The Philologian

THE MAGAZINE OF ST. MARYLEBONE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

VOL. 19 AUTUMN TERM 1961 No. 8

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MR. F. REBBICK

THE PHILOLOGIAN

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VOL. 19 AUTUMN TERM, 1961 No. 8

EDITORS

ROBERTS A. J., GAUNTLETT M. V., KENNEDY J.
GEORGIOU P., LEIGH R. M., LEE R.
MR. J. B. SMYTH

F. REBBICK

AT the end of the Summer Term a cheerful atmosphere pervades the School. The Forms thank their Form Masters for the help they have received throughout the year. The Houses thank their House Masters, and the term ends with three rousing cheers for the Headmaster and Staff.

At such a time we think of those who, though in a less conspicuous position, have nevertheless given the School equally generous and reliable service.

For twenty-five years Mr. Rebbick has been in charge of the ground at Sudbury Hill. During those years he has accumulated the knowledge and acquired the skill to combat successfully the English climate to such an extent that School teams have often been enabled to enjoy a game when they might otherwise have been disappointed. Mr. Rebbick was born a Londoner, and it was at Lord's that he began his life as groundsman. He spent five years there, taking care of the pitches and occasionally making up an eleven for the M.C.C. From Lord's he went to a preparatory school in Seaford, where for two years he was professional coach.

At this point the School's history and Mr. Rebbick's career converge, for when Mr. Wayne acquired the new playing fields, he appointed Mr. Rebbick as groundsman, and the School thus gained two assets which have served it well.

In those days the ground was without a pavilion, and for the first few seasons the dignity of the cricket matches was slightly marred by the necessity to use a temporary construction. Further difficulty was met in the water company's refusal to provide a ground, situated in Wembley, with water for its pavilion situated over the border in Harrow. Such were the problems Mr. Rebbick had to face, and face alone, for at that time he had no assistant. Indeed, automation had not reached the outback of Sudbury, and the grass had to be cut by a hand mower.

During the war the grounds were taken over by the L.C.C. Since then the School has greatly increased in size, and Mr. Rebbick, who now has to provide pitches for other schools as well as St. Marylebone, is helped by an assistant provided by the Council.

After the war more than countries were liberated. S.M.G.S. was freed from the shackles of Soccer and allowed to experience the pleasures of Rugby. Freedom, however, always brings in its train a certain amount of hardship. New techniques had to be applied to the ground, for Rugby pitches require longer grass than Soccer pitches.

Mr. Rebbick, who can look back over a quarter of a century, sees little change in the boys themselves. Only one factor gives him cause for regret—their attitude to cricket. A few are as keen as ever, but the majority, who look on the game merely as a pastime to separate the Cross Country from the Rugby season, are poor shadows of their enthusiastic pre-war counterparts.

Apart from this sacrilegious approach to cricket, Mr. Rebbick complains of little. He has enjoyed his association with the School, the open-air life, and the close contact he has maintained with cricket, the game he has always loved.

Mr. Rebbick's friendly interest and unfailing patience have encouraged generations of schoolboys, while his wife has added to the delight of playing and watching matches by providing teas and refreshments for all.

The School owes a great deal to this couple, and would like to take this opportunity of expressing its sincere thanks to two people who have made a part of School life such a pleasure.

P.G. AND M.H.

RUGBY, 1960–61

SCHOOL Rugby this season has not been in a particularly happy state. After a quick look at the table of results, and a quiet shudder, the chief recollection of most players will be the weather. Yet, surprisingly, on only four Saturdays was there no Rugby played at all, and only seven when all home fixtures had to be cancelled.

It is not particularly difficult to find the reasons behind lack of success—lack of practice and the aftermath of two rather poor U. 15 XV's. I have in past years commented on how the 2nd XV has been strengthened by the sudden desire for muddy glory among senior boys who have not previously shown great ability. Without detracting from their considerable contribution to 2nd XV successes, it is also true to say that, basically, these boys have not added greatly to their knowledge of the individual skills of the game. They are very willing, and play with great fire, but, to be honest, the majority will remain good 2nd XV players. It is an unhappy fact that the chief weakness of our 1st XV lies in the individual player's inability to perform basic skills—passing, in particular, was noticeably weaker this season. Against Pinner and St. Nicholas our line looked thoroughly inexperienced and outclassed, and the difference was not entirely in speed or elusiveness but in well-timed passing. The defence was adequate but given to moments of hesitation under pressure ;

losses by a small margin were generally the result of a single lapse after having had very much the better of the game territorially. Personal fitness had much to do with this, too. It was a revelation to see the state of exhaustion of many players after only seven minutes' play in the sevens.

French and Hargreaves were selected to play for Middlesex this year, but were unable to play the full quota of matches. French left at Christmas, and Hargreaves damaged a knee.

The 2nd XV played most of its matches in a spirit of irrepressible optimism—quite justifiably, to judge by results. Three matches only were lost, and these by the narrow margins of seven, five and three points. A scorn of subtlety and finer tactical points was the keynote of the XV's play. Each member of the team considered the scoring of tries by the most direct route his chief concern, and there was usually someone else to carry on the good work if he should fail.

After its success in the previous season the U. 15 XV was a great disappointment. The report of last year contains remarks of a general nature concerning poor performances by recent U. 15 XV's. These are still generally true, but do not do much to excuse or explain the poor spirit of this year's team. A year ago they won eleven of seventeen games ; this year—against practically the same opponents—they lost thirteen of fifteen. Nevertheless, Clark and Mildon played for Middlesex Colts during the season.

The U. 14 XV was also disappointing and did not show much improvement during the season. The basic weakness was an unwillingness to tackle but rather to follow one's opposite number at a discreet distance until yet another try was scored. Harsh words, perhaps, but some may recognise their failings and blush privately ; a few may even go into next season determined to make a more full-blooded effort.

For once the U. 13 XV looked quite promising after some preliminary sorting out. The results appear modest, but subtract two heavy defeats (Wandsworth 0–43 and St. Nicholas 3–36), and matters are more even. Rather more 1st Form boys played in the team this season and, having survived a period of fairly natural suspicion on the part of their elders, gave a good account of themselves.

1ST XV RESULTS, 1960–61

v. Wandsworth School	(A)	Won	13– 0
v. Chiswick C.G.S.	(H)	Lost	3–10
v. St. Olave's G.S.	(A)	Lost	0– 3
v. R.G.S., High Wycombe	(H)	Lost	3–14
v. William Ellis School...	(H)	Lost	0– 5
v. St. Ignatius College	(H)	Lost	5– 6
v. Harrow County School	(A)	Lost	0– 9
v. Bec School	(A)	Lost	0–14
v. Old Philologians	(H)	Drawn	3– 3
v. Thames Valley C.G.S.	(A)	Lost	0–20
v. Kilburn G.S.	(H)	Won	8– 3

v. Pembroke College, Oxford	(A)	Lost	8– 9
v. R.A.F. Apprentices, Halton	(A)	Lost	3–14
v. Chiswick C.G.S.	(A)	Lost	8–24
v. St. Nicholas G.S.	(A)	Lost	0–22
v. Pinner C.G.S....	(A)	Lost	0–18

	Played	*Won*	*Drawn*	*Lost*	*Points for*	*Points against*	*Cancelled*
1st XV ...	16	2	1	13	54	174	5
2nd XV ...	11	8	0	3	123	39	11
U. 15 XV ...	15	2	0	13	44	267	8
U. 14 XV ...	15	2	2	11	87	292	8
U. 13 XV ...	11	3	2	6	61	151	9
U. 12 XV ...	2	2	0	0	23	5	0
Totals	70	19	5	46	392	928	41
1959–60 ...	84	38	3	43	710	899	33

1ST XV

Hargreaves (Capt.)
Bernstein
Dowsett
French
Gauntlett
Goodman
Jones, J.
Lewis
Mahony
Mailes
Masud
Olivier
Prendergast
Rath
Roberts, A. J.
Stiller
Prendergast

2ND XV

Hatch (Capt.)
Broadbent
Brown
Collins, I.
Collins, M.
Collins, P.
Dorrell
Gilbert
Gross
Halberstadt
Kennedy
Khachadourian
Klier
Larlse
Lyons
Messenger
Monk
Norton
Offenbach
Ogilvie
Rose
Stoddart
Webster

U. 15 XV

Cole (Capt.)
Bernstein
Carter
Clark
Dean
Dodd
Gold
Hoare
Kebble
Lawrence
Lee
Mailes
McGregor
McIntyre
Mildon
Offenbach
Payne
Petty
Sloane
Sprecher
Stevens
Strachan

U. 14 XV

Travers-Smith (Capt.)
Atkins
Bennett
Blackshaw
Bowen
Cathrew
Craven
Fraser
Giles
Hampsher-Monk
Harburn
Harris
Herbert
Hutson
Keen
Maister
Pracy
Rabstein
Rath
Scherer
Shorrocks
Washtell
Welds
Wiltshire

U. 13 XV

Whale (Capt.)
Adler
Beaney
Cohen
Collins
Currie
Ettinger
Evans
Griller
Heath
Hoare
Holmes
Hood
Larkins
Mitter
Naho
Oakley
Pelekanos
Potter
Pratt
Richards
Routh
Scholar
Trendall
Wilson

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

THE season opened well with an away win against the Central Foundation School, the Intermediate team winning 15 to 21 points, the Senior team 17 to 20 points. Later in a home fixture with St. Clement Dane's, the School lost by a very narrow margin in both the Intermediate and Senior races. Although it is quite true St. Clement Dane's had two very good teams, it is more than probable that the result would have been different had all members of our teams been there : unfortunately this failure to run when selected was repeated in another match. This, however, does not give a true picture of the spirit shown by most boys, for the teams trained very hard in the Michaelmas Term and showed considerable keenness. It was, therefore, very unfortunate that several fixtures with other schools had to be cancelled chiefly as a result of their not being able to find sufficient boys to make up a team.

In open races the School did reasonably well. Although we were not officially placed in the Queen's Park Harriers' race for the Parry Trophy due to an insufficient number of boys in our team, the Secretary of the Harriers wrote to say that Davidge (5A) " ran a very creditable race," and then invited him to join the club. Later in the season there was a

Road Relay Race on Merchant Taylors' course, which proved to be very fast, and the School team did well to gain fifth position against eight schools taking part. Perhaps the most important of the open fixtures is the N.L.G.S.A.S. Cross Country Race. The Headmaster, as this year's Chairman of the Association, was at Parliament Hill Fields and saw the Intermediates gain tenth position out of twenty-two teams, and the Seniors twelfth position out of nineteen teams. The best individual position in the Intermediate section was gained by Stevens (4G), twenty-third out of over 130 runners; in the Senior race it was gained by Carr (6A), thirty-first out of over 106 runners.

Dowding (4G), very sensibly looking to the future, suggested that keen members of the First Forms should do some training in their own time. About a dozen boys showed some enthusiasm, and they gave up alternate Saturday mornings to practise running on the Sudbury Hill course. This promises well for the future of Cross Country Running in the School.

J. O'Keeffe deserves the thanks of all for the efficient and good-humoured way he has fulfilled his duties as Secretary. Thanks are also due to the boys who volunteered to give up their Saturday mornings to act as markers.

Only one boy, Norton (6Sc.) has been awarded Colours this season, mainly because most of the team had already been given them the previous year.

Trials will be held about half-way through the Michaelmas Term, and it is hoped that many boys will take part and try to gain a position in one of the School teams.

FIVES REPORT, 1960-61

THE School team experienced rather a lean season in fives. Only two of last year's team were available, but as at least three of this year's team will be available for next season, we are hopeful of some success in the Marchant Cup. There are a few promising younger players in the School, who should shortly contribute much to School fives. I hope that more use will be made of the fives court, both by School players and House players.

I should like to thank all boys who played for the School at one time or another, and also Mr. Bosley for the time he has spent and the trouble he has taken over the year.

Hon. Secretary.

SCHOOL ATHLETIC SPORTS

MAY 12TH, 1961

A FINE sunny day made conditions ideal for athletics. At the end of an enjoyable afternoon the trophies were presented by Mrs. F. Warne-Cornish. During the meeting there were some good individual performances, but nevertheless only one School Record was broken—by Abbott House in the Middle Relay. In view of this, and the fact that the School provided only seven finalists in the N.L.G.S.A.A's meeting at the White City, it would seem necessary that more vigorous training schedules be undertaken if School athletic standards are to continue to rise.

WINNERS OF INDIVIDUAL EVENTS

	SENIOR	MIDDLE	JUNIOR
100 yards	Brower (M.), 10.9 sec.	Gilbert (A.), 11.5 sec.	Bowen (A.), 13.5 sec.
220 yards	Stiller (B.), 25.1 sec.	Gilbert (A.), 25.9 sec.	Bowen (A.), 29.6 sec.
440 yards	O'Keefe (A.), 56.2 sec.	Davidge (M.), 59.2 sec.	—
880 yards	Alban (A.), 2 min. 15.7 sec.	Mildon (B.), 2 min. 25.9 sec.	
One mile	Alban (A.), 5 min. 8.7 sec.	—	—
Hurdles (S., 120 *yards*, M., 110 *yards.*, J. 80 *yards*)	Trager (P.), 20 sec.	Cole (M.), 17.25 sec.	Potter (M.), 15 sec.
High Jump	Wilkinson (B.), 5 ft. 2 in.	Francis (A.), 4 ft. 10 in.	Heath (M.), 4 ft. 1 in.
Long Jump	Wilkinson (B.), 16 ft. 11½ in.	Francis (A.), 16 ft. 1½ in.	Rath (P.), 13 ft. 0½ in.
Weight	Bohata (B.), 48 ft. 5 in.	Bernstein (P.), 35 ft. 6 in.	Fraser (A.), 35 ft. 5 in.
Discus	Jurke (A.), 103 ft.	Rose (P.), 90 ft. 6 in.	—
Javelin	Rath (P.), 105 ft. 4½ in.	Oliver (M.), 106 ft. 3 in.	—
Relay	Portman, 47.8 sec.	Abbott, 50.4 sec.	Abbott, 59.5 sec.

Victor Ludorum.—Senior: Alban (A.), O'Keefe (A.), Wilkinson (B.)—tied. Middle: Francis (A.). Junior: Bowen (A.).

G.W.H.

"KING LEAR"

FEBRUARY 1ST–4TH, 1961

Dramatis Personae

	Actor	*Played on*
Lear, King of Britain	F. C. Kraus C. A. Prendergast	Wed., Fri. Thurs., Sat.
King of France	P. E. Woolf L. J. Lewis	Wed., Fri. Thurs., Sat.
Duke of Burgundy	F. D. Adam N. Streat	Wed., Sat. Thurs., Fri.
Duke of Cornwall	B. J. Collins	All nights
Duke of Albany	J. Kennedy A. J. Roberts	Wed., Fri. Thurs., Sat.
Earl of Kent	R. J. M. Whelan B. J. Camp	Wed., Fri. Thurs., Sat.
Earl of Gloucester	M. H. Tims R. J. Weisz	Wed., Fri. Thurs., Sat.
Edgar, Son to Gloucester ...	D. P. R. J. Lee D. M. Gostyn	Wed., Fri., Sat. Thurs.
Edmund, Bastard Son to Gloucester	Y. S. Fedida	All nights
Curan, a Captain	A. P. Svoboda	All nights
Oswald, Steward to Goneril ...	M. D. Alban J. C. Reed	Wed., Fri. Thurs., Sat.

Doctor	T. J. Simonds	All nights
Fool	I. W. Hampsher-Monk	All nights
Goneril, Daughter to Lear ...	F. Meisel	Wed., Fri.
	B. L. Schueler	Thurs., Sat.
Regan	M. R. Warrell	Wed., Fri.
	M. B. Lewis	Thurs., Sat.
Cordelia	M. D. Rath	All nights
Herald	T. F. A. Fry	All nights
Gentlemen	I. D. Hoare, M. A. Rabstein	
Servants	M. Aldred, R. M. C. Gwynne, R. M. Leigh, B. J. Mailes, G. L. Milch, B. A. Murray, D. Sprecher, D. F. McCallum, G. K. D. McGregor, J. C. Oliver	All nights

Music : Organs and Virginals : J. F. Cohen ; Trumpet : T. F. A. Fry.
Stage Management : A. P. Svoboda, assisted by A. P. Dowsett and I. D. Hoare.
Prompter : J. M. Hurran.
Electricians : T. J. Dooley, J. M. Goldrich, S. D. Kenny, P. J. Pilgrim, P. Stoddart, G. P. Theodosiou.
The Play produced by Mr. G. H. Bailey.

THE School has attempted the greatest of plays and pretty well exhausted itself in the effort. However, it must be admitted that all fourteen named parts were doubled, and out of these twenty-eight boys, all but four saw the job through to the end, and right in the midst of rehearsals Prendergast took on the examiners of both Universities and got a place at the major.

Lear was successfully undertaken by Prendergast (6A) and Kraus (U.5A), one bringing out with sensitive appreciation the bewilderment of madness and the pathos of his repentance in the last scenes with Cordelia ; the other, with a voice both powerful and attractive, bringing out the pride and anger that set the powers of evil at work. Both gave performances that the audience thought beyond the scope of schoolboys.

Lee (U.5A) exploited to the full the variety in Edgar—his astonishment at what Edmund tells him, the pretended madness (which he threw himself into with great zest), punctuated by doubts if he could daub it further, and contributing by his sensitive reactions to the pathos of his father and his king on the cliffs of Dover.

Fedida (5S), as Edmund, was a complete villain. Handsome, intelligent, cunning, false and treacherous, he made quite credible Edmund's extraordinary rise from nothing to earl and beyond to be within reach of the mastery of the whole realm. He took the audience into his confidence like an experienced actor, and put across his philosophy of careers open to talent with convincing emphasis.

"I PRAY YOU, FATHER BEING WEAK, SEEM SO"

Kent is a most lovable man, and neither Camp nor Whelan (both U.5A) had any difficulty in presenting a kindly generous nature. Whelan, by studied hard work, overcame the disadvantage of medium size in stature and voice to produce a convincing Kent, bold in the defence of right and common sense, respectful where respect was due, but impatient with fops and folly. Camp, with bigger voice and person, was able to present the character still more forcefully. Both, with the help of both Oswalds, succeeded well with the humour of their encounters.

Reed (6A) gave a talented performance of Oswald, insolent and frightened by turns and bringing out the sometimes overlooked fidelity to his mistress Goneril. A martyr to his art, he sustained some bruises from the pallow, which proved harder than his shins. The part was ably filled on alternate nights by Alban (also of 6A).

The difficult part of Goneril was adequately and intelligently filled by Schueler (4S), who surprisingly produced the hardness and venom needed for the part. Meisel (4A) acted as within four walls, and ignored the audience.

Lewis (3H) and Warrell (4A) took on the unpleasant part of Regan. Warrell had difficulty in making himself unpleasant enough. Lewis did not know his lines until Saturday, but then gave us an excellent performance.

Both Weisz (5S) and Tims (U.5S) excelled in the pathos in the part of Gloster, and brought out the variety he betrays in the opening scene and the weaknesses that make him an easy prey to Edmund, and though they did not curdle our blood when blinded, they conveyed fear in anticipation of the event and pity after it.

Hampsher-Monk (3S), one of the youngest actors of the cast, succeeded admirably with the difficult part of the Fool. He had some difficulty in finding a suitable lightness of touch for the quips and bitter jokes of the first act, but his clear diction and good timing made every point clear. He was completely successful in bringing out the fidelity in the Fool's character, and the pathos of the predicament into which his fidelity leads him, and he is the only Fool I have heard who sang all the songs.

Rath (3S) presented a lovely and lovable Cordelia with an understanding which one would have thought was beyond a third-former. He gave admirable point to such varied lines as " Sure I shall never marry like my sisters, . . ." " to your professed bosoms " and " O thou good Kent."

Roberts and Kennedy, of 6A gave dignity and authority to capable performances of Albany, and Collins (also 6A) was a ruthless and business-like Cornwall. With fine voice and gesture he dominated the stage during his scenes at Gloster's Castle.

Lewis (6A) and Woolf (U.5A) were the King of France ; Adam (6A) and Streat (5A) were the Duke of Burgundy.

There is much music in the play, sounds and sweet airs that give delight but sometimes perhaps hurt. Hampsher-Monk rendered the cynicism of the Fool most musically in traditional settings by Linley, Director of Music at Bath in its heyday.

Lee sang Edgar's songs beautifully. As no record could be found of a tune of " Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd," a folk tune was fitted to it. Perhaps the most striking song was " St. Withold," because it was sung as a duet by Edgar and the Fool.

Fry (3R) took the part of the Herald and, on a long eighteenth century trumpet, played the calls so well we were sorry they had been reduced to two in number—one by Beethoven and the other by Fry.

Cohen (4A) cured Lear of his madness with two contemporary virginal pieces, and preluded the play with a modern overture on the organ in which Mr. Doughty strikingly presented the warring natures of the play and for contrast introduced the lovely folk tune of " Sleepest or wakest thou " as the still small voice of good—the Cordelia theme.

Ancient Britain was conjured up by a fine backcloth of downs, painted by Camp under the direction of Mr. Leatham, and a solid cranlech devised by the Head and Mr. Harrison.

Svoboda and Dowsett, assisted by Hoare, undertook the stage management.

Other actors were Svoboda Gwynne (Form 6) ; U. 5th : Leigh, Gostyn ; 5th : Aldred, Davidge, Lewens, Oliver, Ogilvie, Mailes, McCallum, Murray ; 4th : Hoare, McGregor, Milch, Sprecher, Symonds ; 3rd : Rabstein.

Mr. Greenwood raised an enthusiastic team of electricians : Pilgrim, Stoddart, Dooley, Goldrich, Kenney, Theodosiou.

HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP, 1960–61

	Abbott	*Beeching*	*Moore*	*Portman*
Points at the start of the Summer Term	234½	112	169¼	212¼
Athletics :				
Seniors	15	30	0	60
Middles	40	0	20	10
Juniors	30	0	15	8
Cricket :				
Seniors	10	30	100	70
Totals as on June 30th, 1961	329½	172	304¼	360¼

HOUSE REPORTS

Abbott House

THIS year has proved to be the occasion for a dramatic and justifiable resurgence of the House's fortunes. After a moderate Rugby season, the senior fives teams, under Lewis's able leadership, comfortably gained maximum points. The Cross Country was keenly contested, and the result was again satisfactory, while the House won the seven-a-side Rugby and the Athletics.

In all this our old rivals Moore were relegated to a rather doleful third, with Portman a bewildered second. We in Abbott send our sincere regrets to Moore for their sad decline.

We wish to extend a welcome to a new Master in our House, Mr. Holder ; and to congratulate Prendergast and Gauntless who have led the House's recovery this year so admirably—a recovery which we hope to sustain.

We are once more indebted to the encouragement and help rendered by Mr. Hartshorn.

Good luck and good health to C. Prendergast (who goes to Oxford), M. V. Gauntlett, K. J. McCall and L. Lewis.

K.J.M. (*House Secretary*).

Beeching House

AUTUMN 1960–SPRING 1961

The games results during this period have been rather disappointing, but they do not, by any means, discredit the team members. It was with determination that our three Rugby teams fought themselves through to the K.O. finals ; but, unfortunately, the skill and more co-ordinated play of our opponents got the upper hand.

Nor did our teams shine in the School Cross Country race, but allowances can be made for illness of certain members of the team. Sports Day saw the near success of our senior team, when, with the help of Bohata, Wilkinson, Mailes and company, we came second. The seniors were also successful in the Gym. Competition, when, under the leadership of Messenger, they came first.

Thus it can be seen that success is obtainable with a little effort and keenness. It is hoped that we will have more successes in the Cricket and Swimming, traditionally the " Beeching Sports."

Our thanks goes to Dowsett, who has been a forceful House Captain, and to Mr. Spiers, whose leadership has always been our encouragement.

J.K.

Moore House

After an uncertain start to the year with some rather disappointing League Rugby, the House took stock of its position and worked well as a team. Our senior Rugby XV was able to avenge its defeat by Abbott in the league and went on to win the Senior Rugby K.O.

In the Cross Country the House did creditably. And then once again we won the Junior Gym Competition and came second in the seniors. While the Senior Athletics were not up to our expectations, the middles and juniors show promise for the future.

At the moment we are third in the Championship, but the Cricket and Swimming are yet to be decided, so that the field still remains open.

Finally we must express our gratitude to our House Captain, A. J. Roberts, and Housemasters Messrs. McNeal, Longmore and Rogers, who have done so much for the House. We also take this opportunity of wishing the following members of the House, who are leaving this term,

good luck : Roberts, who is going to Oxford ; Kelly, who is studying at College ; Svoboda, Aberdeen ; Hargreaves, Middlesex Hospital ; Goodman, London University ; Griffiths, London School of Economics ; and Ryan to study Landscape Architecture.

A.P.S.

Portman House

Amazingly, Portman can report quite a successful year. Our Rugby teams, both junior and senior, have waltzed home with very few defeats ; and our Cross Country teams topped the table. Cricket has for the first time in many years become a respectable pastime for Portman to engage in.

Our usual House Tea at Christmas, reinforced this year by more and better grub, was highly successful, some excellent budding talent once again revealing itself.

An auction held under the auspices of the House raised a considerable sum of money for the relief of suffering in the Congo. Many beautiful things were sold, such as old broken-down toy steam engines and torn Rugby socks.

On behalf of the House and particularly top members of the retiring hierarchy, I should like to thank Dr. Derry, Mr. Leatham, Mr. Welchman and Mr. Mallen, who in his first year as House Master, has made quite a name for himself, for their untiring guidance of the House. To them goes our deepest gratitude.

G.G.

SCHOOL CHARITIES

DURING the Spring Term the Charities Committee sent £11 16s. 1d. to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and £15 0s. 3d. to the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief. In the Summer Term £12 19s. 8d. was sent to help provide Guide Dogs for the Blind and £14 3s. 9d. to the British Home and Hospital for Incurables.

We would like to thank all the Houses for their generous support, and the Philatelic Society for their gift from the proceeds of stamp sales.

SCHOOL CONCERT I

ON November 28th the musical talent of the School, composed of the School Orchestra and Choir, guided by the baton of Mr. Doughty, and one or two virtuosos who have shunned the discipline of both institutions, assembled in the Hall to give a concert before the parents, friends and less musical scholars.

One remarkable feature of this very successful programme was the exceptionally large number of solo items. All soloists must be praised for the amount of hard work that must have been necessary to bring them up to the high standard they attained. Unfortunately, there were so many soloists that a comment upon all is impossible, but the following selection of performers illustrates the catholic tastes of the artists.

In the first half R. Okin (3R) sang the Negro spiritual " I'm going to tell the Lord," in a strong and resonant voice.

P. Bardens and D. Lee (both U.VA) introduced a humorous element with Gilbert and Sullivan's Pirates' song from *The Pirates of Penzance.*

This was followed by the Prefects, who intoned what the audience could learn from their programmes was " Ol' Man River."

The first part of the concert ended with a medley of Scottish tunes played by A. Mackay (2R) on the bagpipes, an instrument with character.

During the second half I. Blumhof (U.VA) played Prelude and Fugue in D Major by Bach, with a pleasing and sensitive touch.

He was followed by D. Adsett (6Sc.), who played on the viola Intermezzo by Vivaldi, with assured competence.

J. Cohen (4A) played on the organ the Jig Fugue by Bach with his usual confidence and skill.

P. Bardens (U.VA) honoured us with the first performance of his own composition, " Daydream."

In the course of the evening the School Orchestra performed Allegretto by Marcello, Moderato and Allegretto by Haydn, and The Spinning Chorus by Wagner. The Spinning Chorus, which gave ample scope to all sections of the Orchestra, was very successful.

The Junior Orchestra, rehearsed by Miss B. Mundlak, also played three pieces: March in D (Rinaldo) by Handel, Song from the Welsh Coal Mines by Brown, and The Little Pearlie, also by Brown, giving a very creditable performance.

The Madrigal Group, conducted by A. Parry (U.VSc.) sang The Little Road to Bethlehem (by Head) with feeling.

The concert ended with two items by the School Choir. Both " Ring out, Wild Bells," by Fletcher, and " Christmas is Coming " (arr. Davies) were given an able rendering, while " Christmas is Coming " earned a well-deserved encore.

The other soloists were P. Walter (3R), A. Spratt (2R), R. Fields (3R), T. Davies (3H), R. Kandel (2R), A. Rumistzrevicz (1R), W. Schaeffer (1H), J. Larke (6Sc.), C. Kennard (4Sc.), S. Gersh (3R), M. Bowen (3R), T. Craven (3R), V. Washtell (3H) and A. Grainger (5G).

The thanks of all go to Mr. Doughty and the music teachers, whose unfailing patience made such an enjoyable evening possible.

P.G.

GYMNASTICS COMPETITION

AFTER much discussion between Mr. Crook, the Senior House Masters, and myself, it was decided to have two judges instead of one for this year's competition. In previous years we have had one judge marking on general impression. Although the results have varied little from my forecast, the judge's task under this scheme was difficult. There were also grounds for complaints for the performer who did his best-ever hand spring and found that the judge was not looking. With two judges we hoped that it would be possible to introduce a system of marking individuals on each performance. The general opinion at the end was that the new method was successful, although various snags became apparent with the competition in its present form. These, we hope, will become less apparent, if not non-existent, in future years.

The two judges this year were Mr. Cordiner, of Kynaston School, and Mr. Crook, and I think they are to be congratulated on making such a success of the new system. Mr. Cordiner gave the adjudication. He said that the standard of work was good, and he complimented the senior boys on the coaching they had done with the junior teams. Speaking generally, he said the days when gymnastics were regarded as the poor relation of the British physical education field were numbered. Membership of clubs was on the increase, and if the last Olympic Games was any criterion, then British competitors in years to come would be " in with a chance."

In the senior competition, Beeching were given first place, with Moore second, Abbott third, and Portman fourth. For the first time for at least six years, Moore wandered away from first place, but their reputation was saved to a certain extent with first place in the junior competition. Abbott were placed second, Portman third, and Beeching fourth.

C.B.

THE BADMINTON CLUB 1960–61

IN recent years badminton has been played only by members of the Sixth Form. This year, however, a club has been formed with a view to furthering badminton as a School sport. The idea has been a great success because of both the keenness and the ability of the club members.

The School team of Zidermann, Morris, Webster, Rath, Rose, Trager and Solomons has done very well, despite the restrictions in the use of the gym for practice.

At the end of the Spring Term, 1961, Morris (V.6A) was elected Captain. Trager (V.6A), Vice-Captain, and Rose (5SC.), Secretary.

P.Z. (V.6s).

RESULTS

v. Hackney Downs ...	Home	Won	7–0
v. Old Boys	Home	Lost	1–8
v. Hackney Downs ...	Away	Lost	3–6
v. Kilburn Grammar ...	Away	Lost	0–9
v. Kilburn Grammar ...	Away	Lost	0–9
v. Henry Thornton ...	Home	Lost	3–6

CURRENT AFFAIRS SOCIETY

THE Current Affairs Society, a new venture designed to rouse the average Marylebone Sixthformer from his moral and political apathy with the minimum of brutality, can claim reasonable success in this task, and great success in the list of distinguished men who have been persuaded and who have graciously agreed to address the Society.

We began with Mr. Michael Stewart, M.P., who spoke on " The Labour Party : What it stood for, and what it stands for now," a most interesting talk, memorable for the complete dissension of the further Left, and the loud accusation of " Rubbish ! " from a nobleman of the further Right.

Mr. Stewart, no doubt used to such and stronger expressions of disagreement, gaily continued undisturbed by red and blue along a non-committal purple people Labour Party line.

To provide the contrast, Councillor Andrew Bowden, prospective Parliamentary candidate and Chairman of the Young Conservatives, assured us in his talk on the Conservative Party, that the Conservatives were the middle of the road party, despite many objections that he who walketh down the middle of the road getteth run over. Mr. Bowden cut a dashing figure, and his lucid explanations and extrications in face of a mainly hostile left-wing bombardment combined to make an excellent and instructive talk.

Alderman James MacColl, Labour M.P. for Widnes, and Chairman of the School Governors, spoke on a subject of vital importance in our day, on which he is an authority : the problem of crime and punishment. His was an illuminating talk giving much food for thought, and a lively and intelligent discussion followed, marked by its refreshing freedom from party haranguing.

At our fourth meeting, just before the Aldermaston march, we entertained Mr. Stephen Swingler, M.P., who bans the bomb. A heated discussion of the heart, and not the head, followed Mr. Swingler's plea, each side accusing the other of sabre-rattling and selling Britain down the river.

Our last speaker was a very lucky catch. Mr. Kingsley Martin, who was Editor of the *New Statesman* for many years, showed us just how amazingly little any of us knew about Cuba. A survey of events leading up to and including the revolution was followed by a disinterested appraisal of the situation as it is now. A calm discussion followed, in which Mr. Martin disposed of many popular misconceptions in a few well-chosen words, accompanied by a majestic sweep of his hand.

All in all, a flying start for the Society. Attendance has been good, and I hope that the C.A.S. will continue in the future to provide education and instruction by introducing people of all kinds to talk about affairs which are taking place around us at the present day : so necessary in the circumstances of the twentieth century.

The gratitude of the Committee must go to all the speakers, and also to Mr. Back, whose guidance of the Society in its first year has been invaluable. We hope that under him the Society will continue from strength to strength.

G.G.

THE PHILATELIC SOCIETY

WE have continued our weekly meetings all through the year, when a number of boys have exhibited stamps from many different countries. These exhibitions we find help the boys in arranging their own stamps, as well as showing them stamps from countries which they otherwise may find difficulty in seeing.

The number of talks have been limited as the organisers find difficulty in getting boys to give talks instead of exhibitions, but those which we have had have been very enlightening.

At the end of each term we have been able to continue having an auction. Here the boys can give stamps in for auction and receive nearly all the money which the stamps are sold for—the rest goes into the Club funds and charities.

From the Club funds generous prizes have been given in the recent stamp display competition, which was judged by Mr. Spinks—the winner was Raynes (2H), whose stamps, as Mr. Manning said, were not of particularly high value but had been originally and neatly set out. A tie for second place was between Clay (5G) and Shackman (1S).

A visit to this year's " Stampex " Exhibition was arranged to which many boys from the Club came along. This helped to show that our activities are not entirely limited to the precincts of the School.

This term the second issue of the Society's Magazine, *The Penny Black*, was published, the main contributors being the boys themselves. This was as great a success as had been its predecessor. We would like to thank all those who helped to produce this Magazine.

We have recently bought an up-to-date stamp catalogue, so that our members will be able to find out the rough value of their stamps. With this and the help of some of the more knowledgeable members, it should not now be too difficult for a boy in any doubts over a stamp to be put on the right track.

We would all like to thank our President, Mr. Manning, for all the work and help he has given to all the Club's activities, and it is with much regret that we hear of his departure from the School, as he has been a friend to all the Club members and has imparted much of his philatelic knowledge to us all.

C. KENNARD (4SC.), *Chairman.*

THE MIDDLE SCHOOL HISTORY SOCIETY

FOR the Christmas Term, the members of the Society devoted their talents to bringing out an exhibition on eighteenth century Marylebone, which was shown in the Library in the last week of term. It attracted a lot of attention, and was probably the best the Society has produced for many years.

Maybe energies were exhausted by the exhibition, for the Society seemed to fall into a rut. Talks were given by Curzon (3S) on the " French Revolution," and by Symonds (4A). Unfortunately they did not receive the attendance they both merited. Blumberg (4G) pulled the Society out of that rut with a talk on Hitler ; it attracted over twenty, as a recent subject like this probably holds some interest for all. Perhaps there is a lesson to be learnt here.

In March, Colchester, noted as Britain's oldest town, was also marked out with a visit from us.

The Society wishes to thank Mr. Welchman for organising its affairs and also the Marylebone Library for its contribution to the exhibition.

P.M.

DEBATING SOCIETY

THIS year the Debating Society has had several very successful meetings, covering topics of varied interest. The subjects ranged from the British Commonwealth to Marx. Indeed, the Society has widened its outlook considerably, and two debates have taken place between St. Paul's Girls' School and St. Marylebone. In the latter of these meetings the motion was, " This House considers Marks and Spencers has done more for modern civilisation than Marx and Spencer." Some confusion arose from the multiplicity of Marks who have gained some fame. In the first few minutes Alfred and Groucho attracted more attention than Karl. We hope that such inter-School activities will thrive.

The Society would like to thank Mr. Phillips, who has fulfilled his duties as Chairman with vigour and humour. The Committee of Mandleberg, Gordon, Leviné, Mendelson, Horrowitz and Bardens helped to ensure that the Society's affairs would run smoothly, and although the Society loses many of its stalwart supporters at the end of this term, it is hoped that the enthusiasm that has carried it through this last year will communicate itself to those who remain behind.

P. GEORGIOU (U.6A), *Secretary.*

THE BOOK CLUB'S VISIT TO THE OLD VIC

THE Book Club was founded at the beginning of the last School year. A small number of boys approached Mr. Mallen, who was happy to help in starting and running it. It was decided that the Club should not become too large, and membership was limited to twelve boys in 2R. However, many boys wanted to join, and it is thanks to the continued enthusiasm and willingness of the members in helping that the programme has been varied and interesting. We have not limited our discussions to the reviewing of books, as was originally intended, although these have provided the basis of our activities. The meetings included debates, quizzes, " What's the Title ? " (our new panel game), and several other items of a more general interest.

A visit to the Old Vic was arranged recently and proved to be the most enjoyable event in the calendar of the Book Club. We went to see a production of *Twelfth Night* on Tuesday, June 13th. As the plot is rather complicated, several meetings beforehand were devoted to reading the play, so that members could enjoy the rich humour rather than spending most of the evening working out the relationships between the characters.

For most, the highlight of the evening was the tricking of Malvolio, portrayed as a dapper, fussy little man. A rather thinner Toby Belch than usual and a perfect Sir Andrew Aguecheek proved a most effective contrast. Their merry drunken bouts, interrupted by the pompous Malvolio with several ineffectual threats, were as funny as ever. Malvolio's discovery of Maria's forged letter and the effect it had on him were excellently done, and the mirth of Sir Toby, Maria and their accomplices were conveyed so well that the audience seemed almost to feel part of this conspiracy and the hilarity it caused.

Members unanimously agreed that even if homework had not been cancelled, it would still have been worth going to see this production. Our thanks are due to Mr. Mallen, who took so much trouble to organise this theatre party, and we hope that as the Book Club flourishes, he will find time to arrange many more such visits.

A. MACKAY, *Secretary.*

SCHOOL CONCERT II

ONLY a small number of boys and parents supported the choir and artists when they performed two choral works on Tuesday, May 9th. The first half of the concert consisted of Purcell's "Ode to St. Cecilia," in which chorus and aria were interspersed with chamber orchestral interludes. It was a great delight to recapture some of the atmosphere of seventeenth century music masters by having members of the Music Staff as well as our friend and former Headmaster, Mr. Wayne, playing in the ensemble.

After the interval, Bach's secular work, "The Coffee Cantata," followed; an amusing work, describing by means of chorus, recitative, and aria, the trials of a father who has a daughter addicted to coffee drinking.

In both these works we welcomed back two distinguished Old Boys who are now professional singers, Messrs. J. A. W. Gibbs and David Palmer. They were ably supported by J. Cohen (4A), pianoforte continuo; B. Schueler (4Sc.), alto; A. Rumistrzewicz (1R), soprano.

The whole evening proved an enjoyable family affair of music making, and I very much regret more people are not prepared to join with their fellow-pupils in such School functions.

H.D.

"KING LEAR" AND HORROR COMICS

WHENEVER a School Play is in question, there are always a number of boys (not usually any who take part) who say, "Why don't you do a modern play?" Of course they also mean base, common and popular. It is Agatha Christie or some light comedy they have in mind. To do a School play is (to them) to enter into competition with the more popular shows running in the West End or, perhaps, just to play at being actors. That something might be learnt from doing a play does not occur to them. Shakespeare is boring, Agatha Christie is fun: why choose Shakespeare? Election makes not up on such conditions.

This year *King Lear* has twice been compared with horror comics, and I am stung into attempting a defence of my choice. I am at a disadvantage in that I have never seen a horror comic, but I think I can assume that in them horror is exploited for those who like it or are fascinated by it, that, in fact, horror is exploited for its own sake. This, I take it, is the be all and end all of horror comics.

Now in *Lear* Shakespeare did not have Gloster's eyes put out just for the sake of introducing horror into the play. Admittedly those who find excitement in horror or who like horror for horror's sake, will take pleasure in it, but it is only one item in a play that has much to offer, and I do not think Shakespeare considered that the scene would bring any more people into the theatre. Rather the reverse; he means it to be unpleasant.

Keats seems to approach the reading of *King Lear* as a discipline to submit to for his own good:—

> ". . . the fierce dispute
> Betwixt damnation and impassioned clay
> Must I burn through; once more humble assay
> The bitter-sweet of this Shakespearian fruit."

It is idle to suppose that only pleasant things should be shown on the stage. Many people think so, and they rightly confine their theatre-going to American musicals and other shallow comedies. But when a poet writes a play he intends not only to amuse and to fascinate, but to instruct, to show the very age and body of the time its form and pressure. When the theatres were closed in the eighteenth century they were not closed because the plays were flippant or immoral, but because the scurvy politicians feared their criticism.

In *Lear* there are two stories, both about sin and its punishment. In one the sin of pride is punished by mental torment, and in the other the sin of lechery is punished by physical torture. It fits the scheme that the torture should be shown rather than described; to do so would be to render ineffective the presentation of the two plots, which, moreover, are carefully balanced at this point.

Besides, where are our sympathies in this scene? Although Cornwall is punishing a traitor who is in league with a foreign invader, although Gloster is suffering a punishment which springs directly from his sin, yet our sympathies are with Gloster. Not only is lechery a sin much condoned, but Gloster has treated Edmund well—"Our father's love is to the bastard, Edmund, as to the legitimate"—and at this part of the play we are so concerned with Edmund's crimes that we have almost forgotten Gloster's, which took place years ago and of which we were never critical. There is terror in Gloster's plight, but there is still more pity. Shakespeare intended this action to be repulsive, and those who turn their eyes away from the stage at this point need not be ashamed as long as they do not close their minds to the intention of the play.

Consider, too, that this torment follows immediately on the torment of Lear. Lear's torment lasts over three scenes, and ends in unhinging his mind. With this impression fresh in our minds, the blinding of Gloster loses some of its horror by comparison with a greater emotion.

To Dr. Johnson the horror of the play was that the innocent should suffer, that Cordelia should die and, indeed, this is more harrowing, since it is her kindness and knowing "the offices of nature, bond of childhood" that brought her to defeat and death.

Lear's torment comes from the callousness of selfish children and leads on to the redemption of nature from the general curse by Cordelia,

who is still true to the bond she confesses in Act I, in spite of her ill-treatment, and by Kent, who, since Lear's abdication, has no obligation to help him. He is completely disinterested, he ignores insult and injury to help the king, he gives up everything for no reward, not even that of knowing he does the will of God.

Those who feel a school play may be like a lesson do well to stay away, because indeed they might learn something; they might be provoked into thinking, and might learn a lesson in generosity or compassion, might feel the attractions of magnanimity. On the other hand, they might see nothing in it but their schoolfellows dressing up and pretending to be someone in a story.

G.H.B.

DUCK !

I must go down to the crease again to my lonely place at the stumps;
The leg breaks and the off breaks that bring me up in bumps.
And all I ask is a steady bat and the umpire on our side,
And a cross-eyed chap at the other end who keeps on bowling wide.

I must go back from the crease again for the sound of the umpire's cry
Is a loud call and a clear call that no one can deny.
So I'm on my way though I'd like to stay, but I'm really out of luck,
For the cross-eyed chap at the other end has got me out for a duck.

J. Enticknap (1s).

MOMENTO MORI

Hope disappears;
And, when it dies, the blackness comes
And folds itself about you, so to cut
The hungry spirit from a hungry earth.
But these are only dreams,
And you will awake again and live—
And live in death; for you who died in life
Have lost your hope, and found your life with Death.

Until the earth shall shudder at the bonds of man
And tear away the canker of his sovereignty
Then God for God will rule again
Over the terrors of the wild, and savage restlessness
Will stir the sleeping embers of the dead
To burst from every crevice of the earth
To take revenge for unknown wrongs
Above the land of glaring firestone, and a wind
Of tireless agony, uncaged
From twenty thousand blazing vaults beneath the sea.
But now the tide is coming in again;
Hope will return—the hope of death.
This darkness is lifting, and the skyline of eternity is seen

The purple mists of time are rising to the blue of space;
The sun hangs frozen in the sky.
This is the land of death where time cannot
Remove iniquity from man.
This is what dreaming lovers hope to see
At that moment when the dream is burning
Flesh on flesh, as for an instant,
They become the single soul of love;
A timeless paradise of silence.

There is a brighter dawn than this,
Beyond the pathless northern hills,
Which men call Heaven. Seek it out,
And surely you will sleep at last
Among the meadows of this gentle land,
And gaze upon the spanless skies,
And lose your heavy souls in dreams
That swoop and glide upon the golden haze.
Life lies in death—but not upon these hills,
Or underneath these lightless skies.
This dream will pass away, and surer hope will come
Beyond the hills.

Then have I found both truth and life in death?
There is no hope, if spirits counsel truly.

They lie—they lie; there is no death
But in the dreams of foolishness!
For all is life—and vibrantly alive.
Death lives on in old men's tales,
And children's terror of the dark.
Awake and see, the sun is up
And you are born again to love,
And breathe, and hear, and sing, and stare
At reapers stacking sheaves of corn,
And babies screaming to be fed;
A poet sighing by a stream,
And lovers kissing in the dark;
A poplar swaying in the wind,
A river singing to the sky.
Feel the sun on your face,
And stretch out your arms to Heaven.
Hope is not lost; live on.

Robin Lee.

NEVER SO GOOD

FOR some considerable time it has been becoming painfully obvious to the inhabitants of this island that Britain is lagging behind in the race for whatever it is countries race each other for. At first our failures and mistakes were ruled out as insignificant or excused as unavoidable, but gradually we realised that it was no use winning the Test matches or having the world's largest population of bearded Scotsmen extant, because, frankly, it made no difference to anyone except cricket bat makers and razor blade manufacturers. While Russia, the United States and Fidel Castro grew rich on collective farms, dated Westerns sold to the B.B.C. and imported tractors respectively, Britons were still wending their peaceful ways over hills, dales and moors, their gaze averted from the early-warning missile towers being constructed on their peaceful soil. (A secret report now lying unopened on an unswept, tea-stained, Whitehall desk battered and dented by the angry fist-pounding of representatives in disarmament debates, discloses that five uninformed Yorkshire farmers thought that the towers were part of an electric sub-station built for their new electric milking machines.) Yet another report made by members of a Fifth Form study survey group is believed to reveal that 25 per cent of the inhabitants of Forest Green and environs thought that they had voted for the Whig party at the last election. This report has neither been confirmed nor denied by official sources.

The decline is evident in many other fields. It is rumoured among officials at Buckingham Palace that a member of the Royal Family is considering changing her Rolls Royce Phantom VI for a Renault or a Fiat.

Our jet-fighters do not fly fast enough to get confused with wild geese on American radar stations, and the Navy's Admirals occupy more space than their capital ships. Our once proud sporting men now seem content to rest on their withered laurels. Our cricketers are bowled by ridges, and our Soccer players develop sudden likings for spaghetti.

But all is not lost, folks. There will always be an England (as long as there is always a Common Market). Think of the benefits that better relations with Luxembourg will bring. Reduced tariffs on walking sticks and marmalade rinds, elephant grass and onion peelers will reduce the average Britain's cost of living by 0.01 per cent.

The decline is indubitably caused by a combination of (*a*) commercial television and (*b*) the rush hour. The former can easily be remedied by tying a reinforced mohair rabbit's foot to one's television screen (or, if they are unobtainable in your locality, write sending a birth certificate, dated 20th August, 1941, to S. Nolstor, c/o Electric Generating Station, 173 Ural Mountains, U.S.S.R.).

The latter can be avoided by leaving the country or, alternatively, by retiring. Your local employment officer will be glad to give you any advice on the 3.15 at Newmarket.

I would like to thank those members of my form who corrected my spelling mistakes at the top of their voices, and also to all those who advised and even begged me not to write this so-called article. Mature reflection forces me to agree that they were right.

K. LEVINE (5A).

CAST A COLD EYE ON LIFE ON DEATH

UNLESS one wants to take the life one has, one must continue. A man clings to his dull spark of insignificance, however desperate he may be. Life has promise of all one dreams of ; death is an awesome cavern, shrouded in darkness. I want to live, not just exist. I want more time ; I need more time ; with more time everything may be all right. Godot may come tomorrow. . . .

It was a hard day today. It would be such a relief to escape, just for a little while. If only I could drag myself clear of the quicksand of monotony. What's it all for ? " Trailing clouds of glory do we come," and we leave dragging our oily limbs painfully behind us.

Homework is a kind of supplement to the sameness. It continues the boredom of the day. The figures and words blend until they become meaningless. They become like a word which has been rolled around on the tongue for a while. It means something only because it is generally accepted that it represents that object or emotion or sensation, but it is really a man-made noise. What is the meaning of meaning ?

I study the shadows on the ceiling. They are frightening sometimes. They jump and cavort and lengthen and heighten and shorten and expand, and they are like me. They flit about and make my head spin. I must look away. I fall into a shallow and uneasy sleep. As the folds of blackness close over me, I wonder what it must be like to die. Many have wondered about the last moments of life. " Webster was much possessed by death," and so were others. We accept it as we accept tomorrow.

I am dreaming. I see a tunnel stretching into the distance. The walls ooze slime. At one end is a huge oak door, at the other a man enters. The hall is dimly lit by widely spaced torches. The man strides to the first torch and picks it off the wall. He walks towards the door, but after a few paces the torch goes out. Immediately little winged creatures, faceless and with cruel hooked talons rush out at him from the shadows. He smashes their bodies with his fists. He flails and swings and eventually manages to run and take the next torch from the wall. In a few seconds the little horrors are gone. He is bleeding and limps a little as he continues, but he has hardly gone ten yards when the light goes out with a hiss. The little devils once again assail him, and once again he manages to beat them off, although this time he seems considerably weaker. At this point I almost wake up, but after a moment I fall back into the same restless doze. The man is still picking his way from torch to torch, being attacked as each goes out by the little winged furies. Each torch as he grasps it dies in his hand until eventually he reaches the last one, some one hundred yards from the door. He tentatively and painfully drags himself forward, half expecting the lamp to go out. It does not, and he pulls himself joyfully on, until fifty yards from the door it meets the same fate as all the rest. Frantically he shields himself from the onslaught of the fiends. They drag him relentlessly towards the door. His strength has failed him. The repeated attacks have sapped his energy. The door opens smoothly, as though in frequent use, and they drag him, fighting

more viciously than ever, into the blackness beyond and into " the unknown country from whose bourne no traveller returns " . . . nor ever shall. I must rest now.

" Cast a cold eye on life, on death."

A. R. STILLER (5A).

ST. THOMAS BECKET

AS you approach Canterbury, which lies in flat Kentish plains, the great Cathedral Church of Christ stands majestically among the houses of this small ancient city. The Cathedral, the Mother Church of English Christendom, is visited every year by thousands of modern pilgrims from all parts of the world. They come to admire the fine architecture, the beautiful glass, and the historical momuments of the great Church, but how many of them stop to think that had it not been for the actions of one man, there might be no Canterbury Cathedral at all? For Canterbury Cathedral is a shrine—a lasting memorial to the martyrdom of Thomas à Becket, who died for his religion.

Thomas was born in London in 1118, the son of a wealthy Cheapside merchant. He was given an excellent education, learning to read, to write, to speak French and Latin, and later studied Rhetoric, Logic and Theology. He was employed by the Court, and the King, Henry II, heard of him, and eventually was so impressed by his ability that he made him Lord Chancellor. Becket was very able as Chancellor, and he was also very worldly, living in great state with many servants, possessing jewels, fine clothes and entertaining luxuriously.

At the time there was much quarrelling between the king and the Church, as the king wished to have supreme authority over the Church in England. When the Archbishop of Canterbury died, Henry, who had become a great friend of Becket, thought he saw the chance of realising his ambition by appointing Becket the new Archbishop, and so through him controlling the Church.

Becket was most reluctant to accept the appointment, but he did agree in the end. But the king had not in the least understood his friend's nature, for Becket was not a man to do things by halves, and when he became Archbishop he also became a devout Churchman, putting away all his worldly pleasures. When Henry tried to govern the Church, Thomas would not let him. Henry was enraged, so Thomas fled to France.

Later, when he came back, he took up his duties once more, not relenting to Henry one bit. The king, when he heard the news, shouted, " Who will rid me of this turbulent priest ? "

Four knights overheard this, and consequently planned to kill him. They went down to the Cathedral, and killed him, all plunging their swords into him at once, so that they should all be guilty.

The whole world was shocked at the news. The Cathedral was desecrated, and it could not be used until it was reconsecrated.

The brave act of the Archbishop in refusing to be false to his religion was admired by all Christians. Before a year had passed, many people made the journey to Canterbury to visit Becket's tomb. The king, full of remorse, made the pilgrimage on foot, and ordered that he was to be scourged all the way. He made costly offerings at the tomb, as did many other wealthy pilgrims, for it was said that Becket could work miracles. Within three years Becket was made a Saint, and then even more pilgrims and more wealth passed into the Cathedral. So much money, indeed, that a great shrine was built to preserve the Saint's body. Later a new Choir was built, and later still a new nave and tower were built with money from the pilgrims.

So to this shocking deed of violence we may say we owe Canterbury Cathedral, its splendid majestic shape, its glorious stained glass, which would never had come into being had it not been for the martyrdom of St. Thomas à Becket.

N. J. ENTICKNAP (3S).

PREAMBLE

SOMEONE said the state of the world never put any man off his breakfast. It's just as well. Otherwise we'd all die of malnutrition instead of obliteration. Since I first began to be aware that others than parents and teachers ruled the destiny of the world, I have been hopelessly puzzled by the meaning of politics. When I reach twenty-one I can, by carelessly describing an " X " on a slip of paper vicariously participate in the government of my country. I put them in, I'm responsible. So therefore I think it may be my duty to make myself aware of what governments are at and why they are at it.

I read a book by Shaw, attended several debates, and carefully examined the leaders in two of the most opposed but authoritative newspapers. I listened to several people who had conviction and persuasion. I re-read more thoroughly a history book by T. K. Derry, and studied with discrimination lecture notes of Mr. Blakeway and Mr. Welchman. I recalled some of Mr. Smyth's pronouncements on the meaning of poetry and its function in society. Mr. Back's words on the nature of Gonzola's Commonwealth tinkled in my memory. The glow of Chaucerian liberality warmed the cold mechanics of this present century as Mr. Bailey's impressive words came to mind. All this built up a picture of what the world was about.

It was informative, stimulating, but not altogether satisfactory. Well, frankly, I'm not a very satisfactory student. I can't correlate knowledge ; patterns of history don't emerge easily for me, and I regard literature like income tax, a necessary but insufferable burden. Now I'm in a desperate hurry to learn the truth about Man as a social organiser. There are only a very few years remaining before I cast my vote. And this can mean a lot, according to the accuracy with which I am then able to recognise the purposes and abilities of the politician for whom I vote. That X may mean economic chaos or an affluent community, mass murder or a Union of Nations. Or it may mean things will continue to be what they used to be.

So I decided to take a severe look at my own nature, and through it, see the nature of Man. After some days of this exercise, the winner of

next year's Derby would have been my choice for national leadership. So I paused and concluded my reasoning power would not go far enough.

I remembered fourth form. A talk on Keats. " The world is sensation not rationalisation." Therefore I said to myself, " Feel deeply and feel sincerely." This may be the only avenue to true social and political awareness. On the cash register of my heart I knocked up My Country, its Vales and Hills, Cities and Plains. My Race, My Forefathers, My Blood. The Spirit of the Past, the Destiny of My People.

Something happened inside me. It was hot and racey like a desert wind. I heard a voice speak in the ante-room of my heart. Yes. I had achieved the goal. I had belief and, I admit it humbly, sincere belief.

I rushed to the home of a friend and told him of the revelation. He patted me on the shoulder and said, " Do you know who had the most sincere belief of any man of this century ? "

" Who ? "

" Hitler."

Well, it was back to the drawing board.

Advice, that was it. From men of moral fibre, clear vision and intellectual integrity.

Perhaps I may not find him by the time I'm twenty-one, but there's hope surely before the millenium.

CYPRIAN.

THE NORTH ENGLAND FIELD STUDIES

AT 8.15 on the morning of Sunday, the 16th of April, 1961, a coach-load of senior geographers, led by Messrs. Kelly, Hartshorn and Welshman, began their journey north. As the title suggests, the object of the trip was to give a detailed picture of both the physical and industrial aspects of North England, and great credit must be given to Mr. Kelly, the organiser, that this object was completely fulfilled.

The trip was very varied in both its physical and industrial sides, indicating Mr. Kelly's understanding of the schoolboys' temperament. In the course of ten days the party visited the glaciated Lake District, the limestone and millstone grit Pennines, and the Midlands ; and on the industrial side, the iron and steel works of Shotton, Pilkington's Glass Works and the Sutton Manor Coalfield of St. Helen's, Cropper's Paper Mills, and a carpet factory of Kendal, the Wedgwood Potteries of Stoke-on-Trent, the Birmingham Aluminium Castings Company, and the Standard-Triumph Car Works of Coventry. With such a full programme, it was not surprising that Mr. Kelly had planned the whole trip down to the last minute, a fact that we were never allowed to forget. Indeed, the whole trip was kept moving by the well-worn sentence, " We have a tight itinerary " ; but it must be stated that the journey was conducted in the best of spirits.

Where the physical aspect of the trip was concerned, our first commitment was a short walk over Kinderscout in the Southern Pennines. We reached Edale, situated at the foot of this mountain, after a four-hour journey from London, which had been punctuated by Mr. Kelly's commentaries on different features we passed. These commentaries served

both to illustrate these features and to render futile our attempts to doze. At Edale we soon discovered the nature of our trips to physical features. The party climbed Kinderscout and then walked over several miles of peat bog, during which time several shoes were seen to sink into the mire, only to be retrieved with the greatest of difficulty. The other trips to physical features included the climbing of Scafell, in the Lake District, the highest mountain in England. Although this climb began in brilliant sunshine, by the time the top was reached, the party was enveloped in a thick mist, which was accompanied by a very strong wind. The last major physical region to be visited was the Maltham limestone region in Yorkshire. As we crossed from Lancashire into Yorkshire, Mr. Hartshorn, a native of the latter county, assured us that we would notice the difference between the two counties, and, sure enough, his prediction soon came true, for as we began to climb Jugleborough it began to pour with rain. It is not surprising that Mr. Hartshorn seemed rather subdued for the rest of that day. The party carried out an extensive survey of the Malham region, visiting waterfalls, gorges, dry valleys and Malham Cove, where an underground stream flows from the foot of a vertical limestone cliff.

The most impressive of the industrial trips were those to the iron and steel works of Shotton, near Chester, and to the Sutton Manor Coalfield. At Shotton, the party witnessed the tapping of a blast furnace and a Bessamer Steel Converter, whilst at the Sutton Manor Coalfield the party was divided and conducted to different coalfaces to watch the actual mining of coal. On the return journey the party visited the Standard-Triumph Car Works at Coventry, and was given an insight into the difficulties of industrial relations, for on the day of our visit the men of the assembly plant went on strike.

The benefits and success of the trip cannot be doubted, and this success must in large part be accredited to Mr. Kelly's thorough preparation before the trip and his direction during it. So it is fitting that this report should end with the deep-felt thanks of all the boys who benefited from this trip to Mr. Kelly, Mr. Hartshorn and Mr. Welshman.

M. P. MAHONY (6 Arts).

THE BATTLE OF FOREST GREEN

It was about the noon of a glorious day in June
That we saw their dish-cloths dance and their dixies shine,
And the man of food was there, with wood smoke in his hair,
And Rogers, and Doc Derry, and Houlder of the Camp.

Like a chef d'cuisine at noon, with his ladle and his spoon,
The master strode beside us, to form us to the meal.
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout,
Among the starving pupils, in the tyrant's sight.

And hark ! like the roar of the billow on the shore,
The cry of fear rises along their poisoned line !
For us ! For the Squad ! For the Mill ! For the Camp !
For Manning, King of the Cookhouse, and Houlder of the Camp.

Our furious leader comes, with his whistles and his canes,
His slaves of the Forest, and Yokels of the Green.
Their canes are whipping on our flanks, close your eyes,
Say your prayers, for lo ! he never comes but to dominate the scene.

He is here, he whacks on, we are aching, we yell on.
Our rear is borne before him, like stubble on the blast.
O Sir, restrain thy might or we resort to flight.
Stand rear to cane in Derry's name, don't scream until the last.

Their eyes all glistening bright, their canes all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the mill, like a deluge on the tents,
Their bamboo canes have burst in the place it hurts the worst
And at a whack hath shattered our hopes of sitting down.

(3R).

BUT CAME THE TIDE

AS the sun rose, and the mist lifted, the yellow beach glistened and shimmered. The sun cut the raw backs of the sunbathers, and the rock pools became tepid and slimy. It was to this scene that my friend and I came for another day on this golden beach of Devon, sheltered on one side by a hill, covered with dark pines, and on the other by a steep white cliff speckled with bushes and plants, which soared up for two hundred feet. Behind the bay were the low, rolling hills and woodlands. On the same side of the bay as the cliff was a fort, joined to the cliff by a pebbly beach when the tide was low. This old monument of the time of King Charles I was a ruin, and the ivy-covered walls made the fort appear twice its true size. A tall pillar that had a sort of perch at the top was all that remained of the interior. Some say the place was attacked and almost flattened by cannon, that would explain the remaining wall being only on the shore side. But I think the elements were the enemy, and wind, rain and lightning, the cannon balls. Nevertheless, the place was excellent for climbing and exploring.

My friend and I used to go out there every day, when the tide allowed. So on that day we went out as usual to Fort Charles, as it was called. The small beach was covered with smooth, round pebbles of many colours, cold to the touch. It was always calm on that little beach, for no wind stirred the air, as the top of the fort took all the wind and hail.

When we had inspected the gloomy cave behind the fort, and had been shocked by the sound of our hollow footsteps, and the ever-echoing drops of water, we started out from this perpetual night to the sunny fort. We climbed the dry walls, at whose base sand had accumulated, and brambles grew. Hauling ourselves up the last few feet with the help of the ivy, we relaxed to regain our breath. A breeze blew in our faces, with a salty tang, and we set about rediscovering what we had seen the day before.

At early evening the tide began to creep back. The shrimp-catchers started to scrape the sand on the beach. During the day the weather had changed. Towering light-yellow clouds had formed, and the sun now seemed insipid and watery. A damp wind heralded darker clouds, and a few drops alerted us. Never have I felt more gratitude for rain ; then, looking at the beach, I saw that only a thin strip was uncovered with water. I shouted a warming, and ran through the biting rain, down the slippery stones. We slid on the pebbles, and waded through the ever-deepening water, until we reached the rocks, which were rapidly disappearing. People on the far-off beach scurried for shelter, turning books into umbrellas, while we rushed along beside the cliffs, never pausing for breath. By now the rocks were almost hidden, and as their tops grew smaller, our jumps became longer. We floundered through the water for the last few yards, and sank down on the sand. Long hours of darkness, trapped in an ancient fort, would not have been a pleasant way of spending a night.

M. A. RABSTEIN (3R).

THE BIGGEST WALL

A man within four walls, confined
In comfort, will know peace of mind
Until his intellect confides
That every wall must have two sides.

The " Outside," soon to him is known,
His second habitat outgrown ;
The world to his dismay is found
To be ridiculously round.
No unsurmounted wall remains
To irritate his growing pains.

About to find some peace at last
His mind is by itself surpassed ;
Corrupting him with this idea—
To travel to another sphere.

Now why does man meander round
Prying above and under ground ?
Is it some pride that drives him on
To go where others have not gone ?
Perhaps the power of his will
Demands a Universe to fill ?
Surely 'tis so ? . . .
No, not at all.
He merely seeks the biggest wall.

There will man's intellect be cursed,
And we can leave him as at first,
Within a warm and finite room,
The Universe, the Earth, the Womb.

P. GEORGIOU.

VISIT TO THE STOCK EXCHANGE

THERE were two peruked gentlemen sitting in the coffee-bar, talking. One of them, short, fat and pompous, was pointing to a page of a book on the table. (The trump card of the film-makers. A real, genuine, 300-year-old book of stock exchange figures !). He spoke " in a voice as bold as brass " : " India's fifty-four, I see."

" Yes," replied the other, a pockmarked, earnest-looking individual. " Yes."

Suddenly, dramatically, the door burst open. Against a background of howling winds and driving rain, the voice of the new arrival still contrived to be powerful, resonant.

" I *must* sell some India stock quickly ! " he said. " Is anybody interested ? " His eyes wandered round the room, seeking into the inmost recesses in search of the potential customer. The pompous gentleman spoke up. " How much ? " he asked quietly.

" Fifty-four ! " replied the other, standing menacingly over him, glowering. " Fifty-four ! "

Smiling the smile of the man who knows, the pompous gentleman said quietly, confidently, " Fifty-three."

" Fifty-four."

" Fifty-three ! "

" Fifty-three and a half."

" Done ! "

And so the deal was done. And, since their word was their bond, all was well.

And that, the film told us, is how the Stock Exchange began once upon a time.

We had been taken by Dr. Derry to see the centre of the world's trade, the Stock Exchange (of which the motto is " *Verbum meum pactum*," My word is my bond). First we were shown two films, which broke down a few times, leaving the room in chaos. We saw also, during the film's more lucid moments, two fatuous people trying frantically to invest their money, making dramatic gestures occasionally, to fill up time.

After the films we were herded on to a balcony, from which we looked down on immense crowds of precisely similar men with badges, writing in little blue books and gossiping. A few of them ran desperately to nowhere in particular and for no purpose in particular. Behind us, a kind lady spouted choice morsels of information at us through a microphone. In the first film we had seen, the same woman said exactly the same things on the very same balcony. She told us that the motto of the Stock Exchange is . . .

After that we were hustled out, through a room papered with a design of a coat-of-arms and a motto, which just about summed up my impression of the Stock Exchange : " *Verbum meum pactum Verbum meum pactum Verbum meum* . . ."

LEIGH (RM).

BEHIND THE SCENES AT LANCASTER HOUSE

LANCASTER HOUSE stands next to St. James' Palace, and is well known for the Commonwealth Conferences held there. It is where the independence of South Africa was announced by Dr. Verwoerd. Little known, however, is the fact that the basement of Lancaster House is used as a storehouse for the London Museum. I know this because I was lucky enough to be invited to help prepare index cards for the Layton Collection, which is stored there.

Saturday morning after Saturday morning, I would go there with my father to work on the index cards, and also to explore around this vast basement, under the guidance of a friendly caretaker. There are usually two caretakers there. They are on duty from 8 in the morning until 4 in the afternoon. One of them fought in the Boer War and was present at the Siege of Sidney Street.

In the basement there are many interesting and ancient things to see. There is a whole Roman ship there ! Who would imagine finding a whole Roman ship in the basement of Lancaster House ?

As well as the ship, there are many other things of interest. There is a complete cell from old Newgate Jail ! This is where Jack Shepherd, the highwayman, was imprisoned before his execution. There is an executioner's block and axe, also from Newgate Jail. There are many eighteenth century carriages and pianos. In the Layton Collection itself, there are hundreds of pots and various things from the Far East, such as swords and vases. There are about 5,000 items in the Layton Collection. In the basement there is a nineteenth century cradle that was televised a few months ago.

There are quite a few people from the Thames Basin Archaeological Observers' Group indexing there. They are all volunteers. The Secretary of the Group is the Field Officer for Archaeology in London ; he comes to the basement of Lancaster House every Saturday himself. To do the indexing on a card you have to do a drawing of an object and leave a space for an experienced archaeologist to fill in the details and where it was found.

I consider myself very lucky to have had this opportunity of working in and exploring this wonderful basement museum storehouse. This dusty treasure-house seems to me a far more exciting place to explore than the spick and span London Museum at Kensington Palace.

R. L. DALBY (1S).

THE LEGEND OF ST. BRENDON

THERE is a legend that a monk called St. Brendon sailed for seven years to search for " The Island of Saints." At the end of this time he reached his goal. Here is the old story.

Brendon, Abbot of a large Irish monastery containing 1,000 monks, sailed off in an " osier boat covered with tanned hides and carefully greased," provisioned for seven years. After forty days at sea they reached an island with steep sides, where they took in fresh supplies. Thence the winds carried the ship to another island, where they found sheep—" every sheep was as great as an ox." This may have been Madeira. They found other islands in the neighbourhood, one of which was full of singing birds, and the passing years found them still tossing to and fro on the unknown sea, until at last the end came. " And St. Brendon sailed forty days south in full great tempest," and another forty days brought the ship right into a bank of fog. But when the fog lifted " they saw the fairest country eastward that any man might see ; it was so clear and bright that it was a heavenly sight to behold ; and all the trees were charged with ripe fruit." And they walked about the island for forty days and could not find the end. And there was no night there, and the climate was neither hot nor cold.

Then a voice said from heaven that the monks should load their boat with fruits of the land and then return to their own country.

So the monks took all the fruit they could carry and, weeping that they might stay no longer in this happy land, they sailed back to Ireland.

This legend was supposed to have taken place in the sixth century. As geographical knowledge increased, map-makers were compelled to put Brendon's Isle further and further away from Ireland.

R. L. DALBY (1S).

FOURTH FORM CAMP

WHEN we left School in the coach on Thursday, June 1st, it was steadily drizzling. After we had all arrived in camp, we changed into working clothes and waterproof coats, and set about the first camp task : putting up the tents. After Mr. Hartshorn's pre-camp explanation of this job, I was rather apprehensive about it, but when we got down to it, the work was fairly quick and simple.

Following the completion of this job we gathered together again, and Mr. Bailey split the form into groups to do various other tasks. My tent and I were employed in putting up the Masters' tents. We finished this fairly soon, and then we were allowed to take our luggage over to the tent field, following which we ate our own packed lunches. More camp tasks followed in the afternoon until the evening meal.

The next day, after breakfast, we employed ourselves in more camp tasks. I thoroughly enjoyed the work I undertook that morning, mainly because I had a good night's sleep the night before—which was surprising since it was the first night.

In the afternoon we paid a visit to the Ewhurst Brickworks, which is quite a long walk from camp. We were shown around by the manager, who explained to us the various stages in the manufacture of a brick. He showed us various types in different shapes and sizes. The clay is dug from a huge clay pit which contains quite a sizeable amount of water. The clay is then mixed with brise (to stop it from staying soft inside when it is fired) and mixed by a powerful machine. It is then shaped into bricks. Some of this is done by hand and the speed of the work is fantastic.

By Saturday the swimming pool was cleared, and all three forms, except for the squad, went swimming at 7.15 in the morning.

That afternoon one person from each tent was chosen to go up to Leith Hill. I went for my tent, and although everybody walked most of the way, there was a terrific sprint for the finish. and I was seventh out of fifteen runners. The rest of the tent, meanwhile, went on a clue hunt around Leith Hill. This was arranged in the form of a competition, in which my tent, number 13, did fairly well, getting back to camp in fourth position with sixteen out of twenty right.

After supper, as usual, we had free time, during which we could go to the village. At this camp we always had plenty of free time, but I think the camp could have been improved if there were more organized sports competitions during the time we had to relax.

However, the one football match that was played between 4A and 4G was an enjoyable and hard-fought game, which 4G won 4–1.

Monday was the day of the long walk, and the weather was perfect. The first stage required very little map-reading, and we soon reached the top of Leigh Hill, where all three forms came together and, after a short rest, left one by one with an interval between each departure.

Since Mr. Bailey had lost his glasses and could not read the map, I was given the job of guiding us. This proved to be a mistake. As soon as we left the top of Leith Hill, we took the wrong turning at the first fork. However, since we did not know this at the time, we plodded on happily. The first idea that we might be going the wrong way came to me when we had walked about two miles without passing any of the landmarks marked on the map as being on our route. My suspicions were confirmed when the next village we came out at was found to be Coldharbour, which was right off our section of the map. From then on we just took the path going nearest to a north-easterly direction every time we had a choice. Using this method we did eventually reach Wotton Church, where we met the other two forms and had lunch.

Due to some rather erratic map-reading on my part, we soon got lost again before we finally ended up exhausted on the North Downs, our destination. In this stage of our journey we were stopped by a certain man on a rifle range and, despite his telling us not to take the path running across the range, we took it and reached the top of the Downs safely.

On Tuesday afternoon Mr. Bailey led us on a walk over Holmbury Hill to Ewhurst. Unfortunately a group of boys, myself among them, got

separated from the main group, and after wandering around the various paths on the hill for some time, we ended up in Holmbury St. Mary. From then on it was a simple walk back following the main road.

During the next day, Wednesday, we (that is, tents 13, 14, 15) were on squad. At 6.15 we started the fire with Mr. Manning. We then began to make breakfast with Mr. Bosely. During the morning I had the job of peeling potatoes, and in the afternoon everyone helped to get a lot of provisions from a van.

Thursday was the last day, and in the morning, after lines, we did the final clearing up jobs around the camp. After this we packed and waited to board the coaches. We arrived back at School (with the rain coming down for the first time for a week) after a thoroughly enjoyable camp.

I. HOARE (4A).

OLD PHILOLOGIAN NOTES AND NEWS

REGRETFULLY I have to record the death of E. W. Thorn-Bannister, who left the School in 1917. He was a member of the Committee for a number of years between the two World Wars.

The new function, the Headmaster's " At Home," held on the last Monday of the Autumn Term, 19th December, 1960, was a successful evening, when many Old Philologians came to the School Library for an informal half-hour. This is to be an annual affair, and the 1961 date is 18th December.

* * *

The Annual General Meeting was held on 23rd March, 1961. There were about forty members present. All the Officers of the Association sought re-election and were re-elected. The Auditors were also re-elected. Mr. R. R. A. Lambert tendered his resignation from the Committee after one year's service, and Mr. W. J. Garrod was elected to serve the remaining three years. Mr. A. H. Gentry and Mr. R. G. J. Gillon were elected for four years to succeed Mr. L. Beth and Mr. F. A. Davey, whose term of office had expired.

Members were very sorry to learn that Mr. J. E. MacColl was not standing for re-election this year as Chairman of the Governors.

* * *

The Annual Dinner was held at a new venue this year. The English-Speaking Union of the Commonwealth Club was visited on 11th May, 1961, and proved popular. Dr. H. Bloom was in the chair. The Mayor of St. Marylebone, Sir Wavell Wakefield, and Mr. J. E. MacColl, the Chairman of the Governors, came as guests. A former Master, Mr. T. E. Blackburn, who had been invited, was unfortunately indisposed at the last moment. The toast to " The School and the Governors " was given by the Mayor, to which Mr. MacColl replied. An Easter leaver, Mr. F. D. Adam, admirably proposed the toast to " The Headmaster and Assistant Masters." Replies were made by Mr. H. W. Llewellyn Smith and Mr. M. G. Blakeway. Mr. K. D. Crook proposed " The Association " at short notice, due to Mr. Blackburn's indisposition, and Mr. W. J. Garrod replied. Mr. F. W. Wyeth proposed a toast to the Chairman.

We were pleased to welcome several members of the Staff Common Room to the dinner. There were just over seventy persons present, and it is to be hoped that the increase of about one-third will be maintained next year.

* * *

The Annual Cricket Matches were held as usual in mid-June. Two very good matches were played, and for the first time for many years the School First XI won. The winning hit, made in the last over, gave the School a four-wicket victory. The O.P.C.C. scored 112, and the School made 115 for 6 wickets. The O.P.C.C. won the Second XI game by some 35 runs.

* * *

Congratulations are due to two Old Philologians who have distinguished themselves recently in the sporting world. V. J. S. Harding played several times for the England Rugby Union team, and J. S. E. Price has played several games for the Middlesex County Cricket side.

* * *

News has been heard from the following Old Philologians :—

D. B. Gillam is in the Customs and Excise Service in Southern Rhodesia, and was recently on leave in England.

R. J. Croft has graduated from Trinity College, Dublin.

Reverend R. E. Evans has resigned from the Pastorate of Wattville Memorial Evangelical Church, Birmingham, and has been appointed Organising Secretary of the Fellowship of Independent Evangelical Churches.

Sir James Roxburgh, C.I.E., a retired Indian Judge, called at the School to speak to the Headmaster and revived memories.

S. J. Aronson is Assistant Lecturer at the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales.

J. Paleson is working in Holland.

Congratulations are due to Henry Rubin, who left the School in 1915, on holding the office of President of the British Antique Dealers' Association during 1960.

* * *

So far this year eleven persons have been elected to membership of the Association. They are : F. D. Adam, A. J. Arnold, R. G. J. Bowley, M. S. Frost, I. Gold, F. H. Hearn (1926–1932), M. J. Jackson, R. L. Lewis, K. M. O'Flaherty, V. G. Roth and P. Ziderman.

PETER SAYERS (*Hon. Secretary*).

SALVETE

2S :	Goodman, I. M.
2R :	Phillips, L.
	Cohen, T. S. J.
3H :	Godfrey, A. H.
3S :	Beatson, A. J.
3R :	Grayston, J. A.
U.5A :	Harris, J. F.

VALETE

1S : Larkins, M. K.
1R : Elsas, D. J.
2R : Houghton, R.
2H : Hannan, C. J. ; Skinner, R. J.
2S : Rogers, B. P.
3R : Aucterlonie, R. P. G.
4G : Bagley, A. G. ; Ellison, R. ; Lewis, P. ; McIntyre, P. G. ; Selkus, A. M.
5G : Fitzjohn, P. F. ; French, M. J. G. ; Partridge, K. R. ; Sangers, L. L.
U.5A : Brown, D. H. ; Hayman, J. E. ; Ordish, D. F. ; Scott, J. A. ; Whelan, R. J. H. ; Zielinski, R. S. E. G.
U.5SC : André, D. F. ; Astaniou, G. ; Botten, D. S. ; Jackson, M. J. ; O'Flaherty, K. M.
6A : Lyle, I. F.
U.6A : Adam.
6SC. : Kelly, A. F. ; Leviné, P. E. H. B.
U.6SC. : Mandleberg, I. A. ; Stansfield, R. H. ; Stephenson, S. J. ; Ziderman, J. P.

PREFECTS 1960-61

School Captain : A. J. Roberts
Vice-Captain : A. P. Svoboda
Prefects : D. L. Bernstein
A. P. Dowsett
M. V. Gauntlett
P. Georgiou
I. Goodman
R. J. Hargreaves
J. Kennedy
C. A. Prendergast
Sub-Prefects : B. J. Collins
G. Gordon
L. J. Lewis
K. J. MacFall
M. P. Mahony
M. M. Mendleson
J. D. Messenger
O. A. Ryan

VALETE PRAEFECTIS

P. GEORGIOU, 1953–61 ; 1958—" O " Level ; 1960, " A " Level ; Essay Society ; School Orchestra and Choir ; Secretary of Debating Society ; Editor of *Philologian ;* English Society ; Dramatics, 1958–59 ; 2nd XV Colours, 1959–60 ; Sub-Prefect, 1960 ; Prefect, 1961 ; Portman Vice-Captain. Place at New College, Oxford, 1961.

G. GORDON, 1954–61 ; 1958, " O " Level ; 1961, " A " Level ; Secretary of Current Affairs Society ; Debating Society ; Essay Society ; Dramatics ; Sub-Prefect ; Portman House Secretary. Place at University College, London.

I. GOODMAN, 1954–61 ; 1959, " O " Level ; 1961, " A " Level ; School Dramatics ; Essay Society ; Debating Society ; U. 14 and U. 15 Rugby Captain ; School 1st XV, 1959–61 ; Middlesex Senior Rugby Colts, 1960–61 ; Michael Wayne Prizewinner, 1958 ; School Prefect, 1960–61.

K. J. MCFALL, 1955–61 ; 1958, " O " Level ; 1960, " A " Level ; Current Affairs Society ; Debating Society ; Sub-Prefect, 1960–61 ; Abbot House Secretary, 1960–61. Articled Clerk to Solicitor for 5 years.

J. A. RYAN, 1953–61 ; 1958, " O " Level ; 1960, " A " Level ; Current Affairs Society ; School Choir ; Dramatics ; Essay Society ; School Cross-Country Team ; Sub-Prefect, 1960–61. To study Landscape Architecture at Cheltenham College of Art.

A. P. SVOBODA, 1953–61 ; 1958, " O " Level ; 1960, " A " Level ; Debating Society ; School Dramatics ; Prefect, 1959–60 ; School Vice-Captain, 1960–61. Place at Aberdeen University.

M. H. MENDELSON, 1954–61 ; 1959, " O " Level ; 1960, " A " Level ; Committee of Debating Society ; Essay Society ; School Dramatics ; Sub-Prefect, 1961. Admitted New College, Oxford, 1961.

M. V. GAUNTLETT, 1953–61 ; 1958, " O " Level ; 1960, " A " Level ; Debating Society ; Essay Society ; School Dramatics ; Editor of the *Philologian ;* Second Colours, 1959–60 ; First XV Colours, 1960–61 ; Abbott House Secretary, 1959–60 ; House Vice-Captain, 1960–61 ; School Prefect, 1960–61. R.A.F. Air Crew Commission.

A. J. ROBERTS, 1953–61 ; 1958, " O " Level ; 1960, " A " Level ; Essay Society ; Debating Society ; School Dramatics ; First XV Colours, 1959–61 ; Second XI Colours, 1959–60 ; First XI Colours, 1961 ; School Prefect, 1959–60 ; School Captain, 1960–61 ; Moore House Captain ; Editor of the *Philologian*. Place at Keble College, Oxford, 1961. W. H. Rhodes Scholarship Tour of Canada, 1961.

C. A. PRENDERGAST, 1959–61 ; 1960, " A " Level ; Secretary of Essay Society ; Debating Society ; School Dramatics; Second XV Colours, 1960 ; First XI Colours, 1960 ; Abbott House Captain ; School Prefect, 1960–61. Place at Keble College, Oxford, 1961. Travelling Scholarship to Germany, 1961.

J. KENNEDY, 1958–61 ; 1960, " A " Level ; Essay Society ; Debating Society ; School Dramatics ; Cross Country Team ; Second XV Colours ; Beeching House Vice-Captain ; House Secretary ; School Prefect, 1960–61 ; Editor of the *Philologian*. Provisional place at Hull University.

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