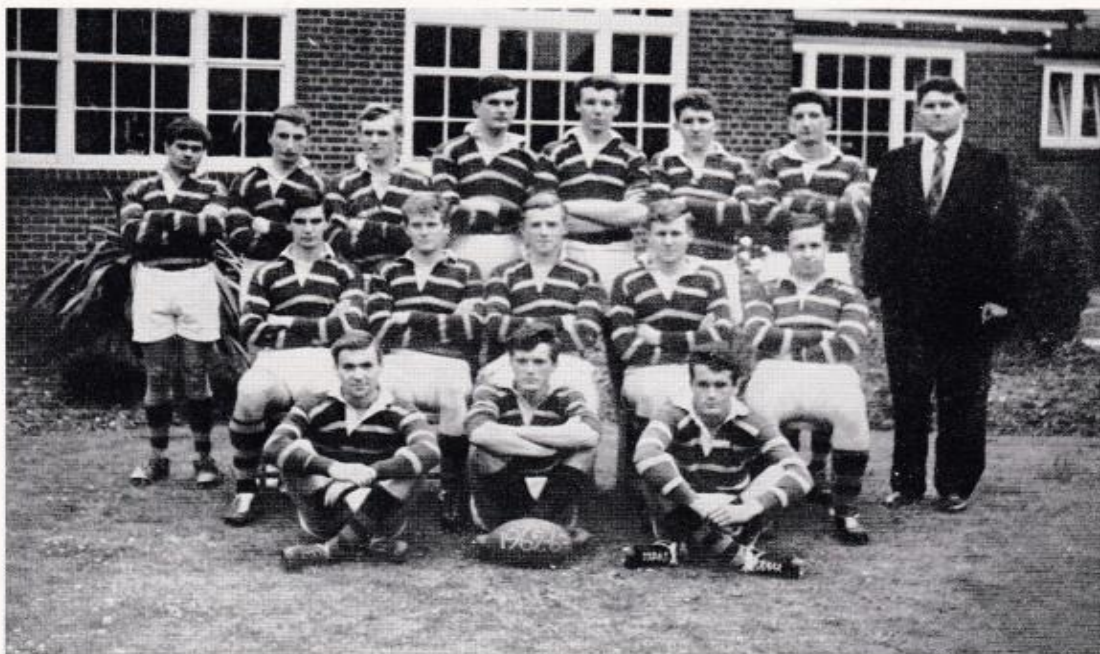


**MITCHAMIAN**

summer

**1963**





THE 1st XV

*Back:* J. W. Anslow, R. R. Harris, T. G. Marsden, D. A. Brushett, B. G. Hendley, A. S. Austin,  
C. D. A. Tyler, Mr. Greenall.  
*Middle:* F. J. Barker, M. H. Walton, D. R. Wilson, D. R. Bishop, A. C. New.  
*Front:* J. Ahern, R. A. B. White, B. E. Lord.



# *The Mitchamian*

MITCHAM COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR BOYS

NUMBER 40

JULY 1963

---

## *Editorial*

SATIRE has been much in vogue this year in national life, and boys have not been slow to discover that their own more parochial world is a satirist's paradise. It is not surprising. The temptation to take part in what has been called "the cannibal dance round the idea of authority" is never so strong as in a school, where rule seems more arbitrary and oppressive, distinctions in status sharper, and public sentiments less coincident with private feelings than anywhere else in society. The schoolmaster himself, traditionally fair game for cheek if you can get away with it, attracts it not so much for baggy trousers and vocational zeal but for his dogmatic and untouchable classroom *persona*, in which the normal failings of lazy, rebellious and incorrigible mankind must never show through. The image of the school which he reflects, though necessary in instilling certain ideals of thought and conduct, is maintained in the face of a general scepticism which has always found some outlet or other. The only difference this year is that, emboldened by the national prestige satire has acquired, dissent has become more vocal and enterprising.

As an official publication of the School, the magazine automatically invites its share of mockery. Here, for instance, is the way in which the satirists of 4a would address our readers:—

*YES, folks! Here it is again! the magazine you've all been waiting for! At fantastic cost (guess where the G-fund went to!) we bring you this year's fabulous edition of The Mitchamian, packed with fascinating reports like "How I got lost on the Spanish tour and ended up in New Mexico" and shocking, UNCENSORED articles from those daring, new-wave publications, The Raven, Janus, The Canon's Mouth, etc.*

*AND, folks, free with this edition, your very own super dartboard! Turn to the inside front cover for this wonderful free gift, guaranteed to provide hours of amusement.*

Even Brushett, a pillar of the School Establishment, can write:—

*Here you will find the reports of the numerous societies we never knew existed and, once a year, emerge from their obscurity to startle and amaze us with their fascinating and ubiquitous activities.*

*Here the cultural greatness of Mitcham County Grammar School confronts us. Our combined literary talent gives vent to its abilities in its annual encyclical to the lesser mortals of the School in general.*

*Here you see displayed the sapient wit of our most gifted minds and the profound inspirations of our few intellectual oddities—the mellifluous minority who have managed to infiltrate our monosyllabic majority.*

*The whole magazine is a fair mirror of the nature of our school, that which is left out being far more significant than that which is included.*

It is fortunate for the editor that these weighty missiles strike him only a glancing blow. Their real target is the source from which most of the contributions come, for the magazine is largely what its readers make it. But, perhaps, in any case, the satirists would not have it otherwise. In the

perpetual state of war between "them" and "us" there is a fixed and permanent front line which even its severest critics would feel it improper for the magazine to cross.

Our attractive new cover is the design of Mr. G. N. White.

---

### *The School Year*

SEVEN new members joined the Staff in September, six of them replacing masters who had left the School in July. Mr. Warwick and Mr. Oke came to teach Mathematics, Mr. Bateman joined Mr. Greenall in the History Department, and in coaching Rugby, and also undertook the organisation of cricket in the School, whilst Mr. Hassan took charge of the Biology Department temporarily for the year. Mr. Balch came to teach Chemistry, and Mr. Mason took over the Art Department. Mr. Dixon, an addition to the Staff, came to teach French and German, Monsieur Guillerme succeeded Monsieur Décamp as French Assistant, but next year, owing to a sudden increase in the number of schools desiring a French Assistant, it is doubtful whether we shall obtain our customary annual visitor from France.

Three members of staff are to leave us at the end of July. Mr. Chapman has been appointed Lecturer in charge of the Music department in Bishop's Stortford Training College, and Dr. Charlton is to become a Lecturer at Stockwell Training College. In their places we shall welcome Mr. Robins and Mr. Wilkie who come to us from Oxford. Mr. Oke leaves to take up his duties at Kingston Technical College, and Mr. Lalor will replace him next year as a member of the Mathematics staff. Mr. Hassan will be replaced by Mr. Ashley who comes to us from the Royal Grammar School, Lancaster, to take over the Biology Department, and Mr. White, who joined us at Easter, is to continue as Art Master throughout the coming year.

In September the School had to accommodate two Lower Sixth Forms and to make this possible a fine new movable classroom was erected behind the main block during the Summer vacation. A small car park, constructed behind the new laboratories, relieved congestion around the main buildings by the front entrance, and at the moment three new practice wickets, together with permanent scaffolding support for protective netting, promised us at the end of last season, are in the course of construction.

During the year the School has received two new pianos, and the Parents' Association has given the School a new 16 mm. projector. The parents of our boys have in general taken a keen interest in School matters, and I have been very pleased with the warm support they have given to School functions, especially to the Christmas and Easter Carol Services held in St. Mark's Church on the evening before the last day of term.

Our prizes were presented at Speech Night on Friday, November 16th, by Mr. Robert Carr, our Member of Parliament, who then in his address appealed to the boys to show a spirit of enterprise, adventure and initiative in their choice of a career.

We congratulate M. J. Brown and D. J. Farr on winning State scholarships; this was the last year in which they were awarded. D. A. Baker won a place at Keble College, Oxford, where he is to read Geography, and the following boys began their University courses last October: T. R. Blök (Leicester); T. Clarke (Durham); R. E. Dailly (Leeds); D. J. Farr (Nottingham); A. G. Glover (Leeds); J. A. Johnson (Nottingham); M. J. Love (Reading); P. H. Mackey (Cambridge); O. A. Moore (Oxford); T. A. Sage (Exeter); O. B. Searle (Leicester); K. W. Wiseman (Durham).

HEADMASTER



## School Music

This year has been one of great activity—perhaps the busiest year we have had. *The Pirates of Penzance* is reported fully elsewhere but our congratulations go to the cast for their determined and lusty singing in the face of the many difficulties which abounded in a week of dense fog and cold. The Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols was held as usual in St. Mark's Church. Among the new carols sung were Joubert's *Torches! Torches!* and Pearsall's elaborate setting of *In Dulci Jubilo*.

The Spring term was occupied mainly by preparations for the House Music Competitions and the service of Easter Music. Amongst the choral items at this service was a flute solo played by M. W. Walder. The beauty of tone and phrasing he exhibited was remarkable and he takes with him our good wishes for his future—he is to read music at Cardiff.

Finally, the short opera *Trial by Jury* was given at school on May 24th. A high standard of impromptu acting was reached and the performance was well received by a large number of parents and friends in the Gym.

I should like to take this opportunity, as this will be the last time I shall write these notes, of thanking all members of staff for their unfailing support in matters musical, and especially Messrs. Harper, Male and Harris for their distinguished efforts at the organ and pianoforte on many occasions.

C.G.C.

---

### “*The Pirates of Penzance*”

THE opera was cursed, for two of its three nights, with what surely must have been the worst fog of the winter. It was a pleasant change to be able to see clearly the morsel of ruined chapel by moonlight, and the piratical rocks of Cornwall, salmon-pink and dove-grey, shining like the heights of F6, only more sedately.

Devotees of the box could no doubt look askance at the over-acting that G. & S. tolerates and almost demands. Perhaps they considered that the Major-General (David Margereson) over-did it in the first act and was much more entertaining in the second, particularly in the candle scene. On the other hand they could agree that Ruth (Rupert White) had a face worthy of Coronation Street. The part, happily guyed, was made more amusing by the violent contrast between the singing and the acting voice. The Pirate King (Alan Austin), quite well abetted by his lieutenant Samuel (David Baker), sang powerfully and, in the second act, explained most comprehensibly the mystery of the Leap Year paradox. Frederick (Derek Wilson), adorned with a regrettable toothbrush moustache, was suitably confused by the situation and sang loudly and surely. The Major-General's seventeen daughters, of all shapes and sizes, were led by three unusually sprightly and attractive young things (David Williams, Barrie Frost, and Thomas Singfield). One of them looked so doll-like that one imagined she would lie down periodically and close her eyes. Mabel (Eric Bardell) looked like a boy acting a girl's part, had one of the most difficult entries in all G. & S., sprinted through *Poor Wandering One*, and improved as the opera went on.

The Sergeant of Police (Edward Goldsmith) looked the part, was not particularly reminiscent of the trumpet's martial sound on his first entrance but, by the time the coster had finished jumping on his mother, was very much at home. The Chorus of Policemen were very funny, and the Chorus of Pirates, on their cat-like tread, rocked the Baths Hall to its foundations.

The orchestra, to our unmusical ear, did not drown the singers; the production had no lapses, and provided some business which we could recognise as being new. The Major-General at one point mentioned that he had whistled all the airs from that infernal nonsense *Pinafore*. So he had. We would say that, on the whole, the infernal nonsense from *Pirates* was even better done.

W.P.

# OUTINGS

---

## *The Yorkshire Expedition*

ON April 19th two vans driven by Messrs. Hallam and Marsh and navigated by Messrs. Baker and Purbrick set off on the Yorkshire Expedition. We arrived at the ancient pile of Newfield Hall in the early evening and decided that though its state of decay was too advanced for the likes of the Duke of Bedford, it would serve us lesser members of the noble peerage. To our dismay, however, we found that we were not to live in the hall but in the converted stable adjoining—an ignoble structure which still smelt of its original occupants.

We were to share the Hall with a bunch of fifty public-school females from Barking. This was not as attractive as you might think. They were led by a buxom wench (an ex-policewoman) who was soon nicknamed "Big Bertha from Barking" amongst other things. This party had the nasty habit of leaving for Blackpool in the early hours of the morning and arriving back at the dead of night in a jubilant state of merriment.

On our first day we climbed up Gordale Scar and, after a tramp across the moors, surveyed the magnificent sight of Malham Cove. The tramp across the moors, through driving rain and a howling gale, was miserable to say the least. We decided that if this was where Mr. Macmillan shot his grouse, he was very welcome.

On Monday we attempted Ingleborough. A wish to survey the Ingleborough Cave was thwarted by its only guide who had died rather inconsiderately a few days before. Ingleborough is not really a mountain but a rather awkward and stubborn hill. Naturally we ascended by the longest route. Non-geographers, who had no idea how far it was to the top, bounded ahead, whilst the more conscientious dutifully chipped off rock samples. At last we arrived at the top, with half the mountain on our backs, only to find that we were not the first to climb it, and that most of Surrey and half of Kent were there as well. What looked at a distance to be a bust of Maotse-tung turned out to be a rather ordinary trig. point. After a decidedly dubious descent we set back for the vans via the famous Norbor Erratics—those of us who could read maps walking half as far as those who could not.

Our highlight on Wednesday was a visit to the Victoria Cave. Having waded into its murky and muddy depths, four of us with definite suicidal tendencies decided to explore an extremely narrow duct. We crawled on our stomachs for about forty yards, but then realised that if we wanted to come out alive, it would be wise if we returned immediately. Turning round proved to be a difficult manoeuvre and in the end we had to slide feet first backwards through a narrow arch. We eventually came out, caked with mud—a sight of great amusement to the less intrepid who were awaiting our emergence.

Our return journey to Mitcham was graced with the idyllic beauties of Huddersfield and Bradford, thanks to a breakdown in communications between our two navigators. Baker then managed to map-read us into one of Huddersfield's many cul-de-sacs and because of the well-known obstructive policies of the Ministry of Transport, we encircled the City of Leicester at least three times. We arrived home a motley but happy party.

Brushett was awarded the prize for the best pair of boots, Canovan is to be congratulated for falling into most rivers, and Mr. Marsh for stalling his van the most times (27 at the last count).

D. A. BRUSHETT



## *The Spanish Excursion*

WE found that it was better to travel hopefully, even for thirty-six hours, than arrive as we did in Madrid to be greeted by a cloudburst, and to make our way, soaking and ravenous, to an hotel of somewhat Spanish standards of comfort and cuisine. However, this was the low point of the holiday and by the following day we had recovered sufficiently to enjoy the sights and savour the atmosphere of the capital city. The Prado, that art museum rated as third in the world, and containing more masterpieces than most of us were prepared to acknowledge, was first on the visiting list. It was interesting to those with artistic leanings and took care of most of the morning. In the afternoon the full force of the party was unleashed, and Madrid proper was invaded for six or seven hours—until, that is, the evening meal which it is the custom in Spain to take when people are too tired to eat it.

The following day, attended by further downpours, numerous guitars, drums and castanets purchased in Madrid, we spent mostly in the coach driving over the endless Spanish plains and down the Guadalquivir valley to Cordoba. Perhaps one of the most beautiful and interesting of Spanish cities, Cordoba afforded plenty of opportunity for organised sightseeing, including a visit to the ancient Mezquita, once a Moorish mosque, now a Christian cathedral. But it was even more pleasant here just to wander in the maze of narrow streets between the old, whitewashed houses hung with flowers and creepers and catch glimpses into cool, inviting courtyards.

Malaga was rather noisy and brash after Cordoba, but the sun shone, we bathed in the rather grey waters of the Mediterranean, and the less squeamish or principled went to a bullfight. As in Cordoba the hotel was excellent and the sea-food, in particular, superb. In Granada, the next place in the itinerary, there were fresh attractions to discover—the Alhambra Palace, built by the Moors to last centuries, the beauty of which is surpassed only by the Generalife Gardens, set out on a hillside with a myriad of spectacular fountains playing in the light, warm breeze that moved out over the city to the distant snow-capped mountains. Toledo, a day's journey from Granada, came as a complete contrast, a much grimmer place, still retaining the character of a mediaeval fortress. Its most impressive feature is its site on a hill with the River Tagus cutting a deep gorge at its foot. The whole town is preserved as a national monument and seems to keep alive only through its metal-work industry which produces swords, foils, daggers and jewellery in vast quantities to satisfy some obscure tourist need.

On the morning of April 19th the journey home was started with a short coach trip to Madrid, where we said goodbye to our driver, Jaime, and provided him with a well-earned non-taxable bonus. Then a slow, slow train (*El Rapido*, the Spaniards optimistically call it) to Hendaye, through the French customs and on to the couchette train to Paris. A frantic attempt to see Paris in eight hours followed next day, and, of course, the Eiffel Tower attracted like a lodestone.

On arrival at Le Havre we were told that there were no berths available and a force 8 gale was brewing up to beguile us on the six-hour crossing. We did not sink! Southampton Dock appeared and the customs shed reared its ugly head. There were no arrests. In the time taken to yawn after a sleepless night, the train left and crawled its way to Waterloo, where it arrived 80 minutes late.

Our thanks go to the masters for an extremely enjoyable trip which, if not entirely educational, was at least enlightening. Enlightening? Well, we now know how marvellously brilliant our shoes can look after a Spanish shoe-shine. The only criticism is that rather too much time was spent in travelling; our final impression is a somewhat confused one of a bewildering series of hotels and coach journeys, arrivals and departures. But there is no doubt that we saw a lot for our money.

T. R. DICKSON AND OTHERS



*The masters were in holiday mood*



# SPORT

---

## *Rugby*

### 1st XV

THE season of 1962-63 was one of mixed fortunes for the 1st XV. The final table of 8 games won against 9 lost does not show the true ability of the team. Before Christmas we played admirably, winning 8 games and losing 5. After the deep-freeze cancellations the four remaining matches were lost. With only eight of the previous season's team left we looked set for a bad year. The five vacant forward positions were satisfactorily filled, although there was a lack of weight. Hendley was the find of the year as one of the best line-out jumpers the School has had for many seasons. He was accompanied in the second row by Barker, another newcomer to 1st XV Rugby. Together their inexperience proved profitable as they had not picked up any bad or lazy habits. Hosking and New gave ample support to the new hooker, Lord, who consistently gave a good performance. The advantage of the light, strong pack was found in its speed in reaching loose mauls.

The half-backs showed little incentive to attack and without Bishop's long high kicks for the corner there would have been virtually none at all. Despite this, however, they were a reliable wall in defence. Marsden, playing in the centre, was the most promising member of the team, and saved several games by his ability to anticipate the next move.

What success the fifteen achieved was due to its teamwork. As there were no outstanding players, teamwork became natural after the first few games, and although lacking weight, we all played some very hard Rugby. Some schools object to this style of Rugby, but it is more satisfying to play hard and be reasonably successful than to play ineffective, pretty Rugby and lose. This contrast in styles was shown in the game with Bec, the most outstanding win of the season.

The games after the Christmas break turned out to be an anti-climax to the season. The Masters' team, a new addition to the fixture list, was far too skilful and experienced for the School to handle. The Old Boys, hearing rumours of the School's might, produced a team composed of 1st and "A" team players, and chose to play on their own ground. As a result they renewed the School's respect for them, defeating us comfortably for the second year running.

The team was selected from: Wilson (Capt.), Bishop, Ahern, Anslow, Austin, Barker, Brushett, Harris, Hendley, Hosking, Lewis, Lord, Marsden, New, Walder, Walton and White.

Full colours were awarded to White, Walton, Ahern, New, Hendley, Barker and Walder, and re-awarded to Wilson, Bishop and Hosking. Half colours were awarded to Harris, Marsden, Lord and Lewis.

D. R. WILSON

### SURREY SEVENS

THE occasion of the Surrey Schools' Rugby Sevens is generally regarded by the lucky seven chosen as a pleasant afternoon off. The School has never passed the second round of the first round losers' competition, and so it is accustomed to knocking off at about half-past two and accepting the rôle of spectator. This year brought a reversal of the situation. No member of the team had ever worked so hard in his life.

We were fortunate enough to be knocked out of the first round proper after losing to Wimbledon College. In the first round of the losers' competition, known as "The Plate", we had an easy game against Tulse Hill, who virtually gave us the game. Things began to look brighter. The next game was against Thames Valley, who were more threatening to our chances. After building up a lead of thirteen points in the first half, one of the forwards limped off, leaving six to last out the second half. We won, but only just, the score being sixteen to thirteen. Already this achievement brought us into the semi-final against Latimer. In this game, two chances of scoring were missed in the first five minutes but we eventually succeeded in scoring twice to their once.

Hearing that we had to play Whitgift in the final did not help to pass the time between the matches comfortably. The large crowd of spectators seemed to help us at the beginning of the match as we were five points up in the first minute. Even with this added fillip we let the game slip away, allowing Whitgift to score three times. Nevertheless we would not have been more elated with our success even if we had won the final. The team was chosen from: Wilson (Capt.), Bishop, Ahern, Austin, Barker, Harris, Lord and Marsden.

D. R. WILSON

#### 2ND XV

THE 2nd XV this year seemed to enjoy its matches more than in previous years but quite often did not turn this enthusiasm to good effect.

We were involved in a number of close and keenly fought games, especially against St. Joseph's, Bec, Selhurst and Raynes Park, but each was lost by the odd try given away by a dropped pass. The only exception to this was in the match against our local rivals from Wallington, where a well-earned draw was forced in the last minute. I am sure that if the same spirit had been evident throughout the season we would have won far more matches than the two we did, thereby repaying in results all the time spent by Mr. Bateman coaching the few of us who were prepared to turn out on Thursday evenings. From this it can be gathered that unwillingness to train and practice also contributed to a mediocre season.

The team was chosen from: Hellard (Capt.), Anslow, Stamper, Walder, Pollard, Thornton, Tyler, Brushett, Matthews, Lavey, New, Walton, Williams, Hunt, Scott C. C., James, Beckham, Scott A. J. C., Harrison, Forrest, Jennings, Margerson, Heath, Worrall, Rowe, Goldsmith, Dugdale, Snell, Harris, Porter, Reece and Skardon.

I. G. D. HELLARD

#### COLTS XV

THE '62-'63 season was not a successful one for the Colts XV. They won only two games throughout the season and although at times they played exceedingly hard the odds regarding size and number were too great for them to overcome. The team was well led by Skardon, who was ably assisted by Roberts and Lynch. Regular members of the team were: Skardon (Capt.), Roberts, Lynch, Holmes, Osmond, Mott, Cozens, Chaplin, Franklin, Wallace, Pascall R., Todd, Wiegand, Baddaley, Reeves and Winsler.

D.G.T.

#### UNDER 14 XV

THIS was a side of great promise and their record of only four wins from eleven games in some ways is not a fair reflection of their ability.



After a shaky start to the season, the team settled down as they began to play as a unit. The root of their success lay in a strong, tough pack, which though often outweighed by opponents, established its supremacy in most matches.

Of the forwards, all very good, Baker, Davis, Sanders and Lynch were outstanding. At half-back there was a good understanding, and here Bellamy showed himself to possess an excellent football brain, and to be a strong and determined runner when near the line. Spindlow, at scrum-half, showed sound tactical sense, but had a tendency to kick carelessly when under pressure.

The most serious weakness in the side was at threequarter where the handling was, in general, poor. However there were several redeeming features in their play, such as the tackling of Shafee, the running of Maxted, and the resolution of Warne, who brushed aside everything but the strongest tackles.

At full-back was Singleton, who kicked well throughout the season, and who often surprised opponents by gathering the ball behind his own backs, then sprinting around the whole of the opposing defence to score.

R.B.

---

## *Cricket*

### 1ST XI

The summary of last season's results is: Played 10, Won 3, Lost 2, Drawn 5.

As the summary above indicates, the 1st XI did not have a particularly impressive season. Matches were generally won or lost in the last few minutes of the game. The batting on the whole was very sound, with Farr and Bishop heading the averages, Farr scoring over 300 runs and Bishop more than 250 runs. The bowling, however, although very steady, lacked the final penetration. Hellard and Beames shared more than 35 wickets between them. The fielding in general was poor, especially close to the bat, and here, in the field, the matches were lost.

The local derby against Sutton ended in an inevitable draw. Sutton, by the close, were about eighty runs behind with six wickets in hand. The highlight of the match was a stand of 80, in as many minutes, between Farr and Bishop.

Resounding victories were scored, in successive weeks, over John Ruskin and Dorking. An exciting finish ensued in the match against Heath Clark, with Heath Clark needing 15 runs to win but having only one wicket left.

The School, however, received a severe setback when they met Purley. Purley batted first and thrashed the School attack for the formidable total of 170 runs for the loss of only 4 wickets. The School only managed to score a meagre 78 runs and were thus beaten by 92 runs.

For the first time in many years the School was soundly beaten by the Parents. I might add though that the Parents' team was strengthened by two members of the School Staff. The season ended on a dull note with a draw against Beckenham. The 1962 team was chosen from: D. J. Farr (Capt.), Bishop, Studd, Hellard, Couzens, Katesmark M. E., Dailly, Boylett, Matthews, Beames and Jenkin. Full colours were awarded to Bishop and Hellard and re-awarded to Farr and Studd. Half colours were awarded to Beames and Matthews.

At the time of writing the 1st XI has won one match, drawn one and lost four matches. The customary opening match against St. Olave's produced some very dull cricket. The School took nearly two hours to score 51 runs and St. Olave's replied with 53 for the loss of 4 wickets in about the same time. Brighter cricket?

Heavy defeats were then inflicted on the 1st XI by Bec, Wandsworth and Dorking. However, Sutton found the School's bowling a little too good for them and were dismissed for 44 runs. The School team thus recorded their first victory of the season by 20 runs.

The 1963 team has been chosen from: D. R. Bishop (Capt.), I. G. D. Hellard (Vice-Capt.), Matthews, Barker, Beames, Baker, Lord, Jenkin, Berglin, Boylett, Wilde, Parsons, Wilson and Snell.

D. R. BISHOP

#### 2ND XI

THE School 2nd XI cricket this year has suffered with setbacks that have been reflected in the performances of the team. Despite the fact that we have five members from last year's team there has been an acute shortage of players. For two occasions this season the team has been hard put to it to find eleven men and any cricket enthusiast who knew which end of a bat to hold has been recruited. Our thanks go to D. Brushett who has twice volunteered to be umpire, has been asked to score, and has in fact played.

Unfortunately for the team the 1st XI has felt the shortage of players just as much. Thus as soon as any of our players start to find form they are taken into the first team. We lost two players in this way after dismissing Sutton for 44.

Lack of practice has also affected the team. After much hard work in helping to assemble the School nets it was found that they could not be used for fear of breaking windows. This naturally disheartened the team.

The match spirit has generally been high and where talent is lacking, enthusiasm and luck take control. As the season progresses, the team improves, and, against Wandsworth, they reached a comfortable 101 for 7 wickets.

This year's team has been chosen from: Tidy (Capt.), Berglin, Harper, Margerison, Child, Goldsmith, Jennings, Medler, Boylett, Snell, Brushett, Ahern and Austin.

A. J. TIDY

---

### *Athletics*

THE season commenced with enthusiasm which sprang from the realisation that this was going to be a good year, as we possessed an apparently strong intermediate team.

The limit points were completed before Easter, leaving Lodge in the lead with the other Houses within forty points of them. The first few weeks of the Summer term were taken up with training for a fuller than usual fixture list.

First on this list was a match against Wimbledon which we lost. Within a few days the School participated in a triangular match against Sutton and Surbiton. Although the School finished third, the overall performance of our athletes was very encouraging, the intermediates far surpassing their opponents.



The Surrey Grammar School Sports were now eagerly anticipated with the hopes of fielding a team much stronger than for many years. Unfortunately success was not to come our way; absenteeism and lack of form are the excuses. Only five points were scored for the School, four by Roberts, who was third in the half-mile, and one by Austin in the quarter. In the District Sports, however, the School came second, Roberts breaking the record for the half-mile.

As a whole the athletic prowess of the School has increased, for, in spite of the raising of many of the standards for points, the usual number attained them. In the School sports Roberts broke two of his own records and, with embarrassment, the seniors noted that his times were better than they could record. We look forward to next season when he graduates into "A" Class and our embarrassment will be erased.

The following are to be congratulated on their continued success in their events: Marsden, Harris and Sanders in the sprints; Warne and Skardon in the long jump; and Skardon again in the high jump.

M. H. WALTON

---

### *Cross-country*

As always the season was started with the annual inter-House cross-country race. In "C" Class the individual winner was Pacitti, in "B", Roberts, as expected, was home first, and in "A" Class Walton struggled to the finish and was promptly sick. The final result showed an almost unprecedented situation (Mr. Marsh will remember one no doubt!)—three Houses—Ravensbury, Canons and Lodge—tied for first position.

The School teams were now formed and faced an unusually large number of fixtures. The most successful team was undoubtedly the under 13's, who for the second season in succession won all their matches. Their captain, Pacitti, personally led his team to the finish on three occasions, leaving the glory to Hale on others. Not content with winning, this team often soundly thrashed their opponents, the best example of this being against Selhurst, when seven of the School team finished in the first eight, winning conclusively by 23 points to 62. Three local schools—Gorringe, Pollards Hill and Western Road—were challenged and comfortably beaten, as were Wimbledon and Selhurst, the latter on two occasions. The final tally showed that the team scored 159 points to their opponents' 336, a fine record which, it is hoped, will continue next season.

The under 14 team ended the season having won one match against Selhurst but losing two others. The under 15 finished even, winning two and losing two, one of the victories being against Wimbledon, who this season were their District champions. In all four matches Roberts broke the tape. The under 16 team lost one inter-school match but four of its members placed the School 5th in a field of 17 in a Mitcham A.C. competition and 6th out of 12 in Langley G.S. relay race.

For the second time Roberts entered the Surrey Schools' cross-country race (under 15) which his strong physique enabled him to win. He then went on to the All-England competition, in which he finished 27th in a field of over 100.

On the whole it has been a good year for this sport with many successes and no serious failures. Lack of interest by the Upper School still prevents the formation of a senior team.

M. H. WALTON

## *Badminton*

WE started the season with high hopes of another successful year, but by the end of the Spring term it was clear that these had not been realised. We won our matches against the Old Boys, Battersea and Sutton but were defeated by Glyn (twice) and John Ruskin (twice). We were also involved in a draw with Selhurst, a most uncommon occurrence in competitive badminton. The season was, in fact, an anticlimax after the wonderful one we had the year before.

Why so many defeats? There are two reasons. First, not enough practice games were played by members of the School team. Secondly, not nearly enough new people joined the club this year so that club night (Tuesday) was at times attended by only four members. This leads to one's game becoming stale through playing always with the same people and consequently the standard remained constant instead of rising. Let us hope for a better response from next year's fifth form than we received this year.

We give our thanks to Mr. Benfield and Mr. Warwick for giving so much of their time to school badminton this year.

The team was chosen from: I. G. D. Hellard (Capt.), M. H. Stamper, M. J. Boylett, C. D. Tyler, R. W. Woodley, F. J. Barker and D. R. Wilson.

I. G. D. HELLARD

## *Tennis*

THE experience given to younger players during the 1961 season began to have its effect last season, so that the team ended by winning two more matches than it lost, out of the ten played. The highlight was a convincing 8-1 victory over the Parents.

This year most of last year's team have left and we must once again start rebuilding. Prospects for the next two years, however, look promising, since there is great keenness amongst this year's fourth and fifth forms. Moreover, now that we have two club nights every week and with the possibility next year of extending tennis in games to the fourth forms, I am sure that the sport in the School will be on the upgrade.

So far this season we have won 2 matches, lost 2 and have been dismissed from the Rootham Shield by Reigate C.G.S.

We thank Mr. Benfield and Mr. Warwick for their lively and encouraging interest in school tennis. The team has been chosen from: I. G. D. Hellard (Capt.), M. Porter, B. G. Hendley, T. Rider, D. R. Wilson, F. J. Barker and M. J. Boylett.

I. G. D. HELLARD

---

## *Other Activities of a Sporting Nature*

### 1st VII NETBALL

It has become traditional after only one season of these activities for the cavaliers and clowns to monopolise the hockey field whilst a devout and dignified few prefer the mysterious complexities of a game of netball. Given this serious approach and not too many fixtures (two in fact) one could be forgiven for expecting such a team to win its matches. Perhaps it was because only two members survived last year's campaign; more probably it was the lack of an efficient "shooter", a gap hard to fill after Sage's departure; yet a third reason could be our continued use of one sheet of



foolscap paper on to which all the rules of the game have been condensed. These had been handed down from the previous year and couldn't be found in time for the first match.

This fixture was against the Grammar School for Girls, Mitcham. The School played some intelligent netball in the middle of the court but this was offset by some poor finishing. The result was a defeat by 13 goals to 10. The team now had plenty of time to ruminate upon its failure. The rules were found and showed that a player could make a movement without incurring a sharp blast on the referee's whistle (a fact not at all obvious during the game). They also dispelled the idea that the game was merely basketball played in skirts.

The team emerged on court for the one and only time during the Spring term. Once again the School played Mitcham Girls' Grammar School away from home. In spite of detailed planning and a better knowledge of the rules, the team floundered against a determined opposition. Mesmerised by such artistry, the score quickly mounted, the outcome being a 15-14 defeat.

No injuries were either inflicted or sustained, and, off the court at least, our opponents proved very pleasant and only human after all.

Finally, we should sincerely like to thank the Girls' School for their kindness and sporting spirit in receiving us. Team from: I. G. D. Hellard (Capt.), D. A. Baker, A. S. Austin, B. Hendley, F. J. Baker, H. V. Matthews, C. Tyler, D. A. Brushett and M. J. Boylett.

D. A. BAKER

#### 1ST XI HOCKEY

THIS season, owing to poor weather and the leniency of our feminine foe, we were only once called upon to defend our honour.

The battle, as on previous occasions, was fielded on the enemy's soil (there being very little grass), and, as before, developed for the most part into a battle of wits between ourselves and two fearsome-looking females who spent much of their time blowing their whistles to our disadvantage. However, we managed to survive this encounter with what is, after all, a larger school than ours.

The team was about the strongest side to date, with five veterans in the ranks, we had both experience and youth. The goal which decided the match (the only one scored) came from a fine solo effort on the part of our right-inner, fifteen stone of muscle and flab, who tore through the defences and crashed the ball into the net. An excellent shot, which by no means disgraced the goalkeeper, who was cringing behind the goal.

Perhaps the opposition had much of the territorial advantage but they failed to take their chances, whereas our forwards fell many times victims to the offside trap. We did, however, admire the cohesion between the girls and the whistling ladies. I can still remember the bewildered enthusiasm with which the team accepted a free hit that somehow strayed to our advantage. But too much criticism of the referees would not be fair; they did a grand job and we are grateful to them for giving their time to these strange proceedings.

Team from: J. W. A. Anslow (Capt.), M. Brown, M. H. Stamper, D. W. Hosking, M. W. Walder, M. H. Walton, A. S. Austin, D. M. Stracey, K. R. Lavey, J. Ahern and M. J. Boylett.

J. W. A. ANSLOW

# HOUSE AFFAIRS

---

## CANONS

WHILST our house rivals have latterly experienced numerous changes in leadership, Canons House continues under the unostentatious yet efficient direction of Mr. Hallam. For the current year at least, such direction seems to have been successful.

Following last year's disastrous decline in fortunes the House found it difficult to adopt any definite attitude and entered the Winter term in a bewildered state of mind. Owing mainly to the efforts of "A" and "C" classes, the Cross-country cup was shared with Ravensbury and Lodge. But it was not until the Rugby sevens had been won that any real enthusiasm for success was seen.

Once again, despite much sixth form energy, the House obstinately refused to acknowledge the existence of the Arts Trophy, in the Spring term, until it was almost too late. The juniors convincingly won the elocution and their efforts were outstanding in breaking Ravensbury's monopoly of this section. Both juniors and seniors combined to head the Music section but these successes were more than offset by lack of effort in the Magazine and Model. The outcome saw Canons tying for second place. In the XV's both teams effectively trounced the opposition, the Colts allowing no team to cross their line. Thus was the Rugby Cup secured. As a result of this the House entered the final stages two points behind Ravensbury in the Cock House competition.

So far the Summer term has provided us with the Athletics Cup through fine Sports Day performances in all classes. Fortunes and hopes are high at the time of writing and with the prevailing enthusiasm we could do well in the Cricket, Swimming and Minor Games and ultimately clinch the Cock House Cup.

D. A. BAKER

## LODGE

MR. JACKSON assumed temporary leadership of the House in the Autumn term and it was under his command that the House achieved its only major success. He perceived that a master plan would be necessary to gain the Cross-country Cup and the House eagerly awaited its revelation. The day came, the morning passed, the event was due to start. However, any doubts that the whole of the House had that the master plan did not exist were quickly dispelled. Mr. Jackson calmly explained his grand design five minutes before the start of the first event. What brilliant tactics, what acute observations lay behind this scheme no-one but the originator himself could fully appreciate. Nevertheless its success was unprecedented, Lodge sharing a triple win with Canons and Ravensbury.

This triumph appeared to tire him; his brow became furrowed; his index finger acquired a hue of richer brown and he announced his resignation, deserting us for Gilbert and Sullivan.

His place was taken by Mr. Bateman, who, while not providing such bizarre leadership, impressed us with his common sense and what appeared genuine interest. Unfortunately the success gained at cross-country exhausted the House and any hopes it had of winning the Rugby Cup were dashed.



The Arts Trophy was heralded with a display of lukewarm enthusiasm. In most of the competitions we came last, the Magazine being our only triumph. In the Senior Song we were acclaimed the loudest but none of the observers judged our effort the most melodious.

Thus Lodge has not been very successful so far. As always with an unsuccessful House, it is hoped that what was not achieved in the form of cups was compensated for by the enjoyment gained in taking part.

H. V. MATTHEWS

### RAVENSBURY

LET us admit it—House Reports are both boring to read and boring to write. If you, like us, are weary of perusing the annual obituaries on the year's events, with which we are painfully accustomed, then read on. We do not offer you an endless chronicle of "activities", for we have no activities to offer. In short—we are an inactive House.

Ravensbury is Cock House because its members are of a calibre unsurpassed in the history of this School. We are brilliant. And brilliant people do not have to be active to prosper. Not for us indulgence in arduous calisthenics or literary polemics—we merely announce our presence and all our rivals fall by the wayside. The transcendental aura which revolves around our very existence blinds our adversaries into instant submission.

We are a talented House. Just look at our sixth form! Does any other House provide such outstanding leadership? Look at our first form—is it not the very elect of those selected at 11-plus? You have no doubt read in the companion House Reports of our rivals' shortcomings: how they "did not quite make it in the Rugby" or were "unfortunate in the Arts Trophy". Such remarks we have become used to and are inevitable from these cesspools of imperfection. We make no such excuses. Perfection needs no apology. Ravensbury is capable of doing absolutely anything and is superior in most things.

However we do not wish to boast. We merely give credit where credit is due. A champion of truth, we state facts. And the fact is that the achievement of this great House—Ravensbury—cannot be surpassed. So if you are despairing of the squalid strivings for superiority made by your House, why not surrender before you make fools of yourselves? Submit to us now. Let's face it, we are the only House that counts.

D. A. BRUSHETT

### WITFORD

THIS year Witford has not been so outstanding in the various Inter-House competitions as its loyal supporters (perhaps) expected. Despite the endeavours of a number of individuals in both the sporting and artistic spheres, and despite the invigorating leadership and encouragement of Stamper and Mr. Greenall, the bulk of the House was not sufficiently invigorated to win us a single cup or shield. This is an achievement which is naturally a little disappointing and can probably be accounted for by the fact that in some cases the rank-and-file of the House was just not up to the standard of the individual leaders. Nevertheless, we may comfort ourselves by the thought that we have always accepted our numerous defeats as true gentlemen, even whilst reflecting how much better we really were than our opponents.

The year began with the Inter-House Cross-country race and in this we came fourth. The cause of this minor disaster was the good showing of our opponents and the poor showing of our "A" Class team. The juniors did quite well and in fact we came second in "C" Class.

Unfortunately the poor showing of the seniors in the Cross-country was repeated in the Rugby. It is true to say that the senior school is not very generously endowed with natural Rugby players; the House 1st XV in fact distinguished themselves by losing 40-0 to Canons and by losing their other matches by slightly less huge margins. The honour of the House was retrieved to a considerable extent by the showing of the middle school in the 7-a-side competition when the 3rd form team won two matches and drew the other one with Canons.

The House has been rather more successful in the Athletics, principally owing to several outstanding individual performances, notably those of Stamper and Rowe in "A" Class, Chaplin, Osmond, Wallace and Sanders in "B" Class, and Essex, Reed, Aitken and Fossett in "C" Class. It is very disappointing to note that there was not a great deal of support for the Athletics standards among the upper school, in marked contrast to the enthusiasm of the juniors in "C" Class, who no doubt have not yet been taught any better.

However, the greatest surprise came in this year's Arts Trophy Competition. For several years the House has strolled home with the Arts Trophy; this year it unfortunately developed a marked limp. We deservedly came first in the Debate, where Love, Stracey, Johnston and Stamper used satire to the full and leapt to the defence of our beloved Housemaster when he was attacked by Lodge. We were also placed second in the Music Competition, a notable success for the hard-driving training tactics of our music coach, Pollard. However, in the other sections of the Arts Trophy Competition we did not do nearly as well, though we retrieved our position slightly by coming second in the Model. Unfortunately, despite the efforts of the organisers, we trailed third in Elocution and the House Magazine section.

All-in-all it has been a rather dismal year for House activities. However, we can hope for better things in the future, and at the time of writing we are doing well in the Minor Games Tournament. One can only hope that next year our hidden brilliance will reveal itself in its full glory.

B. JOHNSTON



# THE ARTS COMPETITION

---

## LITERATURE

THE judge, depressed after reading *The Canon's Mouth* and *Timon* on the first night, revived considerably after *Raven* and *Janus* on the second night. In the event, Ravensbury was a fairly easy winner.

There was a reasonable amount of verse, some of it quite good; in the judge's opinion, one poem from Witford was not the contributor's own work and the House was penalised. Merely informative articles were blessedly rare. The difficulty of the Editorial, perhaps the greatest hurdle in the game, was quite well dealt with, Ravensbury collecting eight points out of ten. What with Science Fiction and the Atom Bomb, the world and its occupants came more than once to their usual sticky end. Ravensbury tried some sharp practice by producing a fifth form article from a VI 1 boy, on the grounds that the contributor was in his fifth year at the School; perhaps it was worth trying, but the House was penalised. *Janus* is to be congratulated on having very few spelling and typing errors, which proliferated in the other magazines, e.g., "I cadually asked him where his brother was". As the answer was, "Ah, poor Ivor, he is with us no more!" the question did seem rather cadual.

The judge gave most marks to *Haunted*, *United We Stand*, *Bomb Attack*, and *Myself when Younger* (all Ravensbury). He hoped he was not fobbed off with work that was not original, and in some cases he wishes he could do as well himself.

W.P.

## MUSIC

ENTRIES for the House Music Competitions were plentiful and varied as ever. The songs chosen for this year were *Rolling down to Rio* (Edward German) for the Seniors, and *O Mistress Mine* (Roger Quilter) as the Junior entry. Canons won the Senior Song and gave a lively, vigorous performance under their conductor, A. Doig. Their win showed clearly how important it is to set the correct tempo right at the start. The Junior section was won by Witford under A. Pollard. Many of the instrumental items were clearly under-rehearsed and it was a pity that much of the music played was intrinsically without value. However, there were some notable performances by M. Walder (flute), A. J. Lewis (pianoforte) and D. Croxson (trumpet). Amongst the modern music played was that by an effective electric-guitar group consisting of Gibson and Lake. Their appearance caused some difficulty for the adjudicator—understandably, for standards are hard to decide when comparing J. S. Bach and the Shadows! The adjudicator on this occasion was Mrs. Anna Butterworth, Music Mistress of the Girls' Grammar School, and we are indebted to her for her valuable and interesting comments.

C.G.C.

## ART

To a non-professional eye (the judge left us before it occurred to the editor to get a report from him) Lodge's magazine clearly outclassed its rivals in presentation, and, indeed, provided an example which any House might follow in combining visual flair with sensible use of materials.

It is obvious that the practical side of putting a House magazine together is often ignored at the planning stage, with the result that the initial artistic inspiration is but dimly discerned through a mess of curling covers, filthy foolscap and horrid little bits of gummed paper, the whole having a tendency to disintegrate under the slightest perusal. Ambitious bookbinding techniques, especially when imperfectly executed, do not impress the judges nearly so much as a clear, varied page lay-out with the text given plenty of room against a clean background. Lodge scored well in this respect with blocks of text enclosed within bold line frames and arranged in different ways to break up the rectangular monotony of the page area.

The magazines are, of course, judged too on the quality of their illustrations, and some editors are inevitably luckier than others in having talented artists in their House. The less fortunate should realise, however, that while an article gains in impact from a well-drawn illustration it may lose considerably from an inept one. Some editors clearly felt that the writing must be illustrated at all costs, and the results varied from the pictorially inconceivable to the anatomically impossible. On the other hand, Wells' superb pencil drawing which accompanied the waxworks story in Witford's magazine and the "After the Storm" sketch in *Janus* were examples of the art of illustration at its best.

A.A.J.

### CRAFT

In this year's Model competition the subject chosen was "Winter Sports". This provided an enormous field for inventive genius and, once again, the task of the judges was an unenviable one. However, the adjudication was admirably performed by our Art master at that time, Mr. Chambers, and the Art mistress from the Girls' Grammar School, Miss Henson, who, once again, was kind enough to perform this duty for us.

All the models displayed a high standard of ingenuity and native craft, but once again one of the exhibits just had the edge over the rest for enterprise and neatness of presentation, and, because of this, Ravensbury were comfortable winners. The other three were difficult to separate but eventually the judges placed them in the following order of merit: Witford, Canons and Lodge.

In spite of repeated appeals at House meetings for an earlier commencement and a more leisurely approach with the models, it was felt that, once again, too much was left until the last minute. If this lesson could be learned we feel that an even higher standard of production could be achieved in future model competitions.

A.R.

### JUNIOR ELOCUTION

D. C. CROXSON and D. G. JONES are to be very warmly congratulated on very good performances in this year's competition. They were close together at the top of the field and well ahead of their rivals. We are not, however, of the opinion that the other competitors were below standard. The understanding of the set poem, the reading of the "unseen" prose passage, and competitors' own choice of passages to read aloud were steady improvements on the efforts of previous years. We were particularly pleased to notice that the pieces chosen by entrants were wider, more interesting and less juvenile than in the past. The "Noddy" era seems to have passed!



May we address one criticism not to competitors, but to House officials? It is most unfortunate when at the last minute a House is deprived of one of its representatives and is forced to get some unlucky youth to try to prepare for the contest in an afternoon. Each House enters three juniors for this competition; surely five could be made ready so that any last-minute gaps could be adequately filled.

H.S.J.

#### THE HOUSE DEBATES

THE thunder and lightning which accompanied Matthew's opening remarks in the first debate seemed to electrify its subsequent course, for this was certainly the most entertaining contest for years. Admittedly, the subject—"This House welcomes the satirising of traditional beliefs and public figures"—provoked more satire than logical argument, but who minds if the conventions of formal debate are rather loosely observed when well-turned insults are flying? Everyone was relaxed and confident; wit flowed from mouths unaccustomed to much coherent speaking of any sort; and almost every contribution was lively and original. Most memorable were Love's wicked irony and acid turn of phrase; Stracey's "We all know that Mr. (name of well-known public figure) is a bit of a degenerate, but it doesn't do us any good to point this out"; Tidy's beautifully told fairy story about Sickford, Steakey and the gowned Stomper; the gowned Stomper's own "Gad, sir! Satire just isn't cricket!" and Johnston's splendid air of moral authority, turning up his nose at the whole business like a *Times* editorial commenting with distaste on a government scandal.

The other debate, on the question of widening the English Channel, did not provide such obvious opportunities for entertainment and, though probably more closely reasoned, fell a little flat after the hilarities of the first, coming to a premature end when Ravensbury ran out of speakers. Sampson and Austin did a workmanlike job for Canons but it was Brushett who dominated the affair with a fine display of political fervour and Olympian contempt. Denouncing his enemies in a terrible voice for the short-sighted and irresponsible fools that they were, he stalked threateningly about the gym brandishing arguments as if they were pole-axes. His final blow, an atonal rendering of *Rule Britannia*, brought a most enjoyable afternoon to a resounding close.

A.A.J.

# CLUBS and SOCIETIES

---

## *Chess*

THE distressingly low membership of the Chess Club in the Autumn term, except for a few hardy annuals in the Senior School, seemed to predict yet another gloomy year.

It was therefore a great pleasure to find that when a team had to be picked to play against Raynes Park, a choice offered itself. The match was, alas, a sad defeat owing to the lack of practice of many of the players and the fact that some of the best juniors in last year's team had become seniors and were unable to be fitted into the team.

Nevertheless the prospects did not diminish as the Inter-House chess matches brought with them a new wave of enthusiasm and unexpected talent, and we were able to increase the size of the teams to four senior members and four junior. As a result, the attendance at Chess Club in the Spring term soared rapidly.

This show of interest is an encouraging sign for a thriving Chess Club and a strong School team next year, and we hope that with better organisation, more incentive, and the continued guidance and assistance of Mr. Harris, School chess can find itself on the road to recovery.

R. B. BEEK

---

## *The Hopton Press*

WERE it not that the absence of a report on our year's activities might lead readers to suppose that we were defunct, we should not be troubling the type-setter. But the annual announcement that we have been in business as usual, though a fact readily apparent from the School calendar, is perhaps justified as some small measure of publicity for the most flourishing and efficient society in the School.

A.A.J.

---

## *Phalanx*

THE Phalanx has enjoyed another year . . . it is impossible to say more as the swift and rather suspect departure of the secretary at the end of the Spring term has left us with a pile of illegible minutes comprehensible to the author alone. To the uninitiated the Society may seem dormant, even extinct. This is quite untrue and there are reasons for the short breathing-space in activities. To begin with, the Society has lost four of its officers and elder statesmen. This leaves the chairman with no moral or physical support. Still more important has been the disappearance of the treasurer who, one suspected, could always supplement Phalanx funds with Library fines and vice versa. However, such is the code of honour and respectability within the Society that no member has actually voiced the fact that the learned gentleman's exit coincided with a decision to call in the auditors.



The present inactivity also represents the after-effects of the long-awaited Phalanx Social. This was arranged during the Spring term with an efficiency and rapidity which surprised even the organisers. It was a great success and showed the wisdom of the Society in electing at least one member with the required connections.

As far as work is concerned, the Society has been unfortunate in losing its work secretary. Looking back it is difficult to find out what in fact he did. But he could always be relied upon to give a well-informed and amusing oration as to what might be accomplished, without eventually doing it. It was mainly due to his efforts that a Phalanx snow-clearing party was postponed until the Summer term.

At the time of writing, the Stevenson Screen has been washed down and will doubtless be painted at a future date. It can only be hoped also that the Social will become an established part of the year's programme.

D. A. BAKER

---

### *Scientific Society*

DURING the past year the Society has been most active in the field of Physics, the majority of meetings being used for practical work. New projects have included the construction of a number of model galvanometers and other electrical models, the investigation of optical effects produced by rotating discs, and the study of the properties of crystalline materials. Some work on lighter-than-air machines culminated in the release earlier this term of a large balloon labelled "Australia or bust". We have as yet received no word from Australia. Several radio projects have been continued from last year.

Some Biological work has also been done during the year under the guidance of Mr. Hassan. This has included the observation of various animals, and the showing of a number of films.

The Society has had four film shows of general interest, and these have been well supported. During the Spring term a party of boys was invited by the Science Club of the Girls' School to a lecture on Telstar given by a speaker from the G.P.O. The lecture, illustrated by slides and a film, was very informative, and the attendance revealed a wider latent interest in communication than we had suspected! It is hoped that we shall be able to extend a similar invitation to the Girls' School to visit us next year.

At the beginning of the year the Society was given permission to use the notice board opposite the library as a wall newspaper, and this has attracted some interest. However, more cuttings and other scientific material are needed to make this a real success.

This first year has been experimental in more ways than one. The Society exists to stimulate an interest in science beyond the scope of normal lessons, and to provide facilities for those who want to explore these fields for themselves. A fair number of boys have taken advantage of this, but considering the dominant rôle of science in the world it is surprising to find the Society receiving almost no support in the upper school.

P.C.H.

## *Christian Fellowship*

THE Christian Fellowship has maintained its numbers and shown some progress during the year. It has been holding two kinds of meetings throughout the year. The Wednesday lunchtime meetings were designed mainly for Christians and those who have a great interest in Christianity. These have included the study of several books in the Bible, discussion on traditionally and recently interesting topics, filmstrips and the study of other religions.

Once a month, meetings have been held after school on Fridays, which have been open to the whole school. We have had films, speakers and discussions that have stirred some interest. The Christian Fellowship would like to emphasise that these meetings are of a very free nature, and questions and discussion are always invited.

The Christian Fellowship feels that when there are so many interests, activities and opinions claiming our attention, every senior member of the School should be given the opportunity to consider the power that has changed millions of lives, presented by those who have found for themselves that it really works.

J.R.B.

---

## *Thursday Club*

BOTH the activities and the numbers at Thursday Club this year have been rather erratic, but there have been some bright spots in the programme which have been enthusiastically enjoyed. The Motor Show and the Ideal Homes Exhibition received their usual visits from the pamphlet hunters. We were convinced that certain characters lost themselves at the exhibitions so that they might hear their names announced over the loud-speakers.

Both indoor and outdoor soccer matches were keenly contested. The mammoth struggle of the first form seven-a-sides was only finally settled because half of one team did not arrive until half-time! We might mention the final score was not received without much debate.

Some talent was revealed in the sphere of table-tennis and basket-ball, but little seemed to have been achieved by the one or two persistent chess players.

We hope next year that the same enthusiasm will be present in the Club, and that there may be some more varied suggestions for the programme.

J.R.B.



## LETTERS and ARTICLES

---

### "G & S." by "M.C.G.S."

THE final curtain call of the last performance has been taken and the cast moves off the stage amid exclamations and mutual exchanges of "Well done!", "First rate!" and "You were great!" Everyone feels well satisfied, but, for some of us, this is mixed with an indefinable emptiness in knowing that this is our last school production.

There is no school activity quite like that of a dramatic production, particularly when the choice is a Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera. Not only does this involve the majority of the members of the School in some way but the establishment becomes charged with an atmosphere and expectancy that increases with time.

The first rumours begin during July when the closing school year compels thought on projects for the Autumn term. The intelligentsia and the modernists who are still unravelling the complexities of "F6" react scornfully to the suggestion of "another G. & S." Nevertheless, under the lighthearted cry of "Must cater for the masses" there comes a rumbling and moaning to show that voices are being tuned up.

By the beginning of the new term a few choir practices have served as appetisers and some of the "naturals" have been cast. Finally an influx of extra-talented first-formers completes the casting; from now on it will be blood, sweat and tears all the way. However, as time goes on, results are seen and impromptu choruses ring out from the prefects' room and gym changing room, the number of these increasing in proportion to extra practices and rehearsals. Time marches on and as half-term draws near an element of panic creeps in. After a frank assessment of the position and a few home truths the cast are reconciled to spending one morning out of half-term in attacking the little-known contents of Act II together with some finishing touches to Act I.

At this point the production is affecting people in many ways. Owing to the producer's experiments during rehearsal numerous dances have been attempted: the Madison, Loop-de-Loop, Okey-Cokey and Bossa-Nova—all have been tried and the vast majority discarded. But one is left with the consolation that we already know the steps of any new dance invented in the next twelve months. Principals are generally called by their G. & S. equivalent and chance remarks are heard during the day such as "I should like to see Fred at break"; "'morning, Sam . . . 'morning, P.K."; "Are you a part-time policeman?"; "Will Kate and Mabel stop fighting!" and many others.

With a superhuman effort in the closing stages the cast are informed optimistically that they may yet "put on a decent show". Weeks of hard work are coming to an end and weariness gives way to enjoyment at doing something well. The dress rehearsal gives one a chance to see the scenery in position for the first time, and also to realise the smallness of the stage. Finally comes the ultimate transformation of the character as the last touches of make-up are added, amid gasps of delight, or horror! Armed with cutlass or candle each hopes he will make no more mistakes after tonight.

Even at this moment, when the actual performance may seem an anticlimax after previous effort, the appalling state of the weather calls for further examples of ingenuity and loyalty. More than one heart has been

gladdened as it catches the whistled notes of "Pour, oh pour the Pirates' sherry" somewhere close by in the fog. Almost unbelievably a full house awaits us on the last night, giving rise to another attack of nerves and increased tension. Then it is all over; only the memories and photographs remain, as well as the satisfaction which makes one say "I wouldn't have missed it for anything!"

D. A. BAKER

---

### *Book Review*

*The Catcher in the Rye* by J. D. Salinger

THE most remarkable quality of this compelling book is the suitability of Salinger's style to his theme. The book describes a short period in the life of an American adolescent. Written in the first person, the style is that of everyday speech, and its idioms and colloquialisms give the book a gripping authenticity. We become completely absorbed in the problems of Holden Caulfield, the central character. We can laugh at his innocence, and sympathise with his rebellion against a life which, he feels, is stifling his individuality and rendering him a stereotype, identical to any other student in his college. He fails his examinations, is expelled, and, afraid to face his parents, leaves the school and stays at an hotel. From a series of recollections prompted by occurrences during this time we are able to probe his ideas and ideals. He desperately wants to be accepted, both as a human being and as an adult. He elicits sympathy and even ridicule in an intense effort to be noticed. He has a deep feeling of insecurity, which forms the underlying theme of the book.

Despite a desire for adulthood, he has not the perception and understanding of an adult, and consequently his life is a continual flight from reality and responsibility. He seeks oblivion in alcohol and the half-world of his imagination. Yet, all the time, we are presented with enough essential truth to enable us to understand his motives.

As the book progresses, events become more accelerated, and more confused. The boy becomes less and less a creature of reason, and his actions are motivated merely by conflicting instincts. The author's individual style enables us to realise what the boy is undergoing, without his being aware of it. Finally the maelstrom of thought and action which is engulfing him reaches its climax, and the end of the story comes with the boy's nervous collapse.

For a short period we have seen revealed the ideas and motivations behind an American teenager. They are startling, even shocking. In a lucid and credible way the author has presented the problems facing such an adolescent. It is left to the reader to provide his own solution to them.

R. H. JOHNSON

---

### *Letter to the Editor*

SIR,—It is an alarming symptom of modern life that there should be such a great increase in the rate of senile delinquency. There are far too many old age pensioners spending their time aimlessly on street corners or in



disreputable cafés and Darby and Joan Clubs. It is surely imperative that more clubs of an improving nature should be opened for the aimless aged. One suitable way of occupying their time is for them to take an active interest in politics. Many of the outstanding political leaders of the nation ably demonstrate that senility does not lead automatically to delinquency.

However, it must be realised that the root cause of senile delinquency is modern affluence. There can be little doubt that the recent extravagant increases in the old age pension and national assistance rates will aggravate the problem amongst the aged as they will surely spend more money on inebriating refreshment, "pop" records and outlandish clothes. It is surely not an edifying spectacle to see grey-haired grandmothers screaming at the popular screen idol of the day or to see elderly gentlemen seated precariously upon a motor-bicycle.

But it is not the delinquency itself which is important. More serious is the effect on modern youth, and one can only hope that these elderly reprobates will not sway the young from the paths of virtue to follow their regrettable example.

Yours faithfully,

B. JOHNSTON

---

### *The Salesman*

Once upon a midday dreary  
While I pondered, weak and weary  
Over a dreadful dinner I had just dropped on the kitchen floor,  
While my food my fork was flinging,  
Suddenly there came a ringing,  
And a crash like someone slinging housebricks at our poor front door.  
"Whoso it be", I thought myself, "shall thump upon the door no more"

To the door I ran so quickly,  
Glad to leave that meal so sickly,  
Wondering who it was a-banging on the door so hard and loud.  
The door was opened, the truth uncovered—  
A commercial traveller I discovered.  
Aaaaghh! Hire Purchase, widely revered, with gloom our household doth  
enshroud.  
My mind did boggle—by what twist of fate was I with this misfortune  
endowed?

I stood aghast with frenzied throbbing,  
"Hacme Brush Co." he was slobbering,  
Belching praise of "Hacme" heard on telly times before.  
But suddenly my blood was rushing,  
Against the front door I was pushing,  
And that bestial brush man I was crushing to the floor.  
In hideous glee to pulp I trod him—he would trouble me no more.

M. D. EXCELL

*(The Editor regrets the complete absence of poetry in this year's magazine.)*

# THE SCHOOL

## Past..

"A verie Aunchiente Establishment..."

Only this bell-tower now remains. The others were knocked down by hooligans from the "Village". Hence the barbed wire today.

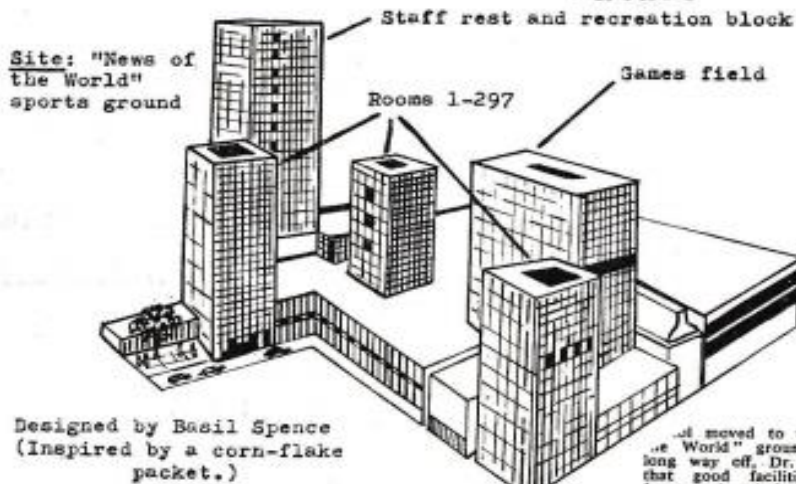


## Present..



There was an optimistic note in Councillor Quirk's voice when he stated that the new Grammar School would probably be built within the next fifty years.

## Future



Designed by Basil Spence  
(Inspired by a corn-flake packet.)

(By courtesy of OPEN EAR)

...if moved to the "News of the World" ground was still a long way off. Dr. Bingham said that good facilities would be foremost in mind.



### *Letter from Leicester*

THE dawn came in with a rush, the horizon shivering cerulean, the trees still black with night. I noticed first that the new redness of the nearest tree created the space between it and the more distant darker row. Silent still. No motion, no noise. I love the night because of the truth in its silence. The first birds do not destroy the honesty.

Straight through my wall twenty students lay in twenty identical beds, asleep. It is easy to imagine that this little room is isolated, no other students, no other beds, complete loneliness. In fact it is one in an infinite set of such rooms, each containing very similar students. The pattern is tedious the minute variations endless.

All that night we sat, listening, watching the little patch of visible sky, the half-dozen trees. We talked of Tudor's depression, his decision to leave the University, life's point and its pointlessness—everything. Tudor is not unique in finding the pettiness of so much of the life here soul-destroying. Everywhere is pretentiousness, people airing knowledge, never experiencing the dawn, never living.

It is not simple to be real in a university community; it is too easy to be a student, to act this carefully scripted part. In my lonely hut, the hundred others removed, it is just possible to realise that I am not a student but a human being. The blues, the blue-greens, the greens, the light at dawn are unbelievably enthralling. Life is for looking at the dawn and university is just one of the lanes we run through seeking it.

As I write it is nearer sunset than dawn; this room is lit by neon strips; everywhere typewriters click. *Ripple*, the University newspaper, must be at the printers tomorrow. The drama of it all! The paper, though good of its kind, is in many ways absurd. A group of students are pretending to be big newspapermen (perhaps not quite so stupid when you remember that "big" newspapermen do the same). I myself work on *Ripple*. Never does it show a glimmer of contact with the silent dawn.

When the cerulean blue is injected into the night sky, in the infinitely many rooms the bodies of students are curled in sleep. When the vital scene of the daily play is acted the audience is not looking. We are the same as anyone else. The distinction between us and the outside world, encouraged by halls of residence, gowns and campus conversation, is accepted at our peril.

E. A. EDMONDS

---

### *A Letter From Life*

It's quite a shock to wake up one morning and find there's nowhere to go—no need to put on the grey trousers, white shirt and black blazer—no need to pedal heavily off down the road at ten to nine. Then Mother wants some money at the end of the week and the old man wants "some action". So, two weeks, six letters to newspapers and half a holiday later, you find yourself outside the General's office at 7.30 sharp with your sandwiches, your boots and your cards, ready for a start. He doesn't come till eight because things have improved on the building since last year—but soon you're meeting a few old friends and grinning at some new faces. And it's fun—it's knocking down, hammering walls and breaking glass and dropping ceilings and skipping around on roof trusses hoping that the girls in the offices across

the square are watching; and when John falls six feet and lies across the top of a wall with his rib cracked, you are amused with the others by the way the office staff gibber out of the windows about an ambulance—for already you're outside and proud of it, and don't realise that this time you've drifted into something that will come dangerously close to choking you.

The drift is not conscious—it's just a hangover from three frustrating years—years that have done you an immense amount of good and which you know you shouldn't have missed, but which one mistake has made lead nowhere. And now suddenly a decision is needed—"What am I going to do with my life?"—but why decide now?—you've been playing inscrutable and putting it off for long enough—decide tomorrow—one day more won't make any difference. After all it's sunny and you feel a bit fitter and the work's not too bad and there's often twelve a week after tax. "Not too bad just to set me up". And anyway you get tired—it's all the healthy exercise—and thinking and writing for jobs is a bit of an effort and there's still a couple of replies to come back from newspaper groups. One day Fred mentions the advertising department, and he is still mentioning it when there's ice in the water trough and fog and coke fires in the windowless building. But then Fred wants his roof on by January.

Then one dark December day Fred brings an offer of a training scheme, and before you know it you're in the drawing office for a day and it's warm, and the people in there seem to be using their brains. As the scheme is outlined to you, through the windows you see your mates laying concrete in the yellow afternoon. The day after Boxing Day there's snow and slush everywhere, and at nine o'clock with your best suit and wet socks you report, prepared for the unbelievable crush of office life—but with telephone in one hand and tea cup in the other, your superior is talking about "a year on the tools". Well those were the conditions you accepted but you didn't know the year came first—and you never seriously expected to last that long anyway. "They owe me this after playing me about. It'll give me a chance to find something in my line".

So it's back to the donkey and boots. There's a fortnight in the yard "learning" which is sheer boredom even after general labouring. The snow continues to fall, the cold wind worsens; to every ten minutes' work there's five warming over an oil drum fire in "temporary" corrugated sheds where the wind is merely directed through the holes in the tattered tarpaulin sheets. The fortnight drags away and then you're off on the podger—West End Area. Scaffolding is hard, and the weather is harder, but you learn quickly—you learn to keep your eyes open all the time, to consume two large breakfasts before 10 o'clock, the best way to keep warm (stay in the café), the best way to look busy, how to stand on nothing, and how to whistle at girls. The industry is depressed; every Friday there are sackings and rumours fly continually. The Pole could not be colder than Millbank at ten to eight. Because there's no work about, you have two spells in the yard at Battersea, where your anger at confusion and wasted effort and disgusting conditions is aggravated by the stench of burning dog flesh from the Home next door. What never fails to surprise you is the way you fall asleep at about half-past nine if you stay indoors. And your mates laugh when you drop off at dinner time or during the tea break.

Gradually the weather improves and you begin to see how they put up with it. On a sunny spring morning there's nowhere better than high above the fresh streets, looking across Hyde Park or Cavendish Square or down on Oxford Street. The traffic noise is there but does not command, the typists going to work float like a mass of coloured petals somehow thrown on a busy river. Your eyes fly across the rooftops, to St. Paul's, seemingly squatting in the middle of the rising City, surrounded by new towers and



backed by old cranes, to the gleaming river down to the east. From here you can just see the buses crawling across London Bridge, to the new landmarks, the high offices—the higher they are, the deader they look—there's Millbank, I wonder if Frank and Ernie are there today, "You on Millbank then?" It looks as lifeless as the chimneys of the power station behind it. You look for Nelson in the maze and just find the top few feet and you think of the girl in the office overlooking the square. But London is compressing—what of the horizon? Hampstead, Belvedere, Richmond, Crystal Palace—strange how those masts watch everywhere—and over the rim of the saucer a glimpse of the cooling towers in Beddington Lane—and Croydon. And a month later it's not Nelson you look for on the clear mornings but Croydon and the wooded hills of Addington and Caterham and Chipstead—the farthest, thinnest, friendly, warm, grey-green strip between a striking, sharp, red-brown London and a perfect blue sky—and we climb down and strut along Oxford Street to breakfast in the middle of the pavement as though we own the world, and perhaps we do.

But these days are far outnumbered by the off-days, in the bottom of the lift-shaft deep in reeking water, days carrying tube up awkward flights of obstructed stairs, on the demolition job where you work in perpetual clouds of dust while bricks and stone fall round; wet days when the water squeezes out of the rope as you pull, and runs down your upstretched arms. And although you've known all along that you have got to get out, £17 a week and the thoughts of the good days coupled with the fear of the dole, keep you there—and while you're there you won't find anything else. It needs a catalyst and ironically it comes after one of the best of the good days. A feud with a chargehand develops into a refusal to work with him, and you're on the phone telling the supervisor you're going. The next morning, after half-explaining to your surprised superiors, you walk out of the office and breathe fresh air for the first time for a year, and then almost instinctively jump on a bus, climb upstairs and sing as it heads for Croydon and the shimmering hills.

A. R. CARPENTER

# OLD BOYS

---

## *The Oxford Dinner*

THE annual dinner of Old Boys of Mitcham Grammar School studying at Oxford University was held at the Eastgate Hotel in Oxford on the evening of Tuesday, May 21st. The Headmaster, Dr. Bingham, together with seven present members of the staff, went to Oxford for the function, where they met the Rev. Alan Norton, a former member of the staff, now a Curate in Cowley. The Cambridge representatives who usually visit Oxford on this occasion were unable to be present this year owing to examinations. P. J. Norris (Keble) made the arrangements at the Oxford end, and others present included B. M. Howe and O. A. Moore (St. Edmund Hall), H. J. Liddiard (Regent's Park) and J. F. Wainwright (St. John's).

We were delighted to learn that Norris and Howe had obtained posts at Wolverhampton and Portsmouth Grammar Schools respectively. These are two big and important day schools and both Norris and Howe deserve the warmest congratulations.

D. A. Baker, at present Deputy Head of School, goes up to Keble in October to join the group of Old Mitchamians now in residence at Oxford.

H.S.J.

---

## *Old Boys' Rugby*

THE 1962/63 season made an auspicious start when, on September 19th last year, the Club Pavilion at the ground at Wandle Valley Hospital, Carshalton, was opened by the President of the Rugby Football Union in the presence of a number of distinguished guests and many members of the Club and friends. An exhibition game against a side raised by International R. H. Bartlett was played which proved open and exciting, being lost by the Club by the odd point.

Unfortunately the season did not live up to the early promising start. The severe weather from Christmas onwards greatly restricted games but, despite this, the season was a poor one for all four teams of the Club.

For only the second season since the Club re-formed after the war the number of games lost by the 1st XV exceeded those won. Results were: Played 19, Won 7, Drawn 0, Lost 12. Points for: 107; against: 189. The performance by the other three sides proved little better. In all it was a disappointing season, particularly when it represented the first played on the Club's ground with full facilities available.

The Annual General Meeting was held on May 29th, 1963, when thoughts went forward to the coming season. The playing (and non-playing) strength of the Club is still growing, and, although members are still urgently needed, the O.M.'s have the potential ability to regain their earlier prominent position in the world of Old Boys' Rugby.

G. Sumner has been elected Captain of the Club with P. Fettes as Vice-Captain. The Captains of the other sides are "A" XV—R. Smalley, "B" XV—B. Stanley and "C" XV—J. Knight. E. King has been elected Secretary, and N. Jamieson continues as Treasurer.

E. KING (*Hon. Secretary*)



# PARENTS

---

## *Parents' Association*

DURING the year there have been several changes in the Parents' Committee, including our loss of the services of Mrs. Clarke and Mr. Mackey who for many years have worked hard for the Association.

The past year has once again seen the Association very active, and many pleasant evenings have been arranged by the Committee and enjoyed by the parents attending. Last year for the first time a Treasure Hunt was arranged with 19 cars taking part, and our thanks must be given to Mr. Marsh and Mr. Purbrick who organised this function, giving us a delightful evening. In October we were fortunate to have the slides on "Old Mitcham" presented by Alderman T. J. Higgs. An Educational Evening was held in November, on University Entrance. The speakers were Dr. Bingham, Mr. Hallam and Mr. Tweddle. This is one of the most enlightening evenings on our programme. The Old Time Dances held in November and January at the Baths Hall were not well supported, but our thanks are due to our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Pillinger, who put in a great deal of hard work to give an enjoyable evening to all who attended. It is with regret that these dances have now been withdrawn.

In the past the New Year's Party has proved to be popular and the Committee decided to hold another this year. Our thanks go to Mr. Hendley and his helpers for an enjoyable evening. The ladies once again provided excellent refreshments, and the evening passed all too quickly. During February the "Careers for Boys" evening was held and the speakers on this occasion were Mr. F. L. C. Gosden on Banking, Mr. D. G. Howard on the building industry and Mr. W. Hancox on the Civil Service. This is a popular function and always very well attended. An Easter Fair was held during March which, after months of hard work by members of the Committee, parents, staff and boys, resulted in some excellent stalls, and gave us a profit of £137 16s. 2d. to be used for the benefit of the School. In May, Mr. Chapman provided the Musical Evening, which included the concert version of the Gilbert & Sullivan opera *Trial by Jury*. We were pleased to welcome back Mr. Morris who, with Mr. Chapman, again delighted us with duets.

Once again we are approaching the Annual Cricket Match between the parents and boys. This year we hope for another victory.

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

## *School Officers*

*Head of School* I. G. D. Hellard.

*Deputy Head of School* D. A. Baker.

*Senior Prefects* J. W. A. Anslow, A. S. Austin, F. J. Barker,  
M. J. Brown, D. A. Brushett, P. J. A. Harris,  
D. W. Hosking, M. H. Stamper, M. W. Walder,  
M. H. Walton, D. R. Wilson.

*Prefects* J. Ahern, J. E. Berglin, D. R. Bishop,  
M. J. Boylett, M. N. Cawdery, A. Doig,  
B. G. Hendley, K. R. Lavey, H. V. Matthews,  
J. G. Mitchell, A. C. New, A. J. Pollard,  
V. A. C. Reece, G. Smale, V. H. Smith,  
D. M. Stracey, V. F. Thornton, A. J. Tidy,  
C. D. A. Tyler.

*House Captains* CANONS: M. J. Brown, D. A. Baker.  
LODGE: H. V. Matthews.  
RAVENSBURY: D. A. Brushett.  
WITFORD: M. H. Stamper.

*Team Captains* ATHLETICS: M. H. Walton.  
BADMINTON: I. G. D. Hellard.  
CRICKET: D. R. Bishop.  
RUGBY: D. R. Wilson.  
TENNIS: I. G. D. Hellard.  
CROSS-COUNTRY: M. H. Walton.

*School Librarians* P. J. A. Harris, A. S. Austin.

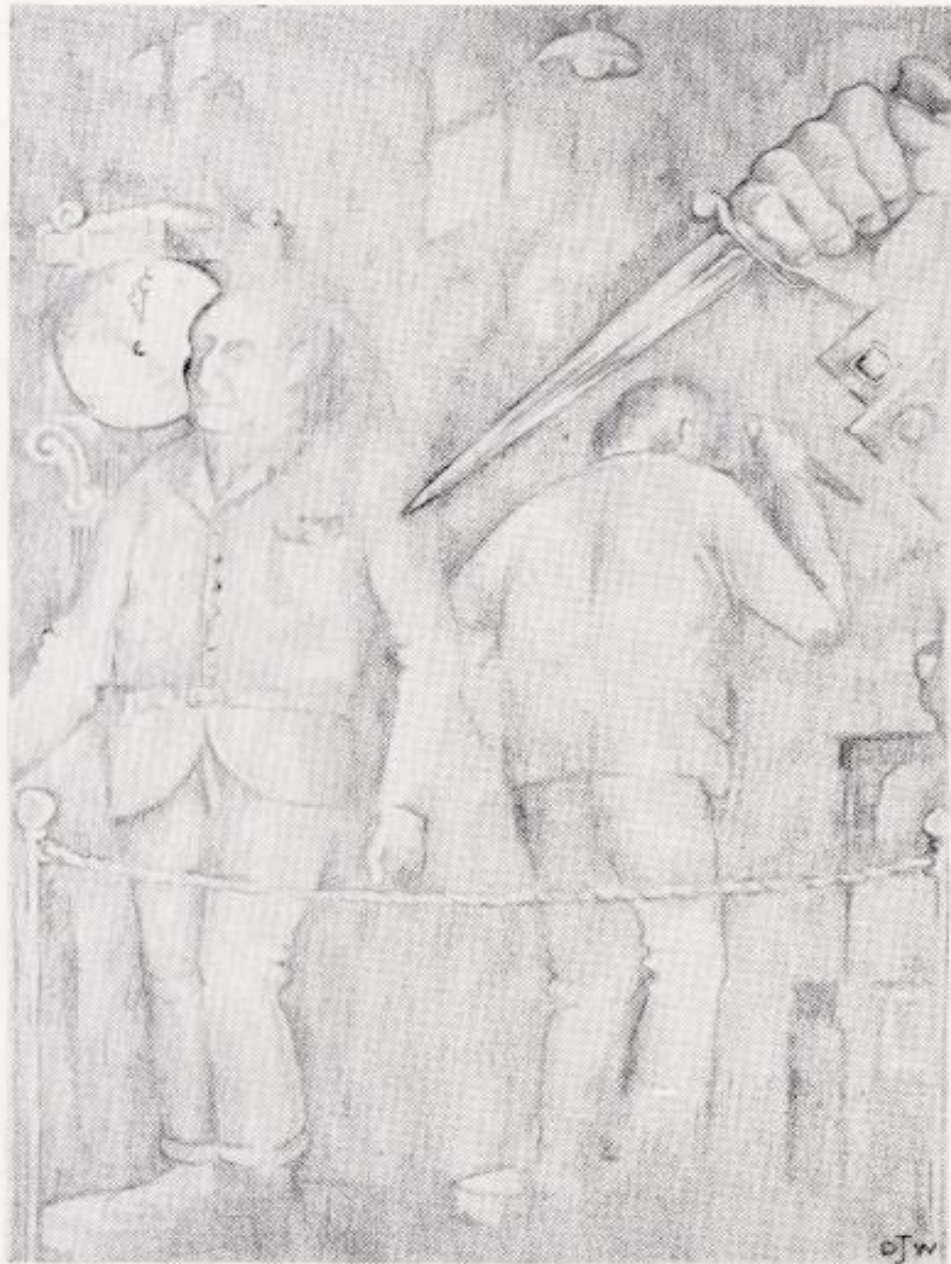
---

## *School Terms*

AUTUMN: September 10th—December 20th, 1963.

SPRING: January 8th—March 25th, 1964.

SUMMER: April 20th—July 24th, 1964.



**WAXWORKS**

by D. J. WELLS



---

ACME PRINTING CO (T.U.) 193 LONDON ROAD, MITCHAM