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THE LINK

The Magazine of Wandsworth School

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.

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Editorial

Jubilee Commemoration Issue of "The Link"

Copies are still available of the Jubilee Commemoration "Link." This contains the "History of Wandsworth School," as told by the Prefects. It was specially asked for by Old Boys, who desired this permanent record. In addition there is printed in full the Jubilee sermon by the Rev. J. H. Waddington, Old Boy of the School, and a full account of all the events and speeches of the week.

Copies may be had from the treasurer of "The Link," price 1s. 6d.

Headmaster's Notes.

In September we had the largest influx of new boys that has occurred at the beginning of any year since I have been head of the School—well over 90. As we had relatively few leavers, there was a net increase of about 70 boys. We are now 410 strong, and there is little doubt that next September we shall be back at the pre-war figure of 450.

The present task of all of us is to bend all our efforts to achieving in work, social life and general standard a level at least equal to the one we maintained before the war, and then not to be content with that. In certain departments we are going ahead very well through the zeal and unselfish service of the staff and boys concerned. When that spirit spreads through all departments of School life, we shall have greater cause for satisfaction—but no room, I hope, for self-complacency. The price of real success is sustained effort and continuous enterprise. And every one of us should gladly and willingly pay that price "to enrich the brotherhood in which our schooldays are spent." For that in turn enriches each of us.

We older members of the staff would be the first to acknowledge the access of vitality that the return of the Service members has brought to the School. But there was already some evidence of this before they rejoined us, and that was undoubtedly due to a stability and an unwonted sense of security that had been absent during the war and evacuation years.

The first to rejoin was Mr. Bennett, in October, 1945, but he unfortunately could not stay long as he could find no roof here for his wife and family. Happily,

the others who followed have, though often at very great inconvenience to themselves and their family, remained at their posts. Mr. Benyon rejoined in February, 1946, Mr. Clode in May, and Messrs. Radford and Aubrey at the beginning of July. Finally Mr. Barber returned last September. There are two others, Mr. Arkell and Mr. Tureczek (now Travers), about whose movements and possible return we are not at present certain.

To all our Service members a hearty welcome home with fervent thankfulness that all have come through safe and sound!

Elsewhere in this number a tribute is paid to Dr. Jory, whose passing has cast a shadow over us at this time. No price can be put upon services such as his: they are recorded in the hearts of hundreds of old boys who owed to him in and out of School inspiration and opportunities that greatly enriched their lives.

The death of Mr. Hatfield was recorded in the last issue of "The Link," the special Jubilee number. That was a great sorrow to us all, and Mr. Ascher expressed in a moving tribute what we all felt.

So two notable figures have passed from the Wandsworth stage, but even they had not as long an association with the School as two others, who most gallantly and loyally stayed beyond the due span of service to see us through the exigencies of war. Mr. Powell and Mr. Phillimore had a record of service almost coterminous with the history of the School itself. We have earlier recorded their retirement and paid homage to their life-long devotion to the School.

Mr. Terry is happily effecting his retirement gradually. In July he retired from his full-time post as History Master, but he continues part-time in charge of the Scripture teaching throughout the School.

And now to welcome his successor in the post of History Master. Mr. W. E. Payne comes to us with a fine record of six years' service in the R.A.F., and adds another Cambridge "Double First" to Wandsworth's highly qualified staff. He was at Peterhouse, and gained first-class honours in both parts of the History Tripos.

Of our temporary staff we were sorry to lose Miss Priest (to Mayfield) at the end of the summer term. Mr. Robilliard, who has been here as a student master this year, joins our temporary staff at the beginning of the Spring Term.

We are glad again to have French and German "Assistants," as before the war, in our language departments, and the School welcomes M. Dommergues from Angers and Herr Löhrer from St. Gallen, Switzerland. I am sorry they find London apparently so inhospitable; but the housing and lodging problem in blitzed Wandsworth is incredibly difficult. Perhaps this note will come under the eye of someone who can help.

Foreign visitors to the School this term have included Mr. J. S. Bentwich, of the Department of Education, Jerusalem; Dr. Haj Mir, of the Government Arab College, Jerusalem; Mr. A. M. Fahmy from an Egyptian Secondary School; Mr. Hamid Nabih, headmaster of the Khedevieh Secondary School, Cairo; M. Zechariah, an Indian schoolmaster; Mr. Arne Ytreborg, from Trömso Folk School, Norway; and Fru Söderland, a Swedish headmistress from Stockholm.

We also have Mr. Rahman, an Indian student-master, attending two days per week.

Several of the above visitors came along during or near Unesco Week. My own association with Unesco has given the School a special interest in this U.N. agency during the past year, which I hope will be maintained. During Unesco Week, apart from other special observances, Mr. Radford gave two rousing talks to the Upper School on his experiences and appraisement of the Indian problem.

The present Governing Body of the School is, in order of appointment, as follows: Mrs. E. A. Blizard (Chairman), Mrs. Gilbert Ponsonby (Vice-Chairman), Professor J. Dechamps, Professor Dorothy Tarrant, Mr. J. W. Bowen, C.B.E., J.P., Mr. Thomas H. Jones, Major Desmond Reid, and Mrs. Marshall Brown.

The Parents Association devoted the first of their two meetings in the Autumn Term to a Cinematograph Lecture on suitable topics for United Nations Week.

The second meeting was a symposium by returned Service members of the staff, Messrs. Radford, Benyon, Clode and Payne, on the subject of education and training in the three Services.

Next term's meetings are on Fridays, February 28th and March 21st. At the first I shall be giving an account of my American mission (Unesco and Rotary) and at the second we hope to have another visit from Dr. Bradley, whom a number of parents will remember from his visit two years ago.

It was never so important that parents should be in touch with the schools and with educational progress as at the present time. So I trust that the Parents Association will continue its interesting and valuable activities. The new Hon. Secretary is Mr. J. R. Scott, 39a, Earlsfield Road, S.W.18.

It was a pleasure to attend the first revival of the pre-war joint socials of Old Wandsworthians and Parents Association on the evening of the annual Old Boys' rugger match.

The other notable Old Wandsworthians occasion during the Autumn Term was the Annual Dinner, the first since 1938.

Though I was able to put in only the last week of the three weeks farm "camp" at Epsom in August, I found there a happy team which would have done more work willingly if the weather had been kinder. My thanks to Messrs. Keyte and Maycock, of the staff, to Mr. Piggins and to our Old Boy, Maurice Ascher, for supervision.

And thanks again to Mr. Keyte and the carol singers, who cheered and entertained the Wandsworth Rotary Club and their ladies on December 17th. They earned golden opinions and did us credit.

By the time these notes are in print, the School Players will, I am sure, have added "Androcles and the Lion" to the long list of successes that marked the close of each Autumn Term up to 1938. The quality of the scenes played at the Jubilee Concert augurs well for the production of the first full-dress play for eight years.

Congratulations to Pitt House upon winning the Couch Trophy for 1945-46 for work. Gibbon House was a very close second.

I note with pleasure the appointment of D. J. W. Coward as deputy general secretary of the Post Office Engineering Union. This important office follows upon his Presidency of the Cambridge Union and election as a Wandsworth borough councillor.

Congratulations, too, to R. A. Morsman, who gained the B.D.S. (London) in July.

We acknowledge with thanks the gift of a bronze to the School by A. A. Blackman. An extract from a letter from Blackman appears elsewhere.

Prefects this year are:—

Head Prefect: Edwick, B.

Second Prefect: Finch, D. J.

Full Prefects: Gould, J.; Perry, D. P.; Williams, K. J.; Mason, R. F.; Feld, R.; Hurcomb, R. G.; Wilson, A. D.; Park, A. W.

Sub-Prefects: Lewis, W. N.; Field, D. N.; Thompson, D. A.; Stephenson, J. W.; Brunning, P.; Glenister, B. K.; Pluchino, J. R. R. (left); Upcott, E. M. (left); Haydon, J. S.

J. J. Jory, M.A., Ph.D.

(1886—1946.)

It is very grievous, so soon after recording Dr. Jory's retirement a few months ago, to have to announce his sudden death. Our tribute to him in the Jubilee "Link" of September, 1946, expressed the hope that before him and Mrs. Jory there lay many years of happy retirement. The defeat of this hope has moved profoundly all who knew him. His colleagues and many hundreds of Wandsworthians past and present will long feel the loss of a friend snatched away untimely. Of him it is possible to say simply that he was a friend. No one ever heard him speak in bitterness or anger. He was essentially a simple man moved to goodness, a well-dowered man, able to do much good.

His funeral took place at Pontyberem, Wales, his birthplace, and here he was followed to the grave by Mrs. Jory, his only surviving son, Leslie Jory, and many mourners from London and Wales who had known and loved him.

Wandsworth School expresses to Mrs. Jory and Leslie Jory the assurance of our share in their sorrow.

Avete atque Valete

The following boys have been admitted during the past year:—

Alvey, D. T.; Alvey, J. M.; Amer, R. H. J.; Anstis, D. F.; Anstis, R. J. T.; Barron, A. D.; Bartlett, R. H.; Bellerby, G. M.; Berry, J. L.; Berry, P. J.; Bicknell, R. P.; Bishop, P. H.; Bloss, J. W.; Bourton, J. G.; Bray, D. M. J.; Bridge, R. F.; Brookes, J. M.; Bruce, J. A.; Burton, J. C.; Bush, D. L.; Butler, I. L.; Canning, J. L.; Casparis, J.; Chaplin, A. D.; Clanford, D.; Clavey, R. J.; Cloak, B. W.; Close, G. M.; Coo, W. J. G.; Cottle, K. L.; Cox, A. F.; Cox, D. J.; Cox, P. G.; Crouch, P.; Darchambaud, R. J.; Davis, B. W.; Dobson, R. T.; Donovan, J. L.; Donovan, J. G. C.; Duke, D. J.; Dunn, A. G.; Easey, K. G.; Elsam, R. J.; Ford, D. R.; Frazer, R. M.; Friday, J. T.; Gale, D. W.; Gannon, F.; Glynn, J. A.; Gosden, C. B.; Gray, W. G.; Greenaway, B.; Hale, P. J.; Harris, R. C. A.; Harvey, G. L.; Hathaway, R. C.; Hazell, D. C. J.; Heard, P. W.; Hobson, H. P.; Hodge, P. I. M.; Hooper, W. N.; Hughes, D. J.; Jenkinson, P. L.; Johnson, K. H. W.; Johnson, R.; Jones, A. C.; Jones, J.; Light, B. G.; Light, G. F.; McGregor, D.; Mattey, M. R.; Metcalf, H. S.; Miller, A. J.; Morrell, B. V.; Morrison, D. R.; Morrison, P. V.; Mortimer, B.; Muir, W. A. P.; Nesbit, J. A.; Oliver, R.; Opatowski, T.; Oulds, R. W.; Pavitt, T. W.; Payne, D. A.; Phelps, M. A.; Potterton, G. V.; Purkiss, T. C.; Quested, J.; Quinsey, M. P.; Rattray, R. G. R.; Razzell, B. H.; Reed, J. F.; Restrick, I. A.; Richards, B. G.; Robbins, L. T.; Rollason, P. B.; Sanders, M. J.; Scott, J. J. W.; Sims, D. S. J.; Slade, P. J.; Stanley, W. M.; Stear, M. C.; Stokes, T. J.; Stott, G. E.; Thick, T.; Thompson, J.; Thorn, P. G.; Tyne, J. C.; Urbanczyk, R.; Vary, R. G.; Vincent, J. W. C.; Waters, R. O.; Watson, J. D.; Wells, A. C.; West, J. A. G.; White, B. A.; Wilgoss, B. R.; Wright, T. R.; Yates, J. A.; York, A. G.; Zakrewski, J.

The following boys have left during the past year:—

Andrews, A. D.; Archer, S. G.; Barnett, C. M.; Batley, J. J.; Bilby, R.; Blackshaw, A. C.; Bray, F.; Bryant, T.; Bull, R.; Chalkley, E. E.; Collier, R. A. L.; Cowan, A. N.; Driscoll, B. J.; England, K.; Fielder, D. B.; Ford, D. R.; Foxwell, G. F.; Friswell, T. W.; Genin, E. V. G.; Green, A. E.; Hans-

ford, R. P.; Harris, J. W.; Hay, I. M.; Hicks, P.; Holman, A.; Holmes, H. J.; Jacobs, A. J.; Kohn, R.; Lancaster, E.; Langdon, J. P.; Langham, A. F.; Lazell, J. A. ; Levett, J. W.; Lewis, B. J.; Marling, H. G.; Martin, R. S.; Matthews, P. F.; Morris, R. J. L.; Nicholas, D. A.; Park, A. W. V.; Pledge, L. H.; Pluchino, J. R. R.; Potterton, G. V.; Rance, J. W. M.; Read, W. P.; Rick, C. J.; Riddle, J. W.; Russell, D.; Schneer, M. A.; Spring, J. C.; Springett, P. R.; Stretch, W. T.; Tofield, A. G.; Upcott, E. M. I.; Warner, D. J.; Watson, A. R.; Welsh, R. W. J.

"Androcles and The Lion"

CHRISTMAS PLAY.

CAST: Androcles, K. J. Williams; Megæra (his wife) and the ox-driver, B. J. Harrold; Lion, S. Watkins; Centurion, R. P. Hardingham; Lavinia, D. R. Horner; Captain, J. C. Grieves; Ferrovius, B. H. Edwick; Spintho, D. V. S. Stacey; Lentulus, D. A. Thompson; Metellus, V. Wagerfield; Menagerie Keeper, etc., G. S. Chambers; Editor, M. J. Clothier; Secutor, A. A. Percival; Retiarius, K. F. R. Cattermole; Call Boy, G. Mason; Emperor, D. P. Perry; Christians, F. Clark, K. A. Haywood, J. A. Totham, G. E. Chambers, G. W. Pocock, R. J. Barker; stage staff, Mr. Piggins, P. E. Burton, J. S. Haydon, R. Hurcomb, C. Fellows.

For our first post-war Christmas play, the producers departed from the traditional Shakespeare, and put on Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion." The play was performed at the School on the evenings of December 17th and 19th. The producers and the actors are to be congratulated on a keen and finished performance. They were severely limited by lack of stage space, and even more by lack of off-stage space, but they surmounted their difficulties by sheer enthusiasm and hard work. The lack of stage space necessitated the use of a painted back-cloth—always an abomination—but the home-made sets were nevertheless impressive, and the stage staff had obviously put in a great deal of hard work. The costumes and the lighting were good, and considerable co-operative effort had obviously been put into the show.

The main characters all gave very creditable performances. K. J. Williams as Androcles was slightly handicapped by his height, but he nevertheless did justice to the little Greek tailor. His movement was good, his control of pace was good, and he was not afraid to act. B. H. Edwick seemed made for the part of Ferrovius; he towered above the other characters, morally and physically, and made good use of his magnificent voice. Lavinia is a very difficult part for a boy to play, and D. R. Horner is to be congratulated on a noble effort; he was perhaps not quite proud enough or elegant enough for the patrician Lavinia, but played with considerable charm and poise. The performance of D. P. Perry, as the effeminate and conceited Emperor, was particularly pleasing—a very polished performance by an actor with a real feeling for the stage. But the most popular performance of the evening was undoubtedly that the Lion: S. Watkins, aided by a magnificent costume, managed to be sufficiently leonine to be convincing and sufficiently human to be extremely amusing.

It is impossible to mention the host of minor parts individually, but I liked J. C. Grieves' Captain, and remember with pleasure the delightfully cockney conversation between the Centurion and the Menagerie-Keeper, and between the gladiators. Some of the younger actors showed their inexperience by fussy and unnecessary movement, and occasionally distracted the attention of the audience from the main focal point on the stage: but on the whole the lesser parts were well-sustained, and contributed to a well-knit and unified production.

The total impression was of enthusiasm and hard work, of a big and successful co-operative effort by actors, producers, stage staff, and the host of other helpers who make a show a success. The production was good, with well-chosen grouping and movement; the pace was good: there was perhaps a little dragging, a little slowness on cues, in the first act, but the second act moved magnificently from start to finish.

The producers, Mr. S. Cowan and Mr. T. G. Benyon, are to be congratulated most heartily on such a finished and satisfying production.

C. C. B.

Cercle Français

This society was founded by Mr. Hatfield when he took up the duties of Senior French Master some years before the war. Its aim was to bring together from time to time pupils and staff who were interested in French language and civilisation. At these meetings, both the social and cultural elements had their place: tea, conversation, the reading and acting of plays, music, games, epidiascope *causeries* provide a variety of interesting activity, made all the more pleasurable by the vital personality of Mr. Hatfield himself, the prime mover and originator of the Cercle. With the war, it was found impossible to continue these activities and the society lived on only as a name and a memory until this term.

The desire to revive the Cercle had been increasing for some time when it was suggested simultaneously at Mayfield and here that the two Schools should join forces and bring their joint resources to the formation of a new club. The suggestion has now become a reality: the enthusiasm shown by the pupils of both schools has been very encouraging, and pupils of the Vth and VIth Forms have now held two successful meetings. The general plan is to hold two or three meetings in each term, alternately in each School, and to vary the activities as widely as possible, while allowing full scope for social contacts. That this is in process of being realised, the following notes on the first two meetings will show.

November 21st, at Mayfield. There were over fifty members present. We were entertained by the girls at an excellent tea at small tables to facilitate conversation. Miss Barker then outlined the ideas underlying the Cercle, and Mr. Ascher introduced M. André Dommergues, who gave us a most vivid account of the trials and difficulties of life in a French town during the German occupation. His fascinating narrative, full of strange stories and striking detail, brought home to us, as no books or newspaper articles could, what France endured in humiliation and privations. A pendant to this eye-witness report was provided by Mlle Giapucci, who spoke of post-war France, its endless daily problems of food and other necessities, and of French hopes of revival and reconstruction. Votes of thanks to the speakers were moved by Maureen Chaney and D. Perry.

December 12th, at Wandsworth. The meeting was given up entirely to games, competitions and music. After a buffet tea, a series of competitions, devised by Mr. Ascher, Thompson, Perry and Hurcomb, engaged and amused the fifty-six people present. Clothier helped in a musical competition and played for the French community singing, led by Miss Priest. During the evening the Mayfield girls sang a short programme of Noëls.

For next term, two meetings have been planned at which play-readings, charades, speeches, music and singing should occupy the time entertainingly. Details and dates will be announced in due course, and all members of the Vth and VIth Forms who are interested are eligible for membership.

Rugby

The rugger season so far has been rather disappointing..

The 1st XV., in particular, have yet to win a match.

Misfortune descended upon the team when in the opening minutes of the first match, v. Surbiton, Mason, the stand-off half, was carried off the field with a badly sprained ankle. Since then, injuries to Jones, Maclean, Domney, Hardingham and Finch have hindered any possible progress.

On the whole the forwards have played well, although rather weak in the loose.

The three-quarters have failed to play as a line, and only Field has shown any enterprise in the centre of the field.

The 2nd XV. have improved with every match, mainly owing to their scrumming. The forwards, although light, are very fast and dominate the play. The tackling of the packs is steady, and with more practice better results are confidently expected next term.

Results.

1st XV.

Sept.	28.	v. Surbiton.	Draw 6— 6.
Oct.	5.	v. Whitgift.	Lost 0—11.
,,	12.	v. Tiffin.	Draw 11—11.
,,	26.	v. Bec.	Draw 3— 3.
Nov.	9.	v. Thames Valley.	Lost 3— 8.
,,	16	v. Tiffin.	Lost 0—23.
,,	30.	v. O.Ws.	Lost 5—15.
Dec.	7.	v. Selhurst.	Lost 0—16.

Boxing

Captain: P. Gould.

Vice-Captain: Lewis.

After an interval of seven long years, occasioned by the war, Inter-School boxing fixtures started again this term, and five matches have been held.

The first one, against Hampton Grammar School, showed the comparative weakness of the School team in both punch and ringcraft, but there has been a steady and decided improvement in these throughout the term, which has shown itself in the results of the matches.

The practices have been well attended, and a tribute must be paid to Mr. Bicknell for his help and tuition on Monday evenings.

Next term, in addition to Inter-School matches, the Inter-House Boxing Competition will take place, and it is hoped that there will be much spirited boxing and a record entry.

The results of the matches this term are as follows :—

October 18th. v. *Hampton Grammar.* Lost 4—10.

Hampton fielded a strong team, being superior in both punch and ringcraft. Barron, Bicknell, Cattermole and Francis won their bouts, whilst three of the remaining went to the referee. This was the first appearance of the School team in public, and they possibly suffered somewhat from stage fright!

October 5th. *v. St. Olave's.* Lost 5—9.

The School team showed improved form and, although only five bouts were won, Berry and Woodley had to withdraw through accidents, and two decisions

went to the referee. Cowley, Bicknell, Carver, Francis and Davey won their bouts, whilst Evans and Attoe lost on the referee's casting vote. Gould boxed well against Preece, the St. Olave's Captain, whilst Chambers and Barron only just lost to their opponents.

November 15th. *v. Sir Walter St. John's.* Won 10—9.

Nineteen bouts were contested, and the School managed to win by the odd bout. The credit for this goes largely to the Juniors, and Miles, Friday, Carr and Nelson, each boxing for the first time for the School, won their bouts. Barron, Nelson, Bicknell, Attoe, Francis and Harrold also won their bouts, whilst Beckett Davey and Hayward had close fights.

November 29th. *v. Sutton.* Won 7—3.

School did not expect to win so easily, although it was a home match. Nelson, Bicknell, Attoe, Beckett, Whitesman, Francis and Davey won their bouts, the last on the referee's decision. Chambers turned out, in spite of a bad cold, and was unlucky to lose.

December 13th. *v. Raynes Park.* Won 8—2.

The School were too strong for Raynes Park and won comfortably. Totham, Quested and Maclean made their first appearance in the ring for the School, and Totham just managed to win. Quested boxed very pluckily and tenaciously and only just lost. Carr, Nelson, Cowley, Bicknell, Francis, Davey and Gould also won their bouts.

In conclusion, congratulations to Francis and Bicknell, both of whom have boxed in every school match and won every fight : also our sincere thanks to Mrs. Shapcott and the small band of parents who have helped with the suppers : to the masters and officials who have attended to the organisation and judging; and finally to the boys, parents and friends who have shown such keenness and loyalty and attended in such strength on the occasion of every School match.

J. M.

Gym Club

Captain: A. C. Wilson.

Vice-Captain: R. Feld.

The Gym Club was formed at the beginning of the Summer Term and, since then, has been very active indeed. A team was chosen and, after some intensive practice, a display was given to parents and boys of the School during the Jubilee Week. According to most accounts, this display was greatly appreciated, and it evidently aroused some interest amongst the juniors, since we have a larger following this term.

The Club now meets regularly every Friday at 3.45 p.m. under the able tuition of Mr. Elms. Emphasis is laid on the agility rather than the games side of gymnastics, and any keen seniors who would rather vault over the box than play scrimmage ball are welcome.

A. C. W.

Music Circle

Shortly after half-term, the music lovers of the School decided that it was about time some kind of society was formed whereby they could listen to and discuss all kinds of good music. Therefore the Music Club, dormant since 1939, was re-formed.

The first meeting, held on November 9th, was a great success. Mr. Keyte supervised a programme of gramophone records, which included Mozart's Overture "Don Giovanni," Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and Berlioz's "Royal Hunt and Storm." This, the inaugural meeting, was enthusiastically received. The next meeting took the same form. This time works by Grieg and Saint Saëns were included. A novelty was introduced at the third meeting. It consisted of a piano recital, delightfully delivered by Dr. Wardale. His repertoire included Beethoven's "Pathétique" Sonata, and works by Chopin and Bach. The good attendance included several girls from Mayfield, as this meeting was run in conjunction with the Inter-Schools Club. At the next meeting an equally enjoyable recital was given by J. Grieves (VA), who also played works by Beethoven and Chopin.

The last meeting of the term, on December 10th, was very popular. Mr. Keyte kindly placed at our disposal several of his gramophone records of Handel's "Messiah." This meeting, like the previous two, was very well and deservingly appreciated.

Finally, several members of the Society attended a concert at Clapham by the County of London Orchestra. The programme included Grieg's "Holberg Suite" and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony, also Bach's "Brandenburg Concerto No. 5."

The Music Society has made a promising start, and new members will be welcome. We meet in the music room (room I) every Tuesday at 4 p.m.

R. G. H.

The Stamp Club

Under the auspices of Mr. Keyte, the Stamp Club had its first meeting on October 25th.

Stamp collecting has always been a very popular hobby, and there was an excellent response, especially from the junior part of the School, when it was announced that the Club was to be restarted.

The Club has now some fifty members on its books, and the average attendance has been thirty.

Some very interesting lectures have been given, notably one by Mr. Makin on how to start and keep a collection, and one by Fenton (IVA) on Sir Rowland Hill, the inventor of the postage stamp.

Among the numerous epidiascope lectures given, Canning of IA showed us some stamps issued in Poland during the war, and Knight spoke about some pictorial stamps whilst illustrating them on the screen. Field, who has a fairly large collection of Austrian stamps, showed us some of these and spoke about their history.

A competition, which was organised by Percival, was very successful, the prizes being some Italian stamps. Percival devoted a large amount of time before this competition in preparing the stamps, pieces of which were shown to the members of the Club, who had to guess from which country the stamps originated.

The subscription is 1d. per week, and with the money so collected, catalogues, magazines and books about stamp collecting are bought.

Any boys who are interested in stamp collecting would be very welcome in the Club, and we are always pleased to have boys who would like to start a collection to increase our number.

R. F.

Chess Club

The Chess Club, after several years of partial obliteration at Woking, has been reborn this term. It has been meeting after School on Wednesdays and Thursdays, and has been extremely popular. A "Ladder of Fame" has been organised, in three divisions, and competition has been very keen. The main handicap has been a shortage of chess sets, but it is hoped that more will be obtained from the L.C.C. in the near future. The Club includes many beginners, and it was mainly for their benefit that Mr. Radford ran his series of Thursday evening talks on "How to Play Chess," an extremely interesting and instructive course.

It was with deep regret that the Club heard of the death, this term, of Dr. J. J. Jory, who for so many years before the war was the Club's benevolent patron and organising genius. We feel that the best tribute we can pay him is to endeavour to carry on the work of the Club in the spirit in which he ran it, as he would wish us to run it.

C. C. B.

Inter-Schools Club

Once again the Inter-Schools Club has had an interesting and successful term. We started with an evening of Impromptu Debates on September 20th. Members who were selected by lot to speak were given a subject to discuss and only a few minutes in which to prepare their speech. Many interesting ideas and theories were expounded and nearly all those present had something to contribute to the discussions.

The usual full-dress debate was held at Mayfield on October 11th. The motion: "That UNO is doomed to failure," was proposed by V. Botton and B. Edwick and opposed by A. Allen and P. Burton. Surprisingly the motion was carried, but this result was probably due rather to a lack of knowledge about the organisation than to reasoned pessimism.

A hike was held on October 20th, starting from Box Hill with Leith Hill as the objective. Although we did not actually reach Leith Hill, we enjoyed a good walk none the less.

On November 8th a "Favourite Record" programme was organised by S. Laurie and W. N. Lewis. They had access to a very limited range of records, but they did very well with the material at their disposal.

On November 29th we welcomed an old friend, when Dr. Wardale gave us another piano recital. These are always very popular, and we are grateful to Dr. Wardale for so generously sparing time to come and play to us.

The Ballroom Dancing classes under Mr. Fenn and his son, Mr. Peter Fenn, were continued on Tuesday evenings, and although these had to be somewhat curtailed towards the end of the term to make way for rehearsals of the school play, most of the new Fifth Form members were able to master the basic steps of Quickstep and Waltz. At the Christmas Social and Dance on the last day of term the steps they had learned were put to good use.

As always, our thanks are due to Mr. Fenn for the interest he has shown and the work he has done in organising these meetings, and we look forward to an interesting programme next term. We could bear to see a livelier interest in the Club amongst the boys of the Fifth Forms.

B. H. E.

From a Letter

No. 2 War Crimes Investigation Team,
Allied Missions Camp,
H.Q. British Army of the Rhine.

To be able to see once again the School flourish, as it did before '39, progressively happy in that old atmosphere I remember so well, is a very sincere desire of mine, as I have no doubt but that it is yours also. Should I be able to drop in during the coming year to hear the click of the ball against bat, to smell the scent of fresh green turf, listen to the watery shouts from the swimming pool intermingled with the hearty bellow of Mr. Phillimore, I shall feel that the last five years have been really worth it. You know, sir, the old School to me is a very tangible symbol of what we call "the English way of life." All those things for which we have suffered, the ideals and aspirations that the Services hope to see brought into being, were actually being put into practice at the School before '39. To me at any rate, when I look back, and remember the School, with all its diverse activities, its tolerance and happy atmosphere, it resembles in one complete picture the sort of thing we would like to see applied to all walks of life. In short, take our hopes, ideals and desires, roll 'em into a single idea, and the pictured result to me is the School as I knew it. To put my own mental processes into hard words, and to describe exactly what I feel and imagine is a difficult job for me.

What I have written, such as it is, represents exactly what I believe and feel. At one time, and I admit actually during my School days, like many others of my own set, I affected the cynic and murmured to my own small self-satisfied ego that the idea of Alma Mater (the School song) was merely a song after all. Truly then, I was wrong. In the light of later years I can see that its meaning is comparable to an extra "conscience," a conscience that has been superimposed upon the instinctive guidance that we were born with. It was not learned in the class room, it was not conned from the books we had, neither was it gained upon the sports field. I cannot tell you how I learned such a lesson, I can merely say (and vaguely, too) well, it was just the "School," I suppose. I mean *all* of it —detention as well—(I did my share of that!). Would it surprise you to know that under moments of stress and excitement that I have found myself shouting the "War Cry" at the top of my voice? That many a man, who was not a member of the School, also learned to yell the same thing, gaining a kind of inner morale from doing it? Oh, I do not seek to impress meaningless compliment—we were never taught to stoop to oily flattery.

In this year of 1946, when the School, myself, those that left with me and, indeed, civilisation itself, has to start completely anew, I would like to give my thanks to you and all your staff for having been so instrumental in teaching us this abstract "lesson" of which I speak. It has stood the hard test of war. I have no doubt it will stand the still harder one of peace.

A. A. BLACKMAN.

Children's Theatre

SOMETHING NEW IN SCHOOLING

On October 29th, the Third Forms made an excursion to the Granville Theatre, Fulham, to see a performance of "Tobias and the Angel." This enjoyable outing was the first fruits of the L.C.C.'s enthusiastic adoption of the children's theatre as part of the education of its youngsters. Children's theatres are rapidly achieving great vogue in our midst, being regarded as having very

great contributions to make in the task of educating our people in self-expression and in the widest enjoyment of the creative spirit.

What is a children's theatre? Well, there is no fixed form. Sometimes it is a theatre where children play to children. Sometimes it is a theatre of adult actors in which children are given small parts which they have rehearsed in the classroom. The children's theatre which is playing to L.C.C. children is a company of professional actors under the Glyndebourne Management in collaboration with Toynbee Hall, who are giving a series of plays to boys and girls of all ages. This is the form most like that in vogue in Russia, where this enlightened form of education first began, and where it is still far and away most widespread and flourishing.

The L.C.C. hopes to give all its children at least two theatre visits each year. In the New Year our Fourth Forms will see a performance of Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." The Sixth Forms have already visited the ballet.

This is a splendid new feature of our post-war schooling. To some extent it is the counterblast to the commercialised cinema, which, in its paramount concern for profits, profuses on children and adults alike entertainment that makes neither for social sense, enlightenment nor mental health. Often the influences are frankly bad, holding up for our emulation a sentimentality and a licence in public and private behaviour, inevitable where the only standard of success is box-office takings. One of the tasks that the children's theatres are shouldering is the teaching of theatre behaviour to a generation of children that knows nothing of the theatre, or seemly conduct in public, or anything better than the mob rule of the Saturday morning cinema or the dog track, as yet the standard entertainments of our masses. That task the children's theatre is taking in its stride. Its big task is to make a revelation, in a world of shortages and austerity, of the wealth of colour and joy which may be had without stint out of the expression of human imagination and spirit.

On October 29th last, our Third Forms had a most delightful afternoon. James Bridie's "Tobias and the Angel" proved a perfect choice of play for the occasion. Here was no playing down to children. This very adult play shows us how in a sense every theatre is a children's theatre and every playgoer for the time is a child. Delight in the feast of life is for those of any age in whom there is the freshness of the vision of the child. If it is not there, the theatre will bring it to pass. Our boys did not need urging to behave well. Concern with behaviour is irrelevant in the joy of good theatre. This play, a retelling of the Apocrypha story, was staged, dressed and acted with a simple forthrightness that went straight to the heart. There was some pathos, much humour and God's plenty of happiness, which is what every good play should hold. Nothing is more civilising than the living theatre.

VISIT TO THE BALLET

On January 15th this year, a party of twenty boys, accompanied by Mr. Cowan, spent a most enjoyable afternoon at a special performance of ballet given by the Sadler's Wells second company.

The programme comprised four items and began with the traditional and ever-popular "Les Sylphides," which was rendered in such a way as to delight all those present. It was greeted with a storm of applause from the crowded audience, to many of whom doubtless it was a revelation of what this unfamiliar art could achieve. The performance was lacking in neither warmth nor poetry, and these fine dancers gave us a vision of romantic beauty that will be unforgettable for many of us. The white-clad sylphs against the simple forest background were one with the melting strains of Chopin, and gave a gracious and ethereal quality that belongs to the world of dreams.

"Khadra," a ballet lately added to the company's repertoire, set to music from "Belshazzar's Feast," by Sibelius, told a confused but dazzling story of a young girl contemplating the swirl of life around her. Here again the dancing was of outstanding quality, the slow, regular rhythm of Sibelius's music echoed in the grave beauty of the dance of the lovers. The eastern setting was simple and original in design, and the opulent flavour of the whole thing gave immense pleasure.

By way of contrast the last two ballets were of a lighter and more comic quality. The first was a short piece called "The Catch," a joyous episode set to music of Bela Bartok. By way of décor there was a plain backcloth relieved by a solitary Christmas tree. We saw two young brothers whose attention to their rod and line was distracted by the apparition of a forward young lady who was not interested in anything, but whom they could not ignore. The ballet came to a boisterous end with a great clashing of music and a passion disproportionate to the small fish they caught.

Perhaps the last item, "Promenade," was the least successful, or perhaps it was merely that we were a little tired by this time. It showed a public garden in the eighteenth century full of the comings and goings of lovers, peasants and a young ladies' academy, all getting mixed up with a "lepidopterist." This bug-hunter had the stage to himself at the opening and closing of the ballet; but in the interval he savoured a richness and variety of life exasperatingly at odds with the narrow if satisfying preoccupation with insects.

Probably most of the audience would carry away a memory rather of the quiet beauty of "Les Sylphides" than of the scenes from the human comedy of the last item with its violence and the garishness of real people in the full glare of daylight.

A delightful afternoon!

D. P. PERRY.

University Letter

King's College, London.

I suppose it is an experience common to every University "Fresher" to find the impact of college life somewhat overwhelming after the more sheltered existence of school. For although we think, especially when in the exalted ranks of the "VIth," that we are independent and free to do as we please, yet we realise with pain, on arriving at college, that it was a mere illusion: that, far from being free, we were supervised, organised and generally regimented at every point.

But it is in vain to look for spoon-feeding in a university. Everything is left to you to find out, get to know, and do for yourself; and this can have a rather depressing effect until one gets settled in. However, by the middle of one's first term one is completely at home in the new surroundings.

The first day is the worst. You stand about, wondering what to do, where to go, whether you ought to be enrolling, reporting, receiving instructions; you are filled with the feeling that you are unconsidered and abandoned in this strange new world of middle-aged superior-looking students, who are entirely at home and bent on their own affairs.

Nothing very important happens on the first day at King's. The only noteworthy event is the institution known traditionally as the "Freshers' Squash." All the college societies have stalls round the sides of the Hall, and at each spokesmen are trying to shout down their neighbours, extolling the virtues of the Botany Society, the Swing Club, "Soc-Soc," etc., etc.

College societies (" Socs ") are over 60 in number, ranging from the Conservative Society and the Onion Club (whose aims are somewhat obscure) to the Ballroom Dancing Club and a small semi-clandestine Communist Party, very difficult to contact but of prodigious activity.

Union meetings are rowdy affairs, at which beefy engineers, who ought to know better, treat us to displays of paper aeroplane-flying, rattles and soap-bubbles! Indeed, it must be said that the prevailing atmosphere and social consciousness are anything but progressive!

The Refectory must not escape mention. This is rather a sore point, as the " Refec " is run by a well-known catering firm, and serves poor food at high prices to long queues.

The Common Room atmosphere is perpetually heavy with tobacco smoke, beery voices, dart scores, and questionable humour. It also serves as a snack bar, as lunch accommodation is very limited. Most students either bring sandwiches or invade the local Lyons, which is always full of " King's " scarves on the hatstands and King's voices discussing something or other with the noisy ostentation of the undergraduate.

The students are a very mixed crowd this year, mainly ex-Service of course (men and women), a lot of colonial students, European refugees, and so on. An ex-schoolboy is quite a rarity!

The ex-Service men are on the whole very serious and hard-working. They consider the college social life as not worthy of their precious time. Many of them are middle-aged, mostly fathers of families—a far cry from the irresponsible undergrads of tradition, a type which has temporarily disappeared from the post-war universities.

King's itself is not noticed by the hurrying office workers and business men who rush along the Strand every morning. Externally, it is merely a largish hole in the wall, with " King's College " inscribed apologetically above the portals.

Immediately inside the entrance, one descends into the cavernous depths of basements. The whole building is ill-lit, overcrowded and outdated, but nevertheless inspires a measure of affection. Within the entrance hall, Reggie, our mascot, a glorious red lion, stands aloft, securely chained against threats of marauding attack from a rival firm. On either side, enormous stairs of stone lead to more dark passages and unplumbed depths.

Ascending past the century-old labs (" good enough for Lister "), we arrive at the medical department, whose modern architecture is a relief from the stone-age atmosphere of the nether parts. Here groups of loud-voiced senior students smoke nonchalantly among the dismembered cadavers of the dissecting room, while nearby a group of women students are busy trying to keep unsmirched their quite unsuitable clothes.

It is something of a thrill at first to be lectured to by men who hitherto have been names on the covers of text-books and who, beneath their casual exterior and rather coarse humour, are, I suppose, some of the country's best brains.

London University caters for more students than Oxford and Cambridge put together. It is clear that, while it supplies the bread and butter of university life, it is lacking in that other equally important side, the social life and atmosphere that even the red-brick universities enjoy. By 5 p.m. nearly everybody has disappeared, like a rabbit down a hole, into the nearest tube station. He will emerge again the following morning out of the same hole with the clerks and shop assistants, and turn in at his special emporium of learning. It may appear dull, but so much the worse for appearances!

A. N. C.

I Know the Minister of Food

I must take you back to Sept. 1st, 1939, when we were lined up outside Southfields Station. We were being evacuated. Our minds were full of speculation as to where we should be by evening. Little did I think, as I was waiting with my brother, that we should be billeted with Mrs. St. Loe Strachey, mother of the Minister of Food.

I remember clearly how we got out of the train at Guildford and into a number of buses that were parked outside the station. These buses took us to Albury Village Hall. There we had one or two biscuits and something to drink. Some of us had some sandwiches left from dinner, and we ate them as well as the biscuits. While we were eating, a nurse came in and asked for such and such a child and took him or her into the next room. My turn came eventually, and I found it was only for a medical.

Then we were made into groups. Eight children were in my group, which comprised my brother, two other boys, four girls and me. We were taken to a yard at the side of the hall and told to get into one of the cars there. Then a chauffeur got in and we were on the move again. That was how we first came to set eyes on Newlands Corner and the large house of Mrs. Strachey, where we were to live for a long time.

One day we were having tea in the dining room, when Mrs. Strachey came in followed by a very tall gentleman. He was so tall, he bent his head a little to be sure of getting through the doorway. Mrs. Strachey and the gentleman walked round the table. Then she said, "Here are our evacuees, John." This was the first time we saw Mr. John Strachey, the Food Minister. We always knew him as Mr. John.

Later in the war Mr. John stayed with us because he was in the L.D.V., which later became the Home Guard. He used to be out every night, so during the day we had to be quiet as he was in bed. During those days we used to see him only occasionally, and then we never really spoke to him.

Then he joined the R.A.F., first as a pilot officer, gradually reaching the rank of a wing commander, after which he was demobbed. It was during one of his leaves that Mr. John, his wife and their two children, Charles and Elizabeth, came to spend it with Mrs. Strachey. It was then that we got to know him and his family. The children spent a good deal of time with us. Next time they came, his children got him to play, "Tease the Cat" with us. This was played as follows: Mr. John took off his jacket and lay on the floor. Then we started walking round him, saying, "Poor Pussy" and making noises like a cat. All of a sudden he would make a terrible noise, shoot out an arm, and catch hold of someone. What a grip he had! If we could, we played on the lawn, but in wet weather in the hall.

This is only one side of him. He used to broadcast. If he was broadcasting early in the evening Mrs. Strachey would let us listen. If my brother and I went home during a holiday we always listened to his war commentaries after the nine o'clock news.

I was, of course, proud to hear of his appointment as Minister of Food. It is good to look back at the fun and good times we had playing with him and his family. We still write to his mother, and she gives us any casual news of him. I don't know when I shall see him again. Usually, when we go and see his mother she says, "If you had come last week you would have seen Mr. John." Those were days happily spent!

B. G. STRINGER (VA).

Shylock Remembers

I am an old and weary man, the remnant of what once was a wealthy member of the Hebrew community. I have no living relation, no friends, no one on whom I can depend for my next meal. Yes, I mention that I was a wealthy man and, indeed, I was once, twenty long years ago, and would have remained so if avarice had not seized my soul, if I had not idolised that god, money. There are many pitfalls in this life into which an unexperienced venturer may descend. I fell into one of these and have gained my experience, but alas, too late! What use is experience to me now, a destitute being, a mere beggar who roams this earth to obtain what meagre alms he can? I did lend money, after I was banished from the City of Venice, but at much interest, and then only to poor people who, in some desperate strait, were eager to lay their hands on the little money that I loaned them. Alas, now, my old brain is too fuddled to work out the rate of interest, so I must try and collect the debts that are still owing to me and leave my humble lodging and go begging.

If only that goodly woman, Portia, wife of Bassanio, who offered me thrice three thousand ducats in lieu of my bond those twenty years ago, were alive. But alas, she is no longer on this earth; her husband, that heartless adventurer, left her five years ago after a violent quarrel. She loved him so much that when he left her she worried and fell ill, and eventually died, leaving me friendless; for when she was alive we were friends—I, the wretched pauper, she the rich woman. But now she is gone, has been dead for full five years. My daughter, Jessica, she married a friend of Bassanio's called Lorenzo. They had not been married much longer than three years before my daughter, the shrew, the shameful Jezebel, nearly ended her husband's life with a dagger because she was jealous of his speaking with a rich young countess, at a festival in Milan. He abandoned her and left the dukedom. Since then I have barely heard of her excepting for scraps of information which I gathered during my wanderings. I have heard that two years later she married another man as wicked as herself, and it is rumoured that both of them were concerned in a conspiracy threatening the life of the Venetian Doge; but there my information is at an end.

I will now describe to you my humble lodging, scarcely more than a hovel, which is situated in the back streets of Padua, a town many miles from Venice. I have naught to rest my weary bones upon but a bed of straw gathered by stealth from the nearby stables. There is a wooden table which I fashioned with some tools which I stole, for I used to spend time carpentering in my younger days when I was rich and carefree. This table is in the middle of my hovel (for it has but one small room), and as I have no chair I sit upon a block of wood when partaking of the humble morsels I procure. I have no plates, naught but a piece of rag to put my morsels upon.

There is no one to take compassion on my wretched state except those who sometimes throw me small coins to enable me to obtain some much needed food. My appearance is enough to make the wretchedest take compassion on me. My nose is hooked, my shoulders are very bent, my hands are gnarled, my face wrinkled before my time; my scanty hair and beard are as white as snow. Oh, what a poor creature I am, with no hope left but to wander the streets begging until my wretched life is ended.

F. R. Clark (IVB).

The Bus Conductor

He stands upon the bus step, hand upraised,
His thumb already pressed to starting bell,
In dark blue uniform carelessly worn,
With ribbons new, a warrior returned.
He speeds the boarding passengers with voice
Impartial, caring little now, what rank
His laggard fares may hold. The bus moves off.
He takes his tickets in his hand and calls
In nasal tones, that carry far, for fares,
Accepting proffered pennies in exchange.
On summer days when vibrant petrol fumes
Fatigue his senses, and the arid floor
And walls of concrete of a London street
Baffle his eyes that ache for vistas wide,
A homesickness invades his tired mind
For quieter and cooler desert roads
That run 'twixt Derna and el Alamein.

B. CLAPTON (IIIB).

The Treasure Hunt

On Monday we set out to sea,
In search of treasure trove.
We weren't sure where it would be,
But meant to try a cove.

On Tuesday we saw the sun rise high;
We were in foreign seas,
Another ship went sailing by,
Her flag flying in the breeze.

On Wednesday we sighted land,
It thrilled us through and through.
We landed on the golden sand,
And all admired the view.

On Thursday we set out to find
Jewels and gems so rare,
We searched each cove till nearly blind,
Then gave up in despair.

On Friday we had another try,
And dug up an iron chest,
Its locks so strong we could not pry,
So we had to take a rest.

On Saturday we reached our goal,
The treasure lay uncovered,
A heap of bones and burnt-out coal
Was all that we discovered.

On Sunday we set out for home,
Disgusted with our treasure.
We decided never more to roam,
But stay at home for pleasure.

J. A. BRUCE (IB).

The Whistle

The whistle of a passing train
Brings memories rushing back again
Of times I myself have been
On trains like that, some brown, some green.

The rush to catch the early train,
Hoping that it will not rain,
To spoil the views we hope to see
Between the town and the country.
With baggage safe we climb aboard,
A seat beside the window broad.
The porter shouts and waves his hand.
We're off at last; oh, this is grand!

The engine roars and races by
Fields of barley, wheat and rye,
Fields of green where sheep are lazing,
Fields of cows and horses grazing.

Over rivers, over streams,
Where the sparkling water gleams,
Into tunnels grim and black,
Until the light comes flashing back.

As we rush through another station
The next one is our destination.
Will our friends be there to meet us?
Perhaps there's no one there to greet us.

Another passing whistling train
Brings me back to earth again.
I always start off on a dream
When I hear that whistle scream.

D. CLANFORD (IB).

Fear (with apologies to Kipling)

When you walk into the classroom with your homework badly done,
And the master's voice is ringing in your ear,
And your heart is in your boots, you think it must weigh half a ton,
It is fear, O Little Schoolboy, it is fear.
When your verbs you haven't learned, and your theorems you've spurned,
And detention slips are looming very near,
When you tremble and you quake, and your knees begin to shake,
It is fear, O Little Schoolboy, it is fear.

When you're playing in the fives courts, and you really shouldn't be,
And you feel the prefect's fingers grip your ear,
Then you say you didn't know, and the symptoms that you show
Are those of fear, O Little Schoolboy, those of fear.
When you haven't done your lines, and the prefect to you signs,
And says, "Don't you run away, but just come here!"
Then he hands to you a slip, and your heart begins to flip,
That is fear, O Little Schoolboy, that is fear! D. A. T.

The First Test at Brisbane

At Brisbane this week they are playing a test,
Not Middlesex, not Yorkshire, not England v. the rest,
But a test, the first for seven long years.
Ah, here comes Bradman ! Just hark at the cheers.
And he's followed by Hammond, our Captain grim.
Oh gosh ! How I'd love for a while to be him.
They are tossing a coin in the middle of the field
To see who'll be first his bat to wield.
Don Bradman has won, they're going in first.
Just hear those cheers from the grandstands burst
As out comes England the M.C.C. !
I wonder who the first bowler will be?
Is it Bedser or Voce or Wright maybe?
Just wait for a moment and we shall see.
Here comes Morris as firm as a rock,
Followed by Barnes, who is taking first knock.
The first wicket's down, the score at nine;
Just look at those grins all along the line!
It's Morris who's out, his score at two,
Bowled by Bedser, caught by Hammond too.
Now on comes Wright and his spinning tricks,
And the next wicket falls at forty-six.
Who will win the rubber? It's hard to say.
We will just have to wait till the close of play.

C. McGregor (IIIB).

The Wandsworthians Lodge

The installation of F. L. Maughan (O.W., 1917-1921) as Master for 1946-47 was the chief event of the October meeting. More O.Ws. have become members and others are applying for membership.

The regular meetings of the Lodge during 1947 are to be held at Ardington Rooms, Clapham Junction, on the first Fridays in February, May, October and December. Freemasons duly qualified to attend these meetings will receive a cordial welcome, especially if they are O.Ws. or fathers, uncles or brothers of O.Ws. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the Lodge, c/o Wandsworth School, Sutherland Grove, S.W.18.

The very popular Guest Night and Ladies Festival will be held at Ardington Rooms on Saturday, April 19th, 1947. All who are invited (by members of the Lodge) will have the opportunity of enjoying a good dinner, dancing and other entertainment in congenial company.

Old Wandsworthians Dinner

Before the war the most notable event of the year for O.Ws. was the annual dinner. Like many another good thing this was elbowed out of existence during the war; but last December 14th it was brought back, after a lapse of nine years, in all its pristine vigour. What must have been a record crowd assembled at the Old Red House, Bishopsgate, E.C., to celebrate our resumption.

The writer of this account, being a very young Old Boy and a "fresher" at the O.W. winner, is unable to draw comparisons with the banquets of former

years, but it was plain to hear from the parallels drawn by the more senior diners present that the occasion was up to the pipingest peace-time levels. The attendance must have been immensely gratifying to the organisers. The change of location was justified by the abundance and quality of the dinner and the healthy state of the bar.

Mr. King, as always, made the perfect chairman and host to the evening's visitors, who included the Mayor of Wandsworth, Councillor H. V. Alexander, and Mr. Hugh Linstead, M.P. for Putney.

Then there was another batch of visitors who were a host in themselves: a dozen or so members of the staff, not to mention two ex-members of the staff, Messrs Powell and Phillimore, to whom the O.W. Association owes its very existence. It was a very great pleasure to see them all; there was no end to chinwagging that went on from the beginning of the evening to the end.

It is impossible here to detail the speeches, the toasts and the greetings volleyed back and forth as the evening proceeded. A happy little episode had as its kernel the presentation of a cheque to Mr. King to mark a very happy occasion, and the graceful acknowledgment that followed it. No speaker has a lighter and more skilful touch at such moments. All the speeches were enjoyable, with just the right blending of seriousness, nostalgia and wit. Toasts were proposed by Mr. Powell, Mr. C. Ferne, Mr. Spells, and responses came from Stan Fairey, Mr. King and the First Prefect of the School, B. H. Edwick, who delighted the gathering with his speech about the School in being, in a style that seemed to leave little room for the improvement that time and experience are said to bring with them.

Miss Virginia Cotten and Mr. Rex Harold filled in the gaps (or rather had gaps made for them) with song and other entertainment, that added to the conviviality of the evening, and produced one or two moments that will not easily be forgotten, including a very workmanlike rendering by the Chairman's table of a *cri du cœur* by two little sausages.

It is very pleasant to think that the O.Ws. annual dinner is again an actuality. Next year we hope the attendance will be at least doubled. By then many members still in the Forces will be able to be present, which will make it an occasion to look forward to with even greater pleasure.

D. D. GRANT.