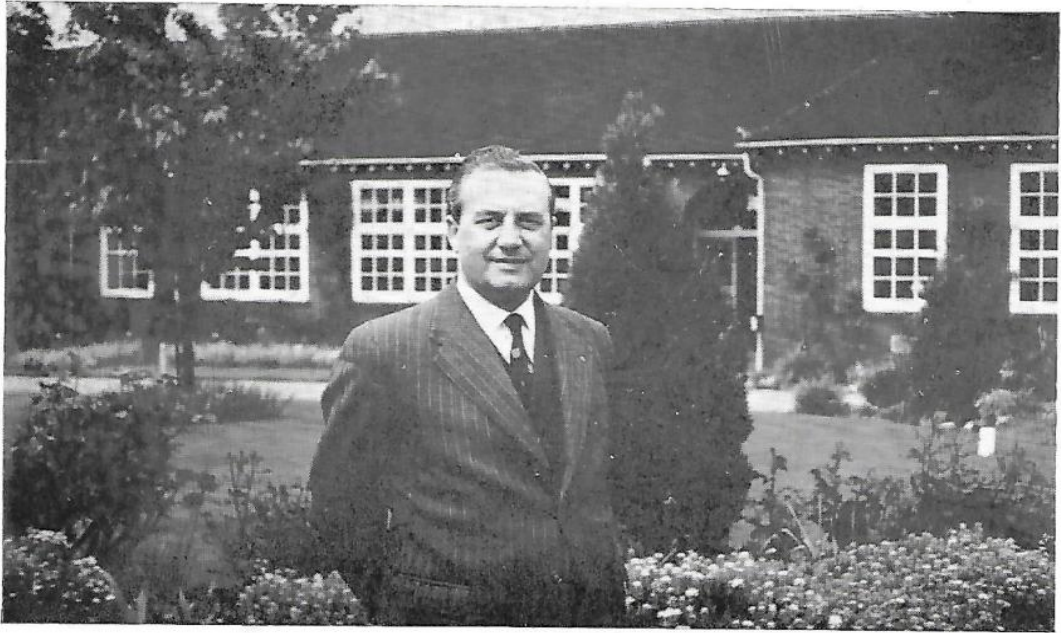


MITCHAMIAN



summer
1968



The Headmaster (1959-68)

THE MITCHAMIAN

MITCHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL FOR BOYS

NUMBER 45

JULY, 1968

Editorial

WHAT characterises education in Mitcham Grammar School? The newcomer to the staff is struck by nothing so much as the industry and fervour of the four houses. What industry—what fervour! Well, granted that there is a degree of blunt persuasion on the part of house officials, there is also an unmistakable vitality in the houses, a feeling of identity that can amount to enthusiasm (especially when the house is successful) and even loyalty. And this vitality is evident in the house assemblies where one can be entertained as well as morally uplifted in a mild way by the singing of folk songs, the reading of poetry relevant to our times, and the debating of contemporary questions. The arts competitions, too, involve boys in house activities and draw out their musical, artistic, literary and oratorical talents. Sporting activities provoke partisan spirits and there is a periodic surge of enthusiasm, fostered and intensified by house prefects during their innumerable little meetings at break. No one would suggest that house identification is a miracle of spontaneity—the human nature of the average schoolboy hardly runs to that—but its very existence is proof of a hard-working endeavour on the part of certain boys to fulfil their responsibilities.

A second impression of Mitcham is one of unity: once again, not total, but sufficiently evident to be felt. It arises, I think, from the participation of the whole school, or a cross-section of the school, in corporate activities: the junior and senior debates, when for an afternoon the school shares in an exchange of minds; the Christmas and Easter church services; the cross-country, when every boy in the school of sound wind and limb does the round of the Common; and a production like "Noyes Fludde" with its cast of eighty boys ranging from new entrants to old hands nearing retirement. These are the occasions on which one is conscious of belonging to a school that has cultivated its own spirit and formed a unifying bond amongst the boys it serves. Perhaps this is easier in a small school such as ours, but it does not happen fortuitously. It owes much to the influences that have shaped it over the years and seen it firmly established. The character of the school, its vitality and its unity, will be a valuable asset to carry into the future; and the magazine exists to record that character.

THE SCHOOL YEAR

ONLY two new members joined the staff last September: Miss Duncan replaced Mr. Khair in the Mathematics Department, and Mr. Boagey succeeded Mr. Benfield as Head of the English Department. Our French and German Assistants this year were Monsieur Didelot from Trier and Besançon, and Fräulein Hansmeier from Münster. The changes in the permanent staff were fewer than for several years, but this summer a larger number than usual will be leaving, some of them very old friends who have served the School for many years. At Christmas Mr. Male left us, after ten years on the staff as Head of the French Department, to take up his new post at Chislehurst and Sidcup Grammar School for Girls. Under his vigorous guidance the French Department flourished and the five boys who in recent years went up to Oxford to read Modern Languages were heavily indebted to Mr. Male's energy and enthusiasm and to his outstanding ability as a teacher. Mr. Male made a distinguished and valuable contribution to many aspects of the School's life, but particularly to the Library and the Choir, and his very positive influence was much appreciated. His successor is Mr. Dean who taught at King Edward VI Grammar School, Chelmsford, and who came to us after a period of research work at Manchester University. Mr. Ashley left us at Easter on his appointment to the staff of Lichfield Grammar School, and it was not possible to replace him as Head of the Biology Department for the summer term. Mr. Newton, our student in teaching practice, gave us considerable assistance by taking over the more important of Mr. Ashley's classes and we are grateful for his help. Mr. Schmidt left at Easter and was succeeded by Miss Brumm who came to us for the summer term. Mr. Schmidt's permanent successor in September will be Mr. Kemp of Durham University who comes to us from Sir William Borlase School, Marlow. Mr. Callanan is to leave teaching this term to enter industry, and Mr. Hecker is to take up administrative work with the London University G.C.E. Board. Mr. Iidiard is to move to Edinburgh and intends to teach in Scotland and Mr. White returns to his native Devon to teach Art in the King's School, Ottery St. Mary. Mr. Kipps is taking up a post in a College of Education, and Mr. Bateman is returning to his native country to teach at Consett, in County Durham. His coaching of the 1st XV and of the Sevens has produced admirable results this year and will be much missed. Mr. Thomas, who last year completed a course at London University and returned to us last September, is leaving at the end of the term to take up a post in the Northern Counties College of Education in Newcastle. He fostered Athletics and Cross-Country running with determined dedication and the School's distinguished record in both sports owes much to his coaching and keen encouragement. It is very fitting that this year, Mr. Thomas's final year, the School should have achieved its highest standard in the summer's Sports and Athletics meetings. The longest serving member of staff to leave this summer will be Mr. Hallam who joined us 18 years ago from Raynes Park, and he has been appointed Head of the Geography Department in the City of London School. Mr. Hallam has given unstinted service to the School in many fields. As Senior Housemaster and Senior Sixth form master most of our senior boys came into close contact with him and in the course of his duties of supervising and arranging University entrance many generations of Sixth formers have passed through his hands. He showed the same care and enthusiasm for all the many tasks he performed, whether it was as Head of the Geography Department or as Treasurer and Committee Member of the Parents' Association, and we shall long remember the many excellent School plays he produced, and in particular this year's fine production of "Noyes' Fludde" in St. Mark's

Church. We are truly grateful to Mr. Hallam for his long and loyal service and for the high standards and the enthusiasm he has infused into the life of the School.

The Headmaster designate is Mr. B. F. Atherton, B.Sc., M.A. (Aberystwyth and Cambridge), at present Headmaster of Elmwood Secondary School, Hackbridge, Sutton, and we congratulate him on his appointment. He comes to the School in September and will move over with the School in the following year to become Headmaster of Eastfields High School for Boys. During the course of the year Mr. Purbrick was appointed Deputy Head of the new High School at Eastfields.

Mr. Chicken, after a brief period at the School, is to move out of School House at Whitsuntide to take up his new post as caretaker at Singlegate School.

At the beginning of the School year, there were 342 boys on roll and during the course of the year numbers have so far dropped to 306. Last September two small forms of just over 20 pupils each came in to the School and next September only one form will enter as was the case two years ago. Yet in spite of its decreasing size the School has had a successful year in games and athletics as the detailed reports in the subsequent pages of this magazine clearly show.

Our guest speaker on Speech Night on Thursday, 26th October, was Mr. W. H. Mawson, M.A. (Oxon), the Principal of the College of St. Mark and St. John. In his address he stressed that education had far wider implications than academic study or mere preparation for earning a living; it was a preparation for living life in the fullest and broadest sense. He congratulated the School on its Social Service work through which it was learning the lesson of giving and helping—an attitude and way of thinking which can bring us great pleasure and satisfaction, giving enrichment to our lives.

Sixteen boys went up to the universities last October, two entered Technical College and two went to Colleges of Education. Our congratulations go to D. M. Todd on gaining entrance to Selwyn College, Cambridge, and to A. M. A. Larkin who was awarded a place to read Modern Languages at Keble College, Oxford; next October there will be four Mitchamians reading Modern Languages at Oxford.

In spite of this last heartening thought I confess to a feeling of sadness when I reflect that this is the last time, after eight and a half years at Mitcham, that I shall write this article for the Magazine. I have very much enjoyed my time at the School and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking all members of staff, past and present, and all parents for the kind support and pleasant co-operation they have always given, and I have greatly appreciated and admired the constant courtesy and cheerful good humour which the boys have shown me. It is for such reasons as these that I shall long cherish very happy memories of the years I spent at Mitcham Grammar School.

C.R.B.

DR. BINGHAM

DR. Bingham will be leaving at the end of the present term to take up his new appointment as Headmaster of Glyn Grammar School. We print below two tributes to his work at Mitcham: by a former pupil and a present pupil.

* * *

I know that Dr. Bingham will leave Mitcham this summer with fond memories of the school and that he will be well remembered by the boys in whom he instilled a strong spirit of unity and friendship. In the linguistic field, of which I can best speak, he did much to communicate his enthusiasm to his pupils and succeeded in a very short time in establishing a flourishing modern language department in the school. He introduced German, his own subject, into the curriculum upon his arrival, and it must be a rewarding thought for him that three of this year's Trinity/Keble German group in Oxford are Old Mitchamians. He encouraged his "gentlemen" to continue on into the sixth form, which for them was a pleasant experience and which has meant that a large number of Old Mitchamians have gone on to pursue their studies at University and other establishments of higher education. Through his efforts and interest the name of Mitcham Grammar School has gained recognition and come to guarantee a promising undergraduate at many of our top universities. The celebration of the 1968 Oxford dinner, in fact, saw some ten Old Mitchamians engaged in various courses of study at the university.

In the field of sport Dr. Bingham's encouragement of his school's teams has been untiring. He was always a familiar spectator on the touch lines when the first fifteen played and his vivid if somewhat rosy accounts of the team's performance were an indispensable feature of Tuesday morning assembly. But it was not only in rugby, his favourite game, that he showed interest. He carefully followed the progress of all the school's sports, and indeed of its many clubs and societies.

Dr. Bingham placed high importance upon the tidy appearance of Mitcham School and its pupils. Many and frequent were his chastisements in respect of tonsorial extravagance. In the summer, the gardens in particular, made a pleasant impression on visitors and helped give the school a friendly, restful atmosphere, which is often so lacking in the larger schools of today.

Dr. Bingham set high standards for the boys of his school and saw that they were upheld. He kept order with fairness and often with humour, but could be strict and demanding on occasions. Charles Bingham helped mould many of the young men of Mitcham and it is a sad occasion for all concerned for him to leave the school he had served so well. We wish him every success in his new school.

D.W.P.

During his years as Headmaster, all Dr. Bingham's efforts have been directed towards the growth and development of the School. He has sought to establish the School, not as a mere academic machine whose activities are confined to books and study, but as a living community in which a boy's character, as well as his brain, is moulded. Consistent with his belief that members of the School should lead a full life, he has inspired enthusiasm in sport and in out-of-school activities. Many is the time that mud-soaked 1st XV players have glanced towards the touchline to see the lone supporter braving the elements.

Dr. Bingham has become so much a part of the School that it is difficult to imagine it without him. We regret his leaving, but all of us who have been students under him will long remember his fairness, his tolerant justice, the consideration he showed to us as individuals and the genuine enthusiasm which he had for all aspects of school life. We hope that Dr. Bingham has enjoyed his headship here, and we also hope that his new school appreciates him as much as Mitcham does.

N.S.D.

Mr. HALLAM

AFTER being educated at Brentwood and King's College, London, Mr. Hallam spent six years in the R.A.F. before taking up his first educational appointment at Raynes Park. From there he moved to Mitcham as Head of the Geography Department in May, 1950, a time when Mr. Doig was headmaster.

He has managed his own department with enterprise and enthusiasm for eighteen years now and during that time geography has been a popular sixth-form subject. Field studies have not been neglected and Mr. Hallam has personally taken more than a dozen parties to various parts of the country.

He has made further contributions to school life as house master for Canons, which he undertook shortly after arriving at the school, and as sixth-form master with special responsibility for university entrance, a job which he carried out with the thoroughness that its importance demands.

But those who prefer to forget the academic side of school life will still remember Mr. Hallam for his dramatic productions. His scope was at first limited to house plays when Gilbert and Sullivan still held the stage each autumn, but with "The Devil's Disciple" in 1953 he broke a school tradition most successfully. Particularly memorable productions have been "The Lady's not for Burning," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "Becket" and in this last school year "Noye's Fludde."

These facts testify in themselves to the debt that the school owes Mr. Hallam. He has done all this besides being treasurer of the Parents' Association and pursuing his own dramatic interests in a full private life.

Much more could indeed be added, but it is best to conclude by thinking of the man himself. His teaching and his histrionic ability were not divorced. Mountains and valleys were indelibly etched in air before the pupils' wondering eyes and the staff room had occasionally the good fortune to hear, and see, one of his enacted anecdotes. Above all, Harvey Hallam will be remembered as a gracious, charming man, trusted and respected by all who knew him. We wish him well as he goes to be Head of Geography at the City of London School.

H.J.L.

Mrs. ROSE

After lengthy absence last summer, Mrs. Rose was unable to return in September at the beginning of the new school year, and it was with great regret that we later heard that on medical advice, she would not be returning here but would be retiring immediately. She had been with the School as caterer some 19 years and had served us loyally and well. She was always cheerful and had an infectious sense of humour, in spite of repeated attacks of ill health during her last five years at the School. A presentation was made to her by her colleagues, the caterers in the Borough and later, on the 28th May, Mrs. Rose came to morning assembly to receive an electric coffee percolater which was presented to her by the staff and boys of the School. We wish her health and happiness in her retirement and thank her with warm gratitude for her long service to the School.

C.R.B.



Dr. Bingham

Senior Prefects, 1967-8

Mr. Hallam



1st Rugby XV, 1967-8

THE TRIP TO HOLLAND AND GERMANY

ON the 16th of April, at the unearthly hour of 8 a.m., our party assembled outside the School and boarded the coach which was to take us to Dover. Mr. Hallam now began to provide us with his maps as a guide to the tour and these were made clearer by his running commentaries on the country-side through which we were travelling.

We arrived in Dover one hour before the boat was due to leave, much to the annoyance of some members of the party. This year we were to take the four-hour trip to Zeebrugge instead of the three hours twenty minutes to Ostend, as had been customary in previous years. The boat, however, being a car ferry, was more stable, and provided better amenities than the Ostend boat.

On arriving at Zeebrugge we were greeted by our driver, Rikki, and his splendid coach. This really was a vast improvement on anything we had encountered on previous tours. One-way windows, adjustable seats and foot rests, all-climate air-conditioning were all among its luxurious fittings. Rikki, however, was not outdone by his vehicle. He added greatly to the enjoyment of our holiday.

We were soon under way and arrived for our over-night stop in Bruges. This hotel had been used by our parties several times before and was notorious for its cardboard walls. One of our party four years previously, having accidentally put his foot through the wall, was amazed last year to find that the hole still remained. This year, however, it was conspicuous by its absence.

The next day we went on to our first main stop, Nordwijk, in Holland. Here our arrival was welcomed by a party of girls from Cheltenham. This too added to the enjoyment of the holiday. It was curious, however, that where they went in the morning, we went in the afternoon. The Keukenhof Gardens and Rotterdam were two shining examples of this. Rotterdam was important to Mr. Hallam as the largest port in the world, but more important to most of us for the presence of the Radio Caroline ships in for repairs. We also visited Amsterdam one afternoon and having visited a clog factory in the morning I felt rather out of place, being the only person in Amsterdam wearing "klompers," as the Dutch call them.

We were sorry to leave Nordwijk, but Wuppertal, our next stop, was by no means a disappointment to us. Wuppertal is the only town in Europe which possesses an overhead railway. Mr. Marsh thought it would be interesting, as a trip to the local zoo had been planned anyway, to go there on this railway. On trying to buy tickets he was pleased to be presented with a free pass to take us all to the zoo and back. We went five precarious stations over what can only be assumed was a river, but which looked for all the world like a trickle of rain water. Once at the Zoo we were given just one hour to look around. The majority of us spent most of this time anxiously awaiting the opening of the ice cream stand, as it was such a hot day. The following morning, our last in Wuppertal, we were taken on a sight-seeing tour of the town.

We left Wuppertal for Trier on a journey which took us up the Rhine Gorge, which was largely obscured by mist, and to an Esso refinery. Here we were shown two films, one of which was hilarious but totally irrelevant, followed by a most interesting guided tour of the refinery and ending with a wonderful surprise luncheon.

On arriving at our hotel in Trier, six of us were shocked when led out of the back of the hotel through what can only be described as a motorized stable. We were dreading our destination when suddenly we were confronted with a rather magnificent-looking house and presented with a front door key. We thus spent the next three nights in glorious comfort and isolation from the rest of the party. Mr. Marsh took us on a tour of Trier, the highlight of which was the Roman ruins where a surprisingly large number of us managed to get lost in the dark, dismal tunnels. However, we managed to leave the ruins only half an hour behind schedule.

On the return journey from Trier to Dinant we stopped off in Luxembourg where Mr. Marsh decided it was time for our annual walk. We were to follow path "B," which was clearly sign-posted. Unfortunately, six of us failed to notice when the "B" sign changed to the "B1" sign. We finally turned back on arriving at Bergdorf, probably still in Luxembourg, though we cannot be sure. The journey to Dinant continued hazardlessly and on arrival many of us decided to make the most of the last evening. No casualties were reported.

The next day we were presented with the news that we were going to survive all day, up to 1 a.m. on the following morning, with only breakfast and a packed lunch. We were therefore all hungry and sad by the time we reached Zeebrugge and boarded the boat. An hour and a quarter later it set sail. Our spirits rose, however, when Mr. Kipps informed us that between them the masters had arranged for us to have a meal on board. For several reasons this was the most enjoyable meal we had eaten all trip. It was English, we were very hungry, and it was unexpected. Five and a quarter hours after boarding the boat we disembarked at Dover, where our coach awaited us at the quayside. Customs formalities were negligible and we were soon on our way, to a background of snoring, singing and a grinding gear-box. Arriving at Mitcham, we paid our respects to Mr. Kipps, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Hallam, and Mr. and Mrs. Richardson and left the coach to return to our homes at 1.30 a.m. on Sunday, 27th of April.

DAVID ANDERSON (5a)

IONA

ON April 29th a party of sixteen boys, under the capable supervision of Mr. Wilkie, travelled on a series of trains, boats and coaches to a small island lying off another small island (Mull), which itself lies off the coast of the Scottish mainland. The island was Iona and the purpose of the trip was to attend a "Sixth-form Conference." It may have occurred to the reader that there would be little of interest on an island that is barely three miles long and two miles wide; that has a total population of 135; that has a cold, stark sixteenth-century abbey; and that has a large number of insanitary sheep. But the presence of nineteen girls from Plumstead Manor School can do a great deal for a desolate island.

When we first saw our companions-to-be we were rather apprehensive of the week ahead. But first impressions are never reliable and after attending the local dance—a strange combination of country dancing and

“pop”—most of us found an admirer in the other camp and the trip became worth while after all.

The activities of the week were too numerous and hectic to describe in detail, but they were high-lighted by: folk-singing in the abbey; trips to the “Spouting Cave” that did not spout; the “Ceilidh”—a concert in which everybody participates; a campfire; orienteering; a hard morning’s work on a farm; numerous hikes over the hills and around the coast—enthusiastically led by “Mountain Woman,” the teacher from Plumstead; our very own party, made possible by a small group who hitch-hiked across Mull to acquire a quantity of alcoholic lubrication; and, lastly, the journey across the mile-wide Sound of Iona in a small open boat in very turbulent conditions.

There were, in fact, only two occasions when anything vaguely resembling a conference took place. The first was a talk on the subject of colour prejudice, given by a guest speaker, and the second was a discussion about religion between a dozen or so of our company and the Chaplain, who was inebriated at the time. (This incident took place in the local dive, a coffee bar in the heart of the abbey. The coffee, incidentally, was machine-made.)

We had few complaints and these concerned facilities and food. There was no hot water available, except in the kitchen, and the food was only made palatable by sheer hunger. There was also the five-hour thrill of a lifetime at Crianlarich, a settlement comprising one railway station, a few cottages and a tea-room that charged exorbitant prices. But such matters were easily overshadowed by the endless hours of enjoyment.

There is a legend which says that anyone who has visited Iona once will return one day. There are sixteen boys in Mitcham who want to believe that.

N. S. DAWSON.

NOYE'S FLUDDE (I)

THE scene set before the assembled house "as the curtain rose" was of the Geography Room tables scattered, apparently haphazardly, in the centre of the chancel of St. Mark's Church, surrounded by assorted musical instruments, musicians and other sundry paraphernalia. From the pulpit Mr. Nicholls led cast and congregation in the singing of the opening hymn as Noye hobbled down the aisle to take his place on stage. The voice of Mr. Ashley, cast in the "Divine role," boomed forth from the organ loft, warning Noye of the impending flood and giving instructions, in song, for the construction of the Ark.

Noye and his sons set about their task. The chancel was transformed as the property men discreetly heaved and humped Creation's only portable, collapsible, do-it-yourself Ark, created by Messrs. White, Richardson and Associates in the darker parts of the Art Room. With the Ark built, Noye stood waiting to receive "of every living thing of all flesh." "Kyrie, kyrie, kyrie eleison" echoed around the church as the animals marched down the aisle. These animals were boys drawn from all parts of the school, each topped with an animal-head created with remarkable imagination and dexterity. All stood waiting for the waters to rise. In they came, the hard-board waves, to chase off the Gossips and the truculent Mrs. Noye. The storm raged, thunder crashed, the waves grew higher and fiercer . . . then peace reigned. An octave of tea-cups announced the last drops of rain. Raven and Dove were sent forth, to return and dance a dance of peace and renewed hope.

With all the cast on stage the production moved towards its climax: God's Bow appeared; entered the Sun, Moon and Universe of Stars. From that final assembled scene the cast returned down the length of the church as they and the congregation sang, with great feeling, the final hymn. Everyone seemed involved in the spirit of a medieval miracle play and the church resounded to the concluding line, "The Hand that made us is divine."

"Noye's Fludde" was, indeed, a splendid production, enjoyed thoroughly by all who took part and praised highly by members of the audience. The success of the venture owed a great deal to the untiring efforts of Mr. Hallam, the producer. It is fitting that his career as the School's drama producer should have culminated in such a magnificent way. Throughout the rehearsals he was to hand, giving the cast the benefit of his wealth of experience. He was often seen leaping about the stage with surprising agility, or, after the fashion of artistic geniuses, throwing the occasional fit, until the ultimate perfection of the two nights' performances was achieved.

P. D. HENDRY.

NOYE'S FLUDDE (II)

BENJAMIN Britten completed "Noye's Fludde" in December, 1957, and the first performances were given the following summer during the Aldeburgh Festival. Since then it has been performed widely throughout England and Europe and is a favourite with schools, for whom it was originally intended. It gives people who may not be musical a chance to excel, whether it be in

rubbing two pieces of sandpaper together, rattling a thundersheet furiously or banging a gong. In our case it was found necessary to economise on people for the large number of percussion parts because of the limited space we had to work in; nevertheless, we managed to find room for forty players in odd corners around the chancel and the Lady Chapel.

There were, of course, several problems. One was the balance of sound, as the church was high and contained a large amount of wood. Another was the placing of Mr. Nicholls, who would have obstructed the view of many in the audience if he had stood in the conductor's formal position and was therefore obliged to conduct from the pulpit. A more urgent problem occurred when Mr. Keith Rotchell, who played the part of Noye, contracted a throat infection a few days before the first performance and was not well enough to come to the dress rehearsal. The result of this was that some members of the solo quintet were playing certain passages for the first time in the concert!

There were moments of great musical interest during the performance. First, the Kyrie Eleison, with the bugles heralding the approach of the animals to the ark and the Kyrie being chanted in complement to almost every instrument in the orchestra—this must be one of the most moving passages in the work. Then the storm, which presented several hazards—a tired-out wrist on the wind machine, the thundersheet falling from its attachment onto the organ loft, and the production of waves on a violin! The brilliant storm section works up to a tremendous climax in the hymn "Eternal Father" and then gradually dies away as the solo strings get quieter to the end of the section. Interesting also was the fluttering effect of the treble recorder to symbolise the dove, and the bells which were introduced from time to time.

The vocal side of the production was looked after by Mr. Nicholls with great skill and throughout the operetta the singing of the animals, the gossips and Noah's children was of the highest order. Without doubt, all those who took part enjoyed themselves immensely.

MARTIN HUGHES.

PROJECT GROUP

THE C.F.P.G. has once again had a very successful year. Being staunch believers in the principle that actions speak louder than words and that passing "A" levels composes only part of one's education, much energy and time have been spent in developing this branch of the Christian Fellowship. The whole sixth form was invited to participate and the response was very pleasing. Moreover, religion, as always, has found its place—especially for the devout atheist who, when he saw the garden he had been asked to tidy, declared: "Lord, what a holy mess!"

The backbone of the scheme is regular weekly visits paid to certain aged people by groups of two or three boys. When we have had more time on our hands (after examinations, for instance) we have embarked upon larger jobs, such as decorating a living room. Gardening is perhaps our chief task and we have blazed many a trail through virgin gardens. We have lost many rose bushes that were supposed to be in existence and found some that were

supposed to be non-existent; but perhaps most encouraging is that we have learnt to distinguish weeds from flowers. We now know a begonia when we see one.

The work we do may be physically demanding or it may require great mental concentration. Two boys regularly visit a disabled person to shave him and I am assured that the courage required to do this when both recipient and shaver are shaking furiously is unimaginable. Our hosts can also be extremely witty and lively in discussion and many a time we have been hard pressed to explain that Cilla Black is as talented as Gracie Fields, even though Cilla **does** use a microphone. Another of our tasks has been to push invalids in wheelchairs to film shows, but some of the fun has now gone from this exercise since radar speed-traps have been introduced to Merton.

The highlight of the year came when, in conjunction with the girls of Cranmer Road, we held a social for the old people. We on our side provided the entertainment (a film, a few games, and singing folk and old-time songs) while the girls put on a first-class tea. The old people seemed to enjoy themselves thoroughly; and the organizers certainly did.

Working in conjunction with Mrs. Billings at the Citizens' Advice Bureau, we are attempting to meet some of the problems produced by this highly impersonal society. Although we are limited in resources, our numbers are constantly increasing and we hope that we shall be able to contribute something to the wellbeing of the aged and to satisfy their recognizable needs. If the thanks of the old people concerned are anything to go by, we are doing something valuable indeed.

J. E. CADE.

THE ART EXHIBITION

FOLLOWING the unqualified success of the exhibition of two years ago, the Art Department has decided to hold another one this year.

With the help of Mr. White's penchant for ideas the forthcoming exhibition is fully expected to surpass the previous one. Many suggestions have been received for items in the exhibition, but most of these proved to be hazardous for the visitor, or merely financially impossible. The question of finance is perhaps the greatest threat to the exhibition, as it severely limits its scope. As a result, the construction of walls and partitions is an outstanding problem. We hope to overcome it by using a vast number of grocery cartons and lengths of second-hand wood.

A section of the exhibition is to have a special theme, that of space and movement. The theme will be displayed to the visitor in a corridor built into the art room. At various distances and heights geometrical shapes will be cut, inviting the visitor to peer through them at various interpretations of the theme. Doubling back on this corridor will be another, polychromatically illuminated. As the visitors walk through it moving light patterns will be projected onto them and onto the walls, thus creating a personal involvement in a constantly changing environment.

The exhibition is not without its more orthodox features, however, as space will be provided for the usual display of the paintings, drawings and sculpture which abound in the art room. This should provide a feeling of tranquility after the turmoil and disturbance of the corridors.

In this year's exhibition the visitors will be able to see how things work. The Hopton press will be set up and ready to go, and the equipment and process for producing multi-coloured lino-prints will form a display. The Hopton press has well earned its place in the exhibition, as its work has improved tremendously over the past year.

The exhibition will also be graced with posters especially designed for the occasion. They reflect the influence of "pop" art and the more recent development of "poster-poetry," in which words and visual image are interdependent.

As yet the exhibition is only at the planning stage, but soon Mr. White will snap his fingers, causing hordes of willing helpers to burst from the brickwork and frenziedly start construction amid a superfluous amount of noise, as if they were extras in a re-make of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

The exhibition should prove a great success and it will provide a fitting tribute to the creativeness of the art department, and particularly to the inspiration of Mr. White.

T. A. BIRD.

SCHOOL MUSIC

ONCE again the Music Department has been far from silent. Perhaps this is not a startling observation; it may even be considered a regrettable one. Fortunately, the Music Department goes on in spite of the world outside. After all, if they fail to appreciate the crash and bang of Britten, the charming melody of Schubert, or even the strum of sixth-form guitars—theirs is the loss!

Our most successful term, if the average decibel level in room 18 is a guide, must surely have been in the spring. In addition to the usual musical implements of warfare were gongs, bells, drums of all sorts, recorders, Chinese blocks, triangles, dustbin lids, mugs and just about everything else that makes some kind of noise. What chance did the Science Department next door have against this barrage? The explosion in the lab. went by practically unnoticed, but it did give the occupants an excuse to move to quieter premises. The result of all this was, of course, was "Noye's Fludde."

Apart from this, there have been musical successes of a quieter nature. The Merton Civic Society invited a small number of boys to give an entertainment at a social gathering. The result of this was twofold: first, a special choir of sixteen boys was formed for the occasion and the audience was delighted with the high standard of singing (the choir has since performed at the Parents' Association musical evening and at a local "Darby and Joan" club); and secondly, the school orchestra, which had been smouldering for some time, was rekindled, with considerable success.

The School Choir, at present over seventy strong, has also worked hard. The traditional Christmas carol service was their first task. This was followed by "Noye's Fludde" when they took on a dramatic role and did it very well. They made splendid animals and—at last! the writer had a legitimate chance to call one boy a "little rat!" The Easter carol service was prepared in the space of one week, with the "Fludde" still ringing in our ears—a creditable effort.

In summing up, it is apparent that more boys have taken an interest in musical activities this year. Again, Hughes and Kent have given a great lead. Hughes, in addition, has recently been made leader of the Royal College of Music First Orchestra. This is, indeed, a remarkable achievement.

"Noye's Fludde" brought to light many talented boys, including Jones and Hale (sixth-form), trumpets, various recorder players, and several solo singers. This was a fine concerted effort from orchestra, choir and soloists. Our thanks go to all concerned, including the musicians from outside school, who made the occasion so successful.

We look forward to next September—prepare yourselves for yet another "Fludde of Noyes!"

C.G.N.

SPORT

1st XV RUGBY

THE 1967-68 season has been amongst the most successful in the School's rugby history. A total of twenty-five games was played, resulting in sixteen victories, eight defeats and one draw. The fact that eleven of this year's team had had 1st XV experience boosted the morale considerably and this was one of the contributory factors in the team's improvement.

The season started well with a run of five victories. The Old Mitchamians, Wandsworth, Shene, Brockley and Raynes Park all fell to our superior try-scoring power before the first defeat was suffered at the hands of Selhurst, the score being 5—9. Two excellent victories were recorded against strong Wanstead and William Ellis teams. On both occasions the team excelled itself to win 11—3, despite the difficult handling conditions.

The formula for success was a fit and mobile pack, led by Crouch, providing "good ball" to a fast back division who found confidence enough to introduce several attacking ploys into their play. The wing-threequarters were fast and Bance raised his personal score to 96 points; the centres were enterprising; the half-backs established a good understanding; the back-row covered well and tackled fiercely; the second-row gained possession from the line-outs; and the front row worked hard in both the set and the loose pieces. For the first time it was realised that possession from the loose scrums is essential, and this enabled the backs to find room in which to run with the ball.

The success of the XV was due to the spirit and determination of an essentially young and vital, though inexperienced, team, but those qualities that were lacking were well compensated for by drive and effort.

The side, however, was surpassed by the 1st VII which entered four tournaments, in three of which the team reached the final. In the Midland Bank Seven-a-Sides at Beckenham the team was runner-up to Tiffin; in the South-eastern Counties competition at Warlingham the team reached the final of the "Plate" competition, losing to Bec and winning the Runners-up Trophy. Finally, in the Mitcham R.F.C. Tournament, the VII won the final, beating the 1st VII by 18 points to 6.

One member of the team, Crouch, the Vice-Captain, was chosen to play for the Surrey Schools team. Other players worthy of special mention are Macleod, the utility man, and the ubiquitous Currie.

The team would like to express its thanks to Mr. Bateman and Mr. Richards, who devoted a great deal of their time to coaching and training its members.

The team was chosen from: Ansell, Armstrong, Arnold, Bance, Beckham, Carter, Crouch, Currie, Dawson (Capt.), Goodson, Grant, Jessup, Jones G. B., Macleod, Rayner, Shafee, Simmons, Wilson, Anderson and Essex.

N. S. DAWSON.

UNDER 15 XV

AFTER a depressing start to the season when we had two heavy losses, we began to improve and by the end of the season we were beginning to play as a team. We won more games this year than we have in any of the past three years, but we still have a long way to go to perfect our play. The fundamental trouble seems to be that forwards and three-quarters play almost independently of one another and there is not enough unity in the team. Our task in the future is to find a means of bringing the players together and of establishing the unity that is lacking. With effort and training we hope to achieve this. We look forward to a more successful season next winter.

The team was chosen from: Green, Ellis, Storey, McTaggart, Sandy, Warne (Capt.), King, Atkinson, Johnstone, Shaw, Arnold, Cooke, Adams, Vincent, Hackney, Laurent, Bowman and Toop.

D.W.

UNDER 14 XV

THIS was not a very successful season for the Under 14's. There was lack of good ball from the scrums, mainly because the forwards were outweighed by the opposition. It seemed that they were always man-for-man bigger. Nevertheless, our attacking play was quite good. It was our defence which was weak and lacked the ability to tackle hard and low.

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

J.S.

UNDER 13 XV

THE Under 13's have not, unfortunately, had a particularly successful season, winning only three and drawing one out of twelve matches. Although we beat Pollard's Hill 41—3, we suffered heavily at the hands of William Ellis and Bec, being beaten 51—0 and 38—0, respectively. This was due primarily to a shortage of players in the second year and having to use less experienced first formers as substitutes.

The team was chosen from: Keighley, Simmons, Baker, Dillon, Read, Dunckley (Capt.), Stewart, Williams, Kirby, Scott, Crook, Handsley, Chapman, Higham, Selwood, Brunton, Layzell, Shelton, Newman, Winterson and Smith.

P.D.

BADMINTON

BADMINTON has once again suffered from not receiving the same recognition as other sports in the School. Other activities obtain priority and it is often difficult to find a badminton team. This is readily seen from the fact that only the first pair remained the same throughout the season. In badminton doubles an understanding between the two players is essential and with different players being constantly introduced co-ordination has often been virtually impossible.

Out of the seventeen fixtures we only managed to win four, but many of these just went against us by a margin of five games to four. The best achievement came in the Surrey School Championship when the 1st pair (Rush and Pooley) won six out of their eight games whilst the 2nd pair (Beckham and Trelevan) won four. We also managed on three occasions to retain our superiority over the girls of Cranmer Road—although in one match only by the skin of our teeth.

But despite our reverses we have had many enjoyable games and much experience has been gained. Two factors should act in our favour in the forthcoming year. First, the introduction of badminton in the school games periods should encourage more boys to take part in the sport and should give more opportunity for practice; and secondly, next year we will not meet much tough opposition when we enter the Second Division of the Surrey Badminton League. With the continued encouragement of Mr. Richards we therefore look forward to a brighter future.

The 1st VI was chosen from: Rush (Capt.), Trelevan, Beckham, Pamment, Turner, Cade, Bumstead, Porter, Larkin, Pooley, Halls, Wills and Knight.

J. E. CADE.

BASKETBALL

In last year's magazine I expressed the team's confidence for the coming season. That optimism proved to be well founded. The team finished third in the Surrey League, behind Glynn and Purley, two teams of high national ranking.

Every member of the team played well and in Lewis, Willmott, Ford, Rush and Larkin we at last had substitutes who were worth a place on the court. The most encouraging feature of the season was the form of Leverick, last year only an occasional substitute, who ended the season as top scorer with well over 350 points and who would certainly have made the Surrey squad had we had the foresight to send him to the trial early in the season. Dawson proved himself a remarkably determined and successful defender, whilst Goodson and Dorrington proved to have ample speed and deception to beat most defenders.

The set shooting and rebounding of Leverick and the fast breaks of Goodson and Dorrington provided most of our points; but, though fine in a low standard of play, these will not get us far against good opponents.

Realising this, Mr. Thomas has spent much time and energy drumming into us some set attacks against both zone and man-to-man defence. With virtually the same team next year we have a fairly good chance of making a name for ourselves by winning the League.

Coaching for boys below the fifth form was continued by Dorrington and Crouch and some good players are being produced. Mr. Thomas deserves more than a mere mention for his interest and effort in coaching the players. He showed them that they did not, after all, know all there was to know about the game.

Dorrington and Crouch went to the Surrey trial and Crouch succeeded in being selected for the Surrey squad.

For the first time we put out a second team which easily beat Eastfields first team.

Teams were chosen from: Crouch (Capt.), Dorrington (Vice-capt.), Dawson, Leverick, Goodson, Lewis, Willmott, Ford, Rush, Larkin, Harper, Macleod, Pamment, Carter and Fossett.

G. CROUCH.

TENNIS

LAST year was our most successful season for many years. The School 1st team finished second in our section of the Surrey League and went on to the finals but were unable to repeat our league success. In the Rootham Shield we smashed all opposition to reach the quarter-finals, only to be beaten by the eventual winners of the competition, St. George's.

In School competitions Leverick won both the Nestle Ladder Tournament and the Ashe Cup for the second year running.

This season could possibly be more successful than the previous one, for we have already beaten Selhurst, Battersea and Rutlish. We beat Dorking in our first match in the Rootham Shield competition, but were then beaten by Glynn.

Leverick and Willmott have put up a consistent performance at first pair, ably supported by a hard-hitting Turner, who was partnered by Cade to make the second pair.

It was also a good season for the Under-16 team. They too finished runners-up in their league, but were unplaced in the finals. This season they have lost a number of their players on account of the age limit and many of the newcomers lack experience in school matches. However, they have started off the season quite well, beating Stanley Park and narrowly losing to Glastonbury.

The 1st team was chosen from: Leverick (Capt.), Willmott, Turner, Cade, Williams, Crouch, Goodson, Frost and Chester.

The Under-16 team from: Brooks (Capt.), Jones (P), Bumstead, Silcock, Porter, Green, Ecob and Tillier.

B. WILLMOTT.

CROSS-COUNTRY

CROSS-COUNTRY suffered very greatly from the traditional defection of runners to the rugby teams. This had its most punishing effect when, for the major part of the season, matches had to be held on Saturday—rugby then being the attraction—as darkness came too quickly for matches to be held during the week.

The School was also short of matches in the latter part of the season, there being many cancellations. This provided no incentive for training and quickly led to apathy. This can be seen in the early results of the Senior team: won six, lost two. Performances deteriorated as the season progressed.

The Intermediate team had a poor season, but enjoyed great success in a few Under-16 matches as some runners were able to step down from the Senior team.

The Juniors were also very poor, owing, mainly, to the inexperience of the new boys. However, a few promising first-formers did emerge, particularly France, Bellingham and Fox.

The Senior team was chosen from: Bardell, Hill, Faircloth, McKean, Hall, Hale, Oliver, Quinton, Martin, Peachey, Hughes, and Treleven.

E. E. BARDELL.

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS has grown from a collection of boys not good enough to play cricket, sun-bathing on games day, to the strongest sport in the school. All the credit for this must go to Mr. Thomas. When he first introduced his training schedules his victims could not believe it; now everyone accepts them quite naturally.

Last season was rather unfortunate as nearly all our senior team had left school and good athletes further down the school were in the lower half of their age-group. Nevertheless, Mr. Bird, who joined us for one year, soon convinced us that we were capable of doing well and the season was fairly successful.

This year Mr. Thomas is back and though, as yet, the season is young, our intermediate team has succeeded in winning its division of the Merton Sports. The senior team came second in their section of the same meeting.

The school Athletics Trophy was won by Canons, who closely beat Lodge. Ravensbury and Witford were well behind. The individual winners were: 1st form: Bellingham (R); 2nd and 3rd forms: Thompson (W); 4th and 5th forms: Simmons (C), with a maximum 66 points; and 6th form: Crouch (R).

One can see that this season is going to be very successful and with everyone encouraged by the superb sprinting of Simmons (he ran 100 yards in 10.4 secs., just outside the England intermediate record) it should be one of the best to date.

G. CROUCH.

FIRST XI CRICKET

LAST season (1967) saw one of the strongest teams fielded by the School for several years, but owing to inconsistent performances results never lived up to expectations. The season started encouragingly with a decisive seven wkt. win over Bec, followed by an exciting one-run victory over Sutton and a convincing 71-run win over Wandsworth. However, the team faded, with four defeats in a row until the season closed with a high-scoring draw with Surbiton.

The annual match against the Staff resulted in a moral victory for the School. After being put in to bat, we thrashed the mediocre bowling and amassed a total of 192—3 declared. The Staff then struggled to get 163—5 before time ran out.

The team was chosen from: Bellamy (Capt.), Pitts, Leverick, Pamment, White, Lewis, Beckham, Hill, Dawson, Bance, Crouch, Goodson, Crisford, and Porter.

The 1968 season started dismally with the first two matches cancelled owing to rain and the following two abandoned without a result being reached. However, in the two matches in which play commenced the team has shown considerable promise. Against Sutton in a 25-over match we did well to reach 77—9 before the rain came. In the next match, against Wandsworth, our opening bowlers had the opposition in trouble at 59—7 when, once again, the match ended in a downpour.

The team was chosen from: Leverick (Capt.), Lewis, Hill, Dawson, Bance, Crouch, Goodson, Hall, Porter, Ives, Carter and Green.

P. C. LEVERICK.

HOCKEY

HOCKEY is an absurd game involving two teams, each with eleven players. Each combatant is armed with a short stick, slightly bent at one end, with which he is supposed to hit a small, hard, white ball into the opponents' goal. Experience has shown that a complete abandonment of the rules results in a degeneration in the standard of the game but an enormous increase in enjoyment, especially when the opposition comprises eleven healthy wenches from the Girls' Grammar School.

The game itself was a brief affair in which we managed to project the ball into the opposition's goal on four occasions. On the first of these it was kicked in; the second, hit with the wrong side of the stick; the third, thrown in; but the fourth was fairly and squarely scored by our very own Doris Arkell, B. S. Willmott. Nevertheless, we considered the result a fair one, as the referee disallowed several other "goals" and took a decidedly anti-male stand. In addition to this we were handicapped by a set of utensils that more resembled disintegrating gardening tools than hockey sticks.

The match was brought to a halt by a blizzard and we sought refuge in the girls' luxurious Common Room where we were treated to a splendid tea. But the day's physical exertions were not yet over, for, after wallowing

in the capacious armchairs for a short time, we were invited to wash up. Ten of us therefore, generously left Cade, surrounded by thronging fans, slaving over a sink in the Domestic Science room, and proceeded down the drive to the tumultuous cheers of our newly acquired worshippers.

Once again we have to thank the girls for providing us with an excellent afternoon's entertainment and we look forward to the next occasion. Those fortunate enough to indulge were: Rush (Capt.), Dawson, Phillips, Crouch, Pamment, Hill, Quinton, Macleod, Willmott, Cade and Green.

N. S. DAWSON.

HOUSE AFFAIRS

CANONS

AT last Canons have regained their rightful position as the School's leading house. The early success in the Cross-Country, so ably planned by the house's experts on physical fitness, Messrs. Todd and Hendry, backed by such enthusiastic amateurs as Bardell, Hughes and Thomas, was but the rising of the sun whose golden rays were to shine brightly throughout the chaos and gloom of the Inter-House Competition.

Canons proved to be the fastest at running backwards in the VII's, but decided to establish supremacy in the XV's, the Colts winning every match. As an act of charity, Canons permitted Ravensbury narrowly to wrest the trophy from their grasp.

Our superiority in athletics, however, was evident throughout the School Sports. Having first obtained a commanding lead in the Standards, the team, coached by B. S. Willmott, took the track with confidence and they were not surprised when the overall victory was proclaimed.

Head of House declined his own misguided invitation to sing solo and, with the Music Competition thus made a little less one-sided, Canons, with well-tuned voices matching well-tuned, loyal hearts, and under the very capable baton of M. J. Hughes, brought a little joy into the melancholy of House Music and yet another prize home.

The outcome of the Magazine section was never in any doubt. The difference between "More Balls" and its rivals is akin to that between "Country Life" and "Exchange and Mart."

No detailed comment will be made about the Debates. Sufficeth it to say that D. M. Todd has passed on to richer pastures.

There is no reason why Canons' progress should not continue. Backed by the most lively, stimulating and entertaining house assemblies in the School and under the most "matured" and experienced leadership, the House looks forward to displaying its prowess on the cricket pitch and in the sub-tropical atmosphere of that playboy's paradise, Mitcham Baths.

Wherever they are called upon to enter into the spirit of inter-house competition, Canons have confidence that their sense of justice and fair play, together with the unswerving devotion of every Canons' boy for his House and leaders, will ensure their triumph over the other jaded, effete houses, for as long as House and School exist.

P. D. HENDRY.

LODGE

AFTER a disappointing start to the year's activities, with the customary fourth place in the Cross-Country Trophy, we looked forward to success in the Rugby Cup but once again we could only manage fourth place. Then the

House seemed to realise the error of its ways and started to devote its efforts to winning the Arts Trophy. But even with several devoted senior members of the House heading the attack, (with little support from the middle school, may I add), we failed to please the judges in the music competition ("Folk music! What's that?" one of the judges asked me). Although the Art section of the magazine also failed to impress the judges, our undisputed triumph in the Literature section gave us equal second place with Canons. Then, with spirits renewed and under the leadership of G. P. Halls, our debating captain, we talked our way into first place in the debates. I hope with Athletics, Cricket and Swimming cups still to be contested this spirit will not fade out but will spread throughout the House and help us to gain further victories.

J. F. BANCE.

WITFORD

A superficial glance by an uninformed observer at the ranks of Witford in assembly might detect an apathy towards the House and its activities. This should not be mistaken for quiet confidence: it is a genuine and long-cultivated indifference, doubtless caused by the effortless ease with which we have attained the lead in the Cock House Competition. The House, until Easter, was under the guidance of Pamment, who left us for the Conservative Party, feeling a general election to be imminent. His nimble brain contrived a most complex plan for assuring us victory in the Cross-Country, but was foiled by an unusual display of honesty from Mr. Lidiard, who insisted on noticing the absence of some of our runners from the entry list. We thus came only second.

In the Rugby Competition, by fielding nearly a full team every time, (a phenomenon which so amazed one referee that he stopped that match to count our side) we came a searing third.

Despite winning none of the individual sections of the Arts Trophy, we came first overall, thanks to K. Green and his untiring work on the House Magazine. The editors, however, committed academic suicide with a scathing editorial aimed at higher beings.

In the Athletic Standards we have already soared from first to last position, due mainly to our artistically-inclined athletes whose strength lies more in mental than physical exertion.

Witford, after carefully biding its time, has, as planned, become unique in being the only house to conduct an assembly based solely on the Religious Education Act and we await the return of the lost sheep to the fold.

The institution of marriage has lured away the dulcet tones of Mr. Ashley, and Mr. Lidiard will soon follow; but Mr. White, having given marriage a try, has decided to take part in Witford House affairs. He has, as yet, proved reluctant to perform some of his more dubious folk songs in House meetings, but we live in hope.

Looking at our competitors, we find Ravensbury claiming to have achieved, by long meditation, a higher spiritual plane, above petty competition; Canons pinning their hopes on a miracle; and Lodge just being Lodge—so the future looks bright for the Swimming, Cricket and Minor Games trophies.

B. J. SUMMERS.

RAVENSBURY

AFTER the great successes of last year, this year's results are very disappointing. We have so far won only one cup (Rugby) and are third in the Cock House competition. With only Cricket, Swimming and Minor Games to come it is clear that we shall have to relinquish the trophy that we had come to regard as our own.

The reason for this temporary decline is unclear; but it is interesting to note that in the competitions which require a team or a few individuals we always do well. This can be seen in the results of Rugby and Debates. When the whole house is required to participate, however, we suddenly fade: Athletics 3rd; Cross-country 3rd; Magazine 4th.

Ravensbury was the pioneer in revolutionary house assemblies and our ideas soon caught on in other houses. Poetry readings and pop songs are now common on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Advancing to greater maturity, Ravensbury has decided to moderate these assemblies (actually, I ran out of ideas) and we now have religious or moral readings from various sources on Wednesdays and reports of House affairs, when there are any, on Thursdays.

This year we lose Mr. Kipps, who has been a Ravensbury house master since he joined the school and who has always shown willing when Mr. Wilkie, trying to begin a discussion, has said hopefully, "I believe Mr. Kipps feels strongly about this subject . . ." We shall miss him and hope that his successor will be as interested in the house.

In all, then, not a successful year; but I would warn Messrs. Hendry, Summers and Bance in the opposing camps that we do not need a very long rest to get our breath back and that we intend, once again, to leave everyone standing.

G. CROUCH.

THE ARTS COMPETITION

LITERATURE

I liked the way the editors tried to predispose the judges into acclaiming their work:—

“This publication will probably never be seen or bettered again.” (Witford.)

“Whatever Ravensbury produces is the best in the school, and this magazine is no exception.”

“It is with unsurpassed pride and pleasure that we present this volume to the world, an anthology of the cream of talents so generously endowed to Canons.”

And on a more modest note, from Lodge:

“Janus 1968 contains articles of sufficient quality to compete successfully with the best that any other House has to offer.”

Lodge came nearest the truth and won the competition. The panache of the editorials, however, was stylish and amusing and got the magazines off to a good start. The sense of anti-climax as one continued to read was perhaps inevitable. Indeed, Canons bitterly called its own bluff in its final article when the editor, in an outburst of unprecedented honesty, reflecting, no doubt, his disappointment and frustration, admitted that “much of the work produced is little more than utter rubbish” and described himself rather alarmingly as “poring over a red-hot typewriter well into the night.”

The task of the editor is, of course, an immensely difficult one, since very few people write willingly for school magazines and even fewer write well. The editor, therefore, has to coax or cajole uninterested house members into submitting articles and the results are seldom inspired. The chief source of material seems to be old English exercise books (three of the magazines had articles entitled “Alone in a Cave”—a recent G.C.E. essay title) and I frequently found myself re-reading work that I had previously marked as homework. (There is a disturbing moral here somewhere!) However, one or two writers made their mark and I would suggest that future editors commission articles from the boys who show some literary aptitude, instead of making futile exhortations to the whole house.

Of the poets appearing in the magazines Dixon, Kent, Miles and Waddilove showed that they were capable of exploring feeling through words and images; but too much of the poetry was aimed at getting lines to scan and words to rhyme. The prose was incredibly varied, and none the worse for that. There was exuberance and wit in Hendry's opening pages. Summers managed a clever metaphor on the pending changes:

“The editors regret seeing the shock waves of Labour policy sinking this old and honourable vessel. We regret still more seeing the Captain and most of the crew, with the exception of a few respected stalwarts, swimming for various ocean liners and not going down with the ship, or even accompanying the passengers to the already leaking Comprehensive boat which is waiting to take them on board.”

Peachey overwhelmed us with the weight of his classical diction in a story of escaping Jews during the last war:

The police . . . "helped to catalyse the feelings of soporific euphoria" . . . his characters suffered an "unrelenting bombardment of interrogative thoughts" and were ultimately, we are glad to say, "bathed in the celestial pulchritudinous splendour of the Free World."

In contrast, Lewis's:

"Where's me bleeding plectrum?"

in his article on making a commercial record was like a breath of colloquial fresh air; whilst Quinton's amusing fantasy of the computerised marriage, with the husband coming home to a $a^2 + \sqrt{b} = c/4$ wife, was in yet another stylistic dimension.

There were some good things in all the magazines, but Lodge had the edge over its rivals, partly because the articles seemed to have been deliberately chosen, rather than accepted in desperation. The aim should be to produce little, but of high quality, rather than, as one editor put it, "a collection of junk."

E.J.B.

ART

"Well then, Mr . . . um . . ." I said to him, "here they are and thank—very kind of, you know, help us out."

"Yes," he said, "I'll do them now then shall I?"

"Perhaps you'd like to take them, like, home for a couple of days?"

"Yes, all right, then. I'll do 'em now if you'd like to hang on a minute."

"Yes I could, could wait I should think if, yes, well okay. I've ah made a sort of few notes and things and brought them along in case they might—yes those—yes, all six actually. I thought they might be a bit of help

"House Magazines. Unaided pupils' work then are they? Let's take this one first."

"Yes, unaided. Perhaps it might be better to wade in then after all. Not mess about with all those notes and things. Just thought they might—still, I expect it's best just to wade straight in, Mr. — — John."

He did them in about thirty minutes and came to the same conclusion I'd come to over a longer period. I don't feel much like rabbiting on the way I started, though I had intended to, so I'll tell you briefly what those conclusions were.

Lodge, it was agreed, had made a very fine effort. The binding was dead posh, with the tooling and gold and all. They were unlucky with their standard of illustration, however. There was only one of any interest. A lot can be done, mind, with a bit of crafty editing. Lop a lump out of the middle of a 1st form splodge and mount it up all swish; and it can do much more than it deserves to. The sort of things 'child art' fans deplore, that is.

The next to be mentioned in ascending order of merit is Raven. This was a very elegant bit of binding (it has since fallen to bits!) with Letraset very badly used on the cover. Stap me! If you've got the letters ready made, you might as well take the trouble to stick 'em on straight!

The insides had a rather frowsty air. Things were stuck just off square and here and there were grubby marks, which went a long way to impair (this ought to be in the poetry section!) the overall quality. There was some very good stuff though. Too much of it from the same source, but good nevertheless, and the layout was quite sound. Just a little too rushed.

Canons and Witford both had a great many good points and it was its overall impression that gave Canons its first place. The cover, all those flowers and all that colour, didn't win all on its own, but it must have helped. Its layout was ordinary and sound and the standard of the illustrations was high. One, a still life, was clever for the age of its author, but boring. Also boring was the fourfold repetition of lino cuts—twice! Everything was cut square and stuck accurately, though the cow gum was too liberally applied.

Witford exhibited a great deal more flair for use of colour and design in its layout and produced what could have been a really impressive book, but it didn't quite make it. Some of the lines were nearly straight, and some of the angles weren't right, and some of the glue had oozed just a little, and some of the sharp edges were furry. The illustrations were all very suitable and of a high standard.

Canons had the edge though. Some lettering things by Jones were great, and there were some interesting new things being done with lines too.

"I enjoyed those," John told me. "They were interesting. Good, aren't they, don't you think?"—handing them back to me.

"The best lot I've seen, easily," I said, "Though they could still improve."

"Yes," he said, "Witford's flair for layout, with Canon's brave cover and Lodge's care of execution would be something to see. Especially with the best of the illustrations from all of them."

"Add Mund's four-course-meal boots," I thought to myself, and we'd have a virtual masterpiece.

G.N.W.

MUSIC

FOLLOWING the inter-house Music Competition of 1967, I was more than pleased to accept Mr. Nicholl's invitation to judge the competition that took place in March of this year.

Again I was very impressed by the time and energy that had so obviously been put into the arrangement and selection of the various items. The four house music captains are to be congratulated for their training of the small choral ensembles. In many instances, of course, these were a group of "odd boys" brought together for the purpose, but the quality of the singing and the musical interpretation was highly commendable.

Each house definitely had something to offer, and not only in the generally accepted field. The modern trend towards folk music was evident and performances of this type of song were sincere; our marking, consequently, was also sincere. We felt that this type of singing required a certain amount of sympathetic unity between soloist and audience. In the general atmosphere of the occasion, which was in the main light-hearted, this was successfully achieved. Soloist, audience and judges were at one.

The quality of the instrumental playing was again high. The spirited performance by Martin Hughes of the Dvorak Violin Sonata, Opus 100, deserved considerable praise. Instrumentalists with less than a year's tuition showed, already, a certain mastery of their instrument. In particular, one might mention Baker and his performance of the Pastorale from the Christmas Oratorio, played as an oboe solo.

Great praise should also go to Kent, of Ravensbury, for his original piano composition, which he also played. It was extremely impressive, both in composition and performance.

One house, of course, was the winner, but congratulations should go to all four houses, whatever their final position, for a most musically enjoyable afternoon.

T. LEE.

DEBATING

TRUE, the debates help to acquaint us with the rules of debating; they get us off a double lesson; they permit eccentric performances to a captive audience; and they exercise the embryonic intellect on subjects thought suitable for its development. Moreover, during recent debates, some speakers sounded as if they were passionately convinced of their argument: Cade on community service, Hendry on sexual abstinence, Crouch on sporting ethics, and Summers on just about everything, but particularly points of order. Others—and it would be churlish to name them—spoke as if they had barely read the motion, let alone understood it. Press-ganged, presumably. One recalls a young speaker who opposed community service on the grounds that he didn't approve of prayers in assembly.

There are certain incidents that stick in the memory: when Spickett began his speech with a yokel rendering of "Uncle Tom Cobley" and had the house eating out of his hand—until they slowly realised that the intellectual nourishment he had to offer was less substantial than his presence; when Hendry, in the most dramatic opening of any speech, declared: "I love you!"—but learnt at the final count that the house didn't reciprocate his feeling; and the poignant moment when the young debating aspirant told a humourless joke that left the audience wholly silent, and continued with: "Now seriously . . ."

There was a tendency to introduce effects other than strictly oratorical ones. The junior who produced a bottle of curdled milk in an attempt to prove that we hated school milk and that it should be discontinued didn't really carry much conviction; the copy of "Soldier" containing a modern nude in a classical pose (so they say) which was handed to Mr. Lidiard for his disapproval aroused interest and curiosity in the house rather than

support for the speaker; whilst the earnestness with which, in one debate, speaker after speaker asked permission to take off his jacket proved that the room rather than the debate was becoming heated.

There were, however, some excellent speeches, by Waddilove, Summers and Halls, in particular—which had obviously been thought about seriously and which were delivered with fluency, conviction and the briefest of reference to notes. There were also occasions when speakers and the house actually *cared* about the issues being debated, when everyone was constrained to question his own position and to take sides. This was fulfilling the purpose of debating and it meant much more than idle humour, dutiful speeches or quibbling over points of order.

The debates held during the autumn term were:

Senior: "That Community service ought to be compulsory for young people." (The motion was defeated by an overwhelming majority.)
"That Britain ought to discontinue aid to underdeveloped countries." (Carried: 73:43.)

Junior: "That this House believes that U.F.O.'s are a hoax." (Defeated: 26:108.)
"That this House believes that an urban upbringing provides the best background for a boy's development." (Carried: 69:53.)

The debates held during the spring term were:

Senior: "That Britain should support a withdrawal from the Olympics." (Carried: 19:113.)
"That our society is debasing the meaning of love." (Defeated: 46:64.)

Junior: "That this House supports the campaign for an independent Scotland." (Defeated: 12:106.)
"That the decision to discontinue the provision of free milk in secondary schools is the right one." (The voting of the House was 60:60. The judges were asked to vote and the motion was defeated by one vote.)

In a wider sphere, Ridley and Summers entered the Evening Standard Debating Tournament and spoke on the motion "That fashion enhances the female, but diminishes the male." Summers was adjudged the best individual speaker and went on to the second round. We also entered a team, consisting of Anderson, Bawden and Pearmain in the Merton Public Speaking Competition but were overshadowed by teams of poised, articulate young ladies.

E.J.B.

CLUB AND SOCIETIES

THE SIXTH-FORM SOCIETY

A clamorous horde of seven greeted the speaker from Lloyd's shipping in one of the meetings during the 1967 summer term—and this seems to have been the story ever since.

After the examinations had virtually killed it, the society was revived the following term and various formulas, including "coffee and record evenings" and even whist drives, were tried in an attempt to stimulate interest. Indeed, the whist drive seemed to be the most popular meeting, with an attendance of thirteen, while what we hoped would be a major attraction, the speaker from the Anti-Common Market League, only dragged seven along. In its attempts to revitalise itself the society, on the one hand, descended to the level of having a joint meeting with the Christian Fellowship and, on the other, rose to the cultural heights of reading the play "The Fire-raisers," by Max Frisch.

Nevertheless, a good number came along to the elections at the end of the autumn term. Unfortunately, the secretary elected then was able to organize only one meeting—a political forum—the next term, before he left. Since then the society has lain dormant. Any suggestions that it resembles a corpse can only be half true, since a recent, magnificently lurid advertising campaign in support of it demonstrated that its heart is still beating faintly.

If the society is to rise again it might well be in a new format with, perhaps, meetings after school instead of in the evening. Meanwhile, one can only hope that the positive value of having at least one cultural, non-religious society is realised by the school.

M. J. CONSTANTINE.

CHESS

THERE has been a revival of interest in chess during the past year. Several tournaments have been organized, there being an entry of over fifty for the Junior Tournament held during the autumn term. A most pleasant surprise this year has been the playing standard of first formers. With Stamp, who won the Surrey Under-12 Championship, Whitehouse, who finished 7th, and several others of a high standard, we have the makings of an outstanding team.

This year, for the first time, the school entered teams in both the London and the Briant-Poulter chess leagues. We were overwhelmed by Dulwich College, this year's London champions, and Trinity, last year's champions, but gained our revenge with good wins against Rutlish and St. Joseph's. The team will be much stronger next year and we hope for better results.

Members of the team: R. Wills, N. Peterken, J. Pond, E. Bardell, R. Stamp, B. Bumstead, S. Whitehouse. M. Edser and D. Treleaven.

N. PETERKEN.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

DURING the past year the society has consisted of a small but enthusiastic group of boys representing most age-groups in the school and attendances reached an all-time record of fourteen early in the autumn term. However, attendances dropped off considerably as time went on and it is with some regret that an average of six has to be recorded.

During the first term, when the evenings got darker, the meetings took the form of talks given by members on some aspect of natural history. Amongst those taking part were Solley, Aslam, Pipkin, Hutt and Hunt. Live specimens of certain amphibians accompanied Hunt's talk, which, in consequence, was one of the best. Some speakers, having laboriously amassed their information, churned it out incessantly and met with a poor response. However, the experience they gained will prove valuable in the future and they are not likely to repeat their mistakes.

As only four schools entered for the project competition run by the Schools' Natural History Society Association, Mr. Ashley decided that we should put in an entry. A project on kestrel pellets was agreed upon and this suited us particularly well as there are kestrels on the common. Work started in the New Year and soon trays full of kestrel pellets in certain stages of dissection littered the lab. However, just as work entered the crucial writing-up stage, the school opera cut the work force almost to nil, with the result that we had to abandon the entry. As if that weren't enough, Mr. Ashley left at Easter to take up a post in Lichfield, Staffs., and in him we lost a mainstay of the society and one who always kept us up to the mark. The society will continue under Mr. Newton and we would like to extend an invitation to any boy who is interested in natural history to come along on Wednesdays at 4.0 p.m. The society will be what you make it!

MARTIN HUGHES.

THE HOPTON PRESS

DESPITE all attempts last year to gain recognition, we of the NEW Hopton Press remained anonymous. However, regardless of the attempts to ignore us, we have again combined our efforts in our last few days (two thirds of us are leaving) to claim the fame which is rightfully ours!

Continuing from last year's achievement, the Hopton Press went from strength to strength, if not in numbers, then certainly in the quality and the quantity of its printing. We should like to thank all those members of school who spent many happy days helping us.

The most outstanding piece of work this year was the tickets and programmes for the School production of "Noye's Fludde," which were recognised as being of first rate quality. Amongst other things, we undertook the printing of the Parents' Association membership cards, a piece of work previously given to a neighbouring rival.

In May we tried to re-establish the Junior Hopton Press and we would ask you to support them, if and when they become known.

Finally, we would like to thank Mr. White for his constructive criticism and his perseverance. We wish him well in his new post.

K. P. CLARKE.
G. R. HYDE.
T. R. SINGFIELD.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

"If you can't beat them, join 'em," goes the saying; and this is exactly what Christian Fellowship has done over the past year. Without demonstrations, protests, marches, sit-ins, sit-outs and sit-downs a revolution has occurred within our ranks. Aiming at attracting a larger range of boys, our meetings were designed to be of more general interest and not solely connected with aspects of the Christian faith. It was even suggested that the word "Christian" should be removed from the name of the society, but this we rightly felt was going too far. Nevertheless, a "new look" Christian Fellowship has emerged which we hope will make an effective contribution to school life.

What was this new approach? Topical affairs were discussed with passion during Wednesday dinner-time meetings, in the course of which we found means of ending the war in Vietnam, of Harold Wilson's regaining his popularity, and of improving parent-son relationships. But most effort has been spent in developing the activities on a Friday evening when there was more time at our disposal.

At the beginning of the autumn term we visited St. Giles Centre, Camberwell, which is well known for its attempts to meet the needs of the down-and-outs of the locality. We followed this up by inviting a member of the Croydon Samaritan Organization to speak to us about his work (the number to phone, by the way, is). Film strips and subsequent discussions were then introduced in an attempt to vary the form of the meetings. Buddhism, Hinduism, and Rationalising Sex Behaviour were tackled in this manner. Recently we have shown films, including a 40-minutes colour and sound epic entitled "Food and Famine."

The Junior Christian Fellowship is unfortunately not the force it was two years ago. The numbers have often been below 15, although certain boys always remember to attend. It is to be hoped that next year the first and second forms will realise that the society is for them as well as for the third year.

Looking back over the year we can feel we have been quite successful. Co-operation between the girls' and boys' schools was taken a stage further with the girls from Cranmer Road paying regular visits to our meetings. (This forthcoming year meetings are being held alternately at the respective schools.) Our activities were well attended, with more than thirty people often being present, and during the Easter holiday seventeen boys visited Iona and six boys went to Scargill, both church centres. A sound foundation has been laid to a more diversified Christian Fellowship and we are confident of further advances and attainments in the future.

J. E. CADE.

POEMS AND ARTICLES

RUNNING FOR MERTON

It starts at six o'clock. You heavily draw your limbs out of the comforts of bed—the limbs that will be propelling you extremely fast in a few hours. The coach ride seems to make you all the more sleepy until at last, with a jolt, you realise that the coach has stopped. You descend, and again the feeling that you won't be able to start the race comes on.

On entering the dressing room you sense the change in atmosphere. The loud babble of voices hits you. As you change, the old feeling of "butterflies in the stomach" comes on, and again you wish you had never started. Then suddenly, without warning, the manager calls. The first race is in five minutes and as the boys file out to the firing squad you are thankful that you still have five minutes of freedom. Then it comes like a sonic boom: your race is announced.

Slowly you rise and once outside you try to loosen up, but every bone in your body seems to be on the point of breaking. Conversation ceases and you jog around to limber up. This never decreases the anxiety, though. The jog seems to be over much too quickly and while you were summing up your opponents you noticed that they were lining up, so you followed. With great reluctance you remove your track suit and the biting wind shocks your system into alertness. Slowly the din dies until at the start everyone is poised and ready; only the starter is heard. The atmosphere is electric.

"Ready . . . set . . . go!" We're off! I, as usual, lag behind, measuring my pace. Of course, there is always the idiot who does a 220 yards start and finishes last. Slowly but surely I begin to catch up: a few at a time, and then down the slopes four or five, and up the slopes seven or eight if possible. The only thing that goes through my mind is that I must press on, I must press on. Suddenly a challenger comes up behind you and you battle it out, passing four or five meanwhile. Then you make a last desperate effort and you whistle past him, making him lose all hope. As you round a bend a massive hill of sand comes into view. The drumming of that voice saying, "Keep on, keep on!" begins to get on your nerves, so you try a sprint and usually this removes the voice. Down one hill, up another, through a wood, ever running, ever onwards . . . until, when you think there is no hope of your lasting out, you sight the winning post through some trees. This renews your strength and, more determined than ever, you continue running. The only thing that matters is that you beat the others. The pounding of your feet seems heavier. At last the winning post is in sight. A great thrill overtakes you, usually in the form of a runner. Suddenly your legs seem so heavy you can hardly run. Then at last you reach the post and after lying down you think of nothing but the shower.

B. K. C. SELWOOD (3a)

JONES SNORES

JONES snores. I've just made that discovery. Here we are, miles from anywhere, in a six-by-three tent. The weather is freezing and every breath is like the agonizing wound of a thousand ice-daggers. And on top of all this—Jones snores. Insomnia is preventing the obvious relief and when I reach morning—if I reach morning—I shall undoubtedly be a physical wreck. Oh, I don't mind so much the discomfort of the place, the hard ground and the freezing air (my right foot is numb); the worst torture of all is that inflicted upon me by that abominable creature now curled up warm and snug in his sleeping-bag—Jones.

Why I came camping with **him** I shall never know. Out of all those enthusiastic friends who were craving and pleading to come, I have to ask Jones! He seemed a decent enough chap, and in his own way he probably is, but at the moment I would prefer the Devil himself, if he would promise not to snore.

Let me try to describe this foul noise as best I can. It is not a young, timid snore signifying pleasant dreams, but a hideous, howling, full-blooded specimen, a nightmare dream of a soul in torment. The dark powers of hell emerge from his throat. To be truthful, in my world-wide experience of snores, that possessed by Jones is infinitely the worst. There is something malevolent about it. Each sudden onrush of air all but deafens you, pimples your skin, jellifies your legs. I can't stand it much longer! Even now he's hauling in the oxygen. There's a whistling like a thousand fiends. It's coming . . . it's coming . . . the Hades-bound roar builds up to an excruciating crescendo . . . NOW!

See what I mean?

G. RAYNER (L.6)

IF THE CAP FITS

The Headmaster

Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me . . .
(Psalm 23)

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small Head could carry all he knew.
(Goldsmith)

Mr. Wilkie

As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form . . .
(Goldsmith)

In the gym

O suffering, sad humanity!
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die.
(Longfellow)

The chemistry lab.

The rankest compound of villanous smell
That ever offended nostril.
(Shakespeare)

School dinner

A feast of fat things
(Isaiah)

The rugby field

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.
(Scott)

The detention book

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of the mysteries.
(Scott)

3.45 p.m.

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells.
(Thos. Moore)

Passing the girls' school

The bashful virgins' sidelong looks of love
(Goldsmith)
DAVID WADDILOVE (3a)

THE LAMENT OF HERR CUTZ

Ein Tag I komme aus Enkland
Und wenn I look around
I'm feeling far from glücklich
At all die tings I've found.

Die Autos fährt am wrong Seit,
Die fahrer—ein tod loss;
Dey're forced to breathe in liddle bags
By die Frau Barbara Schloss.

Und in die Deutsche Klasse
Herr Schmidt he tears sein Haar;
Herr Dixon met the Fuehrer
When in Ulan Bata.

I muss go back to Chermany
Bad habits sey're nicht,
Und alle die Englische Jungen
Konnen Cherman sprechen spricht.

DAVID WADDILOVE (3a)

A MEETING OF THE WOODHAM AND DISTRICT BEER-DRINKERS' SOCIETY

It was seven-thirty by the clock in the saloon bar of the Croydon Arms, Woodham. Round a large table sat a number of men. They formed the committee of the Woodham and District Beer-Drinkers' Society, which had gathered for its monthly meeting. On the committee there was a regular from every public bar in the district. The purpose of the society is to see that every pub in the area keeps its beer up to standard.

The chairman of the society stood up and called a roll of all members. Everybody was present and the meeting got under way.

"Has anybody got any complaints?" the chairman asked. A short fat man got up.

"Yes. The brown ale at the 'Coach and 'orses' is going off."

"Have you any proof?" asked the chairman.

"Yes, I've got a bottle here, which you might like to try."

The chairman took one quick swig from the bottle and registered his opinion in a sour grimace. The beer is off. He made a note and asked if there were any more complaints. The meeting proceeded until five more complaints had been heard and by this time the chairman was beginning to get drunk.

"Right-ho gents," he said, "tomorrow night we are going to visit these pubs to see if the complaints can be shubstansh . . . subshtansh . . . proved . . . and a special coach will leave here at eight o'clock tomorrow night to visit these pubs to see if these complaints can be sub . . . proved . . . and some other pubs as well. Remember, gentlemen, eight o'clock sharp."

The hearing of these complaints was always the most important part of these monthly meetings, but there were other activities, such as a darts' match between the chairman, who was hopeless at it, and one of the members who was worse. This only existed because the chairman wanted someone to beat and if anybody tried to stop the games he would be banned from the society. While the darts' match was going on, the remainder of the society discussed changes made in their local pubs. At this particular meeting the most popular topic for discussion was the new barmaid at the "Goose and Gander," though somebody managed to get in a good word for Witney's milk stout, which had just been introduced into the district. Sales at the bar had exceeded all previous records for any night. To end the meeting the chairman managed, without support, to ask for a vote of thanks to the landlord for allowing the meeting to take place on his premises. Gradually the members of the society drifted homeward, reminding one another in cheerful voices of the next night's coach trip.

The following evening less than half of the society turned up, probably because the majority didn't like the idea of drinking supposedly stale beer. On reaching the first pub that had been complained about everybody got briskly out of the coach and went into the bar. They showed their society membership cards which got them discount on all purchases and ordered some beer. When they had supped, a ballot was taken. The majority verdict was that the beer was decidedly of poor quality. The chairman said that if the beer hadn't improved within a week, when the society would call again, he would ask that the license be removed from the premises and advise his members to drink elsewhere. In the other four pubs two were found to serve poor beer and similar steps were taken.

When the society called at these pubs the following week, the beer was found to be of a much better quality—which just goes to show the effect of the Woodham and District Beer Drinkers' Society on pubs in the district. There are a few vacancies, open to application by prospective members.

A. R. WALTON (4A)

SOUVENIRS

Among my souvenirs
There's one for all the years
Through all the tears and fears,
Ah, yes, my souvenirs.
An essay marked in red;
A map of Eastern Med.;
Some snow off Haddon's head
To bring me consolation.
A wodge of chewing gum;
The print of Hartup's thumb;

Some litmus pinched from Hum;
Among my souvenirs.
A battered prefab chair;
Pink ties with flowers rare;
A hank of Hibble's hair—
They fill me with elation.
A mini-skirted bird;
A wicked, German word
That Frau has never heard—
Among my souvenirs
An abstract rather weird;
A wispy ginger beard;
A sausage that once reared
To cause me consternation.
Two leaky fountain-pens;
A broken concave lens;
A red Mercedes-Benz—
Among my souvenirs.

DAVID WADDILOVE (3A)

DEATH MARCH FOR A RAILWAY STATION

The summer day sweltered,
And wild flowers filled the air
With a smell of fresh staleness:
The birds were trying to think
Of something else to sing.
Suddenly, over the hill ahead,
I saw a railway station
Coming towards my bicycle and me.
It reached us and stopped,
And I got on.

The wind was in the trees again,
Water splashed,
And my pale footsteps troubled the silent building.
Nothing locked, nothing boarded up,
Not a splinter of glass could be seen anywhere,
Everything remained just as the March had left it.
So looking through a window-frame
I saw a lonely ticket office,
The grille still open,
Hopeful.
The other windows displayed rows
Of wet-rot rafters
And armies of woodworm.

A sheet of newspaper blew
Along the grass-strewn platform
And wrote "I love Mick" on the wall.

Following it, I found
A derelict little room with
A broken pan which
Necessity forced me to use.
Outside, almost on its side,
Lay an abandoned cattle truck,
The rails having fled
From beneath its wheels
And left it stranded.

Then as I left
The birds saw it
And remembered what to sing.

TONY DIXON (U6)

SITE AT NIGHT

The men go home laughing
From the building site,
Leaving the mixer idle,
Surrendering to the night.

There's a romance of window frames
Going on in the half-built walls;
The dust from the grano pile falls
Finely over the grass.

Now, in winter, getting dark early,
It rains on newly plastered floors;
The frost grips, the wind whines,
Bangs the unfixed doors.

The elements do their damage at night
When no-one's there.
Could it be they do it just
To hear the workers swear?

T. MILES (L.6)



LOTUS BLOSSOM

The room is dead,
Brown chipped cupboard,
Duffle and crash helmet,
Like "Avoid the Rush Hour" poster.
Heaped above
Pipe of heatness disappears behind

Network fishnet power line.
Two-foot wires support stars,
Light bouncing off the glosspaint.

Desk lids,
Deep gouge,
Stuffed-up ink-well,
Black shoe rubber marks on the side.
Panelling scratched, ripped, levered,
Loose.

Lovers' names carved on the desk:
Louise, Susan, Janet, Valery, Carol,
Lotus Blossom.

T. MILES (L.6)

DATELINE

GIVE me a man and I shall break him—he shall be eating feet and talking ears. Give me a woman and I shall love her—she shall be my assembly line for years to come. Once in a while a man meets a woman—bang! Once in a while a man meets another woman—disaster! The world is only big and polite enough to let a man have one wife and several mistresses—emotionalism is just passing out of the exit on the left. A computerised wife would be like coming home to $a^2 + \sqrt{b} = c/4$.

After rising from bed at 8.30, eating at 1.30, and arriving home at 6.30, I would **feel** like thirty if that's all my wife had. We would probably have roast pheasant for dinner and, by coincidence, it would be my favourite meal. After coffee I would have my carpet slippers brought to me in my relaxing armchair and whilst I browsed over the sports page my "choice of a thousand women" would sit obedient near at hand, on call for any whim that may take my fancy. At a reasonable hour we would both ascend the stairs and jump into our separate beds, both of us full of violent curiosity of desire, both of us as yet unexploited. We now interrupt the proceedings and mention the most coveted word in the English language—love. Love cannot be measured by machines. Prayers should be said for $a^2 + \sqrt{b} = c/4$ and myself.

Mornings would be very much like evenings. I would have scrambled eggs/fried eggs and my mathematical formulae would relish the thought of porridge/cereals. During the day I would work as a social worker, caring for other people's troubles and solving them by mere words. My wife would busy herself cutting out free detergent offers from the women's magazines and offering neighbours cups of sugar. Both of us would be serving the community by just being ourselves. We wouldn't need any help from others;

we would build a protective barricade around us against outsiders. Our marriage, however, would eventually lose all its attractiveness and become a marriage of convenience only. Often I would go into fits of violent temper, but my wife would have known about this and take no notice of me.

Every Sunday we would attend the local church. Each putting silver into the collection, we would observe the holy laws and give generously. I would spend the afternoon in the greenhouse; life would go on endlessly. Gradually we would find that we had lost our individuality altogether and had become mere cogs in a human machine. We never loved each other, but the computer said we were a perfect match. If so, what went wrong? Had I spent all my money, time and after-shave lotion following a dream and not a reality?

A lesson is to be learnt from all this—somewhere, someone is always willing to squeeze a few pieces of silver out of a poor wretch and not look at the consequences. Be it in old age or youth, love comes to all those who wait, so why dateline it?

T. M. QUINTON (U.6)

THE SONG

Jangling strings
And flaming nostril
Guitar breathing
Fire and smoke,
Surging voice
And static motion
Fingers picking
Melody.

Rumbling bass-strings
Shrieking trebles
Fingers burn
On red-hot chords,
Mahogany echoes
Pinewood facing
Telling stories
Of centuries.

Song of love
Or song of battle
Lovers' lips
Or burning flesh,
White man's Heaven
Negro's Hades
Riot in
The singer's breath.

Voice is drowning
Throbbing playing
Strings complain
Of overwork,
Whirling still
The song is dying
Brain is dead
And cigarette burnt.

TONY DIXON (L.6)

COLOURED THOUGHT

Prosaic patterns slip by the mind
In spectral shades of ice-cool blue;
Purple-blackness clings to me
In this iridescent sea
Of subdued foam
Wet and warm,
Trapped and free,
Eddying round the shape of me.

Velvet shade of green-tree lane
Brings to mind a leafy glade.
Patterned memories do not fade:
They die beneath this crystal sea
Of darkness, death, despondency.

I am young: you are old.
What does dull, dim future hold
For you, for me, for colours too?
Floating in my inner brain
Transposed thought rejects the sane,
The true, the real, the endless strife
Of this, my multi-patterned life.

B. FROST (L.6)

A SOLDIER'S LAST THOUGHTS

It's the middle of the night,
I am woken,
There's a fight.
I change into my uniform.
It's uncomfortable,
But warm.
I arm myself, I grab a gun,
This battle's for keeps,
Not just for fun.



G. D. Jones, (L.6)



T. A. Bird, (U.6)

I hear the roar of the planes overhead,
I hear the screams of the almost-dead.

The blast of the bombs makes the ground quake.
I'm sweating now and I begin to shake.

I hear the whistle of a bomb diving down.

I must say a prayer . . .

I kneel down.

P. ALEPPO (IL).

THE MESSAGE

They proclaimed me king.
"King!" they said
And put a crown
Upon my head.

"Rule for ever!"
They cried that day,
"Rule!—but, be sure,
Don't give our country away!"

I sat on my throne
As in ancient Greece
And to my country
Brought love and peace.

Then along comes a man
Who made my heart bleed.
"Comrades!" he cried,
"He's mad with greed!"

Take up the gun,
Take up the knife,
The day has come
To take the king's life."

A revolution
Bloody and grim,
But death and suffering
Meant nothing to him.

If it wasn't his guts
Spilled on the ground,
He'd continue to spread
The message around.

T. C. MILES (L.6).

THE OXFORD DINNER

This year's Oxford dinner was seriously threatened by the fact that the Golden Cross, which has been our meeting place recently, came under new management and, without warning, closed for redecoration and other "improvements." However, David Parker, helped by a lady-friend unfortunately unknown to us, eventually secured the use of a room at the Linton Lodge Hotel, where most excellent "browsing and sluicing" was indulged in. For this we felt that we owed Parker and his friend much gratitude.

The H.M. and a large contingent of masters went up from Mitcham but were prevented by the very inclement weather from contemplation of "the dreaming spires," the lawns, the quadrangles and other well-remembered delights of Oxford.

As it was the last appearance of Dr. Bingham as our H.M. we departed from tradition, but only momentarily—and David Parker proposed his health.

The O.M.'s present were: M. J. Boylett and R. W. Beckham (St. Edmund Hall), S. E. V. Chamberlain and V. H. Smith (Keble), D. W. Parker and R. H. Johnson (Trinity), G. T. Jenkin (Wadham), C. P. Mitchell (Westminster), G. H. Pollard (New College), and M. T. Fain (Exeter). Apologies for absence were received from R. Davies (Hertford) and D. Baker (Keble).

The Staff present were: Dr. Bingham, and Messrs. Benfield, Hallam, Judge, Lidiard, Male, Marsh, Law, Purbrick and Wilkie.

H.S.J.

OXFORD NOTES

Summer in Oxford. What more fitting season could be chosen to rhapsodise on its cherished accomplishments? Could anything be more calculated to send the blood coursing through the veins of old blues than this divine phrase? Who, having savoured the delights of cricket in the parks, punting on the Cherwell, the proverbial sunsets over Keble and dawns in Somerville, could remain unmoved by such thoughts?

But it is not my aim to assail the vulnerable emotions of those to whom such sentiments appeal. Oxford continues to live on, but our own M.C.G.S., only just its junior, is to sink into obscurity. Consternation has gripped the bowels of the Oxford dons. The stabilising influence of Old Mitchamians is only beginning to be recognised. Crippling changes, which can never be revoked, have struck at the heart of the institution. Fortunately, there is still no one who can understand the University Statutes.

Put another way, the country's cultural heritage has been furthered this year by three new state-subsidised intellects from Mitcham. Each of us has operated from a different province. Fain, at Exeter, has been studying Anglo-Saxon and he and Parker have become "wet-bobs." Boylett (St. Edmund Hall) has again played badminton for the second team against Cambridge. My own task has been to supervise the running of the Keble home for underprivileged Etonians.

S. CHAMBERLAIN (Keble).

PARENTS

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

We have had another successful year. Although, because of the transfer of the School to Eastfields in the autumn of 1969, there are no plans involving any expenditure, we have continued with our published programme of events.

We have just had our annual Jumble Sale when just over £40 was collected.

In November a team of parents took on the boys in a quiz and with Mr. Purbrick acting as an impartial quizmaster, a very close contest was enjoyed by all. In January the New Year's Party was attended by well over one hundred parents and, in the opinion of those who attended, this event improves every year. Our thanks to Messrs. Bumstead, Solley and Crouch for all their hard work. In March the School Orchestra gave a concert in the gymnasium and we were all impressed by the talent available.

We are looking forward to our summer events, namely the Mid-summer Trip which this year will be an all-day one and the usual cricket and tennis matches against the boys. In last year's cricket match we drew, we believe for the first time.

As you know, Dr. Bingham, the President of the Association, is leaving the School at the end of this term and on behalf of the Committee I should like to thank him for his co-operation and helpful guidance in all the Association's affairs. We all offer him our best wishes for the future.

I would cordially invite all parents to come to the Annual Supper which will be held just after the start of the new term on the 25th September. This event gives parents of new boys the opportunity to meet other parents and we hope the new Headmaster will find it possible to attend.

J. S. ANDERSON, Honorary Secretary.

SCHOOL OFFICERS

<i>Head of School</i>	N. S. Dawson.
<i>Deputy Heads of School</i>	D. M. Todd, M. E. Beckham, P. D. Hendry, J. E. Cade.
<i>Senior Prefects</i>	J. F. Bance, E. E. Bardell, G. A. Crouch, R. Dorrington, R. A. Essex, A. G. Faircloth, S. R. R. Harling, M. W. Hills, A. M. A. Larkin, P. C. Leverick, T. Lewis, G. I. Macleod, D. A. Pamment, K. G. Pitts, D. J. Rush, P. T. Shafee, G. R. White, B. S. Willmott, M. J. Zeale.
<i>Prefects</i>	B. C. Ansell, J. H. Boutall, M. R. Chester, K. P. Clarke, S. R. Cluer, M. J. Constantine, T. O. Cove, J. A. Currie, A. N. Dixon, A. P. Goodson, R. Grant, K. A. Green, A. Griffin, G. P. Halls, K. W. Harper, I. B. Harper, P. W. Hibble, D. C. Hill, M. J. Hughes, G. R. Hyde, J. W. Kent, N. C. Longdon, T. P. Mackintosh, R. J. Marlow, M. J. Miles, J. D. Morgan, N. R. Peterken, M. J. Phillips, J. C. Pond, T. M. Quinton, G. Rayner, M. I. Reynolds, M. L. Ridley, J. W. Skene, P. R. Smith, M. C. Spickett, G. F. Sumpter, B. J. Summers, J. H. Turner, D. J. Treleaven, D. A. Williams, T. S. Wilson, K. E. Wise, T. Wyatt.
<i>Heads of House</i>	CANONS: P. D. Hendry. LODGE: J. F. Bance. RAVENSBURY: G. A. Crouch. WITFORD: D. A. Pamment, B. J. Summers.
<i>Team Captains</i>	ATHLETICS: C. A. Crouch. BADMINTON: J. E. Cade, D. J. Rush. BASKETBALL: G. A. Crouch. CHESS: R. T. Wills. CRICKET: P. C. Leverick. CROSS-COUNTRY: E. E. Bardell. RUGBY: N. S. Dawson. TENNIS: P. C. Leverick. SWIMMING: G. R. Carter.
<i>School Librarians</i>	A. M. A. Larkin, M. J. Zeale.
<i>Careers Librarians</i>	J. F. Bance, N. C. Longdon, M. I. Reynolds.

SCHOOL TERMS

AUTUMN:	10th September — 20th December
SPRING:	7th January — 2nd April
SUMMER:	21st April — 25th July.