose contributions. The present issue, in being free of charge, has certainly one attractive feature, however, which will be readily appreciated by everyone. We hope it will be practicable to continue this arrangement and that readers will respond by making it worthwhile to do so.

Our new cover is the design of J. F. Wainwright.

Since going to press we have learned that Mr. Courtney is to leave us in November to take up an appointment as headmaster of Isleworth Grammar School. The news has come as a real blow to the School and our congratulations and good wishes are very much tempered with regret. There is, unfortunately, little opportunity at the moment to express our gratitude for all that he has done during the seven years he has been with us to make the School the pleasant and stimulating place to work in that it is. We shall try to record our appreciation more adequately at a later date.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of *The Suttonian*, *The Spur*, *The Becceshamian*, *The Record*, *The Magazine* and *The Croydonian*.

SCHOOL NOTES

The School has suffered a loss in the recent death of Mr. A. H. Bailey, who was for many years a member of the Governing Body and a familiar figure at many of our functions.

We have welcomed to the staff this year Mr. Bainbridge, Mr. Bernbaum, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Male, Mr. Summersby and Mr. Thomas. This term we take leave of Mr. Pettigrew, who is going as Senior History Master to Northampton High School, and of Mr. Lindsay-Smith, who is to be Senior Geography Master at Lydney Grammar School. We wish them well in their new spheres and thank them for their work here.

In September Mr. Axon will join the staff to teach English, Mr. Charlton to teach Geography, Mr. Greenall to teach History and help with rigger, and Mr. Harris to teach French.

The guest at Speech Night on October 30th was C. R. Allison, Esq., Headmaster of Brentwood School.

We congratulate H. J. Covington, E. N. Tweddle, S. V. Votier and B. Weeden on being awarded State Scholarships, and S. Gould, A. L. Barker, A. S. Cheeseman, R. A. Fenton, R. L. Haywood, J. McLean, P. T. Platten and A. C. Warren on winning County Major Awards.

The most noteworthy development in the past year has undoubtedly been the opening of the two new Laboratories and of the Kitchen and Dining Room. These additions will have an important influence not only on the work we do but also, and not less significantly, on the social life of the school. The appeal for volunteers to act as Stewards in the Dining Room met with a ready response and we should recognise the public spirit of those First and Second formers who give up much of their free time. They enable us to speak, not of a "canteen", but of a "Dining-Room".

MUSIC NOTES

Activities in school music have been varied this year.

The school orchestra, augmented by timpani and a double bass, made its first Speech Night appearance and was received with considerable enthusiasm for its playing of pieces by Warlock and Vaughan-Williams. It also played the National Anthem with remarkable zest.

At the School's production of "Pygmalion", instrumentalists from the school orchestra played incidental music between the acts. They were assisted, at two of the pianos, by Mr. Harper and Mr. Morris.

The service of nine lessons and carols at St. Mark's Church gave an opportunity to hear not only those carols already established as favourites but also some which have been unaccountably neglected. The singing of the choir throughout a varied and exacting service was first-class and the congregation sang with commendable strength. We were fortunate to have the services of Mr. Male as organist.

At the carol concert later in the week the choir perhaps showed signs of its intensive rehearsal for the church service by singing with a somewhat dispirited air, but in spite of a malignant fate which caused one soloist's instrument to break down, another soloist to arrive late and others to be affected by such an evening of interruptions, many of the instrumentalists played well. In particular Davidge (4a) made skilful use of the lyrical capabilities of the new piano in his Debussy playing.

During the Christmas holidays a party of carol-singers collected on behalf of Netherheys and is to be thanked for its industry.

The Spring term was largely spent on rehearsal for the performance of "Messiah" which took place at St. Mark's church in May. We collaborated with girls of the Rosa Bassett School who, under the direction of Miss Deveson, provided an inspiring soprano and alto section for the choir. The professional soloists and organist were no less notable for their excellence than were the combined choirs for their musical response to it. The performance was well attended and provoked favourable comment from all quarters. We thank Mr. Male for accompanying the choir practices.

We are glad to have received our own double-bass at last and look forward to having a set of timpani as soon as possible. When, next year, many of our most experienced orchestral players will have left school, we hope that a corresponding number of the younger boys will have reached the standard of playing required for membership of the orchestra. Several are already taking violin lessons either privately or from Mr. Lightowler at the school and others may yet be encouraged to do so.

The recorder group which used to meet in the dinner-hour has been temporarily disbanded owing to the new dining-hall arrangements, but will be re-organised as soon as possible.

A number of boys are learning to play the pianoforte at the school and it is hoped that this number will increase next year.

It is encouraging to see the interest shown in listening to all kinds of music during the school day. Many boys are developing their appreciation of jazz music as conscientiously as those who, at the valuable and enjoyable Music Society meetings or in private, develop their appreciation of other forms.

Facilities for the study of music to the G.C.E. Advanced Level will now enable boys, who have the ability to do so, to enjoy the full benefit of the musical training received during the years leading to the Sixth Form.

In conclusion, I should like to thank Haywood, Sherwin, Lohmann and Williams of the Sixth Form for their invaluable and ungrudging help towards the musical life of the School.

V. B.

LIBRARIAN'S REPORT

The library has had, on the whole, a successful year. New accessions have totalled well over a hundred to date, with many for the arts and science groups in the sixth form. A complete volume of "A History of the First World War" was kindly donated by Mr. Robinson. Certain well used books, including two

dictionaries, that were too valuable to be withdrawn have been rebound during the year. New methods of presenting the art section and other outsize books have proved very successful, and the School's valuable art books have been widely read. The library now has a section devoted to music, and the reference sections have been re-organised. The filing system for the whole school, except the sixth form, has been completely revised.

Although it is encouraging to see more members of the School using the library than in past years, this has partly resulted in a slight rise in lost books. It is evident that not enough care is taken by boys when they borrow books and the library cannot afford to replace them.

Finally I should like to thank those who have helped in, or acted on behalf of, the library during this year.

M. D. B.

"PYGMALION"

"Pygmalion" has survived transformation into a film (and an excellent one), into a musical (and such is the demand to see it that people take out life insurance policies when they book for months and years ahead), and it easily survived production by the School. It is a better play than last year's "Importance of Being Earnest"; there is more variety—a simple plot, some kind of problem, some sentiment, some declamation, a spice of Third Programme bad language, all mixed, of course, with a little bit of luck, and there you have a play made.

The first Act, until Higgins (Nicholas Sproxton) and Pickering (Philip Platten) took command, moved fast but somewhat incomprehensibly nowhere in particular. In the general turmoil we could not understand what Eliza (Anthony Carter) was saying. Freddy Eynsford Hill (Anthony Warren) made a most effective entry. Those who missed the scene owing to the fog did not miss much. Playwrights cater for late arrivals.

From then on the play developed. Higgins was played beautifully throughout. When he told Eliza that, if she refused his offer to make her a lady, the angels would weep for her, we would have wept for her ourselves. He steered his way convincingly through the difficult last Act. He had an ease of movement and gesture which Pickering lacked (possibly because the latter was inhibited by his Cheltenham, Harrow, Cambridge and India upbringing). That Pickering was acted as well as it was is some tribute—it is not easy to act a part which has only one brief moment of glory.

That moment is when Eliza tells Pickering that it was "his calling her Miss Doolittle" that made her feel that she was a lady, and Eliza did it very well. No lady in figure, Eliza got through the various changes of emotion successfully until Act V, when she could not quite keep it up. But it is a most difficult Act.

One can only assume that Doolittle (Derek Carter) talks so much about Middle-Class Morality because he becomes a victim to it in marrying his wife, as contrasted with Eliza's standing up to Middle-Class Morality by refusing to live the life of idleness that Higgins is prepared to let her live. Like Freddy,

Doolittle made a good first entry, he looked about right, and he dramatised his long speeches sufficiently to prevent them from becoming boring.

Mrs. Higgins (Alan Austin) elocuted convincingly, Mrs. Pearce (Roger Blazdell) adequately. The Parlormaid (Gerald West), in a tiny part, was so natural that he went almost unrealised, and no praise can be greater.

Why is it that audiences often fail to laugh at what we more perceptive mortals consider funny? "I'll marry Freddy, I will, as soon as I am able to support him"; "What the devil do you mean? I swear?"

The scenery, realistic for the first Act, tended to go all Old Vic impressionistic for the other Acts and fell between two stools, if scenery can do that. The costumes, even to the masculine eye, were not as good as usual. Eliza injudiciously jettisoned a rather charming stole to reveal a skirt which joined regrettably insecurely round the middle. The interval music, written by Mr. Bainbridge but libellously reported to be from "My Fair Lady", was successful in introducing the mood of the following scene, which we hope it was meant to do.

Altogether, not the polish of last year's production but as a play there is more to it.

NORTH WALES, 1959

To return to North Wales after an absence of three years is a calming experience for the neurotic victim of this changing modern world. Very little changes in the mountain villages. Electricity was no more in evidence than three years previously, the sheep were still on the hills, the streams were still drinkable, and the food was still good. Even the narrow Welsh roads had not changed—they were still being repaired. Only our party was at all different. Equipped with large black vans we represented modern efficiency in a more primitive society than our own. Under the guidance of Messrs. Hallam, Marsh and Purbrick, the mountains were once again overcome. They had not changed either. It was still hard work going up, cold at the top, and nerve-racking coming down.

As before, the main assault was upon Snowdon. The climbing of smaller mountains was a mere preparation for this climax, and by mid-week when we embarked upon Crib Goch, one of the ridges of the Snowdon horseshoe, some members of the party felt the benefit of such preparation. Others merely felt tired. It says a lot for the spirit of the expedition and the effectiveness of a job from the person below one on the mountainside, that everybody reached the summit and the hot cups of tea that were waiting there. It was almost as hard work coming down from Snowdon, however, and here the only 'B' party of the week was formed. Nobody really wanted to go back the easy way: of that the rest of the party was assured. Boot leather gives way before the urge of man to reach new heights can falter. Anyway this was near the end of the week. Previously the whole party had swarmed up mountain after mountain with a willingness that appalled some of the prefectorial members. Tryfan had been climbed in a morning. Cnicht was a mere Sunday stroll. On Cader Idris the elements had been fought with successfully, and we descended in a thrilling manner from the mist down a scree-shoot.

However, climbing mountains was not our only occupation. One morning Caernarvon castle was taken and occupied. This edifice, erected during one of the many unsuccessful attempts to subdue the Welsh, was retained against all opposition for a whole morning, at the end of which time we marched out with colours flying. Bangor, and the nearby slate quarries of Penrhyn, were, after this, easy conquests. At the latter we seized a native, quite a friendly native, who showed us how to quarry, cut and crush slate. Retreating from here with our booty, several lumps of this useful material, we returned to the mountains where we spent a few more happy climbing days before blazing a trail south-eastwards across the unsuspecting Midlands, and home.

P. T. P.

NETHERHEYS

This has been the most prolific year since School charity collections were first recorded in 1944.

The Autumn Term realised £85 15s. 0½d., which exceeded the previous best by more than £20. The Spring Term collection also set up a new record of £47 6s. 11¼d. An indication of the success achieved may be obtained when it is realised that the collection for the year has already exceeded £150, the previous record being £134 (1957-1958). Most forms have given generously, but the excellent contributions of 1H, 3A, and the Prefects merit special note.

The annual appeal for toys before Christmas met with a good response and the boys who visited Netherheys on the last day of the Autumn Term took with them three tea-chests filled with toys for the children. A second visit was paid to Woking at the end of the Spring Term. Each time tea was provided and everybody had a most enjoyable time.

An attempt was made to revive the old custom of carol singing and plans were drawn up for two consecutive evenings. On the first night, a Monday, a small party sang their way around the St. Mark's area of Mitcham, and the sum of £3 6s. was collected. On Tuesday the party met outside the School gates, but after a brief consultation among the seniors it was decided to abandon the expedition owing to lack of numbers. The support given to this venture was disappointing, but I should like to thank the few who were present on either, or both, occasions, especially the members of the junior school.

Finally, I wish to express my gratitude to all who have contributed to this year's records, whether by undertaking the task of collecting money or by giving both liberally and regularly.

A. S. C.

RUGBY

1st XV

The 1st XV has on the whole enjoyed a good season. The team was fortunate in retaining three-quarters of the previous year's side who, having profited from their past experience, formed a solid and reliable body that showed individual prowess as well as the ability to act together.

However, this was not immediately apparent at the beginning of the year; the team created unnecessary difficulties in games against Sutton and Windsor when the backs seemed incapable of passing the ball from one end of the line to the other and the forwards dissipated any advantage they had with ragged play in the loose.

By the time we faced St. Joseph's we were in better shape; indeed the match, which resulted in a draw, showed the team at its peak; there is no doubt that regularly attended practices helped put us on form, though when we faced the Old Boys it was nearing the festive season and the team had passed its zenith, losing the control it once had; we were well beaten in this match.

The second half of the season began with a defeat inflicted by Surbiton; nothing daunted, the team rose to something like its former brilliance with wins against Bec and Shooter's Hill; the backs showed that they could take the initiative and spark off fast, hard-hitting movements; and the forwards that they could hold their own against weightier opponents. These successes were capped by an exciting match when the Old Boys were held to a draw.

Towards the end of the season the players lost some of their vigour; there were complaints that we had grown 'stale', and this I attribute to the insidious effect of playing in mediocre house-matches. The team finished much as it had begun, not working as a single unit but relying too much on individual effort.

Colours were awarded to: Sproxton, McLean, Bull, Giddings, Moore, Norman and Knight.

Team from: Leach (captain), Sproxton (vice-captain), Green, Anger, Norman, Giddings, Robinson, McConnell, Moore, Webb, Knight, McLean, Bull, Medhurst, Wainwright and Lewis. N. S.

2nd XV

Another good year. After an early setback against Chislehurst and Sidcup the team gained some solidarity, particularly in the forwards, and settled down to a series of victories. This good progress was not maintained through the Spring Term, partly because of the demands of the 1st XV for replacements. However, new players were introduced to School Rugby and often proved themselves worthy members of the team, and any defeats suffered were never by large margins. We ended the year by defeating Wanstead and in this match it seemed that the team had regained some of the finesse it had displayed in the Winter Term.

Team from: Platten (captain), Hill, Goddard, Saunders, Court, Hughes, Jones, Horowicz, Summers, Cain, Clarke C., Barker, Sexton, Studd, Coulam, Dorn, Putbrace, Medhurst, Walder, Jonkler, Carter S., Wainwright, Grant. P. T. P.

Colts XV

With a good list of wins to their credit the Colts XV can be said to be a good team; but more important than this, they learnt to enjoy their games. No set of statistics can give the real story, so it is more essential to know that the Colts developed a team spirit and determination that was the envy of

other school sides. Games that we lost were enjoyed together with our successes, which is the aim of any amateur sport but particularly that of Rugby. The team owed much to the unflagging enthusiasm and good nature of its hard-working captain Dailly and to his assistants Charlton and Holton. But these in their turn owed a great deal to the support given by the rest of the team. The team was also proud of the personal success of Charlton, who nearly managed to get through the preliminary selection games to represent England, but in fact represented Surrey, Home Counties and S.E. England.

Under 14 XV

With only a few boys having any past match play, the team was mainly composed of inexperienced players. However, under the enthusiastic leadership of Bishop, the team quickly settled down to play keen and vigorous rugby. Although the first term was comparatively unsuccessful, almost all the games were lost in the last few minutes. Owing to increased confidence in the second term, the team justified its promise and had a very successful run, which augurs well for the future.

The main feature of the team, in the later part of the year, was the fine play of the forwards, who were always chasing the ball and tackling well, although they conceded weight against most opponents. The backs improved both their passing and tackling with practice, but were not direct enough to be really dangerous. The team always had a very good spirit and are now looking forward to having a successful season as Colts.

CRICKET

By any standards the 1958 season was a very disappointing one but, coming as it did after several highly successful seasons, it seemed positively disastrous.

The season started with a drawn match against Surrey Grove C.C. This was followed by a very fine win against Raynes Park G.S., who were bowled out for 28 on a batting wicket, which had afforded 99 runs for the loss of only three wickets in our innings. The season finished, however, with the team still having won only one match and having drawn six of the fourteen matches played.

On most occasions it was the batting which let the team down, and while every bowler in the team made some very fine performances, only Woodley and Dodd batted consistently well, although even these two did occasionally sink to the level of the rest of the team.

The team, of course, felt the loss of Michael Crout who was killed in an accident during the previous winter. He was a fine young batsman in whom the Surrey County C.C. were already interested. Everyone connected with School cricket was glad to hear that the bat which will be presented every year to a member of the School team for outstanding performances will be called "The Michael Crout Bat".

Colours were awarded to H. J. Slater.

1958 team from : Twedde, Slater, Lewis, Woodley, Dodd, Sharp, Goddard, Cook, Votier, Robinson, James, Giddings.

With eight people who have had first-eleven experience in previous seasons and with the same bowling attack as last season, we hope that this year will be far more successful. So far we have beaten St. Olave's G.S.; drawn with Shene G.S.; and lost to Bec G.S. and Wallington C.G.S.

Cook has already hit form with his bowling, turning in a fine performance of 8 for 44 against Bec, and several batsmen have shown better form this season than they did during the whole of last season. However, most of them must still be more careful to play themselves in before attacking the bowling and going for the runs.

I should like to express the thanks of the members of the team to the parents who help us by preparing teas at all our home games.

1959 team from : Slater, Lewis, Cook, Robinson, Moore, Goddard, Forsdick, Giddings, Williams, Carpenter, Studd, Platten. H. J. S.

ATHLETICS

I am glad to be able to report a slight improvement in athletics this year. First we obtained some new equipment for the throwing events, and it is to be hoped that this together with our new concrete shot and discus circles will give our field events men the incentive they need to practise throughout the year.

Still on the gloomy side was the lack of response in limit points. In spite of reverting back to the old system, limit points are not achieving their object.

Nevertheless there is enthusiasm amongst a small group of boys and I feel that with coaching these boys could form the nucleus of a good school team for at least two years to come, but they must be allowed to train and this will mean the co-operation of those in charge of other games.

Finally a comment on our efforts at Motspur Park this year: once again our runners showed a lack of experience in competition. There is but one remedy for this—we must teach boys the techniques involved from an early age, so that they may make the best of their natural ability. I mean this to be constructive criticism and I should like to say that every boy gave of his best.

J. E. G.

TENNIS

This year we were unlucky enough to lose in the first round of the Rootham Shield to Surbiton 2-3, and have lost two matches to Purley, at home and away. However, we were greatly cheered by a convincing 8-1 win over Wandsworth whom we play again later on.

Most tennis-playing schools in our area have the great advantage of possessing their own courts, which means that regular team practices are easily held and that boys may take up tennis in the lower forms if they are interested. We, however, have only a restricted use of the public courts at Rowan Road and tennis on games days must be reserved for 6th and a few 5th formers only. This is a great pity because there are a great many more boys in the lower school who have undoubted ability and interest in the game which, for lack of facilities and instruction, lies dormant until the 6th form. It is therefore

extremely difficult to build up a strong and experienced team of players who are used to each other's games, so that doubles partners tend to be chosen because they live near each other and are friends rather than because their styles of play are suited to each other, and the matches themselves are sometimes very scratch affairs.

However, applying the rules of gamesmanship and one-upmanship wherever possible, we usually have an enjoyable if somewhat unorthodox game of tennis with our opponents.

Team from : Anger, Balloch, Bird, Cooper, Green, Lewis, Robinson, Webb.
F. W.

BADMINTON

This has been a rather disappointing season for the Badminton Club since no matches have been arranged against other schools. We did, however, play against the Old Boys and the Staff during the spring term. The team played quite well against the Old Boys and finally lost by five games to three with one game unfinished because of lack of time. A short while later an unchanged team trounced the Staff, thus avenging the defeat which they surprisingly inflicted on us last year.

Mr. Allsopp has continued to help the running of the Club, and we would like also to acknowledge gratefully the help of Mr. Morris, who has joined us for our evening meetings during the season.

It is pleasing to be able to report that the enthusiasm in the Club has increased quite appreciably since last season. It is hoped that a return match with the Staff will be played after the G.C.E. examinations have finished.

Team from : Slater, Green, Leach, Knight, Fenton, Barling. H. J. S.

HOUSE NOTES

Canons

In the course of the year we have had our successes and our disappointments, but it has become increasingly evident that the spirit of the House is still intact. We made a good start by winning the Rugby Seven-a-Side competition, but unfortunately the Cup was snatched from our grasp by Lodge in the final Fifteens match.

Similarly, hopes were high when we won both the music and model sections of the Arts Trophy. The final result, however, depended entirely on the debates, in which we came an enthusiastic third. Towards the end of the Spring Term we were handicapped by the loss of our House Captain. He was invaluable, both in rugby and athletics.

Canons has always appeared to be averse to athletics. Despite the commendable efforts of several boys, we were last in the Athletics competition. This was due mainly to the apathetic attitude of the majority of the House towards limit points. The House, however, seems less averse to swimming, and we have made a good start in the competition. Our Rugby team this year was a very young side, containing a large proportion of School 1st XV players. In

view of the success of this team, we are hoping for an improvement in the House results in the next few years, not only in Rugby, but in all sports.

A. C. W.

Lodge

The House got away to a slow start this year when it took second place in the Cross-Country; the Rugby Sevens gave more scope to our abilities and the Senior School, in particular, did very well.

There was some rejoicing that the Work Cup had been abolished, although it was suspected that this had been done because we had improved our working capacity and now proved a serious threat to other Houses.

Our main occupation during the Spring Term lay in compiling the House Magazine—a task which fell to the lot of two experienced editors, Sproxtton and Webb, but which also involved the efforts of the entire House. There was a great deal of apathy to be overcome at first, but once this had been firmly dealt with, enough contributions were forthcoming to give the editors plenty of choice especially from the literary contributions. Our magazine "Janus" was a success and came a close second to Witford's "Timon". A similar success was recorded with the Model Competition where the standard was so high that we were not at all disappointed to be placed second to Canons.

After this effort the House lost its drive and was content to let other parts of the Competition slip out of its grasp. The senior members of the House had a particularly dismal failure in the Debating Competition.

It was the Rugby fifteens, however, that proved our true métier; the Senior School won all its matches without a point scored against them, and the Colts did well to beat Canons decisively and win us the Rugby Cup.

This term's three competitions will decide who is to be Cock House. At the moment it is too early to say what the House will achieve, though we are doing well in athletics, cricket and swimming.

We can only hope that, if we succeed in the Athletics Competition, the House will not suffer such a decline as usually follows any efforts culminating in victory.

N. S.

Ravensbury

After last year's successes, the House began the year as it hoped to continue. The Cross-Country Cup was soon safely in our possession, and we came up to expectations by producing the winners in A and C classes. It was mainly our A class which clinched our success, since we had three of the first five men home.

Rugby has seldom been our strong point, although this year saw some unexpected changes. The Senior VII was, as we expected, outclassed in its matches, but the promise of the Juniors shown in this more difficult game was repeated in the XV's. The Senior XV managed to win only one of its three games and was the main reason for our disappointing result in this competition.

As usual the frantic efforts of the House officials connected with the Magazine and Model sections of the Arts Trophy failed to produce the desired results. Unfortunately this laudable competition lacks, from the Middle School

in particular, the support that it deserves. We were more successful, however, in the Elocution section.

The introduction of a new D class in the Athletics Competition seemed particularly favourable to Ravensbury and some energetic juniors helped us to gain a formidable lead in the limit points section. Eventually, much to our disappointment, we tied for second place.

With swimming and cricket to come, the House stands a reasonable chance of being Cock House, but it remains essential that all sections of the School should give of their best.

R.N.

Witford

It is a pity that Witford should suffer from a lack of sporting ability so evident in the other Houses. We inevitably possess some excellent individuals, but when all-round support is needed to assist this nucleus, Witford responds weakly. In this way, the Rugby and Cross-Country Cups were seldom within our grasp.

If we are not sporting prodigies we are the intellectual élite of the School, for we again won the Arts Trophy in much the same way as last year. Both originality and genius in the magazine, and imposing oratory in the debate, revealed our true brilliance to the opposition. We can only hope that this much-coveted Trophy will continue to remain with Witford.

The Athletics Trophy witnessed a startling, yet laudable, renaissance of general effort within the House. With fine endeavour, especially amongst the Juniors, we won the actual sports meeting, and the Cup would have been ours if more limit points had been secured.

It is hoped that the House will improve in sporting events. The individual talent is here, but it requires support from everybody to become Cock House. However, the year is not yet finished, nor has Witford had its last say. With swimming and cricket to come, we have high hopes, for the latter is another event in which Witford has a reputation for success.

T. J. L.

THE ARTS COMPETITION

Literature

The "Timon" Editorial was witty and to the point, the "Canon's Mouth" a defeatist *cri de coeur*. Editorials must never confess inadequacy. The "Canon's Mouth" and the "Raven" were penalised for insufficient verse; four or five attempts seem a fair minimum. The "Raven" produced an excellent skit by Smale on "Sherwood", and a poem which was not original and therefore not given any credit. "Janus" produced a poem with a pleasant refrain on This Modern Age.

The prose again varied between the purely factual dullness of, for example, an article on Abraham Lincoln and the entertaining personal angle of Ticket Collecting (Peachey), Canoeing (Platten), My Fishing Rod (Doe) and Cycling (Hart). Dailly successfully told four stories of the supernatural.

The play in the "Raven" was not worth the space spent on it; the "Canon's Mouth" crossword, the only one, was virtually four separate crosswords and also not worth it.

It is not for the judge to consider the ethics of having a magazine typed; it is only for him to say that he finds it very much easier to read as a result.

Music

Although a suggested House Choir Competition was postponed, there was one new section to the Inter-House Music Competition this year—a sight-singing test. Unfortunately it suffered from the usual lack of entrants for anything involving the reading of music, and was as disappointing in the school competition as, on a nation-wide scale, it is lamentable.

However, there were several entrants for the solo singing and solo instrumental sections and many boys performed with great competence. Miss Deveson of the Rosa Bassett School adjudicated for us once again.

No fewer than five boys had the same high mark in the senior instrumental section, there being little to choose between the effortless banjo playing of Whiffin, the clarity and precision of Barker's trumpet playing, the scholarship of Haywood's Bach, the accuracy and pleasing intonation of Lohmann's violin playing, and Sherwin's successful navigation through the difficulties of Schumann.

The most promising performance in the junior instrumental section came from Macdonald (3b) who played the violin with a warmth and confidence remarkable for so young a player. It was also pleasing to hear Doig's playing of the recorder, a performance which earned him second place.

Of the senior singers, Williams, Spicer and Sherwin all gave a convincing performance of the Bach aria "Good fellows, be merry". It was a pity that more boys were not able to prepare the piece with sufficient accuracy to pass the preliminary test.

Brook (2a) repeated his success of last year in the junior singing section but had considerable competition from Rogers (1m) and Chalkley (1h). The song set this year was "The Trout" by Schubert.

Davidge (4a) gained the highest marks in the sight-singing section.

The houses were finally placed in the following order: Canons, Ravensbury, Lodge, Witford.

Art

The presentation of House Magazines reached a good standard this year. Incredible as it may seem, it would appear that editors actually took notice of last year's criticisms.

The art marking is done under three headings:

- (1) Magazine format and presentation.
- (2) Standard of sketches and illustrations (with allowance for age of contributor).
- (3) Opportunities taken to illustrate the written contributions.

Art editing is not an easy task, but it is made easier by effective publicity throughout the House. From the fruits of publicity it follows that the right people can be delegated for proportional responsibility. Funds, we all realise, are a difficult hurdle to overcome in the final assembly of the magazine material, but ingenuity and requests in the right quarters can overcome this.

Future Art editors should realise that I can supply names of boys who could be expected to submit work for selection. They should seriously tackle the organisation of illustrations to the written material.

Witford. They had a bold, simple cover, neatly trimmed, and a brisk, efficient layout. Coloured ink is a good magazine medium. All the illustrations were of a high standard and the typed pages did not detract from the generally tasteful impression. I was impressed by Edmond's free style of sketching, Hallett's very pleasant Kingfisher, an imaginative Fingals Cave by Hopley, and a very evocative illustration to the "Promontory" by Wainwright. There was no third or fourth form work.

Lodge: Following on from their high standard and pioneering efforts of last year, the same editors produced another enterprising and well-produced magazine. Art entries were good with some good use of colour by Mitchell, a pleasant oil by Saunders and a fine Kingfisher by Tickner.

Canons: Their magazine was produced as a sewn book—a commendable idea but to paint it with powdery black colour did not help at all. Other pages became grubby as a result. The written pages were quite pleasantly spaced out on unlined pages.

Among the art work there was a fine portrait head by Turner, some ink sketches by Brown G. P.—unfortunately below his normal excellent standard—and a more suitable ink and wash example by Morphew. Other good work included sensitive drawings by Baker and Pett, a bold and forceful drawing by Morris, and a most attractive illustrational style by Smith R.

Ravensbury: This magazine had some good individual contributions but lacked overall direction. Grant's ink wash drawing was quite good and Biggs's illustration was beautifully executed as usual. The sketch of a horse by Smith had some good brushwork but required some sort of background. There was little connection between the written work and the art entries.

Junior Elocution

The standard of this competition was higher this year on the whole than it has been in the past, but it is a pity that some Houses did find it necessary to put in weak candidates as "make-weights"; it should be possible with a little care for all Houses to avoid this expedient. All candidates should note that an understanding of the meaning of both the Prose and the Verse is essential for their performance.

The winner of the competition this year was J. R. Brook (Ravensbury).

Craft

All members of staff were impressed by the way that Houses tackled this scheme and the discussion it provoked. Any corporate effort of this nature needs firm guidance from senior house members and some sort of master plan. After the early decisions have been made, it is then a matter of insisting on standards of excellence and unity. Senior members of the Houses will do well to remember for the future that publicity within the house and delegation of responsibility always help towards a successful completion of models.

To replan the immediate area around Fair Green poses problems of aesthetic importance and practical necessity. The correct balance of these factors represents the reasonable solution. No plan is perfect.

Planners had to consider whether anything in Fair Green was worth retaining in order to gain some measure of overlap of the old and new. Complete rejection of all existing features could be regarded as total dismissal of past history and associations. Modern solutions undoubtedly involve suggestions for the growing traffic density, but man has still to live his life in the normal, pedestrian way and the amenities for the non-motorist represent the tone and architectural character of the scheme. Mitcham is a difficult place to define, having a mixture of small factories, small shops and some residential property, which made the problem a difficult one. A Mitcham plan should have a road system suitable for future traffic, but that system must not destroy the human scale of the environment.

Most of the enthusiasm, as usual, came from the junior members of the School. Most of the models made were of a reasonable standard, although sometimes a little out of proportion. Making models to scale, especially a small scale, demands a great deal of patience and skill.

THE HOUSE DEBATES

Both debates this year were on topics of social importance which demand from any speaker that he shall have done at least some rudimentary thinking about the kind of society in which he lives. One of the most disappointing aspects of the contest was that evidence of such thinking was offered almost exclusively by members of the sixth form, and that even here the quality and relevance of opinions was often dubious. Colossal irrelevancies such as Anger's bitter diatribe on the subject of his inability to get treatment for his corns are to be expected in a debate and this particular one brought a welcome howl of laughter from the house. Less glaring, but more serious, was the failure of many, including main speakers, to come to grips with the wider implications of a subject and the principles at stake. This was most obvious in the case argued for the motion, "This house regrets having grown up in the welfare state". Jonkler opened confidently for Ravensbury and with heavy sarcasm proceeded to lay about him in all directions save the vital one of considering the social theory involved. What he and others of his party really regretted was the inefficient way in which this theory was now operating in practice, and Witford had little difficulty in recognising this fatal error.

The other debate, in which Canons and Lodge argued about the need to put themselves in order before venturing into space, never actually left the ground. It was marked by an extraordinarily varied conception of "order". To some this was a condition of the highest moral good, everywhere operative, in defiance of all known laws of human behaviour; others thought it meant the mere satisfaction of material and physical wants. It is not suggested that agreement should have been reached about usage here but merely that the possibility of such widely different interpretations should have been more fully realised, for surely this was the natural hinge of the argument.

These criticisms do, however, leave room for praise of individual performances. All main speakers showed promise as debaters: Balloch once again proved his ability to organise his material effectively, though he must guard against giving the impression of reading from a script; Webb spoke with an appropriate earnestness, Barker with quiet conviction, Platten with well sustained irony. It is a pity that they were not given the support they deserved from the floor of the house. The almost total lack of such support in the first debate wrecked any chance Lodge or Canons might have had in the competition. In the second, Norman, who has a very pleasing debating manner, Fleming and Davidge, who spoke with commendable fluency and courage among so many inarticulate giants, did something to redeem the ranks from which they rose.

Witford won the competition, with Ravensbury, Canons and Lodge as runners-up in that order.

THE PHOENIX SOCIETY

This has been the first full year of the society, which came into being during January, 1958. The society seeks to unite the interests of the old Geographical, Historical, and Literature and Debating Societies, while also providing an opportunity for talks and discussions outside the scope of the old societies. During the year it has become the established policy of the society to employ outside speakers in preference to those immediately connected with the school. This has resulted in, amongst many other benefits, a marked increase in attendance, the lowest recorded being 45 and the highest well over 100.

A short delay occurred at the beginning of the Autumn Term while the society's officers were elected for the coming year, and the year really started on October 10th with a talk jointly by Mr. Madden and Mr. Bernbaum on "Universities Old and New". Mr. Madden left this school to teach at Sutton last year and it was enjoyable to renew acquaintance with him. He spoke on the universities as they were fifteen years ago, while Mr. Bernbaum brought us up to date, also with his own experiences. The next meeting provided the first guest speaker of the term, Mr. Robert Carr, the Conservative M.P. for Mitcham. Mr. Carr spoke on the function and importance of Parliament and answered many spirited questions put to him. The event was duly recorded

in the local newspapers and well received by the Society. A debate was next held on the results of the destruction of Hiroshima by the A-Bomb. Both N. Sproxton and J. F. Wainwright spoke interestingly and to the point, demonstrating a true debating spirit, but the meeting was marred by a poor attendance and few speeches from the floor. The last speaker of the Autumn Term proved to be a man of many and diverse talents. The education editor of a large publishing house, Mr. R. Yglesias spoke authoritatively on "Comprehensive Schools" and was able to give an answer to the most difficult questions.

The Spring Term got under way to a good start with three meetings during the first month. The first visitor was the Deputy Governor of Wandsworth Prison, Mr. Ogier, who spoke on the works and aims of the Prison Service. He provided one of the most stimulating meetings of the year and question time had to be forcibly ended by the chairman because of time. Mr. Ogier was followed by Mr. Burston from the Institute of Education, who spoke on "Keeping Ourselves Informed". He demonstrated, by quoting some examples, how a great deal of inference can be gained by reading more than one newspaper and where to look for the most informed opinions on any topic of the day. The following week Mr. Burston returned with a friend, the Diplomatic Correspondent of the "Evening News", Mr. Melville, who proved to be an enchanting, as well as a humorous, speaker. Mr. Melville was followed by another representative of the press, this time from the "Daily Mirror". Mr. Wills, the Deputy Features Editor, turned out to be a very skilful speaker. Although admitting his newspaper's vices, he so emphasised its virtues that his audience was momentarily held spellbound when it came to question time. Our last speaker was a representative of Philips Electrical Ltd. who, with his assistant, took over the Gymnasium to explain, with much apparatus, how the television works. The last meeting of the term utilised the talents of the Staff Room in the form of Messrs. Male, Morris, Pettigrew and Thomas who constituted a panel to answer any question that could be devised. Their responses were both humorous and serious and provided a fitting end to the term.

During the Summer Term the Society has bowed to the joint claims of athletics and the G.C.E., but it is hoped to finish the year with a theatre visit. This has been a very constructive year which, I hope, will set an example for many years to come.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Bernbaum for his interest, help and guidance which have contributed so much to this most successful year.

M. D. B.

ART CLUB

Like all voluntary clubs, the attendance at Art Club has fluctuated according to outside pressures and individual enthusiasm. As the aim is to give individual boys an opportunity to do creative work of their own choice, large numbers are not in fact desirable.

This year four boys, not having the opportunity of taking art in the fourth forms, are doing work at the club to prepare themselves for the G.C.E. in the fifth form.

Recently, lino-cutting has been re-introduced and boys have been observed going through the enjoyable but disciplined actions that are necessary to produce a good print. Some fourth formers have also found that well designed lettering is within their grasp.

Finally, I should like to see more oil painting done at school, and perhaps a few more parents attending the Wednesday evening class so they can enjoy the same things as their sons.

CHESS CLUB

This year the Chess Club again had the distinction of being under the guidance of a member of staff and we are glad to welcome Mr. Male.

At the beginning of the year attendance was exceptionally good, with many juniors coming along to learn how to play. As is usually the case, however, membership dwindled to the faithful few during the Spring Term, probably owing to House Rugby. Interest was revived towards the end of the term when a tournament for the juniors was started. This will be continued in September.

Two matches were again played against Rutlish School; one was lost and the other we did well to win.

W. N. D.

GYMNASTICS CLUB

Although dormant during the first part of the Summer Term, the Gym Club has a small but steady membership. Activities concentrate chiefly on vaulting, agilities and beam work.

Agilities include flysprings, Arab-swings, flic-flacs followed occasionally by a back somersault, and then, to add spice, everyone tries, generally with success, front somersaults off the spring-board. Vaulting over box, buck and horse is popular, especially when using the spring-board. Greater use can be made of these pieces of apparatus when the new beat board is delivered. From the beams the most difficult back-drop is performed well by a few, and they realise in this, as in all other activities, that the effort necessary to master it is well worthwhile for the satisfaction gained from each successful drop.

Occasional light relief is provided by a game of bench-ball or a free choice of activity. The latter ranges from consecutive handsprings on mattresses spread the length of the gymnasium, to balance walks on a high beam.

New members, from the second form upwards, are welcome to join in September, when simple ability tests will be held at the beginning of the new School Year.

THE HOPTON PRESS

In its new premises, in what was formerly the prefects' room, the Press has carried out a very full programme of work this year with enthusiasm and reasonable accuracy. The keenness and initiative of fourth form members has been particularly encouraging since it is they who will bear the main responsibility for next year's work, when the present fifth form members either leave or go into academic retirement.

Our biggest commission during the year has been the printing of nearly three thousand programmes for the Easter Fair. We have had too the usual demand for tickets of all kinds and the School calendar has appeared each term at least warm from the press, if not exactly hot.

During the coming year we hope to acquire some books on more advanced printing techniques and thus attempt more ambitious work. We have now two machines in service and a large and pleasant room to work in. These facilities may make possible a small increase in membership next term, though unfortunately not large enough to give everyone who would like to print an opportunity of doing so.

PHALANX

Through the admirable efforts of the Headmaster, the Governors and the Parents' Association, in providing new lamps for old, the Phalanx has found it more and more difficult to discover and carry out minor repairs around the School. We are quite prepared to take on anything, in theory, but so many jobs nowadays are obviously in the realm of the qualified engineer or carpenter that we have had to turn our attention in a different direction and have therefore become acknowledged masters at organising a Phalanx social which is by now almost world famous. (You haven't heard of it? For shame, sir!)

Actually, we did think of building the new School canteen in our spare time, but the idea had regretfully to be dropped owing to a prolonged and insoluble dispute as to whether the blue-prints ought to be red, the red blue-prints green, or the whole lot a patriotic red, white and blue shade of yellow. F. W.

THURSDAY CLUB

In this, the second year since the inauguration of the Thursday Club, the activities pursued and the numbers attending the meetings have generally decreased, but there remains a core of members, composed chiefly of last year's first formers who, throughout the Winter Term, took part in the organised games and film shows and who, in the Spring Term, paid a visit to the Motor Show.

During the Summer Term, however, it has been found that the many other School activities have conflicted with those of the Club, so that now only informal cricket matches at the School field have been arranged for the more enthusiastic members, many of whom paid a visit to the Oval early in the season. P. M. R.

THE VIKINGS

The English king sits beading sweat on a high-backed gilded throne;
For the Viking ships have come to kill in a land no more his own;
And in the Saxon villages brews terror, hate, yet fear,
And the women clasp their children, for the Viking ships are here!

And everywhere the cry goes up, through parched and cracking lips:
"Beware the Viking warriors! Beware the Viking ships!"
Ominous longships glide in sight of the coast; and up spring beacon fires;
But English Earls do nought but stare and seek comfort from their squires.

English ships fight desperately around their country's coast,
But the longships come in hundreds, such was the Vikings' boast.
And Viking chieftains, laughing with an ale-laden breath,
Stand proudly at their ship's head and to England they bring Death!

And now each Viking warrior stands amidst blood and bones,
And hears crackling from the beacon fires, and dying Saxons' groans.
And at the head of English armies, stand small, scared English Earls,
Watching with apprehension as the Viking sail furls.

And fear-struck English soldiers stand ready for the battle;
And they watch the Viking horde advance, and hear their armour rattle.
And a Viking's laugh rings sneeringly, as away a soldier backs
From a yellow-haired fiend in armour, and his double-bladed axe.

Saxon warriors take up swords and fight until they die,
And women flee with children, that cling to them and cry,
And Vikings pour the English ale down roughened, dried-up throats,
But English Earls are cowering behind their castle moats.

And Viking warriors, laughing at a dying Saxon's plea,
Or picking up mangled corpses and throwing them in the sea,
Have finally triumphed where others failed, achieved what they came for:
They have dealt out death, not mercy, and plunged England into war.

And with the light of a beacon fire playing on his face,
A battle-scarred Viking chieftain stands, fiddling idly with his mace;
He grins a glassy, heathen grin, showing even, yellowed teeth,
But many an unfortunate Saxon has discovered what lies beneath.

With a sense of sinister, lurking doom, hovering in his eyes,
Velvety, yet merciless, ignoring Saxons' cries,
Muscles rippling smoothly, drunk with pride and ale,
England has learnt to fear him and his red and white-striped sail!

J. B. LOVE (28)

PRUNE

I had a little damson tree,
Or bush, or rather, shrub.
It used to fruit one year in three,
This wasn't good enough for me—
I'd bought it for the grub.

I bought a book on gardening
And found out what was wrong :
It seemed that I should prune the thing,
In autumn and, I think, in spring—
And prune it good and strong.

"The novice," it repeated, "errs
In failing to be bold."
So, having bought some secateurs,
I pruned the laterals, the spurs,
The new wood and the old.

I pruned the leaders, pruned the root,
Opened it up for air;
I pruned each individual shoot
And also would have pruned the fruit
Had there been any there.

A. J. DAVIES 6 (1)

THE ANCIENT ABBEY

The Ancient Abbey, stark and bold,
Stood on the headland bare,
He stood and looked and as he watched
The wind was in his hair.

He ventured near and pushed the door,
It opened slowly, creaking,
As he looked to the roof he saw
Hundreds of bats, hanging.

He gave a cry and away they flew,
Away in their hundreds, squeaking,
"Who knows," said he, "where they will stop,
In Hades, perhaps, shrieking."

A. SCOTT (2A)

THE THING

It towered above the highest cloud,
 Its shape was lost within a shroud;
 The sound-waves beat, now soft, now loud,
 And onward yet it came.

It left destruction in its wake,
 It ravaged land and dried up lake;
 Oh, stop the thing, for pity's sake!
 But onward yet it came.

The inhabitants, left short time ago,
 But sick and aged were too slow
 And they were buried deep and low,
 As onwards yet it came.

But it went back from whence it came,
 That thing that won such ill-wrought fame,
 The thing that never had a name:
 And on it comes no more.

G. TICKNER (2A)

MEALS I ONCE ENJOYED

"Here is the eight o'clock news . . ." The voice of the announcer is obliterated as the latest variety of snapping, crackling and popping rice krispies pours with a thunderous roar into the dish. As the milk is added it triggers off the explosive noise that, according to the makers, the children so love. In eating this delicacy one invariably finds some plastic toy floating amongst the milk and krispies. It is usually a Red Indian or a spaceman, designed to brighten up the breakfast table. On the back of the packet is the sinister warning that there is another such toy in every other packet.

Then comes the familiar sound of bacon and eggs frying. This reassures you that there are still some parts of your diet that are still sane and untouched by commercialisation. Or are they? An egg, being such a natural object, cannot, like cereals, be made to perform antics under your nose; but you are informed by the newspapers and the television that you must expect your egg to reek unless it has a lion upon it. Similarly with bacon: if you wish to remain healthy, your bacon simply must be Danish.

Toast and cheese. Surely this age-old food remains untouched by the evils of commercialisation. But instead of a rugged-looking, worm-eaten lump of gorgonzola, you are presented with a number of V-shaped portions, wrapped in silver paper (which must take the best part of a quarter of an hour to undo, and then most of the cheese goes with it) and the whole neatly packed away in a round cellophane-topped carton, gaily inscribed with all sorts of unappetising slogans.

It is the same with other meals. No longer can you enjoy the simple beauty of a plate of chips, unless the chips have been lying for some time at the bottom of a large refrigerator in some large chain store. Fresh garden peas are just a memory. They too must be frozen, it is claimed, to keep them fresh. One can hardly go into a food shop nowadays without being confronted with a huge glass-topped refrigerator filled with packets of frost bitten chips, slices of meat, peas, and so on.

In fact, my favourite meal is a mere memory. A memory of a long table set with silver utensils, a roaring fire in the hearth giving a ruddy glow to the bald heads and the silverware. In those days there were no lions on your egg: lions were where they should be; and you could enjoy a good meal without the slightest qualm.

R. V. HILL (5B)

A WORLD OF MINE

The richness and the colour
 And the smells and sounds of evening
 Are for a world where beauty is only
 To see and feel and hear with you.
 Where beauty is all and everything.
 It is within your reach and mine.
 It is to see and feel and hear with you
 The colour of a dying sun
 That paints an hundred pictures in the sky.
 A lonely sea-smoothed sand
 That smells and feels the green sea weed
 And hears the gulls, circling, crying, overhead
 In all but stillness and the ever rolling water.
 A lonely line of hills
 Where mist swirls over the graves
 Of unknown man.

Feel the beauty
 Of your own claret land, where shadows are long,
 And many, many smells linger in the garden air.
 Where memories are known again and again.
 What matter plans and failures in this garden
 Which sits and smells the streams
 Beneath the trees. The blossom,
 The hawthorn where the bird swings,
 Singing for always.
 And in this we are together,
 As they are together in the lands we thought we saw
 From the sand.
 As they are together on the hill which we thought was
 alone

The richness and the colour
 And the smells and sounds of evening
 Are for a world where beauty is only
 To see and feel and hear with you.
 Where beauty is all and everything
 And is within your reach and mine.

A. McCONNELL 6 (2)

THE BAT

Upside down in his eerie cavern
 He hangs, his wings closed tight.
 He waits for darkness. His sight
 Is almost non-existent.
 When dusk descends, he and his fellows
 Wheel out of the gloom,
 And circle the feathery tree-tops.
 Then, zoom!
 Down on his prey he swoops,
 Guided by an instinct
 No man knows.

G. WILLIAMS (2A)

TIME - TRIAL

It was five of a June morning and already the sun was highlighting little fumes of gnats under the trees. The road took the crest of a hill and there on the right was the start, a sandy space in a roadside wood. The air was gusted with powerful odours of winter-green, which swirled across the road from the shaved legs of the riders. I nodded to those I knew, braked under the trees and set to changing into racing kit. Dotted among the trees were the polished reflections of immaculate machines, but matched for brilliance by the multi-coloured racing vests.

The starter glanced at his watch, muttered something about "half a minute to go," looking up as an opening-up sports car racketed past on its early way to the coast. The launcher rocked me to and fro as the starter counted down . . . "two . . . one . . . off." I surged away on the pedals, gripping the bars, away in the chilling blaze of energy, partly motivated by exhibitionism, that sent me forward with twenty-five hard miles to hammer.

P. J. HART 6(2)

AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH

Then it will be too late
 To learn and know the unknown.
 In the death-second, sudden and intense

As music, then there will remain a sense
 Of something incomplete in its completeness;
 Then, as the knowledge tumbles on the brain,
 The semi-dead brain will not want to grasp
 The grand significance: for the desire to know
 Will be gone
 Like the old desires to sin.

P. T. PLATTEN 6 (3)

MORNING ON BANSTEAD COMMON

Lost in the cold assimilations of a chastened morn,
 Wrapped in the swaddling mists of life reborn,
 I wander 'cross the blue ground, to see, thrusting where the hawk flies,
 The pubic sun in new-found potency possess the skies.
 The earth is cleansed with the frosty spring air
 And the dew washes away the dust of musty summer nights;
 I can hear the baptismal water running there.
 I, wet, glistening, like an aeroplane, at one, and bare,
 Impersonal, free from the clammy hands claiming with human rights.
 There is a strength in the hard earth
 Clanging at the hard blue;
 And I am strong with a hard separateness,
 The soft associations of my fellows washed from me,
 Cleansed by baptismal dew.

J. F. WAINWRIGHT 6 (2)

STAR IN THE DUST

The man stepped out of his saddle on to the dust-covered surface of the main street. Hands hanging loosely beside his two low-slung holsters, he walked steadily along towards the Jack o' Diamonds saloon with the holsters slapping idly against his worn off-coloured chaps. On down the main street he went, walking with the sinuous ease of a great cat, with the rawhide thongs which were meant to secure his holsters to his legs, flapping and trailing loosely behind his knees. The onlookers knew who he was, and why he was here, and they began to feel apprehensive.

He had reached the saloon, and now stood, legs apart, hands hovering over the walnut butts of his guns, facing the door. He knew who was inside there; he had ridden fifty long miles, had toiled under a burning sun for seven years, for this moment. Again he visualised, as he had done many, many times before, the dark, forbidding, grey prison walls, under the shadow of which he had toiled and sweated for seven years, tediously smashing rocks with a huge, unwieldy pickaxe, or looking longingly out through the small, barred cell window towards the vast meadowland, with the green fronds of its lush, tall grass swaying lazily in a little summer breeze that whispered enticingly as it blew through the

rippling surface of the vast, endless expanse of green. And all because of *him*, the rat who was probably even now sitting lazily back in an easy chair in the saloon, fat and contented, swallowing and dwelling on the flavour of glass upon glass of liquor. He lifted his left hand up to his face, where his forefinger ran along the ugly, red seam of a scar, not yet healed. It never would heal completely, he thought bitterly to himself. Although the mark might go, the pain would still be there, throbbing away dimly within him, eating, burning up his soul, aching, forever horribly aching. His imprisonment had left its mark permanently embedded in his face . . . a whiplash had made that mark, but the one responsible would now pay. And he would pay dearly. His moment had come. It was for him to start, for him alone to say the word which would bring about vengeance. He said it.

"Denver!" he rapped out. No answer from within the swinging doors.

"Denver!" he shouted. A man appeared. It was *him*.

"You have a gun," he continued. "Draw it, an' fast, 'cos I am going to kill you." His low-pitched voice was pregnant with menace.

For the first time, Denver spoke. He turned appealingly to the crowd of onlookers. "Look here, folks," he began, pleadingly. "Dover here's a gunman. He deserved his sentence. As Marshal of this yer burg, I order you to form a deputation and . . ." His voice trailed away. The wooden faces of the citizens told him there could be no hope. Many times he had played poker or had drunk with them in the saloon, yet now they were going to send him to his death. He could not grasp it. Dover spoke:

"Get ready, marshal. I like shootin' rats."

Denver looked at the gunman. His ugly red scar now seemed to stand out uglier and redder than ever before. Dover spoke again:

"Don't like dyin', huh marshal?" he inquired. "I guess those other nine fellers yu downed warn't reelly hankering after dyin', neither."

The jeering note of the slow Southern drawl had a surprising effect on Denver. His eyes dilated. The veins stuck out on his face, which had become purple. He clawed at his gun. He screamed hysterically. There followed a bang and a spurt of flame from Dover's left hip. Another bang. And another. Denver's scream ended in a choking gurgle. He made a last spasmodic effort to fire, and then he pitched heavily forward, coughing up blood, writhing and cursing in the last agonies of death. His hand clawed and ripped at his chest, removing some object, and then he was gone. Gone for ever. Out of the swirling tendrils of blue smoke curling lazily upwards, emerged Dover. With an expressionless face, and with steely grey-blue eyes of bleak, arctic coolness, he stared at the twisted mass, still twitching horribly, for long moments. This was Death. He had killed. And now a mob, with a rope, was advancing silently on him. He had taken a life. They would now take his. He looked for the last time at the corpse of Denver, and smiled grimly, reminiscently, as he saw the object Denver had torn off his chest. There, lying amongst the blood and the dust, winking in the sunlight, was the object. It was a marshal's star.

J. B. LOVE (28)

THE TROUT

My fly alights upon the river;
 My aim is true and does not falter.
 There is a flurry in the water by,
 And I know a trout has seen my fly.
 A scurry, then a plunge,
 And the rod dips with a sudden lunge.
 He's hooked, and turning, takes full flight,
 Churning the water to a milky white.
 He's tiring now and seems to fall
 As he answers more easily to the rod-tip's call.
 One last desperate rush, and then I have him,
 Shining as he slithers over the landing-net rim.

E. BIGGS (5A)

ATTRITION

This body born encased in gold
 Burns daily, rots, corrodes; till one day's passed.
 Exposed to life's bitter rain, it weakens, roughens, chafes
 Inside and out; grows ferrous thorns that, black and sharp,
 Score painfully the soft grey frame shielding the soul.
 In night's black light and day's red death
 This body cracks, breaks, crushing with feet of hoary rust
 The unprotected petals of a flower, white and lying in its path.
 Armour worn thin, jaggedly holed, spills clear blood
 And falls; an empty cup acidly torn up by its own sharp juice.
 Black, weary eyes look lastward up,
 But the body sinks slowly down,
 Victim and killer, oppressor and oppressed,
 Lie there in one—Death alone can make them two.

N. SPROXTON, 6(2)

MY FIRST HOUSE MATCH

Immediately before the match I had drops put in my eyes to have them tested, and everything after then was a hazy blur. After changing in the car on the way back from the clinic, I took my glasses off and it was much worse. The only definite things I could see were bright colours.

I went straight on to the pitch just before the game started. I was playing scrum-half. For the first few minutes of the game I did not have to do anything, which was fortunate because I was aware only of bright yellow and red shirts looming up and suddenly veering away.

And then there was a scrum. Luckily I did not have to put the ball in. Then somebody bawled, "Pick it up and pass!" I looked around and there at my feet was a vague, oval, brown object. I picked it up and threw it roughly in the direction of a yellow shirt I could see behind me. It cannot be described as an accurate pass because the biggest man (or so it seemed) in the other team was, at the time, trying to tear me in half.

Then half-time came. I can just remember the captain saying to me, "Keep it up." Personally I could not see anything to keep up. So I just went back to the fray.

Shortly afterwards someone swapped places with me and I found myself wing-forward. I managed to last out the rest of the game in that position, either chasing the player who seemed to have the ball or giving the scrum an extra push now and again.

K. SMALLEY (2B)

EXPENSE OF SPIRIT

A silent room and spectacles; a race
 Disintegrated by an intellect
 Without a whisper of emotion left.
 They think it matters that the world exists,
 With men and insects running over it,
 Directionless. They think this, yet they work
 Within their silence and their spectacles
 To kill me. Though I cannot say I care
 About my death all that much, yet I wish
 There were a Helen and a Troy that I could die for.

P. T. PLATTEN, 6(3)

LETTER FROM OXFORD

The first week at Oxford is probably the most insincere and selfish period of one's life. The apparent purpose of eating is to see who can reach the salt or pepper first and politely pass it to whoever is in need of it, that of speaking to pronounce as loudly and emphatically as possible every final "t", while the object of playing a sport is not enjoyment, but the desire for a much-vaunted Blue. When, on your second evening in college a representative of some club, the O.U. Metternich Society—"for would-be diplomats and those interested in international rule of law"—perhaps, calls and offers you membership, you politely enquire the objects and times of meeting, but when, at the end of the same week, a representative, the tenth that day, of the O.U. Tiddlywinks Society—"to coordinate the playing of tiddlywinks in the university and with the express aim of thrashing Cambridge . . ."—calls, your only response, rather terse usually, is "How much? — No!" But, by then, the rest of the freshmen, and yourself included, have probably been sobered a little by the veterans of the second, third and eighth years. Your conception of an Oxford, immaculately dressed, is shattered by the corduroy and sweater brigade; your picture of begowned scholars chained to library desks blown sky-high by the tanned, hearty oarsmen training six days a week and with nothing in mind but Torpids or eights; your vision of stern, intellectual and high-principled dons melted in the mists of sherry-parties and jovial acceptance of the flimsiest excuses for the non-appearance of work.

Oxford may shatter some dreams, but it will shape others to replace them. No matter what you hope for from a life at Oxford, you can find it there,

for it caters not for a production-model, but for an individual with his own aptitudes and standards; if you wish to let them slip, then no-one will blame you; if you wish to improve them, no-one will praise you. The whole responsibility for what you do in work and play is in your hands; your tutor may suggest a means of improvement or need of alteration, but only rarely will he enforce it. The balance of work and play, of thought and recreation, is not even maintained by any compulsion to attend lectures. You can pass three years in the town without attending a single one and still obtain a reasonable degree. At first you are not fully aware of all this liberty that has suddenly become yours for the taking. Time is so full and busy that there seems no opportunity to waste any, but before long, you will need to realise it and act on it accordingly. If you leave Oxford having learnt only to consume an inordinate amount of alcohol and carry on a social conversation with an undergraduate, your tutor will no doubt sigh with regret, but not at any inability or shortcomings on his part. You will be the only one to blame if you do not do justice to the life of Oxford and let it inspire you with its interest and variety, its width and depth, its tolerance and understanding.

R. W. JACKSON

A FEW COMMENTS ON PROVINCIAL UNIVERSITY LIFE

Probably the first thing a potential undergraduate learns with any certainty about universities is that they are badly organized and bureaucratic. He finds this out by applying to six in order to get a place in one, filling up innumerable forms and learning how to advertise himself. There follows a long waiting time filled with refusals, conditional promises and other people's tales of woe. Then at last someone accepts him—or not. If not, he has to start again.

Assuming that you (a prospective student) have won a place and a grant to keep you in it, your next job is to find somewhere to live. You might live at home, but this is usually inconvenient, if not downright absurd. You are usually expected to live in "approved lodgings" or a "Hall of Residence", which both sound even less inspiring than they are.

Most students live in lodgings, because they are cheaper and more numerous. Those who live in a hall seem to enjoy it, but I have no experience of halls myself. The five or six weeks I spent in lodgings were hilarious, dreary, fantastic and frustrating in turn (and sometimes all at once). The house and the things that happened in it remain amusing, but they are totally unrelated to ordinary lodgings life, which is usually just like home, only better to work in.

Without any doubt—or at least, not much—I find living in a flat the best solution, but it's useless if you can't cook. Most people prefer, or pretend to prefer, whichever accommodation they are living in at the time.

Both the University and its students are rather disappointing to a newcomer. The university is not a unity: usually it is a formless mass of disconnected buildings whose only common feature is that they are ugly. While you are there you can watch the growing of this strange organism, as new, expensive, monstrous limbs are added and immediately found to be too small.

The students are surprisingly ordinary: you think, "Are these the people

who fill telephone booths and plant flags on atomic reactors?" And the answer is "No". The people who do these things are a minority, usually the same minority which is active in the Union and the various societies. After a few months you recognise particular people as being that sort, because you see them more often than the ordinary students and they are always being intensely social. They are normally connected, if not identical, with the group that goes to wild parties every night and they give the poor innocent everyday student a Rabelaisian reputation. Some of the reputation is justified: male students who do not drink beer, know the best bawdy songs or play poker are rare. Those who do all three are also rare, but much easier to find.

In general the student population represents a small-scale version of the English middle class, in its opinions, attitudes and behaviour. Of course there are obvious differences, the chief of which is that students, being young, are more impatient of the establishment, and that, relatively free of responsibilities and restrictions, they are more individualistic. But the broad divisions of middle-class life in opinions, politics and religion are there. These things are often discussed and positions are changed or fortified, giving the impression of an active intelligentsia anxiously trying to find the truth about life and society. But in fact large numbers of students are already settled in the apathy and conservatism typical of their elders. Many have lives consisting merely of work and entertainment, with little time for thinking at all. Others will stop thinking when they leave the company of the University's occasional fanatics, whose main effect seems to be the needed stimulation of others' minds.

So far I have hardly mentioned the study that you are presumably going to the University for. This varies far more from place to place than the non-academic aspects of life. The structure of lectures and tutorials is usual throughout, but the way they are used depends on the faculty you are in. The importance of lectures is arguable and much argued; first-class degrees have been obtained without attending them at all, and they take up a lot of time to convey their information rather inefficiently. However, unless you are a genius, not attending them leaves you with no frame to build your work on, and makes efficient study much more difficult.

If you cannot make up your mind whether or not to continue your education, do. You may not get a first-class degree, or even a degree, but you will almost certainly enjoy trying. Those three years can help you find out where you fit into the wide world later. They will possibly be the last years of freely being yourself before you have to conform to the patterns of men earning their livings.

S. GOULD

OLD BOYS' RUGBY

In some ways this was a disappointing season. The attempt to run four sides was not over-successful, the C XV only functioning spasmodically.

The 1st XV started the season very impressively, winning their first five games, but then lost a series of three and never seemed to recover completely or live up to their undoubted potential. Yet they could have won all the games which they lost had they sustained their efforts through to the final whistle.

The A XV started even more impressively, being undefeated in the first eleven games. Then they seemed to lose their rhythm and were never the same team again.

The B XV, under the able direction of M. Robbins and B. Stanley, was the most successful team in the club and, despite a continually changing side, built up an enthusiasm and team spirit unequalled by the other sides in the club.

The most satisfactory feature of the season, however, was the fact that so many schoolboys turned out for the Old Boys during the vacation and their enthusiasm and standard of play augur well for the future of the Club.

M. ROWLAND, *Secretary*

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The past year has once again seen the Association very active in its many roles, culminating with the Easter Fair, at which a profit of some £133 was made. Some of this sum will be absorbed in furnishing the Prefects' room.

The calendar of events has generally been well supported, but I am sure that from now on the minds of the Committee will be much exercised to find entertainment, social or educational, that will not only attract greater numbers, but also hold the "old faithfuls".

Not all evenings are organised for the purpose of raising money, and of those in the past year, I think it will be agreed that the Old Time Dance at the Baths Hall in January, the amateur dramatics performance by Mr. and Mrs. Hallam and their friends of "The Circle", and the talk by G. D. Saunders—an old boy—on his experiences during a three months' hitch-hiking tour of Europe at a cost of approximately four pounds, were evenings well spent away from "Telly" and the like.

Year by year I have hoped to announce that I had at last skippered the Dads to victory in the realm of 'King Willow'; alas, I still wait, but with some new blood and more flexible muscles, who knows what this year will bring?

We can, however, boast that since the inception of the annual tennis match we have reigned supreme. To those who take part in this and the cricket match, they are very enjoyable hours.

To some great degree it must be said that the strength of the Association lies in its Committee, and I would therefore like to remind members that the time of the year is coming when new Officers and Committee are to be appointed. Who should be appointed is always a matter of difficulty where the 'new parent' element of the Committee is concerned, for, in the first year, nearly all are strangers. I would therefore suggest to you that if you know of anyone who would like to serve and would be willing to give up one evening a month, you should see that his or her name appears on the list for election.

During my service on the Committee, and for more years before it than he would care to remember, Mr. Perry, the School Caretaker, has given a great deal of time and service to the Association. It is not usual to mention personalities in this article, but I do so now because there never seems to be

any appropriate time to say how much his efforts have been appreciated. In thanking him, I do so with the hope that he will long carry on with his support.

Lastly, I would mention that in the coming year there is every possibility of the Association being requested to sponsor a big project for the School, one such as would require your whole-hearted support. But, there, having whetted your appetites, I will leave the matter.

G. C. DAVIES, *Chairman*

SCHOOL OFFICERS

School Captain: P. T. Platten

Vice-Captains: K. E. Leach, A. C. Warren

Senior Prefects: J. McLean, H. J. Slater, D. J. Wills

Prefects:

A. C. Barker, A. L. Cheesman, R. A. Fenton, R. L. Haywood,
P. C. Anger, M. D. Balloch, D. K. Bull, A. J. Court, W. N. Davies,
D. J. Dufour, J. E. Goddard, A. F. Grant, J. B. Jackson,
J. O. Jonkler, R. Knight, T. J. Lewis, K. M. Lohmann, M. P. Moore,
R. Norman, P. W. Sherwin, N. Sproxton, J. F. Wainwright,
F. Webb, R. D. Whiffin, J. G. Williams

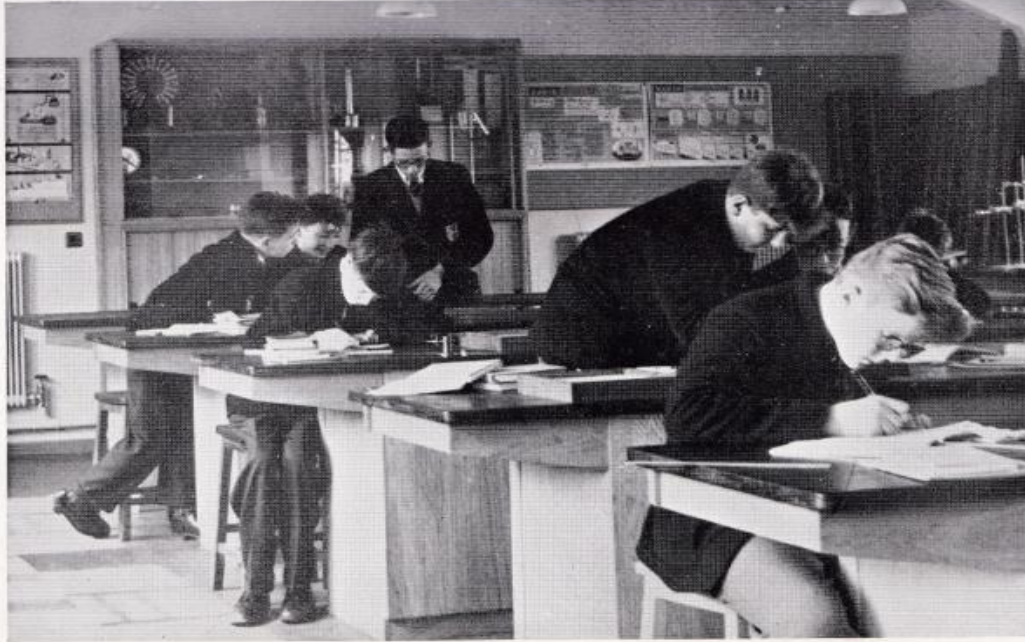
House Captains:

CANONS	-	-	A. C. Warren
LODGE	-	-	N. Sproxton
RAVENSBURY	-	-	R. Norman
WITFORD	-	-	T. J. Lewis

Team Captains:

ATHLETICS	-	-	J. E. Goddard
CRICKET	-	-	H. J. Slater
TENNIS	-	-	F. Webb
RUGBY	-	-	K. E. Leach, N. Sproxton

<i>Phalanx Chairman</i>	-	F. Webb
<i>Phoenix Chairman</i>	-	P. T. Platten
<i>School Librarian</i>	-	M. D. Balloch



At work in one of the new science laboratories