THE LINK

The Magazine of

WANDSWORTH SCHOOL

VOL. XXIX. XMAS, 1945.

Headmaster's Notes.

A new page opens in the history of the School this term. Three important events have happened to coincide: the return from evacuation, the School's Jubilee, and the coming into force of the new Education Act. Many and greater things have happened this year, but I am specially concerned here with these.

The School's return home after six years of exile means more than I can express in the brief compass of these notes. But this much should be said. We are conspicuously fortunate in having a home to return to, in virtually scathless condition. Here, our sympathies go out to our sister school, Mayfield, and other schools which have been even more unfortunate. On our own account we have every reason for thanksgiving.

Those of you who are looking forward to your education in the School's own building may perhaps give a thought to the generation that has passed through the School but not through the building, the generation that has missed so much of the wider social life and ampler provision of amenities that make school life rich and full.

I pay a heartfelt tribute to all those boys and staff who have carried on the School's tradition continuously under the limitations of "Little Firs" and the tribulations of evacuation. But the last six years in our history have been years of eclipse. We have now to work together to re-establish the influence and reputation that the School had built up in London, and much further afield. There is great work in front of us: first to consolidate our strength and re-establish powerfully our tradition: and then in that strength and tradition to go forward with our development plan.

The work, I think, is well begun. Let us survey the position.

The School proper, much diminished in size but still complete in its organisation, has returned to its own building. Thanks to the work of Mr. Powell, to whom the School can never be too grateful, a powerful unit of the so-called "War-time Classes" had established itself in readiness to join with the evacuated remnant to form the body of the post-war School.

Under the headmastership of Mr. Powell, assisted by transferred or travelling staff from "Wandsworth School at Woking," the War-time Classes had already during the past two years fulfilled our hopes and their ambitions to be really a School and to be linked in spirit with pre-war Wandsworth.

As was therefore to be expected, the two "halves" of the School, brought together in a single organisation, quickly coalesced, and distinction between "Little Firs" and Southfields pupils blurred and virtually disappeared.

The process was well and happily begun in the summer holidays during the three weeks' agricultural "camp" at St. Ebba's Hospital, Epsom. Here fifteen mainly senior boys from each of the two branches of the School lived and worked together in a well-knit community that effectively broke down what barriers might have been supposed to exist as a result of membership of two separate branches of the School. Prior to this, there had been a useful process of coalescence during the summer term through the combined cricket teams.

One result of our return to Southfields has been to bring us into closer and more frequent touch with Old Boys home on leave or demobilised from the Forces. Along with the happiness of greeting old acquaintance, there has come the sorrow of learning of some whom we shall greet here no more.

To the parents, relatives and friends of the Old Boys who have fallen for their country and their cause in the War, we offer the School's profound sympathies—sympathies all the deeper because of our own sense of loss. The Roll of Honour is, I fear, not yet complete. Though the toll of loss is less grievously heavy than in the First World War, individual loss is as bitter and painful to those upon whom it falls. We honour and cherish the memory of all the gallant sons of the School who have laid down their lives for their friends. May we all here seek to be worthier of their sacrifice and nobler for their example.

It may be that this message will be read by some who know of a loss that we have not recorded. We should be deeply grateful if information could be sent to the School, together with any details available.

There has been during the War remarkable continuity in the service of the Staff and few permanent changes. Mr. Powell finally retired at the end of the Summer Term. It will be remembered that he came back from his original retirement to take charge of the War-time Classes that were launched in September, 1943. With this great service to the School, he has crowned a lifetime's devotion to its welfare, and earned, more richly than ever, a truly memorable place in its history. He leaves us in this our Jubilee year with the grateful good wishes and sincere affection of many generations of Wandsworth boys. He came as near as one can to the ideal schoolmaster. "How shall a man learn save from one who is his friend?" And for over 40 years Wandsworth boys have found Mr. Powell a true friend.

We all keenly regret the ill-health that has continued to keep Dr. Jory from the School he has served so well. Old Boys will always associate him with two of the big annual events of pre-war School life: the Hobbies Exhibition and the School Play. These two prominent interests will duly be resumed, no doubt, but it is difficult to conceive either without their moving spirit.

Mr. Hatfield, too, has been absent since last February, and we have long and anxiously been looking for his return. We send him our most cordial and sympathetic good wishes and the earnest hope that we may see him here again in the New Year.

And now a greeting to Mr. J. M. Bennett, the first of our Service masters to be demobilised. With his return we have the early prospect of re-instituting the teaching of Biology, his special subject, and the only subject other than VI. Form Economics that war exigencies compelled us to give up.

We are fortunate in having the services of Mrs. Weston in place of Dr. Jory, and, for the present term, of Mrs. Farina to take on Mr. Powell's mathematical work. By a stroke of ill-fortune, Mrs. Williams, who was deputising for Mr. Hatfield, had to go into hospital after a very short stay, during which she had impressed us all with her zeal and efficiency. Mr. Brine at short notice came to our help and has continued during the term to serve as French Master. We are also grateful to Capt. Elliot, who deputised at the shortest notice for Mr. Bennett during a fortnight's absence.

I referred above to Mayfield's misfortune in not having their School building yet available for them. However, Miss Catnach and her staff refused to be daunted by the difficulties and disappointments and have arranged to use half-a-dozen classrooms at the Wandsworth Technical Institute and half-a-dozen that we were glad to be able to hand over fully to them, together with the use of our laboratories every afternoon.

So far as we are concerned, the arrangement has worked exceedingly well, and Mayfield's upper School has fitted in here most happily. I hope it is not at too great an expense to their own convenience that they have accommodated themselves to ours.

During the past two years that the Wandsworth and Mayfield War-time Classes shared the premises a very pleasant spirit of co-operation and mutual helpfulness obtained, and we value very highly the silver cup that Mayfield presented to us to commemorate this association.

There have been changes recently in the Governing Body. Upon the retirement of the Rev. H. C. Green, Mrs. Blizard became Chairman of the Governors and Mrs. Ponsonby succeeded her as Vice-Chairman.

After many years' service the Rev. Dr. Freeman Irwin, Vicar of Wandsworth, has resigned owing to ill-health, and has been succeeded by Major Desmond Reid. We record our deep gratitude to Rev. Irwin for his long and valuable service to the School, and our sympathetic good wishes for his better health.

The Parents' Association have arranged two meetings for the current term: the first on Friday, November 23rd, a welcome to new members; and the second on Friday, December 7th, a talk on careers by the Secretary of the Headmasters' Employment Committee.

We were all relieved to hear that the Hon. Secretary of the Parents' Association, Mr. E. A. Barnett, and his family have recovered from the injuries received in a shocking motor-car accident during the Summer Holidays.

The Tutorial System has been revived in its full vigour this term. This particular development of the social arrangements within the School is one of the main contributions that Wandsworth School has made to education in London and further afield. It would have been anomalous for it not to be reinstituted as soon as conditions permitted in the place of its birth.

Earlier in the year the Parents' Association sent greetings to the Old Boys and expressed a hope that the Old Wandsworthians' Association would soon resume its activities and re-establish the co-operative relations between organised parents and Old Boys that were so mutually helpful before the War. The Committee of the Old Wandsworthians met on September 26th and decided to hold a rally at the School on October 10th, and thereafter a Club Night in the School Hall on the first Wednesday of each ensuing month. Both Rally and Club Night were successfully held, thanks to the energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Fairey and his Committee. All Old Boys whom these notes reach should make a point of visiting the School on the evening of the first Wednesday of the month and, as from the beginning of the New Year, on the third Wednesday in addition.

The Wandsworthians' Lodge held its first Ladies' Festival since before the War on September 26th—a pleasant and inspiring reunion of some of the staunchest Old Wandsworthians, by grace or by adoption, and one which it was a happy experience to attend.

Thus the life of the School, within and without, is being revived, mainly by the restoration of what has proved itself in the past to be good and beneficial.

One new development at least has come along this term and, I believe, has come to stay: that is the institution of "House" Assemblies, meaning School Assemblies conducted by each House in turn. I have found them interesting, original and impressive, and there is no doubt that they are going to add something valuable to our life and work.

Mr. Cowan has painted and presented to the School a picture of "Little Firs," showing our temporary Woking home in its sunniest mood. We thank Mr. Cowan for this permanent memento and attractive work of art, which will continue to please when memories of "Little Firs" have grown dim.



"Little Firs," Woking, 1940-45.

During the War it has been difficult to follow up the careers of Old Boys, whether as students or in the Forces. But one outstanding scholastic success has been notified to me recently. Basil Weedon, who left us in 1940, proceeded to the Imperial College of Science, where he gained the B.Sc. with First Class Honours at the age of 19, and the Ph.D. at the age of 21—an achievement that can surely have never been surpassed.

Another unusual achievement is that of Peter Jewell who, having gained an open scholarship at Reading, has now been awarded a research scholarship of over £250 per annum in the Cambridge University School of Agriculture.

D. J. W. Coward was the first Old Wandsworthian to be awarded an ex-Service scholarship, and has now taken the Historical Tripos at Cambridge with a view to entering the teaching profession. Coward's unique achievement has been to become President of the Cambridge Union, and so to join a select band that includes some of the greatest British statesmen, scholars, and men of letters in our national annals. After this great achievement, we cannot be surprised to hear that he has also become a member of the Wandsworth Borough Council. We congratulate him both upon his eminence and on the modesty which withheld this information from us during his visits to the School earlier in the term.

Prefects for the current term are:—

Head Prefect: Cowan, A. N. Second Prefect: Langham, A. F.

Full Prefects: Read, W. P.; Gould, P.; Chetwood, C. J. (left); Edwick, B. H.; Finch, D. J.; Hammond, A. R. (left).

Sub-Prefects: Perry, D. P.; Coggins, H. H. J. (left); Williams, K. J.; Mason, R. F.; Feld, R.; Levett, J. W.; Hurcomb, R. G.; Lancaster, E.

Junior Prefects: Lewis, W. N.; Field, D. N.; Thompson, D. A.; Genin, E. V. G.; Stephenson, J. W.

"UNESCO."

At the November Conference in London of the Preparatory Commission of the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organisation, the Headmaster occupied the seat allocated to Rotary International. (The latter association is composed of some quarter of a million business and professional executives in over sixty countries.)

Forty-four Governments appointed delegates to the UNESCO Conference, and agreement was reached for the setting up at once of the new organisation. Wandsworth feels it a great honour to be connected through Mr. King with this momentous organisation from whom the world hopes so much.

Avete atque Valete.

The following boys have been admitted since the last publication of "The Link":—

Alvey, M. S.; Archer, S. G.; Arnold, D. M.; Baker, J. R.; Barnett, B. A.; Barton, J.; Batty, M. J.; Beckett, L. V.; Bennett, A. A.; Blackshaw, A. C.; Bricknell, T. C.; Bull, R.; Bullock, R. B.; Burton, E. J. R.; Bush, K. W.; Carr, A. J.; Challice, J. R.; Clark, D. M.; Clayton, D. A.; Cockburn, J. R.; Coleman, A. C. S.; Contreras, G. E.; Coppack, J. D.; Coppard, R. J.; Cowley, D. L.; Cox, B.; Cremonesi, M. C.; Dibben, D. A.; Dodd, C. J.; Drane, T.; Emeny-Smith, R. S.; Evans, J.; French, D. J.; Friswell, T. W.; Gibbons, J. C.; Goodwin, K. G.; Grieves, J. C.; Gritt, P. F.; Hack, M. B.; Harrington, R. W.; Hartley, R. C.; Hatley, G. E.; Haywood, K. A.; Hedges, T. E.; Hodgson, J. C.; Jacobs, A. J.; James, K. W.; Jones, D. I.; Kelly, B. W.; Kelly, M. J.; Kenyon, D. R.; Knight, E. R.; Kvello-Aune, B. M.; Lawrence, A. E.; Lee, R. H.; Lewis, B. J.; Lewis, J. A.; Liggitt, R. A.; Lightman, W.; Livingstone, D. I.; McGregor, C. D.; Macleod, C.; Mason, G.; Miles, A. L.; Miller, D.; Munton, M. J.; Musgrove, L. G. H.; Nelson, J.; Nelson, K. J.; Norman, K. A.; Nunan, F. H.; Park, A. W. V.; Payne, D. K.; Pirie, A.; Raymond, C. E.; Richardson, K.; Rodd, D. L.; Rowlands, J. J.; Russell, Derrick; Russell, Donald H.; Schneer, M. A.; Sheridan, L. G. F.; Shields, A. J.; Sims, C.; Smith, R. K.; Smithson, J.; Sperger, K. J.; Theobald, H. C.; Toomer, D.; Totham, J. A.; Tracey, E. A.; Trebble, A. E.; Wardle, J. W.; Williams, M.; Wilson, A. D. C.; Wright, B. W.; Wright, K. G. W.

The following have left:—

Ardley, F. D.; Austin, W. D.; Bailey, E. S.; Barrett, J. A.; Bregonzi, A. J.; Bryant, G. J.; Bunker, A. J.; Cadman, J. C.; Chaplin, D. W.; Chetwood, C. J.; Clarke, G. P.; Coggins, H. H. J.; Connolly, P. G.; Cook, D. D.; Cox, M. C. G.; Davies, R. D.; Ducker, B. D.; Earland, A.; Fitzgerald, D. R.; Goldstein, H. M.; Hammond, A. R.; Henry, M. W.; Herzog, B.; Hill, J. H.; Hobday, J. C. G.; How, K. A.; Ikin, H. L.; James, K. W.; Jarvis, G. W.; Jones, R. V.; Keatinge, T. B.; Kitt, D. G.; Kvello-Aune, B. M.; Marks, J. W.; Mitchell, G.; Morrell, A. D.; Munden, D. G.; Noël, J. T.; Oakham, F. F. G.; Payne, J. A.; Phillips, L. W.; Ramell, A. H.; Rhoades, F. W.; Richards, G.; Samuel, R. A.; Shulman, H. E.; Sims, C.; Stevens, E. R.; Tolley, B.; Turner, E.; Triggs, I. L.; Waite, P. J. C.; Wernham, T. B.; Whittington, R. C.; Wicker, W. G.; Williams, D. M.; Williams, J. F.; Wyndham, D. C.

Headmaster's Post-bag.

Considerations of space allow only a few extracts from the many letters I have received this year. Many of them, too, have been left far behind by the rush of events, and by the appearance of their authors in person, back in England on leave or demobilisation.

A tribute to "The Link" is always worth including, so I select one of many.

L.A.C. Browne, N., writes: "'The Link' has found its way out to S.E.A.C., and, as you can imagine, it was welcomed with open arms. I am sorry to say I have missed one or two of the magazines since leaving School, but when I do receive them I always find that the first pages I look at are those giving news of the Old Boys in the Forces. . . . Before closing, I must thank the Magazine Committee for the wonderful quality of 'The Link.' I shall look forward to reading future copies, and hope it will not be long before I can read them in the home land."

Lieut. J. R. Leslie, R.N.V.R., writes: "As regards personal news, I have at last escaped from Gibraltar. I was there for two years, but was at least able to learn some Spanish. Incidentally Mr. Hatfield—best wishes—would hardly recognise my present-day French as compared with Cercle Français efforts in 1938. I am now busy learning Italian—not difficult after French and Spanish, and am interesting myself compiling a four-language dictionary."

"Ron West, my cousin, is still a prisoner of war in Germany: he was transferred by the Germans when Italy surrendered. . . . I ran into Scase in Malta. He is the first Old Boy I have met overseas. As you probably know, he is First Lieutenant of an M.T.B. I have a better and bigger M.L. myself now—and we all have high operational hopes."

Sub-Lieut. John Scase, R.N.V.R., writes: "When I was at home last year I paid a long overdue visit to the School in an attempt to bridge the gap of five years and to pick up some of the threads of the pre-War School life, only to find, however, Wandsworth in a turbulent co-educational state and spread out, so it seemed, over half the home counties. But with the advent of the cessation of hostilities in Europe, I trust that the activities of the Association (Old Wandsworthians) will come into being once more and old relationships be re-established. . . . My contacts with O.W.'s have been few—Peter Ames in Trinidad, Leslie in Malta, and B. Hawkins in and out of the barracks and dockyard of Portsmouth."

D. R. Light ("Bevan Boy") writes partly on the same theme: "When the School is back home again, will the Old Boys' Association be revived? There are many of us who would like to keep in touch, and to see it flourishing again would be a sort of token that the War is really over and that normality has been restored. . . . Providing, of course, that it could be run with so large a proportion of absentee members. But they would be glad to come back and find it functioning. And should I provoke Mr. Cowan's wrath to suggest that the mountains should once more be in travail three times a year and produce—a Link? . . . I don't know how far your information goes concerning Old Boys. The only one of the grand century I have met is Ferne. For the rest the news is of contemporaries—of Patrick in dark-blue uniform, species naval-aerial, pukka, very full of condescension and a thirst for action as an anodyne to his lofty boredom: he goes East; of Diboll, D. Grant and Foxwell, who are all bound the same way. Then I was fortunate to be able to spend some time with Peter Shapcott who was on embarkation leave. He doesn't seem to have changed, except perhaps to have grown quieter: he wasn't exactly idle during the battle of Europe!"

Mr. Radford (now Major) writes of his arrival in India: "We are fortunate in arriving at this time of year and finding ourselves some 3,000ft. above sea-level, so that at the moment the climate doesn't worry us particularly, provided we can put up with the rains, highly reminiscent of April, except in the extremity and force of the 'showers' and the suddenness with which they descend, with the result that we never think of making the short forty yards' walk from our living quarters to the mess without equipping ourselves with hats and waterproof capes. By now we are getting used to having brown-skinned people around us, some doing a real job of work, others attempting by sundry means known only to the Oriental of transferring our hard-earned rupees and annas from our pockets to the corresponding portions of their remarkable costumes. All of us take a great interest in the insect life, are very fond of the tree-rats with their squirrel-like bodies and tails, which run around our roofs cheeping away to one another, and I am on particularly good terms with a couple of lizards who are apparently the permanent inhabitants of my 'bungalow.' This is considered lucky for me, as they are alleged to assist considerably in keeping away bugs and mosquitoes, which form a staple part of their diet."

Sgmn. Cocks, E. A., writes: "I last wrote when our unit was approaching the Garigliano. After that operation was carried out successfully, we were switched back to the Eighth Army. Soon after moving, the breakthrough at Cassino was forced, and then began a period of rapid moving. I didn't see Cassino except from a distance, but one could gain an idea of what it was like from one or two nearby towns which were just one mass of rubble. In some parts of the country the destruction has been terrible and will undoubtedly take years to get thoroughly organised again. We did at one stage come over to the Western coast again: we were near the great city of Rome, but unfortunately our stay was too brief for me to visit it. The dome of St. Peter's could be seen towering above all other buildings."

Mr. Clode (F/Lt., R.A.F.) describes his entourage: "We have a Harvard graduate with us, and it is amusing to hear his apt comments on other universities in the States. His home is near Boston, and I have now some inkling of the accent that prevails in that part of the country. One gets used to it! As a matter of fact we have a very representative team—natives of California (a charming energetic major), Virginia, Brooklyn (no place like it!), South Carolina, Arizona (weather never too hot for him) and Rhode Island, to name a few. They are all grand chaps, and I have already committed myself to a visit to the States after the War—circumstances permitting."

Lieut. Don Sewell writes from India: "I am now supervising officer at a Central Ration Stand, having been posted from Peshawar in January. Before I left I did manage to make the trip to the Khyber Pass. At the time there had been much snow on the ground, and only the previous day the road had been blocked. The journey, which I made by lorry, may be said to be in two parts. The first of these is across the plain for several miles till one reaches the foot of the hills. This country is completely barren, stony waste land with only a few bushes, mostly dead, on its surface. The second stage is much more interesting, however, for the road winds backwards and forwards and always upwards. Most of the way snow was to be seen all round, though the sun was shining brilliantly. Indeed, it was a picturesque view, and I was only too sorry cameras were not allowed to be carried. After passing right through Landikotol, one comes to a spot where it is possible to look across and see the Khyber Pass itself. And this, in my opinion, was the most disappointing part of the whole trip. Marvellous as the engineering is, the Pass is nothing spectacular to look it. I should very much like to make another visit and go right up to the frontier of Afghanistan."

P/O. L. R. KING describes the Yugoslav partisans: "While in Alexandria I visited a small exhibition given by refugee Yugoslav partisans. I gather there are some 30,000 in a camp near here, sponsored basically by UNRRA. By sheer ingenuity they are making many of the amenities of life out of the most primitive materials and tools. Their main work is in the hospital for their wounded and diseased compatriots, who can be brought over, although the desert brings its own health problems. At the same time there is very apparent that same tempo of enthusiasm hitherto only apparent in the U.S.S.R. to educate themselves and their children for the huge task of bringing to birth a new Yugoslavia which will belong to all the people. And all this in the face of the discomforts of life in tents in the shifting sand, in the invidious position of exiles. In the evening a choir of ex-partisan women sang some of their marching songs, followed by more traditional folk-songs and dances. The spirit and appearance of these simple, rugged and homely people (the men dressed in austere khaki, the women simply but attractively dressed and all with the red-starred cap of liberation) was like a breath of fresh air in the moral and physical stagnation of Egypt. Can it be that we are gunning and bombing people like this in Greece?"

Old Boys' Service with H.M. Forces.

Once more we print below the information which we have received *since the last issue of the Magazine*. We can only give news as passed on to us, so will readers let us have the latest reliable information about any Old Boy, whether his name is below or not. Only so can we make our records complete.

Aitken, A. E. 1934-39. Selected for O.C.T.U.
Alexander, G. K. 1937-41. Promoted Lieutenant, R.E.
Badham, L. 1934-39. Taking Captain's course, R.A. In India. Married.
Balls, D. G. 1937-42. R.A.F. Cartographer. In India.
Barnes, B. 1937-42. R.A.F.
Beale, C. 1938-43. Signals. Draughtsman.
Bere, B. W. J. 1934-39. R.A.F., Ground staff. In India.
Brinson, B. M. 1935-41. R.A.F. Flight Sergeant. Ferry work.
Brooks, N. I. 1936-39. King's Royal Rifles. In Burma.
Browne, N. 1937-40. R.A.F., Leading A.C. In India.
Brunning, P. R. 1938-44. Signals. Cipher work.
Bullivant, H. A. P. 1930-37. Lieut Commander. Fleet Air Arm. On carrier. Far East.
Bunyan, G. K. 1937-43. R.A.M.C. India. Blood transfusion work. Happy meeting with Saxby in India.
Burt, N. L. 1938-42. An O.C.T.U. in Ireland.
Carpenter, C. J. 1921-25. R.A.F. Flight Engineer. On ground staff after many flights.
Chappelo, E. A. 1936-40. R.N. Passed as telegraphist.
Cocks, E. A. 1934-39. Signals. Last heard of in Austria.
Cornwell, J. 1927-34. R.N. Lieutenant. Air Radio.
Cosgrove, W. A. 1935-40. R.N. (Reserve). Sub-Lieutenant.
Coulthard, J. 1938-44. R.N. Leading Airman. In Canada.
Cousins, G. 1927-35. R.A.F. Flight Sergeant. C.M.F.
Coxhill, J. W. 1937-42. In Army.
Croft, B. 1934-39. R.A.F., Transport. Flight Sergeant. S.E.A.C.
Croft, R. M. 1932-39. R.E.M.E. Radar. Radio Mechanic.
Croft, J. C. 1931-36. R.A. In Africa, Italy, France, Germany.
Dey, I. 1935-39. Merchant Navy. Chief Radio Officer.

Diboll, A. T. J. 1936-42. R.A.F. Promoted Sergeant Pilot.
Dicker, A. 1935-39. R.N. Sub-Lieutenant.
Drake, F. R. 1938-42. R.N. Coder. S. Africa and Far East.
East, D. N. 1937-41. Royal Marines. Y Scheme. Training for Commission.
Everett, T. 1939-42. General Service Corps.
Fellows, J. G. 1937-39. Welch Regiment. Corporal. Wounded in Holland, October, 1944.
Foxell, J. S. 1936-40. R.A.F. Pilot Officer.
French, D. A. 1937-39. R.A.S.C. Driver.
Gardner, E. S. 1937-42. Merchant Navy. Radio Officer. Visited U.S.A., Iceland, etc.
Gardner, F. D. 1937-44. Surrey Regiment (Queen's).
Glover, R. 1938-44. General Service Corps.
Groom, J. C. 1929-32. R.A. Lance Bombardier, P.O.W. Released. Back home.
Harbour, G. R. 1939-43. Surrey Regiment (Queen's). Special Training Battalion.
Harker, D. H. 1937-42. Transfer from R.A.F. to Army Training for Commission.
Hase, R. 1934-40. R.N. Fleet Air Arm. Promoted Petty Officer. Radio Mechanic.
Heath, H. W. 1934-39. Promoted Captain. 2nd Indian Special Pioneer Battalion.
Hill, P. H. 1937-43. R.N. Took 6 months' University Course.
Hornby, F. 1935-40. Signals. In Italy. C.M.F.
Jobbins, G. H. 1938-43. E. Surrey Regiment. Candidate O.C.T.U.
King, L. R. 1937-42. R.A.F. Promoted Pilot Officer.
Kirkaldie, G. K. 1929-36. Signals. Corporal. In Greece.
Lawrence, A. G. 1937-40. R.N. Radio Mechanic. College course.
Low, G. C. 1929-35. R.E.M.E. Artificer Q.M.S. In Austria.
McGowan. 1935-39. R.A.F. L.A.C. Radio Location. Far East.
Medcalf, P. F. 1940-44. Cadet. Indian Army.
Packer, S. G. A. 1934-39. R.A.F. Promoted Flying Officer.
Phillips, L. W. 1939-44. R.N. Ordinary Seaman.
Roe, B. H. 1926-32. R.A.M.C. Awarded M.M. for helping wounded under shell-fire. With paratroops.
Sewell, L. R. 1937-42. Lieut. Indian Army.
Shillingford, H. S. 1936-43. R.N. Radar. Leading Mechanic.
Smithson, L. 1931-36. Signals. After W. Africa, in Egypt, Palestine, Cyprus, N. Africa.
Southgate, C. 1936-42. R.A.F. L.A.C. Mobile signals unit.
Spencer, B. 1936-41. R.A.F. Training navigator and wireless.
Sutehall, V. 1934-39. R.E. In Italy 44-45.
Sutters, F. 1937-42. R.E. Training for survey work.
Sweeting, R. F. 1931-37. R.A.F. Awarded D.F.C. Promoted Squadron Leader.
Tapson, J. D. 1937-44. R.N. Took Wireless Mechanic and Air Mechanic courses.
Taylor, R. 1931-38. R.E.M.E. Staff Sergeant. O.C.T.U. for R.A.S.C.
Thompson, K. G. 1936-40. Hampshire Regiment. Italy.
Tollast, P. M. 1926-32. R.A.M.C.
Twilley, I. C. 1938-44. R.N. Leading Radio Mechanic.
Underwood, R. 1935-40. R.A.F. Flight Sergeant. Air Gunner. Tours of ops. in Italy.
Waddingham, L. H. 1919-22. Lieutenant. Assistant Camp Commandant, H.Q., 2nd Army, B.L.A.

Waddington, J. A. H. 1920-27. Deputy Assistant Chaplain General C.M.F. Awarded M.B.E.
Walton, S. H. 1930-36. Airborne Regiment. Glider Pilot.
Ward, A. 1938-43. General Service Corps. Candidate for O.C.T.U.
Warner, A. G. 1937-42. R.N.
Warren, F. 1936-40. Royal Marines. Corporal. India.
Welsford, J. R. 1935-40. R.A.F.
Wood, D. 1937-42. Oxford and Bucks Regiment, 2nd Battalion. Airborne. In Germany March, 1945.
Yearby, J. O. 1935-41. R.A.F. Trained as Navigator. Air Bomber. S. Africa.

Athletics.

This year the annual School Sports Day was held at Sutherland Grove, the Woking half of the School having had no sports day at all. For the first time since the war began the four houses competed against each other. Previous to this they had been joined thus: Morley and Gibbon v. Cromwell and Pitt. All houses did preliminary training weeks before the day appointed.

At last the day arrived. During the morning there was fear of rain, but this was dispelled by an undeniable sunshine as the day wore on. In the afternoon things went like clockwork. Everything was arranged so well that very little time was lost between events, and the day was most enjoyable.

Special mention must be made of Kitt, D. J. (Pitt) for his outstanding performances in the events in which he competed. In all he scored twelve points for his house!

Results. Pitt 51½. Gibbon 33½. Morley 33. Cromwell 24.

RESULTS.

Event	1st	2nd	3rd	Points C	Points G	Points M	Points P	Time, etc.
880 yds., Open	Kitt (P) ...	Smith (M) ...	Lancaster (C)	1	0	2	3	2m. 24s.
100 ,, Under 12 ..	Hearn (C) ..	Bryant (G) ...	O'Leary (C ...	4	2	0	0	14 2/5s.
100 ,, Junior	Haydon (M)	Domney (G)	Roodhouse (C)	1	2	3	0	13s.
100 ,, Middle	Field (M) ..	Heyward (M)	Upcott (P) ...	0	0	5	1	12 3/5s.
100 ,, Senior	Dingle (M) ...	Pluchino (G)	Foxwell (P) ...	0	2	3	1	10 3/5s.
220 yds., Junior	Roodhouse (C)	Domney (G) ...	Horner (P) ...	3	2	0	1	30 3/5s.
220 ,, Middle	Field (M) ...	Chalkley (P)	Bregonzi (G)	0	1	3	2	28 2/5s.
220 ,, Senior	Kitt (P) ...	Pluchino (G)...	Lewis (C) ...	1	2	0	3	27 4/5s.
Long Jump, Senior ..	Kitt (P) ..	Lewis (C) ...	Dingle (M) ...	2	0	1	3	14ft. 4½ins.
High Jump, Senior ...	Adams (P) ...	Fe lows (G) ..	Foxwell (P) ...	0	2	0	4	4ft. 10ins.
High Jump, Junior ...	Green (C) ...	Boucher (G) ...	Hilldrup M)	2½	2½	1	0	4ft. 1in.
Long Jump, Junior ..	Kitt, jun. (P)	Berry, W. (G)	Boucher (G) / Berry, R. (P)	0	2½	0	3½	12ft 8ins.
440 yds., Middle	Chalkley (P) ...	Cattermole (P)	Fellows (G) ..	0	1	0	5	1m. 8 2/5s.
440 ,, Senior	Kitt (P) ...	Smith, (M) ...	Pluchino (G)	0	1	2	3	1m. 4 3/5s.
Hurdles, Junior	Berry, R. (P)	Carver (C) ...	Berry, W. (G)	1½	1½	0	3	16 2/5s.
Hurdles, Senior	Adams (P) ..	Fellows (G) ...	Davey (M) ..	0	2	1	3	16s.
Relay, Under 12	Cromwell ...	Morley ...		6	0	4	0	42 2/5s.
Relay, Junior	Gibbon ...	Pitt	Cromwell ..	2	6	0	4	1m. 16s.
Relay, Middle	Pitt	Morley ..	Gibbon ..	0	2	4	6	1m. 56 3/5s.
Relay, Senior	Pitt	Morley ...	Gibbon ..	0	2	4	6	1m. 52 2/5s.
				24	33½	33	51½	

Farewell to Mr. Powell.

A simple but unusually interesting ceremony took place at the end of the Summer Term, when Mr. H. J. Powell made his formal farewell to Wandsworth School. Mr. Powell had retired from his profession two years before, but he had returned to his old School in the capacity of acting Headmaster of the Tutorial Classes that had been opened there in 1943. Thus for two critical years an important branch of Wandsworth School was in his charge. With the return of the whole School to its old home, Mr. Powell laid down his functions once more, and to mark the occasion fittingly a presentation was made to him by the Staff and pupils of the Tutorial Classes. We were pleased to welcome on this occasion Mrs. Powell and Miss Powell, while Mr. King presided over the gathering, which included the Staff and the whole School.

The ceremony took the form of a series of tributes made by various members of the Staff and the presentation of a wrist watch.

Mr. Ascher, as the oldest member of the Staff present, first recalled the earliest years of his association with Mr. Powell, and drew a picture of Wandsworth School as he first knew it, and the increasingly important part that Mr. Powell played in it, not only as a teacher of outstanding ability and success, but also as organiser of almost every side of the School's sports activities—athletics, cricket and football. He spoke of the many years of devoted service Mr. Powell had rendered in these fields, and of the willing surrender of much time and of his personal convenience that this had entailed. Mr. Powell belonged to that old order of public servants with whom duty and love of their work came first. His selfless devotion had earned him the affection and respect of generations of Old Boys for whom Mr. Powell symbolised the School itself and its best traditions.

Mr. Maycock followed by a glowing tribute to Mr. Powell as the head of the Tutorial Classes: he spoke of the wisdom and tact with which Mr. Powell had fostered the fortunes of the new venture and of the critical times in which his calmness and steadiness had never wavered. The success of the classes, in spite of V1 and V2, was largely due to the inspiration and confidence of Mr. Powell.

Mr. King then made the presentation and recalled the long and honourable years Mr. Powell had spent with the School in various capacities. He specially stressed the pleasure and confidence he had felt in being able to call on Mr. Powell to assume the command of the Tutorial Classes and his appreciation of the sacrifice Mr. Powell had made in giving up his well-earned leisure to undertake unusually difficult and onerous duties. He ended by tendering Mr. and Mrs. Powell the best wishes of the School for a long and happy retirement.

The School Song was then sung.

Mr. Powell, in a deeply moving speech, acknowledged the tributes that had been paid him. He recalled the many happy years he had spent at Wandsworth, where he had come as a young man and which he was now leaving but not abandoning. He illustrated by anecdote and example the gradual growth of the School which he had known for a considerable portion of its existence, the development of its ideals, its high reputation for clean sportsmanship, its ability to develop a spirit of genuine comradeship and loyalty. He made a special reference to the many abiding friendships he had made among the Old Boys, and called on the boys present to sustain and enrich the School traditions which were entrusted to them. He hoped, with Mrs. Powell, to pay frequent visits to the School, which would remain as it had ever been the major interest in his life.

Games.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The School team was not up to strength owing to the small numbers of boys from which to choose, but it rose to the occasion against Charterhouse "A" and won by 3 goals to 1. The match with Sloane was quite a good one, but Sloane were rather the better team and won 3—2. The School side was also unsuccessful in the local "Derby" against Woking, but won both matches against Mayford quite easily. In the House matches, Morgibbs beat Crompitts 3—2 in the Seniors' game, whilst the Juniors' game ended in a draw, one goal each.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

It was found quite impossible to raise a representative team, not only on account of the small number of boys from which to choose, but also because of the shortage of kit, so the matches arranged during the preceding term had to be cancelled. This applied to the House matches also, both Junior and Senior. The majority of boys turned out for cross-country running on their games afternoon, but there was always the usual handful of boys, who had the spirit and the kit, ready to play with depleted sides. There were many good games, but many boys who could have played were not able to, and the sight on the playing fields was very different from those at Wandsworth in the days before the war, when the chief difficulty was to get numerous boys off the field before it got too dark to see!

CRICKET.

The early part of the Summer term was devoted to athletics, so that cricket did not start until June.

It was decided to draw up a team to represent the School from both the Woking and Wandsworth boys, the matches to be played at Sutherland Grove.

The first match, which was between the two Schools, in order to draw up a team to best represent them, resulted in the Woking boys winning by 126 to 67.

The match against the Old Boys was won by the School by 20 runs, the scores being School 62, Old Boys 42.

The next match, which was with Battersea Grammar, was again won by the School, the scores being School 65, Battersea Grammar 41.

Against the Parents, the School won easily. The Parents batted first and scored 38, to which the School replied by scoring 78 for 3 wickets. The School declared and decided to put the Parents in again. In the second innings, the Parents scored 41, which meant that the School had to bat again, which they did, scoring 10 runs for no wickets, and thus winning the match by 9 runs and 10 wickets to fall.

The match with Highbury County School unfortunately had to be scratched and, as it was on the last Saturday of term, a replay was not possible.

Mayfield Bids Farewell to Wandsworth School.

On Monday, July 23rd, the Mayfield Tutorial Classes held at our School presented a cup to their hosts as a memento of the two years they had spent there and as a token of recognition of the pleasant mutual relations and mutual hospitality that had characterised their joint occupation of the buildings. Mayfield had hoped to return to its own home after the Summer holiday, but this having proved impossible, we still have pleasure in offering partial hospitality to our former guests.

It was after a very enjoyable Sports Day, to which the home School was invited, that the ceremony of presentation took place. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Powell, who emphasised our pleasure in being able to offer Mayfield a temporary abode, and who made a special point of the amicable relations existing between the pupils and staffs of both Schools.

The presentation of a handsome silver cup followed. In handing it over, Janet Delahaye, of Mayfield School, said :—

Mr. Powell, Staff and boys of Wandsworth School, on behalf of Miss Catnach, the Staff and Mayfield girls at Wandsworth, I would like to present this cup to you as a token of our appreciation of the hospitality you have shown us.

For two years we have shared your School, and here, in this building, we have been very happy. It has been a pleasant and stimulating experience for us to be in a School with boys. We have so much enjoyed the discussions, debates, spelling bees and brains trusts to which you always invited us, and we shall certainly miss the snowballing in winter and the cricket matches in summer.

We shall not easily forget the kindliness with which we were received and were enabled to carry on the traditions of our scattered School during the two years we have been here.

We leave here with many regrets, but we carry with us many happy memories, and we hope in later years you, too, will remember with pleasure the time when Mayfield girls were taught in your School. Please accept this gift with our thanks and best wishes for the future.

Hurcomb (IV), being the senior boy present, received the cup and expressed on behalf of Wandsworth School his gratitude at this kind thought. He added that he was sure, had the position been reversed, that Mayfield would have been just as willing to accommodate the boys' School.

Three cheers were then called for Wandsworth School, followed by more for Mayfield and finally for the Staffs of both Schools.

Examination Successes, Summer, 1945.

General School.—Brunning, P. (MG); Chetwood, C. J. (MG); Coggins, H. H. J. (MG); Davies, D. R. (MG); Edwick, B. H. (MG); Feld, R. (MG); Finch, D. J. (MG); Hammond, A. R. (MG); Hobday, J. C. G. (G); Kohn, R. (MG); Langdon, J.P. (MG); Mason, R. F. (MG); Perry, D. P. (G); Tolley, B. (G); K. J. Williams (MG); Phillips, L. W. (December, 1944) (G).

Higher School.—Ramell, A. H.

M = Matriculation Exemption. G – General School.

Nocturne.

The river at Wapping is muddy and thick
With a curd that has hardened and yellowed with time,
And the keels of the coasters and barges that stick
In the muck at the quayside are yellow with slime,
And heavy and green on the surface there floats
The oil and the garbage from barges and boats.

On a riverside seat which is soaked with the damp,
And chilled by the wind of the gathering night,
A woman sits bathed in the rays of a lamp
Where leaves wet with rain glisten under its light.
And sirens of steamers from Tilbury blow,
As to Limehouse in silence and shadow they go.

She watches the curl of the mist in the air,
She is withered and old and her body is frail;
Wind whistles and plays amongst strands of her hair,
And her trembling features are lifeless and pale.
The river reflects in its surface of glass
The glimmering lights of the launches that pass.

Wapping is dirty and squalid and cheap,
Its streets and alleys are sordid and mean
And packed with a sweltering, struggling heap
Of hovels and tenement houses that lean
On factory walls that have gathered in time
The soot and the grease and the factory grime.

Tired of the dirt and the filth from the mews,
Of the slums and the hovels enshrouded in smoke,
Sick of the fumes from the factory flues
And the hovering, lingering vapours that choke
The cool of the air—sick and tired of it all,
This woman has answered the deep river's call.

Far down to the sea go the barges and boats,
On the glimmering Thames, which is gloomy and green,
And thick with the garbage and rubbish that floats
On a surface of slime which is bright with a sheen
Of shimmering oil. Black and menacing writhe
Long reflections of derricks beside Rotherhithe.

She stands at the brink of the white-frothing foam,
Away from the dirt and the noise of the slums,
And the hideous hovel she called her home.
From the depths of the river forgetfulness comes
To beckon her down, to quiet her breast,
Down to the bed of the river to rest.

She stares at the rising and beckoning tide,
Pulling and drawing her down to her doom.
Her withered old hands gently drop to her side.
Forgetfulness whispers her name from the gloom.
In the silence of morning she yields to her calls,
And bowing her head on her bosom, she falls.

D. P. Perry (LVIA).

Memoirs of a Saboteur.

"Twenty-four hours ago we were playing football." Stan looked at me with a thoughtful smile. The tent flapped in the evening breeze. August 6th, 1944. I carefully checked my kit lying packed and ready on the grass at my feet. Spare ammo—explosives—booby trap apparatus—and sub-machine gun. Mentally I went over the necessary articles in my Bergen rucksack, itself jammed tightly into my leg kitbag. Wind proofs—water proofs—sleeping bag—morphia—emergency ration tablets—chocolate supply—200 cigarettes—a spare change of clothing and, in fact, everything I was to require for perhaps an enforced stay of anything up to 3 months behind the German lines. I patted the pockets of my green camouflaged jumping jacket. Escape kit in the top left pocket, silk maps and escape money (francs) top right, and in the bottom a phosphorus ball enclosed in perspex. My right-hand lower pocket carried its usual cargo—60 cigarettes and 2 boxes of matches.

Stan picked up my leg bag. "It's damned heavy," he said. "90lb. at least."

A loud speaker blared.

Together we strolled across the "cage," so called because as an advanced base it was cut off from the outside for security reasons.

We were briefed, and told to go to the canteen to buy our "last" pints of beer.

2330 hours found us embussed in a 3-ton lorry. We were 10 British and 4 French. Orders were to harass and sabotage retreating enemy formations rolling back from the American sector. We were actually to parachute into the unknown, since our own Intelligence, one of the finest of its kind, told us point blank that knowledge of enemy troop dispositions around the dropping zone was practically nil. My hand subconsciously strayed towards my automatic strapped to my right leg—felt for my fighting knife on the left. I braced my body against the side of the truck feeling for the prismatic compass fastened to the back of my belt. My eyes rested on the butt of the Tommy gun sticking out of the top of my leg bag, and I smiled as I felt my little "bible" reposing in my trousers back pocket, digging its corners into my backside. The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

A high wind. The parachutist's Jonah!

It picked at my clothing as we walked across the tarmac to the waiting plane. Stan at my elbow mumbled something which I could not quite catch, but which I knew to be a string of good old Army curses. My last glimpse of an English sky, typically low, ragged cloud scudding across the face of a watery moon, and we were in the belly of the plane in order of jumping. No. 1 next the "hole" ending with No. 14 at the control end next to the pilot. All was dark inside the fuselage save for a tiny red bulb that glowed and winked up in the ceiling about half-way down the plane's body. "Huddle up to the controls," shouted our R.A.F. despatcher. We huddled!

The engines screamed into a roaring whine. The Stirling gathered speed down the runway, and as the fuselage came up level beneath our feet, England became a thing of the past. We shuffled slowly down the plane, evenly distributing our weight along its length and sat down next to each other, our feet stretched out across the fuselage. I was No. 2, my 'chute lying for the time being across my legs. After an hour's flying, I judged us to be well out over the Channel. The despatcher came along, dishing out hot cups of tea from an old enamel washing bowl.

My thoughts, as I gratefully drank the precious liquid, were hazy. Odd bits of things long since forgotten came back into my mind. The heat was getting almost intolerable. Sweat began to ooze from under my armpits. I looked at Stan. He grinned and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

The plane, solitary, with no escort, droned on. I dozed against a rib of the fuselage that was cutting into my back.

A sudden jab in my ribs, and I was jerked into wakefulness. A brilliant beam of white light stabbed through the side of one of the blacked-out windows in the fuselage. "Wait for it," Stan gritted at my elbow. Tense and ready, we waited for the "flack" that might burst through the thin floor of the plane. None came.

The white light still continued to pierce the darkness.

Suddenly a Frenchman laughed. "C'est la lune, mon vieux—c'est la lune." We relaxed.

"Chutes on," came a voice. It was no easy matter strapping on a chute in that cramped-up blackness. I hooked up my "static line" to the steel cable that ran the length of the plane.

I gave Stan a nudge and signed to him to strap the quick release straps of my leg bag to my left leg.

Action stations! We were standing up now in single file, facing the "hole." The heavy covers had been drawn back and the cold night blew up through. I looked at the luminous dial of my watch. 0300 hours. I had stopped sweating. Stan breathed in my ear, "Good luck, boy." I nodded in response, my eyes glued to the two small bulbs above the "hole." The red was showing—two minutes to go. An age—an eternity. The plane banked beneath our feet, circling over the dropping zone. Not a word was spoken. A roar of engines in my ears and Stan's deep breathing on the back of my neck. For some unaccountable reason, a vision of Salisbury Cathedral as I had last seen it, among green lawns with red borders under the streaming summer sun. I wonder where Ursula is to-night? She didn't wait the last time. Probably sitting with some American in the "Rose and Crown" drinking stale beer. (I continued to muse on Ursula.) She doesn't know where we are to-night, anyhow—and what's more, the little minx doesn't care much, I'll bet. . . .

A flash of green.

Blake in front of me—suddenly gone.

A wailing of "Diana!" in my ears—and I am out!

Night air rushing through my ears. My body seems enormous.

An elongated thing, whirled away from under the tail fins, helpless as a leaf in a hurricane. A vision of my own boots whips past my eyes, and I idly wondering and speculating on their abnormal size. A jerk under my armpits, and I dangle in the empty air.

Those fleeting seconds prior to the opening of my 'chute will never change. Always the same thoughts—my same enormous body—the same flashing boots—the same silent blessing on the head of the unknown packer.

I looked up. "No twists in the rigging lines," and I concentrated on getting my 90lb. kitbag away from my leg, to dangle 20ft. below me on a length of strong hemp. Jerking the quick release, I kicked out my left foot and the bag fell away. I waited for the tug on my belt. It didn't come. The bag broke away completely, and I heard the thud as it crashed into the forest away out on my left hand. I was about to land behind the enemy lines with nothing but my automatic, 21 spare rounds of ammunition and a fighting knife.

The ground lay out beneath me, a living map in the moonlight. A river glistened silver against the dark squares and narrow lines that were fields and hedgerows, surrounded by tall patches of forest. All was still. The high wind we had cursed so freely back on that English aerodrome was not here. Floating gently in the air, I gazed on the beauty of Brittany, silver cold and serene under the stars. I was still able to appreciate the loveliness of moonlit France.

This infinite second of splendour was shattered by a crash of spasmodic rifle fire somewhere on my left. A farm building appeared among the trees as I grew closer to the earth. A faint breeze was wafting me straight to it!

My brain turned a somersault. My stomach came up against the roof of my mouth. To land there, right in that spot, with the whole spaciousnesses of Brittany to choose from, an automatic as my only strategic weapon.

The farm was coming up to meet me now. I hit the roof, kicked loose a tile, rolled and thumped down into the courtyard. Releasing myself from my chute harness, automatic in my hand, I lay still facing the door, waiting for it to open.

A solitary candle flamed in the window.

The first Boche to come out was going to get his—and then, it was **me** to my Maker. A great dog came bounding from an outhouse. Cursing my luck, I waited for it to raise the alarm.

The brute sniffed at my 'chute and came lolling over me, licking and snuffling at my face.

"Bark, blast you!—and have done with it."

It didn't bark—and the door never opened!

Galvanised into action, I was on my feet now, gathering up my 'chute under my arm. I turned tail and ran.

Dumping the cumbrous silk under the first hedge, I noted the position and determined to return for it at the earliest occasion. I ran on in the general direction of where the others had fallen. My steel crash helmet I threw into a deep fosse, jumped across it and stopped dead. A long patch of moonlight lay out in front of me, barring my passage. Cross it I must. My heart banging against my ribs, I bounded forward, sweating and panting. I reached sanctuary in the shadow of the forest perimeter. A twig crashed behind me. I dropped flat on my face. I lay waiting and listening. The rifle fire had stopped.

Into the stillness a faint whistle sounded, thrice repeated. I answered and began to move forward into the trees. My phosphorus ball in my hand, I flashed its green glow time and time again. The whistles grew louder. I caught the momentary flash of a green light—another ball! Closer and closer, and then, "Hello, Ramazan," softly in English. I stumbled on two men in a forest clearing. A small being threw himself into my arms and kissed me. I smelt his breath. "White wine—or I'm a Dutchman," I thought. The other whispered, "Good boy, Blackie."

Stan and I had made contact with the French Forces of the Interior.

A furtive well-earned cigarette under a bush, and we were ready to try and contact the rest of our group. The first hazard was over.

"Stan," I said, "where's your leg bag?"

"It broke from its moorings," he said. "Damned good job it did. It exploded on hitting the deck."

Conscious once more of the feel of Omar Khayyam, a word passed my lips.

"KISMET," I said.

A. A. BLACKMAN.

"Little Firs."

(After—a long way after—Rupert Brooke.)

These have I loathed:
Thick plates and mugs half-washed,
Ringed with blue grease, and dinner on the desks
Served in great blobs of mush and mystery,
And eaten with blunt knives and queer-shaped forks;
Wet floors and muddy foot-prints; broken desks,
Loose boards and acrid smoke from unswept flues,
And scraggy flowers seen through the grimy panes
Of uncleaned windows runnelled with the rain;
Cold water in mid-winter and grey towels,
And tattered walls ink-stained, and leaky ceilings
Dripping their greasy ooze down grubby necks;
Layers of dust on things you want to use;
The sweet-sour stink that haunts the scullery
And kitchen, and the musty reek that lingers
On old forgotten books in mouldy heaps,
Blended with unexpected whiffs of shag;
Dim lights, dry inkwells, boards no longer black,
And pegs and dusters pinched by other forms,
Doors without hinges, windows without glass—

O never a doubt but some day I shall wake
And find myself back in a proper school:
New friends, now strangers—but the things I've known
Stay here, thank God, and next term we shall say
All these were lousy—all these things we loathed.

Inter-Schools Club.

The old "4 Schools Club," under its new title of "Inter Schools," had a successful School year, despite difficulties of accommodation at Woking, where the Y.M.C.A. Hall was used.

The Autumn term programme comprised three meetings: the first, the always-popular "Impromptu Debates"; secondly, an illustrated lantern lecture by Mr. Hodgkinson and Mrs. Grimshaw, on "Modern Art"; and the third, a programme of piano music and songs by Schubert by Miss Smith and the Mayfield Choir.

The following term also we managed only to arrarnge three dates for the Club. The first was another evening of Impromptu Debates. Secondly, we had a debate on "The impossibility of the Prevention of War," proposed by Barbara Allen and opposed by A. N. Cowan, with J. H. Hobday and D. P. Perry respectively as seconders.

Our last meeting was a "record evening" in which A. H. Ramell and Valerie Jarvis presented favourite records chosen by members.

We held four meetings in the Summer term of 1945.

The first was a debate on "The Abolition of Capital Punishment," proposed by C. J. Chetwood and opposed by Joyce Pulman.

Next came a "Magazine Evening" of original literary efforts by the Club's members, which innovation proved very successful.

At the third meeting Mr. Hodgkinson gave a lecture on Dutch and French Painting. Unfortunately, owing to the extreme proximity of Matric. and Highers, the attendance was small, but Mr. Hodgkinson was undeterred, and those of us who attended enjoyed the talk very much.

Dr. Wardale gave us a piano recital for the last meeting. The attendance was, perhaps, the biggest of the term.

On our return to Wandsworth, we recommenced the Club, and this term, at the time of going to press, we have held three meetings, with more to come.

Our first meeting of the term was once again Impromptu Debates, during which, amongst other questions, the problem was discussed of the War Criminal Trials, several conflicting views being put forward fervently and with vigour.

Secondly, Mr. Keyte gave us a gramophone recital of music by Mozart; among other things, the popular "G Minor" was played. Attendance was excellent, about 40 members being present.

The third item on the term's programme was a debate on the subject of whether or not the world is doomed because of the unbridgeable gap between man's destructive inventiveness and his moral sense.

The motion was proposed by A. N. Cowan, and opposed by Barbara Allen, the seconders being Joyce Pulman and B. H. Edwick.

A word must be said in conclusion about the weekly discussion group which meets *chez* Mr. Fenn on Thursday nights to listen to, and discuss, the broadcasts, "To Start You Talking." Some very lively and interesting discussions have been held, both in Woking and, now we are back at the old School, at Mr. Fenn's house in Southfields. This is a side of the Inter-Schools Club which is expanding rapidly now that many more members can conveniently attend, and it is to be hoped that it and the whole of the "Inter Schools" will continue to flourish in the future. *Per ardua ad Librariam!*

A. N. C.

Propaganda.

A twisted venom, thrice distilled in hate,
Captures the crowd, and undermines the State,
Corrupts the virtuous and disturbs the wise,
Blinding the sharpness of a nation's eyes.
The good is turned to serve the tyrant's will
By falsehood woven with satanic skill,
While radios blare forth their points of view
To poison minds not otherwise untrue.
The lie with truth is skilfully conjoined,
And truth uneasy, is unwittingly purloined.
Thus propaganda serves the servile State
By groundworms dangling at the angler's bait.
Caught in the toils of credible false lies,
The fish is tempted to the hook and dies.

DENNIS A. BRUNNING.

Atom Bomb.

This is part of a report of a debate in LIMBO. The atmosphere is strained and distinctly sulphurous. The speakers are SATAN, PEACE, BOY and BUSINESS MAN, and the chairman is Mr. Public, who has just spoken to introduce PEACE. Satan spits a little fire, and pops some sulphur lozenges into his mouth.

PEACE (*speaking nervously and patting her back hair*): I think we have got on very well without the atom bomb. We could have a League of Nations again——

SATAN (*butting in*): Like the last time, I suppose! It flopped last time, and it will again if I have anything to do with it, like all your rotten ideas!

PEACE goes calmly round and slaps his face. ("Really now!" from Mr. Public. "Sock 'im, Ma!" from BOY.) All this while Mr. BUSINESS MAN sits pondering. When the commotion has died down he begins.

BUSINESS MAN: If we could use these atom bombs for, well, you know what I mean to say, to persuade our trade rivals that British goods are best, we could be lords of creation, masters of the universe.

CHAIRMAN: Hear, hear!

Mr. Public was very flustered by this time, not knowing what attitude to take. He was by nature an undecided man, trusting to the next man to give him a lead. He had decided to follow any leader, and hoped it might be Satan; for what a wonderful dream, to be Masters of the World, Conquerors of the Universe, Masters of the Human Race! Tons of money, lands in plenty, lashings of everything. Never mind the other lands. They were meant to be pillaged, anyhow.

Peace was beginning to feel sick, and in her ears ran these words: Blood, Toil, Tears, Sweat, a broken and humiliated world, wrecked cities, millions of dead and dying, horror camps, brutal men and women torturing helpless folks, whips, gas-chambers, cremation-pits, lime-houses, cooking-ovens, starvation. . . .

She was faint and could scarcely feel her feet. Steady as a rock? Shaky as a jelly, more like. But in her buzzing ears there was an incessant noise: pitches? PITCHES? What's that? Oh, it's that boy speaking. What's he stammering about?

BOY: I want to live! You've had your lives, I haven't had mine. Besides, what'll happen to the football pitches, the swimming baths? What about my little garden and the Boys' Brigade uniform? My Mum paid half a crown for that, and she won't get it back if the Boys' Brigade's blown up! And the Boy Scouts! Old Bob's in that, my pal! What will I do, with no one to play with and nothing to do? What about the little birds I throw stones at? How will I get my practice? And . . . wait a bit. What fun I'll have! Atom bombs! I'll throw one at Old Flatfoot the bobby for smacking my head and stopping our bonfire that night, and I'll blow up Old Maskey's house for throwing water over me, the old crab! And Jim's house. He doesn't like me since he tried to beat me up and er . . . did it, the dog! Then I'll put one in old Spammy's dustbin and a big one in Ken's pocket—and, I almost forgot Guy Fawkes Day. Oh boy! what fireworks!

PEACE (getting to her feet at last. She was really angry. Her blue eyes were flashing and her hair was coming down): You selfish beasts! All of you! You care for nothing but your own little selves. I hate you. If I had a gun here I'd shoot the lot of you. If only I had an atom bomb . . .

G. GAGE (IIIA.).

On Returning to School.

I woke. My world seemed full of buxom joy.
The sun his glittering pall of light did throw
'Twixt curtains bellying in the morning breeze,
And did penetrate the darkest corner,
Piercing every barrier till it reached
My face, and seemingly continued
Its exploring trend, travelling through mind and soul.
O, 'twas glorious to be alive.
Then, as a cloud slid over glittering joy,
As if through envy of the bright sun,
A blackening thought did strike my glorying soul
Quenching it of pleasure. 'Twas School!
I drew my head again beneath my blankets
As if in vain to shield my face from doom.
Then, as my mind surveyed the things
Which this dire word stood for and comprised,
Companionship, a joy in making friends,
A thrill in playing games, achieving of desires,
My soul began regain its cheerful state.
I threw the bedclothes from my timid head
And I did rise with lightsome heart and mind.

. . . . . .

An when my lessons did at length begin,
Governed by gowned and serious masters,
I felt that here at last was work to do
That could not be at odds with happiness

D. HORNER (IVA).

Concerto.

The pianist comes in, in flowing gown,
And takes her bow, and smiles to the applause,
Then sits and shifts the stool, and tries the keys
To reassure herself; each clear-cut sound
Reflected, magnified in the great dome
'Mid the expectant hush. Now she is ready,
She nods to the conductor, baton raised,
Who lifts his hand, heralding, in the silence,
The long, clear cadence of the warbling flute,
Gushing like water down a hillside brook;
And, answering, the strings come sweeping in,
And it begins. The soloist, meanwhile,
Sits frigid, silent, nervously alert;
If young, a little tremulous and pale,
If old, steady with long experience
Of old performances. Until the music,
Suddenly hushed, pauses expectantly:
A nod from the conductor, and those hands,
Electrified with sudden genius,
Dart forward, swooping on the waiting keys,
And the first fragile notes, like rods of glass,
Are crystallised upon the pregnant air;
Winging on high into the lofty vault,
Melting and fleeting to eternity. . . .
What joy those eighty staid, dress-coated men,
And black-gowned women, give to those eight thousand!
How the vast hall, packed with those serried rows
Of dense humanity, is yet immersed
In silence, seemingly impossible
Among so many! And the orchestra,
Now playing with the piano, now against,
Now answering, now calling, it; how do they
Enchant the ear and soul? How does this music,
Conceived, performed by men, yet have the power
To cleanse and wash the minds of men; till, clear,
They rise, and wing, and soar, and sweep with it!
If nothing else in this poor world of evil,
And squalor, misery, dishonesty,
Gives spiritual joy and elevation,
Yet music does . .
Till, with a sudden import,
The mind, flushed clear of the affairs of men,
Comes flighting back, back to its fellow-beings,
Sitting in silent rows, immobile, tense:
Are they, too, purified? Are they, too, lifted,
From men's affairs, if but for forty minutes? . . .
But who shall say, as, with a mad cadenza,
And final, crashing notes, the music ends;
And, like a torrent smashing through a dam,
And bursting onward, the applause begins. . . .

A. N. C. (VI. Sc.).

Old Wandsworthians' Association.

Wednesday, October 10th, was a momentous occasion. On the evening of that date, in the School, the first post-war meeting of the Association took place.

An onlooker might reasonably have been excused for forgetting the past six years and imagining himself back in the days before the War, for, at a casual glance, the gathering in the Hall had changed not a whit.

There, in his accustomed place in the chair, was the President, Mr. King, obviously glad to be back in the familiar surroundings again and sonorously welcoming the meeting back to them, too. And, on his left, towers of strength, were those evergreen Vice-Presidents, Messrs. Phillimore, Powell and Edgar Spells, and at his right hand the smiling face of Secretary Stan Fairey, the hallowed head of Charles Ferne, oldest "boy" present, and the rubicund visage of Freddie Maugham.

Surely this was back in 1939?

But a racking of memory and a closer scrutiny of the gathering would have revealed the absence of a number of familiar faces, and a certain uniformity of dress and an unfamiliar hirsuteness about some of those present would have brought the realisation that this was indeed 1945, and that this country, and the world, had just emerged from a great war.

It was in this mood that the President opened the meeting with a few moments of silent remembrance of those Old Boys of Wandsworth School who would not be back. And a sheaf of letters from bereaved parents and wives, on the table in front of the Secretary, bore silent testimony.

In the speeches which followed Mr. King's, everyone expressed their thankfulness at the coming of peace, their satisfaction at this early revival of the Association, and their gratification at the surprisingly large number present at the meeting in the circumstances.

And, indeed, it is a matter for rejoicing and an indication of the O.W.'s virility that about seventy Old Boys were present at this effort to get the Association's activities started again. And the large numbers of letters from, and news received of, Old Boys in the Services all over the world are evidence that the Association in 1946 is likely to be as strong as, if not stronger, than it was in 1939. This should do much to dispel the gloom of those who feared a set-back in the O.W.'s affairs after the War.

The usual pre-War weekly Wednesday evening meeting at the School has temporarily to be reduced to the first Wednesday in every month only, but it is hoped soon that this curtailment may be dispensed with.

Meanwhile, a welcome feature, in evidence at the meeting, is the large number of O.W.'s interested in the revival of the Rugby Football Club, the very backbone of the Association in 1939, when it was putting three XV.'s in the field each Saturday. A practice match was arranged against the School on October 20th, and a very happy game it proved to be (notwithstanding the writer's regret for a full week following his rather involuntary decision to play).

Now comes the glad news that the O.W.R.F.C. may have the use of the School ground for home fixtures for a number of dates this year and next, and it is intended to go ahead at once and arrange fixtures for the rest of the season, starting on December 1st with another game against the School. It is expected the School will make every endeavour to avenge their narrow defeat of 8—12 points on October 20th.

Finally, Stan Fairey would be pleased to hear from O.W.'s at 5, Hillcrest Avenue, Edgware (phone 4803), and Rugger enthusiasts should get in touch with the R.F.C. Secretary, E. A. Barnett, at 157, London Road, Kingston.

The Wandsworthians' Lodge.

Friendships begun at School often become interrupted by the claims of "field and workshop, mart and office," or, as in recent years, by War Service. Our Lodge meetings, held regularly since 1932, afford suitable opportunities for O.W. Freemasons to renew such friendships. At almost every meeting, reunions of former School friends occur, and we cordially invite all O.W.'s (who are qualified) to attend one of our Lodge meetings; they will be made very welcome. Last September we were able to meet many O.W.'s who are members of other Lodges at our "Ladies' Festival," held at Ardington Rooms. This function also enabled us to renew friendships with many O.W.'s not yet qualified to attend the Lodge meetings. We hope to announce the date of our next "Guest Night" in a subsequent issue of "The Link."

A new Lodge Year began in October, 1945, with the installation as Master of C. L. Caiger (O.W., 1920-22). Our meetings at Ardington Rooms, where so much is done by Arding and Hobbs to make us very comfortable, will be held during 1946 on the following dates: February 1st, May 3rd, October 4th and December 6th. Further information may be obtained by writing to the Secretary of the Wandsworthians' Lodge, c/o Wandsworth School, Sutherland Grove, S.W.18.