Vol. XXXII XMAS, 1947 No. 1

THE LINK

The Magazine of Wandsworth School

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building. Indeed, by next September we shall undoubtedly have reached a roll beyond which we shall be unwilling to expand.

Our large admissions during the two years since we returned from evacuation have given us a populous Lower and Middle School, but the " bulge " has still to travel up the School and give us the looked-for increase in the fifth and especially the sixth forms.

A gratifying feature of this year's record entry of 130 boys and last year's large one of over 100 is the way in which parents have fitted them out with School uniforms. It is pleasing to see their generally smart turn-out. The upper half of the School are in general still the willing victims of war-time " austerity," and carry about with them the impress of a period when regulations affecting uniform were perforce abandoned owing to the impossibility of supply.

It may be some years, perhaps many years, before the London Plan for reorganising secondary education perceptibly affects life in the School as we now know it. But a few preliminary steps have already been taken.

In 1945 Wandsworth School was grouped with three others, Elliott Secondary (at that time Central), Merton Road, and Riversdale, as the comprehensive high school unit for this area. Then earlier in the present year our School Governing Body was reconstituted and enlarged and given responsibility both for our own School and for Elliott Secondary School. The third step was taken at the beginning of the present term, when Merton Road School, now a secondary technical school with late affiliation to the Brixton School of Building, was administratively merged with Wandsworth School.

This may be looked upon as the beginning of an important development under which, parallel with Wandsworth (Grammar) School, there will be a Technical High School on the lines of the Spens Report, designed, at least at first, to prepare boys for posts in the all-important building industries in the capacity of executives or skilled artisans: intended also, irrespective of a boy's future vocation, to afford a realistic and practical approach to School studies, particularly mathematics and science. It is by now well-established that many boys make better progress in their studies when the approach is a practical one and is related to " real life " and living interests. The gradual working out of this plan will, I am sure, be watched by many parents with great interest. They will be kept informed of developments.

The School offers its welcome to the following new Governors: Mr. J. Grinyer, Mr. Charles Elliott and Alderman Edward Whitlock.

As foreshadowed in the last " Link," we have had valued recruitment to the Modern Languages Staff this term, and I am happy to welcome Mr. E. Bacchus, B.A.Hons., and Mr. A. Lincé, B.A.Hons., who have come to us, the former from Tottenham Grammar School and the latter from Sir William Turner's School, Redcar.

In addition, three other masters have joined the Staff this term—Mr A.

Martin, B.Sc., for Biology, Mr. D. Lewis, B.Sc., for Mathematics, and Dr. T. Kankan for Economics, History and English.

Dr. Kankan will assist Mr. Payne and Mr. Chart-Leigh in building up again the Advanced Course in Economics that was a strong and successful feature of our pre-war curriculum. Boys in the Middle School whose probable careers lie in commerce, industry, banking, insurance and similar occupations, should turn their attention to the possibilities of this Sixth Form Course. For a number of our ablest boys in the past it has been the avenue to the universities as well as to the more eligible appointments straight from School.

The Old Wandsworthians Memorial Fund, launched at the end of last term, has made a good start and now stands at a total of well over £500.

If these notes come under the eye of any Old Wandsworthian or friend of the School who has not been informed of the Memorial project, I trust they will get into touch with me.

Perhaps others have not yet responded to the appeal received. I think the following two passages from letters that reached me in connection with the Memorial are more eloquent than any appeal of mine could be. They bring vividly to mind the qualities of two of the boys whom it is the purpose of the scheme to commemorate:—

Wing-Commander W. R. Selkirk writes of Patrick Dukes-Smith: "Pat was one of my keenest officers. He was fearless in action and pleasant company off duty. He was extremely popular with the squadron."

And one of his fellow-officers wrote of him: "He was an outstanding leader, painstaking, brave, yet cautious; in fact, he undoubtedly possessed those attributes that make for a splendid bomber pilot."

A letter from Mr. John P. Heyes gives personal recollections of Mason Gentry, who left us to finish his education at a university in U.S.A., of which country he was by birth a citizen:—

"Impatient of official delay, he shipped on a Norwegian tanker to England. I was lucky enough to meet him soon after his return. He was then conducting a guerrilla war with the American Embassy and the British Foreign Office.

"Eventually he was commissioned in the Hampshire Regiment. . . I feel sure that you will agree that this gallant young fellow showed to the full his appreciation of his School training. To quote his own words: 'You can't settle down in a country unless you are prepared to fight for it.'"

A letter from Clifford Beardmore gave us the sad news that William Janaway, who left us in 1944, died from infantile paralysis in Malta on August 4th last. He had joined the Navy in May, 1946, and was posted to Malta in April of the present year. He was a most likeable and loyal Wandsworthian, and the news of his passing will come as a sad shock to past and present boys who remember him at Little Firs.

We offer our sympathies to his parents and relatives. It was a sad time for his younger brother, Robert, to start School here with us in September.

It is not given to many English schoolboys to become "news" in a foreign newspaper. An extract from the "Grindelwald Echo," dated August 12th, 1947, reads: "A young Englishman named Paul Brunning, entirely unaccustomed to mountaineering, climbed the Faulhorn last Saturday by way of the Brissalp in three hours." I understand that this was about two hours under the standard time! Brunning elsewhere describes his adventures as L.C.C. Travelling Scholar in Central Europe, a three months Odyssey of which the above was but one small episode.

After a lapse of a good many years, the School has again won the Rucker Shield, awarded for the individual schoolboy swimming championship of Wandsworth.

Congratulations to Broome on his achievement!

The trophy was won in time for Broome to have it presented at our own Swimming Gala on October 7th—an enjoyable occasion at which a large gathering of parents and friends joined us.

Members of Pitt House, past and present, have good cause for pride in the athletic prowess it displays these days. The Marcus Samuel Shield for the Cock House in all our combined sports activities was won this year by Pitt by a most decisive margin over the other three Houses, whose scores were all but identical with each other's. Incredible as it may sound to pre-war ears, Cromwell was in point of fact lowest, though winning the Swimming and the Cross-Country.

The Parents Association have had two most successful meetings this term. A large number gathered on October 10th to question a distinguished Brains Trust on educational matters; and on October 25th to take part in an enjoyable social. Events still to come at the time of writing are a discussion of the London School Plan and a joint social with the Old Wandsworthians in aid of the Memorial Fund.

Dennis Forsdick, who left us in 1941, has now completed his medical course at Guys and taken his M.B. and B.S. He has had a most successful course as a student, and now goes to Dartford General Hospital as Health Surgeon. We wish him luck and an early F.R.C.P.

Prefects this term are: R. Feld (Head Boy), J. S. Haydon (Second Prefect), R. P. Hardingham (Third Prefect), R. G. Hurcomb, W. N. Lewis, and the following new Prefects: C. J. Fellows, D. R. Horner, C. L. Dingle, B. C. Butler and I. Maclean.

Sub-Prefects are: R. G. A. Davey, F. A. Percival, and the following new sub-prefects: M. J. Cattermole, M. N. Chaplain (left), R. P. Easey, J. L. Grieves, J. W. Lyon, P. H. Scott and E. J. Harrold.

Avete atque Valete

The following boys have left since December, 1946:—

Adams, G. R.	Cox, A. F.	Henbery, E. W.
Alvey, M.S.	Cox, P. G.	Hine, J. P.
Anstis, R. J. T.	Crust, P. E.	Hoare, B.
Attfield, A. A.	Culff, D. W.	Hodges, J. H.
Bailey, J. C.	Darling, R. N.	Hulley, E. R.
Boucher, T. H.	Deards, M.	Jones, D. I.
Bray, G.	Devonshire, J.	Jones, D. A.
Bruce, G. A.	Dibben, D. A.	Leadbetter, F. J.
Bunce, E. A.	Dockley, H. S.	Lewis-Lavender, D. H
Burton, P. E.	Duke, D. J.	Light, G. F.
Carver, M. J.	Edwick, B. H.	Lightman, S.
Casparis, J.	Field, D. N.	Luscombe, B. H. E.
Cattermole, K. F. R.	Finch, D. J.	Macdonald, R. K. J.
Chambers, G. E.	Foot, D. W. J.	McGregor, C. D.
Chaplain, M. N.	Foxwell, W. J.	McGregor, D.
Child, P. J.	French, P. C.	Mason, G.
Cloak, B. W.	Gilmour, J. A.	Miles, A T.
Clothier, M. J.	Glenister, B. K.	Millwood, A. R.
Cope, D. J.	Gould, P.	Millwood, B. S.

Morrison, P. V.
Muir, W. A. P.
Oddy, E. D.
Owen, E. W.
Parish, D. J. H.
Sloggett, E. V.
Stephenson, J. W.
Smales, J. E.
Smith, R. J.
Stubbs, G. B.
Thick, T.
Thompson, D. A.
Urbanczyk, R.
Wagerfield, V.
Warnes, C. A.
Warren, H. C.
Watkins, S.
Whitesman, G.
Wickens, I. F. A.
Willcox, C. B.
Williams, K. J.
Wilson, A. D. C.
Wright, K. G. W.
Zakrzewski, J.

The following boys have been admitted since December, 1946:—

Alcock, B. W.
Arnold, R.
Avery, J.
Baber, S. W.
Bales, W. P. K.
Barber, J. M.
Barnett, G.
Benham, P. G.
Bennett, B. W.
Bentley, J. L.
Berry, E. J.
Bolton, M. F.
Bowles, B. N.
Brand, J. D.
Brooks, G. C.
Bryant, D. W.
Bullen, R.
Bunker, M. F.
Burton, R. L.
Canis, B. C.
Cardwell, R. D.
Carter, D. L.
Chafen, J. S.
Clarke, P. V.
Cocks, B. J. R.
Cook, J. H. E.
Cooper, L. A.
Cracknell, D.
Crowther, J. N.
Curme, A. R.
Dailey, M. H. J.
Davidson, J. A.
Davies, G. S.
Davison, J. R.
Dobrowolski, J.
Dodimead, B. D.
Doeser, R. W.
Dorrell, P. F. G.
Dry, P. R.
Dunstall, R. A.
Edgar, J. B.
Edwards, D. F.
Elliott, W. J.
Ellis, M. J.
Ellis, R. L.
Elsey, S. W. E. D.
Epstein, D. B. A.
Farmer, K. H. G.
Farndale, R. A.
Finch, N. J.
Fisher, E. G.
Flanders, D. E.
Fox, D. C.
Furlonger, G. R.
Gilbart, J. F.
Gingell, G. W. L.
Glayzer, D. T.
Grazynski, M.
Griffiths, R. W.
Haberman, G. N.
Hall, R. G.
Harding, R. F.
Hardy, B. W. J.
Hardy, C. G.
Hatley, D. J.
Hayden, B. G.
Helm, J. B.
Hennessey, E. R. J.
Hiscock, K. B.
Hodges, D. R.
Holder, B. A.
Hooper, A. W. F.
Howell, A. S.
Hughes, G. B.
Hulley, E. A.
Hunt, P. H. F.
Janaway, R. C.
Johnston, E. I.
Jones, D. G.
Jones, R. B.
Kennedy, I. J.
King, D. T.
Leeman, J. E.
Len, S.
Len, T.
Lester, B. G.
Littleboy, T. E.
Livingstone, D. J. A.
Malandrone, J. L.
Mattafice, J. D.
Maxted, D. M.
Morgan, M. F.
Nash, C. C.
Nebbett, R. A.
Nye, D. G.
Oxley, A. F. J.
Page, R.
Parkhurst, N. F.
Patrick, E. J.
Pettican, D. G.
Post, D. E.
Prangnell, R.
Pullen, J. W. G.
Reeve, G. R.
Ridgwell, T.
Roberts, D. N.
Schou, C. N.
Singleton, J. R.
Singleton, K. A.
Smith, C. M.
Snell, B. A. E.
Solman, C. D.
Spiers, A.
Sprague, M.
Stafford, R. F. S.
Steel, D. A.
Stone, J.
Strutt, R. A.
Strutton, A. G.
Taylor, A. J.
Thompson, E. W.
Thorby, C. J.
Thorne, D. F.
Tilley, J. W.
Todd, T. O.
Tringham, J. H.
Twort, A. E.
Tyson, B. F.
Vila, A.
Waller, C. A.
Watkins, A.
Watson, A. G. E.
West, W. A.
Wharton, J. S.
Whitby, B. E.
White, J. F.
Williams, R. F.
Willson, D. F.
Wilman, R. J.
Winchester, I. G.
Winters, P. J.
Wood, P. D.
Wood Hill, R. M.
Wrigglesworth, A. E.
Yateman, J. C.
Yaxley, E. J.

House Notes.

CROMWELL.

There is little to complain of concerning the achievements of the House this term, at any rate so far. We won the Waite Swimming Shield in fine style, although some of our best swimmers were injured on the rugger field. All the competitors are to be congratulated. The senior House XV has gained two well-earned victories over Morley and Gibbon and are well in the running for the Rugby shield; at least they will be if the Junior XV keeps its end up. So far the juniors have lost both matches, but it is to be hoped that they will rise to the occasion when they meet Pitt.

Now for a grumble. It must be recorded that Cromwell House is, at the time of writing, bottom in the field of academics, or diligence. We won the "dili" trophy last year, and there is no reason why we should not repeat our success. There are, however, a few troublesome boys in each set who will persist in sinking to the level of non-contributors or points deductors. These boys are letting the House down, and something must be done about them or to them. Please bear this in mind.

A word of welcome to the new set Master of the re-formed "D" set, Mr. Lincé. In the short time he has been with us he has already proved himself a whole-hearted member of Cromwell House.

Now for the future. There are many trophies to be won next year, and it is up to us to do all we can to win them. Let us try to repeat last year's success in the cross-country race and let us all turn out for the athletics standards. "We can do it and we will do it" should be our motto. I hope that by the time I write the next chapter of the House notes, I shall have the pleasure of recording a victory in athletics and cross-country at least. The future of the House is in your hands, Cromwellians; do all you can to make it a bright future.

R. G. Hurcomb.

GIBBON.

We cannot, I fear, look back with any great satisfaction upon the past term; the efforts of the House in Rugby, especially in the seniors, has been lamentably weak. These poor efforts have, it is true, been compensated for in part by the successes of the juniors, but a certain lassitude in these matters is very evident. The swimming gala showed us in no better light, although, it is true, we tried hard against great opposition in Pitt and Cromwell.

The only gleam, and it must be said it is no small gleam, which lightens our darkness, is provided by our success in both of the diligence awards. All round this review of the situation is not very encouraging, but it is to be hoped that we shall be spurred on to greater effort in the approaching term.

Fellows and Percival.

MORLEY.

The House has met with little success in the field of sport this term. This is not through lack of ability but through lack of enthusiasm. If a few boys, some seniors and some juniors, were to make a little more effort, Morley would be the top House.

In the swimming gala we came last. Our juniors fought valiantly to avert total defeat, but the failure of several senior swimmers to turn out caused us to occupy this dishonourable position.

We are well in the running for the Couch Shield, and with more enthusiasm from certain quarters we could win this shield.

In the only House meeting held so far this term, Mr. Makin asked for more effort, but I have to record that up to now only a few boys have responded to this appeal.

To date on the Rugby field, the seniors have failed to win a match. We were trounced 9—0 by Pitt, and went down 6—3 after a hard fight with Cromwell. Davey scored our only points. The juniors after a hard fight beat Pitt by 6—3. The scorers were Munton and Sperger.

Although no inter-House boxing has yet taken place, we hope that this year we shall win the boxing shield, which in the past two years has been lost by only a few points.

However, though we failed to gain any trophies, all-round keenness and ability combined to acquire for us second place among the four Houses.

J. W. LYON.

PITT.

Few events of importance have occurred since the writing of the last House notes. The event most worthy of note is the winning of the inter-House Sports Trophy by Pitt. This was the result of a year of all-round successes in sport. We won the trophies for athletics, cricket and rugby, and were second in the swimming and cross-country.

Our successes in the athletics and cross-country were helped more than a little by the efforts of D. I. Jones, whose leaving will be rather severely felt, not only by Pitt but also by the School team.

In the Swimming Gala were were unlucky not to come first, for, although the junior team was not very strong, we won many of the middle and senior events. While on the subject of the Swimming Gala, the success of Broome in winning the Rucker Shield must be mentioned. This is awarded annually to the schoolboy champion of Wandsworth, and it is the first time the shield has been won by a member of our School since 1934.

In the diligence awards this term, Pitt has consistently gained second place to Gibbon, in spite of Pitt C's efforts to keep the lead.

The inter-House Rugby has restarted, and at the moment we hold first place. The seniors have won both their matches, and the juniors have lost one and drawn one.

We must not rest on our laurels, and with a little effort on all sides we have a very good chance of winning both the Rugby and the Couch Work Shields.

R. FELD.

The School Library

In the interests of the older boys who use the library it has been found necessary to limit the use of the library at lunch-time this term to members of the 5th and 6th Forms. Junior boys and members of the 4th Form are able to borrow books every afternoon after School, however, and the Junior Fiction section in particular continues to be very popular.

Shortage of funds has continued to make it difficult to provide many new books this term, although a small number of valuable and interesting second-hand books have been purchased or presented from time to time. It is regretted, therefore, that most of the suggestions for new books cannot be met at present.

Most sections are in urgent need of books, especially recent or standard publications. Gifts of books on Art, Music, Careers, Geography, History, Economics and Politics, Current Affairs and works of fiction, serious or light, classic or contemporary, would be specially welcome from members or friends of the School. A revival would be welcome, too, of the practice whereby boys leaving school presented a book, however humble, to the library.

Regular gifts of any serious or interesting weekly or monthly periodicals that are taken by any members of the School would also be of value provided that they are reasonably current when no longer required personally. The "New Statesman" is already provided, but there are many other publications that would be of interest, whether on politics or philately, religion or rover scouting or anything else.

A number of pamphlets on the varied issues of "Current Affairs," from "Films" to "Incentives to Work," from "Canada" to "Coal," etc., are available for perusal in the library, and it is hoped to provide more pamphlets of this sort in time.

The alphabetical card-index, mentioned in the last issue, is now being compiled, but will take the librarian and his committee, whose voluntary services are greatly appreciated, some months to complete. Meanwhile he will always be pleased to advise any boy on his reading requirements, for recreation or study, and to indicate what books are available in the School library or likely to be available in public libraries.

It would be very helpful if lunch-time users of the library would take pride in returning books carefully to their proper positions on the shelves, and in leaving the chairs in a regular and tidy manner, as the appearance of the library helps to make it a more inviting centre of interest.

Little reviews of any books borrowed from the library or, better still, of two or more books on the same topic, compared and contrasted, would be greatly welcomed as possible material for inclusion in future numbers of this Magazine.

Above all, let us, in these days of shortage and expensiveness of books, take care of those we have, and do all we can to make the library a worthy centre of the intellectual life of our School.

Some recent additions:—

"France: A Companion to French Studies." R. L. Graeme Ritchie.

"English Social History." G. M. Trevelyan. (Jubilee gift from Mayfield School.)

"Handbook of Freedom." J. Lindsay and E. Rickwood.

"The Seasons and the Farmer." F. Darling.

W. P.

Inter-Sixth Society

On Thursday, November 13th, it was our turn to be hosts to the Inter-Sixth Society. After tea, over sixty Sixth-Formers sat round to debate impromptu such weighty matters as the reform of male attire, the relative attractions of town and country, the value of tradition, and the economic position of women. It was an amusing and interesting evening, and by no means the least of the pleasures it afforded was the opportunity of renewing contact with the Sixth Forms of Putney High, Clapham County, Mayfield, Henry Thornton, Emanuel and Bec Schools.

The Music Club

Early this term the Music Club resumed its activities. The first meeting consisted of a short gramophone programme, followed by an election, at which R. Easey and P. H. Scott, both of the Lower Sixth, were elected secretary and treasurer respectively. Since then we have had many entertaining programmes, the highlights of which have been a gramophone performance of Beethoven's 5th Symphony and an interesting piano recital by J. C. Grieves.

Owing to the clash with other School societies it was found desirable for the main body of the Music Club to meet once a fortnight, instead of the usual once a week. On the odd week left by this arrangement, a special session of the Club was started, at the suggestion of Mr. Keyte (whom we thank for all the assistance given throughout the term), for juniors only. The object of these meetings was to try and attract the juniors, and especially the newcomers to the School, who had until this time seemed rather slow in coming forward to join the Club. At these meetings we play the lighter and more popular of the classics, which the juniors find easier to listen to than the heavier works played in the main

Club. Some juniors seem to have the impression that you have to be able to play some musical instrument to join the Music Club. This is not so, and, indeed, many of the Club's most ardent members cannot play at all.

To conclude, we extend a hearty welcome to all boys to join the Club, and we can promise them a pleasant and entertaining evening.

R. E. AND P. H. S.

Rugby Football

Captain: W. N. Lewis. Vice-Captain: R. G. Domney.

Hon. Secretary: C. J. Fellows.

So far this season the 1st XV. have won two of the six matches played, and this is a good opportunity to pause and consider why we have met with such limited success.

The forwards have developed into a good pack, both in the tight and the loose, but would be more effective if they favoured short passing among themselves instead of individually hanging on to the ball and attempting to battle their way through the opposition. The half-backs are showing marked improvement but should open the game up more by quick passing to the threes. The latter still lack confidence and the necessary dash when near their opponents' line, failing to take full advantage of any openings that are offered them.

Individually, Horner, a consistently good hooker, Jenkinson, Maclean and Lewis are grand forwards, especially in the loose. McAuliffe deserves special mention for good handling and kicking and Hardingham has shown intelligence and quick thinking in attack, though his handling is still very poor. Kitt and Lyon have shone in defence with good hard tackling, and Davey, a fine forward, has deputised successfully at full back in the absence of Domney.

The 2nd XV. have had a fair season to date, and are developing into a good all-round side. Woodley and Len are hardworking forwards, and Line inspires confidence with good handling and judicious kicking, though he could put more dash into his play.

The 3rd XV., after a shaky start, have settled down into a workmanlike side and should be commended for their keenness.

Summary of 1st XV. games:—

v. Surbiton. Won 3—0.

This being the first match of the season, both teams were out to win. Despite hard ground, the tackling was keen, and it wasn't until late in the first half that Finch crashed over the line from a five-yard scrum to score our only try. Surbiton tried had to equalise, but the School fought back well and beat them off.

v. Selhurst. Lost 6—19.

The School started well with a try by Finch from a five-yard scrum in the first two minutes. but the Selhurst centre-threes were phenomenal, having speed and swerve seldom seen in School Rugger, and soon found gaps in the School defence. Finch kicked a penalty goal to complete our 6 points.

v. Tiffin. Lost 0—19.

Here the forwards found their superiors, again and again being pushed right off the ball in both loose and set scrums. Davey, at full back, proved his worth, often stopping seemingly certain tries. A disappointing game for the School.

v. Whitgift Middle. Lost 0—10.

The School defeat was a great surprise, as the forwards had complete mastery over their opponents throughout. But the Whitgift threes were fast and heavy and often broke through. Lewis crossed the line once, after Maclean had opened an attack, but was bundled over the dead-ball line before touching down.

v. Bec. Won 6—5.

A rather scrappy game but full of excitement. Feld, playing his first game at full back, deserves praise, and Davey, in the forwards to replace Lewis who played outside the scrum, was magnificent, opening the score with a typical forward try. Hardingham later kicked a penalty goal, to give us the lead.

v. Surbiton. Lost 3—6.

One of the hardest games ever played by the School. The forwards deserve the highest praise, losing the ball but twice throughout the game and maintaining complete control. However, the handling of the threes was weak and they lost many chances. McAuliffe dropped a goal, but unfortunately the ball was touched by a Surbiton player and the goal disallowed. The School deserved victory, and play was practically confined to the Surbiton line during the last 20 minutes.

W. N. L. AND B.C.

Summary of results :—

	1st XV.	2nd XV.	3rd XV.
Surbiton	3—0	14—0	—
Selhurst	6—19	12—12	9—3
Tiffin	0—19	7—9	0—36
Whitgift M.	0—14	0—5	26—3
Bec	6—5	9—14	11—9
Surbiton	3—6	0—6	—

Recently an under thirteen team was formed, and up to date one match has been played, against Surbiton, which was deservedly won 6—0. Bullock and Munton scored tries for the School.

Junior Rugger

Captain: D. Richardson.

Vice Captain: A. J. Mallows. Hon. Secretary: D. Harper.

This season so far has been highly successful. We have won 4 games out of 5, scoring 71 points against our opponents' 27 points.

v. Surbiton. Lost 5—15.

We were beaten by a much heavier side, and only through some determined forward play was this stopped from being a runaway victory.

v. Selhurst. Won 19—0.

This was an easy victory over a slower and lighter side. They seemed to lose heart after Line kicked a penalty goal in the first few minutes.

v. Tiffin. Won 16—6.

This was a closer game than the score suggests. The School had to fight for every point. It was only because we took every chance of scoring that we won.

v. Whitgift M. Won 13—3.

This was another hard-fought game. Our backs were very hard pressed by some good straight running by our opponents, but we soon found their flaws, chiefly in the forwards, and exploited them to the full.

v. Bec. Won 18—3.

The School won fairly easily over a formidable Bec team. They were unwise to waste points for being offside. Their pack, though quite heavy, was well mastered by ours.

One of the chief reasons for our success is that our pack is very strong and seizes all its opportunities. Outstanding players are Richardson, Harper, Smith and Mallows, forwards, and amongst the backs Line, a reliable place-kicker, and Porter, a good tackler and a thrustful attacker.

D. H. AND D. R.

The Inter-Schools Club

After the very poor attendances of last year it was a very pleasant surprise to see the enthusiasm shown by the Vth Form. Over 50 membership tickets have been sold to boys alone. So far this term we have had an Impromptu Debate, which was very well attended, but for some reason the girls unexpectedly hardly said a word! The dancing classes, under the able tuition of Mr. Fenn and his son David, have been very popular indeed, with very large numbers turning up from both Schools. A record evening, organised by the Vth Form, was very well attended, but interest in the records began to wane towards the end. Voting was held after each record, and the result showed a marked bias in favour of the classics. The programme for the rest of the term consists mainly of dancing classes, one full-dress debate on future of Britain and, of course, the end of term dance.

I. M.

Chess Club

Captain: T. Opatowski. Vice-Captain: R. E. Williams.
Secretary: I. I. Maclean.

Committee Members: J. S. Haydon, A. Lawrence, B. Epstein.

Although missing the inspiring presence of Mr. Barber, who had restarted the Chess Club last year, the solid core of enthusiastic members has kept the Club very much alive. With the much appreciated assistance of Mr. Travers and Mr. Radford, it has been possible for play to take place regularly on Wednesdays and Thursdays, an occasional lightning tournament being thrown in as light-hearted entertainment. A. Lawrence is congratulated upon being the winner both times. A league tournament, with fourteen players in each of two divisions, is due to be played by Christmas, and great keenness is being shown in playing off the fixtures. In addition the first inter-School matches have been arranged, against Bec School and Sloane School, and it is hoped to have several more next term.

Through the generosity of the Parents Association, the Club now possesses six good match sets of chessmen of the Staunton pattern. The Club is very appreciative of this interest shown by the Association. We also wish to express our thanks publicly to Mrs. Gilbert Ponsonby, one of our Governors, for a further gift of two extremely attractive sets, also of the Staunton pattern. The Club is indeed fortunate to possess eight such sets of chessmen, and hopes that the standard of play of its members will be worthy of these gifts.

T. O.

Cricket, 1947

The past season has been a poor one with only moderate results from all elevens. After the novelty of the first games wore off, practices were poorly attended. This lack of enthusiasm was reflected in the performances on the field. It is threfore to be hoped that School cricket will meet with a better response next season.

1st XI.

Of the eleven matches played last season, seven were won and four lost, although only three of the victories were against other schools.

On the whole, the batting was very weak at the beginning of the season, but in the latter part, after some useful opening partnerships, the side settled down to amass some excellent scores.

The bowling throughout the season was very good and rarely were many runs given away.

A great disappointment was the fielding and, although few catches were

dropped, the picking up and throwing in of the ball to the wicket was generally bad.

The highlights of the season were the batting and captaincy of D. J. Finch and the consistently good bowling of K. H. W. Johnson and R. J. C. Line.

Colours were awarded as follows:—

Full Colours:	(Re-awards)	Finch, Line, R. J. C., McAuliffe.
	(Awards)	Johnson, K. H. W., Domney.
Half Colours:	(Re-awards)	Fellows.
	(Awards)	Horner, Clothier, Gage, Brigden, Heyward, Davey.

2nd XI.

This eleven had a very poor season, winning only one match, drawing one and losing the rest. The team was never given time to settle down owing to continual team changes, but under the able captaincy of R. G. A. Davey, whose batting and bowling examples were not emulated by the rest of the team, they offered stiff resistance to their opponents.

3rd XI.

Played four games, winning two and losing two.

Junior XI.

Under the captaincy of D. Dries, this team showed great keenness, both in matches and in practices, and deserved more victories than were actually gained. Dries, Kenyon, Smith, R. K., and Richardson were recommended for Junior Colours. Kenyon's fine bowling in Junior, 2nd XI, and House matches was rewarded by his selection for the 1st XI. in its final match.

Boxing

Captain: J. Francis. Vice-Captain: R. Davey.
Hon. Secretary: R. J. C. Line.

As usual, there has been plenty of enthusiasm shown by the new boys and Juniors, but the boys in the Upper School have not turned out as regularly as they might have done. There have been a number of injuries sustained by members not caused by boxing, and Francis started the fashion by breaking a bone in his hand, which has put him out of action for the whole of the term.

To date, three School matches have been held, and short accounts of these follow.

v. Hampton Grammar. October 3rd. (Home.)

The programme was rather long, twenty bouts being arranged. The School team lacked confidence and, although many of the bouts were close, Hampton deserved to win. Davey, Carver, Bicknell, Nelson, Miles and Stokes won their bouts, whilst Bray, Carr, Nelson and Evans lost on the referee's casting vote. The team included four novices, one of whom, Stokes, won his bout.

v. Sutton County. October 24th. (Away.)

The School showed improved form and were unlucky to lose by nine bouts to five. Davey, Harrold, Bicknell, Nelson and Slade won their bouts, whilst Carver, Berry, W., Miles, Rowlands and Quested lost on the casting vote. Slade boxed well in his first bout for the School and won, the referee stopping the fight at the end of the second round.

v. Sir Walter St. John's. November 7th. (Home.)

It was found possible to arrange only eleven bouts, on account of injury and sickness, and Sinjuns won by six bouts to five. Carr, Barron, Slade, Nelson and Davey won their bouts; Donovan and Emeny-Smith lost on the casting vote; whilst Rodd and Beckett did well against more experienced opponents.

Next term, the annual Inter-House Boxing Championships will be held, and it is hoped that there will be the usual keen entry.

The Stamp Club

Another new School year, with great things planned for the Stamp Club. There is such a convivial air at the Club these days that one hardly dares to break in on it with such boring things as lectures or talks. I am glad to see that a number of First-Formers have found their way to the Club.

The most important event this term has been the visit to the British Philatelic Exhibition at the Imperial Institute on October 31st. This was much appreciated, especially as the Club paid the price of admission, though it came near to insolvency in the process. The general impression was one of good organisation, good planning and good presentation. There were a series of cases tracing prepostal history from an Agincourt dispatch of 1415 to the introduction of the Penny Post in 1840. The dealers' stands were well set out and the dealers themselves had arranged their displays to advantage. Some of us visited the cinema and saw a film dealing with the work of the Post Office. Later there was a Quiz, a team from the B.P.A., matched against a team drawn from the audience, with those eminent authorities, L. N. and M. Williams, as question-masters. The team from the audience, with a little help from the question-masters, put up a good performance and finally won. A pleasant and interesting afternoon. Many thanks to the B.P.A. and all others concerned.

I hope that some of our members will enter the Stamp Competition of the Schoolboys' Own Exhibition, which takes place at the New Horticultural Hall, Westminster, from January 1st to 10th, 1948. Entries are to take the form of a sheet of stamps, either depicting "Industries of the World" or "Great Events." Full details are on the notice board.

Plans are afoot to make a visit to a big Post Office to see the inner workings of that great organisation.

A. P.

The Swimming Gala

On Tuesday, October 7th, Wandsworth School held its first Gala for nine years at Wandsworth Indoor Baths. The occasion was well supported, and of those present a large number were parents and friends.

The Gala started promptly at 7 o'clock, and ran smoothly for 2½ hours. During the course of the evening the excitement of the actual competition was pleasantly relieved by some excellent exhibition swimming. Those who took part in this, and to whom we must express our thanks and appreciation, were: Ann Baxter, a 7-year-old girl; Bert Kinnear, back-stroke champion of Great Britain; and J. Jude, Southern Counties mile champion.

After this was staged an inter-School relay, in which Bec, Sloan, Surbiton and Wandsworth Schools took part, which was worthily won by Surbiton.

The Gala finished with Cromwell House winners by a clear margin of some thirty points. Outstanding performances were given by: Feld (P), Pirie (C), Cremonesi (G).

The presentation of trophies was performed by Mrs. King who, introduced by Mr. King, expressed her appreciation at being asked to preside at such a ceremony. She spoke of the efficiency and enthusiasm which impressed her throughout the Gala, pointing out that these factors characterised all Wandsworth School functions, quoting Sports Day as an additional example.

Hurcomb, Cromwell captain, then received the shield. Nor was this all, for on this occasion it was fitting that the Rucker Shield should be presented to K. Broome (P) for the 100 yards Schoolboy Championship of Wandsworth, which he had won the previous week.

The Gala was concluded on a high pitch of excitement by a water polo match between Wandsworth and Woodside S.C.'s, which was narrowly won by Woodside by 4 goals to 3.

RESULTS.

1	2 L. (F.S.). S.	Feld (P)	Berry (G)	Rutter (C)	Davey (M)	45s.
2	1 L. (F.S.) J.	Munton (M)	Stear (C)	Quested (G)	Vincent (P)	25s.
3	1 L. (F.S.). M.	Broome (P)	Whitfield (C)	Rick (M)	Rowlands (G)	20 2/5s.
4	1 L. (F.S.) UR.	Curme (G)	Burton (C)	Wharton (M)	Cracknel (P)	25 1/5s.
5	Plunge, S.	Pirie (C)	Jenkinson (P)	Dore (M)	Clements (G)	39ft. 6in.
6	1 L. (Back) J.	Cremonesi (G)	Miller (M)	Harvey (C)	Varey (P)	34 3/5s.
7	1 L. (Back) M.	Suter (G)	Dorling (M)	Vila (P)	Harvey (C)	26s.
8	Plunge, J.	McCleod (C)	Cremonesi (G)	Munton (M)	Robbins (P)	31 4/5s.
9	1 L. (Back) S.	Feld (P)	Dore (M)	Clements (G)	Maclean (G)	23 4/5s.
10	1 L. (Breast) J.	Epstein (G)	Harvey (C)	Totham (M)	Tracey (P)	29 2/5s.
11	1 L. (Breast) M.	Barnett (C)	Suter (G)	Dorling (M)	Roseboom (P)	29s.
12	Relay, UR.	G	P	C	M	2m. 21s.
13	1 L. (Breast) S.	Feld (P)	Barnett (C)	Dore (M)	Gage (G)	25s.
14	Invitation Relay	Surbiton	Sloan	Wandsworth	Bec	1m. 19 4/5s.
15	Under Water	Maclean (C)	Harrold (P)	Haydon (M)	Suter (G)	—
16	Plunge, M.	Pirie (C)	Cremonesi (G)	Skelton (M)	Roseboom (P)	37ft. 6in.
17	Relay, M.	C	G	M	P	1m. 46 1/5s.
18	Medley, R.	C	P	M	—	1min. 43 2/5s.
19	Relay, J.	G	C	M	P	1m. 47 1/5s.
20	Relay, S.	P	C	G	M	1m. 30s.
21	Diving J.	G	P	C	M	
22	Diving, M.	C	G	M	P	
23	Diving, S.	P	C	M	G	

D. R. H.

The Current Affairs Discussion and Study Groups

An increasing number of senior boys are taking a genuine interest in the study and discussion of current problems, British and international, and are trying to find out what is behind the headlines by serious study on a co-operative basis.

Despite the counter attractions of other popular out-of-school activities an enthusiastic band meets in the library every other Monday. Each member of the group is collecting in his notebook information about a particular region or country important in the realm of foreign affairs, or about some aspect of British life, e.g., Parliamentary activities or the economic situation. By the end of the year it is hoped that every member will have opened a discussion on the theme of his researches, which continue, of course, after the meeting at which he outlines his news and views to the other members. It is hoped by the end of the year to prepare an interesting booklet in manuscript form containing contributions from all of the members.

So far this term three meetings have been held. At the first meeting a discussion was held on "The Problems of To-day," opened by Mr. Payne. At the second meeting Percival outlined, with the help of an excellent wall-map, the "Russian attitude in her relations with other countries." This was followed by a very pointed and controversial discussion. At the third meeting Berry, W., explained the recent history, internal and external, of "The Countries of Eastern Europe," each of which a critical but appreciative meeting discussed in turn until a very late hour. At the next meeting the "Problem of Palestine" will be considered.

The enthusiasm of this small group, whose members are learning to respect the opinions of each other and to realise the importance of informed opinion, is very encouraging, but we need more than 15 members, and are disappointed that so few 6th-Formers are apparently able to attend.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

The churchwardens of St. Andrew Undershaft Church, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3, are offering a prize (a copy of Stow's "History of London") for the best essay on "London's Past and Future" submitted by a pupil of any school in the L.C.C.

area. The essay is open to any pupil who has passed School Certificate. It must be of not more than 2,000 words. Contributions should be submitted to the Headmaster by March 1st next.

W. P.

School Visits

This term there have been two theatre visits. The first was to Toynbee Hall to see Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," the second to the Grand Theatre, Clapham Junction, for "The Immortal Lady," by Clifford Bax.

The first took us to an unfamiliar part of London, Whitechapel. Toynbee Hall is a settlement founded in the East End of London to promote social study and welfare, and for many years has been a centre of light and culture in those dark places. The theatre was much more civilised than some of the shabby palaces of varieties at which L.C.C. theatre performances are given. The Vth Forms went under the friendly conduct of Mr. Cowan and Mr. Benyon, and had a really enjoyable afternoon. The play went with a bang from beginning to end. It was amazing to learn that the accomplished actors, who gave such a zestful performance of this joyous play, were still students at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. Perhaps the finest performances were by Viola, Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Count Orsino, but the whole show was of a piece, rapid, bright and inspiriting. The audience loved every moment of it and felt that if this was Shakespeare, well, they had got him wrong.

It was a pity that we were received at the theatre by a gentleman who was sure that he was going to have trouble with the audience, and who was determined to be tough from the beginning. He shouted at us angrily, told us at length about leaving litter about, and practically ordered us under pain of his displeasure to applaud the actors. After that it wouldn't have been surprising if we had received them in stony silence; but they were so splendid that we recalled them for curtain after curtain.

F. R. C. (VA).

"The Immortal Lady" told the story of the escape of Lord Nithsdale from the Tower of London, where he lay under sentence of death, contrived by his gallant wife, an immortal lady. He was a Catholic and a Jacobite who "came out" in the 1715 rebellion. On the eve of his execution his wife by means of a clever stratagem smuggled him past the warders, disguised in woman's clothes, and got him safely to France. The play was colourful and pleasant, but rather long drawn out and lacking in action. The most amusing individual performances were those of George I:, who had the most bandy legs in the whole line of English Kings, and that of the gaoler, who brought a grim humour to his task of supervision. We are grateful to Mr. Payne and Mr. Elms, who took us to this pleasant entertainment.

G. B. (IVA).

Early in the term, VC, with enough other members of London schools to fill every seat in the Albert Hall, attended a concert by the London Philharmonic Orchestra. It was made a great occasion by the playing of the orchestra and the lucid comment of the conductor, Dr. Russell, and the genuine response of the audience. VC still remember that we heard movements from the New World Symphony by Dvorak, and "The Flying Dutchman," and they feel that the L.C.C. are therefore fully justified in their generous policy of letting us hear good music well rendered.

Careers

The following articles are contributed by three Old Boys who have taken up widely different occupations. Most of the books and pamphlets that can be consulted by boys choosing a future career deal with the work which they will do when they are qualified and experienced. Very rarely is any indication given

of the kind of work which they will be called upon to do in the early stages of their career.

The articles which follow have been written with the intention of providing information on the early stages of three occupations which are popular with boys leaving School. I hope in future issues of "The Link" to publish further articles of similar type dealing with other occupations. H. A.

I. BECOMING A SOLICITOR.

A Solicitor's work is to advise clients on legal matters, to draw up wills, wind up estates, and generally give guidance on land and other business transactions. Occasionally he has recourse to litigation, but may only plead in petty sessional and county courts. Many Solicitors specialise in different branches of the law. Some deal exclusively with conveyancing, and others with criminal law and divorce. In all cases, a Solicitor, unlike a Barrister, comes in direct contact with his clients. A Barrister can only act for a person through a Solicitor, by whom he is briefed. Thus, besides a thorough knowledge of the law, a good business head is a valuable asset in order to become successful. Solicitors, unlike Barristers, can, and usually do, go into partnership.

Turning now to the sort of work you will be required to do and the procedure of becoming Articled, the following is a brief description. On leaving School one first becomes Articled to a Solicitor or a firm of Solicitors for a period of five years. This means that he enters into an agreement whereby he cannot leave the Solicitor and cannot be dismissed by him for five years, provided, of course, that certain reasonable conditions are fulfilled. A University degree or ten years' experience in a Solicitor's office will reduce the period of Article from five years to three.

You may have to pay a premium of anything up to £500, but this is entirely an arrangement between the firm and yourself, and many firms are willing to give Articles without asking for a premium. The Headmasters Employment Committee is extremely efficient in finding a suitable Solicitor for you.

Before you can become Articled you must have certain qualifications, namely, you must have either passed the Law Society's preliminary examination or have gained exemption. The School Certificate with matriculation exemption including a credit in Latin will exempt you from the preliminary. Latin is compulsory and is very important in a Law career.

To become Articled you must hand certain forms, giving evidence as to your fitness and suitability, to the Law Society's offices in Bell Yard, from where all information can be obtained. Once Articled, your job will consist of day-to-day work in the Solicitor's office, together with theoretical study for the Law Society's examinations, which consist of the intermediate and the final, spread over five years or three, as the case may be.

At first you may find life almost unbearable, and for five years will have to sacrifice many pleasures, but if your desire to become a Solicitor is strong enough you will succeed.

If you become Articled you will automatically obtain deferment from the Army.

A very important thing is to make sure that you try to become Articled to a Solicitor or a firm of Solicitors with whom you have prospects of advancement and a possible partnership.

If you are convinced that a Solicitor's career is what you want, all your difficulties and hardships will be worth while.

S. LIGHTMAN.

II. AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING.

It had come. The day which I had been eagerly awaiting, yet dreading all my life, had at last dawned.

I had previously been interviewed by officials of the Headmasters Employment Committee, and had expressed a preference for engineering, especially aeronautical engineering, since I had always been interested in modelling and making things, and the School subjects in which I showed most promise were Maths and Science. Throughout all this preliminary work I found the Headmasters Employment Committee most helpful, and I was finally accepted by the Fairey Aviation Company.

With me at 9 o'clock on that morning in the Fairey Aviation Labour Office were three others starting as Probationer Apprentices. After filling in various forms we were sent to the main-gate office to await transport to the Apprentice School at Heston Aerodrome. After dinner the time clerk took us to the School, where the intricacies of the clocking system were explained to us; afterwards we were introduced to our instructor, who promptly set us to work on what, in retrospect, was a very simple job, but which at the time appeared difficult and complex.

The materials we used were generally mild steel and dural; gradually the work became harder, developing from simple one-piece jobs to intricate built-up structures. All this work was marked out from the drawings and was completed with ordinary workshop tools. Then I progressed to the machine work, and was engaged for some time in turning and milling. Here the work became more interesting since the completed articles were always useful and not just exercises. At this stage I made myself a paint-spray gun and parts for a model Diesel engine.

After four months at the School I was transferred to the Fitting Shop at the main factory. Once again life was disorganised and everything was different; no longer did I turn jobs out one at a time straight from the drawing; now orders came through for hundreds of the same articles all to be completed by one man.

The prospects on the whole are good. If you are technically minded, you become an Engineer Apprentice and hope to get into the design office. If, however, your talents are more practical, then you become a Trade Apprentice and learn to be a fitter, a toolmaker or a lathe-hand. From this position you can, by dint of hard work, become a charge hand, a foreman and finally work up to the administrative grade. In the meantime we go to Day Part-time School for Technical Drawing, Maths and Engineering Science, thus having the advantage of gaining practical and theoretical knowledge at the same time.

I am paid a reasonable wage, but I think you will agree that the salary at this stage is not of major importance; what matters is that I have made a start in Engineering and fully realise that my future depends entirely on my own hard work and initiative.

I. WICKENS.

III. BECOMING A DOCTOR.

Becoming a doctor is like becoming an engine-driver or a policeman: it is one of the professional ambitions of most eight-year-olds, the strange thing being that, of the three, it claims fewest recruits. Yet what could be a more worthwhile job?

Perhaps one of the biggest reasons is not taking the trouble to find out the facts about the training, prospects, and so on.

The usual practising qualification is M.B., B.S. (Bachelor of Medicine and Bachelor of Surgery), and for a boy leaving a grammar school after passing his Higher School Certificate, this takes four and a half years. This comprises eighteen months for "2nd M.B." and three years' clinical training.

This may sound a lot, but, after all, it isn't really such a very big chunk of life, in proportion to the value that you will be to society. Of course, I shouldn't advise anyone to take up Medicine unless he is really convinced that it is the **only** job for him. Before the war too many people, sons of the idle rich, entered the profession just as "something to do," and you'll agree that **that** kind of doctor isn't of much use to our country.

Well, to start with, you must do Sciences for Higher School: Physics, Chemistry, Biology. A main pass in these three will exempt you from "1st M.B.," otherwise done at a University in a year.

After Higher School the prospective doctor starts trying to gain admission to a Medical School. Yes, this **is** difficult, though things now are a lot easier than they were. Of course, if you have the brains you can win an Admission Scholarship. But apart from this it should be known that L.C.C. grants offer quite generous financial help to students, and are quite easy to apply for and obtain.

Assuming you **have** managed to get admission, what now? Well, now you cram for five terms. You learn Anatomy, Phvsiology, Psychology, Embryology, and about eight more ologies, and then, one March morning, you find, quite unaccountably, that the five terms are gone, and that "second" is upon you. The amount of work **is,** it must be admitted, fairly stiff, especially in the last six months; but somehow most people get through O.K.

And then—you relax! You proceed to a hospital, and settle down to three years' "clinical," learning to apply your until-now unrelated knowledge to practical use, learning how to fight the thousand ailments to which the human animal is susceptible. After three years, you take your degree exam. and pass out, a qualified doctor.

The prospect to-day for the grammar school boy is of course much wider than it used to be, for, with all its weaknesses, the New Health Bill offers at last a health service which sweeps away the old system of treatment according to purse and puts in its place the criterion of human need. The barriers which in former days prevented people of modest means from entering the profession are gradually being broken down; and, although much of the dead wood of custom and reaction yet remains to be cut out, things are on the move. It is up to the people of Britain, including you, prospective doctor, to see that not only public school pupils, but also **ordinary** boys and girls from schools like Wandsworth, help to supply the need for recruits to this great profession.

A. N. COWAN.

Not a Bad World

A few days since, I was talking to a person about divers matters and noted his dim view of things. There were the cuts in rations, less clothes, no basic, no chance to win anything big on the pools, the weather, and the buzzing noise his radio makes. I had to stop him lest his mind turned to suicide. Putney Bridge was quite close by.

I hate not being matey, but I couldn't agree with him. Perhaps it's because I haven't many responsibilities. Taxes and cuts in rations don't worry me. Perhaps I ought to see a doctor? I just eat what there is to eat, and quite like it. My friend said there was no nourishment in the food somehow. I remembered a story about two lads at the court of King Solomon. How they had got there I don't remember, but they were invited to eat from the royal table. They refused and contented themselves with very humble fare and somehow throve on it. King Solomon couldn't understand it at all.

I'm sure I try to discuss politics and feel depressed, but somehow cheerfulness will keep breaking through. I enjoy quite small things like getting tired in a game, reading a book, walking in the rain, being by myself and just ruminating. In this mood there comes into my mind the picture of the ordinary man that makes up the bulk of England's population. He is a man content in his sphere and only ambitious to do good to his family, and for the rest happy in surprisingly small things. He lives in a modest house, small but comfortable, with a coal fire, nice chairs, some books, a pet or two and a family. With such men about, this isn't a bad world. Such men don't think life started in a bankbook. So long as such peaceful good men are in the world to counterpoise the warlike bad man, this will remain not a bad world.

C. GAGE (VA).

A Hobby for You

The warm, calm afternoons and evenings of the last summer holidays were almost a dream come true to aeromodellers. They could be seen on heaths, commons and other open spaces flying their own, admiring other people's planes or exchanging "gen" with one another on latest ideas. Each person has his own pet theory and tries to prove it in practice.

In nearly all cases, the planes are made from a very light wood known as balsa. Usually they are simple rubber-driven planes, which are really "flying aero-dynamics," where everything, conventional looks, non-essentials and the like have been sacrificed to produce a true flying machine that fills exactly that function. This type has probably the largest following.

The most beautiful class of model planes are gliders. These are so made that there is the least interference with the surrounding air, and perfect streamlining is obtained by the constant-use curves. These sailplanes or gliders can put up terrific times—many flights of over an hour, while flights up to half an hour are commonplace.

Another class of aeroplane that is becoming very popular since the war, when they were banned, are the petrol and diesel-engined planes. These can be subdivided into precision, competition and control line. A precision plane is designed for sporting flying, a leisurely climb, followed by a flat stable glide, and considerable inbuilt strength is found in the prototype. Competition models are built "rugged," to use an American phrase, and are tuned up for peak performance. The take-off run is usually nil, followed by a vertical, corkscrew climb, until the motor stops, then a long, flat glide, often carrying the model far out of sight. Hence most aeroplane builders are demon cross-country runners.

In the winter months, modellers usually turn to indoor flying, either tethered or free flying. Tethered flying is done by attaching thread to one wing of the plane, and to a pylon in the centre of the room. Free flying indoor models involve a science of their own. When completed they weigh only a fraction of an ounce. If anyone sneezes in the vicinity of one of these models—disaster.

If an aeromodeller wants a break from flying planes he can take up "solid-models." The art of the miniaturist is at its best here, portraying in infinite detail fighters, bombers and civil aircraft. Most of the models are carved from solid blocks of wood. But in the case of more advanced models the term "solid" is a misnomer. They are, in fact, built-up replicas of the real thing. Wheels retract from cockpit controls, and all wing and empennage surfaces can likewise be actuated from the cockpit. Canopies hinge or slide back, as on the full-size plane, while engines are shown in remarkable detail. Many models of this sort take hundreds of hours of work—some even years of endeavour.

Won't you join the happy band of aeromodellers?

C. A. Prickett (VA).

A Visit to Dungeness

You may or may not have heard of the "Smallest Public Railway in the World"—as the advertisements put it. That is, the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Light Railway. It runs along the coast of Southern England from Hythe, which is about 10 miles south-west of Folkestone, via Dymchurch, St. Mary's Bay (where we were staying) and New Romney to Dungeness.

St. Mary's Bay was originally one long main street, running into the Romney Marsh, with several shops and farmhouses flanking it. But now about a hundred bungalows have been built on the north-eastern side. The railway is approximately the northern boundary of St. Mary's Bay and the station, consisting of a ticket office plus waiting room supplied by the company, is just by the road. There are no platforms at all, except a few concrete slabs laid alongside the track.

So it was to this station that we made our way. Both platforms were crowded and the stationmaster-cum-ticket-collector-cum-signalman was doing a brisk trade. Suddenly there was heard a "toot-toot" coming across the fields and everybody stopped chattering and ran on to the track in order to try and get a glimpse of the oncoming train which was travelling away from Dungeness—our destination. The stationmaster-cum-ticket-collector-cum-signalman strolled out of his office and, placing himself in the middle of the road, brandished a red flag. This was not to stop the train but to stop all traffic on the road, as there were no level-crossing gate to close. By now the train was quite visible. The engine was barely 4ft. high and 8ft. long, yet it pulled about ten small carriages each holding eight people, in two compartments only, comfortably, and about twelve people uncomfortably. It surged into the station and came to a halt about halfway up the platform, leaving the last four carriages blocking the road. Somehow the opposite platform got cleared and the train pulled off to Dymchurch. As soon as it had gone a farm labourer opened a gate in a field and herded some cows across the track, down the platform and into the dairy nearby.

The last cow had hardly disappeared when, seemingly without warning, the 9.5 train to Dungeness came in at 9.25. It was a magnificent specimen of engineering, hauling an extra quantity of carriages as the train to Dungeness only travelled twice a week, and the journey was quite popular. We frantically raced up and down the platform looking into the carriages, hoping to find a seat. The stationmaster-cum-ticket-collector-cum-signalman kept on squeezing in a few more people here and there. Somehow I got squeezed in with five women who belonged to a sight-seeing party from a holiday camp. They were singing away like anything, and so with pleasant music in my ears the train arrived at New Romney, the biggest station on the route. After about ten minutes' wait we slowly moved off and rattled through beautiful countryside as far as a large holiday camp, the population of which cheered us through.

By now the hills of the North Downs were out of sight and the railway became a single track lying about a hundred yards from the sea. The wind began to rise and the vegetation was becoming more sparse every minute. The sea road was just an unmacadamed stretch of concrete barely wide enough for two vehicles to pass. On the landward side of it were a lot of semi-demolished houses, some used to disguise pill-boxes and defence posts. Some of the houses had been rebuilt and their stony gardens backed on to the railway. Earth was in some of them, presumably brought from elsewhere. The country was becoming more barren and the wind whistled past the window. We clashed through another holiday camp, over a road, under a small bridge and on into the miles of shingle and boulders which surrounded the 15in. railway track. As we got nearer Dungeness we could see a lot of rusty iron scaffolding used as a framework for barbed wire. A section of this old line of defences spread across the track, and we shot through after passing a set of points which carried another track round a different route. Some way ahead I could see the outline of the lighthouse standing in the flat country. The train began to slow down and, with a few "toots," it came to a halt and we all piled out, relieving the springs considerably.

There was no platform, but some sparse grass prevented our feet from sinking into the stones. A few yards away was a big refreshment house with a brick platform in front. As we were not particularly hungry, we strolled round the back, descended some steps and walked across the pebbles. We eventually came to a very rusty section of the Southern Railway, a small truck on it looking enormous compared with the small Light Railway. A road branched off to the left and the person who had accompanied us went along it towards a few houses and slope to buy some lugworms, which are the best bait for the type of sea fishing which he and my brother intended to do. Whilst we were waiting for him to return, my brothers went up the grey and white lighthouse which towered above us not far from the road.

The person came back and told us that the lugworms were not available, so we sat down nearby and ate a few apples before setting out to see the sea, which lay on the other side of a large expanse of stones and spare grass and reeds. The journey was quite difficult, for our feet kept on sinking into the stones. We came to the sea-road and allowed a seaman to cycle past towards a row of cottages which were just visible. We crunched past a tall erection of scaffolding which supported a small wooden look-out post. We had to climb up a short slope, at the top of which was a long line of very rusty and deteriorating scaffolding and barbed wire. It had been exposed to the elements for so long that when we trod on it it just crumpled up.

Somehow the horizon did not seem so far away now and the huge waves of the incoming tide battered the stony beach, which was arranged in big steps leading down to the sea. Every time a wave crashed on to the beach, the wind whipped up the spray into our faces. We watched the steamers go by, and then we had dinner, during which we noticed several porpoises bobbing up and down a few yards from the shore. We had to keep retreating, for the incoming tide spared nothing and no one. We examined a long rowing boat, filled with smelly nets. We found a tin discarded by other trippers, and on pieces of paper we wrote our names and address, put it in the tin and tried to throw it out to sea. But the wind and the tide kept bringing it back and so we left it in the undertow after a few vain efforts. After doing some beachcombing and finding a lot of curiously shaped stones and corks, we recrossed the barren expanse and caught the next train home.

D. S. THORPE (VA).

Teasing Tough Tim

Tough Tim, the talkative trapeze trickster, took time to tell the two tiger-tamers tall tales that testified to Tim's toughness. To test Tim's truthfulness the two tamers told Tim to teach their tigers tricks. Tim turned tail. 'Twas too terrifying. "Timid Tim!" they taunted triumphantly. Tim tolerated their taunts tactfully. Thought Tim, "They think turning topsy-turvey to touch the trapeze too tricky to try."

G. W. BLISS (IVA).

Extracts from Paul Brunning's Journal

The following notes give us glimpses of Paul Brunning on his enterprising journey through Central Europe. This is how he made use of the L.C.C. travelling scholarship in German which he was awarded in July of this year.

On arrival next morning at the Hook, I boarded the train that travels via Germany to Switzerland, but I was only to accompany it as far as Frankfort/am Main. We passed through Rotterdam and over one of the largest bridges (across "Hollandsch Diez") in Europe, and into Germany at Kaldenkirchen. Here we had to leave the train to have our luggage examined by German customs officials. One party of English people bound for Switzerland were terribly annoyed that Germans should have the audacity to make them leave their seats for inspection, but the officials were rather surprised and delighted that I was abroad to better my German! Scene after scene of destruction followed until we reached Cologne. There the Cathedral still loomed up beside the main station. Then we passed over the Rhine bridge and soon entered the Rhine gorges. Koblenz could be seen on the other side of the Rhine, and the "Deutsches Eck" was clearly visible. I saw the little castle in the river, of "Die Pfalz," and then we tunnelled under the "Lorelei." Late that evening we arrived in Frankfurt.

Of course, I should not have tried to stay the night in Germany, but I had come so far on the Swiss train because the direct train through to Czechoslovakia went through the Rhine gorge in the night. I went to the U.S. authorities, and an "overworked" but lazy soldier eventually gave me a chit to stay at the "Vier-

jahreszeiten " Hotel. It cost me nothing, and the next morning I caught a train to Nürnberg. It was in this train that I met a German who had spent some time in America, and who was in a concentration camp during the war. He very kindly gave me some German marks in exchange for Czech crowns to enable me to buy my ticket on to Czechoslovakia. At Nürnberg I caught the " Orient Express," and at about 5 p.m. I was safely across the frontier in Č.S.R. at Cheb. Here the Czech customs official proudly showed me how one could buy beer (pivo) at the station, and very soon I was on a local Czech train and in Karlory Vary. I was met at the station by Robert Kohn, who last year left Wandsworth School to return to his native land, now liberated.

I had seen a touching farewell scene at the German-Czech frontier at Schirnding opposite Cheb (Eger), before entering Czechslovakia. An old couple had evidently come to the station to see their daughter, who was passing through Germany to the Č.S.R. by train. This was the only way in which they could talk to each other for a few minutes, for the daughter, probably married to a Czech, lived in Egerland, part of Sudetenland and now restored to the Č.S.R., and the parents, being Germans, certainly had to stay on the German side.

I set out early one day from Karlory Vary, and took the train to Breitenbach/Johanngeorgenstadt, on the Czech-German (Russian Zone) frontier in the Erz-Gebirge. I had intended to ask the Soviet authorities if I could cross over to Zwickau (Saxony) for the day, to visit a German pen-friend, living about 20 miles from the frontier. I had with me some provisions, particularly cocoa, to take to him, for I knew that meagre rations added to the hard life under Russian occupation. I had spoken with a father earlier on my train through Germany, and he told me that he was travelling from the Ruhr in the British Zone to Bavaria to try to fetch a sack of potatoes! Some sweets I casually offered him were gratefully received, to be saved for his children, who had never tasted such luxuries.

On arrival at the frontier, I saw a prisoner-of-war camp, with a large red-star shining above it, and the German prisoners were digging holes, watched over by a Soviet guard with a tommy-gun. I was not allowed to cross the frontier.

I found that the Czechs " preferred to push you across the frontier " if you spoke German in public. The two largest hotels in K.V. were still occupied by Soviet forces, and the notices at the springs were in Czech and Russian, though one found many " Western " people there.

I left Karlory Vary by coach for Prague and stayed there four days at the hostel run by the " Klub Českych Turistu." They were very surprised to have an Englishman, and I slept in a dormitory with a host of Czech schoolboys who were in Prague for the Youth Festival. I was, however, able to have a very interesting talk (in German!) with their schoolmaster. I reluctantly bade farewell to the capital and, indeed, the country, and I caught the Arlberg-Orient Express from Wilson station.

The train finally left Czech soil at Horní Dvořiště around midnight, and a youthful soldier in green entered my compartment and friendlily stamped my passport—" Österreichische Grenzkontrollstelle = Freistadt-Summeran." We went right through the length of Austria via Linz, Salzburg, Innsbruck and Feldkirch, and it was a very hot day! We finally arrived in Buchs (Switzerland) in the evening.

I stayed then for two nights at Buchs, so that I would be able to visit the small principality of Liechtenstein. The first day I walked over to Vaduz, the capital, but on the second day I was able to hire a bicycle, and so I cycled through all the villages in " Fürstentum Leichtenstein " and stopped, as before, in Vaduz, at the " Haus Real," to have lunch. While I was eating, the daughter of the house, with whom I had become quite friendly, for she had recently been to England, put a note in front of me, which said: " You have a good chance; the Princess sits behind." And sure enough, the Princess of Leichtenstein was there, having lunch with a party.

Grindelwald, Saturday, August 9th. I left my châlet at 7.45 a.m., and walked higher and higher up the mountain path towards the "Faulhorn." Very high up, I saw cattle grazing on the "high alp." They stay there in the summer, but as winter draws ever nearer, they slowly descend to the "lower alps," and eventually arrive down in the village for the winter. That is a very exciting event for the villagers. There is much merry-making, and the cheese belonging to the various peasants is publicly divided. After spending the winter in the valley, they all troop off next spring to the higher regions again. I eventually reached the "Hotel Faulhorn," and it was then 10.45 a.m. I stayed there for about two hours, enjoying the most beautiful panorama of mountains all around, with the Lake of Brienz far below. I descended and returned to Grindelwald by way of the Bachalpsee, Waldspitz (where, incidentally, Mr. Fenn tells me he first met the late Mr. Hatfield in a snowball fight many long years ago!), and Aellfluk. My last walk from Grindelwald was to the Abbach Waterfall, and then on August 11th I descended by train to Interlaken and on to Bern.

In my visit to the "Bundesrat" (Swiss Parliament House) I saw the main chamber, where the German-speaking members occupy one side and the French- and Italian-speaking members the other side: speeches are translated immediately and transmitted to members in their own tongue.

The day before I left Bern I went to a performance of "Die Lustige Witwe" at the "Stadttheater," and I paid my last visit to Professor Feitknecht, who lives in Bern, and had tea with the German grandmother (who incidentally lost a cousin over London in the war), and the Italian cousin's mother and father, who were spending a holiday in Bern from Naples. Finally, I left Bern and travelled by train to Basel, and stayed the night in the Youth Hostel (Jugendherberge).

The next morning I went across into France to Mulhouse and was very surprised to find that the inhabitants of this part of Alsace, though now "French citizens," speak a German dialect, and on asking a question in French in the main street of Mulhouse (Mülhausen) I was given an awkward answer in German. Yet, one sees, of course, notices and instructions only in French—contrasting curiously with Switzerland, where even the smallest minorities are catered for.

Returning to Basel, I caught the Swiss-Calais Express, travelling via Mulhouse, Strasbourg, Metz, Thionville, Hirson and Lille. In my carriage were two English students who had been working on the "Pestalozzi Village" at Trogen, near St. Gallen.

We were ushered quickly into the boat at Calais, and with surf blowing in my eyes I sighted the white cliffs of Dover. On arrival at Victoria, I produced my last coin of worldly wealth, a British 6d., saved for the 39 bus to Southfields!

Sweden, 1947

It was my privilege to be included in the Rotary youth party organised by Mr. King to visit Sweden this summer.

It is said that first impressions are of great importance. At about 5 a.m. on Wednesday, July 30th, I came on deck for my first sight of Sweden.

The ship was steaming gently along a channel between small rocky islands of varying sizes. Truly a magnificent spectacle these small islands presented. Some were not as big as the ship itself, their brownish-grey foundations of glacial rock mingled with the varied shades of green vegetation or contrasted strangely with an occasional coloured wooden building erected seemingly precariously upon these small protuberances.

I watched, and suddenly, looking ahead, saw in the distance, slowly emerging from a gap in the cliffs of the mainland, the spires and rooftops of Gothenburg. We had arrived.

Most of the holiday was to be spent at Sigtuna, a small town about 30 miles from Stockholm, but we did not travel there straight away but spent nights at Gothenburg, Gränna and Nadstena and toured the country around Lake Vättern.

On each day as we progressed, we were met and welcomed by the local Rotary movement, who did all in their power to make our brief stay in their locality as interesting and enjoyable as possible. Twice we had to pose for members of the local Press. One photo I have is of the British visitors feeding the swans in Gothenberg (food supplied by Press).

It is said that the journey along Lake Vättern is one of the most beautiful in Sweden. Perhaps the prettiest view is from Gylene Uttern, a hotel and tea garden just outside Gränna. There is a main building, rather like a castle, of stone, and running along in front and to one side of it a low wooden building used as a tea room. Its roof is of earth, and grass and weeds grow freely from it.

From this point the land rises gently behind to cornfields and pine woods, and ahead, slopes steeply down to a cultivated fertile plain by the shore of the lake, whilst to the right may be seen the whitewashed tower of the Church of Gränna.

At Nodstena we spent the night at an S.T.F. (Swedish equivalent of Y.H.A.) hostel, which had once been a monastery. We had a meal in the vaulted stone refectory once used by the nuns. Local Rotarians provided a very nice tea in the open air and we were taken by Baron Aströmer, one-time Swedish Minister in London, to visit his home, a museum piece of antiquities and treasures. Finally we were divided into groups and taken to dinner at the homes of various people in the district. We were made very welcome and were glad of an opportunity to meet Swedish people "at home."

On Saturday, August 2nd, we arrived at Sigtuna School in the evening, and here we were joined by an equal number of Swedish boys. We were divided into pairs, each Swedish boy having an English companion and sharing a room, and on the following day a similar party of English and Swedish girls arrived, making our number over 100.

There were no difficulties in forming friendships, for all the Swedish boys and girls spoke good English and were only too eager to make friends. After a few days, distinction between English and Swedish almost ceased to exist, and we mixed as any group of one nationality would do, forming many valuable friendships and having much fun together.

During the day, when we were not visiting places of interest in a body, we had a choice of tennis, soccer or handball for recreation. We were also able to have plenty of swimming, there being a large indoor pool with diving boards, etc., and also a convenient place on the shore of Lake Malaren, close by, for swimming and sunning.

The local inhabitants who had small boats and canoes on the lake often used to let us borrow these to row in or fish from. The countryside around was pretty and invited walking. I preferred to get up early and walk before breakfast to avoid the heat of the day, for we were certainly having scorching weather. In the evenings, which were drawing in (Sweden does not have daylight saving) we sometimes held concerts. The English party would perform charades, sing songs and encourage individual items of entertainment, and the Swedes in return would arrange an evening's entertainment themselves. Perhaps the most popular item amongst the English party was the Swedish folk-dancing, which we found easy to learn and which provided great entertainment for all.

Sigtuna has one small main street bordered mainly by low wooden shops and blossoming out into a square at the centre of the town with a small wooden town hall built in the early 18th century. The streets, although narrow, are very clean. Sweden pays great attention to cleanliness, and in most of the food shops a spray of water passing down the window keeps dust and heat off the food.

I should mention Stockholm, the capital. This city, which we visited twice, has an interesting series of waterways, due partially to its being set at the point where Lake Mälaren flows into the sea. Stockholm, of course, has its palace, its government buildings, its churches, museums and ancient buildings. Our party

was lucky enough to be included in a larger party which was received at the City Hall and shown round this building. Here we met Mrs. King, who was in charge of a party of Rotary girls staying in Stockholm. In the splendid "Blue Hall," reserved for receiving honoured guests, we had coffee, and welcoming speeches were made. We then viewed the rather primitive splendour of the Council Chamber and finally "The Gallery," decorated along the length of one wall by the work of Prince Eugene, the royal artist, who I regret to say died during our visit.

On leaving the Town Hall we were taken for a trip by boat round Stockholm's waterways and arrived at Skansen on the outskirts of the city. This is a large open-air museum and zoo. Here ancient buildings from all parts of Sweden have been assembled and re-erected in the open. The numerous buildings range from farms and country houses to glass-blowing workshops, post offices and smithies. Almost every type of ancient home and home industry is covered, and the buildings are staffed by people dressed in appropriate costume carrying out the occupation depicted, spinning, knitting, weaving and glass-blowing, and so on.

In conclusion let me give a brief picture of Sweden. I feel that in temperament and character the Swedes are very akin to us, and perhaps that was why ge got on so well together. They have a passion for cleanliness and are fond of sports. Never again, I am sure, shall I see so many bicycles. Nearly everyone possesses one, and I am sure they present a major traffic problem in the larger towns. A typical country scene is of a small lake with shores gently sloping up into pine woods and broken occasionally by a small outcrop of glacial rock, or perhaps a broad expanse of cultivated fields interrupted by a small belt of trees from which a whitewashed church protrudes, flanked by the chimneys of two or three cottages. Few churches have belfries, although some have towers. The bells are usually mounted in a wooden tower close by or on a neighbouring hill. This is said to be due to the fact that the bells were used to summon people together for local functions before the churches were built.

Nearly all the houses are of wood except in the larger towns. Many fairly large buildings are of wood with plaster facings instead of brick. In roofing, metal plates about 2ft. x 1ft. are popular, usually painted red or green. The roads are usually cobbled in small towns, with occasional asphalt, whilst in the country they are almost invariably of loose gravel, which is very dusty in dry weather. Most of the cars are American, and the latest models are seen. Nearly all cars have left-hand driving, and even the Swedish car company "Volvo" make these models, although cars drive as in England on the left-hand side of the road. The railways are good but not quite as comfortable as in England. Nearly all lines of the National Railway S.J. are electrified, overhead cables being used. Buses and trams are all single-decked, and most buses have cycle racks attached, presumably to pick up any cyclist who has fallen by the wayside.

There is plenty to buy in the shops, and few things are in short supply, but prices are rather high. Food is plentiful; at least we had as much as we were able to eat during our stay, particularly milk, which is drunk with most meals. There is some rationing. Coupons must be given up in a restaurant for meals, but I feel the rationing was rather nominal. The police force is small. Although alcoholic beverages are sold, there are no public-houses as we know them. In military activities Sweden seems to show little enthusiasm. True, all boys serve for eleven months at the age of 20, but Sweden has obviously not bothered to devote her resources to developing scientific war machines—a refreshing thought in this war-crippled world.

Finally, what have I gained from my holiday? I have made friends with Swedish boys and with Sweden, and I feel that there is a bond between myself and that country which I would by all in my power keep unsevered. If more people had opportunities of visiting other countries and meeting their peoples, as we did, I am sure the problem of international friendship would solve itself.

B. H. EDWICK.

The Tramp

His battered hat all set askew,
His rounded back bent 'neath his heavy load,
His face unshaven, but with eyes afire,
Onward he takes his never-ending road.

He has wandered many a mile
Through town and village, by high hill,
Along sweet lane and over stile,
Past many a farm and many a mill.

By night he sets a snare or two
To catch some rabbit unaware;
Then by his fire, dim glowing in some copse,
Wearily he enjoys his meagre fare.

Then will he sit and think awhile
Until his fire no longer glows,
Then will he sleep a restful sleep,
Then with the dawn on his way he goes.

R. G. R. RATTRAY (IIA).

Tired

I'm tired of all this talk of United Nations,
I'm tired of this everlasting bickering;
Why do these men at great meetings
Always seem to act like little boys?
They never agree on the slightest thing;
In fact, they hardly agree on anything;
They snarl, they vote, veto and bicker,
But do they get anywhere? They don't.

Oh, I'm tired of all this talk of United Nations,
United in war, but never in peace.
This went on full twenty years ago.
But did they get anywhere? Nobody seems to know.
Unless somebody does something soon
We'll do as they did a score years ago.

J. WHITEMAN (IVB).

Lament

(On being warned that henceforward it is forbidden to take food for pets from the pigtub.)

No more spog
For my dog.
Nevermore
Will I bore
With a fork
Into pork,
Spud or green
That has been
Thrown in bath.
Others laugh
That Hurc and Lew
(And Masters too)
Into stew
Cannot dig.
A disgrace
That my dog
Should give place
To a hog.
On this earth
Things of worth
Are in dearth.

R. G. H. AND W. N. L. (VI).

Three Little Mice

Three little mice one very dark night
Started to quarrel and then to fight.
The biggest of all had a large lump of cheese,
Intending to eat it all, if you please!

Just then in came a very big cat,
Who, hearing the noise, had suspected a rat,
Then, seeing the mice quarrelling over the cheese,
Dashed in, and the lump for herself did seize.

So the three little mice who had run away scared
Did not have any cheese because they hadn't shared.
And all of them vowed, if they had any more,
They would all of them share and not want any more.

A. WRIGGLESWORTH (IA).

A Changing Day

The mighty sun rose up out of the East,
And night's dull, dreary shadows swiftly ceased.
The river bed was filled with struggling light,
And where the recent darkness of the night
Had been, there was a blaze of spotless blue.
Indeed, of such bright mornings there are few.

But soon, the great lightgiver of the sky
Covered with clouds his huge celestial eye,
And then, as though he wept in loud distress,
The rain poured down, as if the world to dress
In robes of shivering, slippery dreariness.

D. J. HATLEY (IIIB).

Drivers

(With apologies to Mr. Masefield.)

Oldest of old crocks, rattling and creaking,
Everyone stares as it trundles by
With a driver aged ninety,
With top hat and walrus,
Wing collar, tail coat and spotted bow tie.

Sleek and silent Buick with automatic gear change,
Swiftly, smoothly, overtaking every other car,
Its corpulent driver,
With diamond ring and tiepin,
Adorning his features with a large cigar.

Dirty little Morris with badly dented mudguard,
Its water cap wedged on with an oily rag,
Its driver a foreman,
In working clothes and trilby,
Smoking a pipeful of strong-smelling shag.

K. JOHNSON (VX).

Forlorn Day

As the golden king rose at the break of dawn,
And all was covered with a diamond dew,
The blue sky showed that a day was born
And the mountains glowed with a purple hue.

The brook shone silver with the sun's first light,
And all the ground was cloaked in green.
The starry orbs were put to flight,
And all was beauty to be seen.

But now, the sky is growing dark,
The golden sun is hid from sight,
The mountains stand out cold and stark,
And thrush and blackbird take to flight.

Then suddenly, the rain comes down,
Teaming, pouring, leaping.
The world looked up with troubled frown
To see the sky was weeping.

G. E. HATLEY (IIIB).

Beachcombers of Battersea

Even as the light of winter's day broke through
The storm-swept, straggled clouds, revealing tall
St. Mary's Parish Church, by bleak Thamesside,
Where only yesterday, young voices rang
In seasoned praise of Good King Wenceslas;
There laboured there, a band of searching men,
Probing the muddied foreshore by Swan Dock.
The ebbing tide had left upon the shore
Much waste and rubbish from the river's wharves,
And these old beachcombers silently toiled,
Dragging soaking timbers close to the walls
To stand on end, the better so to dry.
They toiled in silence, these old pensioned men.
No time to stay and gossip yet awhile;
The stoutest timbers were the greatest prize,
And knotted hand and thickened joints worked on.
Silent greybeard, does wretched poverty
Make you envious of that shattered plank
Your neighbour hauls with lagging steps to where
His rude constructed handcart, empty, waits?
Why must you garner slimy wood for fuel?
Does not your niggard pittance coal allow?
The wind that cast their bounty on the shore
Now snatches grimy caps in mirthess jest,
To tousle yet still more the greying locks,
And rudely buffets faces, lined and grim.
But soon, the loaded barrows trundle home,
Where axe and saw are plied with good effect.
And now I see them in imagination
Holding their trembling hands before the fire,
That for an hour, with sunset warmth and glow,
Colours their faces fixed in serious thought.

B. CLAPTON (IVB).

Moonlight

It shines upon the earthly kingdom,
Dim and mysterious and yet splendid,
Majestical, as if sent by a Superhuman Being,
Who, seated far above the earth, brightens
The darkness and fills the human hearts
With yearning and melancholy.

Those bleak, fire-edged little clouds
That occasionally ruffle its bright fiery face,
Are like venomous armies sent by thirsting demons
Which the Great One casts aside vanquished.

M. GRAZYNSKI (IVB).

Old Wandsworthians Association

Well, it's been quite a year. Seldom, if ever, have these notes at the end of "The Link" been called upon to record quite so much progress. 1947 will go down in Old Wandsworthian history as the year that saw the birth of the Memorial Fund. To possess, one day, its own sports ground and club premises has been the cherished hope of every member of the Association, and now at last a beginning has been made. But only a beginning. A lot of money is needed before the commemoration plaque can be erected in the School Hall, and a lot more before the more ambitious object of the Appeal can be attained. It is up to all of us to ensure final success. We owe it to those whose memory we shall perpetuate.

For the success so far achieved, our thanks must be given to the Memorial Committee, whose devoted efforts have given the Appeal its encouraging impetus. Under the experienced chairmanship of Mr. King and with representatives from the Governors, the Staff and School itself, the Parents Association, the O.W.'s and Wandsworthians Lodge, the Committee began work in the Spring, and in June the Appeal was launched. One practical and simple way in which all Old Boys can help is to support to the utmost the various functions organised by the Association, the proceeds of which will go to swell the Fund.

An enlarged membership is obviously also of prime importance. This year has seen a marked improvement, and club nights are rapidly becoming the cheerful affairs they should, and used, to be.

There is plenty of room in the School Hall, and if you don't play table tennis or billiards there is always darts or somebody to talk to. It is gratifying to see so many new faces on Wednesdays, but we could do with a lot more.

The Annual General Meeting in July saw the appointment of a new Committee and some slight alterations in the Rules and was generally remarkable for a feeling of liveliness and enthusiasm that augurs well for the future. Back in 1945 when the first steps to post-war recovery were taken, the road seemed long and stony, but a lot of ground has been covered, and the rest of it seems decidedly smoother.

In case I should be accused of undue optimism, I'd like to refer critics to the Rugger Club. Last season, the weather, the shortage of playing members and other difficulties cast a blight on the Club's activities. Who could have foreseen the transformation that was to take place this year? Two full sides, almost a third, and members clamouring for a game. In addition a playing record to be proud of. Up to the time of writing the 1st team had played seven games, of which they had won six, and the "A" team had played seven games, of which they had won three, lost three and drawn one. The Rugger Club

are indeed fortunate in having as Secretary S/Ldr. Sweeting, to whose untiring efforts this success is mainly due. We must not, however, rest on our laurels. It is the ambition of all members of the Rugby section to see three sides playing each Saturday, and there are, in fact, several games fixed in the New Year for a "B" team. Playing members are still wanted and are invited to contact S/Ldr. Sweeting at 25, Clonmore Street, Southfields, S.W.18., Telephone Put. 6275.

The social side of the Association can also look back in 1947 with pride. The Annual Summer Fete and Dance, in conjunction with the School and Parents Association, was held in July, and a useful sum raised for the Memorial Fund. On October 14th the first dance of the winter season was held at the Bull Hotel, East Sheen, and while not an overwhelming financial success was certainly a social one. Another at the same place has been fixed for February 10th.

In conjunction with the Parents Association, a combined Whist Drive and Dance was held at the School on November 29th. The Association can do only so much to make these functions a success, the rest is up to you. You must come if you possibly can, and not alone either.

The Annual Dinner was held on December 14th, but these notes went to press before then.

Finally, it cannot be overstressed that active members and still more active members are the Association's paramount need. All that is required is five shillings to the treasurer. It is incumbent on all those Old Boys not yet back in the fold to stir themselves and to do something to ally themselves with the progress that is being made.

Stan Fairey (yes, still our genial secretary) invites you to get in touch with him at 5, Hillcrest Avenue, Edgware (telephone, Edgware 4803).

Merry Christmas!

DONALD GRANT.

The Wandsworthians Lodge, No. 5365

The installation of the fifteenth Master of the Lodge, Mr. Stanley H. Fairey (secretary of the Old Wandsworthians Association), on October 3rd, 1947, was an occasion for great rejoicing among our members. We are looking forward to the busiest year of the Lodge's history and to further expansion. It has now been decided to hold an extra meeting each July. At present the actual date is uncertain, but probably it will be July 13th.

O.Ws. who are members of other Lodges should note that it is hoped that soon there will be "The Wandsworthians Chapter."

The Ladies' Night will be held at Ardington Rooms on Saturday, April 17th, 1948, and, though the number invited to dine will have to be limited, we hope to welcome a large number of O.Ws. and friends to the Social and Dance to follow.

The Lodge is due to meet at Ardington Rooms on the following Fridays in 1948, viz., February 6th, May 7th, October 1st (Installation) and December 3rd. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the Wandsworthians Lodge, c/o Wandsworth School, Sutherland Grove, S.W.18.

The Link

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