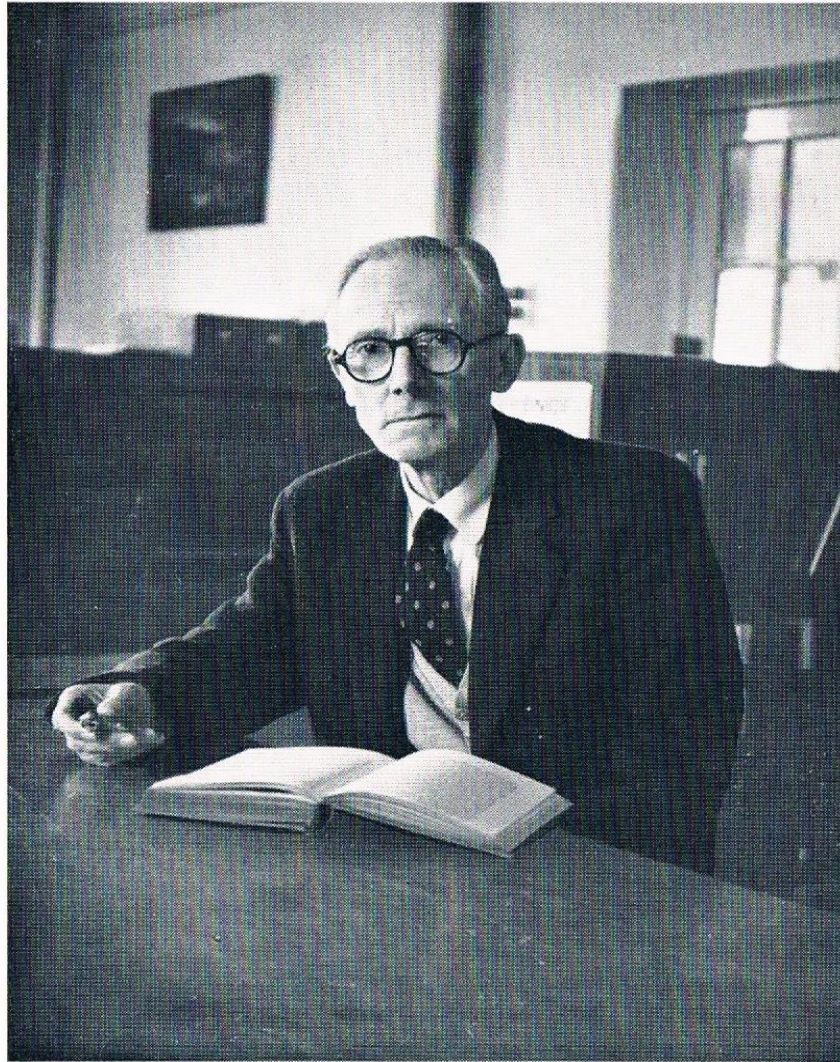


# MITCHAMIAN

summer  
1967





L. E. LAW, M.A.(Oxon.), M.A.(London)

1948 — 1967

PHOTO BY S. R. R. HARLING.

# THE MITCHAMIAN

MITCHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR BOYS

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## Editorial

LIKE Peking, Mitcham has had its Battle of the Posters this year, not, of course, making rival claims for Chairman B or Prime-Minister P, nor indeed waging ideological warfare over the merits or demerits of the Merton Plan. (Any revisionist tendencies in the Staff Room have, thus far, escaped official notice.) Our posters have a much more humble explanation: they bear witness to the unprecedented activity of the school societies.

It may seem perverse to extol the virtues of a school which, in the interests of progress, is to be closed in two years' time. Nevertheless, it is worth mention that, in the past year, the school has staged an Art Exhibition, had a semi-finalist in the Evening Standard Schools' Debating Contest, and been host to the country's leading expert on folksong and to two important contemporary poets. These have been the highlights, but they would not have taken place if there were not considerable cultural activity within the school. One third-form boy has written seventeen plays in the last year and a half and most of them have been performed by his classmates, while the Christian Fellowship, Folk Club and Sixth Form Society have met frequently and, more often than not, have had good audiences.

Not that every meeting is a well-attended success, with active participation from everyone available — that would be Utopia. We have our sluggards — some of them in high places — but we are fortunate in also having a number of active and highly enterprising sixth-formers who have spurred on their colleagues. And it is surely encouraging for any non-sportsmen in the lower school to notice that the dominant personalities this year are not necessarily Front-Row Forwards or Opening Batsmen — several would be out of place in any game more strenuous than croquet. In a fully-alive society there is a place for all types of activity and it is to be hoped that next year's Upper Sixth will be worthy of their predecessors.

The Editor looks forward to the next 'Mitchamian' and hopes that it will reflect as wide a range of activity as this year's. This being his last appearance as editor, he would like to thank the numerous writers, artists, photographers and proof-readers, whose work has, in general, been punctual and well-prepared, and in particular J. Cade, who has given great help in the gathering of material.

## THE SCHOOL YEAR

LAST September four new members of staff joined the School: Mr. Nicholls succeeded Mr. Crawley as Music Master and Mr. Khair came to us for the year to fill the vacancy in the Mathematics Department made by Mr. Speller's appointment to King Edward VI Grammar School, Louth. Mr. Schmidt took over the German Department in succession to Mr. Street, who left us to teach in a High School in Los Angeles, California. Mr. Richards, who had been with us during the previous year as a student in teaching practice from King's College, London, also joined the staff to replace Mr. Hawley in the History Department and to assist in coaching Rugby. Our two Modern Language Assistants this year have been Monsieur Maillet from Montelimar and Herr Oebel from Cologne, — who made his acquaintance with us the year before when he was staying with friends in Mitcham. Mrs. Benfield, who formerly taught English at Purley Grammar School for Girls, joined the staff to teach English as a part-time assistant and we have very much appreciated the work she has done. Mr. Benfield too will be leaving us at the end of the term on his appointment as Head of the English Department at Shooter's Hill Grammar School. He came here in September 1961 from Sutton Grammar School and in January 1965 succeeded Mr. Jackson as Head of Department. The School is indebted to him for the keenness he has stimulated and the interest he has shown in Badminton, Tennis, Debating and the Sixth Form Society, and he will also be remembered for the excellent Easter continental tours which he so carefully organized and which brought pleasurable interest and experience to very many boys in the School. In editing this magazine, as in his English teaching, no effort was too great to ensure, as he always did, that all detail was given careful attention and meticulous preparation, and his cheerful personality will be much missed in the School. We wish him success in his new post. He will be succeeded by Mr. Boagey, who comes to us from Rutlish.

At the end of term we shall with very great regret have to say farewell to Mr. Law on his retirement after eighteen years with the staff of the School. Some four years ago he relinquished his post as Head of the Latin Department, but maintained his connection with the School by teaching in a part-time capacity, since we were particularly reluctant to lose him and he kindly agreed to our request for his continued help. His long and valuable service to the School has been in many spheres of its life: as Head of the Latin Department he was well fitted by his qualifications from University College, London and Oriel College, Oxford, to establish and maintain high academic standards in his teaching and those who had the privilege to be taught by him were impressed with the clarity and precision of his thinking. For many years he was our Careers Master and the care with which he prepared himself to give advice was most painstaking. He spent much time on this work locally, serving on committees in the evening, as well as devoting himself in the Spring term to interviewing boys and advising them on their future. For many years he was a Sixth Form master where his influence on the older boys was invaluable. He was always wholly committed to any task he undertook and we shall miss his wise counsel, his deep sincerity and his devotion to the School. In expressing our thanks to him for his long

service, we wish him a happy retirement in Northampton and hope he will often visit us.

Mr. and Mrs. Chicken moved into School House during the summer vacation and in the following months Mr. Chicken proved himself a worthy successor to Mr. Perry, quickly getting acquainted with his new responsibilities and caring for the school with eager concern. Like his predecessor he was in his early days a member of the regular army and during the war served in Burma.

Last September the number of boys in the School had dropped to 356 from 380 at the end of the preceding summer term, when the remainder of our last three-form entry left us. The decrease was accentuated by having only one form enter the School last September, but it is encouraging to know that this coming September there are to be two first forms in the School. As we come to the end of this school year there are 330 boys on roll. This shrinking size brought with it the problem of the School G-Fund and the threat of having to curtail the number of teams as well as the wide variety of games which we equip and finance. The nature of this expenditure was succinctly outlined in our last issue by Mr. Marsh who kindly keeps the accounts of the fund. It was decided it would be wrong to reduce the number of our teams or the number of our activities and we shall now continue to offer the same facilities to our boys as the larger schools of 600 boys or more with whom we have long had most of our fixtures. I wish to express the School's thanks to the parents for their wholehearted response to our request for an increased contribution, which has enabled us to maintain these facilities.

Enjoyment rather than success has been the keynote of inter-school games and athletics fixtures, especially in games where experienced replacements for injured players simply were not available — chiefly at the senior end of the School. Yet there have been notable successes this year in Tennis, Cricket, Cross-Country, Athletics and Gymnastics, as the subsequent separate reports will show. In this last activity, a new departure for the School, matches have been arranged against Eastfields, who have a high reputation in Gymnastics. Our efforts and success in this field have been largely the result of the enthusiasm and dedicated coaching of Mr. Bird, who came to us for the year to replace Mr. Thomas, who was given a year's leave of absence. Mr. Bird has been very successful and popular with the School and has found time to introduce canoeing as well as competitive gymnastics, besides maintaining high standards in athletics with a diminished amount of available talent. He has also given help in coaching Rugby, and appeared twice in the centre with the School team in our two Oxford College fixtures, when his performances much enlivened the game. He is taking up a post in a Comprehensive School in Birmingham in September, and we wish him every success and thank him for the unstinted effort and eager enthusiasm which have characterized his year's work in the School.

Speech Night was held on Thursday, 20th October when Sir Cyril Black, during his year of mayoral office, had accepted our invitation to distribute the prizes and address our parents and the School. Unfortunately there was a debate and division in the Commons on that

particular evening at which Sir Cyril had to be present, so that the parts of the evening's programme with which he was directly concerned were dealt with first in order that he might leave immediately for the House. Councillor Martin took the chair, kindly deputizing for our Chairman of Governors, Mr. E. E. Field, who was unable to be present.

Twenty-one boys left school to begin a University degree course and five others began College of Education or College of Art courses. This year again three boys were successful in the Oxford University Scholarship Examinations last December: we congratulate D. W. Parker on being awarded an Exhibition in Modern Languages at Trinity College, S. E. V. Chamberlain on being given a place to read Modern Languages at Keble College, and M. T. Fain on gaining a place to read English at Exeter College. J. M. Griffith, at present undertaking voluntary work for children in Algeria, has been accepted as a medical student by the University of St. Andrews. Four of our Senior Prefects, whose future University careers were definitely settled in the Easter term, have gone abroad for the summer term and vacation. They are the Head of School, the two Deputy Heads and the School Librarian. Armstrong is working in South Germany on the shores of Lake Constance, and Parker and Chamberlain are attending the Sixth Form of a German Grammar School in Stuttgart, where they are receiving generous hospitality from staff and parents of that school and spending the week-ends in touring the south of Germany. Griffith is very much enjoying the voluntary work he is doing in Algeria, and it is quite obvious that the broadening influence of the experience which these young men are gaining abroad will be an excellent preparation for their University course, and much more valuable educationally than the purely monetary gain from work undertaken in this country with no other aim in view. Indeed it is interesting to note the grave concern expressed recently by Cambridge University at the stultifying effect of the monotonous and repetitive type of work often undertaken by students as a preliminary to entering on their University course, and I have always considered such a narrowing and warping of outlook harmful to the spirit of University studies. I believe it is not so much the nature of the work itself, as the atmosphere and attitude in which it is undertaken that constitutes the real danger.

C.R.B.

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### Mr. LAW

MR. LAW has a dignity which commands respect from all who meet him and his profound knowledge of his subject becomes apparent to all who aspire to be classicists. His retirement at the end of this Summer Term will be much regretted both above and below stairs.

Before the war, Mr. Law was on the staff of a Canadian University, where he wrote a book on Latin Grammar. During the war years he undertook the post of Secretary of the Wingfield Orthopædic Hospital. He came to us in 1948 in unfortunate circumstances — namely, to replace Mr. Judge, who left to undergo the operation that cost him his sight. It

is typical of him that he was willing even to teach economics, a subject which he had never studied before, in order that the gap left by Mr. Judge might be adequately filled. He was for a time Sixth Form Master and held for many years the post of Careers Master, representing the school on the local employment council.

Because of the reduction in the teaching of Latin in the school he has for some years been serving the school in a part-time capacity and he has now decided to retire completely. Mr. Law will in future live entirely at Northampton — he has been travelling backwards and forwards for a long time now — and we sincerely wish him well in his future years there. We shall miss this meticulous, conscientious and charming man.

H.J.L.

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### Mr. WILLIAM STEPHENS

MANY Old Boys will remember with pleasure Mr. Stephens, who died in March after many years of very happy retirement.

He was probably the only remaining member of the original half-dozen staff of the School when it first became a Grammar School in September, 1922, and he was Senior Master from that time until he retired in 1944. In his later years at School he taught mainly Mathematics and Woodwork but, like many masters in small schools, he also taught P.E., took Games, and dabbled in English and History.

Whatever he did he did thoroughly and contrived to combine thoroughness of teaching with a complete sympathy for boys whom he taught. The respect was mutual. His sincerity shone through him, to boys and Staff alike. The School was the poorer for his departure and those who knew him will not easily forget him.

W.T.J.P.

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### SCHOOL MUSIC

WHATEVER our particular taste may be, music is no longer reserved for an enlightened minority. With the gramophone and radio it is there to be enjoyed by us all, whether we are performers or appreciative listeners. However, it is by taking part in an organized musical activity that we can learn some of the secrets of music which can lead to a better understanding and deeper appreciation of this art.

Such thoughts, it must be admitted, are probably far from the mind of the average choir conscript, who, having been given a faded duplicated copy of his part, is persistently nagged and cajoled into singing it. He may rest assured, however, that all is being done for his ultimate good!

The Choir has performed well on several occasions during the year, the first being the Christmas Carol Service, though conscription has, alas, become necessary, at least as far as trebles are concerned, owing to the small number of treble voices available.

The School is fortunate in having several inspired and enthusiastic musicians in its ranks. Soper has been awarded a Junior Exhibition at Trinity College of Music, which he will take up next September, while Hughes and Kent combined their respective talents, violin virtuosity and original composition, to provide an interesting item for the Parents' Musical Evening on 11th March. For this occasion the School performed a programme of music, including three pieces by the Choir and a varied collection of vocal and instrumental items.

This event was closely followed by the Music Competition and the Easter Carol Service. Preparation for the latter involved more hard work for Choir members, but they refuse to get flustered or excited about it. It might be added that this admirably calm attitude was not always shared by the music master. However, it was obviously justified as both events were quite successful.

To return to musical appreciation, the Upper Sixth Form are prescribed a weekly dose of this in their timetable. As part of the treatment one guest artist each term has been invited to give a live performance. An oboe recital was received with some enthusiasm in the Autumn Term, but a visitor from the North with his bagpipes really caught the sixth formers' imagination. One could almost see the misty shapes of the Highlands through the steamy windows of Room 18.

C.G.N.

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### ART EXHIBITION, JULY, 1966

IN an effort to stir up memories of an exhibition which I can remember having enjoyed greatly, I have been looking over an inventory supplied by Mr. White, a few transparencies taken from various vantage points in the room and the Visitors' Book. In the latter's address list the eye stumbled upon such fabled names as Florida, Aix-en-Provence, Mainz and Penge — and, in bold red calligraphy, 'The Design Centre, Haymarket'. It was the comments, of course, that proved most valuable. 'Very nice entrance' was matched a few lines later by 'Devastatingly exciting to the eyes' and again by my favourite, 'Despite mysterious rustlings in the labyrinth, a disappointing absence of minotaurs'.

The entrance was indeed impressive. Eight chambers were each devoted to one visual impression on walls, floor and roof. The cleverness of it was that in so small a space each of the chambers was completely separate. Total immersion in one colour proved an exciting experience. Perhaps to the puritan mind it was even disturbing — such an indulgence of the senses! One chamber oppressed with the darkness of a pothole



and another assaulted the eye on all sides with the clash of black and white. Some passers-through emerged with relief.

This entrance led to two consequences. Firstly, as an experiment in total visual experience, it gave an extra awareness, almost a self-consciousness, of the sense of sight — excellent preparation for such an exhibition. Secondly, and less directly, it led to a feeling of being in a separate place. The noisy Art Room door which allows the outside world to intrude persistently was replaced by an illusion of walking a long way into a very different atmosphere.

Once through the tunnel, one met a much-changed Room 15. Instead of the heap of paintings in the corner, the pile of wood waiting to be turned into sculpture, mobiles in profusion and the constant air of busyness, there was a dignified peace. The paintings were hung around the outside walls, including the walls of the tunnel, and on both sides of a central open-ended square, specially erected for the occasion.

One progressed through the years. First Form — colour, shapes, patterns. Second Form — a large form portrait, composite, that you could not miss on the right as you came in — you thought you recognized certain faces but it always turned out to be someone else — colour analysis and observation, the school buildings prominent. Third Form — breaking into abstract sculpture, out of 'junk' wood, two compelling objects over eight feet high — some "Op" Art discs constantly spinning in disconcerting conjunction — a stroke of ingenuity, lights of cars portrayed by allowing the natural light from the window to shine through the painting — multicolour lino-cuts — much experiment. Fourth Form — brushing up basic techniques — drawing, sketching, studies in line, tone, space, rhythm — some 3D work — perhaps already circumscribed by the exigencies of the . . . Fifth Form — much quality and freedom, despite the imminence of the examinations.

The Sixth Form work, on the inside of the open-ended square, extended its range from naturalism to Rauschenberg. Martin Avann painted ships as most of us see them, but very well, while Malcolm Thomas produced a book of studies in 'Movement'. Paul Leader had the most works on display and probably had the most talent. It was not yet apparent which influences would predominate with him for he was still experimenting with a wide range of forms, from representational to Baconian.

One other feature of the display was the opportunity to see pictures being made in a few seconds. Coloured gelatine was moistened and placed in a transparency. As the gelatine melted, the projector threw onto the screen an intriguing ever-changing image. Combinations of colour and materials made an entertaining diversion.

The exhibition communicated to the observer enthusiasm for the subject and this enthusiasm must have provided much of the stimulus for the three hard preparatory weeks of planning, framing, mounting and constructing. Mr White, together with his team, is to be warmly thanked for all the energy, both intellectual and emotional, that was evidently put into the display and he must be congratulated on its undoubted success. The School's grant of £20 to cover the expenses was very well spent.

THESEUS MOUSSORGSKY (H.J.L.)

## THE TOUR TO GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

HAVING met at Victoria on Monday, 3rd April, the party of forty-five boys and five adults crossed from Dover to Ostend and followed last year's route across Belgium to Maastricht in Holland, with the customary visit to the Atomium in Brussels. This year there was an innovation in the form of a daily hand-out of maps by Mr. Hallam. These may, at a later date, be published under the title of "Hallam's Potted Guide to Europe".

Next morning we set off up the Rhine. The weather was poor and the Gorge did not look its best. More memorable was the lunchtime launching of a rather small shoe in a rather large puddle. Fortunately it was recovered by Omer, our formidable Belgian driver, using a lengthy metal rod. After entering the Rhine Rift-Valley we stopped at Nierstein to visit a wine-cellar. When we had toured the cellars we were rewarded with a glass of wine each. So thirsty were we that most of the glasses were empty before we had been shown how to 'taste'. At Heidelberg our hotel was away from the town centre and in the evening several members of the party took a tram in, through and out the other side by mistake.

After walking through the streets of Heidelberg and visiting the old castle, we left for Munich. We travelled along the motor-way, skirting Stuttgart and Ulm, and made for Dachau. The weather was as bleak as the concentration camp, which now houses a grim but telling memorial exhibition. After this sobering sight, a number of the senior boys set off, after dinner, for the Hofbräuhaus, Munich's most famous beer-hall. This had been mentioned earlier by Mr. Benfield, and who should we meet there but the staff.

Next morning, notable mainly for the absence of one of the members of staff present the evening before, we toured Munich on foot. After visiting a Baroque church and listening to the Rathaus Glockenspiel the party was split by the endless roadworks we had to circumnavigate. However, Mr. Marsh saved the day by leading us out of the street in which our hotel was situated, towards the station, past the university — in effect, round the block — and back to the hotel for lunch. (We hear that the advance party admired the amenities of the Hauptbahnhof.) In the afternoon, a visit was made to the Lowenbräu Brewery, where we were admirably entertained. After a film and an extensive tour of the factory we were given rolls, sausages and beer. (Regrettably the staff whisked us away before the second round could be served.) Returning to the hotel via the station, a further visit to the Hofbräuhaus was planned by the senior boys. That night we failed to meet Mr. Benfield and co. (Perhaps the brewery had been too much for them.)

We spent the next morning at the Deutsches Museum — a huge exhibition of all branches of science and technology — most of us operating at least some of the countless machines and working models. After lunch we left for Kitzbühel in Austria, driving some of the way through falling snow. As we arrived at our hotel, which was outside the town, the snow stopped and before dinner we entertained ourselves in it in the traditional English way.

The next three days were hot and sunny and were spent making excursions from Kitzbühel, including, on the first morning, a trip up a cable-railway, from the top of which, despite the avalanche warning, some members of the party proceeded to roll huge snowballs downhill. In the afternoon we went for a walk in the low-lying area north of the hotel, using paths, most of which seemed no longer to exist. The snow was thawing rapidly and those who completed the full walk found themselves, at one stage, wading down a fast-moving stream.

On our visit to Berchtesgaden the long-awaited tour of a salt-mine had to be cancelled and instead we lunched at Obersalzberg, where we saw the remains of Hitler's Nazi Centre. The afternoon provided perhaps the most entertaining visit of the tour, to Hellbrunn Castle near Salzburg. Here the local Bishop, who obviously had a warped sense of humour, had designed concealed fountains with which to delight his guests by dousing them when they were least expecting it. Most of the party got wet, though Mr. Marsh shrewdly avoided trouble by keeping very close to the guide.

The next morning the more hardy members of the party went on a second walk, while the rest spent their time in Kitzbühel. In the afternoon we visited the spectacular Krimml Waterfalls. We could see the whole series from a distance but, because of the snow on the paths, only the lower falls could be reached on foot. That evening was our last in Kitzbühel and was truly celebrated.

The next day we set off on our return journey. We had lunch in Oberammergau after stopping briefly at Innsbruck. We visited the Rococo pilgrimage church of Wies before going on to Bregenz for the night. We travelled along Lake Constance, which was largely obscured by mist, before stopping at the spectacular Schaffhausen Falls on the Rhine. We lunched at the Titisee in the Black Forest, where the flies were only to be outdone in size and number by the fleas at our hostel in Colmar, France, where we saw the Grunewald altarpiece and parts of the old town.

Having crossed the Vosges, we admired the splendid interior of a modern church at Baccarat — concrete and stained glass — before travelling on through the Lorraine iron-field to Luxembourg, where again we were to be disappointed, a scheduled tour of a steel-mill proving impossible. However, the Rochefort Caves, complete with a Montgolfier hot-air balloon and a background of early Verdi, was an exciting substitute.

After leaving Namur we were delayed by an overturned lorry which completely blocked the main road and threatened to upset our tight schedule. Later, thoughts of home were stimulated by the sight of a lone Mitchamian scootering along the autobahn towards Ostend. After lunch at Bruges, we also set out for the coast and the boat home.

It was, all in all, an eventful holiday, both for us and for our driver, who was fined for speeding on a German autobahn, and despite the several changes of plan it was very enjoyable.

A. BAKER AND OTHERS.

## LEE ABBEY, EASTER 1967

LEE Abbey rises from the "dungy earth" about one hundred and ninety miles from London, in the county of Devon. The building is clearly a compromise between the Palace of Versailles and the Prefects' Hut, and is surrounded by two hundred and sixty acres of its own land, an expanse of water, and the rest of Britain. It is run by a community of Christians, who work exhaustive hours for the minimum of pay.

Between 1st and 8th April, it was the scene of a Sixth Formers' Conference, attended by about one hundred of the cream of Britain's youth, and four from M'tcham — Clive Mitchell, John Griffith, Philip Smith and David Todd. The conference was to consist of a short epilogue every night, an address by a visiting speaker each morning except Sunday, followed by discussion groups on the matters raised, the conference reconvening for questions to the guest.

The sixth-formers were each offered a cardboard badge, bearing their name and school, and for the rest of Saturday evening it was a gruesome battle to see who could be most sociable. The situation grew critical as the various school groups aligned themselves for the struggle for supremacy. A Liverpool clique began to intone folk-songs through their noses and were immediately countered by the Beckenham Jet Set, who had the same repertoire of tedious American superficialities. The M'tchamians rebelled by leaving off their labels and complaining about the boredom. Before the evening was out, success was ours — 70% of the delegates were convinced that they too were bored. The Epilogue caught the atmosphere accurately, with its theme of "apathy".

The next day was Sunday. John Griffith went to the Anglican church nearby, whilst the remaining religious musketeers sought the Methodist enclave. This was a real stronghold, with a congregation of twelve, including eight under-fives, one woman who insisted on yodelling the hymns, and one ascetic man who only sang when the Vicar looked at him. In the midst of the service the Minister decided to hold Sunday School and proceeded to stick a paper man on a white board. He then unfolded the violent tale of the Good Samaritan and his yellow donkey.

Back at Headquarters, a comparison of services ensued. For almost the first time, someone spoke to us — three girls from Melton Mowbray, a pie-producing hamlet somewhere north of the Thames. After consuming two bowls of sugar-lumps with these females, it was felt that perhaps the week might not be so boring. Over lunch, they informed us that they had decided Clive and David were the two "biggest heathens" there!

The seven of us paid a rapid visit to the Plymouth Brethren gathering in Lynmouth, two miles distant, at the foot of a precipitous hill. One of the congregation ambled to the front and began to preach, under a huge sign — "Till he comes". The tenor of his speech was that the end of the world was imminent but that he hoped to finish what he wanted to say before its arrival. His system of quotations was remarkable. "I read it in a book the other day. Don't remember the title, can't think who it was by, but I've got it at home." We became a little uncomfortable

when he started reading Psalm 119 and showed no intention of stopping before its conclusion. But suddenly he paused. "Here's an interesting verse", he confided over this spectacles and proceeded to give us random reminiscences, on no theme in particular. He was forced to terminate his verbal memoirs, because the hands of the clock were furiously circling the peripheral numbers and he wanted another hymn.

Monday surprised us coming over Lee Bay. (See "The Men in Room 13" — H.J.L. — Mitchamian 1966 and T. S. Eliot — "The Waste Land".) The Dean of Liverpool was to talk on "The New Morality" and, on Tuesday, "The New Theology". His views were extremely radical, particularly on the Virgin Birth, in which he preferred not to believe, and his attack on the churches' concentration on irrelevancies, such as the Christmas myth and angels. The question sessions provided the answers to many of the problems which perplex the teenage Christian.

The speaker for Wednesday and Thursday was Tom Chapman, the Church of England's chief representative with the Trade Unions. He explained how Christianity is applicable in every situation, as much amongst the industrial vultures as in church.

In the afternoon activity varied from walks to sleeping in the Lounge. Needless to say, the writer pioneered the latter pursuit. Somehow, the Mitcham quartet arrived at the theme of "Muck-spreading", which shattered the tranquillity of the Lounge and convinced both the Community and the guests that Mitcham breeds only eccentrics.

On Tuesday night there was a "serious concert", brilliantly devastated by a public school fellow who towered above the rest of the gathering and sang an "Ode to Music" in German. Unfortunately, the sound he produced was a prolonged guttural belch, which soon had the entire back row emitting loud liturgical laughter, somewhat to the surprise of the performer, who merely flexed his third chin and belched with renewed vigour.

On Tuesday night Mr Wilkie arrived to see one of his numerous devotees, Maggie, although he tried to convince us that we had motivated his visit. He then tried his technique on a Dutch girl, with some success. On Thursday morning he left, saying vaguely that he had a prior engagement.

Other memorable incidents were a dispute with a wall at sixty miles per hour with six in the van, the prayer meeting with Mr. Wilkie and two of the girls later that evening, doing handstands on a deserted beach and leaving our new friends.

Much to think about from this week, if exams and the routine fail to assassinate thought.

D. M. TODD.

## SCARGILL

At 7.30 on Wednesday, 29th March, twelve boys, mostly from the Lower Sixth Form, left for the Sixth Formers' Conference at Scargill House near Kettlewell in Yorkshire. They were accompanied by Mr. Ashley and Mr. Wilkie, driving a car and a van respectively. The car arrived at 3.30 and, more by luck than judgement, the van made it some considerable time later.

The House is a Church of England establishment, situated on the moors and beautifully appointed with several lounges and accommodation in the form of dormitories split up into rooms containing two bunk beds.

The arrival of 'Dave' Wilkie caused quite a stir and the non-attendance of 'cute' Mr. Lidiard a ripple of disappointment among some girls from the North.

Every morning, after breakfast, from 10.0 to 12.30 talks were given and discussions held. Afternoons were spent on the moors, activities including some map and compass work in preparation for Saturday's all-day expedition, the "Merry-go-round", a team competition involving a ten-mile walk around various courses, each containing four obstacles.

The first was an abseil, the second quickest way down a mountain, and, after initial misgivings about being asked to walk over a vertical cliff backwards, most people found sliding down the rope exhilarating and the climb back exhausting. However, due to an adverse wind, some people found themselves enveloped by a moving waterfall which shifted with the gusts.

Once on the moor, above the snow-line, the teams had to find a 'lost body' which unfortunately lay, badly injured, in the wrong place. The girl was then trussed up to cover all possible breakages, treated for all diseases from frost-bite to typhoid and deposited in a large plastic bag for the next party.

We entered a cave by a hole just big enough for an under-nourished rabbit, who would have drowned in the river the teams then had to crawl along on their stomachs. Changing wet clothes in an open field with snow coming down appealed to only one hardy individual.

Teams next had to cross a river. The bridge provided at great expense by the local council — without doubt the pride and joy of its designer — was shunned in favour of two pieces of wood and some ropes. Constructions on a par with the Clifton Suspension and Golden Gate Bridges were produced by brave pioneers dangling by ropes and clinging with numbed hands to the existing bridge. By the end of the day the teams were, respectively, on a bus, in a pub, enveloped in mist on the moor and trudging through a blizzard, suffering symptoms of exposure like knocking into people and swearing at one's leader.

On Sunday a party again braved the elements and went caving. To avoid water they went in at a high level and climbed along narrow ledges and over obstacles which some people would treat as dead ends. Water was everywhere due to heavy snow and rain. The party crawled along it,

waded through it and climbed up it at waterfalls. Ascents of two narrow chimneys brought them to some interesting limestone formations and huge boulders balanced perilously on small rocks. Numbed by icy water, they staggered back through a field, spending more time on their knees than their feet. The journey back was punctuated by a numbed driver having to keep stopping to find the best gear of the few left on the Land Rover, which was in an advanced state of senile decay.

The evenings were occupied with dancing, cards, table tennis, parties and further talks on topics arising from the earlier discussions. People discovered they could exist on three or four hours of sleep and most of the night was occupied with further card games and impromptu but slightly slurred concerts of regional songs from North and South. However, all this was incidental to the spectacle of Mr. Wilkie, to the accompaniment of wry comments and uproarious laughter, taking off a girl's pyjamas in the lounge. (He was wearing them at the time.) Our not to reason why.

The journey back was begun reluctantly on Monday morning. Everyone had enjoyed himself, had had several new experiences and made many new and varied friends — with whom we are still in communication. All wanted to return next year.

B. J. SUMMERS.

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## ORIELTON

AFTER suffering for the best part of a day in the cramped confines of "Dangerous Dave's" newly converted "Wilmobile", our party arrived, hungry and somewhat exhausted, at the mansion which was to be our headquarters for the next week. We were finally in Pembrokeshire; not the fine, sunny Pembrokeshire with its early Spring, but a dull and dismal county of cold, blustery winds. But we were undoubtedly in Wales, as the leek soup at supper that evening proved.

Alas, any thoughts that Orielson Field Centre could act as a possible marriage bureau were soon dispelled when we noticed the division of the inmates — boys forty-eight, girls fourteen. Nevertheless, our new father-figure (no one could remember his name but, due to his thick bushy beard, he was instantly nicknamed "Tree") tried to cheer up the disappointed male contingent with his introductory remarks.

"Now this is not a school", he said, as if to reassure us, "but there are one or two rules — no, I don't like the term 'rules' let's call them regulations".

The assembly waited with bated breath for the first bombshell.

"Firstly, don't feed my dogs".

This was about the only constructive sentence that emerged from behind that huge collection of dark brown whiskers throughout the course of his lecture.

That evening, the Mitcham party, showing their ever-present keenness, decided to do their own preliminary field study under torchlight and, by accident or design, managed to stumble across the Speculation Inn, which turned out to be our second home as the week progressed.

The study in the field was memorable. Tree obviously decided we were a suitable group for practical jokes and led us, on the second day, for a long ramble along the South Pembrokeshire coastline, during which Halls got stuck in a patch of mud somewhere between Trewent and Stackpole Quay. Eventually, amid much shouting and laughter, he emerged, none the worse except for a pair of mud-smearred trousers. This wasn't Tree's only joke. On the last day he treated us to a special commando course, including a wade, knee deep, through a flooded lake. As Tree himself was equipped with large Wellington boots, he didn't suffer in the slightest from the dampness, but this didn't spoil the enjoyment he derived from watching the rest of us wringing out our soaked socks.

Between these two escapades we were entertained with a fossil hunt and a coach trip to the Prescelly Hills, ably carried out by Tree's competent assistants, "Cantab" and "Christine". The final day was reserved for projects but, with the advent of the wet weather, Dangerous Dave, our leader, decided to spend most of the day resting in a barn. The pack followed and hence the study of the course of the Pembroke River, our task for that particular day, was completely neglected.

The week was also memorable for the social activity during the evenings. The Mitcham party — unfairly, some people thought — had managed to attract a high percentage of the females to their clutches. (We had a somewhat unfair advantage as we were the only males sleep-on the same floor as the girls.) Nevertheless, one of our group must have felt slightly out of it for he and his bed were moving into the girls' room across the landing when the Assistant Warden came to the rescue.

On Wednesday, 8th March, exactly a week after our arrival, we left the fine countryside of Pembrokeshire for the red-bricked, gloomy surroundings of Mitcham. Our goodbyes had been said and it was noticeable that it was a much more sombre party than it had been on the way down. Nevertheless, the Wilkmobile was in good working order and Dangerous Dave got us home in good time. We arrived, once again, tired and stiff with travelling but we at least had the consolation that it had been a good week.

D. A. PAMMENT.

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## PROJECT GROUP

THE Christian Fellowship Project Group has been much more active this year than at previous times, perhaps due to the boost received when it was offered to senior boys as an alternative to games. A prominent feature has been a green Mini-van roaring through Mitcham spreading



the word of God, both verbal and written, to all and sundry (including a baker's horse) and its occupants applying their minds, successfully, to exhorting local builders to make a small amount of money buy a large amount of sand.

This was needed to lay a new path for a crippled lady and, though the spirit of the workers was willing, the flesh seemed to lack something. As one path-layer put it: — "It's as straight as a corkscrew and as level as Mount Everest." However, the lady was delighted, even when told that scientific testing showed it useless for Morris dancing, parachute-jumping and stock-car racing due to some basic shortcomings in its construction, or constructors.

Individuals regularly visit disabled people to take them out in wheel-chairs and even shave them. They often have to work in disturbing surroundings and to combat family animosity and blatant cynicism.

The people visited seem most concerned with having someone to chat with and to drink their tea (a task requiring something near celestial aid). One group found a lady so intent on a long conversation that she forgot to tell them where the gardening tools were and gave them a pair of large scissors to cut a lawn like Epping Forest.

Although the group does not make a momentous impression on the world food shortage — in fact it has no funds — it does combat a small part of the problem of loneliness and desolation felt among elderly people. The local welfare authorities supply us with a large number of jobs with which they are unable to deal. These range from decorating inside to gardening outside and, though the group is flourishing, any offers of help from the senior school would be welcomed. So anyone wishing to become expert in the manipulation of high-speed wheel-chairs, hear about the shortcomings of daily-helps or investigate new hobbies (one group has at its disposal the "Psychic News" and an unparalleled selection of books on spirit healing) would soon find a place in the Christian Fellowship Project Group.

B. J. SUMMERS.

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## TEACHING IN A BOYS' SCHOOL

I spent most of last summer holiday wondering how I could make the baby's hunger pangs occur long enough before sixth period for me to make the daily journey to Mitcham. I need not have worried. Only once have I been late enough for anyone to notice, and that was the day I mislaid the key of the car. I also wondered whether teaching in a boys' school would be "different".

The first day gave me two surprises. Firstly, I arrived to find a game of bridge in progress in the Staff Room. I recalled the frenzied, harassed turmoil of the first day in many girls' schools, and particularly the one I had taught in most recently, where there were so many

instructions given to staff at the beginning of the Autumn Term that by common consent a Staff Meeting was held on the last day of the holidays to give everyone time to take in her duties for the following day.

The second surprise was that the Fifth Form laughed at the word 'virgin'.

"But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,  
Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,  
Grows, lives and dies in single blessedness."

(A Midsummer Night's Dream, 1. i. 76-8).

However, I soon got used to the Fifth Form, with their earthy sense of humour and their over-developed taste for red-herrings. Only their good-natured laziness made teaching any different from what I had been used to.

The First Form were, by contrast, generally eager, curious and hard-working, and ever since the Autumn Term a voice has been heard to say regularly from the back of the class, "It's homework tonight."

Both seniors and juniors have difficulty in finding a suitable form of address for women teachers. Right at the beginning I told both Fifth and First Forms to address me simply as 'Mrs. Benfield'. (The word 'Ma'am' is too formal for me and makes the boys sound like sheep.) A few brought themselves to do as I wished but the First Form have continued throughout the year to address me as 'Sir'.

Another aspect of social behaviour which surprised me was that seldom during the year did boys offer to carry books, open doors and be the general skivvies I had grown used to. I had obviously been spoiled, and it was clearly necessary for me to be flattened against the wall as I rounded the corner on the way to Room 21 before I got things in perspective again. I had also become slack in the matter of punctuality, it seemed, but that was soon put to rights. If I was a minute or two late finishing a lesson, especially at 3.45 p.m., I was soon made to pull my socks up by the entry of the inhabitants of whichever room I happened to be in. However, these incidents were countered by the charm and chat of some of the Sixth Form, and were in any case caused by the boys' ineptitude rather than deliberate malice; unlike the occasion when a girl rushed at me in the playground and bit my arm.

The Cross-Country, in the Autumn Term, was the only event which was completely foreign to my experience of school life. It seemed to me that it brought out the best and worst sides of the boys. From my position at the finish I saw joy, grief, pride, embarrassment, envy, despair and triumph in the faces of the competitors. Amongst the spectators I saw cruel gestures and mimicry as a fat boy plodded home, as well as the delighted cheers which accompanied the arrival of the winners. A short distance away, a boy vomited from exhaustion.

My brief sojourns in the Staff Room have been very pleasant throughout the year. The woman in a men's Staff Room has the best of both worlds — she escapes from the petty vindictiveness of all-female company, and at the same time is treated with special courtesy and

friendliness in view of her position in the minority group. My only regret is that certain male members of staff judged it expedient to temper their jokes in my presence, or so I'm told.

Domestic affairs make it impossible for me to go on teaching next term, so for a while I shall join the ranks of the suburban housewives; but when I do return to teaching, I suspect it will be to a boy's school — if they'll have me.

P.M.B.

# SPORT

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## RUGBY

### 1st XV

Played 23, won 5, lost 15, drawn 3.

It might seem superfluous, from the table of results, to declare that the 1st XV did not enjoy a successful season. Nevertheless, and despite all, the 1st XV did enjoy the season, even if it did not gain laurel crowns or even simple tries; and it is interesting to note that this result compares none too unfavourably with previous years.

From the very beginning the team was plagued by injuries which were to be its main malady throughout the season. During innumerable games the captain and many of the team's best men hobbled, frustrated and impotent, up and down the touch line. Thus, often rendered more like the 2nd XV than the firsts, the team fought against unconquerable odds. Sometimes, usually on the rare occasions when the team was nearly itself, it showed that it could indeed play rugby, as in the win against Isleworth, the draw with Wallington and the narrow defeat by William Ellis. But it is true that victory breeds victory, and defeat, resignation and lack of enthusiasm. If the team grew to be depressed towards the end of the season, it was circumstance and not the initial attitude that was to blame.

In a team that contained many young and inexperienced players Crouch and Grant stood out in the scrum as dogged and tireless workers. Macleod as full back and Rayner as hooker deserve recognition too as well as Jones, who improved considerably as the season wore on.

On the whole, then, a saga of balls dropped and of chances missed, of many games lost and few won. Yet this must not be regarded as an apologia for, after all, the game is the thing and we played the game, even if we did not win.

The team was chosen from:- Bellamy (Capt.), Crowley, Baker, Griffith, Crouch, Dawson, Bance, B. F. Armstrong, B. Armstrong, Rayner, Beckham, Jones, Grant, Reed, Gregory, Macleod, Wilson, Shafee, Johnson, K. Bradford, Gay.

A. W. BAKER.

### 2nd XV

THE 2nd XV, as for many seasons, was just a 1st XV pool — but enough of that wellworn cliché. With a new, young coach, Mr. Richards, an alien brand of vitality and fire was evident in the side, although after five minutes on the field it had usually disappeared. Defeat followed defeat, with a few morale-boosting victories in between. The obvious weak-

ness was, without a doubt, lack of cohesion in the "threes", especially near the base of the scrum. In most games, our only good scrum-half was playing at full-back, where he played just as well. The pack tried to work well but, due to lack of weight, it was generally unsuccessful.

Essex improved as the season wore on and Jessup was quiet but most efficient up front; but without doubt the mainstays of the side were Goodson, faultless at any position, and Phillips, whose speed proved invaluable.

The team was chosen from:- Anderson, B. Armstrong, Arnold, Currie, Essex, Fossett, Goodson, Griffin, Honeyball, Jessup, Johnson, Lewis, Reece, Richards, Summers, West, Wilson.

J. CURRIE.

#### THE COLTS XV

THE Colts did not have a particularly good season, winning only five out of seventeen games. This was because the scrum was not strong enough and did not bind well. Tackling was also less good than it could have been, though Hall, a new member, played and tackled well. After a series of disappointing losses, including a 43-0 defeat by Selhurst, the team took vengeance on Wanstead, winning 21-0.

The team was chosen from:- Brooks, Bumstead, Dear, Hall, Moorhouse, Miller (Capt.), Olton, Porter, Rix, Singh, Carter, Floodgate, Johnson, Simmons, Spence, Munt, Matthews, Elliott.

The Colts VII managed to get through to the semi-finals of the Surrey Sevens, where they lost to Wandsworth, the eventual winners. The team was:- Carter, Dear, Miller (Capt.), Simmons, Rix, Spence, Elliott.

J. N. SINGH.

#### UNDER 14 XV

THIS has not been an exceptionally good season for the Under 14 team, since we won only five out of fifteen matches. The first match of the season resulted in a 32-0 loss which did at least prove that when we lose we really do lose. It also proved that the pack was certainly not all it could be, and this led to some strenuous coaching by Mr. Lidiard. The result was that by the end of the season the forwards were scoring almost as many tries as the backs, who played well all season, although they certainly improved with each match. Frequent standing in circles and ball-passing did much towards tidying up our handling and most of the lost games were fairly close. One thing is certain anyway, and that is that all the team enjoyed playing, even in wet shorts.

The team was chosen from:- Corke, Gates, Vincent, Hackney, Adams, Shaw, Laurent, Arnold, Sandy, Johnston, Hainstock, Toop, Bowman, Atkinson, Hill, Warne, Ellis, King, Oliver, McTaggart, Storey, Green, Harrison, Driver.

C. J. ELLIS.

#### UNDER 13 XV

UNFORTUNATELY last season was not very successful for the Under 13's. We played 16 games, losing 10, drawing 2 and winning only 4. We scored only 122 points, while our opponents scored 246. Highest scorers were Thompson (52 points) and O'Brien (48 points).

Our main weakness was tackling, which was pretty awful. There was a tendency to 'head-chop' instead of diving for the opponent's legs. Although the attacking was often good and hard, defence was weak and our opponents often took advantage of this.

The team was chosen from:- Silcock, Gimblett, White, Berry, Shipham, Smith (Capt.), Thompson, O'Brien, Lower, Ford, Pink, Campbell, Mills, Stone, Taylor, Bonarius, Bentley, Still and Chapman.

H. G. PINK

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### CRICKET

#### 1st XI

WITH eight of last year's team still available, the 1st XI naturally looked forward with confidence to the approaching season. After all, last year we had lost only two of our ten games and the addition of Goodson (who scored prolifically in the Colts last season), Lewis T. and Hill would surely compensate for the loss of Snell, Reeves and Lewis R., assuming that the rest of the eleven had benefited from the previous year's experience. Although it must be admitted that our success in 1966 was often due to the efforts of the above three players, we nevertheless thought we would make the 1967 season a memorable one.

We suffered a severe setback in the opening match, against Wallington. Having fielded well to contain the opposition to 130 runs, a series of careless strokes and needless run outs put us on the defensive. With fifteen minutes to go it looked an odds-on draw. But unbelievably, we managed to lose five wickets, and the match, in that short space of time.

We retrieved the situation somewhat in the next match, against Bec, where some good bowling by Leverick and, for once, a sizeable opening stand between Pamment and White, saw us to a comfortable seven wicket victory.

Disaster followed only three days later. Virtually the same eleven was bowled out by a modest Beverley side for a mere 20 runs. This was a setback which left the team at a very low ebb, but a recovery is under way if the performance against Sutton is anything to go by. In a limited overs match, the School, thanks to a fine innings of 41 not out by Bellamy, totalled 74-7 and with a weakened bowling line-up managed to contain Sutton to one run less in the full quota of twenty-five overs.

Although the season so far hasn't been as happy as expected, we look to the future and hope that in the remaining fixtures the team will realize the potential it undoubtedly has.

The team was chosen from:- Bellamy (Capt.), Pitts, Pamment, Leverick, White, Beckham, Hill, Gregory, Lewis, Goodson, Dawson, Bance and Isted.

D. A. PAMMENT.

### 2nd XI

2ND XI cricket this year has had it problems — let there be no mistake about that. The need to scour the bottom of the pot for players, and even non-players, as a result of our continual drain to the 1st XI, has caused two defeats, one by 37 runs at the hands of Wallington, the other an overwhelming failure against Bec where, with what we considered to be a good team, we lost by 6 wickets, amassing a meagre total of 45.

A third match, against Beverley, had been planned, and we nearly resorted to pulling names at random from a hat in order to sweep a team together, only to have our opponents cancel at the last moment, because they could produce no team themselves! However, it was generally agreed that we would have won easily, had we played, and we recorded the match as a moral victory.

So far our bowling has been good, thanks mainly to Isted, and some of the fielding has been outstanding by 2nd XI standards. Batting has really been our weak point and some batsmen have thrown their wickets away with foolhardy strokes. Hartup has been the most successful batsman so far, but most of the other players are quite competent with a bat, and can be expected to score more runs as the season progresses.

The team has been chosen from:- Pooley (Capt.), Bance, Baker, Crouch, Green, Hartup, Isted and a host of others too numerous to mention.

R. A. POOLEY.

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## TENNIS

LAST season was not particularly fruitful for the 1st VI who, lacking experienced players, never really attained a high standard of play. In fact the Under 16 VI were not only the more successful, finishing 2nd in their league on set average only, but were also the much better team.

One of the most successful events of last year was the staging of the first "Ash" Cup, the new School Singles Tournament. Excitement and enthusiasm ran high, and, of the initial sixty or so entrants, it was finally won in the last week of term by Leverick, a regular member of the Under 16's. Leverick also won the School Ladder Tournament and, in the inter-school part of the competition, reached the regional finals at Bournemouth.

With the exception of Reed, who left us at the beginning of the season, last year's Under 16 team now constitute the 1st VI. As a result the team is having one of its most successful seasons, winning its first two league matches in convincing style (7-2 v. Selhurst and 8-1 v. Glastonbury) and beating Shene 4-1 in the First Round of the Rootham Shield and Raynes Park 3-2 in the Second Round. Our success is due, in part, to our being able to field second and third pairs who have some active chance of winning their games — an unusual situation.

The gap left in the Under 16's is now filled by rather inexperienced players, but, despite this, the team has won three of its first four matches.

The good form of both teams should continue throughout the season and, unless the loss of players to other school teams becomes too great, this will probably be one of the most rewarding seasons for tennis ever.

We once again thank Mr. Benfield for his continued active support.

The 1st team squad is:- Rush (Capt.), Beckham, Leverick, Pamment, Willmott, Crouch, Cade, Turner, Pooley.

The Under 16 squad is:- Armstrong (Capt.), Wills, Frost, Chester, Treleaven, Brooks, Goodson, Jones P.

D. J. RUSH.

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## BASKETBALL

Won 11    Lost 10    Points for 564    Against 494

THE Basketball Squad faced the new season with only two regular members of last year's team and only two others who had played competitive basketball. Despite this formidable handicap, the squad succeeded in doing better than expected.

The defence, Bellamy and Dawson, always worked extremely hard and matched their effort with determination. They also found time to score a few points here and there. Reed, the captain, played a less attacking role than is usual for a pivot, operating from the front rather than from the side. However, he still managed to provide a large number of the side's points. The attack, Dorrington and Crouch, could not have been less alike (Crouch the tallest member of the team,



Dorrington the shortest) but they managed to work together adequately, although it is fair to say that most of the points came from speculative long-shots. Although not regularly in the 1st V, Larkin, Goodson, Benoke, Hills and Leverick deserve mention for their enthusiasm and patience when finding themselves watching most or all of the match from the sidelines.

Despite inevitable defeats by Purley and tragic ones by Wimbledon, the team also managed some very good performances. In the match against Danetree Road two school records were set up — the highest number of points scored by the School in one match, 131, and the highest individual score 51, by Dorrington.

Tired of having to consider for selection boys who have not played basketball before, Reed and Crouch began basketball coaching for Third and Fourth Year boys. The results suggested a promising future.

Finally, one must recognize the amount of time, energy and enthusiasm devoted by Messrs. Bird and Stafford to coaching not always willing individuals and trying to mould them into a team.

Reed, Crouch, Bellamy and Dorrington were given Surrey trials but got lost on the way there.

The squad was:- Reed (Capt.), Crouch, Bellamy, Benoke, Dawson, Dorrington, Goodson, Hills, Larkin, Leverick, White.

G. A. CROUCH.

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## BADMINTON

COMPARATIVELY speaking, the badminton teams this year were quite successful. An early win by the 2nd VI against Purley, together with some improved 1st team results, set the scene for what we all hoped would be a good season. However, this hope never materialized, brilliance in practice invariably vanishing in matches, and latterly we have been beaten 9-0 both by Sutton and in our return fixture against Purley.

Highlight of the season was a pleasing display at the Surrey Schools Championships in December, where we finished sixth, winning ten of our eighteen games, despite the opposition containing some Surrey Junior Champions.

Thanks to enthusiasm shown by the captain and treasurer, an enlarged fixture list has been obtained, and we hope it will grow still larger in the months to come. However, support from the Lower Sixth and Fifth Forms has been poor and Badminton Club was poorly attended throughout the year.

Despite the ups-and-downs of this season, we have all been able to enjoy some good and exciting games, both amongst ourselves and against other schools. However, funds are sadly lacking . . .

The 1st VI were:- Rush (Capt.), Beckham, Cade, Pamment, Pooley, Turner.

The 2nd VI were:- Larkin (Capt.), Bance, Crouch, Green, Isted, Treleven.

R. A. POOLEY.

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## CROSS-COUNTRY

Juniors: Won 12, lost 7. Inters: Won 7, lost 8.

Seniors: Won 12, lost 9.

As many boys have discovered, there is only one way to see the countryside; get into your shorts and run round it. To further this laudable sentiment, cross-country teams, under the guidance of a consortium of masters headed by Mr. Wilkie, have competed against many schools. To ensure good form a number of training schemes were started, including timed trials, aiming at a reduction of time for every run, weight and circuit training. They were embarked on with enthusiasm, though this was not sustained throughout the season.

As the results show, success was proportional to effort. The seniors and juniors each won more matches than they lost and the inters just failed to do so, though getting lost at Glyn may not have helped. In the Merton Cross-Country the intermediate and juniors came in second.

We have found that this school is rare in placing the emphasis it does on Cross-Country. This was reflected in the poor way many schools arranged their matches, compared with Mr. Wilkie's excellent organization. It is to be hoped that this attitude to Cross-Country will be continued and that next season will be characterized by hard work and good results.

L. ST. J. JARRETT.

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## ATHLETICS

It was feared that the team would be rather weaker than last season's as many of the better seniors had left school but both new and old members got down to some hard training, under the enthusiastic and, at times, brutal coaching of Mr. Bird, and this soon produced a very worthy team.

The first match was against Heath Clarke and we won this by the close margin of five points. Especially noteworthy was the performance of Sandy (3A), who cleared 4 ft. 7 ins. in the High Jump.

The next match, again Wimbledon, took place on two separate days. The Seniors and Intermediates won their section, again by a narrow margin, with the result in doubt until the final relays, and the Juniors drew their match, so the overall result was another victory. Goodson put up the excellent performance of winning both the High Jump and the 880 yards, which were taking place at the same time.

In the Merton Borough Championships the school did not do quite so well as in the previous year, which had produced an outstanding result. Nevertheless, the Intermediates managed to come second, a good performance against some schools three times our size. The day was notable for Carter's record-breaking Discus throw of 127 ft. 5 ins., Adams' winning of the Intermediate Long Jump and Bardell's victory, in a record 2 mins. 8.6 secs., in the 880 yards. Goodson broke the school High Jump record, with a jump of 5 ft. 4 ins., and Fossett broke the 110 yards hurdles record.

In the other major event of the season, the Surrey Secondary Schools' Sports, the team put up an even better performance, coming second both in the Intermediate section and overall. Crouch did very well in the Triple Jump, making a new school record of 41 ft. 1½ ins.

The inter-house athletics produced a much closer and more exciting competition than ever before. After a short time it became obvious that the major fight was going to be between Canons and Ravensbury. After great threats from Mr. Bird, Canons amassed quite a large lead in the standard points, but Ravensbury gradually cut back this lead, just failing to reach the Canons total.

The field events gave Ravensbury a slight lead over Canons. (In winning the Long Jump, Crouch produced another school record of 20 ft. 0¾ ins.) Thus the final decision of the Athletics Cup was still in the balance at the track events finals. Canons and Ravensbury were very close in points right through the events, and finally Ravensbury won the finals by one point. In the Intermediate 100 yards, Simmons set up a new school record of 11.0 secs.

Thus, with a few matches still to come, the team has so far had a very encouraging season, with an inspiring example being given by the captain, Crouch. We have great hopes for those who have been selected to represent Merton in the County Championships and we are also looking forward optimistically to the remaining matches.

A. M. A. LARKIN.

## HOCKEY

HAVING already, during practice, adopted the style of play of an American Football team, we decided we would do well to adopt one of their fancy 'Yankee' team names. A name which would spread fear and spell disaster to 'The Girls of Cranmer Green'. A name that would lend itself to the vibrant chanting of our hordes of female followers. A name that would show that we really meant business. Hence it was The Combined Mitcham Grammar School for Boys All Male Prefectorial Temperance Hockey XI which proudly marched onto the green turf of the Cranmer College for the Conservation of Young Ladies, glistening with dew in the bright sunlight (the turf, that is — we at Mitcham are taught never to glisten in on other people's conservations).

As the convoy of scooters and cars descended upon Cranmer Academy, the sleepy little village of Mitcham was treated to a colourful if not slightly awesome spectacle. Anything by way of adornment was permissible as long as it was both colourful and different. However, the mother of one team member would appear to have been lacking in certain articles of underclothing on the afternoon of the match as her son was proudly parading around the pitch, revealing to all how he had finally brought his midriff bulge under control.

Once the two teams were arrayed in the field in some semblance of order, the referee — one of the sweetest, gentlest, most fair-minded players on their side — blew her whistle and the tournament began. We boys soon got the hang of the game and became quite adept at guessing when the referee would next change the rules. All members of the team are worthy of a mention — or so they tell me — but our goalkeeper must, I feel, get special notice. Mr. Ross Harling (Britain's Tamara Press) covered the goal brilliantly throughout the match. Indeed, there was very little he didn't cover — he's that sort of shape.

Thanks must also go to our two coaches, Mr. Bird — who only appeared at the field in time for tea — and Mr. Chicken, who, although having given us the benefit of his two years in the 1911-1913 Combined Forces 2nd Hockey XI, failed to show up on the day. (A foul pair of coaches, you'll agree !)

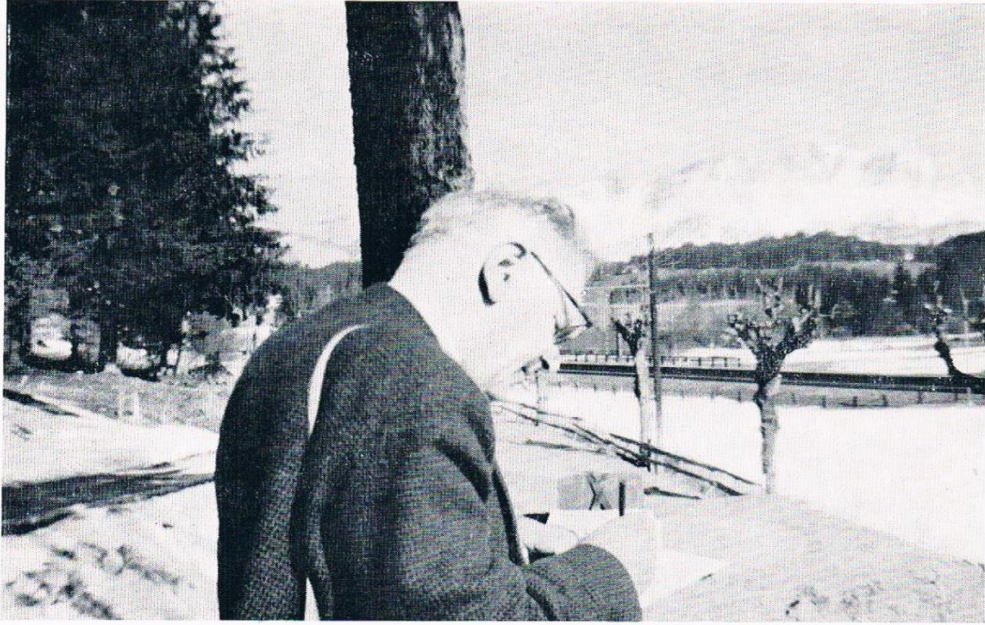
Little report has been given so far of the game itself but, as was only to be expected, we at Mitcham were yet again victorious — indeed it seems we never lose. The girls were valiant but they just could not concentrate on the game with us in our skin-tight jerseys and mini-shorts — it seems they lacked that certain something. However, the girls must be congratulated on preparing for us a first-class tea — no expense spared — offering us also the warm hospitality of their Upper Sixth Common Room, in whose luxurious armchairs we rested our weary and broken frames, whilst the girls ran round, serving us with tea and cream cakes.

As always the match was great fun and the lady referee must be congratulated on the amount of decorum she managed to instil into the game.

D. C. CROXSON.



Head — K. GREEN.



*"I am the banker for a party of forty-five English schoolboys".*

PHOTO BY A. BAKER.

# HOUSE AFFAIRS

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## CANONS

IN the beginning was Cross-Country, and Canons comprehended it not. Our C-Class won their section, with Simmons third, whilst Bardell (1st) and Hartup (3rd) enlivened the A-Class performance. The overall position was third.

This was repeated in the Debates, rather disappointingly. The first Junior Debate was dominated by Barker, but the judges invented "psychedelic scoring", and gave Witford their approval. The second attempt by the Juniors was rather dull and, in most cases, very abrupt. The Seniors managed second place in the March Debates, but Mr. Purbrick was the overall winner with his repeat of "sometimes the cooing dove, sometimes the roaring lion".

House Rugby went drastically astray, despite the noble achievements of the Senior XV. The Magazine should have won, but three plagiarists escaped editorial detection, causing the literature to be placed last. The art and binding, both controlled by Griffin, were exceptionally good. In the Music Competition, the House Choirs exhibited their total lack of rehearsal, whilst the individual singers were only chosen on the day. Hughes and Croxson dominated the instrumental section.

Fortunately, decadence is beginning to ruin the seemingly invincible Ravens, who cannot hope to survive the ravages of secularism and communism now being inflicted on them by their verdantly verbose captain, while Witford are in the hands of the School's two top bureaucrats, who vainly proclaimed "freedom of thought" to disguise their egotistical megalomania.

Canons have weathered the unruly storm, making preparations in calmer waters. We are now ready to unfurl the sails of Athletics, Minor Games, Cricket and Swimming to catch the wind of supremacy.

D. M. TODD.

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## LODGE

LIFE is like a swinging door; you swing it too hard and it falls off its hinges. Alas, from this year's results it appears that we too have been swung too hard, and indeed some say that we are falling off our hinges. But be assured, these people are looking at something most deceptive. The once-strong tower is not crumbling, only resting.

The senior forms have not as yet given a great display of energy. In fact, the apathy that seems to beset them often depresses those who organize house affairs. But beware: things are not as they seem. Our junior forms ruthlessly triumphed in Rugby, showed enthusiasm and a great desire to win in the Arts Trophy, and a zeal in Athletics not to go by unnoticed: indeed, in future years, here will lie our strength.

Despite the general lack of interest, a few seniors have worked hard, perhaps inspired by the example of their juniors, to get the house a position other than a polite fourth in, for example, the Debates and Magazine. Our thanks must go to these people. But let our rivals be warned; soon we shall come again, and see again, and conquer again.

C. P. MITCHELL.

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## RAVENSBURY

GREEN is the colour of the grass and of the trees. All the luxuriant vegetation of the world is a verdant green — green, God's own colour. It would, perhaps, be overstating the point to claim that Ravensbury is God's chosen house. Nevertheless, its green emblem flies triumphantly over the Cock House competition. Of course, there is no need to look to the supernatural for the cause of our astounding superiority. It can be explained quite rationally. An examination of each member of our house will reveal that streak of individualistic brilliance, that transcendental sensibility, that intelligent maturity which makes us, when united as a house, an irresistible force, an invincible foe. Yet it must not be supposed that our triumph is of the mind, of the soul. Indeed no, for, although no member of Ravensbury will profess to be an Adonis, we undeniably possess a physical superiority which proclaims us even to the common eye — the master house.

It may now seem superfluous to state that so far we have won every competition — Rugby, Cross-Country, Music, Magazine, Debates. It may also seem unnecessary after this formidable revelation to state that we intend to win the remaining ones — and undoubtedly shall.

At the end of last term our House Captain, John Griffith, left to chart the beckoning seas of worldly endeavour. His quiet inspiration is greatly missed but the course he steered is still constantly followed by the present helmsman, and it leads only to final victory.

Finally, another achievement of Ravensbury's deserves mention here. Inspired by Griffith, Ravensbury House Assemblies were revolutionized, the old and dowdy and boring swept away to be replaced by an informal, stimulating, controversial assembly which the intellect of such a House deserves.



Ravensbury was Cock House last year, is aiming hard and decisively towards the same goal this year. Ravensbury vincit omnia; the green emblem flies high. Each distinguished member of the House feels proud to have participated in the victories of the past and looks forward confidently to the victories of the future.

A. W. BAKER.

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## WITFORD

At the start of the year Witford were in the unique position of having more prefects than the other houses put together. Coles was Head of House but the lure of the lab. assistant's wages proved too much for him and he joined the staff. We also lost many senior prefects at Easter but had in the meantime gained a second housemaster with singing ability, Mr. Ashley.

Witford were fit when the Cross-Country Competition arrived. The youngest had trained most but, strangely, the Seniors did best on the day of the race. Result, Witford second. Although Reed, who left us for the police force at Easter (pity the criminals), organized the Rugby VII's and XV's most competently, a lack of School 1st XV players compared with the previous year meant another second for Witford.

We were now rather tired of playing the underdog to Ravensbury and put all our efforts into the Arts Trophy, involving nearly the whole house. Music was rehearsed and rehearsed. With our fairly high level of talent and great enthusiasm it was a tragedy to lose by one mark to Ravensbury. Our debaters did well in December but were less effective in March and the magazine was, as usual, an eleventh hour scramble. Another second place was by now inevitable.

Innovations in House Assemblies were started by a minor revolution in Ravensbury and its rumblings have just reached Witford. It is hoped that a new form of assembly involving more boys and with house activities taking a prominent part will be under way by the end of term.

Many boys have found that by working for the house they have achieved pleasing results and personal satisfaction. May this trend bring us successfully through the Cricket, Swimming and Minor Games ahead.

L. ST. J. JARRETT.