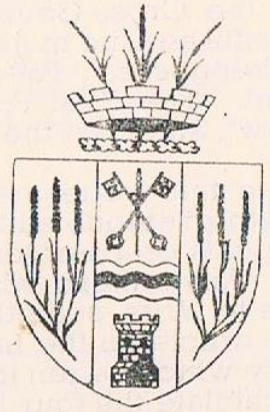


W. Barber

O. W. Clarke

Mitcham County Grammar School For Boys

Z. Hull



R. Ramsey Esq. M.P.
No. 1
7

The
D. H. Morris VI Sec.
Mitchamian



EASTER 1949

Editorial

Once again this magazine is published at the end of an eventful term. As well as the usual functions such as School and house Rugger Matches, there have been Speech Day the Aesthetic Trophy and the Cross Country. The term once again has been successful and the majority of the School has shown considerable keenness. There is still, however, room for improvement. The First Fifteen was supported only by the 'faithful few', although the results were largely successful.

The contributors to this issue are largely those who have supplied articles to previous editions, but there are a few, very welcome, initials or pseudonyms which have not appeared until now. Any others who may have latent literary talent we urge to write something original for the Summer edition. The article on the Lake District seems to be part of a serial story which began in a magazine several terms ago. We congratulate the four travellers on finding so many and so varied adventures in so small an area as the British Isles.

The Rugby Season

This season the 1st. XV met with a reasonable amount of success, due more perhaps to enthusiasm than skill. In the half of the season after Christmas, the same team was never played on consecutive occasions because several players suffered injuries and others left the school. This gave several 2nd XV members a chance of proving their worth in 1st XV matches. The team is to be congratulated upon the results of the matches and can rest assured that they have not lowered the prestige of the school.

F. Ashton, G. A. Embleton, W. D. Everett, R. Mead, F. J. Swaine and B. J. Williams received their 1st XV colours, whilst colours were re-awarded to B.E. Goldney, C. J. Luney and A. M. Moon.

The 2nd XV played a number of games against the 1st XV's of schools not quite of our own standard. The team met with considerable success in spite of the changes wrought by the requirements of the 1st XV.

The Colts showed consistent form and are slowly becoming more skilful.

1st XV From:—

C.J.Lunney (capt), F.A.Ashton, Ashwin, Clarke, Cradick, G.A.Emdleton, W.D.Everett, B.E.Goldney, McIntosh, R.Mead Mitchell, A.M.Moon, Morris, North, Prior, Rowland, F.Swaine B.J.Williams.

2nd XV From:—

Lane (capt.) Bamber, Carter, Cramp, Ellis, Galbraith, Froud, Gougn, Hilton, Jeeves, Larkin, Ockenden, Peters, Porter, Scivier, Weightman.

Colts XV From:—

Gillard (capt.) Adams, Allen, Allenby, Barrett, Barrow, Burt, Case, Eldergill, Evans, Hodges, Howe, Kinsley, Leigh, Maberley, McLean, West.

RESULTS

	1st. XV.	2nd. XV.	Colts XV.
Beckenham	W 8—6	W 14—0	W 36—0
Tiffins	W 8—6	L 0—3	W 36—0
Woking	W 37—3	W 44—0	W 51—3
Oxted		L 11—13	W 8—0
Purley	W 8—0	D 0—0	D 3—3
Shooters Hill	W 34—0	W 14—0	L 10—23
Oxted		W 17—6	
Erith	W 23—8	W 33—3	W 36—0
Selhurst	D 3—3	W 25—0	W 18—9
Wallington	L 0—6	W 11—13	L 11—13
Oxted	—	W 21—3	W 23—0
Bec	L 5—10	W 10—6	W 11—10
Godalming	W 25—0	—	W 39—0
Wallington	L 5—20	L 0—22	L 0—6
Selhurst	W 9—0	L 3—14	W 9—0
Shooters Hill	W 6—0	L 0—3	L 13—6
Purley	L 5—12	L 5—6	W 6—3
Tiffins	W 11—3	L 3—34	—
Sutton	—	W 11—6	—

Patience

WELL played, Mitcham! Once again, for four nights in December, Mitcham Baths Hall was the scene of those hilarious festivities known popularly as 'Gilbert and Sullivan'. This time it was "Patience"—what a watchword for producer and cast alike!—that was the victim of the school's efforts; and heavy dragoons, love sick maidens and long-haired poets (not forgetting the solicitor) combined to give Mitcham people the entertainment which they look forward to for fifty one weeks out of every year.

Perhaps gruff and moustached dragoons in contact with idealised aestheticals mean little to a modern audience; a contingent of browned-off R.A.F. types and a couple of Communists or Irish tenors would have been more topical. Nevertheless the satire of the Gilbertian paradox was fairly well understood in the auditorium. The main trouble seemed to be that some of the principals, good as they were, did not understand what they were talking about. To the confused second former, 'aesthetic' has something to do with hospital or trophies, 'fleshly' with butchers, 'ethereal' with wireless sets, while English and Della Cruscan sound too much like a history lesson to be enjoyable or amusing. And when it comes to playing the 'cello. . . . !!!

However, the cast was composed mainly of old hands, while the newcomers have certainly earned their places in future operas. The Lord Chancellor has discarded his legal robes and donned the pantaloons and periwig of the morbid young aesthete, Bunthorne. He adapted himself so easily to this new attitude that we hardly recognised the blustering, good natured rigger forward as a graceful poet. His rival, the languid and (so he tells us) beautiful Grosvenor, must have found it difficult to change from the masculinity of Katisha and the Duchess of Plaza-Toro to the effeminacy of the ballad-monger. However, pomposity being a characteristic of all three parts, he was not out of his element. The three clowns, Duke, Major and Colonel, provided the slapstick relief from the subtleties of Bunthorne and Grosvenor. Their interpretation of mediaeval art had to be seen to be believed. When we reflect that, in the past, the Colonel has been two not so very-innocent maidens —

Mabel and Yum-Yum—and a poetic Arcadian shepherd, Strephon—we realise what a versatile performer this is. We saw the Major last year as Lord Mountarat and the Duke the year before as Gianetta.

Amongst the junior cast the only old hand was Patience herself, who, discarding the mythical wings of the coquettish fairy Leila for the angelical wings of the virtuous milkmaid Patience, displayed an innocence and common-sense which contrasted favourably with the characters of the Dragoons (men of this world) and poets (men of the next). Ella was the only other veteran, being the remains of last year's Phyllis. The new-comers: Jane, Angela and Saphir, all promise for the future. For once in a while the contralto parts this year were sung (or otherwise) by boys with unbroken voices with a more musical, if less amusing, result.

The choruses this year were well up to standard, both as regards the antics they performed and the noise they made. Some maidens, in an endeavour to appear lovesick, succeeded only in looking seasick, while others consoled themselves by sighing over the girl in the front row. The Dragoons, resplendent in gold braid and bright red, had little opportunity to show their true worth. For, finding the workings of the poetic mind too subtle for them, and that last year's fiancées preferred Parnassus to South Kensington, they disappeared at the end of Act I to learn poetic rapture and did not reappear to claim their reward until the end of Act II.

We must not, of course, forget the producer and his assistants, the orchestra and all, in fact, who, putting in the most hard work, received the last ovation. What would happen to the school shows without Mr. Doig and Mr. Lewis, it is painful to reflect. Even if a temperamental principal occasionally feels he would like to hurl the piano at them, he should remember that the same thought is probably crossing the mind of irate producers.

As for Mr. Marsh's gang, this year "Birnam Wood had come to Castle Bunthorne" before the fish and chips had been removed at halftime!!

And so the everlasting cycle of Gilbert and Sullivan operas goes on. Next year—who knows? "Ruddigore"? "Yeomen of the Guard"? "Princess Ida"? The final verdict

will rest, as always, with She Who Must Be Obeyed.

Twelfth Man

The Phalanx

It is now over a year since any report of the activities of the Phalanx has been published in the School Magazine. This is in keeping with the principles which were envisaged, when the Phalanx was formed. The duty of the Phalanx is to manage, without unnecessary ceremony, to do the job in hand without seeking any glory or reward. The four founder members have long since become giants of the past, and the memory of their activities is vague, even in the minds of the oldest members. Nevertheless the purpose of the Phalanx has not changed.

One reference to the Phalanx activities, which can be seen in every magazine, is to be found at the bottom of the back cover: Printed by the Phalanx. This is one duty which the members have considered an honour and privilege for the last few years.

The Phalanx continues to discuss matters concerning the School every third Wednesday, and, what is more important, do any job which arises. Dinner tables have been altered to increase their stability, "Trespass" notices erected at the School field, and many other similar tasks have been executed. The Games Shed is in the charge of certain members.

In conclusion, for those new to the customs of the school, the Phalanx is composed of senior boys whose conduct has shown them to be worthy and keen members of the school. They are co-opted by vote, after approval by the President. It is hoped that the example of the existing members will succeed in provoking a large degree of enthusiasm among other members of the school.

F. J. S.

The Debating Society

During the winter term the Society struggled vainly in an attempt to restore its previous popularity. The loss of popularity has been accredited to the fact that the 'new seniors' do not possess the ability of previous members.

The first debate took the form of a heated discussion concerning the degradation of Speedway Racing. The principal speakers were Swaine and North. The motion that 'Speedway Racing is a degenerate sport,' was carried by the House.

The next motion, arousing popular interest, was that 'Modern Art is False'. Mr. Aldridge appeared to be the authority on such matters, illustrating his points with some sketches. The outcome was that the house was convinced that a return to the days of Rembrandt was necessary.

Other debates, on such subjects as Britain's Foreign Policy and Sunday cinemas, were held, but these were not strongly supported. The Grousers' Hour and the Mystery Debate, usually very popular, did not arouse any great enthusiasm, and any success was due to the efforts of a few stalwarts.

The ability of a speaker to impress the house seemed to depend on his personality and the amount of humour he introduced. The subjects debated did not provide much scope for the expression of these qualities.

The future of the Society depends on the enthusiasm of the Seniors. They should realise that there is no reason for 'shyness'. It is hoped that the Debating Society will once more flourish as in days gone by, and return to its former status.

Observer.

Lakeland Tour

It all started when the school returned after the Easter holiday of 1948. Two of us had hitch-hiked around Devon and Cornwall, exploring Dartmoor in the process! While

my companion and I were bragging, we attracted a small audience. Before we knew what we were doing arrangements were being discussed regarding the exploration of the Lake District by four of the school's 'notables', two saints and two sinners!

When the Summer holiday arrived, food parcels were already on the way. The original routes, as roughed out on a postage stamp map, had been revised with the aid of the inevitable one-inch Ordnance Survey maps. The tour had been planned to occupy approximately fourteen days. The great day arrived! In two parts of London strange figures might have been observed struggling beneath ex-Commando rucksacks bulging with army surplus Pacific Rations. The beasts of burden were dressed in fantastic, outrageous army uniforms.

Finally the two 'sinners' arrived at their destination in Cumberland exactly four hours after their saintly brothers, whose journey took about twenty hours HITCH HIKING. They had spent the night in a field, in their American army sleeping bags, covered with hay. We, the sinners, had pitched our tent on a grass verge by the roadside.

The afternoon of our arrival we bathed in Lake Ullswater. The first night gave rise to much pain and suffering in the form of gnats. To the uninitiated, beware of nights spent in the very den of the fiery demons!

The next two days were spent rather lazily trying out the equipment. A bush knife previously 'tried out' on the trees near the school shelters proved very useful when wood was required for fuel. The time soon came to start the great trek; the first obstacle to cross was Sticks Pass, a mere sheep track across such places as Black Craig, round Sheffield Pike and Stylmoor Dost. The path came down the mountainside to Thirlmere at Stybeck farm. The next day proved to be almost as strenuous though the scenery seemed strangely serene and grand, the view from a high vantage point being akin to that from an aeroplane—the lake below glimmering in the sunlight, the blue hazy peaks rising all around it and the utter silence prevailing, except for the bleating of sheep echoing across the great void. Occasionally the air cooled and we were engulfed in dense mist which made progress necessarily slow owing to the

rugged nature of our surroundings. After several days of fell walking, rock scrambling and sleeping in the open without seeing any other humans for more than a second or two in the distance, the 'atmosphere' became strangely tense and we were all glad when we arrived at a Youth Hostel. To be able to sleep in a permanent building with the thought that the next meal would be punctual, not dependent upon the whimsies of a wood fire, seemed bliss.

We reached the haven of bliss after passing the bleakest lake in the whole Lake District, Wastwater; the very name suggests bleak, dull scenery. The shore of the lake consists of the 'Screes', resembling a gigantic pile of gravel rising well over 1,000 ft. above the lake. It is the most awe inspiring sight imaginable. The 'haven of bliss' was an old farmhouse lit by oil lamps and the fare consisted mainly of well salted porridge, but we were able to meet people and to talk to a stranger; it was all rather fascinating, hearing how others were spending their holidays.

Our next port of call was Boot Post Office to collect the third of the welcome food parcels. I was the unfortunate who had to collect it. If I hadn't had my ration book, my identity card, my Youth Hostels Membership card and the receipt for the registered parcel I would never have been able to collect it. I don't think I looked that disreputable even though I was dressed in a tattered green trilby hat, bush shirt, khaki drill trousers, gaiters and heavy boots! The postmistress at Boot was one of the truly typical country postmistresses. She must have been nearly eighty years old and she was deaf and short sighted. This, combined with an inward distrust of strangers and an obvious contempt for the younger generation, made the task of claiming the parcel rather difficult.

Nothing really exciting happened on the rest of the journey; it was just serenely pleasant. Of course, there was the day we took a short cut across some rather steep fells which were literally pouring with water and took over an hour to clamber down, although it was only three quarters of a mile. And then there was the Youth Hostel in Duddon Valley where rats dominated the dormitory at

night, munching biscuits which we had left in our rucksacs. I slept through it although everyone else had at some time in the night got up and thrashed madly with a pillow at the elusive rodents. Then there was the time that a hand was tried at rock climbing: in this too I did not shine, being too young (I had to mind the mountaineers' rucksacs.) Another day one of our crew lost his wallet and had to borrow a bicycle and go back along the road we had been tramping along all day to find it, while we took it in turns to carry his rucksac on top of our own as we had to reach the hostel by nightfall. I might point out that our rucksacs, laden, weighed 60 lbs. apiece.

We left Kendal in Westmorland at nine o'clock in the morning heading for London — wagging our thumbs at every attractive vehicle. We were exceedingly lucky, for once on the North Road, my companion and I thumbed a lorry containing our other two companions. The lorry was going all the way to London, travelling all night.

During the two hundred mile journey on the back of this open lorry, lying under its tarpaulin, we shivered, our hands numb with the cold, munching half a loaf of bread each and biscuits intended as iron rations for troops in the Pacific!

We arrived in the centre of London at an unearthly hour in the morning, almost falling asleep in the tram that brought us on the last stage of our journey to Tooting — Good old Tooting. I got home at half-past four in the morning. Still, I think it was worth a little hardship!

Why not try it some time?

F.R.J.

The Geographical Society

1948-9 saw the arrival of Mr. Mounsey, now our Assistant Chairman. On Friday, September 10th., a new committee was elected and a rigid constitution was approved by the members. The first of the fortnightly lectures was given by Mr. Clemas on "Austria Revisited", a sequel to his earlier

talk, picturing the country after the war. Next Mr. Madden on "Ireland", and Mr. Martindale on 'The North West Frontier'. After the half term ramble the unusual topic of 'British Pond Life' was chosen by Mr. Brewer.

To conclude the lectures for the term Mr. Mouncey spoke on 'East Cumberland' and Mr. Simpson on 'Early Discovery'. Mr. Bamber was to have begun the new year series with an account of 'Newquay', but his talk was postponed owing to illness and Mr. Aldridge considered 'Wales'. Two more 'non-professionals' gave talks later, Mr. Peters on 'Andorra' and Mr. Searle on 'Scotland'. A most interesting lecture on 'Canada' was given by Mr. Law, one of four new masters whom we welcome to the society.

The Annual Tea proved as successful as the visit to see 'playbill' at the Phoenix Theatre on April 1st. Ramblers infested the countryside of Colley Hill, Ashdown Forest and Virginia Water; an adventure into 'the North' is planned for the coming Easter Vacation. Thanks are due especially to Mr Purbrick and Mr. Marsh for their generous help in this sphere. It is due to guidance such as this, that the enthusiasm of our members has been directed into making this a successful session.

D.A.

The Parents' Association

The Fourth A.G.M. of the Parents' Association was held in the School Gym. on the 14th October, 1948. The Secretary was able to report a very satisfactory year of activity and the Treasurer reported on book grants to boys proceeding on University courses, and the purchase of a Film Strip Projector.

The Association has continued through the winter to serve refreshments on Saturday afternoons to School Rugby teams and the kindness of all the parents who have spared a few hours for this valuable service to the school is very much appreciated. Early in the present season the Committee authorised the purchase of a complete set of

jerseys for the school Second Fifteen; thus all three Fifteens representing the School now play in jerseys provided by the Parents' Association.

On the social side the Annual Dance at the Mitcham Baths Hall, although clashing with the annual festival in remembrance of Guy Fawkes, was well supported and provided an enjoyable evening for nearly three hundred dancers. Whist Drives have also retained their popularity amongst parents and friends who enjoy a pleasant game of cards in a friendly atmosphere.

The Second Annual New Year Party for parents, held on the 29th January in the School Gym, was well supported. This event was followed a month later by a dance held in the School Gym, which, although apparently overlooked by a number of parents and boys owing to the modest charge of one shilling and sixpence admission, enabled the nimble (and perhaps not so nimble) dancers to enjoy the freedom of a not overcrowded floor.

It is greatly to be hoped that the Parents' Association, now so firmly established as the result of the endeavours of parents whose sons have mostly left the school, will long continue to flourish as an integral part of the School.

The date and venue of the annual cricket match against the school XI will be notified in due course.

R.J.Reader. *Hon. Sec.*

Mr. Monnaie

To many generations of apprentices, the printing of this school magazine has been mainly associated with the personality of Mr. Monnaie. In the printing-room he has been the same Mr. Monnaie as in the wider world of school, with his cheery encouragement, his frank criticism, his astonishing knowledge of the English language and the intricacies of English slang. And one feels that he should have been present among the bricks and mortar of the School's foundations, announcing in the Stop Press

of Late Extras of the first school Magazine that Mitcham Common has nothing on the site of the stoke-hole when it comes to eoliths.

To most of us Mr. Monnaie seems ageless. One supposes that he must have been younger, at any rate in years, when he first came to the school in 1922. Historians record that by various means of locomotion he then travelled to and from Maidenhead each day (which shows either a laudable desire to get to school in the morning or a regrettable desire to get away from it in the evening). Of late months he has been passing his weekends at Littlehampton, where he is to spend his retirement, and during the week has been keeping a fatherly eye on the school from very close quarters and no doubt learning more about it than ever he knew before.

Mr. Monnaie succeeded Mr. Stephens as Second Master in 1944. We shall miss him in that capacity; we know he will miss us, *especes de* whatever-we-may-be. May he remain the same Mr. Monnaie as he always has been; we could not wish him and his friends better.

Trees

(An *Aesthetic Trophy Entry*)

A glacial brook once left a seed
 By yonder cliff of scree,
 And, sheltered there, a slender reed
 Sprang up; there grew a tree.

A forest spreads as Time grows old,
 The trees are pines and firs,
 A famished, screaming wolf is bold;
 A great moose startled stirs;
 With warmer years the ruffled elm
 Again burst into leaf,
 The storm-rent oak took up his realm,
 Of all the trees the chief.

Cool and shivering rain-bent leaves
The soaring tree trunk cleaves,
The lightness of the youthful green,
The breathless arching sheen;
When winter comes, the twigs a mesh,
Like skeletons stripped of flesh.

A pioneer came through the trees,
A man who wanted land;
He cupped his hands against the breeze,
He made a burning brand.

He thrust it in a rambling briar;
The bush became a crackling fire.
A nearby spruce burst into flame—
The death knell of the forest came.

Flaring, glaring, crashing, smashing,
A poplar sobbing fell;
The forest was a blazing mass
As red and black as Hell.

It took all time to clothe the hill;
In just one day all life lies still.

P. Hilland. (V Arts)

School Cross Country

This year saw the formation of a cross-country team as a part of school sport. It is not a tempting sport but once interest is formed it will be maintained. It is perhaps a surprising fact that a Rugger player runs in a match more than twice as far as the three and a half mile cross-country runner.

The search for runners of ability still continues throughout the school; already several new discoveries have been made but they are unfortunately too young to run in matches. Others who showed lack of interest to begin with are just beginning to enjoy the sport.

Cross Country running is a sport which can be harmful if approached in the wrong manner. Training should be steady with gradual building up of stamina which means running at slow speed for greater distances than that of the actual course. Speed usually comes with sprint finishes to easy training runs. Trial races for checking purposes are harmful and likely to ruin the form of a runner before the actual race.

Two fixtures have already been run against Shooters Hill and Oxted. It is hoped to arrange one more before the end of term.

Next year we shall be able to correct the faults which have been found this year and it is hoped to include more hill training. It is likely that a team will be entered in the Blackheath Harriers Invitation run, in competition with most schools in South London, Kent and Surrey.

Match v Shooters Hill

This took place at Woolwich under ideal weather conditions. The course record was broken by the first five runners, including Scivier and Godwin of Mitcham. Shooters Hill (37 pts.) beat Mitcham (41 pts.) in a very close race and the team was somewhat unfortunate to lose by this narrow margin.

Match v Oxted

This was run at Oxted under sunny conditions. The course was not as hilly as the Shooters Hill course, but it contained more variety such as waterlogged cart-tracks, stream wading and numerous stiles.

Scivier of Mitcham won in 21 mins. 11 secs. Mitcham (33 pts.) beat Oxted (45 pts.) and gave an improved display, but against a weaker side than Shooters Hill.

Team from:—

Scivier (capt.), Aldridge, Bartlett, Cramp, Durham, Godwin, Rowland J., Rowland M., Sallabank, Stickings, Weightman.

The School Choir

The school choir was formed at the beginning of this term under the supervision of Mr. Brewer. We are pleased to say that the response to an appeal for members was quite considerable and it is unfortunate that some of the volunteers had to be rejected. The following were selected:—

Clarke G., Clarke K., Coates, Freeman, Gingell Milton, Platt J., Platt K., Scrine, Sparkes, Sproxton, Rock West N., Woods, Embleton, Everett, Goldney, Jeeves, Lunney, North, Rimington, West A., Weston.

An invitation to sing at the Lower Mitcham section of the Darby and Joan Club was accepted and the choir sang a selection from the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and also five other selected songs (four unison songs and one in four-part harmony— 'Silent Worship' by Handel). Solos from the operas were sung by Clarke G. S., Everett, Goldney, North and the late school captain, Lane.

The choir also performed on Speech Night at the Baths Hall. The singing was of a good standard and Mr. Brewer is to be congratulated on forming such a capable choir in so short a time, aided by Peters as choir accompanist.

This is only the beginning of what we hope will be a very efficient choir. Mr. Brewer is trying to enter the choir in music festivals; and with the support of the choir, singing, in other spheres than the performances of Gilbert and Sullivan, should become a recognised and a regular function.

The Art Group

During the Autumn term an Art group was established comprising thirty enthusiastic members, and attendances have been maintained. The Group allows members to tackle aspects of Art which are impossible during class-time and a free choice to develop whatever pleases them. This gives an opportunity to design such work as

scraper-boards, dual-block lino-cuts and will later extend to stone-carving and modelling.

Next term the group will assist in equipping one of the air-raid shelters as a workshop for modelling, sculpture and pottery and as a reward will be allowed to produce the first examples. Another prospect in hand is the decoration of the school with some murals which will be designed and painted by the group. With the warmer months approaching it is hoped to organise sketching expeditions and to link up with similar organisations from local schools.

It is always a pleasure when people sharing the same interests meet and work together.

R. J. M. J.

Combined Cadet Force

TOWARDS the end of last term the Combined Cadet Force was formed, absorbing all pre-service units which were previously in existence in schools. The object of the Force is to provide a training in such activities as drill, weapon training and tactics in preparation for National Service.

When the school unit came into being, about 60 boys volunteered, including those in the ATC unit. About half of these boys wish to specialise in Army, about half in Air Force training. Parades are held regularly on Tuesday evenings and Saturday mornings under the instruction of the officers, Messrs. Doig, Purbrick and Madden. Early this term three Guards instructors came from Caterham Depot to give instruction in Drill and Weapon Training. Lately manoeuvres have been held on the Common and .22 firing on Rutlish School range. Cadets will soon be taking the examination for War Certificate 'A'.

During the Easter Holidays 7 day training courses have been arranged in conjunction with other schools, and in the summer the unit will go for weekend camps during term-time and, at the end of term, for a week's camp at Pirbright.

The True Story of Chassis

I CANNOT remember why we called our big Alsatian 'Chassis' when we lived in New Orleans, but I can remember how we two would romp together in the fields. I taught him tricks, and when he was only a little puppy he could do anything from felling trees to singing the Star Spangled Banner. He was a good American citizen and we all loved him, even the farmers, who used to borrow him to help bring in the rhubarb harvest.

When war broke out General MacArthur himself sent a telegram to Dad asking for 'Chassis'. He was to serve as a War Dog! It was a proud but sad day which served only as a prelude to the long weeks of waiting which followed. While he was gone we collected his pictures one by one as they appeared in the newspapers, and by the end of the war we had a room full of medals. We only kept one pet, and when 'Chassis' went I spent most of my time at school.

The great day came when, after passing an anti-viciousness test, he was greeted at the station by the Town Band. A film producer offered Dad good money to use 'Chassis' but Aunt Rita would not hear of it. This began a period of family wars, ending in the collapse of Aunt Rita and the settlement of the contract. During the next few weeks 'Chassis' killed five producers and maimed a director for life. He would have done much better had not some spoil sport accused him of violence. It was not, really, his fault because the producers pointed bones at him, and this always affects war dogs in the same way.

They took him away and locked him up while Dad and I pleaded his case with the Judge; and lost. We lost but I knew he was really a good dog, for the Judge did not understand our dog; they were both different from most dogs and Judges. Bravely I made up my mind to let him out of his cage one night and take him to Aunt Rita's country house. The sheriff was coming to shoot 'Chassis' when I released him and we raced away to greet Mum and Dad at Aunt's place. Our sheriff was a little disappointed but, instead, decided to cut up 'Rough' --our cat.

Everything was quiet, until one day, when 'Chassis' was picking Aunt Rita's bones, I went to look for Dad in the kitchen. I could not find him anywhere.

D. A.



'It was not really his fault'.

School Notes

¶ It is with regret that we say good-bye to Mr. Monnaie, who has taught French at this school since its inception. We wish him both health and happiness in his retirement.

¶ We regret to announce the death of S. J. Kirwin, an Old Boy of the school who left three years ago. He died in a blizzard whilst skiing in the Alps.

¶ The Chess Club continues to hold meetings every week on Thursdays. New members from the junior school will be welcomed.

¶ The following were successful in the Higher School Examination in 1948:— Beardmore, Blaen, Cawthraw, Dowdall, Gwilliam, Ives, Lane, McDaniel, McKee, Moon, Palmer, Pleasance, Searle, Stubbings, Swaine, Vaal, West, Walker.

¶ The following were successful in the General Schools Examination in 1948:— Baldock, Bassano, Billinton, Brock, Burgess, Carter D.E., Carter D.R., Clarke O., Cordle, Craddick, Dirks, Dyer, Embleton, Flexman, Forster, Froud, Granger, Hull, Johnson, Larkin, McIntosh, Mead, Milliken, Morris, North, Phillips, Pitt, Prior, Rance, Reader, Rimington, Robbins, Rowland, Sadler, Sanders, Sanford, Scivier, Shimmell, Slater, Stokes, Vincent, Webb, Whittaker, White.

¶ Another Harvest Camp was held successfully during last summer holidays at Midhurst.

¶ Speech Night was held at the Baths Hall on Thursday, March 10th. The address was given by Prof. Winifred Cullis, of London University.

¶ We welcome Messrs. Brewer, Harper, Jones, Law and Mounsey who have recently come to teach at the school.

¶ The Cross Country Cup was won by Black House, Blue 2nd, Green 3rd, Red 4th. The individual winner of the Senior Race was M. J. Rowland (Black) and of the Junior Race T. P. G. Keen (Green).