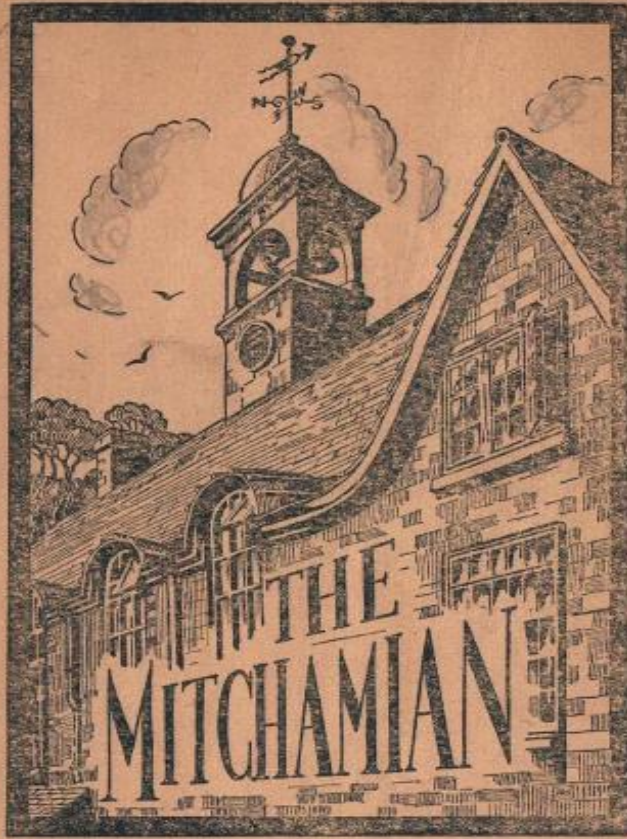


B TANNER J. S. D.



Vol. 3

No. 4

Mitcham County Boys' School

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**The Mitchamian**

CHRISTMAS

1939

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**Editorial Notes**

**Nearly Interned** — It appeared very unlikely a few weeks ago that this magazine would be printed. First there was the fact that the Editor just managed to escape from Germany only a few hours before the frontiers were closed, thereby missing the probability of being interned for the duration of the war.

**Doubts and Evacuations** — Then there was the uncertainty of whether the School would be able to re-open on account of the imminence of air-raids. Finding ourselves still alive after the first alarms, we were eventually glad to hear that we might be allowed to re-open when adequate trenches had been constructed for the whole School, or rather, for those members who had not then decided to seek a safer neighbourhood. Facilities for a second chance to be evacuated to safety were offered, and for a time nobody could tell how many boys were likely to be left.

**Digging Ourselves In** — When the number of evacuees finally proved to be about fifty, some of the more stalwart and energetic members of the School undertook the heroic task of digging trenches for the remainder—what time the Authorities deliberated upon the official plans. Every day for over a week the diggers laboured in the burning sunshine, stripped to the waist, only to find at last that their work did not meet with the approval of the powers that be, who then undertook the work themselves.

Writing in the first week in November, we find that the trenches are still not completed, so not all boys can be present, but a few days more should remedy that.

**Printing in Blackout** — Then there is the question of 'blacking out,' as printing is done after school, and the fact that many of

our usual out-of-school activities have been stopped. But in spite of all these difficulties, we hope it will be possible to produce our first magazine of the war.

**Acknowledgements**— We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines:—

"The Record" (Wallington),  
 "The Ashtedian",  
 "The Suttonian".

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### Evacuation

**A**BOUT eighty boys of the school were entitled to be evacuated under the Government Scheme but, partly owing to the national emergency coming along during the holidays, only thirty-eight accepted the offer.

Masters were in attendance at the School from August 26th to answer parents' enquiries and make necessary preparations and I have to thank Mr. Stephens, Mr. Marsh, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Judge for curtailing their holidays and giving me very valuable help during that period. In accordance with information received the previous day, a circular was sent out to parents on the morning of Saturday, Sept. 2nd suggesting that we should probably have to wait two or three days more before being evacuated, but, following a further message received at midday, another notice stating that evacuation would take place the next morning had to be rushed out in the afternoon.

We assembled at 6 a.m. on the morning of Sunday, Sept. 3rd—forty odd boys, including one or two small brothers, myself and my wife and Mr. and Mrs. Reed to take charge of the party, and the masters already mentioned and Mr. Doig to see us off. A number of parents, who must have cursed Hitler for dragging them out of bed at such an hour on Sunday morning, were also present.

List were checked over and everyone was inspected to see that he was properly labelled and then we sat down to wait. After a while we were joined by a smaller party from the Girls' County School and at about 8.30, having been joined in the meantime

by parties from the Lower Mitcham and Roman Catholic schools, we were packed into buses and started the first stage of our journey to an unknown destination. At about 9 o'clock we passed the end of my own road, which I had left at 5.30, and shortly afterwards we were deposited at Sutton Station. Here there was another wait but finally, at a little after 10 a.m., we did get into a train, still wondering where we were going, though in the meantime I had been told in confidence of three different destinations.

The route taken by the train soon showed that we were likely to reach somewhere between Chichester and Brighton. Some of the younger members of the party expressed intense disapprobation when the train pulled up at Littlehampton, but loudly expressed their delight when told that they were not to get out, but were going to Worthing. Shortly after 11 a.m. we reached that town and were just in time for the first air raid warning of the war, as a result of which we were immediately ushered into a sub-way, told to get out our gas masks and offered copious drinks of water. There seemed to be something wrong about this when we had taken so much trouble to get away from the "danger zone", but no-one "got the wind up" and the alarm did not last long.

We were next conducted to the Worthing Boys' High School, when people with official badges seized us in groups of half-a-dozen or so and took us off to be planted in billets. This was quickly accomplished, showing that those responsible, mainly the staff of the Worthing High School, had made very efficient arrangements for their part of the work. Early in the afternoon every one was sorted and the remainder of the day was spent in getting to know foster parents and finding out the whereabouts of other members of the party.

For the next ten days or so we had to amuse ourselves. Fortunately the weather was very warm and fine and there is safe bathing at Worthing. Also the Downs give excellent opportunities for rambling. Two collective rambles were organised during this period. The pre-Roman encampment at Cissbury was the objective of the first one and, though we were rather warm on reaching it, once we had eaten our lunches, everyone found some interesting occupation; either searching for neolithic remains or climbing trees or, more interesting still, eating blackberries. On the way back Gorman made the interesting find of a tortoise—probably self-evacuated—which he subsequently sold

at a considerable profit.

On the second rable we again went by Cissbury, where the weaker members were left behind, while the more stalwart continued on to Chanctonbury, from which viewpoint we looked across the Weald and wondered where Mitcham was. The return journey through No Man's Land valley was very picturesque, but the climb back on to the Cissbury ridge, after about 10 miles of walking, struck some of the party as being worse than an imposition.

This very pleasant second summer holiday, however, came to an end on Sept. 14th, when we assembled with the Battersea Grammar School in the High School buildings to commence work. Under the new conditions it took a little longer than usual to get into real school routine, but eventually boys were sorted out into forms, a timetable was evolved, and we really began to know what we should be doing the next day.

Since then a good half-term's work has been accomplished. The school is in session each afternoon from Monday to Friday, and attendances are also made on some mornings for laboratory work, gym. classes and so on. Friendships were quickly made with both the boys and the Staff of the Battersea Grammar School, who have been most helpful to us, and have done all they can to make us feel, for the time being, we are a welcome part of their school.

At times slight difficulties have arisen through boys getting into forms which were too good or not good enough for them, or through slight divergencies between the curricula of the Mitcham and the Battersea schools, but these have quickly been rectified when brought to our notice, and the Headmaster of Battersea has been most kind and considerate in arranging, so far as our emergency organisation will allow, for our boys to get the maximum educative benefit from their association with his school. We hope that we have contributed something in return.

Much might be written about billets—a subject which is now always with us. It has been necessary to move a certain number of boys since we came, but in very few cases has the reason been really unsatisfactory behaviour on the part of boys, or really unsatisfactory arrangements for them in the billets. It is very pleasing to be able to state that, in the majority of cases, the foster parents have willingly tried to make the boys happy and comfortable and that in most cases they have been

very well satisfied with the behaviour of our boys in their houses. Of course on both sides there has to be a realisation that we are suffering some of the inconveniences of war, and that we must help one another to make the best of them.

It seems a pity that, when so much expense has been incurred and so much trouble taken to bring boys into an area where less danger is expected, some should let the little inconveniences worry them, until they worry their parents to take them back. So far about nine of our party have returned, one or two with good reasons, but most of them just because they were homesick. In some cases parents have not been so considerate as they might be. It is not very encouraging to us when after several hours searching for a new billet for a boy, we hear a day or two later that he is going home the next week-end; nor is it quite fair to the people who have had their own home life disturbed by making room for him in their house. Neither is it very courteous to a Headmaster who has been to considerable trouble to arrange for the education of a group of boys from another school, when they just fade away with little notice or acknowledgement of what has been done for them.

However, there are still about thirty boys of the school here, two or three who have been sent to this area independently having joined us, and most of us are making the best of things and realising that things are not at all bad if we face up to them. We have gained nearly half a term's work on those boys who were left behind. We have made new friends, seen new places and have had an interesting experience of the methods of another school.

Apart from a few colds, which we might have had in Mitcham, our health has been good and we are benefiting from the fresh air from the sea and from the Downs and most of us look considerably better for it. We all hope that our return may not be long delayed, but realise that in the meantime we can try to be a credit both to the Battersea Grammar School, to whom we are for the time being attached, and to the Mitcham County School, which has our more permanent loyalty.

W.L. WHITELEY.

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## The Scout Camp in Switzerland

**T**HE School Group held its Summer Camp this year at Sarnen, near Lucerne in Switzerland. For the first time in many years S.M. Reed did not attend. The party of 34 was led by A.S.M. Lewis as Camp Chief; he was ably helped in the large amount of work he had to do by A.S.Ms. Marsh and H.R. Cook, and Rover V.C. Clark.

On Wednesday July 26th we left Victoria on the 10.30 boat train to Dover; the boat got into Ostend at 14.45. Two hours were spent there, in having tea in a café, and taking a short walk round the port. By 18.48 we were on the train, each provided with a packed meal for the long journey across Belgium, Luxembourg and France, to Basle. Many places en route were recognised from the previous year's camp. Soon after dark we settled ourselves as best we could to sleep in the dim light of one small blue lamp in each compartment.

Soon after dawn, at Mulhouse, it was possible to see the Black Forest on the German side of the Rhine. In the light of later events this memory is a little grim. We had a typical Continental dejeuner in the buffet at Basle station. On our way again the Jura Mountains stretched south-westwards on our right. We actually passed through a four-mile tunnel just before Olten. Lucerne was reached at 8.44. The grandeur of pictures of Swiss mountains now became real to us.

The last stage of our journey was on a train of the light mountain railway type, in a slight drizzle of rain. By the time we got to Sarnen at 11.00 after a journey full of interest, it was pouring down. In rather a dismal state of mind we set out on the 10 minute walk to the camp-site. This was a nice verdant patch of grass in front of a Schuetzenhaus (Shooting House) by a small river made torrential by the rain. Tents were pitched quickly, the rest of the day generally being spent getting everything in order about the camp.

Next morning after inspection the Rovers and Troop Leader set the rest of the camp a natural trail up into the "saeters" or summer pastures. We crossed the gorge of "our" river by a wooden bridge. Quite a lot of fun was had dropping stones into the fast stream, attempting to calculate the height. It was exactly 300 feet—the highest bridge in Europe it seemed.

Our first real glimpse of Lake Sarnen was had that afternoon on a walk to Giswil, with a bathe when about half way there.

Saturday July 29th was extremely warm, it being a relief to stand in the shade. Most of the camp visited Meiringen and the Aar Gorge in the afternoon, crossing the famous Bruenig Pass; it was surprisingly chilly in the narrow Gorge, for steep towering cliffs hid the sun from us. The waterfalls, the rushing stream and the narrowness all contributed to the beauty of the visit.

Following our usual custom we made Sunday our day of rest. But when later in the afternoon A.S.M. Marsh suggested a "short stroll" a good many agreed. The heat, and the steep slopes up to Flueli our objective, made the stroll into a strenuous tramp. It was very pleasant however returning alongside the lake.

About half the camp rose early next morning and went by train to Giswil. Here we had breakfast in the hotel Krore. It was here that the Foreign Tour had stayed the previous year. Accompanied by a guide we left to climb the Giswilerstock, a height of 6,811 feet.

A definite path was followed for most of the way, but for the last steep slopes we were glad of our studded boots. Four hours after leaving the Hotel we were at the summit; here midst swirling pieces of mist — which were actually clouds we ate our lunch. The descent was rendered a little dangerous by treacherous sharp slopes. We were lucky enough to be nearly at the bottom when a thunderstorm broke; lightning was actually seen striking mountains. After tea at the Hotel we left for Sarnen, arriving at camp at 20.00. The rest of the camp visited Lucerne during the day. A little flooding necessitated some scouts sleeping in other tents — some lucky ones slept in the farmer's hay loft!

Tuesday August 1st was mainly spent in recuperation after the long and arduous day before. We enjoyed a bathe in the lake as a relief from the hot sun. That evening at 20.00 the party was lucky enough to be able to witness the celebrations of the Swiss National Festival. We saw the procession and followed it among crowds of people, including some Dutch scouts with whom we had become acquainted, to the Lardenburg — a spur overlooking the town. There we saw acting, dancing, singing (with yodellers), a wonderful exhibition of flag-throwing and fireworks.

Most of Wednesday morning was spent buying souvenirs to take home. At about 13.00 we left by railway for Alprachstad,



Lake Lucerne, from which village the mountain-railway (rack and pinion) up Pilatus (2132 metres) started. It was not very warm up there, and also the views were partly obscured by mist.

Thursday 3rd August was our last day in camp. After full kit inspection, the tents were taken down, and all traces of our camping obliterated as far as possible. When all was complete, the farmer brought flasks of his cider to us, and we refreshed ourselves! Having taken all the kit to the station, we visited an hotel for a very good lunch. Big hailstones began to fall as Sarnen was left behind. We had to walk round Lucerne in the rain to see the famous Bridge, Cathedral and Lion. After tea Lucerne and the Alps were soon left behind. It was of course dark at Basle, but the rain had stopped there, so the W.T.A. representative took us for a walk across the Rhine; everybody was sleepy and despite the wooden seats most slept well.

Namur was reached at 8.00 — we had breakfast on the train, three-quarters of an hour after Brussels was reached, and Ostend at about 11.00. The crossing was again smooth with brilliant sunshine. The Dover Customs were quickly passed at 14.00. The boat-train arrived sharp to time at Victoria — and so another Summer Camp was successfully terminated.

The occasion was notable, since it was the first camp held so far away from England.

T.L. A.A.Simpson

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### America Again

“COME back in 1939,” they said; the New York car registration plates all advertised the reason: “World’s Fair 1939.” I went back; it was good to be back.

The theme of the Fair was: “The World of To-morrow”; its theme-centre was a great hollow globe in the middle of the fair grounds; inside this was a moving platform from which the visitor saw a panorama of “The City of To-morrow”; its close resemblance to the American city of to-day was a striking testimony to the theory that what America thinks to-day, the world will think to-morrow. From the centre radiated avenues flanked

by the Buildings of all the United States and of almost all the countries in the world. The British Pavilion, dedicated to Peace between our nations, was spacious in its lay-out, sparing in its propaganda, and obviously the creation of a country that knew its own worth; like a true American, I waited nostalgically in a queue to see replicas of the Crown jewels and a page of Magna Carta. The Russian Pavilion, surmounted by a figure with a torch glowing a dull red at night, was much more propagandist; part of its propaganda, a showing of anti-Nazi films, came off on August 24th, for New York is nothing if not up-to-date.

The entertainment section of the Fair ranged from peanut stalls to parachute jumping. A most elaborate swimming display included some extraordinary diving by Johnny Weissmuller, the Tarzan hero, for the benefit of the diving fan, and some formation swimming by bevyes of beautiful bathing belles, for the benefit of the musical comedy fan. It was all done so perfectly that one wished that Mr. Weissmuller would land on his stomach or a bathing belle would sink to the bottom, just once, to show how difficult it all was.

The American public probably have more appreciation of good swimming than we have; they bathe tirelessly and swim well; they can afford to, as sea water and fresh water alike become luke-warm in the hot American summer. The only time that I showed up at all well was when I was able to bathe, with British phlegm and apparent enjoyment, in water whose temperature, for once, approached that of a Lake District tarn. Even the life-savers on the beach looked mildly surprised.

All through August the American newspapers, and the American people, took an acute but detached interest in the intriguing political game going on in Europe. One got the impression that they were looking at a queer, far-distant world through an extremely efficient telescope. Every newspaper assumed the final inevitability of war but differed about the exact date. "NO WAR NOW," screamed a headline on the Wednesday before war was declared—I wished later that the editor had been forced to eat his own words. I was interested, a few weeks later, to come across an article by Dorothy Thompson, one of the more famous of the "columnists", written on May 4th, 1938, saying: "It is not at all likely that the Russians would defend Poland. They might, some day, collaborate to divide her." It was prophetic, but so much is written by Americans about European affairs that some of it is bound to be prophetic.

At one a.m. one night, a few days before the outbreak of war, I was pushing my way among the crowds in Times Square and Broadway goggling at the blaze of lights of a great city; it was the last blaze of light I was to see for a long time. The next evening the German "Bremen" set out on her voyage to dodge British warships on the way to Murmansk, the French "Normandie" cancelled her sailing, and the British "Aquitania," on which I travelled, started her zig-zag course across the Atlantic, completely blacked out, her passengers wondering whether they would have to use the gas-masks with which they were issued.

They were not necessary; a week later Southampton Water seemed as smooth as it had ever been in happier days; the barrage balloons floated serenely in a peaceful sky; we had returned, safely, to England at war.

W. PURBRICK.

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### Salbete

- J.S.D:** Humphries, A.J., Whiteman, Mattin, Higgins, Jeffries, Tanner, Smith, J.W., Sturdy, Simmons, D., Martin, B., Doughty, Price, Brace, Massey, Wilson, May, Crawford, Mercer, Potts, Brett, Waller, Cousens, Brinkman, Dann, Brier, McDowell, Smith, J.D., Winfield, Bessell, Corney, Peacock A.C.
- J.S.C:** Dixon, Lawrence, Parish, Walden, B.F., Wane, Blott, Dabbs, Lynch, B.R., Tarbet, Laker, T., Laker, F., Bull, Curran, Prentice, Durant, Moyce, Wills, Hatton, A., Prescott, Allen, J.E., King, Hunter, Woodhouse, Simpson, A.A., Lewis, Smith, J.A.
- J.S.B:** Clarke, D.A.M.
- J.S.A:** Wane, R.M.
- IVB.** Bouthemy, J., Mc Kenzie, K.J.
- IvA2.** Ellis.
- VA.** Vassar.

U.S.A. Ritchie, McCarty.

### Valets

Wilson, I.W., Searle, Gibson, Murray, Symons, Days, Cole, A.J., Goude, Rinaldi, R.J.C., Hurst, Wilson, P., Andrews, N., Bunyan, Carpenter, Day, Freeman, Hassett, Jenner, Phillips, G.I., Campbell, Jackson, H.W., Marshall, Biddiscombe, Read, V., Rowden, Ham, Hopkins, Jover, North, Bishop, Norman, Boxall, Rinaldi, P.A.F., Turner, K., Collins, F.A., Roberts, Lewis, E.F., Jackson, I., Muhlberger, Spiller, Green, R.

### The Belgian Foreign Tour

ONCE again a party of boys collected at Victoria station for another holiday abroad under Mr. Whiteley, assisted by Mr. Bottoms.

We went to Belgium and those who made the journey were Nicholls, Wilson, Harding, Murray, Trevena, Hutcheon, Tompsett, Brooker, Woods, Heumann, Moriarty, Pearce, Poole, Quinton, Reed, Barker, Jeffreys, Bromiley, Chambers, and Hipperson.

After a pleasant railway journey we embarked at Dover, and after a smooth crossing arrived at Ostend. Here we caught the train for Bruges. The carriages were very unlike our own. One had to climb up into them as the platform is level with the wheels. The inside of the carriages reminded one of a tram with no compartments and wooden seats. However, the train took us safely to Bruges where we were met by a coach and taken to the Hotel Regina. Bruges is a very old city which at one time was extremely important commercially but is now of interest mainly on account of its art treasures and relics of bygone ages.

While we were there, we enjoyed a motor boat trip down the canal system. This Canal system played an important part in the commerce and defence of the town in the Middle Ages, and from it some beautiful views of the town are obtained.

There was also a conducted tour round Bruges, among whose places of interest we visited the Hotel de Ville, Notre Dame, Chapel of the Holy Blood, Grootheus Museum and the City Gates. We also made an ascent of the famous belfry.

It was in this town that Quinton spent the best part of the night swatting mosquitoes, only to find that next morning he was rewarded with about thirty bites.

Some of us hired tandems and visited the countryside.

Our next move, the following morning, was to Brussels, and on the way we stopped at Ghent, but we were only able to spend a very short time there visiting the Chateau des Comtes and the Church of St. Bavon. We reached Brussels late in the afternoon and were very heartily welcomed by the proprietress of the Pension Delobe, which was to be our home for the next few days.

We had a fine time here, and were made very comfortable by Mademoiselle Delobe, although she is more used to genteel young ladies than to county school boys. The following day we made a motor coach tour of Brussels, visiting the Hotel de Ville, Courts of Justice, Houses of Parliament and the Cinquentenaire. We were all given plenty of time to ourselves. We also visited Terrieren on our way through the Forest of Soignes to the Battlefield of Waterloo. It was in this town that we saw the actual spot where Nurse Cavell was shot by the Germans.

The following day, Monday, our coach arrived to take us to the station to board the train for Dinant. The journey was broken for a few hours at Namur, where we visited the old citadel and admired the views of the Meuse. We were all very impressed with the lovely scenery in the Ardennes and the sights we saw will always remain in our memories.

We stayed at a very pleasant hotel, the Hotel Hermon, which was situated about fifty yards from the River Meuse. While here we visited the Grottoes of Dinant and saw some very wonderful sights.

The following day, Wednesday, we visited the Grottoes of Han. This was a most marvellous sight and some of the most famous stalactites and stalagmites were to be seen.

The last day, Thursday, having arrived, most of us went souvenir hunting and buying presents. Some boys went swimming, but the water was too cold to allow us to stay long. The afternoon was spent in a trip on a pleasure boat down the river Meuse. After a pleasant trip, we docked at a point on the Fran-

co-Belgian frontier, and here we saw the French and Belgian flags displayed and the road barrier between the two countries. The evening was spent packing our clothes and preparing for our long journey home.

The day arrived and we were all very sorry to go home after such a lovely time. We left the hotel early in the morning, walked to the station and caught our train for Namur. On arriving at Namur we were given over an hour for sight-seeing and then we boarded another train to Brussels. We had to go to another station at Brussels, where we caught our last train to take us to Ostend.

We embarked at Ostend after picking up packed lunches, and after a choppy crossing we arrived safely at Dover. The sea crossing had a peculiar effect on Mr. Bottoms. We had no difficulty in passing the Customs, and we were soon on the train to take us back to Victoria. I do not think many boys were sorry to arrive in London, after they had left dear old Belgium, for it had been a very tiring journey.

On the whole the food agreed with everybody, although we all experienced dishes that did not suit our palate. Mr. Bottoms must be congratulated on the way he handled all the boys' pocket money.

We all realise that such a magnificent holiday could not have been possible without the untiring efforts of Mr. Whiteley and Mr. Bottoms, to whom we would all like to say a very big thank you". One and all enjoyed the trip so much that there was already talk of "I wonder where we shall go for our tour next year", but at the time of writing the answer to this question appears to be a problem which cannot be solved even by reference to maths. books. Thank you Adolf.

F.A. REED. (U.S.B.)

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### Scout Notes

**F**ROM the first few days of the War our Scouts, past and present, have done a considerable amount of National Service work in the district. P.L.s. Andrews, Symons and Marshall, all of whom left school in July, are helping in the Auxil-

lary Fire Service; T.L. Simpson and P.Ls. Allen and Wainman, the only School members of the Troop available now, on account of new age requirements, are still on duty at the Town Hall. Seventeen scouts are, however, preparing for the Civil Defence badge; Simpson and Jones have already passed the test, which includes most of the material needed for the Pathfinder badge, as well as other requirements necessitated by war conditions, such as the care of civilian gasmasks, the location of First Aid Posts and the sending and receiving of messages by telephone. Altogether it seems a most useful badge, and we hope that the scouts who enter for it will be successful.

Meetings of the troop, which have been cut down to an hour, have been mainly occupied with patrol badge work. The cup awarded for the patrol to make the most headway during the half-year ending in August was won by the Hawks (J.Asher, P.L.). A new scheme for awarding points, which we hope will work successfully, has been made out for this half-year.

The Swiss camp, back in the dim eons when our Summer holiday was untroubled, was as pleasant as usual. The financial position, the Scouters' main concern, was most favourable, and Mr. Lewis' glad cry, a few weeks ago, of "a bob a nob" stirred the heart like a trumpet.

The Senior Patrol consists of T.L. Simpson, P.L. Jones and P.L. Allen. Jones has passed all the King's Scout tests, the sixth member of the troop to do so. Recruits for this term up to the present are: Curran P.J., Martin B.H., Simpson A., Sims R.W. and Ware R.M.

Mr. Reed, sea-battered at Worthing, has run some scouting with a group of thirty-five boys there, including some of our own veterans. We are glad to hear of it, but we wish he were back with us.

W.P.

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### Geographical Society

**V**ERY soon after the School began properly, the Geographical Society had started to function. At the General Meeting, when unusual enthusiasm was shown, it was decided that

we should function fortnightly. This only left three clear Tuesdays for lectures. These consisted of:

(1) "London's Countryside", given by the Hon. Sec. with slides lent by London Transport.

(2) "King Coal", given by Ridgewell (a new member whose enterprise affords a good example to the rest of the society).

(3) By the time this appears in print we shall have had a talkie-film display given by the Canadian Government.

Since there was no half-term we were unable to have the usual ramble, but we are having one after we break up for Christmas.

Considerable enthusiasm was shown towards the proposal to repeat a three-days Hostelling Tour similar to the successful experiment we made last year, but plans have not yet matured because of the uncertainty of the length of the holidays.

A full programme for next term is being drafted, and with the help of members we should be able to have a lecture every fortnight next term.

The Society has its full complement of members, but the Hon. Minutes Sec. (A.A. Simpson) is compiling a waiting list.

P.A.G.

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## House Reports

### 1. Black

**T**HIS has been a term of strange contrasts and changes.

We found ourselves at the beginning of the term without our House Masters, Mr. Whitely and Mr. Reed—who had both gone with the evacuation party. We were fortunate in obtaining, to replace them, Mr. Spencer and Mr. Rushworth, who have shown already that they intend to maintain that degree of voluntary effort which we have always sought after, and to assist the House to the best of their abilities.

It seemed, to begin with, that the House would never wake up from the unusually prolonged sleep of the Summer Holidays, and there was little enthusiasm towards any House activities;



but gradually that sleepiness was left behind. We had good attendances at voluntary Rugger Lectures and practices, and this culminated in the House Matches against Green, when the results showed that we were fully awake at last. This new interest in Rugger presents a strange contrast to previous years, and we hope that it will not disappear.

Three years ago this house was Cock House for the first time in its history. We pulled together then; we should do much better if we realised the value of that co-operation now.

P.A.G.

## 2. Blue

**A**T the end of the school year the House lost its Captain and Vice-Captain; several members have also been evacuated. To make up for these losses fifteen new boys were welcomed into the House at the beginning of term. They have had, as yet, little chance to distinguish themselves. A few of these new boys have shown keenness, however, in School Boxing, which is encouraging.

A good spirit has been shown in Rugby Football, our main House activity so far. Well supported practices resulted in a decisive win over Red House. Great determination was shown in every game. Still greater efforts will be needed, nevertheless, if we are to triumph over the other Houses in the struggle for the Rugger cup.

A.A.S.

## 3. Green

**T**HE late re-assembly of school, owing to the war, has necessarily curtailed House activities, and the loss of a number of boys under the evacuation scheme has considerably weakened the House.

The chief source of interest has been the Rugby Cup. The keenness of the House to hold this trophy has been shown by the regular way in which they have attended practices. Despite this, we lost our first match against Black House 11-3.

The only other activity has been Boxing. Here, great keen-

ness has been shown by a few boys but there is a lack of support for this in the House as a whole.

L.M.

#### 4. Red

**A**FTER an exceptionally long Summer vacation the House has settled into the normal school routine. Rugby practices have been organised and we may hope for better results in future matches than our effort against Blue House.

The house welcomes Mr. Martindale whose enthusiasm may well help us to secure higher results in the House competitions.

Boxing practices are now in full swing and this year a considerable number of boys have entered, especially in the Junior School. Some good talent has been brought to light and if the House keeps up its good form in the actual competition it is by no means unlikely that we shall win this trophy.

J.A.

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### Knitting

**I**T is quite a time since I wrote an article for the magazine. There are two things which make me do so. One is the war, the other that the writer will by publication have served ten years "in his present place".

Ten years mean changes—increases in size, new buildings, new masters, new boys—even new regulations for the School Certificate—and then this war.

And through all these changes and especially the last, I am impressed by the absolute necessity of not letting go of the things which we held good in the past, yet to be ready to adapt them to the changing needs of the future. We try to make school as 'normal' as it can be. I should hate to see any school activities cancelled or curtailed "because of the war".

Altered timetables and circumstances give us more time at home and therefore more chances to work at hobbies which we know or to find new ones. I have tried a new one. Some soldier, somewhere, may at this moment be trying to understand what

the strange, shapeless garment (sent by one A.J.D.) is intended to be. Perhaps it has already unravelled. Or even been used to clean boots. Still, I feel I can Knit one. Purl one with the best. I'm not quite so good at P.S.S.O and K. 2. Tog., but these are technical terms, which only experts understand. I find it soothing to knit, less complicated than timetables, and keeping to pattern more than boys do. Try a new hobby yourself.

Ten years at Mitcham have been enjoyable.

A.J.D.

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### School Notes

**School Once a Week.** Who would have believed a year ago that this schoolboy's dream would come true? But it did. Owing to the outbreak of war, the new term could not begin with a full assembly. Evacuation and lack of trenches made that impossible. A weekly visit by each form to receive and return work was all that was at first possible. By the middle of October the Senior School was attending full time, but the Juniors not until the beginning of November.

**Changed Hours of Work.** The war has necessitated changes in the school hours and several new time tables. In order that boys may get home before black-out begins, school is now from 9—3 with one hour (12—1) for lunch. But a number of out-of-school activities still take place after school.

**New Masters.** We extend a hearty welcome to the two new masters who have joined us this term. They are Mr. H. Martindale, B.A. (Hons. Chemistry, Manchester) who has also special qualifications in Physical Training, from Loughborough College; and Mr. W.R. Rushworth, B.A. (London), who has special qualifications in Woodwork from the City and Guilds of London Institute.

**Returned Evacuees.** Odd ones continue to drift back, for odd reasons. It seems likely that not more than about thirty will be still away by the end of this term.

**The New Pavilion.** Another unfortunate result of the war is, that the strong suspicions which we felt when informed that the building of the new pavilion would begin 1st April have now proved to be justified.

**Two New Clubs.** A Model Aeroplane Club, under the direction of Mr. Rushworth, has been formed to encourage work done at home. About seventy boys have joined. Material will be supplied. A Music Club has also been formed, under Mr. Doig's direction.

**Cock House.** Green House holds the honour. We understand that the Feed will take place next term.

**Christmas Greetings.** This is our Christmas Number but it can hardly be filled with a festive spirit. "The times are out of joint." How can we celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Peace? Peace on earth, goodwill towards men. Well, the world certainly needs it, though it does not know how to secure it. It seems almost a mockery in such times as these to wish our readers a happy Christmas. At all events, we hope they will make it a merry one, so far as possible, and enjoy a happier New Year. Let us hope that by next Christmas Insanity Fair will be over.

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#### Allocation of Trophies

Rugby Football	Green House
Cross Country	Green "
Athletics	Green "
Boxing	Black "
Swimming	Black "
Cricket	Red "
Mizen Shield for All Sports	Green "
Æsthetic Trophy	Green "
Part-Singing	Black "
Work Cup	Blue and Red (ex æq.)

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## The Library

**T**HE first stock-taking, at the end of last term, showed that 22 books, mainly fiction, were missing. None of these (among them was a new book which had a life of about a fortnight) was taken out on a borrower's ticket. Boys who borrow books without a ticket cause considerable trouble to the librarians; those who do this and also fail to return them do not deserve to be allowed into a Library. Under a lending system where the dishonest user can abuse his privileges without risk, it is as well that the extent of the library losses should be stated in print.

Suggestions for fiction authors suitable for the various parts of the school may be useful:

### Lower School

Harold Avery, T.B. Reed—Schools we *should* have been at.  
R.M. Ballantyne, F.S. Brereton, Capt. Johns, R.L. Stevenson, J.F.C. and P.C. Westerman—Adventures by land, sea and air.  
Richmal Crompton's "William" books—"If I weren't such a good boy myself. . . ."

### Middle School

John Buchan—Spy stories and thrillers, better than most.  
Sapper—Bulldog Drummond (Petersen always pays.)  
P.G. Wodehouse (Jeeves and Lord Emsworth.)—Some people's humour.  
Dorothy Yates (Berry)—Other people's humour.  
Charles Dickens—"The Good Companions" in 1840.  
J.B. Priestley—"Pickwick Papers" in 1940.  
Leslie Charteris—X v. Whitehall 1212.

### Upper School

John Hilton—Mr. Chips goes over the Lost Horizon.  
C.S. Forester—Thrillers, with plenty of action.  
G.K. Chesterton—Detection for the paradoxical.  
John Galsworthy ("Forsyte Saga")—one chronicle story.  
Hugh Walpole ("Herries" series)—another chronicle story.  
John Masfield—Sea and land adventure stories.  
Dorothy Sayers—Detection for the expert.  
H.G. Wells—Kipps, Tono Bungay and Things to Come.

The Librarians for the term are Reynolds, Asher, Haggood, Hayes, Lee and Molland; assistance in the mending and cataloguing of books has been given by Millo, Carson and Upstill.