

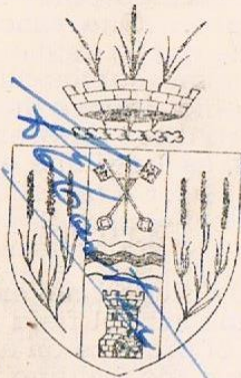
M. Billinton

Rowland *[unclear]*

R. Shinnell

Mitcham County Grammar School for Boys

[unclear]
M. J. Bawtraw
C. J. Bawtraw
S. J. Bawtraw



B. H. Phor

J. Milliken

B. Cradick

D. H. Morris *[unclear]*

THE MITCHAMIAN

SUMMER 1948

B. J. Rance

D. P. P. P. P.

J. Milliken

R. Baldock

Henry Reader

B. W. Mullins

R. W. Mead

Sam Phillips

Editorial

THIS edition again marks the end of another school year. As the strains of 'Lord dismiss us . . .' echo from the school hall, many will be at their last assembly. In about six weeks, others will fill their place and the school activities will continue as before. One school year, to the casual observer, is the same as the next. But to those intimately concerned there is some subtle difference. Each boy, each form and each official leave their marks. This magazine attempts to record these differences, to represent each year, in its own right, as a definite era in School history.

Cricket

THE 1st XI has only played seven matches this season, mainly because the school field is completely unfit for cricket. The lack of practice on a grass wicket has been reflected in the batting and fielding of the team, which was potentially capable of greater things. The need for an opening bat to support Everett has been evident.

Team: Ives (capt.), Bassano, Cradick, Everett, Lane, Billinton, Embleton, Johnson, North, Ashton, Vince.

2nd XI The batting was the weak point; the bowling was steady but not outstanding.

Team: Vaal (capt.), Granger, Morris, Rowland, Gilbert, Goldney, McDaniel, Philpot, Hoad, Beardmore, Hilton.

Colts XI Case (capt.), Plummer, Eldergill, West N., Newland, Laming, Barrett, Ward, Howe, Scott.

Results

Opponents	1st XI	2nd XI	Colts XI
Bec	D 75—72 9	W 74 7—68	L 16—67
Sutton	L 49—74	L 51—100 5	W 24—20
Selhurst	L 64—96 9		L 26—29
Dorking	W 97—26		
Surbiton		W 85 8—75	L 66—100 6
Wallington	L 39—40 4	L 33—37	D 111 8—53 7
Parents	W 99—85		
Beckenham	D 75—2 0	W 69 8—68	W 58 3—55

Queueing For The Proms

It has now become the mode for people who consider themselves moderately well educated to advertise their good taste by attending Promenade Concerts. These people, by buying up all the seats, leave such poor wretches as myself to undergo a form of torture known as 'promming', and, as a new season is approaching it would be as well to anticipate this torture. Now the word 'Promenade', I am told, is connected with walking, but all walking possible at a prom consists in racing round the Royal Albert Hall in search of door 13 and in staggering home after the concert.

In order to be admitted to Door 13 of which I speak, you ignore the mysterious queues which have formed behind sleepy nightwatchmen and look for the end of the queue forming outside it, which extends into Kensington or, on Beethoven nights, Putney High Street. You are immediately forced by a female relic of Victorian days to hire an uncomfortable stool, with instructions "not to move 'ur, sir or 'ur'll topple down." Not understanding a word, you grunt, sit down and endeavour to manoeuvre the stool into a comfortable position, at which the wretched contraption collapses. It is then that you realise what the old lady was trying to tell you.

Having resettled yourself, you discover that you have nothing to read except a masticated tram ticket. You attempt to enter into conversation with a fellow sufferer by asking him the Test Match score. He grunts, 'Australia a million and a quarter for none' and continues solving the Bridge problem.

You give him up and soon the physical discomfort of your position forces you into profound meditations on the inadequacy of the seating arrangements. You have just calculated that the cross section of the stool equals half the area of the part of your anatomy sitting on it, when you receive the unexpected pleasure (or rather pain) of hearing an 'ole Welsh coal miner' singing 'Danny Boy' and a professional beggar reciting Shakespeare.

Entering the hall you find confusion reigns. Loud cheers go up for the man who gives the music scores out and faint applause is sometimes heard for an exceptionally popular conductor. The concert begins. It is modern Russian music. You groan in despair and steal out so quietly that everybody notices you.

G.E.L.

A True Bird Story

NOW, little ones, I am going to tell you a true bird story. It was sixteen years ago when I first saw 'Ftataetea', but I remember every detail clearly.

He was lying on the ground and I gently picked him up and carried him to my kitchen. I filled the empty sink with cotton wool and gently lowered him into it. My first problem (and indeed my greatest) was food for Ftataetea. I had already considered what to call him, and had thought the two alternatives, Skanderish and Siniolchum, improper.

During the next eight years I tried to feed the poor bird on all manner of delicacies, all of which he refused. I had accumulated quite a store of unwanted food and used the front-room entirely for this purpose. Ftataetea ate nothing I gave him but appeared to be in good health and had not moved from the sink where I had first placed him. However, one day, two years later, on entering the Kitchen I discovered that he had gone. Surely he was not strong enough already? After a quick search I found him resting on my bed. He refused to quit this position and I slept in the sink that night.

Next day he left my bed and returned to his former abode while I tidied up my bedroom and did the washing up in the bath. Just as I was getting ready to go to bed Ftataetea rushed out of the kitchen and settled himself firmly on my bed. There was nothing for it but to sleep in the sink again.

Four years went by and Ftataetea kept up his regular habit of changing rooms at night. I had long since remembered to feed him. He was however getting larger and stronger every day and I became worried as I watched him squeezing through the kitchen door every evening. At last he became too large to get out of 'my' bedroom. For a whole week he grew at an enormous rate so reluctantly I knocked down the wall between my bedroom and the bathroom. When I had done so he congratulated me on giving him extra breathing space. This was I think, the only time he spoke to me during his short stay.

I should have explained I live in a bungalow, Ftataetea occupied two rooms: the Bathroom and my Bedroom

and I occupied the Kitchen (the front room you remember was occupied by surplus bird food). That was the position two years before the end, but Ftatateeta grew for another year. I built a shed at the bottom of the garden at the end of that year and lived there until the end.

A council inspector condemned my bungalow because of its bulging walls. It was decided to use explosives to knock it down—though I daresay Ftatateeta would have obliged by growing a little more. A few days ago I watched my bungalow being shattered into a pile of dust (and feathers). Under the rubble was an egg which workmen tried to break with pickaxes. I feel rather worried about it.

D.A.

The Debating Society

SINCE the beginning of the year six meetings have been arranged. The first debate of the year was 'That Royalty is a necessary part of English national life'.

There were many ardent speeches on both sides but the Royalists by far outnumbered the Rebels and the motion was carried by twelve votes to two. The next motion to be discussed was 'That Bachelors Should be Taxed'. Although all the speakers were themselves bachelors opinion was sharply divided. After a lively debate it was decided that bachelors should not be taxed.

The house decided that the cinema was not harmful to youth although the majority deplored habitual cinema-going.

Besides these lively debates the Society has held joint debates with the Discussion Club of the Girls' School; these have on the whole been a success and have served noticeably to increase membership. The first motion to be discussed was "That Royalty performed a useful function." This had a slightly different slant from the previous debate on a similar subject and was discussed with vigour from all points of view. The House was inclined to moder-

ate views. Light relief was provided by Mr. Swaine's unsuccessful attempt to remember the words of the National Anthem. The Royalists held the day.

The house also decided that Conscientious Objectors should be tolerated in time of war and the house then defeated an attempt to reform male dress, perhaps because the majority could not envisage themselves in kilts and gaily embroidered blouses.

Attendance has been good but many members have not yet graced the meetings with their maiden speeches. During the Summer Term the Society has temporarily suspended further meetings, due to the stress of so many other activities. New members will be welcome when debates begin again next term.

L.T.S.

A Trip to Holland

[Mitcham, Strasbourg (France) and Palthena (Holland) had a two-day Athletic Match at Whitsun. France was first with Mitcham second.]

THE Mitcham team assembled on Friday night at Liverpool Street and caught the boat-train to Harwich; there after a long wait at the Customs we embarked on the S.S. St. Andrews. After an uneventful crossing we arrived at the Hook just after six o'clock in the morning. The Dutch trains to Rotterdam are electric with overhead wires supplying the current. Arriving in Rotterdam we went to the 'Calland-West', a restaurant near the station, where the French and Dutch teams joined us.

After a tour of Rotterdam by tramcar, the team went to the Youth Hostel where they stayed over the weekend. The match was in two parts, on the Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

On the Monday, during the course of a coach trip across Holland, we went to Arnhem and saw the tall monument erected there in memory of the troops. Two of the Mitcham team had been in the operation and one of them was presented with a large medal by our guide, a captain in the Dutch Army.

We left Holland on Monday night and arrived in England early on Tuesday morning. All of us arrived home at Mitcham about midday, tired but pleased with our experience. It is rumoured that Mitcham will be the hosts next year, when it is hoped that we shall show the French team which country produces the best club athletes.

B.A.P.

Athletics

Imber Court

THE Imber Court team this year can be congratulated on putting up a good performance although it did not do as well as was expected of it. This was partly due to bad luck. For instance, B. Palmer was very unlucky in the open 220 yards. In his heat in which he came third, his individual time beat the times for the following two heats.

M. Rowland just after competing in the high jump (under 16), had to run his half mile without an interval. This undoubtedly affected his usual form, for, judging by his form in the semi-final the Friday before, he should have made a good third or fourth at least.

Our relay teams compared very reasonably with those of other schools. Our take-overs were well above average although not as good as shown in practice. The senior relay team easily reached the former Imber Court time if indeed it did not break the record. Senior and Junior (under 14) relay teams succeeded in getting into the finals.

E. Lane is to be congratulated on his fine jump (19 ft. 2 ins.) which was the result of some solid training. I. K. Blaen put in a good deal of practice which enabled him to put up good times in the 440 yds. heat and final.

In the Juniors we have a very promising lot which should form the bulk of good Senior teams in the future.

I would like to thank all those boys who turned up to practices and put in some good training but were not eventually in the final team.

H.J.C.

The Mitcham Schools and County Sports

On June 5th an assortment of our boys assembled at Tooting and Mitcham Football ground to show their worth to the rest of Mitcham. The usual events took place, and one got the idea that not only were schools competing, but nurseries also.

Naturally the most excitement came from the senior teams, and much stiffer opposition was encountered than was expected. Nevertheless we made our mark in most of the events.

In the junior 440 yards, Hewson set up a new record, which gained him the best performance cup. Gathercole also did well in gaining two first positions in the High and Long jumps.

We must thank Mr. Madden for his help in training and selecting the teams, who, for the second year running carried away the senior shield and best performance cup. Well done, county!

Following the Mitcham Sports, the County Sports took place at Poulter Park, Carshalton, on June 26. These sports are the half-way stage to the All England Sports to be held this year at Bath.

The boys who gained a first or second place in the Mitcham Sports represented Mitcham; we provided ten boys for the team. The standard in these Sports is very high and it was not very surprising to find that only one boy from the whole of Mitcham has reached the All England standard this year. But, that boy came from the County School. Hewson won the 440 yards again, and so will represent Surrey for the second year running in that event.

The biggest shock to all at the sports was the result of the High Jump which was won at 5 ft. 9 ins. by a Reigate boy. Fourth was one of our boys, who failed to maintain his All England status. Gathercole was unfortunately ill and could not compete.

P.K.

The Grand Relay

The day of the Grand Relay, May 12th dawned heavy and overcast—rain threatened but fortunately held off for

the race. The first twenty of each house had only half a lap to run, and at the end of this Green House held a lead of about forty yards over Black and Red, with Blue some way behind. Now, however, Black began to go ahead rapidly and by halfway through the race had a lead of over a lap on all the other houses. At this point Blue House seniors piled on the pace and substantially reduced Black's lead but they had too much leeway to make up and Black won by over half a lap with Blue second, Red and Green a long way behind third and fourth.

The race was run with great keenness and individual times for a lap were, on the whole, better than in previous years. Indeed no boy in the winning house took more than 70 seconds for a lap. This improvement in the general standard was due to the fact that most boys had trained more often and more enthusiastically. It is to be hoped that this will be maintained in future years.

G.P.

Old Mitchamian Rugby Football Club

THE Club was re-formed in 1946 after being completely disbanded at the outbreak of war, when every member joined the forces. During the war, however, a few games were played against the school when there were sufficient boys on leave to form a team.

On the re-forming of the Club various difficulties, such as the lack of a ground, insufficient fixtures and lack of members, made themselves felt; but they have been overcome and the past season 1947/8 has been most successful:—

1st XV—Played 22, Won 12, Lost 9, Drawn 1. Pts. for 318 against 135.

A XV—Played 5, Won 2, Lost 3, Pts. for 37 against 43.

In 1947-8 the previous year's membership was trebled and we were able to hire King's College ground for seven home games in a full fixture list. The fixtures have taken us far afield with trips to Sevenoaks, Staines and Berkham-

stead amongst other places. The last named of these trips was arranged by Roy Green, who, we hope, will play for us regularly next season and who played against us on this occasion for Gaddesden College. We have made many new friends and have given a good account of ourselves both on and off the field.

We have been encouraged by the number of school-boys who have given their support in holidays both by turning out for us or by giving us their support on the touch line. J. B. Ives turned out for the 1st XV on two occasions and acquitted himself very well. Flint played regularly after leaving school and West had a game when allowed. We look forward to even more members from the school in the coming season and we envisage the not far distant day when every boy leaving school will become a member of the Club.

Old Boys on leave from the Services who want the odd game and any others who would like to help the club should get in touch with our Hon. Sec., J. B. Prichard, 12, The Park, Mitcham (Tel: Mitcham 1784).

Dartmoor Adventure

S OON after the Easter Holidays began, two rather queerly dressed boys with voluminous rucksacks might have been seen to leave Mitcham by bus, to get off at Shannon Corner. There they, or I should say we, thumbed a lift and by stages were soon on the Hog's Back. After walking a few miles, without success in obtaining another lift, in desperation we tried a passing Rolls Royce. To our amazement it stopped and out stepped the driver, a chauffeur, and inquired where we were going. As it was going in the right direction we quickly clambered into the luxurious car. Can you imagine what the populace of Winchester thought when a couple of hobos in a Rolls drove through? Anyhow they certainly did stare. About two hours later and some eighty miles nearer our destination, we got out at Ringwood.

After we had walked a couple of hundred yards or so, a cycling club overtook us and made a variety of witty remarks about buying a bicycle. A little while after, our luck being in again, a lorry stopped. The lorry quickly passed the cyclists. Triumphantly, we thought the time appropriate to answer their comments. This lorry after Dorchester was going to Yeovil, which, although no nearer Exeter than Dorchester, is on the main trunk road there. So Yeovil it was. Our ideas of trunk roads were sadly mistaken however, as not a single means of transport passed us for some time, just a few petrol waggon. But then, as it always does, another car stopped. The driver was a chauffer again and we were once more in luxury. The miles ticked by until we came to Honiton and so to Exeter.

The following day the weather was none too good and, soon after leaving our hostel, it began to rain. It was a heavy downfall which continued all day and to make matters worse the wind kept blowing our capes over our heads. One very bleak place we passed was marked as Windy Cross on the map. I think that that was most appropriate; a few skeletons would have made it complete.

The day after was somewhat better. We located the the R. Teign quite easily and then followed it upstream for several miles. The river was swollen considerably, the heavy rains turning it into a mass of waterfalls. This, combined with the steep-sided, wooded valley must make it some of the most beautiful country in England. About midday we came to the famous Fingle Bridge and cooked lunch there. In the afternoon the plateau of Dartmoor Forest gradually made its appearance. Our idea of it up to then had been rather distorted. Two 'Locals' we had told of our ambitions shook their heads and said something like "I've been up there— once."

We were now on the N.E. side of Dartmoor and after a day's interval, due to incessant rain, left Gidleigh Hostel to cross it. R. Teign again going approximately in our direction and being a sure means of navigation, we followed it until it turned north. This was the moment my companion had been waiting for—to play with his newly-acquired Prismatic compass.

By taking bearings all over the place, which he assured

me were in accordance with all the A.T.C. regulations, he endeavoured to find our way. Up to then we had had the idea to set the compass in the right direction and then follow it. The swamps soon put an end to that. The sheep tracks certainly avoided these but their direction was too haphazard (Yes, we had tried them).

In the end we followed a sheep track until it went some way off course and then endeavoured to find another going in the right direction. On a high part of Dartmoor we came across a huge Forestry Commission Plantation, the floor of which was covered with snow. Somehow it seemed very quiet up there— not a living soul, just thousands of sheep.

After walking vaguely southerly for several miles we saw before us another large river, the East Dart. It flows past Bellever Hostel for which we were heading so as usual we followed it. Bellever is a lonely stone building which I thought looked rather forbidding but, once inside before a large log fire, we soon forgot its outward appearance.

Then on to Brentmoor, following the E. Dart again to Dartmeet where it joins the larger W. Dart. Here a local told us bloodthirsty stories of pits of apparently firm ground with bog underneath which can swallow a man or a horse in a few minutes. Anyhow, we arrived safe and sound at Brentmoor Hostel on the Southern edge of Dartmoor.

From here we worked our way along the Cornish and Devon Coasts to Land's End, where, unable to go further west, we turned for home. Coming home we took a different route, going over Bodmin Moor, through Bath to the Great West Road, the last lift depositing us at Hammersmith Broadway. What a difference from the peaceful country to the rush hour in London. We joined in a sort of rugby scrum to board a 'trolley' and returned to Mitcham.

And how much did it cost? Well, why not try it yourself sometime and see?

'MENACE'.

Library Notes

We have had another successful term in the library

more so, I would venture to say, than the last. The librarians who were new in the Autumn, and finding their feet in the Spring Term, have really entered into the scheme of running the library and mistakes have been fewer.

The school itself has helped in these things. The behaviour of the users of the library has improved greatly over the last two terms in that there has been less noise and the books have been treated with greater respect and have been kept tidier than before. This has made the librarians' job much easier.

There is however one direction in which the school can improve in the library, that is in returning books. Most boys seem very slack in this respect; consequently the library is short of a book for longer than is necessary and many other readers deprived of the pleasure of using the book.

At the beginning of the term we received a large number of new books including popular fiction, classical fiction and many non-fiction books.

The popular fiction includes several by Dorothy Sayers, 'My Brother Jonathan' by Francis Brett Young, of which a film has been made, and two books by Thomas Hardy, 'The Trumpet Major' and 'The Mayor of Casterbridge.' Others are by Arnold Bennett and Bernard Newman.

The non-fiction books include several on science such as 'Marvels of Physics and Chemistry'. There are also biographies of Samuel Pepys, Oliver Cromwell and the Duke of Marlborough, stories of campaigning in the recent war by Viscount Montgomery and others on Careers, Geography, History, Natural History and French and English literature.

E.G.V.

Cycling Calamities

DURING the Easter Holidays, we decided somehow or other we would go somewhere or other on our bikes for a week. This is the general principle of touring which always

leads to success. At our rendezvous we united and set off along the road of surprise—mainly surprise.

We reached Guildford by breakfast time, and being full of youthful vigour decided to walk our bikes over the Hog's Back. From the top of the walk, we were able to look down on the new cathedral which stands alone on the outskirts of the town, as though a censor to travellers from the west.

When on the road again, we began to feel that touring complex of glorious carefree supremacy which is the nearest thing we have found to being alive. Dinner found us nearing Andover, so, knowing now that nothing short of an earthquake could stop us from reaching our destination, we decided to rest and see what our mothers had provided for us to eat. After eating and resting, we rode on to arrive at our night's lodgings thoroughly satisfied with the first day.

The following day, we reached Shaftesbury for morning coffee, and after a rest, set off again under thickening skies. Before we had ridden ten miles, it was raining hard and we stopped at the nearest hay stack. On checking up with the map we found that the nearest railway station was twelve miles away at Sherborne. The skies were getting thicker and we were getting wetter, so we decided to ride on. Putting on all the clothes we could, keeping just one change we began to ride. They were the longest twelve miles I have ever ridden. It took us nearly two hours and we proved the hypothesis that you cannot get wetter than wet.

On reaching Sherborne, we changed and eventually reached the station in dry clothes, consisting of a thin shirt, cotton shorts, ankle socks and cycling shoes. When we booked to the nearest station to the farm we tried to obtain labels for our bikes. The eighty year old porter must have been new to the job for he told us that it was unnecessary.

The train in, we clambered aboard with our bikes, to be duly ejected by an infuriated guard for not having our bikes labelled. The train went, we complained, got an apology and labels and were told that the next train was in two hours time. So we looked for shelter. We found it. It was the General Waiting room. The roof leaked, the

windows had been removed by blast in 1914, and the door didn't shut; otherwise, apart from the fact that there was nothing to sit on, it was the last word in comfort. We were both a little blue by now and, seated on the floor, we attacked a tin of corned beef.

The train came and eventually we reached Seaton Junction, to find that somewhere up the line a blind porter had ejected my bike plus all my belongings, on some far distant platform. More complaints, and more apologies followed, and after another hour's wait, my bike arrived safely. When we tumbled into the train for Colyton on our last lap, we felt like a couple of rejected nomads for it had not stopped raining since we left that hay stack outside Shaftesbury. Arriving at Colyton station, which looks like a shoe box on two knitting needles, we changed into our wet things, to ride to the farm; so as to have a dry set to put on when and if we reached it, for as yet it was only a spot on the map. Luckily, both of us being in the ATC and highly skilled in map reading, the farm was soon located.

The journey home was just as uninspiring; for no sooner had we turned our bikes round, than Mr. Met. reversed his winds and brought rain from the East. After getting soaked we just rode on to Bridport where I had heard tell of a train occasionally visiting the town.

We found the train and it brought us home, via a tour of West England. We were both very wet and exhausted, for we had ridden fifty miles into rain and wind in the previous forty-eight hours. So we took the liberty of reclining full length on the seats.

At approximately midnight, two bedraggled figures tottered out of Surbiton station into the gloom, to walk the nine miles home. We both agree on reminiscing that although in a semi-conscious state, we had really lived for those four days.

'TINY'

Parents' Association

A VERY successful year of activity concluded with the annual cricket match between the School and the Parents'

Association. A very enjoyable and sporting game, which seemed, at one stage, to be as good as won by the parents, resulted once again, however, in a victory for the School, the scores being 99 for the boys and 85 for the parents.

Great enthusiasm was shewn by the fathers to secure a place in the team and it is very much regretted that it was not possible to stretch the strength of the team to include all those anxious to play.

Partly as the result of sustained pressure from the Association the Surrey County Council has now completed the fencing of the School playing field. It now remains for the playing areas to be turfied and made fit for use without the risk of injury to the boys using the field.

Book grants have been made during the past years to all boys who left the School to take a University course of instruction.

Parents and boys who attended the lecture 'Careers for Boys' heard some excellent speakers representing the Surrey County Council and business organisations who were able to give them sound information on the prospects of careers in their various occupations. Such lectures are of immense value to those boys who will shortly be embarking on a career in industry or commerce and they are deserving of the greatest support.

The committee has decided to present to the School a film-strip projector. This apparatus can be used as a visual aid to instruction in almost any subject; it is hoped that it will be available for a demonstration to parents at the A.G.M. in October.

The Baths Hall has been booked for a dance on Friday, the 5th November (no bonfire please). We want to maintain the family atmosphere of this popular event and it is hoped that parents and their friends will continue their support.

Many parents will have happy recollections of the first Christmas party held at the School in January last. It is hoped to organise an even better event during the forthcoming year and I shall be glad of help on this occasion. Any suggestions for novelty numbers will also be gratefully considered.

The committee desires me to thank the Headmaster,

Mr. Doig, and members of the school staff for their whole-hearted support of our activities.

R.J. Reader,
Hon. Sec.

Aesthetic Trophy

Art

ENTRIES this year attained a higher standard than in the two previous competitions, and there were very few which had to be dismissed as entirely without merit. In fact, there was not sufficient wall space to display all the drawings worthy of exhibition.

There is still, however, a small number of entrants who do not read the instructions carefully enough, and a much greater number who are slipshod in carrying them out. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that care, cleanliness and accuracy are of the utmost importance in any branch of art or handicraft; many drawings would have been of far greater service to the House if a little more trouble had been taken over their execution and finish.

Juniors in particular should remember that space-filling is important, and that small figures should be drawn only on a small piece of paper, not scattered like crumbs over a vast surface. If next year's competitors will bear these points in mind, the standard of the contest should reach still greater heights.

E. M. Whitelegg.

Handicraft

The number of entries in all section was satisfactory, and undoubtedly the standard was higher than in the previous year. But still a great deal more time can profitably be spent on the finish of the entries. Only in one or two cases was this criticism not justified, notably the very fine bridges entered by Steel and Larkin.

In the model car section, boys would have been advised not to have made their models from a bought kit. Much credit is always given to the boy who works from his own material and design.

W.R.R.

Musical Items

The standard this year was, with few exceptions, lower than on previous occasions. Whether as a solo or choral item, the piece attempted should be completed without breaking down in any way. The most important element in music is time and few boys seemed capable of producing anything like the correct tempo. In the voice items the standard was higher than in the instrumental.

Juniors especially should remember it is necessary to open the mouth so that the words can be heard distinctly. One senior vocalist could have made much more of his song which was sung very mechanically. It is, of course, wise to choose a song within the range of the vocalist and not, for instance, a tenor song for a bass voice. In the choral pieces everything depends on the conductor, whether style, expression or tempo. The members of the choir should sing together and listen so as to check their singing with the rest of the choir.

The instrumental items were spoilt by lack of variety. It was very refreshing to hear something else, however badly played, besides the piano. The piano pieces were, with one important exception, fairly well played, but correct time and fingering always gains high marks.

S.H.B.

Literature

The entries were poor, and nothing that was submitted was suitable for inclusion in this magazine. The essays as part of a schoolboy's professional life from the First Form cradle to the Fifth Form grave, showed the most skill; even so, in, for example, the Senior Essay, the judge learned much more than he wanted to about the History of the Trade Unions when he wanted to know about their Power.

The Short Story and Poem were much less successful. A short story depends for effect either on a clever plot and

a pointed ending, or else on a sustained atmosphere of, say, gloom associated with a Fog or resignation associated with Rationing. The latter is a difficult type to write, but many of the submitted short stories of the former easier type ended "not with a bang but a whimper." The nightmare about Chess pieces seemed to offer opportunities for triangular knights, square-toed rooks and pawns that are translated into queens at the finishing post, but most of these Chess stories were too vague for nightmares, which are, within their limits, fairly logical.

The verse varied between doggerel ballad metre and diffuse blank verse; both types are better avoided. It is difficult for most people to write good verse; probably the best way in a competition of this kind is to get an idea from a poem and adapt the form and idea for your own verse. Lastly, this is a House, not a household competition. However keen Father and Mother may be on writing verse or stories for you, restrain them. The judge disqualified some entries on that account.

W.H.P.

Elocution

Here the standard is still low. There seems to be very little real preparation in obtaining a clear idea of the meaning and then putting proper emphasis in the right place. Warner and Ashwin gave good renderings in the Senior section. None of the Juniors was really good.

Plays

There was considerable pleasure to be derived from the plays and all gave evidence of careful production. The two defects which led to a loss of marks and possibly decided the final position of the houses were unsuitable choice of play and inaudibility. It was easy to notice the loss of interest in the audience when some elegant acting became a secret between the actors.

None of the plays was familiar to the adjudicator and he had to do his best to follow each story as it was unfolded.

There was no doubt as time went on that Red (The Warming Pan) and Blue (Money Makes a Difference) gave

the clearest pictures and the solidier performances. Interest was maintained and there was some attempt at characterisation. All the plays had good performances in them, and there was one very good piece of acting. The two best plays were thought good enough to be repeated to audiences of parents in July.

A.J.D.

School Notes

¶ During the term the ATC continued to function and the Cadets Beardmore, Banyard, Jeeves, Stokes, Gray, Martin, North and Froud obtained Proficiency certificates. 19 cadets are attending camp at the end of term.

¶ The term has also seen the formation of a Combined Cadet Force consisting mainly of those not old enough for the ATC. The work of this force has been mainly restricted to drill which must be made of a high standard before other, and perhaps more interesting, work can be undertaken.

¶ The Tennis club continued to meet on Fridays. Of the matches played so far, the School beat the Old Boys by 4 matches to 1 with 4 undecided. We lost to Purley by 69 games to 30.

¶ Cricket colours have been re-awarded to Cradick and awarded to Everett, Ives and North.

¶ It is with regret that we say good-bye to Mr. Rushworth, who is leaving at the end of term. He joined the school before the war, and has given valuable help and encouragement to the 1st XI since then. We also say goodbye to Mr. Frayling, who has taught Music during this last year.

¶ The School extends its heartiest wishes for the future happiness of Mr. Lewis and his wife.

¶ The Badminton team won the home match but lost away to Riggindale Youth Club.