

THE
MITCHAMIAN



SUMMER

1962



THE 1ST XV

Back: Mr. Greenall, A. S. Austin, D. R. Wilson, D. W. Hoeking, T. A. Sage, D. J. Farr, M. H. Walton,
Middle: R. E. Dailly, F. R. Scott, C. R. Charlton, G. G. Studd, O. A. Moore. [D. R. Bishop.
Front: R. A. White, M. W. Walder, J. W. Anslow, J. Ahern.

The Mitchamian

MITCHAM COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR BOYS

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Editorial

THOUGH the year has been unexceptional in most respects, one noticeable feature has been the emergence of a political and moral conscience in forms not previously remarkable either for their public spirit or their virtue. It is not surprising that the cause of nuclear disarmament, which seems to offer its supporters such a wide range of social activities, should find adherents in the School, but other issues, such as the Common Market and the Liberal Revival are debated with equal vehemence. The heated and abusive nature of these controversies in one fifth-form classroom has been a revelation to those who believed boys of this age incapable of concern for anything beyond their own personal affairs. In view of this it is, I suppose, uncharitable to mention that the increasing desire for effective government does not seem to make the Friday detention any less well attended. Nor does it appear that schoolmasters are included in the mankind for whose well-being there is such intense concern.

In contrast, the sixth form has seemed very lethargic this year, apparently quite content to see their traditional prerogative of holding Views usurped by juniors. When pressed for an explanation a representative group said they were tired of being obliged to form opinions about Life and Society. Thinking, they said, didn't get you nowhere. Besides, since the fifth year had taken it up, it had become unfashionable. It was suggested that they put forward this idea in a letter to the Editor of the magazine. This, they objected, might require not only thought but unity of purpose, which was inconceivable.

Readers will note that the magazine is unaffected by either of these no doubt significant developments in the life of the School, managing to remain both reflective and uncontroversial.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the magazine of Mitcham County Grammar School for Girls, *The Beccehamian*, *The Croydonian*, *The Magazine*, *The Pelhamian*, *The Record*, *The Ship*, *The Spur*, *The Suttonian*, and *The Windsorian*.

School Notes

LAST September three new masters joined the Staff: Mr. Hecker took over the Physics Department, Mr. Benfield replaced Mr. Axon in the English Department and Mr. Cruickshank came to teach Mathematics temporarily for a year in place of Mr. Allsopp. In July several masters are leaving us: Mr. Morris is to become Head of the Mathematics Department at Bromley Grammar School, and Mr. Summersby is to be Head of the Chemistry Department at Strand Grammar School. Mr. Keen and Mr. Bernbaum are to join the staffs of Comprehensive Schools, Mr. E. J. Thomas has been appointed Senior Lecturer in Biology at Stockwell Training

College, and Mr. Cruickshank is leaving teaching to return to industry. Monsieur Menel was succeeded by Monsieur Décamp as French Assistant, and Mr. Carter, our new groundsman, joined us in September and has now thoroughly settled in to his new post.

At Speech Night in the Baths Hall on Thursday, December 14th, Mr. Baird, the Chief Education Officer for Surrey, presented our prizes, and in his subsequent address gave us grounds for hoping that an attractive site for our new school would soon be acquired. The Chair was taken by our new Chairman of Governors, Mr. E. E. Field, and we here express our warm thanks and appreciation to the retiring Chairman, Mr. G. S. Alderman, for his many years of kind and devoted service to the School. The Christmas Carol Service was held in St. Mark's Church on the evening of Tuesday, December 19th, and at the end of the Spring Term an Easter Carol Service was given there on the evening of Thursday, April 5th. Both performances were well attended and the support given by parents to School functions is most encouraging.

We are pleased to congratulate our five winners of State Scholarships: E. A. Edmonds, J. A. Johnson, P. H. Mackey, O. A. Moore and C. S. Selley, and our two winners of Open Scholarships in December—P. H. Mackey, who was awarded a Major Open Scholarship in Natural Science at Trinity College, Cambridge, and O. A. Moore, who won an Open Scholarship in Modern Languages at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. The following boys left School to enter the Universities: R. J. Batten (Birmingham), K. T. Bracey-Wright (Leeds), A. E. Cooper (Leeds), D. A. Davis (Nottingham), K. R. Dymott (Birmingham), E. A. Edmonds (Leicester), B. W. Forsdick (Cambridge), K. J. Giddings (Leeds), L. Horowicz (Oxford), K. A. Lewis (Durham), K. J. Mophew (Leeds), C. S. Selley (Exeter).

We continue to receive very generous help from the Parents' Association, which provided the School with three more Senior Prefect's gowns, a Telefunken tape recorder together with a Grampian microphone with stand, and fifty pounds' worth of cricket equipment which we sadly needed. We are indeed grateful for these kind gifts to the School.

Music Notes

THIS year has seen a great increase in the number of boys learning instruments and a substantial number of new instruments have been obtained for the School. There are now some 51 boys learning violin, viola, 'cello, oboe, clarinet, trumpet, trombone, or piano. In the past the orchestra has suffered from a lack of the lower stringed instruments and we hope that this new expansion will lay the foundations for a really strong string section.

The choir also has increased in size and we now have a flourishing group of 90 singers. Our main task in the Autumn term was the preparation of the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols. Time was found, however, for the choir to perform groups of part songs at the parents' social evening in October. The service at the end of term followed the traditional pattern, but, amongst the new carols included, the beauty of the *Wiegenlied* and of Cornelius's setting of *The Three Kings* was particularly memorable. G. Machlejd, R. Knight and I. Vokes sang the solos.

A small group consisting of Messrs. Chapman and Morris with R. N. Davidge, A. Perrin and M. Walder (two pianos, electric organ, saxophone and drums) provided music for *The Ascent of F6*. The music, an odd mixture of styles, was by Benjamin Britten.

The Spring term began with a Saturday evening concert at which we were fortunate in having songs from two parents, Mrs. S. J. Machlejd, who sang the *Eriskay Love Lilt* and a song from *The King and I*, and Mr. C. Hatzfeld, who sang *If Music be the Food of Love* and *Silver*. R. N. Davidge gave an impressive performance of the Bach *Prelude and Fugue in G* from Book II of the *48* and the *Rhapsody No. 3* by Dohnanyi. Davidge's technique was seen to particularly good advantage in the Bach where his finger work was strong and confident, but the Dohnanyi seemed slightly out of his reach. He is to be congratulated on having gained a place at the Royal College of Music. A younger, but promising, pianist is R. Still whose performance of a Beethoven Bagatelle was strong and rhythmic. M. Walder gave an accurate and assured performance of the *Sonatina for Flute and Piano* by Malcolm Arnold which, after an uncompromising first movement, settled down into being a pleasantly humorous and delightfully melodic composition. Mr. Morris, as usual, helped Mr. Chapman to open and close the programme with duets by Rossini, Strauss and Milhaud. These duets have become a tradition at the Saturday concerts and the music department will miss Mr. Morris's help, good humour and musicianship on these, and other occasions.

A visit was arranged to Sadler's Wells for a performance of Tschaiikowsky's *Eugene Onegin*. This opera, depending as it does for its charm on a very sensitive delineation of character, was enjoyed by all of us. The singing of Anna Pollak was particularly fine and the ball scene quite magnificently staged.

The rest of term was taken up with preparation for the House Music Competition (reported elsewhere) and the music for the Easter Service in St. Mark's. This service of anthems and readings following Christ's Crucifixion and Resurrection took place on Thursday, April 5th. Attendance was a little disappointing, especially in view of the high standard of singing in the unaccompanied Tudor anthems. T. Sage played the slow movement of the Mozart Clarinet Concerto as an interlude and showed a high standard of tone and control. Our thanks go to Dr. Bingham and Messrs. Harris, Male and Morris for their valuable assistance in the choir.

This term we begin rehearsals for *The Pirates of Penzance*. Already Major-General Stanley has a large female family and a small but dedicated band of Pirates and Policemen are preparing to sue for their rather inky hands—with what success will be reported later.

The Ascent of F6

THE play, written nearly twenty years after World War I, is topical today, nearly twenty years after World War II. The hero's idealism is not common now, Mr. and Mrs. A are better off materially, but the spirit of disillusionment remains, the powers that are are still suspect, and the Moon has taken the place of F6.

Somebody has described the play as "a sardonic charade". If it is a charade, the characters are merely puppets manipulated by author and producer to point a moral or adorn a stage, painted masks representing strongly-marked characteristics: the idealist, the demagogue, the Press Lord, the Common Man, the perfect Second-in-command—in other words the Chess Pieces, pawns moved by the author to make a play.

If that is so, the ceremony demands presentation, production, lighting, ritual, all the tricks of the trade, and strongly-characterised rather than

subtle acting. Michael Ransom (Christopher Shrubbsall), pictured as torn between the desire to be at grips with a mountain and the desire to dissociate himself from the politics of the mountain, is the only complex character; his aloofness at normal times and his authority in action were well brought out. We certainly preferred him on the mountain. His soliloquies are most difficult, and we largely guessed what they meant. One thing that they meant, it seems, is that only failures are idealists.

Michael fails entirely against Mrs. Ransom (Andrew Sproxton) to whose arguments for climbing F6 he gives in, unconvincingly, simply because he is told that idealists do not hate their brothers. Both in this scene and in the last scene Mrs. Ransom looked charming, spoke well but rather too fast, and even sang nicely. But it seems an easy victory.

The climbing party is amply distinguishable: Gunn (David Margereson), with an L-plate for climbing but for nothing else, brash, hearty and successful (one wonders whether the authors had ever been on an expedition with such an impossible companion!); Shawcross (Malcolm Love), self-righteous, jealous and emotional, and not economical in his gestures; Lamp (Alan Glover), the apostle of Polus Naufrangia and all things botanical (and what a dull character to play!); the Doctor (Gerald Studd), a good fellow, as all Rugby forwards are, the eternal No. 2, to whom no torch is passed on. The emotional tensions on the mountain came over well, the climbing hut lived, Gunn died with *éclat*, the dead march upwards after the death of Lamp was performed with all ceremony.

The go-getting party is amply distinguishable: James Ransom (Joseph Harris) and Lord Stagmantle (David Stracey), looking and speaking like Harris and Stracey respectively, but both effective and both born for TV; General Dellaby-Couch (Roger Harrison) and Lady Isabel Welwyn (Stuart Harling), Thunderguts and his lady, the Empah and All That. As satire against the art of publicity the play is very funny.

Mr. and Mrs. A. (Alan Austin and John Row), the Common Man and Woman, got across most adequately the jingle of the rhyming couplets with their smart cynicism. An Announcer (Anthony Carter) seemed to have studied his medium. For the evening he was our TV heart-throb.

And the Abbot (Derek Wilson) inveighed at length against the evil that is brought about by the will for power in men's minds and urged the necessity for self-surrender. He said it very nicely and was probably convinced by it. A very difficult speech, which we personally did not understand until we read it again.

The last scene is a kind of variety act—like most variety, good in parts to all men. Unlike the Epilogue to "Saint Joan", for instance, it says nothing new; the Chorus largely reiterates the idea of disillusionment and the Doctor, one's sole hope of cheerfulness, is dismissed in half a dozen lines. The answers of James, Stagmantle, Isabel and the General in the "Any Questions?" part of the programme were well done.

The staging and lighting were excellent, the noises-off convincing, the music played with gusto, the crenellated ridges stood out against the sky, F6 looked really slippery and, having stood precariously on the utmost pinnacle, we can say that it was quite a mountain.

Above all, the whole thing was fun to watch.

Lake District Expedition 1962

MONOPOLISED by "our lot" for the past three years, the School expedition, owing to the elevation of many comrades to higher things, was of necessity transfused this year with new blood—not, I venture, any thinner, but somewhat less in quantity; not enough adventurers in fact to fill the customary two vans. Most kindly, Mr. Marsh agreed to use his own car and Mr. Johnson loaned his, driven by "Driver Hohnson" of indemnification form fame. These, with Mr. Hallam's Thames convoyed northwards the length of our subtopian heritage with only minor incidents, until the fiendish cries of the E.T.A. sweepstake winner shattered the peace of Great Langdale. At dinner we met the other guests, a mixed party from Harlow, and a Belfast warden who advertised his second helpings with the enthusiasm of an apprentice mountebank.

From reports and the sight of the snow-clad hills we knew that winter had not yet abandoned all interest in the area, and it was to mist and pouring rain that we awoke next morning. The dash to breakfast was enough for most and rather than get soaked before the midday dinner (the only one of the week), the morning was passed with the aid of Elvis and table-tennis. Slowly the rain cleared to allow the afternoon ascent of the Pike of Blisco, a nearby peak. For the only time in the week no "B" party was formed, and all floundered through the deep snow, a novelty for the annual expedition, to the top. The weather then broke and the descent was encouraged by a thunder and hail storm, whose ferocity marked it as the manifestation of a brooding mountain presence. The gods, however, smiled on our next attack, on Helvellyn; for the spectacular journey and the trudge up to the snow the sun shone. From then the climbing was exhilaratingly dangerous; the ridge of Striding Edge, precipitous, narrow, slippery and beset by gusty crosswinds was overcome without loss, two members showing their defiance by changing a pullover and camera film half way along. At the top, with icy winds and cloud ripping past, the question of getting down arose, and it was left to Mr. Purbrick (fortunately back with us again, being very useful in such suicidal missions), to walk backwards over the edge of the snowface, kicking holds for us to use, in an attempt to locate the ridge below.

After this Bow Fell was a stroll, although the high windswept plateau, completely white under the grey skies, and the angular blocks of ice on the faintly blue frozen tarn gave one the feeling of Antarctica and heroic battles against the elements. On Wednesday, after a morning in Keswick, Saddleback was conquered by the few, the many deciding that Sharp Edge was only for the insane. The insane were rewarded with a view of Scotland across the Solway Firth in the afternoon sunlight, and a leisurely descent with time for sunbathing and contemplation of the magnificence and peace. The last day was upon us and, of course, the mountain was Scafell Pike, the highest in England. It was reached by a long journey over some fearsome passes at which the van jibbed only once, although for once, all the crew except myself were jettisoned beforehand. The climb itself was arduous but not difficult; all took turns to be top man in the country before an unorthodox evacuation was begun which on occasions resembled skiing without the grace, or the skis. Another amble to the vehicles in perfect weather made a fitting, and for many, I fancy, only temporary, farewell to the mountains.

A. R. CARPENTER VI 3

The Italian Tour

BUILDINGS and sky whirled confusedly about as our Italian driver hurled the long red bus around the corners and bends of Florence. We were to see a good deal of this particular bus. Indeed, the best part of the holiday seemed to consist of jolting over little country roads in search of inaccessible hill-towns. Our driver had a happy knack of getting lost in Florence, and later, in Rome. I well remember trying to pass between two ranks of parked cars, skilfully placed so as just to forbid access to large coaches, with a two-hundred yard queue of cars honking for all they were worth behind us.

For the uninitiated, Florence is a confusing maze of back-streets, and my friends and I spent many happy hours tramping, completely lost, along dark alleys, between high rows of tenement-like buildings. Even the masters got lost on the first day, and, with sections of the party in tow, they circum-navigated Florence for almost half an hour, attempting to re-unite.

Our party split up, in the main, into form-cliques, and the fourth-formers even criticised the attempts of some of the third-formers to dress decently. Really, though, I don't think shorts and lurid shirts are the best clothes in which to impress a foreigner.

As well as the interesting but inevitable succession of famous buildings and art treasures, we were able to see the human side of Italy. We visited markets, and shops, and were able to learn enough of the language to become totally confused by the barrage of Italian which greeted our tentative attempts at conversation. I once tried to buy a bottle of Liebfraumilch to bring home. The Italian bar-man understood not a word. I ended up speaking French, to an Italian, about a German wine, while he translated for the benefit of the bar-man. They didn't stock it.

Time passes quickly in new surroundings, and we were soon on our way home. Have you ever stood for five hours in a train? We did. Our reserved carriages were full of Italians, and the C.I.T. (railway police) would do nothing about it. Mr. Benfield later worked miracles in getting seats for a few of us, but most of us did the journey standing. Nevertheless, despite the long and rather tedious train journeys, the holiday was a great success and our thanks are due to the masters who made it so and especially to Mr. Benfield, who organised the trip.

R. H. JOHNSON III A

School Charities

THE School's support of Sharon during the Winter term was the most enthusiastic for some years. We were able to realise £60, and a further £10, from the sale of Christmas labels. However, the Spring term saw a decline in the generosity of the boys; the cheque for this period amounted only to £30. A general criticism that can be made of the effort during this term was the lack of enthusiasm and interest shown by the older forms; but for the lower forms the term's total would have been much less.

This article affords me the opportunity of thanking all those who have generously contributed to Sharon this year. Our thanks also go to Mr. Marsh and all the Prefects who have helped me in the organising of the weekly collections.

I sincerely hope the year 1962-63 will bring more interest and support from the older forms, the continued excellent support of the lower School, and perhaps the introduction of a special Sharon week each term.

R. BRAY VI 2

Rugby

1ST XV

THE season 1960-61 was a good one for the 1st XV; 10 out of the 20 games were won, 2 drawn and 8 lost. The pity is that the team did not play as well before Christmas as it did afterwards when it settled down into a decidedly useful combination. There were some excellent victories against the Old Mitchamians "A" XV, Isleworth, Wallington, Selhurst, William Ellis and Harrow County.

Despite the lack of weight in the forwards, the team made the best of the available talent. The tackling and covering were tenacious and rarely failed the team; no opposing team found points easy to get. The forwards, never dominant in the tight, were good in the line-outs where Sage jumped well, especially after the burden of the line-out work was thrown upon him by Farr's injury, and gave the three-quarters a fair share of the ball. Hosking, who improved greatly towards the end of the season, and Scott, sound, reliable and very fit, supported the jumpers well and played hard in the mauls. The back row worked hard in the loose where the experienced Wilson and Studd and the newcomer Austin were rarely far from the ball after a tackle. One criticism, however, which could be levelled is the lack of attacks set up on their own by the forwards and by the back row in particular. In modern rugby this is one of the things that really wins matches.

The main attacking potential came from the half-backs, Bishop and Dailly, and Charlton who captained the team at centre. Dailly was the stalwart of the team, possessing a hard tackle, a somewhat ostentatious dummy and the essential determination to run straight for the line. Charlton played well, running hard when given half a chance and was very sure in the tackle. He made a first-rate captain, efficient, preferring to lead by example rather than to exhort, and extremely insistent on the team's training regularly. The most improved player of this trio was, however, Bishop. Converted at short notice to scrum half he played excellently. A fine kicker with both feet and a good passer of the ball, the thing that he should try to improve most of all is his speed in getting down to the ball after a heel.

The team was chosen from Charlton, Studd, White, Walder, Dailly, Wilson, Bishop, Anslow, Hosking, Moore, Scott, Sage, Austin, Walton, Farr, Ahern. Colours were awarded to Charlton, Moore and Studd. Half colours to Walder, Hosking and White. The team gave away 177 points and scored 186.

2ND XV

THE 1961-62 season started on an encouraging note with early wins against Sutton and Wandsworth. But the next victory was not achieved until late in the Winter term against the Old Boys. This, indeed, was a noteworthy performance since the team that kicked off showed about seven changes from that selected on the preceding Thursday. Thus with only three wins to its credit in the Winter term, an air of despondency hung over the team at the start of the Spring term and inevitably resulted in the losing of every match except one away to Bec.

The season, then, as a whole was unsatisfactory compared with previous years' records, and a number of factors contributed to this. Injuries throughout the two terms were so numerous (in nearly every home match a nasty cut or broken bone seemed to occur) that the morale of the team was consequently low. As with all 2nd XV's, the demands of the 1st XV did not enable the team time to settle down (a young team needs time) and develop its latent skills. Even the customary toughness and wholehearted endeavour that one associates with a 2nd XV was missing because of the lack of interest shown towards it by the rest of the School. In fact with more support, I am sure we should have won more games.

2nd XV colours were awarded to Hellard, Katesmark, James, Staples and Sexton.

The team was chosen from Hellard (Capt.), Katesmark M. E. W., Wiseman, Stamper, Couzens, Mackey, Staples, James, Harrison, Sexton, Fussell, Barker, Brushett, New, Margerison, Scott A., Scott C., Tyler, Williams, Hunt, Jerram, Matthews, Austin, Walton, Wear, Lewis.

I. G. D. HELLARD VI 2

COLTS XV

COLTS rugby has once again set a high standard of play and understanding of the game. The unity they felt as a team grew throughout the season, and this, coupled with the growing confidence in their increasing skill, made them a very well balanced and talented team. The record of successes was very commendable, and without the injuries which hit us badly at one period would have been better still.

Marsden developed into a good captain, showing plenty of dash and courageous example and Lord, the hooker, never playing a bad game, gained representative honours for Surrey.

It is a measure of the overall success and rugby potential of this year's Colts that the Colts seven's team were semi-finalists in the Surrey Schools' Competition.

The team was chosen from Marsden (Capt.), Reece, Lord, Pitcairn, Charise, Davies, Heath, Rogers, Neaves, Dugdale, Porter, Worrall, Harris, Rowe, Snell, Ralph and Goldsmith.

As my final comment, may I compliment all the players on their hard effort and play and wish them all success in their rugby future. I shall be very interested to hear of their progress.

UNDER 14 XV

THE poor results of the 1961-62 season were most disappointing. In practice matches all members of the team played skilfully and with enthusiasm, but when playing against other schools the good form shown in the practices was non-existent. In all matches it was left to one or two players to do the work and as a result most matches were lost. To have more success next season, all members of the team must acquire a more mature and enthusiastic attitude to the game.

Regular members of the team were Skardon (Capt.), Roberts (Vice-Capt.), Winsor, Osmond, Holmes, Chaplin, Clancy, Franklin, Cozens, Todd, Pascall R., Wiegand, Mott, Vagg, Lynch and Wallace.

Cricket

1ST XI

THE summary of last season's results is: Played 13, Won 4, Lost 4, Drawn 5.

The 1st XI is rapidly acquiring the reputation of being unable to force a win even when victory seems in sight. This factor was very much in evidence last season when on no fewer than three occasions slipshod fielding allowed our adversaries a bigger bite of the "cherry" than they really deserved. The match against John Ruskin was reported in last year's magazine but we were still unable to return the victors from Heath Clarke who with 8 wickets down for 38 (99 runs behind our total) managed to reach 87 without further loss at the close of play. An even more exciting finish was that against Wandsworth who after chasing our total of 107, lost nine of their wickets for 98 runs with five minutes still to go. However our tradition was not endangered and the match resulted in a draw.

Despite these set-backs, outstanding victories were scored against the Parents and the Old Boys. In the former game the School reached a total of 115 for 5 wickets at tea and the "old gentlemen" could reply only with a meagre 31. After amassing a total of 150 for the loss of 2 wickets against the Old Boys, the School bowlers were quickly among the wickets and after breaking the stubborn resistance of Woodley (43) the Old Boys' innings quietly folded up for 74, conceding victory to the School by 76 runs.

The 1961 team was chosen from D. J. Farr (Capt.), Studd, Giddings, Bishop, Carpenter B. C., Hellard, Forsdick, Katesmark M. E. W., Dailly, Boylett, Matthews and Ring.

Full colours were awarded to Giddings, and re-awarded to Farr and Studd; half-colours were awarded to Bishop, Hellard, Carpenter B. C. and Forsdick.

At the time of writing the 1st XI has drawn all its matches played this season. The customary opening match against St. Olaves provided a splendid example of how to let victory slip from one's grasp. After losing the toss the School were sent into bat on a dampish wicket and with forbidding dark clouds scurrying across the sky. By tea the School had reached a total of 148-9, Bishop making a personal contribution of 77. It was refreshing to see a batsman striking the ball so firmly and confidently and it is hoped that such a talented player as Bishop will be scoring consistently throughout this season and the next. After tea, Hellard and Jenkin opened the School attack and soon had St. Olaves in difficulties. Beames, in his tenth over, proceeded to take three wickets and St. Olaves struggled to 42 for 9 with about twenty minutes left for play. Then in quick succession three catches, none of them really difficult, were dropped—the match was drawn but on such fielding one cannot expect to win matches.

The match against Bec almost resulted in our first defeat but some fine bowling by Hellard managed to contain them when in the last over they needed three runs for victory with five wickets in hand. Against Raynes Park the School collapsed from 82 for 3 to 104 all out. With just under two hours left for play the Raynes Park batsmen gave the impression that they would be content with a draw. Our bowlers lacked penetration even though the ball was rising awkwardly off a length and the game finished with Raynes Park having lost 6 wickets for 80 runs.

The 1962 team has been chosen from D. J. Farr (Capt.), Studd, Bishop, Hellard, Couzens, Katesmark M.E.W., Dailly, Boylett, Matthews, Beames and Jenkin.

D. J. FARR VI 3

THIS issue of the magazine cannot be allowed to pass without a few words in appreciation of D. J. Farr who will be leaving the School at the end of the term. Since he came here three years ago Farr has been the mainstay of the 1st XI's batting. Last season he almost reached 500 runs, and this season he is virtually certain to do so, having already scored nearly 200 runs in only four innings. However, the manner in which the scores have been obtained has been the most noticeable feature of his play. Consistently, Farr has shown himself to be a batsman of confidence, style and maturity far beyond that which can normally be expected from a school cricketer.

As a captain he has led the team firmly but politely, and has set a fine example by his behaviour on and off the field, by his dress and care for equipment and by the way he has handled the slender resources at his disposal.

The School will not find it easy to replace Farr in the next few years, but it is certain that everyone in the School wishes him success at university, and hopes that he continues to score 50s with the same elegant regularity.

2ND XI

LAST year, once again, the 2nd XI had a very good season, and in the final results the number of victories equalled the number of defeats. We are lucky this year in that six of our members had the benefit of playing in that team. Unfortunately, however, only two of these six are bowlers, and this lack of bowlers has not been supplemented by the new members of the team. The 2nd XI has, in fact, only four bowlers to call upon, and despite their lack of hostility and speed, by their great accuracy they have dismissed the opposing sides for moderate totals. The best of the four has been Berglin who has bowled especially well and has obtained excellent figures. The team has amassed several respectable scores, but this has been due to good batting by a few individual players only, and while in theory the batting should be superior to the bowling, it does not always turn out this way in matches.

The 2nd XI opened the season by surprisingly holding St. Olaves to a draw. It was very noticeable that it was the batting which let the side down, but in this case it may have been, as in previous years, through lack of adequate practice. Two defeats followed this but a narrow victory was then gained over Sutton. The match was, however, nearly lost owing to some bad batting, but the innings was stabilised by a useful, if somewhat lucky, innings by Wilson.

The spirit of the team has generally been high, despite a regrettable show of defeatism before, and sometimes during, a game. As usual, we hope for better things later in the season.

This year's team has been chosen from F. J. Barker (Capt.), Baker, Searle, Wilson, Berglin, Tidy, Margereson, Katesmark J. L., Jennings, Watson, James, Staples and Harper.

F. J. BARKER VI 1

Athletics

IN previous reports it has been the custom for the writer to offer a solution to the problem of the low standard of athletics in the School. In various ways they state that the system the School employs is not the best. However, I think that the real reason is lack of hard training by the School team, and several things are to blame for this.

Until recently there has been little encouragement for athletes from those in charge, except at actual meetings. It is when an athlete is actually training that he needs to be spurred on so that enough work is done. Without this encouragement a potential athlete does not realise what he must do for success, until he reaches the senior school when it is too late. I am not suggesting that merely by training hard the world record can be broken, for the talent must be there to be developed.

Another factor which may account for the present standard of athletics in the School is its secondary importance to cricket as a summer activity. Until it achieves an equal status no improvement can be expected.

Up to the time of writing only two of the season's matches have been completed. In both of these meetings the overall result was, as in previous years, rather poor. The first of these meetings was the Surrey School Sports at Motspur Park. Despite the disappointing performance overall we should congratulate Dailly for his fine effort in winning the open javelin with a throw of 141 feet 5 inches. The second event was the Surrey Athletic Club meeting. In the junior and youths' sections we finished well down the list. In the boys' section, however, we tied for third place, with 23 points. Roberts and Harris performed well in winning the 880 yards and javelin respectively.

To close on a happier note, the standards in the junior School are rising and we can only hope for better results in the future.

C. R. CHARLTON VI 2

Tennis

So far this season, the School 1st VI has made undaunted progress in gaining two victories out of the four matches played to date. In the first match, we were sadly defeated by Glyn, although the marginal difference, compared with the corresponding result of last year, was considerably reduced. However, the ability and optimism to secure victory soon followed and a convincing 6-3 win over Hinchley Wood stood the team in good stead for the match with Heath Clarke in the Rootham Shield Competition. A 5-0 win has now put us into the third round with Glyn as our opponents, and, I might add, with a determined resolve to annul the defeat conceded to them in the early part of the season.

There has been little change in the team this season, and those members who played last year have helped form the nucleus of an older and more experienced side. Unfortunately these are not the only attributes for the making of a good team—constant and concentrated practice is the theme for all. If these could be blended, undoubtedly a superior team would result. In this respect we are at a disadvantage in having a restricted use of the public courts at Rowan Road for our Friday evening team practices and matches. For this reason, regular practices cannot be held and with inadequate facilities, the enthusiasm and prowess of boys in the lower school is unable to develop.

Nevertheless, we still look forward to the time when we shall possess our own courts and in the meanwhile with matches still to be played with Glyn, Hinchley Wood, Dorking, the Parents and Staff, we shall continue to give our opponents a hard-fought game of tennis.

Team: R. E. Dailly (Capt.), I. G. D. Hellard, D. J. Farr, T. R. Blök, D. R. Wilson and F. J. Barker.

R. E. DAILLY VI 2

Badminton

THE badminton club enjoyed a very successful season. The strength of the team was due in part to the fact that five members had the benefit of a full season of competitive badminton last year. The sixth member of the team, Boylett, was, perhaps, carried along on this wave of confidence, inspired by the rest of the team's expertise, generally giving a performance which belied his relative inexperience.

During the season a total of nine matches was played and of these, eight were won and only one lost, by the narrow margin of 5 to 4. This reverse was suffered at the hands of John Ruskin on their home court. The result was in doubt until the very last game but ground advantage told in the end. However, the School obtained ample revenge in the return fixture in the school hall, winning by the slightly greater margin of 5½ to 3½. Other wins were obtained over Glyn (home and away), Wimbledon (home and away), Tiffins (home), St. Joseph's College (home) and Selhurst (away).

Our thanks are again extended to Mr. Morris for devoting so much of his time to supporting and playing School badminton and we deeply regret that this is his last season with us. May he continue to enjoy badminton as much as we have enjoyed playing with him.

The team was chosen from I. G. D. Hellard (Capt.), R. E. Dailly, T. R. Blök, C. C. E. Shrubsall, M. H. Stamper, M. J. Boylett, F. J. Barker.

I. G. D. HELLARD VI 2

Other Activities of a Sporting Nature

1ST VII NETBALL

AFTER a poor start the team settled down well and played some intelligent and entertaining netball towards the end of the season.

The team was unfortunate to lose its first match against Mitcham Grammar School for Girls, mainly because the opposition scored more points, a factor which we found considerably to our disadvantage. The referee refused to award any points, in spite of a loud appeal, when a brilliant passing movement resulted in Dailly going over for a try under the net. The game finished in a 13-10 victory for the girls.

After this defeat the team underwent extensive training and a set of rules was purchased.

To the strains of "Sweet Georgia Brown" the School team took the field for its final match, this time against Mitcham Grammar School for Girls. Intricate passing movements finished by consistent shooting allowed us to keep ahead throughout, although the girls were very fast, too. Result, a win by 18 points to 14.

Team from: G. G. Studd (Capt.), D. J. Farr, T. A. Sage, R. E. Dailly, O. A. Moore, C. R. Charlton, S. W. Hipperson, I. G. D. Hellard, D. A. Baker and K. Wiseman.

Netball Skirt was awarded to G. G. Studd for his outstanding play as captain of the team.

We are pleased to announce that O. A. Moore has fully recovered from the serious injury sustained during the final game when in collision with one of the opponents and is now convalescing on a building site in South London.

In sincerity we should like to thank the Girls' School for their sporting challenges and for their kind hospitality.

T. A. SAGE and D. J. FARR VI 3

1ST XI HOCKEY

WE were met at the gate by two muscular females, hockey sticks at the ready. Those who had come for the social occasion were forcibly restrained from going home. "Met" is a euphemism; almost before we were in hailing distance the committee turned and stomped up the drive; perhaps they were dazzled by our shirts, all different, or the sartorial elegance of our bow ties. After a trot round the field, the game almost commenced, before someone asked for weapons. Our performance with the sticks suggested that we could have done no worse without them. Whistles seemed to blow at ten-second intervals for incomprehensible reasons. Between infringements the pattern was swipe and dash, and gratifyingly we noticed that the girls seemed to play the same way. One opponent was hurt and retired; a complete accident without a suggestion of dangerous play. Goalkeeper Blök let two goals through in the first half before he discovered one may handle the ball. In the second half, however, one of our movements was rewarded with a goal by Couzens; but soon the girls scored again, and later only a brilliant, diving save by Stamper, covering, kept the score to 3-1.

We received and accepted a second challenge from the Girls' School in the Spring term. We were strengthened by the inclusion of two second-rate rugby players and our determination, expressed in our uniformity of dress (School jerseys and bowler hats), spurred us on to a great victory by 2 goals to nil. The scorers were Blök and Hosking. Thanks to the hospitality of the girls and the mistresses concerned, both match and nosh-up were enjoyed by all on both occasions, and we hope we have started another pleasant tradition.

Team from: A. R. Carpenter (Capt.), D. J. Couzens (Vice-Capt.), Anslow, Baker, Blök, Brown, Charlton, Davidge, Glover, Hosking, Johnson, Searle, Shrubbsall, Stamper. Manager: P. H. Mackey, Esq. Trainer: M. W. Walder, Esq.

Positively nothing was awarded to anybody.

A. R. CARPENTER VI 3

House Notes

CANONS

THE House successfully retained its lead in the Cock House Cup last year and celebrated with a Cock House Feed to which it was privileged to invite the Headmaster and rival House Masters, the latter to taste the fruits of fame denied themselves.

Perhaps a little over-confident, the House did not embark on this year's programme with the same vigour as it had the year before. As a result of complete defeat in the "B" Class Cross-Country race, the efforts of "A" and "C" Classes, who both gained first positions, were wasted, and the House took second position overall. Both 1st VII and 1st XV Rugby teams were undefeated but, in spite of this success, lack of talent in the middle school left us in third position in the Rugby Cup.

The Spring term offered no chance to regain lost points. Little success was gained in the Arts Trophy and although credit is due to the respective organisers for their individual hard work, low marks reflected the lack of support from the House as a whole. We finished fourth in the Magazine, joint third in the Model, and second in the Music with an aggregate fourth place. The House could not expect to do very well in the Athletics Standards when strenuous efforts were exerted by only the few.

Swimming, Minor Games, Cricket and the completion of Athletics on Sports Day are still to come at the time of writing, but the House has an almost impossible task if it is to attain the exalted position it held last year.

Canons House, however, seems to alternate between good and bad years and I feel sure that it can look forward to success in the future.

T. A. SAGE VI 3

LODGE

IN the Spring term, after gaining an undistinguished third place in the Cross-Country competition before Christmas, the House launched its plan of campaign for the Arts Competition, the first objective being to defeat House indifference. However, the magazine, *Janus*, a mirror of House inspiration and industry, was a distinct improvement upon last year's issue, and we gained especially high marks in the art and presentation section. Our success in the music was most encouraging, although in other sections, particularly the debate and the model, we acquitted ourselves less creditably.

The result of the Rugby XV's was promising, more particularly in the senior school but the House lacked sufficient effort from the juniors.

With Sports Day still to come we stand a good chance of catching up with Ravensbury, who have a narrow lead over us, but here again our hopes are mainly centred on the upper school.

We look forward to success with some confidence in the two sections still outstanding, swimming and cricket, and provided that House effort is sustained we shall be well in the running for Cock House Cup.

In the Minor Games Cup our failure in the chess was perhaps an indication of our intellectual deficiencies but was partly compensated by our victory over Ravensbury in the badminton. The tennis and basketball matches have yet to be played and it is difficult to predict the outcome.

Lastly, we have to say farewell to our Housemaster, Mr. Morris, who is leaving at the end of the term. We are all grateful for the leadership and encouragement he has given to the House and wish him every success in his new position.

M. J. LOVE VI 2

RAVENSBURY

BEGINNING the year in a state of slumbrous stupidity we approached the first event. Emerging from the other side of it we found, shocked, that we had won the cross-country. In fact we have some talented runners, ably led, but such was morale at the time that we did not realise it. Rugby success followed, not surprisingly—we have some considerable House members.

Soon the Arts Trophy was upon us. And we were enthusiastic. The model, in contrast to that of the previous year, was begun early, planned efficiently, and meticulously executed, yet lacked something—all agreed that the scale was too small. But luckily we came second. Articles, essays, sapient pieces of wit, poured in for the magazine, but owing to some administrative bungling, results were not as might have been expected.

In the music competition success was not absolute. The House cannot boast great instrumentalists or vocalists, despite its corvine emblems and loquacious membership; but the eloquence of its juniors was considerable. For the umpteenth time running we won the junior elocution. Debates in the gym seldom inspire. Ravensbury came second in a rather mediocre contest, not up to the standard of a debate which the fifth year held a few days before.

After success in athletics standards we have surprisingly few entrants for Sports Day, now upon us; I hear we cannot win.

Mr. Keen, I regret to say, is soon to leave the House and School, at the end of this term. His informality, sincerity and improvised prayers have pleased, improved and intrigued us. Having become a fixture at the School, something which he probably would not like to be called, his departure will be much regretted by all of us. Wherever he goes, we wish him happiness.

P. J. HARRIS VI 2

WITFORD

W^e hoped that this year Witford would continue its steady progress in the Cock House competition, and finish first. This it would now appear is impossible, for we are currently in third position and can hold out little hope of success in the remaining contests. In cricket we must look to our junior team for any victories we may achieve, while any hopes we had of retaining the athletics trophy have been dashed by a very poor effort in the standards.

The results of the senior rugby matches proved conclusively what had long been feared—that without Giddings, the backbone of the team for the last five years, successful results could not be expected. Indeed to those responsible for selecting a team, it was an achievement to find fifteen men who were prepared to turn out for the inevitable defeat. A few men played with great spirit, but spirit alone was not enough. The junior fifteen, well led by Franklin, fared a little better with Chaplin and Sanders giving outstanding performances. The only satisfactory results in the rugby sevens came from the third form team.

In the cross-country a few individuals ran well, but the House as a whole fared badly. Lack of interest and of effort was the cause, too many competitors finding themselves out of condition on the day owing to lack of practice beforehand.

As has often been the case in the past, the House to some degree compensated for its ineffectiveness in sporting competitions by winning the Arts Trophy in a very convincing manner. Competent organisation among those in charge of the various sections of the competition and, for once, a real interest among the majority of the members of the House, brought well-deserved victories in the debate, the magazine, and the model competitions, while our elocution team only just failed to break Ravensbury's five-year monopoly. Jarrett and Davidge won the individual instrumental sections of the music contest but our unison singing was not impressive.

Despite our fine victory in the Arts Trophy the year has not been a successful one by any means. There are too many people content to sit back and to leave a small band of enthusiastic individuals to do the work. Most competitions depend upon a mass effort throughout the House, however, and success will only be achieved when every member of the House comes to realise this, and wakes up to the fact that he has a responsibility to the other members of the House.

M. E. W. KATESMARK VI 3

The Arts Competition

LITERATURE

Two magazines printed more than the required number of articles—a tribute to the zeal of their competitors, but against the rules. All Houses contrived to raise an adequate number of poems, some excellent and in the judge's opinion original, one or two excellent and in the judge's opinion not original and therefore not given any credit. Articles containing information solely also got no credit—the judge is getting tired of being told about the Manors of Mitcham, which are incapable of literary treatment. The reluctance of some contributors to have their names published seems a pity; there is nothing to be ashamed of and in most cases there is something to be proud of. Ravensbury produced a markedly "anti-" magazine, but it was neither amusingly nor convincingly "anti-"; if a contributor deliberately chooses to be so, the onus is on him to prove his case. The judge was not satisfied that it had been done.

The best contributions were in verse: "Deception" (on cats) by Johnson (3a); "The Waterfall" by Pacitti (11); "January" by a VI 3 boy; and "Protest" (against the methods used to extract contributions) by Mills (5a). In prose: "Epilogue" (the Bomb!) by Love (5a); and "A History of Modern Art (debunked)" by Brushett (VI 1).

MUSIC

The competitions were held on Thursday, March 29th, the adjudicator being Mr. Ralph Nicholson, County Adviser on string music. The entries were slow in coming in this year and it was felt by many that preparation might well begin earlier in the term in future. Some Houses made a very late start in practising their Unison songs with the result that, on the whole, this section was not up to the same standard as that of last year. To some extent this was a result of our not having enough places suitable for rehearsal but it was also owing to the fact that accompanists too often have to be members of staff who, however willing, cannot be expected always to be available. It cannot be stressed too often how important it is for each House to foster a small group of pianists with some sight reading ability.

The songs, *The Vagabond* by Vaughan Williams and *A Son of the Muses* by Schubert lacked polish and attack on the entries was poor.

In contrast to this the instrumental solos were of a very high standard and the closeness of most of the marks showed how difficult a task was Mr. Nicholson's. Amongst the more notable performances were Lewis's moving interpretation of the "Moonlight" Sonata by Beethoven, Davidge's performance of the Haydn Sonata in Ab major and Doig's clarinet piece *A Truro Maggot*.

The final placings of Houses were Lodge 1st, Canons 2nd, Witford 3rd and Ravensbury 4th. Our thanks go to Mr. Nicholson for his valuable comments and interest in the music of this School.

ART

As a result of the more adventurous efforts of previous years, the general standard of presentation in the 1962 magazines was high and our visiting examiner, Miss Henson, found them interesting and stimulating to mark.

The basic difficulty lies, of course, in arousing enough enthusiasm to produce a variety of entries in time to co-ordinate them into a magazine. There is plenty of talent about, but not all art editors take the trouble to locate it. Before praising the best features there is one general criticism which ought to be made: after repeated warnings there are still far too many copies, generally dull and obvious, of other artists' work, and I should like to remind all future contributors that truly creative work is of much greater value than inhibited and stilted imitations.

Lodge were clear winners of the art section and had two good ideas in the illustrated articles on photographic portraiture and on the new Sussex University. Crayon sketches by Rogers were also very well done.

Ravensbury's magazine will be remembered for years to come for the superb illustrated article by Brushett. His succinct comments on Modern Artisms were masterly in their brevity and barbed wit. The cover was most pleasant.

Witford had a strong cover design by Stracey but the layout within was not exactly inspired. A careful drawing by Wells and a painting by Jarrett were of a high standard.

The Canons magazine chose a most unfortunate method of securing the typed pages. The art entries, besides being below the normal standard of contributors in many cases, also included copies. Margereson's Picasso-type illustration had the right kind of visual flair however.

CRAFT

ONCE again the House models reached a creditably high standard and this, in itself, made the task of the adjudicators extremely difficult; although it is pleasing to report that in the final count the placings by the two judges coincided. In this respect we were again able to recruit the services of Miss Henson of the Girls' Grammar School.

The subject chosen this year, viz., a Fairground Scene, afforded ample scope for ingenuity and inventiveness and Witford went one stage further by depicting the scene in Tudor times complete with village green, stocks, local hostelry and ducking stool. Here, a special mention must be made of the way in which the inn sign had been made. This unusual presentation impressed the judges because, although an effort had been made to preclude any risk of copying of ideas by siting the models in different rooms instead of all being in the Art Room as in the previous year, there was still a marked similarity in content and presentation of the other three models. It is on the subject of content that the only deserving criticism must be made. In an effort to demonstrate inventiveness two of the models were given a rather

improbable setting by having the fairground in one straddling a main highway and stream, and in the other located at the foot of a cliff.

In future it must be understood that an early start in planning the overall design must be made before tapping the source of constructional talent of which there is obviously an abundance.

JUNIOR ELOCUTION

THE judges expect that competitors should be word-perfect in the piece set for learning by heart, that in all three pieces they should be audible, and that in all three pieces they should show understanding of what they are reading.

Adlestrop, by Edward Thomas, the set piece, was easy enough to learn and to understand. What difficulty there is lies in the run-on lines and the varying speed of the verses, on the whole appreciated by the competitors. Harling (Ravensbury) was given full marks by one judge. The piece of the competitors' own choice naturally varied considerably in character. Possibly prose is more successful than verse because it is easier, and Somerset Maugham than Virginia Woolf for the same reason. The judges would suggest that an extract occupying a minute is ample and that a very short self-contained episode or idea, or a short character-sketch, are suitable for the purpose. Some readings seemed to have no ending or were stopped by the judges, who could see no end in sight. Johnson (Ravensbury), reading from Kenneth Roberts' *North-West Passage*, was given full marks by one judge. The sight-reading, as usual, separated the competitors. All that the judges can say is that the competitor who normally reads a lot will understand what he is reading the first time—the moral seems obvious. One judge took only a quarter of a mark in this section from Sproxton (Lodge) and from Johnson (Ravensbury), the latter of whom also won the whole competition.

THE HOUSE DEBATES

WITFORD won the competition and their success was largely due to their sounder strategy. The development of a case must be carefully planned if it is to keep its shape in the hard wear and tear of debate. Davidge, realising this, established the major premises of Witford's argument and wisely left particular issues to be dealt with by later speakers. This kind of organisation was not evident in any other House's management of its affairs. Row, who opened for Lodge against the motion (favouring Britain's entry into the Common Market), had a number of good points and spoke with obvious conviction but tended to bring prejudice rather than reason to bear on a problem which he had not seen clearly in its essentials. The debate produced a number of pleasing remarks: J. B. Love happily observed that "the only prominent position occupied by the British lion nowadays is on an egg". Studd, on the other hand, did not wish to be "a common marketeer, just a Great Briton". Stracey's superb aplomb earned him full marks from at least one of the judges, though what he actually said one cannot recall and was probably nonsense. Several others made workmanlike contributions and the continuity of argument was generally well maintained.

If the issues were clear enough at the beginning of the other debate, the debaters soon saw to it that one's mind reeled. The following statements taken from Harris's opening speech to a motion favouring American leadership of the West provide a fair sample of the proceedings:

"Britain is a country of decrepit leadership."

"England is morally superior to the rest of the world."

"England lives by trade—I am afraid."

It came as no surprise that a context elastic enough to contain three remarks such as these could also stretch to old age pensioners, nuclear bombs, and the colour bar. Most speakers in debate contrive to leave the impression that

nothing remains to be said on a particular subject; after Harris one wondered if there were any subjects left on which to speak. Moore, however, reminded us that one had been overlooked, and after accusing his opponent of "playing to the judges" (the inference was clear but the judges, on the whole, took it well), dealt with it very purposefully. Other competent performers, who would be mentioned individually in a lengthier report, enlivened the rest of the debate, but one was left at the end with the feeling of being (to use an intriguing phrase of Davidge's heard earlier in the afternoon) "out on a limbo".

Chess

RECENT Chess Club articles in this magazine have reported with increasing gloom that chess popularity has diminished year after year; and, indeed, this last season has proved to be no exception to this ever-hardening rule. The problems facing its limited existing members are two-fold: how and why has the society become so fruitless after the good records of the mid-fifties, and how can this seemingly small society be consolidated?

Perhaps the answer to the first is both factual and psychological. After the season 1958-59 most of the senior members of a fairly successful team left and, as in many successful teams, there followed a period of despondency. The juniors of that time have become seniors and, remembering the "good old days", have given up in despair whilst the new juniors are enthusiastic and unable to understand their seniors' ineptitude.

This year only two inter-school matches have been played and both were duly lost convincingly. This would seem to seal the fate of the team and the reasons are clear. The School team consists of juniors and seniors. The shortage of seniors has made it necessary to plunge inexperienced juniors into the higher class and unfortunately they have lost. At the same time lesser juniors have played for the juniors and also lost; hence the heavy defeats. Things are not all they seem on the inter-school front then, but with greater co-operation from fifth formers, which is in sight for next year, School chess can once again flourish.

Despite the present situation enough interest has been aroused in the School for its members to compete in the House matches which were again narrowly won by Ravensbury. This has shown at least that the raw material for a flourishing Club does exist in the School and with Mr. Harris's continued help and encouragement we must hope that chess can once again share actively in School life.

T. R. BLÓK VI 2

The Hopton Press

It is with the deepest regret that I record the death of a much-beloved friend. I am filled with sadness as I write this brief obituary in recognition of the passing of the Arab printing machine which has been at the centre of activity in the Hopton Press for many happy years.

It was a woeful day last term when workmen arrived to dismember our faithful old retainer. Her parentage was uncertain but rumours that her first assignment was the printing of *The Canterbury Tales* under the personal supervision of Caxton are not, we believe, altogether unfounded. We had been told that she was temperamental and did not function properly. Such a statement is a gross calumny. Anyone who witnessed her products

can testify to their superb quality. True, the machine knew her own worth and had to be treated with tact, but as long as you remembered not to oil her, not to touch the guard under any circumstances and to stand at a respectful distance, she always behaved with perfect decorum.

There was many a day when I watched her working, cogs and flywheels revolving in perfect harmony—a wonderful tribute to the excellence of British craftsmanship. She was music to my ears . . . and now she is gone, replaced by a monstrous contraption called a “cropper”—a hideous conglomeration of iron and steel without design or grace of line, a disgrace to the ancient traditions of the Hopton Press.

The Arab was not just a friend but a symbol of the greatness of our past, a part of Britain's heritage which has been destroyed, I use a stronger word, crushed, by the cruel hand of authority—the “advocatus diaboli”.
“O tempora, O mores!”

D. A. BRUSHETT VI 1

Phalanx

UNIQUE and imponderable, its spirit unrevealed by analysis, the Phalanx has continued for another year to assemble on occasional Fridays to indulge in its usual benign self-approbation. Some come willingly, revering their membership as the ultimate status symbol in the School, some from a sense of frustrated resignation (what would be called duty if a member were capable of feeling such a thing), some from inability to meet the fines imposed for absence without an amusing excuse.

A rival society, never recognised, officially non-existent, rose and declined in a fortnight. Its emergence perhaps indicated the conservatism of the Phalanx, but equally served as a reminder that no general upper school society now exists. The Phoenix has sunk back into the flames, and this is the fault of the sixth form, ourselves.

Suggestions for work have been kept to a suitably facetious level, so that actual effort has just been avoided in most cases. We have not built a fall-out shelter, or a new Prefect's Room (an essential, Governors and Philanthropists please note). We have, however, managed to repair most of the things we have broken. The finest piece of work is a Society coat-of-arms, designed by Mr. Beard and beautifully executed in wood relief by Mr. Scott, which adds a suitably satirical grace to the meetings.

It has been a year then, of generally enjoyable meetings and a comfortable amount of work. We have introduced Associate Membership for young ladies (restricted to one per member per term), and duelling for verbally affronted young gentlemen. Two committees are at present relying on each other to organise the lapsed annual social. One can hope.

A. R. CARPENTER VI 3

Photographic Society

FOR the last two years the Photographic Society, which previously led a semi-nomadic existence, has had a home of its own. The little room next to the cloakroom is proving very convenient, providing amateur photographers with the basic requirements of darkness, running water and working-top.

At the moment, too, there is sufficient equipment for most purposes. We have a good safe-light, and the Society has the use of two enlargers (belonging to Mr. Marsh and Mr. Bernbaum), a few dishes (also Mr. Marsh's) and a developing tank which the Society bought for Gibson after breaking his old one.

After an experimental period, during which the Society bought chemicals and paper for resale in small quantities to members, everyone now brings his own materials.

The darkroom is in use on most days although, regrettably, by the same group of people, who form the nucleus of interest. There are undoubtedly more boys than these in the School who take photographs but their interest is probably spasmodic. Most of the experienced photographers are to be found in the upper school, but, fortunately, considerable keenness is being shown by the juniors, and next year we hope to hold a series of beginners' classes. These are intended as an initiation into what is hoped will develop for them into an absorbing and fascinating hobby.

Radio Club

THE Club has met regularly after school, generally on Wednesdays. Last year while Mr. Axon (our founder) was at the School we used the C.C.F. hut for our activities, but now Mr. Hecker (our present patron) has let us loose in the Physics Laboratory where we have the advantage of the equipment and the increased space.

During the year we have made a model control transmitter and receiver built in the ubiquitous Oxo boxes, but we are temporarily frustrated by the lack of a suitable model to control. While transferring our equipment from the C.C.F. hut to the Physics Laboratory we unearthed an old 1920 four-valve receiver called "The Night Hawk", which by gentle persuasion and tact we coaxed into receiving the Home Service. This cunning feat was not achieved without danger to life and limb.

Our equipment is now housed in the cupboards at the back of the Laboratory. This has allowed us to spread out more, which could be interpreted as untidiness. Mr. Richardson has very generously allowed us to make use of the woodwork room, too. The cleaners, in order not to inconvenience us, or perhaps for their own safety, try to come in while we are not there.

We are at present in the process of constructing an audio oscillator for the Physics Laboratory. This is an instrument which generates sound waves for display on an oscilloscope or for use in demonstrations. In the coming year we hope to obtain a model to control and to increase our membership from its present sadly depleted number.

V. H. SMITH VI I

Christian Fellowship

THIS year has been a good one for the Christian Fellowship. Our support has been mainly from the middle-school, there being a definite lack of support from the sixth form. We hope this position will be alleviated next year, when many of the present fourth-year will be in the sixth form.

The year's meetings have been held in the lunch-hour because of the lack of time after school. We have tried to make the meetings as interesting as possible, the programme including a large amount of Bible-study, which we consider to be very important, plus quizzes and special topics.

We held our first open-meeting in the Spring term, at which two films were shown, one about the relationship between God and scientific fact and the other about the refugee problem in Hong Kong. If success can be measured by the number of people who turn up, this meeting was certainly successful.

We are all sorry that Mr. Summersby is leaving this term. He has given us much valuable help in the past and his absence will be a great loss. Still we are convinced that we shall continue to grow as we have done this year for we realise how essential a Christian group is in a school.

D. A. BRUSHETT VI 1

Thursday Club

MEMBERSHIP has continued to fluctuate with the weather, the programme and the mood of the organiser. The most successful venture has been a new one, the introduction of a six-a-side soccer tournament. Though not reaching World Cup standards in skill and sharp-shooting not one player was sent off and the conduct of the participants (apart from a few remarks out of the referee's hearing) on and off the field was exemplary. The pitch had not been watered, the touchline was definitely difficult to see on one side and the goal-posts were adjustable both in width and size. Reversing ends at half-time was an attempt to neutralise the efforts of over-zealous interference from enthusiastic supporters to the piles of jackets, duffle-bags, cases, etc., which defined the limit of each goal. Injuries, rugby and other more serious excuses weakened many sides, but I am assured that the victories of 1 m, 2 b and 3 a over their respective rivals (after reverse results in earlier practice matches) were *not* due to the absence of certain fat gentlemen.

Film shows continue to be popular, and science, craft and general interest films have been shown. A visit to the motor show was again enjoyed and reached a happy conclusion when we were *all* ready to come home. With "summer" now here and other activities fewer, swimming and cricket are possibilities.

We hope to arrange a visit to Netherheys later in the term. Thursday Club members, as with other charitable concerns, are expected to be to the fore in support of such an enterprise.

January

Winter's keen blade has stripped
All life to the bare bone;
The wind and cold have whipped
Smooth water into ice
And hammered earth to stone.

The trees that long ago
Put off their green pretence,
Are burdened now with snow
That glitters on the bough
In frozen elegance.

The horses' warm breath fumes
And hisses in the air,
Smoke mounts in heavy plumes
To dull the delicate sky
Above the roofs so bare.

But nothing else disturbs
The tyranny that loads
Earth with iron bonds and curbs
Rebellious growth until
The spark of spring explodes.

O. A. MOORE VI 3



THE BADGER

by D. J. WELLS IV H

My First Year—1954

At the end of this term the members of the third year sixth will be leaving to take their places in the outside world, after eight years of study here. I am one of six boys who can claim to have been permanent features of the School since 1954. Only six members of the present staff were at the School in my first year, a thought that makes me feel like a relic from a bygone era. Indeed, conditions now, and even the very atmosphere of the School, are far different from what I encountered all those years ago.

I can still vividly recall my first day. We new boys were shepherded into our first assembly to be introduced to the rest of the School. The Headmaster introduced us by calling the roll, making two gallant attempts to pronounce my name but failing rather badly. Hardly had the laughter died down after this than the Headmaster reached the name of Munro, well-known in 1954, and this time even the Staff were seen to be grinning.

Memories of my first lessons are still clear, too. Maths. brought my first explanation of the intricacies of scoring in the cross-country races; General Science introduced me to the seasonal nature of the migration of birds, the first and regrettably the last aspect of General Science I ever managed to conquer. English conveyed me for the first time to the strange, remote world of Shakespeare through the medium of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, while Tuesday brought woodwork and the sad discovery by Mr. Woodiwiss that no matter what he did or said, the chisel still remained a lethal instrument in my hands. The Staff also made an indelible impression on my mind. Mr. Norton, the English master, seemed in permanent need of a haircut; Mr. Gwilt, the Art master, of a new suit. The latter had an astonishing fund of supernatural stories which I found utterly fascinating. Mr. Samuels tried to teach me Pythagoras' Theorem, a mere two years early—and failed. My first week produced an unpleasant encounter with Mr. Wright, the late-duty master. It was four years before I was late again. I was intrigued by Mr. Cook, the snowy-haired Maths. master, usually to be found at lunch time propping up the washroom wall, evenly distributed over two chairs, newspaper over head, peacefully dozing away the days prior to his retirement. Most of the above-mentioned masters decided that, after one year of trying to educate me, teaching was no longer a worthwhile profession, and promptly left.

In 1954 the House system was rather different from what it is now. The Witford first-form boys had Mr. Martindale as House tutor and the sixteen of us assembled every Thursday to discuss our problems with him. As we all wanted to get away reasonably early, questions were rarely put to him, and after a roll-call we were all dismissed. A similar thing happened at House meetings every Monday night at 4 p.m. On these occasions a quarter of the School packed, sardine-fashion, into room 5 to hear their names called out, gave proof of their presence, and then awaited the housemaster's signal to the prefect by the door for the floodgates to be opened. Mr. Martindale, a man of beefy build and, fittingly, with a complexion resembling raw steak, was also the P.T. master. He spent most lessons showing me how to do forward rolls, so that in the event of my falling off my bike I could avoid serious injury, just as he had once done in 1941, though by the look of his bicycle it could have been 1841. It seemed of little consequence that I did not possess a bicycle, but I decided that in the event of my buying one, I would prefer a battery lamp to Mr. Martindale's acetylene one.

In the autumn of 1954 I went on my first, and last, Cock House outing and saw the Crazy Gang. At the time I could not understand what everybody was laughing at but about two years later I began to appreciate their jokes. We had to work hard for our outing. These were the days of the effort marks and the Grand Relay, the most amazing school competition ever organised. Briefly the idea was that everyone should run for the

House in a relay lasting over two hours. Fortunes of the different Houses fluctuated through the afternoon with the result that nobody knew who had lapped whom. It became apparent that somebody had won only when the field was reduced to the last three runners. The Grand Relay passed away quietly, its departure being lamented by nobody.

In 1954 room 2 housed the oldest furniture to be found anywhere in the School. It required delicate handling as I soon discovered. My first desk in room 2 disintegrated under my light touch while I watched in pure horror, mingled with utter astonishment. Its replacement lasted two days, on the second of which I watched, this time in a mixture of fascination and mortified silence as the weight of my briefcase proved too much for the old veteran which had stood firm through one war and possibly two. At lunch time, too, the dinner tables had a peculiar habit of descending to the floor of the old hall complete with their yellow and white cloths and eight hot dinners.

There were no waiters in these early days; boys collected their own dinners and occasionally the table prefect's too. This duty befell me but once, as I had the misfortune to tip the gravy over my table prefect's head. Thus I was introduced to another institution of those days, prefects' detention.

I took precisely three days to get my name in the essay book. Then I smote a member of the rival first form on the head during a daring daylight raid by the enemy from across the way in room 18. My plea, that I was saving room 17 from enemy invasion, was not accepted. It was also in room 17 that I undertook my first summer exam., rapidly terminated by the unexpected arrival of a cricket ball which had eluded the net and entered the room via a closed window. The resultant cut finger saved me from a low mark, I believe.

My own cricket lessons took place on the School field, recently converted from a graveyard for old trams. The flats were then only under construction and there was no approach road to the gates. In fact there were no gates either. We had to wade through thick clay and surface water to reach the gleaming new pavilion.

Eight years have changed a good many things, but still these memories of my first days at the School remain fresh. I like to look back on my first year with happiness, but at the same time I remember conditions were far from being as good as they are now. Perhaps the next eight years will bring further changes for the good. I shall return in 1970 to find out.

M. E. W. KATESMARK VI 3

Deception

With feline grace and ever-present care,
The great black tom-cat stalks his evening's prey.
Out to take the pure, cool garden air,
And cast off the false tameness of the day.
Since morning he has slept before the fire,
Ate and slept, and played that he was tame.
But then his tameness' funeral pyre
With night's black shadows and the darkness came.
Now he crouches, hidden, in the grass,
Waits, his blazing eyes with hate affame,
For the unsuspecting field-mouse to pass.
Then will he pounce, to tear and kill and maim.

To tear the flesh from now-unheeding bones,
Throw the corpse's tattered last remains
On to the garden's weathered graveyard stones,
And callously erase blood's scarlet stains.

With the dawn he will return once more
To re-assume the tameness of the day.
Sit, purring at the kitchen door,
Enter, to fawn and purr and play.

R. H. JOHNSON III A

The Captive

The captive in his heavy chains
Marched proudly through the street,
The horses with their flying manes
Galoped round his feet.

The people laughed and jeered at him,
They showered him with stones.
But still the captive faltered on,
No cries from him, no groans.

The king he took one look at him,
This valiant man of pride,
His voice arose above the din—
"Strike off his chains!" he cried.

N. DAWSON I L

Epilogue

Sunday, March 2nd

Ironical, is it not, that this should have started on a Sunday? One usually associates Sunday with a long lie-in in the morning, awakening to the friendly smell of eggs and bacon, sizzling merrily on the stove. A long, lethargic day, when the more pious of us attend church, while those who have no desire to save their souls remain at home ensconced in a comfortable armchair.

But this Sunday morning has been different. Today we stood on our front doorsteps and watched as the far-distant mushroom cloud rose towering in the air, opening out on itself like a huge and terrible flower, bestriding the city that we knew to be so much dust. We had realised, of course, from the recent broadcasts that war was as inevitable as the rays of the morning sun; yet those in the city died quickly—we in the suburbs will have to wait for the winds to blow the radio-active dust towards us.

Saturday, March 8th

After nearly a week I begin to wonder whether there are any men besides us left alive. We are completely isolated as though this drab, grey little suburb of ours has been "sent to Coventry" by the rest of the world. There have been no broadcasts over radio or television, no familiar "number please" from telephone operators, no planes, friendly or hostile, in the sky, no flocks of birds passing overhead.

The familiar 8.30 train, with its drab green coaches, its faded upholstery, its window with pictures drawn in the dust that used to accumulate on them, is a thing of the past. It no longer pulls in wearily at our station, ten

minutes late as we have always known it to be, with its cargo of over-coated, bowler-hatted businessmen on their way to "Town". The station no longer echoes to the slamming of train doors, the crackling, impersonal voice over the loudspeaker, the shouts of the porters, the murmur of hollow, desultory conversation. All is dead. We are a generation that looks back wistfully to the past and has no future.

Friday, March 14th

The Mayor of our district has taken control of things. I used to think of mayors as vague, unapproachable beings that spend the best part of their lives opening new buildings, making speeches at formal occasions, or sipping tea with prominent members of the Women's Guild, but the Mayor has suddenly assumed a horrifying clarity, like someone who emerges from a thick fog. I no longer regard him with mild contempt, but hate him for his inhumanity.

Two days ago some survivors staggered into our district; they had probably lived through the fall-out only by a fluke, but at the same time it became clear by their pallid, leprous skins that sickness had crept into their bodies through every pore. The Mayor ordered them to be shot—a necessary step perhaps, but although I am no pacifist, I will never forget how the man attempted to shield his wife and child from the bullets with his own body, or how the woman died clutching to her the shattered corpse of her baby.

Monday, March 24th

It is very early in the morning, not yet five o'clock as I make this, my final entry.

Shops have been ransacked to provide food and equipment, families have been made homeless, their houses demolished, to provide room for the cultivation of food crops. We live several families together and a plan is now in preparation to instal microphones in every house, through which orders will be issued. The citizens of this "New State" have no rights beyond that of obtaining their rationed amount of food every morning. The picture everywhere is of squalor and filth; ugly ruins, weeds growing unchecked in gardens, even beginning to thrust their way up through the pavements; and the bodies of dogs and cats, once faithful pets, killed by their owners, who were unable to feed them on the meagre rations.

Perhaps the hands that pick up this diary will be those of a man not of this earth, a curious explorer from the universe which man was on the threshold of penetrating before he destroyed himself. It could be that whoever reads this brief record will take it to be the figment of some madman's imagination and not realise that it is the story of man's final embarrassment.

I am now ready to leave this life, and I know my passing will not be mourned. The razor feels cold and sharp in the chill morning air.

J. B. LOVE V A

Sunday Morning

Sunday morning,
Birds are singing,
Sun is dawning,
Churchbells ringing.

People sniffing
Eggs a-frying,
No-one selling,
No-one buying.

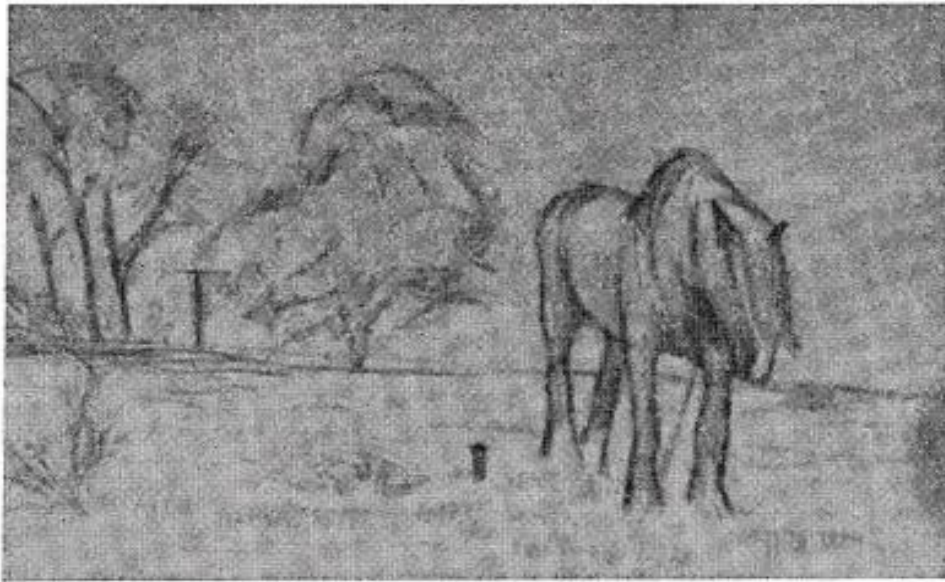
Parsons preaching
Good to all men—
No-one listening,
Short or tall men.

T. COVE I L

Brown Study

“The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.”
These words were written by the poet, Gray,
As English scholars know of poetry.
“To Daffodils”, by Wordsworth, too is known
And “Lycidas” has also proved its worth.
Some language used in these is quite high-flown,
And boys prefer their tales more down to earth.
“Some livelier plaything gives the youth delight,”
Was wisely said by contemplative Pope.
And we, the youth, on homework bent at night,
Agree and feel like giving up all hope—
Until we realise that study done
Is not entirely work, but can be fun.

V. E. HATZFELD II B



SKETCH

by M. J. LOVE VI 2

The First Day of Term

No other morning is quite like that of the first day of term. There is an air of expectancy about the whole place, rather like the period of the "count-down" before a space shot is fired.

First, there are the new boys, apprehensive and full of wonder that they can be here at all. Jackets brushed by mother's loving hands, shoes brushed by father's not quite so loving hands, new caps that are held up by ears that are even clean behind. Faces pink and innocent as they try to imitate the casual manner of the newly-promoted second formers.

Noisy, back-slapping third formers waving battered rugby boots and tattered sports gear as they shout greetings to their friends and carefully note changes in the old place, such as newly-painted doors or some unidentifiable stain on their desk top.

Here is a new prefect standing proudly at the entrance. By tomorrow he will be firmly in control, but just at this moment he is wondering if anyone will ever take any notice of him.

Over there is a husky but worried young man who is in the fifth form and convinced he will never pass his exams.

The two masters standing silently at a window are probably wondering why they didn't run away to sea or go down the mines.

Then the bell rings, as it will ring every morning for many weeks to come, and on those days it will be an ordinary bell with a quite uninspiring sound.

Today it is the fanfare of trumpets in the lists that heralds the commencement of mortal combat. Teachers mentally buckle on their swords. Pupils check the priming of their muskets and surge forward in a body. The endless battle is joined—a new term has begun.

P. A. WIEGAND III B

Thoughts on Cambridge

NICE day for punting. Give the man a pound and you can punt along the backs for as long as you like. Never punted before, and those laughing fools on Queens' Bridge know it. Don't look now, but the entertainment of the moment is to watch you, the novice, making mad sorties with your pole into the swirling stream. They're longing for you to fall in—it would make their day. You're not doing so badly now—no need to concentrate quite so much, but if the pole gets stuck remember to let go.

How long have you been here? Two terms? Well, what have you done in the first two-ninths of your time at Cambridge? Argued with Pat Pottle and Jo Grimond—and all your friends. Don't know what you would do if there was nothing to argue about. Been to a lot of Labour Club meetings—saw yourself as Chairman there, didn't you? No chance of that though. They've classified you as a right-wing unilateralist. You voted against a motion expressing solidarity with the workers of Acton, and you don't think Marx is God, so you're no friend of the left. You prefer Foot to Gaitskell so the right doesn't want you either. You're really unclassifiable except as an idealist, and Cambridge politics wants only pragmatists and revolutionaries, not idealists. So give it up. It's too serious, and you can easily lose your balance if you think that success in Cambridge politics is important. Or success in Cambridge anything. Stop wishing you were a big man—the type who gets a mention in *Varsity* every week. You'll get

much more out of life here doing what you like, when you like. Of course you can't please yourself completely: it's necessary to work sometimes and there are rules that have to be obeyed—like wearing your gown in town after dark. Got caught by the progs for breaking that and you gave in and forked out the fine like a lamb. Didn't even run for it. Still, college gates were closed and they would have caught you and fined you double.

How about those first two weeks? You did as well as most in meeting people and making friends. You were "a man who cares", so you joined C.U.U.N.A.—so did everyone else. You went to the union and joined it, not knowing you could get into debates in the billiard room without showing your membership card. You, like everyone else, were in demand. You felt quite sorry for the Boat Club secretary when you told him that coxing the College fifth boat was not really what you came to Cambridge to do.

Well, it's all changed now. You're on your own, no pressures to do anything. Everyone is settled, mostly into cliques. Pity those who didn't get to know people in the first fortnight. Once the cliques have formed they can be broken only from the inside or by amalgamation. About now everyone seems to be considering his achievements in his first two terms and lamenting lost opportunities, all because of some legend about Cambridge life that he thinks he must live up to. The most disconcerting thing about Cambridge life is the romantic picture painted of it. The Cambridge Life doesn't exist, and the sooner you stop trying to enter it the better. It is a beautiful city (can you imagine King's being built by mortal men?), and it has a great tradition of practical jokes, May Balls and scholarship. But forget the tradition and Rupert Brooke and all the other names. Just look around at your friends. Few great men in the making there. And who are the happiest ones? Surely those who know they're at Cambridge and are pleased about it, but who don't let it bother them.

Only sixteen shillings change? Must have been on the river a long time. But you feel better now, don't you?

B. W. FORSDICK

The Oxford Dinner

THE second annual dinner of Old Mitchamians at Oxford was held at the Eastgate Hotel on 15th May.

Five Oxford members of the staff attended—the H.M., Dr. Bingham, and Messrs. Law, Judge, Street and Benfield. At Oxford we were joined by the Rev. Norton, once a member of the staff and now a priest in Cowley. There were nine old boys present—seven from Oxford and two from Cambridge—the only absentee being N. Sproxton (St. Edmund Hall). G. D. Saunders (St. John's, Oxford) and P. J. Norris (Keble, Oxford) are sitting for their finals in Modern Languages this term. Afterwards Saunders is to go to France for nine months as a result of being awarded a grant by the French Government for research into the writings of a French art critic, while Norris is to stay at Oxford to study for his Education Diploma. B. M. Howe (St. Edmund Hall) is to do likewise after sitting for his final examination in English this year. R. A. Welch (Peterhouse, Cambridge), after sitting for his engineering degree this term hopes to do "programming" with a computer. H. J. Covington, after getting his degree at Birmingham University, is at Oxford to sit for his Diploma in Social

and Administrative Studies to enable him to become a personnel manager. H. Liddiard (Regent's Park College, Oxford), after getting his degree at Bristol University, is now reading Theology. J. F. Wainwright (St. John's, Oxford), after an argument with the examiners last year, seems to be well settled. B. W. Forsdick (Downing, Cambridge) at the end of his first year seemed very happy indeed. N. Horowicz (St. Peter's, Oxford), also at the end of his first year, seemed happier than he had ever been at school, in spite of an approaching examination in Physics.

In this company a most enjoyable evening was spent and everybody seemed to be looking forward eagerly already to a repetition next year.

The function was most efficiently organised by P. J. Norris, who so enjoyed doing it that he asked to be given the task next year!

Old Boys' Rugby

THE O.M.s will not look back on the 1961-62 season for any spectacular results in actual play but it will be remembered as the year in which we built the pavilion. During the fifteen years since the Club was refounded one of our chief objects has been to obtain a ground and pavilion of our own, preferably in the district. This proved no small task and now that we have our new ground adjacent to the Wandle Valley Hospital and have erected the pavilion we are discovering how much more work is necessary to keep the Club running. Fortunately we do have an energetic committee and the Club members have also given much assistance.

The season began in fine style with the 1st XV winning its first five matches in a convincing manner; then followed a string of defeats and the team never recaptured its confidence. The latter was illustrated by the fact that of the sixteen matches lost, nine of them were by three points or less. An unfortunate sequence of injuries prevented the Club from turning out its strongest side on numerous occasions. The side that represented the Club at the end of the season showed many changes from the first game. There are a number of players who have worked their way from the "B" XV and now command regular places with the 1st XV; they are D. Bull, P. Fettes, C. Mogg, M. Moore, E. Stanley and J. Woodley. These players, with the experience of L. Glover, J. Henn, B. Mitchell and G. Sumner, should blend into a fine side next season. Before leaving the 1st XV, congratulations must be extended to the side's Captain, A. Goldney, for his outstanding play during the season; it was no fault of his that the results were so disappointing.

The Junior sides, though faring better than the 1st XV—the "A" won thirteen and the "B" twelve of their games—did not maintain their usual high standard of play.

Next season the first game is at Eastbourne on September 17th. This will prepare the Club for the official opening of the pavilion, which is to take place on Wednesday, September 19th, and will be made by C. H. Gadney, the President of the Rugby Football Union. The opening will be followed by a game against an invitation side brought to play the Club by R. H. Bartlett, the England and Harlequin stand-off half.

At the Annual General Meeting held in April, A. Goldney was re-elected Captain of the Club with C. Mogg as his Vice-Captain. H. Slater became the new Secretary and N. Jamieson continues as Treasurer of the Club.

J. T. KNIGHT (*Press Secretary*)

Parents' Association

AFTER many years as a Committee Member and finally as Chairman, Mr. L. Gurney retired last October from the Parents' Association, his place being taken by Mr. G. Hendley, who has been a prominent member of the Committee. We also lost the services of our Secretary, Mrs. Taylor, who put in a great deal of hard work while with the Association.

This year has been very active. In November a very interesting Educational Evening was held, when members of the Staff spoke on Mathematics, English and History, and of work involved studying these subjects through the Grammar School course, from the earliest stages to University Scholarship standard.

Unfortunately the dances held at the School had to be withdrawn, owing to the lack of support, but the annual Old Tyme dances, held at the Baths Hall in November and January, were very successful and our thanks must be given to our very good friends Mr. and Mrs. Pillinger.

A Christmas Bazaar was held during December, and, with the help of boys, parents and members of the Staff, and hard work on the part of the Committee, resulted in a £137 9s. 5d. profit.

After last year's successful New Year's Party the Committee decided to hold another this year. Mr. Hendley and helpers arranged an enjoyable evening with dancing, games and novelties. We were fortunate to have with us Dr. Bingham and his wife on this occasion. Refreshments were provided during the evening, and were a credit to the ladies who produced such a wonderful display.

In January the "Careers for Boys" evening was held, with three speakers; this function is always most popular.

Mr. Chapman provided a Musical Evening in February, with members of the School taking part. We were also pleased to have two parents entertain us. We thank Mr. Chapman and Mr. Morris, who on a number of occasions have delighted us with their duets.

March saw yet another Jumble Sale, with the aid of parents, boys, School Staff and Committee. It was a very hectic two hours but well worth all the hard work, resulting in a profit of £29 17s. 3d. Also in March we had a Social Evening, when Brooke Bond Tea Co. Ltd. gave a film show. This was amusing, as well as educational.

In May a Quiz was held, the Boys v. Parents. The Boys won with an easy victory.

We are approaching the Annual Cricket Match between the Parents and the Boys. This year we hope for a win.

G. I. JENNINGS (*Hon. Secretary*)

School Officers

Head of School D. J. Farr.

Deputy Heads of School T. A. Sage, G. G. Studd.

Senior Prefects A. R. Carpenter, D. J. Couzens,
M. E. W. Katesmark, J. A. Johnson,
P. H. Mackey, O. A. Moore.

Prefects J. W. A. Anslow, D. A. Baker, T. R. Blök,
R. Bray, M. J. Brown, C. R. Charlton,
T. Clarke, R. E. Dailly, R. N. Davidge,
J. N. Eddolls, A. G. Glover, D. J. R. Griffiths,
P. J. A. Harris, I. G. D. Hellard,
S. W. Hipperson, D. W. Hosking, M. J. Love,
A. R. Margereson, A. F. Perrin, M. D. Roe,
F. R. Scott, O. B. Searle, C. C. E. Shrubsall,
M. H. Stamper, M. W. Walder,
K. W. Wiseman.

House Captains CANONS: T. A. Sage.
LODGE: I. G. D. Hellard.
RAVENSBUURY: F. R. Scott.
WITFORD: M. E. W. Katesmark.

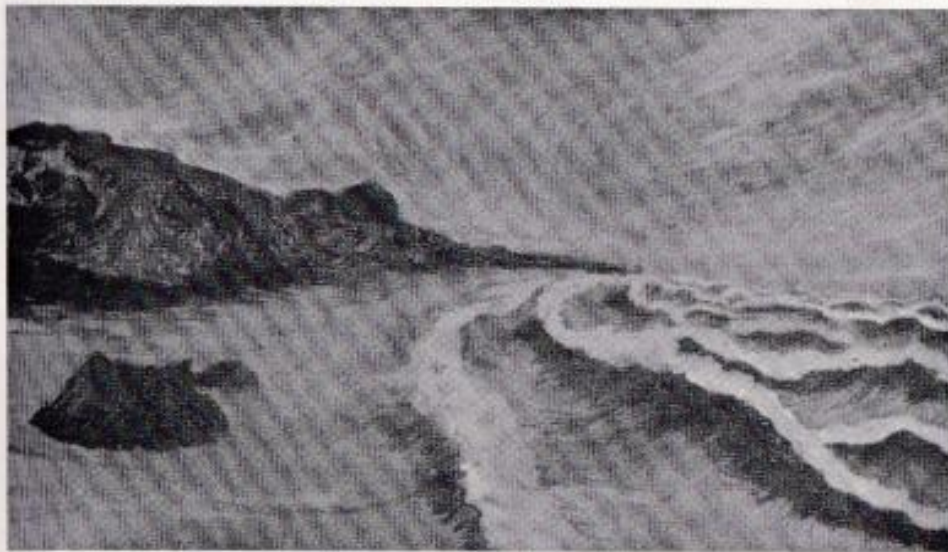
Team Captains ATHLETICS: C. R. Charlton
BADMINTON: I. G. D. Hellard
CRICKET: D. J. Farr
TENNIS: R. E. Dailly
RUGBY: C. R. Charlton

School Librarians J. A. Johnson, P. J. A. Harris.



FLIGHT FROM TRISTAN DA CUNHA

by S. D. MORRIS IV A



SEASCAPE

by M. J. LITTLECHILD IV B

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