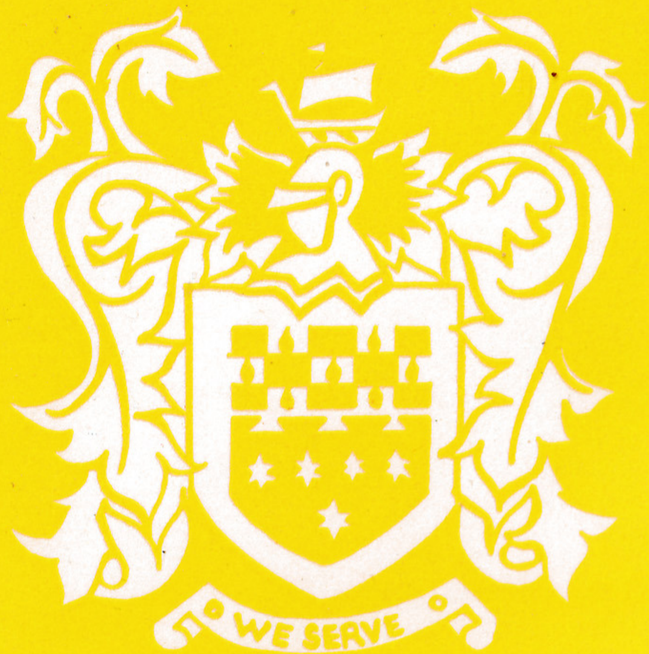
Mar 64



THE LINK

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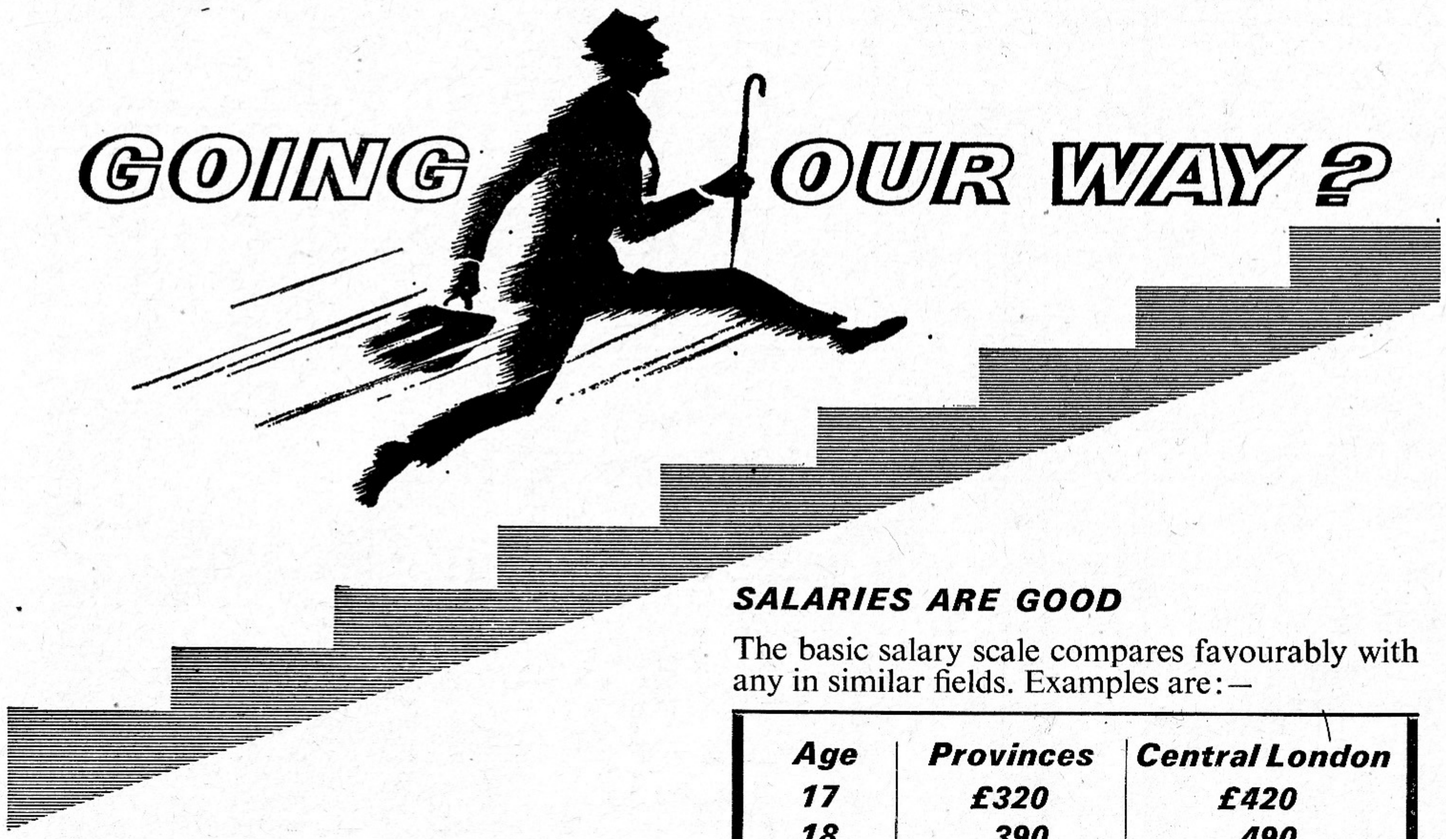
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CLOSING DATE FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SUMMER ISSUE: **FRIDAY, 29th MAY, 1964.**

Please hand in your contributions by that date—before if possible.

Please write on **alternate lines,** leave a **margin,** write on **one side** of the paper only, and put at the end the **exact number of words** used.

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How you can join

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Administrative officers start at £655 a year at 21 and rise by annual increments to £1,295 a year with promotion on merit to posts carrying salaries of £1,555, £1,760, £2,120, £2,350 and more. Clerical officers start at £485 a year at 16 to 18, £525 at 19, £560 at 20, £595 at 21 and rise annually to £885. (Those under 21 who have A levels generally get more when they start.) Clerical officers can be promoted without examination to be executive officers (maximum salary £1,035), and can also qualify by examination after 21 for the administrative staff. All these salaries are under review and may be increased.

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For full particulars write to the Clerk of the Council (A2/N), The County Hall, London, S.E.1.

Make your first job a good job with the L.C.C.

THE LINK

VOL. L, No. 2 March, 1964 WANDSWORTH SCHOOL

HEADMASTER'S LETTER



In the previous issue of *The Link* the editor referred to the growing collaboration with our sister school Mayfield and I must pay my tribute to two aspects of this which took place during the Autumn Term.

The combined efforts of the two schools provided that extremely interesting and courageous production of "The Kitchen" by Arnold Wesker. The whole production showed considerable histrionic merit but, to me, the great triumph was the smooth way in which the large cast built up the atmosphere and carried out the complicated movements with the minimum of fuss and maximum of effect. Undoubtedly the main credit for this must go to the producers, Messrs. Mansfield and Newson, but much praise is also due to the actors who created the image of life in the kitchen of a West End restaurant. I look forward to many similar successes in the future.

The Sixth Form Dancing Club has proved equally exciting. Despite certain initial doubts this is now a flourishing concern and I know all the members are looking forward to their first dance which takes place on a most suitable date—29 February!

The first broadcast by the School Choir on 29 December was enjoyed by all. It was a great honour to be chosen by the B.B.C. to open the new series of programmes "Where they Sing" and we knew that the choir, under the inspired leadership of Mr. Russell Burgess, would set a high standard. We have received many well deserved tributes on the performance. I feel sure it will not be long before, once again, Wandsworth is "on the air."

Since I came to the school last September I have had pleasant contact with old boys of the school and in particular with the Old Boys' Association. Just recently I attended their Annual Dinner, and I had the pleasure of meeting some who spent their school days in the "tin sheds" in Wandsworth High Street, others who were in the original building in Sutherland Grove but, unfortunately, only a very few who have been in the school since the new buildings were added. I do feel this is a great pity and I hope many of the boys who have been at the school since 1956, together with those who are leaving this year, will join the Old Wandsworthians Association. I can assure you, from personal experience, that you will get the warmest of welcomes and I know that the many clubs they organise have something for you. Have you been to the Club House and Ground at Claygate? If not, you have missed something—why not go and see for yourselves? You can obtain all the information you require about the Association from Mr. Aubrey, and you will meet many who, like you, have a great affection for their old school.

Finally, may I wish every success to all boys who will be taking their many examinations this year. Concentrated effort now will ensure a successful result in the future.

A. E. HOWARD.

ON RECORD

It is difficult to believe that the name Ascher will no longer appear on staff lists after this term. Mr. Maurice Ascher leaves us this March and brings to an end (as he himself puts it) " 52 years of combined Ascher service and servitude at Wandsworth." His famous father, Mr. Joe Ascher, taught here from 1918 to 1956, and the voice of his fury still echoes round the building. Maurice joined us as an evacuee pupil from 1939 to 1944, returned to teach in the Normative Department from 1957, and persuaded his wife, Mary, to help us out also, as a part-time teacher for two years. His department and its achievements are the envy of visitors from all other schools and from all over the world. Although trained mainly as an art teacher, at Goldsmith's, Mr. Ascher's earlier teaching experience, the supplementary course he took at the Institute of Education, the articles and lectures he has compiled, and above all his experience in organising his department here, have combined to fit him perfectly for a pioneer post as a Senior Lecturer in Education at Avery Hill Training College, Eltham. He leaves us with a tangible memento in the form of the beautiful art book that he has presented to the Library, and for this we are very grateful, but he would in any case be remembered with sincere affection by all who worked with him, and by all for whom he laboured.

This has indeed been an outstanding year for honours for our old pupils. Last term Mr. L. K. O'Brien was elected Deputy Governor of the Bank of England; this term Dr. Patrick Whitfield becomes our first Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons; at Cambridge, Daniel Nathanson and Anthony Berry have earned half-blues for fencing; and another old boy, Dr. Robert Williamson, B.Sc., M.Sc., Ph.D.(London), has recently been elected to a special research fellowship at Glasgow University.

We welcome the following new members of staff who have joined us this term: Mr. R. Chapman (Physics), Mr. I. M. Jones (English), Mr. T. Downey (Mathematics), Mr. J. K. Plunkett (Metalwork), and Mrs. M. Stevenson (French).

We also have to congratulate Mr. W. F. Atkin on his appointment as Head of Technical Studies, Mr. R. J. Garwood on becoming Head of Science, and Mr. S. Smith, who is now Head of Building Studies.

The school has continued to make its impact on radio and television. Mr. Raymond King had the Home Service to himself for fifteen minutes on Thursday, 20th February, and in his talk, " Going Comprehensive," he told the story of Wandsworth's development from a grammar to a comprehensive school. The *Radio Times* that week gave prominence to Mr. King and his achievement in a column headed " Vindication of a Principle." The Choir's contribution to the B.B.C. Home Service series, " Where They Sing," had also included a sketch of the school in short interviews with Mr. Howard, Mr. Russell Burgess, Michael Stoneham and Gerald Williamson, as well as the magnificent singing from Full Choir and Semi-chorus. Then Mr. Howard has also appeared three times recently on independent television, twice in the Sunday morning series " Learning to Live," in which he championed comprehensive schools, and once on the teaching of religion in schools in the series " Religion and Life." Finally, Three Sigma have also seen their own excellent work on the screen as a contribution to the schools series, " Television Club."

The Choir, now in concentrated and tireless rehearsal for their Easter Concert on March 25th, had an extremely busy Autumn Term. Not only did they make indispensable contributions to our own Speech Day programme and to the Reception at County Hall on December 9th, but they managed to rehearse simultaneously the Christmas music for the two evenings of the Carol Concert, on 13th and 14th December, and the secular pieces for the B.B.C. recording session the following Monday. The Christmas Concert was as enjoyable as always, and this year included Benjamin Britten's Ceremony of Carols and Bach's Cantata No. 106. Some two hundred voices, trained to Mr. Burgess's exactingly high standards, contributed to a moving evening's entertainment, and we remember particularly this year the increased strength and virtuosity of the Orchestra, led by Ian Cobb.

The School's successful production of *The Kitchen* is fully reported on pages 25-6. The cast rounded the experience off, this term, with an enjoyable supper (for which Miss Martin provided excellent fare at school) and a visit to *At the Drop of Another Hat* at the Haymarket Theatre. But by then many of the cast were already making plans for the Eisteddfod House Plays later this term, or for the inter-sixth drama festival planned for the end of the summer term. That term will also see our Second Year Drama Festival at school and our first attempt to use the Quadrangle as an open-air theatre for a full-scale production, when Mr. L. L. Clamp produces *A Midsummer Night's Dream* with a cast composed mainly of fourth and first formers. Provisional dates for this are Friday and Saturday, June 5th and 6th.

One other very successful function at Christmas was the Staff Party at the end of term, for which the Staff Social Committee transformed the Main Hall into a place of soft lights, sweet music and warm fellowship, and provided a pleasant and varied evening's entertainment. A vital ingredient in the success was the sumptuous buffet laid out by Miss Martin and her helpers. The Parents' Social Committee had had their successful party two weeks earlier. The Parents' Christmas Draw was also again a successful venture, raising some £500.

Last term the school provided a wide, representative range of material from senior boys for the Campaign for Education Exhibition in London. The Organizer of the Campaign has written:

> " I do want to say on behalf of the Campaign Council how greatly we appreciate the help that you and your colleagues gave us in preparing for the Exhibition. It was invaluable to have such an excellent display of material to show, and you will be pleased to know that it prompted many favourable comments from visitors, not least among them the Prime Minister, the Minister of Education and Mr. Wilson."

The school offers particular congratulations to the following on their various achievements:

To Paul Larkin, on being chosen for a W. H. Rhodes Trust travel scholarship to Canada in 1964.

To our fencers on gaining the Fuller Cup (for the highest number of points scored in the London Schoolboys' Fencing Championships) for the third time since its first presentation in 1959.

To Ian Storer, Erno Muller and Paul Larkin on being awarded Surrey County caps for Rugby. Muller and Larkin have also gone on to the London Schools Team, and Muller has now reached the last round for a place in the Under 19 England team.

To William Sams and John Woodrow for being placed second in the Under 14 and Over 14 Sections respectively, of the Wandsworth Borough Libraries Poetry Competition, for which there were over 800 entries. Their poems appear on page 15.

To Richard Colman, upon winning the London Schools Badminton Championship, both singles and doubles.

* * *

Alterations, renovations and innovations are in the air at the moment. The ground-floor cloak-room in the main class-room block is in process of conversion, part of it to a second tuck-shop. It is hoped that the provision of separate tuck-shops for the Lower and Main Schools may prove an amenity to the boys and reduce the pressure, the litter and the potential indiscipline associated with the present arrangement. Some members of staff have doubts about the increased damage to boys' teeth, and we should perhaps consider Elliott School's example in this matter, and provide fruit as well as sweets, biscuits and soft drinks. Three floors up, in the upper and lower sixth prefects' rooms, the do-it-yourself redecoration should also be complete by the end of term. The good work that has already been done deserves high praise and encouragement. It was a particularly short-sighted architectural blunder that such inadequate and uncomfortable provision was made, in these splendid new buildings, for the social needs of a growing sixth form.

We are looking forward, too, to a replanning of the school's overall social and academic organization. Exciting changes are coming and it is surprising to find them received with so little show of emotion. The reorganization of the Houses from four into six will mean smaller, more meaningful units that can meet more comfortably (lower and main school boys together) and more often. The tutor-set of course remains the basis, but the sets will once again incorporate lower school boys, as " associate members " who will be in regular contact with their future set masters, at the same time as being organized and taught mainly in forms. The two new Houses are, most fittingly, to be named after Mr. King and Dr. Waite, our two distinguished former headmasters. At the same time the main school is replacing its academic organization, which was in forms each with a particular bias, in favour of broad " courses," beginning in the fourth rather than the third year. There should be even greater flexibility and more varied opportunity for most pupils under this new pattern. There will also, we may add, be a considerable headache for Mr. Pearcy in working out an entirely new kind of timetable.

It is always a pleasure to hear from our contemporaries, and we have recently been displaying all school magazines received in the school library. It was a particular delight to read the following piece about Mr. Roy Waters in the *Spencer Park Annual Review*:

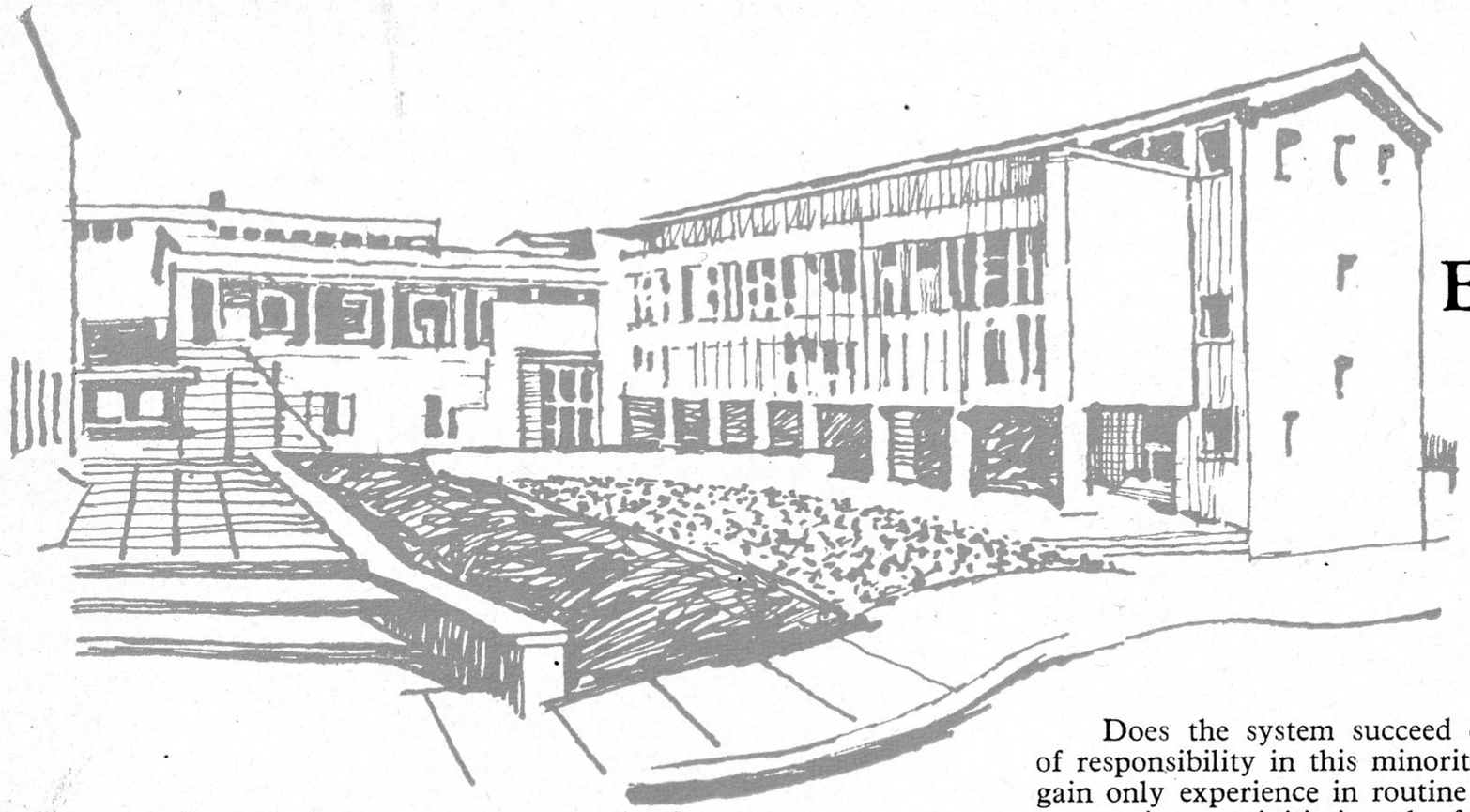
> " Some of us received the news of his imminent translation from Wandsworth School with grave suspicions—suspicions which have been amply confirmed. 'What I mean, like, he's modern, know what I mean. I mean whatever else you say about him he's dead modern', is the general view of the groundlings . . . He's only been here a term and already you can hardly see for the dust raised by his iconoclastic chippings at the feet of some of our most graven images."

And, after all, while Spencer Park becomes more like Wandsworth, Wandsworth's reorganization *does* have certain similarities to Forest Hill, so we know how they feel . . .

CITATIONS CONTEMPORAINES, No. 1

Un Français parle sans penser;
Un Anglais pense sans parler.

— IAN DONNO.



EDITORIAL

At a time of change and reorganization, it is perhaps appropriate to question the usefulness of all our grammar school traditions, and particularly our archaic prefectorial system.

That certain senior boys should participate in the running of the school served an important function in many older grammar and public schools. It provided a training in leadership for the older boys, and an incentive to the younger to become responsible custodians of the school's discipline and traditions. Virtually all the younger pupils could look forward to a time when they would become eligible for this office.

But, whatever Wandsworth School may have been, it is not now a small grammar school, and modern rethinking of pupil participation in responsibility is called for. As a comprehensive school, we hope to give each boy an opportunity to become a socially useful adult with a fully developed personality, and not someone who passively accepts others' standards. Does our present prefectorial system further these ends? In spite of the very large numbers who stay on beyond the school leaving age, the majority know they will never have the opportunity to become prefects, while a small minority know they will automatically reach that office by staying into the academic upper sixth.

Does the system succeed even in fostering leadership or a sense of responsibility in this minority? We would contend that the prefects gain only experience in routine police work, continually being required to exercise, not initiative, the foundation of responsibility, but authoritarian control, which is good neither for the disciplinarian nor for those disciplined.

We need some alternative system in which *all* boys could fully participate: this would help induce self-discipline and thereby have more chance of success. Any such solution is rendered more difficult by the large numbers we have on so small a site, but even so the possibilities of a responsible school council and the election of prefects seem worth consideration. Any solution would require careful thought and organization, but for this we should be prepared if the school is to do more than push boys through examinations.

Certainly we cannot continue to call ourselves a community when discipline is imposed entirely from above, and no co-operation other than obedience is required from below.

CHRISTOPHER CHEEK.

Acknowledgements :

All the photographs in this issue, except that of the Headmaster, are the work of A. J. Hart and R. J. Shipp. The hand on page 13 was drawn for us by A. Christou.

RAIN

Then it came, twisting in the wind,
Rain, lashing, clubbing my bag,
Drenching my hat, the dye trickling
In streams into my mouth,
Wrinkling, torturing, freezing on the road,
Lashing, splattering, cascading and dropping,
In effervescent globules down my neck.
When suddenly after three hours,
It stopped. I could see that, but I still
Heard it silently tapping, tap, tap, tap,
And then suddenly silence.
Just silence.

RICHARD POTTER, 5Al, Gi/j.





AUTUMN

Leafless trees
Like statues standing
Against the bare bleak sky,
Aerials like frozen pin men
Silhouetted
Before that cold clammy blanket of fog.
The sun
Shining weakly through the shimmering
mist:
This is the autumn,
Bringing with it the leaves
Dipped in the rainbow
Swirling crazily downwards
Towards the ground
Their sleeping place,
Until
The bonfires will consume them
In their angry tongues of fire.

KEITH KEMP, 3Al, Cj.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

With a school two thousand strong, don't you think it about time we discovered a way to double the school funds? There are many ways of doing so, supposing that we start with a kitty of one penny from every boy: £8 6s. 8d.

A permutation on the pools or fixed odds would give us a chance of winning big dividends. For instance, any three selections from twelve, which would cost £2 15s. 0d., would give us a chance of winning £165 at 60—1 for every treble. We would soon have enough money to cover, heat and enlarge our swimming pool, and this could be just a start.

If you read the "Daily Mail," you will have seen on the horse racing page the system called "Roll Up." This is a plan for one person to pick a horse for eighteen days; the horse must have an even chance of winning the race. He puts £1 on it, and places all his returns on the next one. If it came up eighteen times we would receive £137,216, enough to rebuild Wandsworth School!

Of course, all these systems do need a *bit* of luck. But there must be other ways we could increase the petty cash, such as shares or premium bonds. And 1d. per boy would not mean anyone going without food or clothes. Maybe we could incorporate an incentive for boys: a concession for every £100 won.

These systems could also be applied to house or set collections. The £500 we gave to the Freedom from Hunger Campaign was a lot, and was cordially welcomed; but £5,000 would be cordially welcomed ten times more. We know we have one of the finest school choirs in the country, and voices cost nothing, but we might be able to get one of the Merseyside Beat Groups for our Christmas Concert. The worry then would not be trying to sell the tickets, but finding enough to go round!

And if our system or systems did not prove successful, we could always collect another £8 6s. 8d. and try again another week.

Yours faithfully,

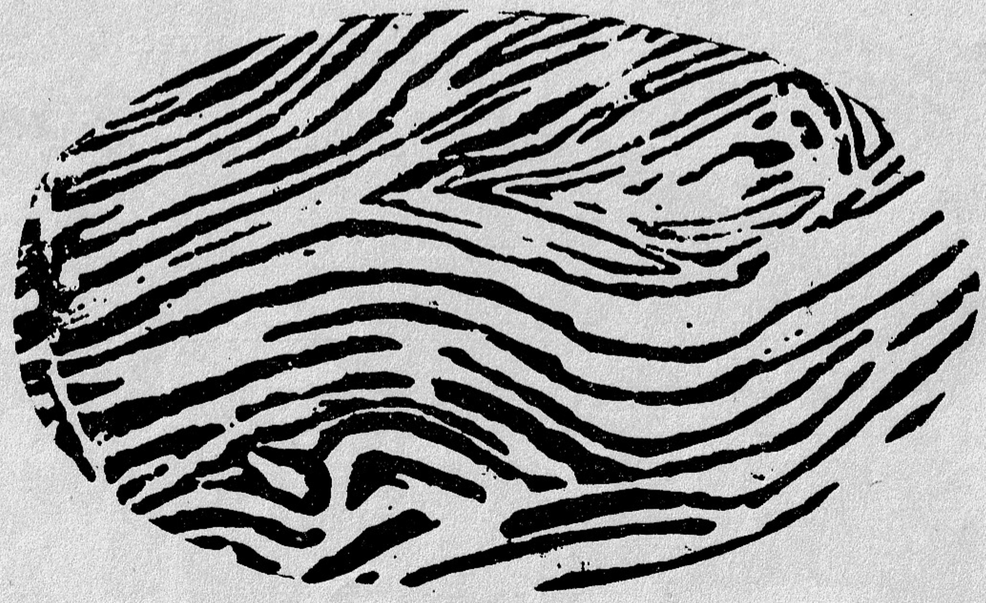
James Harris,

(4Nu, Me)

ACCIDENT

I walk, I feel full of abundant joy.
The brakes start shrieking in a midst of
human cries.
The bent body falls to the ground.
I turn to see wide smears of grimy oil
Lightened by blood.
Oceans of people gather.
I shrink in my boots, trembling.
But why?
I was not in it.
Skid marks, like tram lines, scar the road.
That's all that remains.

DAVID BISHOP, 4Rh, Mj.



THE PANTHER

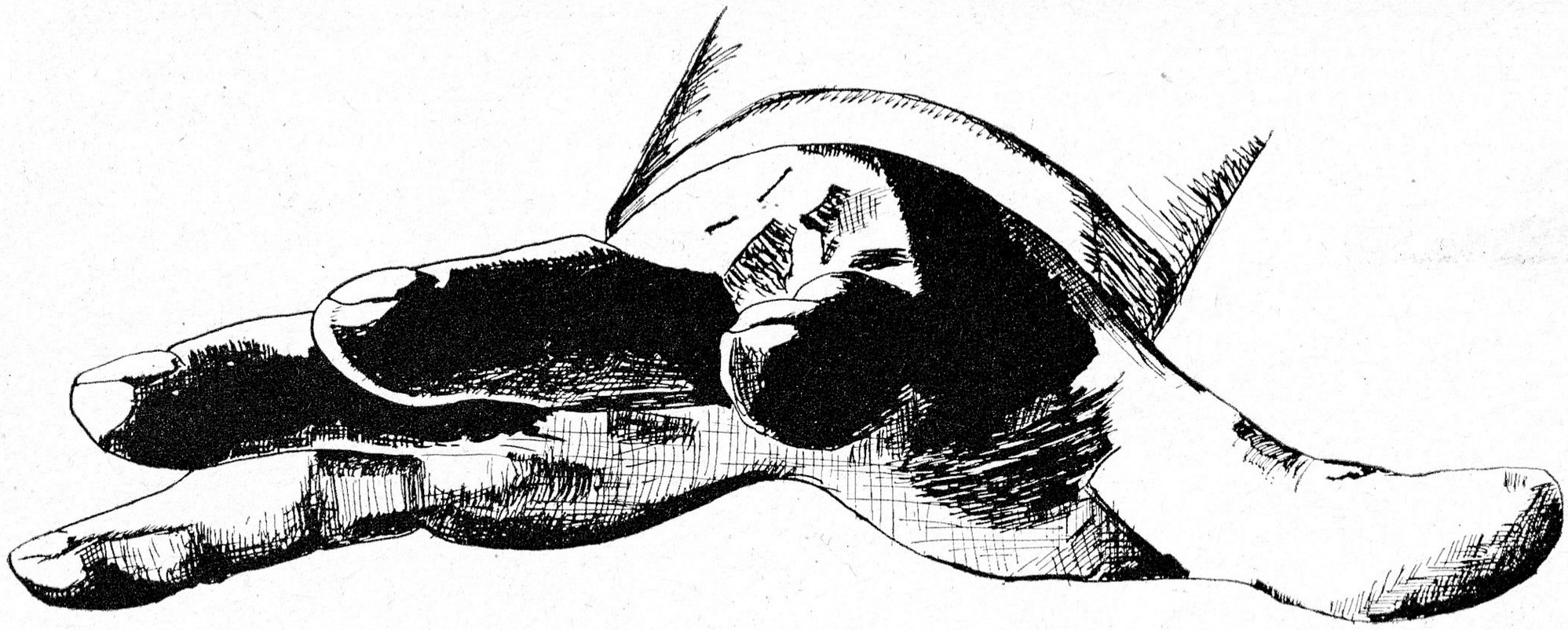
With eyes like knives
And a nose like a leathery patch,
It slyly waits for its running prey
From trees above.

I watched.

And with a leap as quick as light
The claws stretched forward to kill.
The bloody jaws bit into the flesh with the want
to kill.
The torn up heap was dragged into the trees
And he ate his fill,
To leave the remains to the gluttons of the world.

DARRYL THOMSON, 4Io, Ch.





FEAR

The ticking of the clock, the squeaking of the door,
The hand, then the darkness with no end.
The patter of footsteps behind you, then
The thumping in your heart.

The quickening of the pace, the stumble,
The hand around your neck.
Then the fingers tightening around your throat;
Then the waking up.

STEPHEN STEINER, 4Io, Mf.

THE SHADOW

Silently!
It moved, darted behind the dark wall;
It leaped, coming towards me!
Closer, closer.
I stood against a wall;
I could not see its face;
My breath thinned:
It was almost upon me!
I hid my eyes, I couldn't look at it,
It touched me!
My fingers parted, trembling all the time . . .
Yes, it had gone:
I turned and saw a boy with his shadow
Retreating ahead of me.

ROBERT TURNER, 2Ga.

"THE BIGGEST FAMILY IN THE WORLD"

Our form had been learning about Dr. Barnardo and the forming of his Homes in our R.I. lessons when someone suggested that it would be nice to visit a modern Home. Our R.I. master, Mr. Blyth, made some arrangements and on Wednesday, 4th December, we set out for the "Village Home," Barkingside, Ilford. The journey was taken by tube and lasted about an hour and a half. When we arrived at Barking Station we had a short walk to the Home.

We were met at the entrance by one of the staff, and he and another gentleman acted as guides. First of all we were taken to the youth club where, in the refreshment room, we ate our packed lunches and bought some soft drinks which were greatly enjoyed. The walls were decorated with sleeves of modern records and a record-player stood in the corner. From there we visited the games room which consisted of three table-tennis tables, one snooker table and a darts board. Around the room were cups and medals awarded to the Home.

We were then taken to the Outfitters where the boys and girls are fitted with the clothes they need during their stay. The standard boy's outfit is socks, underclothes, shirt, two suits (for school and leisure), two ties, pullover and a pair of swimming trunks. Unfortunately the Home cannot afford extras such as jeans.

The party of nearly 30 of us then split up into two groups. Each visited the same places but in a different order. We were shown inside the large church in which there were pews reserved for each cottage or "family." Certain boys learnt to be bell-ringers. The Vicar had himself been brought up in the home.

Then we visited one of the 64 cottages in the village, each of which holds 9 - 12 children. Each "family" is looked after either by a man and his wife or by a single lady. There were the usual rooms, and inside the lounge was a television set and several pets.

Next we visited one of the babies' homes (for children under 3). It was an ordinary house, though specially adapted for young children, with doors at the bottom of the stairs and tiny beds, bath and wash-basins.

After that we were taken all over the grounds, passing the playing-fields, swimming pool, schools and hospital. Our visit ended at a memorial to Dr. Barnardo who is buried at that spot.

Before leaving we were given a drink which rounded off an interesting visit.

GERALD CURRAN, 3Et, Mb.
PHILIP ROSIE, 3Et, Ma.

Postscript:

A collection in the main school yielded £5 10s. 0d. for the Home.



Photo. block by courtesy of Wandsworth Boro' News.

QUARREL IN "THE KITCHEN"

PROUD TO BE ON T.V.

It was on 27th January that we saw our paintings and models on television. The producer of *Television Club,* Mr. Ronald Smedley, asked us if we would do some pictures for the second programme of the series. Mr. Smedley has come to see us many times to talk about space and astronomy and the programmes we have seen.

Our paintings were all about the Brent family. Mr. Brent and his son Colin were decorating the living room. Mrs. Brent and Shirley made some curtains and scatter cushions.

We are getting a certificate with a red star on it from the B.B.C. It is to show that our work was on television.

The announcer said that all the things came from Wandsworth School. We all felt very proud of our work; when it came on the screen we all cheered.

3 SIGMA.

ACCIDENT

This poem won second place in the Over 14 Section of the Wandsworth Borough Libraries Poetry Competition, in November, 1963.

The luminous dials on the dashboard
The green skinned occupants,
Seated,
The needle fighting again the " 100,"
Winning,
Amber light stabs the darkness,
Then red,
Stop,
Leg muscles tensed,
Then relaxed,
The driver looks up,
His amber face reflects impatience,
Green.
A swift, silent leap forward,
Suddenly a clap of thunder,
Rain,
The rubber arms sweep back and forth,
Like metronomes,
A figure appears in the road
ahead,
Running,
It stops and turns,
The car thunders across the wet surface,
An elephant,
Charging,
A dull thud,
A handbag hits the road,
The car swerves and slides,
Off the road.



The car shudders as it hits the wall,
Glass,
Shattered,
Steel,
Buckled,
From the doors a steady drip,
of blood.

JOHN WOODROW, 5Nu, Ce.

AN OLD WOMAN

This poem won second place in the Under 14 Section of the Wandsworth Borough Libraries Poetry Competition, in November, 1963.

I was abruptly walking down the road:
A bunch of people,
What?
An accident?
A lightly coloured van was in the
biscuit coloured wall.
A woman! Old!
Lying in the black tar road.
On the cherry red bumper
Was the woman's hat,
With a pin in it
No longer than a pencil,
No thicker than the lead of a pencil.
I halted,
Then I turned,
Not bothering to look again,
And walked off,
Feeling sick!
Because there was a small pool of
red, fleshy blood,
in the road.

WILLIAM SAMS, 2Io.





DARKNESS

Slowly the fingers of darkness
Crawl over the grey sky,
And push the fading sun
Over the sky;
And under the horizon,
As if a dead body
Were being lowered,
Down, down:
Into a dull black grave.

DAVID HUMPHRIES, 3Al, Md.

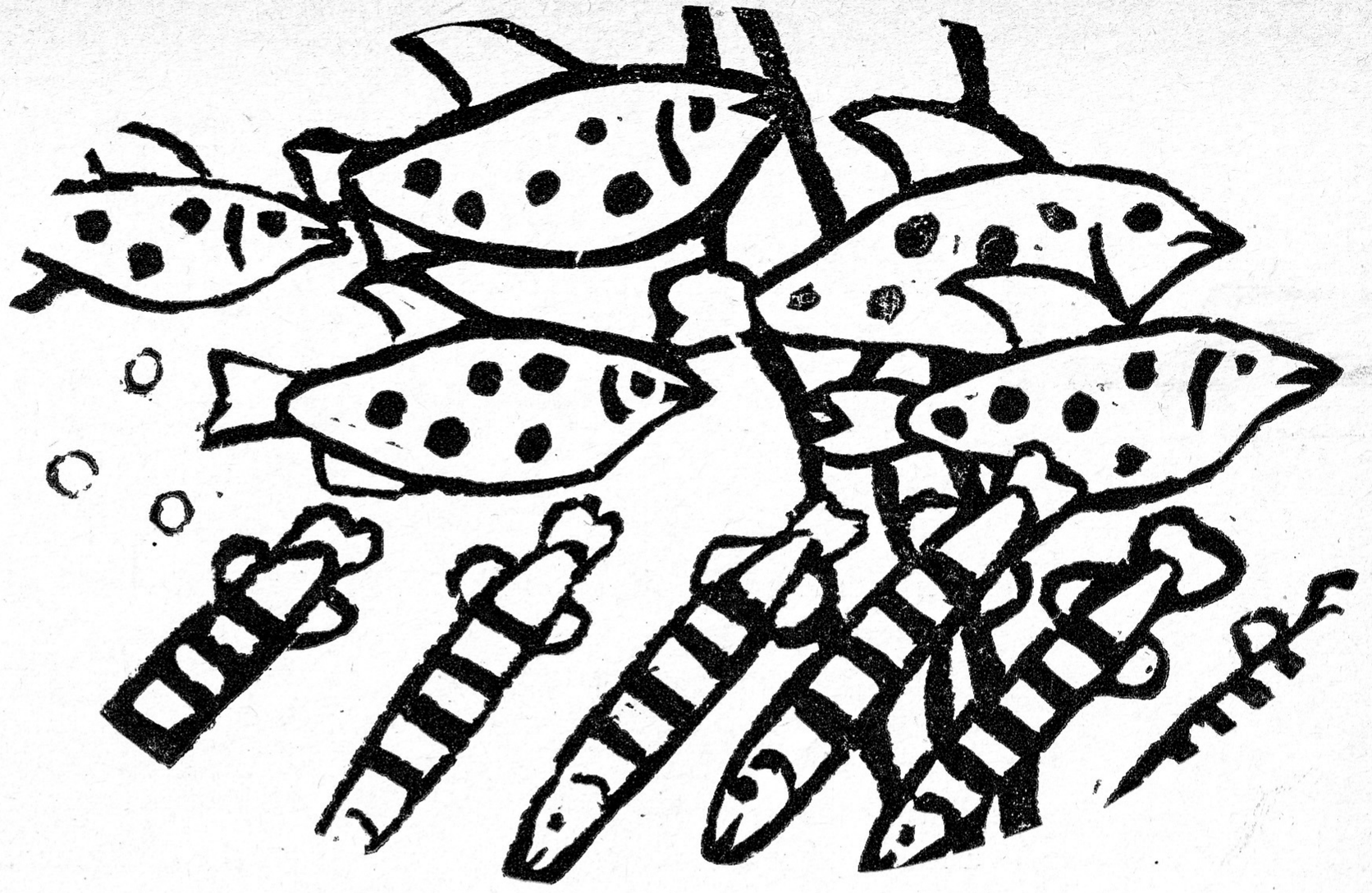
HAPPINESS

I love to go fishing
  Where still waters run deep,
And catch little fishes
  That look up and peep;

Then pedal home gaily
  With them in a jar,
As if I had caught
  The moon and a star!

PETER RADFORD, 2Al.





THE ANGLER

On Sunday I will take a ride
  And go to Hampton Court,
And wait there by the riverside
  For fish of every sort.
All day I may not catch a thing
  But I will keep on trying;
The little ones I throw back in —
  They are too small for frying.
Down there I see a snoozing pike —
  I'll catch him with my spinner!
If only I could make him bite,
  I'd take him home for dinner!

DOUGLAS BALFOUR, 2Al.

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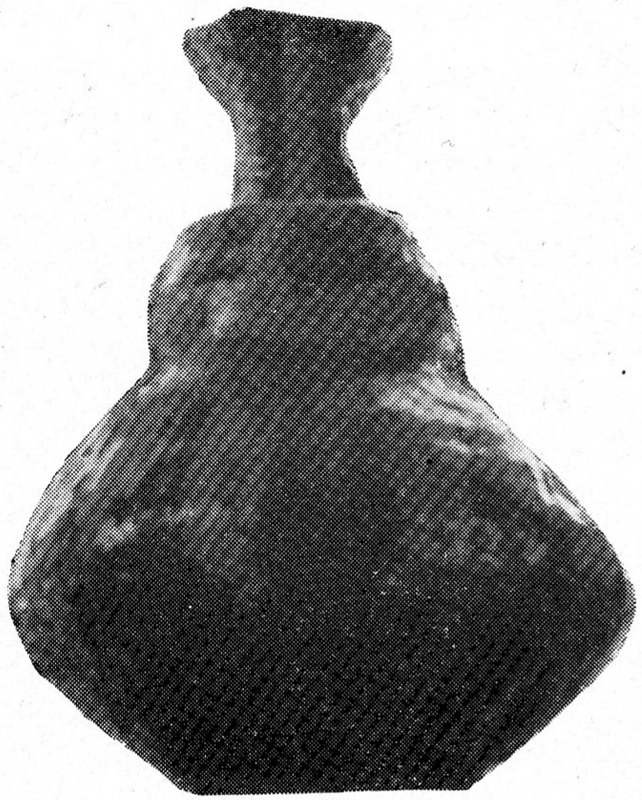
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PYGMY BURIAL GROUND

The sun's long tentacles reached
Into the cave, lighting everything.
In one corner was a brown
Earthenware pot, resting on the
Crimson rock floor.

Their skins were black, with
Bright red and yellow beads
Hanging at every joint.
Upon the wall were coloured
Drawings that told tales.

JOHN BAVIN, 5Th, Gd.



MODERN LANGUAGE TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP, FRANCE 1963

(Ian Donno describes in this article some of the impressions he obtained during his three months in France. After four weeks at Boulogne-sur-mer, where he had the opportunity of contrasting the mediaeval town with the modern concrete buildings, he continued his journey to the wine district of Touraine.)

La Touraine, douce région du vin pétillant qui vous rit dans le verrs, animée, ainsi que les Tourangeaux eux-mêmes, par le soleil caché dans les raisins,—ce pays de richesse et d'abondance, où la nature semble perpétuellement en fête, ce pays de châteaux aux contours classiques, pays de jolis coteaux couverts de vignes sans nombre qui dressent la tête vers un ciel sans nuages et un soleil chaud mais doux—c'est ici dans le petit village de Vouvray que j'ai passé les trois semaines qui ont suivi. Ici c'est le soleil qui règle tout, et dont la bonne chaleur comble les raisins de jus précieux.

(After staying on a farm near Bordeaux he went on to Lagrasse, one of the most picturesque old villages in France. From here he visited the ancient town of Carcassone, where the mediaeval fortifications are still almost intact.)

Ce petit village endormi sous le soleil ardent du Midi repose, paisible et content, dans le petit vallon de l'Orbieu, à mi-chemin entre l'Espagne et la plaine de Carcassonne. Au coeur du village se dresse la vieille Abbaye de Lagrasse, qui, haute et majestueuse malgré ses ans semble regarder d'un oeil paisible et indulgent, comme elle l'a fait durant maints siècles, les affaires quotidiennes de ses villageois.

C'est sous le soleil du Midi qu'il faut voir Carcassonne; il faut se promener tout autour de la Cité sur les remparts; la chaleur est accablante, les lézards, surpris dans leur sieste au son de vos pas, s'élancent à travers les dalles chaudes de la promenade pour chercher l'abri des fentes dans la pierre usée par les pas de promeneurs sans nombre. Les murailles, hautes et imposantes des enceintes intérieures, se dessinant sur le ciel bleu vous rèflétent la chaleur aubmentée du soleil implacable, impitoyable. Les vieilles pierres grises semblent vous chanter à mesure que le soleil monte dans l'azur, inlassablement; le soleil s'impose partout, semble être prisonnier entre les rues étroites de la Cité qui est pleine de sa chaleur réverbérée; les volets sont fermés, personne ne s'aventure dans les rues (sauf les touristes, naturellement).

(The last part was spent in Paris, where he found all the contradictory elements which together make a complete picture of France.)

Il me semble qu'à Paris l'on trouve, entremêlés l'un à l'autre, tous les éléments contradictoires qui caractérisent la France, car la capitale vous présente autant de visages différents que le pays: si vous voulez voir le visage gai et jeune de Paris il faut vous promener avec les foules "Boul' Mich " le soir ou bien Place du Tertre l'après-midi avec les flots de touristes; mais peut-être le Paris gracieux et majestueux vous séduira-t-il; allez, donc, voir Notre Dame du Square Vivaldi, ou admirer la beauté classique des Invalides tel qu'on les voit du Champs de Mars; si vous préférez la symétrie mathématique du jardin français allez flâner dans les Jardins du Luxembourg et voir le Grand Palais, ou bien entrez dans les Jardins des Tuileries et laissez le regard se promener sur toute la langueur des jardins qui s'offrent à votre vue depuis le Louvre, sous l'Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel, jusqu'à l'Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile; mais si vous êtes ami de la solitude il faut vous promener le long des quais à l'est de Paris par un jour d'automne quand les brumes matinales règnent sur les abattoirs et les fabriques, tristes et mornes sous le voile du brouillard.

C'est ainsi que mon séjour en France s'est terminé et après plus de trois mois quand l'automne s'annonçait avec un vent frais et fort j'ai dû revenir en Angleterre: c'était une expérience inoubliable et une occasion de vivre comme les Français avec eux dans leur propre pays.

IAN DONNO, U6, Cb.



TO MAKE YOU THINK

Solution to Last Term's Problem

```
    D A D
        5  ×
  ---------
  M A U D
  ---------
```

D must be 5, as 0 is impossible.

```
    5 A 5
        5  ×
  ---------
  M A U 5
  ---------
```

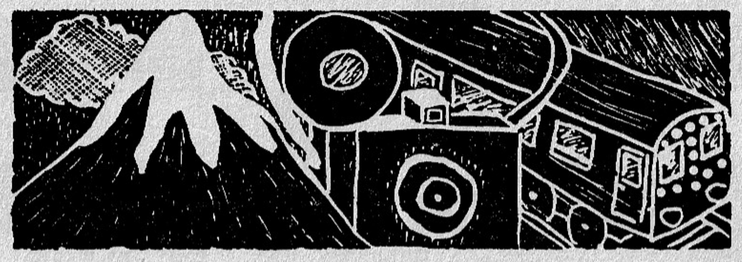
The only value for A that will fit in each expression is 9.

```
    5 9 5
        5  ×
  ---------
  2,9 7 5
  ---------
```

Therefore M equals 2, A equals 9, so MA equals 29.

W.A T.

SCHOOL JOURNEY



TO CANNES, 1963

Last summer, as for the past three years, a party of boys from Wandsworth School spent their holidays at Cannes on the French Riviera. In charge of the party this year were Mr. Austin, Mr. Aubrey, and Mr. Pearcy.

We left Victoria Station on the morning of Monday, 12th August, and reached Folkestone after about two hours travelling. The crossing to Boulogne was short and the sea quite calm. From Boulogne we travelled by train to Paris where we had a meal, the first taste of food prepared in the French way for some boys, and many comments, both good and bad, were passed.

With some time to spare before we were due to leave Paris, we were able to spend a pleasant half hour wandering around the Cathedral of Notre Dame and the local shops.

We left Paris from the Gare de Lyon and were soon travelling through the French countryside, stopping at Dijon, Lyons, Avignon, Marseilles, Toulon, and St. Raphael. We reached Cannes exactly on time on the morning of Tuesday, 13th August, and were taken from the station by coach to the Lycée at which we were to stay.

We had a breakfast at the Lycée which was rather less than most boys were used to. We were then shown our dormitories in the Lycée and soon afterwards were bathing in the warm and refreshing Mediterranean. Those boys whose appetites had not been satisfied by the breakfast of coffee and bread at the Lycée were able to fill up with the delicious sun-drenched fruit sold in the markets which we had to pass through on our way to the beach.

The weather was very good although perhaps a little disappointing as it rained for some time on three days and there was a violent thunderstorm during the night of the first Wednesday of our stay at Cannes.

Much of the time was spent in bathing in the sea and soaking up the Riviera sun on the beach. Several afternoons were occupied by wandering round the shops of Cannes looking for souvenirs and presents to take home.

On three occasions we left Cannes to visit some of the famous spots on the Riviera. One day was taken up by a coach trip to Nice, then up the Grand Corniche to Monaco, Monte Carlo, and Menton. Another trip was made to the Ile St. Marguerite, one of the two islands off the coast of Cannes. We also visited Grasse, the centre of the French perfume industry. On this occasion we travelled by coach up the Gorge du Loup with its very picturesque scenery to Gourdon, where "La Source Parfumée" is to be found.

During our stay at Cannes the "Battle of Flowers" took place and many attractive floats, bedecked with flowers and carrying pretty girls, passed through the town.

A football team was selected from some of the senior boys in the party and on one evening they played a team of boys made up from some of the best players from the other schools staying at the Lycée. The team from Wandsworth, urged on by the rousing support of some of the other boys in the party led in their support by an enthusiastic Mr. Aubrey, played well and gained a well deserved victory by 11 goals to 3.

All too soon our stay was ended and we were leaving Cannes. We travelled overnight by train to Paris, this time with couchettes, and arrived in Paris at about 8 a.m. We left Paris some time later from the Gare du Nord for Calais, which we reached in the late afternoon. We were soon crossing to Dover and the afternoon was so clear that the cliffs of Calais could still be seen as we entered the harbour at Dover.

We arrived back at Victoria on the evening of the 23rd August after a short train journey from Dover. Every boy in the party owes a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Austin, Mr. Aubrey, and Mr. Pearcy for organising such a pleasant and memorable holiday.

DAVID SPRIGINGS, L6Ec, Gd.

THE DAY I WAS MISTAKEN FOR A TEENAGE POP IDOL

It was a Saturday afternoon and I was on my way to see Fulham beat Chelsea. It was a bright sunny day and I was in a hurry because I thought it would be crowded at the match.

Suddenly I heard a voice.

"Look! (Scream) There's Ricky Rickety." (Scream).

I am a fan of Ricky Rickety, the pop star, so I looked round to see him. When I saw the girl who shouted, she was looking straight at me.

All of a sudden I was surrounded by hundreds of screaming people. It slowly dawned on me that I had been mistaken for Ricky. I am convinced this was because we have the same hair style.

I insisted I wasn't him, but the crowd insisted I was. I said I looked too young, but they said so did he. I said I couldn't play the guitar: no good, neither could he, they said. I looked at my watch. Ten to three, almost time for the match. I started to run. The crowd held me back. I was desperate. To my utmost relief a policeman joined the crowd: I appealed to him for help.

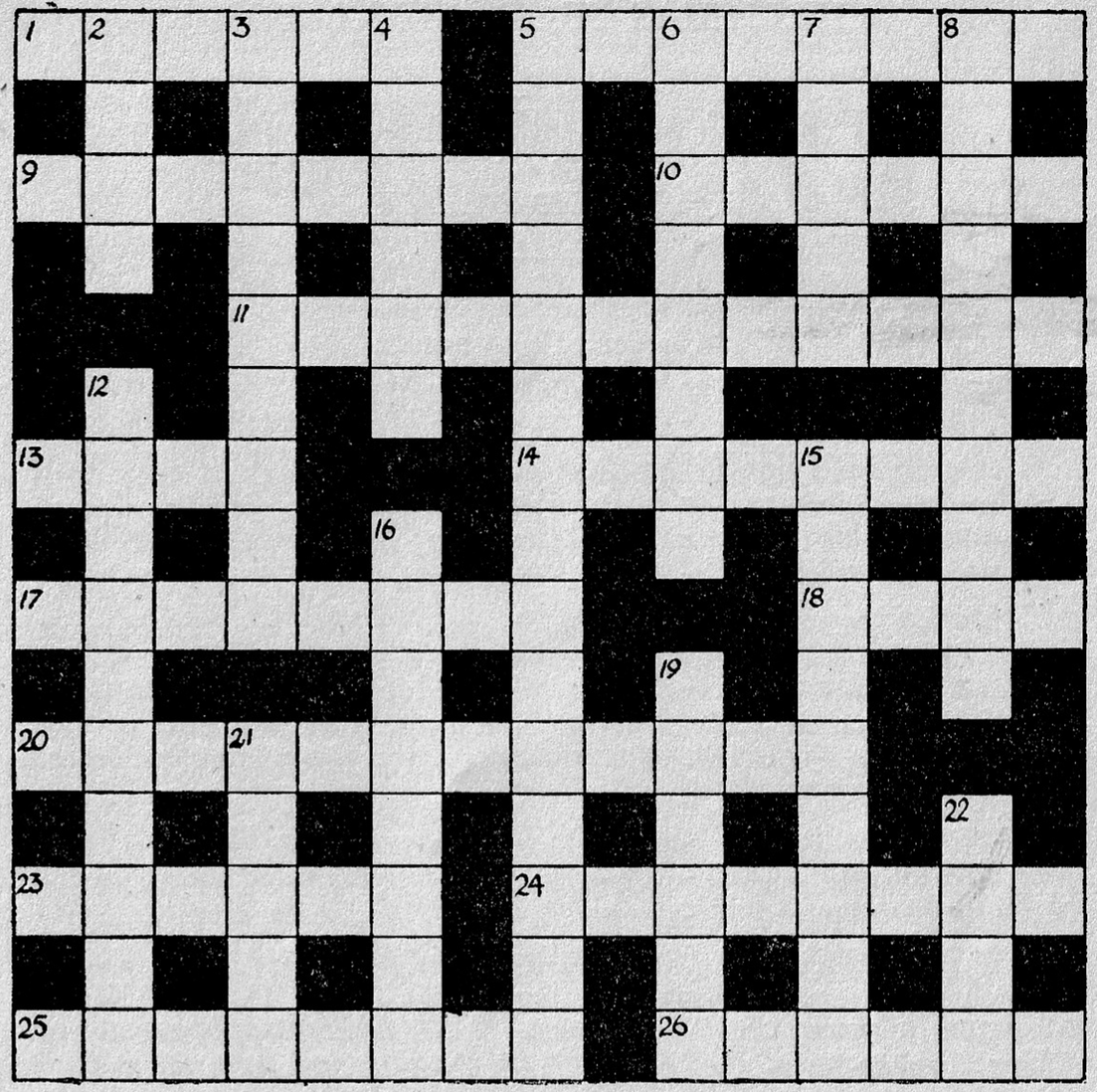
"I'm a great fan of yours, Mr. Rickety," he said.

The mob were now calling on me to sing. This gave me an idea. I started singing Ricky's latest in the ghastliest tones I could conjure up. This would soon get rid of them. How wrong I was! They loved it! They realised I wasn't Ricky, though; one girl said: "Ricky could never sing as well as that!"

A man in a dark suit rushed through the mob and dragged me into his car. He introduced himself as the Colonel. He said he could take me right to the top of the pop world if I always sang like that, so here I am . . .

GARRY WHANNEL, 3Pi, Cd.

CROSSWORD



Clues Across

1 Hundred hurry to be pure. (6)
5 Cupid hid quietly in the earth. (8)
9 Oh at rest in the Physics Lab. (8)
10 Ring in the steamer for single-masted vessels. (6)
11 Clean rum tone in the system. (12)
13 Ripe Fairy. (4)
14 He falls backwards in an intoxicating beverage in Somerset. (8)
17 Ropey mixture of lard and hail. (8)
18 Upset bird produces a story. (4)
20 Heave fellow to confused art for luxury travel. (7, 5)
23 Yet car going confusedly backwards carries Spencer, but he's no poet. (6)
24 Sounds like a set of boring tools for climbers. (8)
25 Dad he labours and may get one but not with ours. (4, 4)
26 A scarlet one doesn't use 10, like some other members of the family. (6)

Clues Down

2 Funny boundary. (4)
3 Plate account gets the bird. (9)
4 Writer goes to the "doc" but not quietly. Bury. (6)
5 Teetotaler demanded it as a way to emulate Rodin's masterpiece. (3, 3, 9)
6 List hung in a hurry. (8)
7 Put a shilling in the base for resting the hens. (5)
8 I'm thirteen and friendly; and all for the empire. (10)
12 When I appear in place these are the places to see them. (3, 7)
15 A quick assault. Hand it round but not if Other Denominations are present. (3, 3, 3).
16 As useless as conference with the enemy. (8)
19 Man and girl for style. (6)
21 Fifty high-class detectives—that's clear. (5)
22 The twenty-second —. (4)

J.H.H.C.

The solution will appear in our next issue.

CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION, 1963

THE KITCHEN

by ARNOLD WESKER

CAST
in order of appearance

MAGI, *the night porter*	Jeffrey Daunton
MAX, *the butcher*	Christopher Seaber
BERTHA, *the vegetable cook*	Rosemary Barefoot
PAUL, *a pastrycook*	John Grant
RAYMOND, *a pastrycook*	Christopher Cheek
HETTIE, *a waitress*	Jennifer Darby
VIOLET, *a new waitress*	Lynda Sims
ANNE, *on coffees*	Helen Finley
DAPHNE, *a waitress*	Susan Sanders
GWEN, *a waitress*	Carole Geddes
CYNTHIA, *a waitress*	Jane Ash
KALIM, *a parter*	Kalim Nazim
MOLLY, *a waitress*	Susan Lloyd
JACK, *a waiter*	David Freud
MONIQUE, *a waitress*	Jessica Hauser
ALFREDO, *a cook*	James Morris
HEAD WAITER	Graham Jennings
MICHAEL, *a young cook*	Kenneth Edwards
TAHIR, *a cook*	Tahir Ashraf
HANS, *a cook*	Brian Blank
KEVIN, *the new cook*	Alan Shearman
DEEPAK, *a cook*	Deepak Anand
PETER, *a cook*	Brian Ayres
FRANK, *second chef*	Roger Fryer
THE CHEF	Clive Brightley
MR. MARANGO, *the proprietor*	Paul Meier
SHAHID, *a porter*	Shahid Aziz
BERT, *a waiter*	Alan Hammond
WILF, *a waiter*	Andrew Christou
THREE PORTERS who sing a folksong	Keith Clark, John Townsend, John Van Hegan
A TRAMP	Duncan Woodcock

PRODUCTION PERSONNEL

Producers: Mr. Roger Mansfield, Mr. Keith Newson

Stage Manager: Mr. Tony Murray *Designer*: Mr. Alex Hodgkinson

Film Directed and Photographed by: Mr. Paul Lee

Business Managers: Mr. J. E. Austin, Mr. E. Patten

Sound: Mr. Martin Lincé

Lighting:
Trevor Clarke and Roger Wilkins, assisted by Stephen Coleman

Stage Assistants: Terence Bulley, Leslie Green

Properties: Derek Cramer, Malcolm Kerr

Prompters: Brian Bannell, Geoffrey Edwards

Drummer: Martin Jacobs

Film Projectionist: Mr. Paul Lee, assisted by Barry North

Scenery constructed and painted by:
Mr. F. W. Guttridge and Martin Armstrong, Keith Barber, Douglas Fitzjohn, Paul Frost, Colin Kidd, David Lynch, Geoffrey Neal, Stewart Page-Symonds. Christopher Seaber, Michael Thomson, Martin Thorpe, and members of the Art Department.

Make-up by

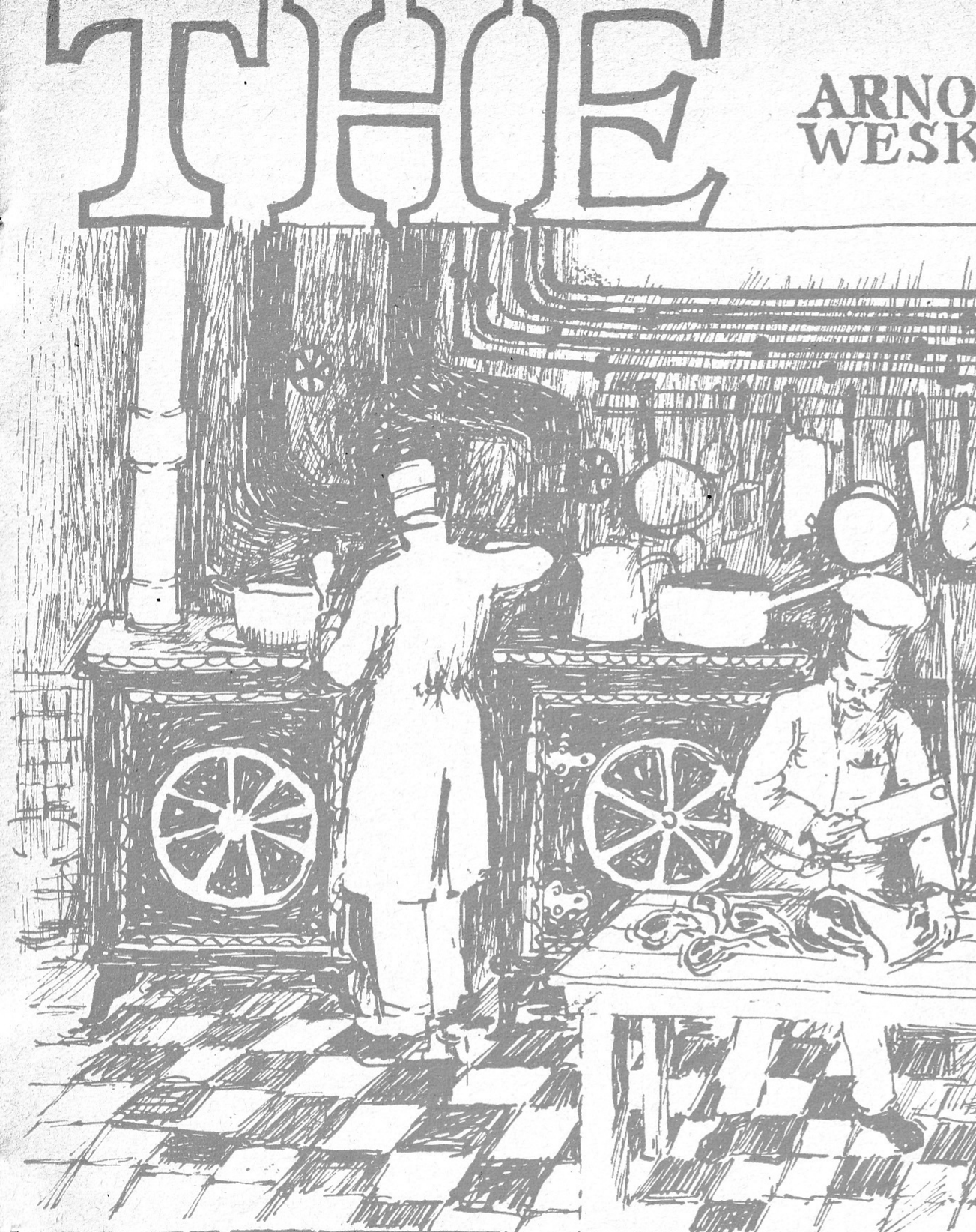
Mrs. M. Algar, Mrs. S. Berry, Miss A. Burton, Mrs. M. Carney, Miss R. Forbés, Mrs. F. O'Neil and Mrs. M. Whalley
Messrs. M. Armstrong, J. E. Austin, J. A. Bakewell, J. Bourton, R. F. Clark, G. M. Evans, H. G. Hamilton-Sneath, B. G. Hollamby, A. Howe, A. J. Murray, J. W. Vockings, I. P. Evans and M. G. Wesson.

Programme Cover: Mr. E. W. Pett.

Kitchen Equipment loaned by the Catering Department of Mayfield School, by kind permission of Mrs. H. Quenouille, to whom we are also especially grateful for her expert advice on the cooks' actions and on kitchen routine.

THE KITCHEN

ARNOLD WESKER



For 1963's Christmas production, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, December 5th, 6th and 7th, the school joined forces for the first time with Mayfield School, and there were 9 girls in the cast of 33. For the first time, too, at least for several years, the play, Arnold Wesker's "The Kitchen," had a completely contemporary setting. These innovations marked the end of an era, for in April Mr. Roy Waters, whose brilliant productions have been one of the high points of the last five years at Wandsworth, left to become deputy headmaster of Spencer Park School. This production of "The Kitchen" by Mr. Roger Mansfield and Mr. Keith Newson was, however, no less brilliant than its predecessors, and it was both a continuation and a development of the fine theatrical traditions of the school.

"The Kitchen" is a play which depends upon the power of a single image. We need to sense in the kitchen itself a presence that dominates and can destroy the lives of all who inhabit it. This image, the image of our modern world, has to be established in the first act. The day begins with the lighting of the ovens, the consuming heart of the kitchen; slowly it fills up with cooks, waiters, porters, whose gossip about the previous day's fight hints at what is to come. The pressure of activity and the flow of people in and out of the kitchen quickens as lunch-time approaches, until finally it bursts into a sustained fury of motion and passion with which the act closes.

The building up of this climax depends to a large extent on the mime and movement, and this was superbly controlled. None of the cast appeared to be still for one moment, and yet none of their movements were vague or hesitant. Nor was there any sense of disorder as the pace and confusion increased at the climax. By the end of the first act they had brought the kitchen so terrifyingly to life that even the clever filmed sequence with which it ended seemed a pale imitation of the reality of what came before. And, often with little or no dialogue, the smallest parts were created as vividly as the largest: Lynda Sims' waitress, or Shahid Aziz's porter, James Morris's cook or Andrew Christou's waiter. All the actors seemed to be caught up in the world they were depicting.

But the sense of obsessive destructive power was created from the first by Mr. Alex Hodgkinson's black and white set, looming out over the stage; and by a drum beat, representing the continuous noise of the ovens, which continued from the moment the night porter (Jeffrey Daunton) entered yawning and crouched down to light the ovens, sometimes low and soft, sometimes loud and threatening, setting up a tension which was never relaxed. This was a most imaginative stroke of production, brilliantly put into effect by Martin Jacobs.

At the beginning of the second act the pressure is momentarily relaxed and some of those who work in the kitchen begin to feel towards an understanding of each other. The atmosphere of this impressive scene was just as intensely felt. As it progressed the actors, Brian Ayres as Peter, Alan Shearman as Kevin, John Grant as Paul, Chris Cheek as Raymond, Kalim Nasim as a porter, and Brian Blank as Hans, revealed a depth of characterisation which had only been hinted at before. The scene was beautifully summed up in the folk song which ended it, sung by Keith Clark, John Townsend and John Van Hegan.

But their dreams fade, the effort to understand fails, the kitchen reasserts itself and the pressure builds up once more until Peter breaks under the strain and his madness brings the kitchen to a stop. At the end, the restaurant's proprietor (played by Paul Meier), unable to comprehend, can only mutter vainly to the group gathered round the wounded Peter, "What is there more?"

The most crucial and difficult parts are certainly those of Peter (Brian Ayres) and Monique (Jessica Hauser), and they were played with skill and understanding, conveying accurately the destructive tensions within each character and in their relationship. Brian Ayres was outstanding, displaying with conviction and control the two sides of Peter's character, the rebel and the victim, his strength and weakness.

We congratulate the producers, the cast and those who worked behind the scenes on a superb production and an interpretation of the play of quite professional standard. As Mr. Mervyn Jones wrote of this "triumph for London's comprehensive schools" in "Tribune": "If the same original devices and the same careful forethought went into all West End productions, I'd have a pleasanter life." M.A.

(The above review was printed in the Putney and Roehampton Herald of December 20th.)



EXTRACTS FROM OTHER REVIEWS

From Tribune, December 13th :

"The boys of Wandsworth School have a well-earned reputation for boldness and achievement in their annual play, and they abundantly maintain it this year with an impressive production of Arnold Wesker's *The Kitchen*. The honours are shared, since for the first time the girls of nearby Mayfield School have joined forces. Altogether a triumph for London's comprehensive schools.

"Like the other plays tackled at Wandsworth, *The Kitchen* is very far from being an easy play for amateurs. It demands great precision of timing and movement, strict discipline in parts that could well run away with the actors, and sureness in swiftly changing the mood from the humorous to the macabre, the quiet to the frantic. All these qualities were achieved in this admirable production; and the brilliant device of accompanying the action by a subdued drum-beat worked wonders too. If the same original devices and the same careful forethought went into all West End productions, I'd have a pleasanter life."

MERVYN JONES.

From the Times Educational Supplement, December 20th :

"In the joint production of *The Kitchen* by Wandsworth and Mayfield Schools at the former school on December 7, every mime was worked out with meticulous precision. The waitresses flounced as though they had spent their lives serving real cutlets; the waiters suggested professional competence with the soup toureen. In addition the producers had had a film taken of mince and mash being slapped on to plates and mouths gorging in close-up. The atmosphere was splendid."

From the Wandsworth Borough News, December 13th :

"Possibly this production of Arnold Wesker's modern parable will be the most interesting amateur production for the theatre which any school will attempt this season . . .

"Obviously a producer accustomed to drilling a large cast of boys must have faced up to a large problem when confronted with the different tactics required in coaching budding actresses and the complications of this combined operation must have been many. All the more wonder that on the opening night the action moved so smoothly . . .

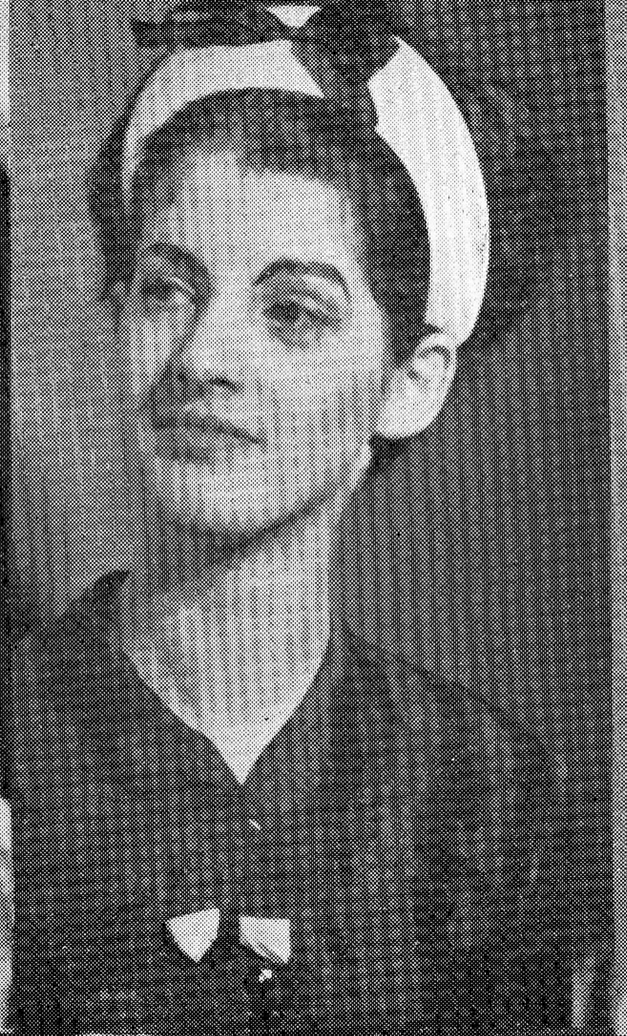
"Of the play itself, what can be said? It is clever, it is ingenious, different from the normal run of things. In places it is strong meat and one must stand the risk of being accused of prudishness by being repulsed by some of the things which were depicted and spoken on the stage, particularly with so many youngsters in the house.

"Of course the Bard could be pretty outrageous and his works are possibly more familiar than *The Kitchen*. This is the point where bewilderment enters and old squares creep worriedly out!"

A W.B.N. REPORTER.









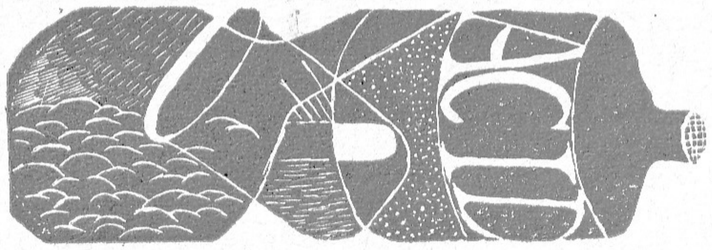








CHEMISTRY CORNER



Platinum (not platignum!) is another valuable metal, like gold, but rarer and even more valuable. It is found native, invariably alloyed with small amounts of rhodium, palladium, osmium and iridium, all useful in everyday life and all members of the platinum family of elements. Fountain pen nibs are advertised as being tipped with iridium; obviously a desirable feature. Can you think why? Curiously enough, the tips usually contain more osmium than iridium!

Native platinum is found in all sizes from dust to quite large nuggets. The largest nugget in the world is in a Leningrad museum and weighs nearly 8,000 grams, i.e. about 3 cwts. It was found in the Ural mountains in Russia. Platinum is also found as an impurity in nickel ore (Canada), one part of platinum to two million parts of extracted nickel, but it is so valuable that it is always extracted, being present in the anode mud left in the electrolytic refining of the nickel.

Platinum is extremely ductile; in fact, one ounce of the metal can be drawn out into a continuous wire which will link London with Lands End! Again, its expansion is the same as that of glass so it is of great use in making scientific apparatus where a sealed joint between metal and glass is essential.

Platinum is also extensively used in jewellery, especially with diamonds, as it is harder than gold and its white colour enhances the brilliance of the brilliants! Another use is as a catalyst in chemical manufactures, especially as platinised asbestos (sulphuric acid); in making nitric acid from ammonia, a circular gauze of the metal is used.

Rhodium, palladium, osmium and iridium are extracted chemically from native platinum. They are very hard metals, extremely resistant to corrosion and have special uses. Silver is " rhodanised " by being plated with rhodium, and so does not go black in air: reflectors in searchlights and car headlamps are often plated with rhodium or osmium and so keep their brilliance for years.

Gold, although valuable, is much cheaper than any of the platinum metals and an alloy of 4 parts gold to 1 part platinum is often used in expensive jewellery and is called " white gold."

The standard metre is the distance, at 0°C., between the centres of two perpendicular lines engraved on a metal rod of platinum-iridium alloy, containing 90% platinum. This alloy was chosen because it was hard, non-corrosive and had a low coefficient of expansion. Not a very romantic standard, perhaps, but undoubtedly coldly correct! It is housed in the Standards Department of the Board of Trade—as is the Standard Kilogram, which is made of the same alloy and represents the mass of one litre of water at 4°C. (the temperature at which water is of greatest density). If you keep your eyes and ears open as you go about, you will discover other instances of the uses of these metals in everyday life.

J.M.

SILVER BIRD

From a small dot on the horizon, it grew. The sound it dragged behind grew and grew.

It spun and twisted through the air currents, its silver blades cutting through the afternoon. Its shadow, blurred and dark, chased after it on the slowly crawling grass.

Now the jets leaped in front and led the way across longitude after longitude, it dipped and turned with two mechanical movements. It twirled towards me, its jets in full command. Now I could see the master of this bird in his transparent prison, rubber-mouthed and protected — safe.

It was directly overhead, the jets screamed and cried, then it was gone, now steady and sure. Again it was a dot, it dipped and was gone behind the grass-green hills.

Moments later there was a roar and a yellow streak. It was over; the safe, silver bird had been beaten.

COLIN FRENCH, 4Tau, Ce.

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Un Français s'habille pour aimer.

— IAN DONNO.

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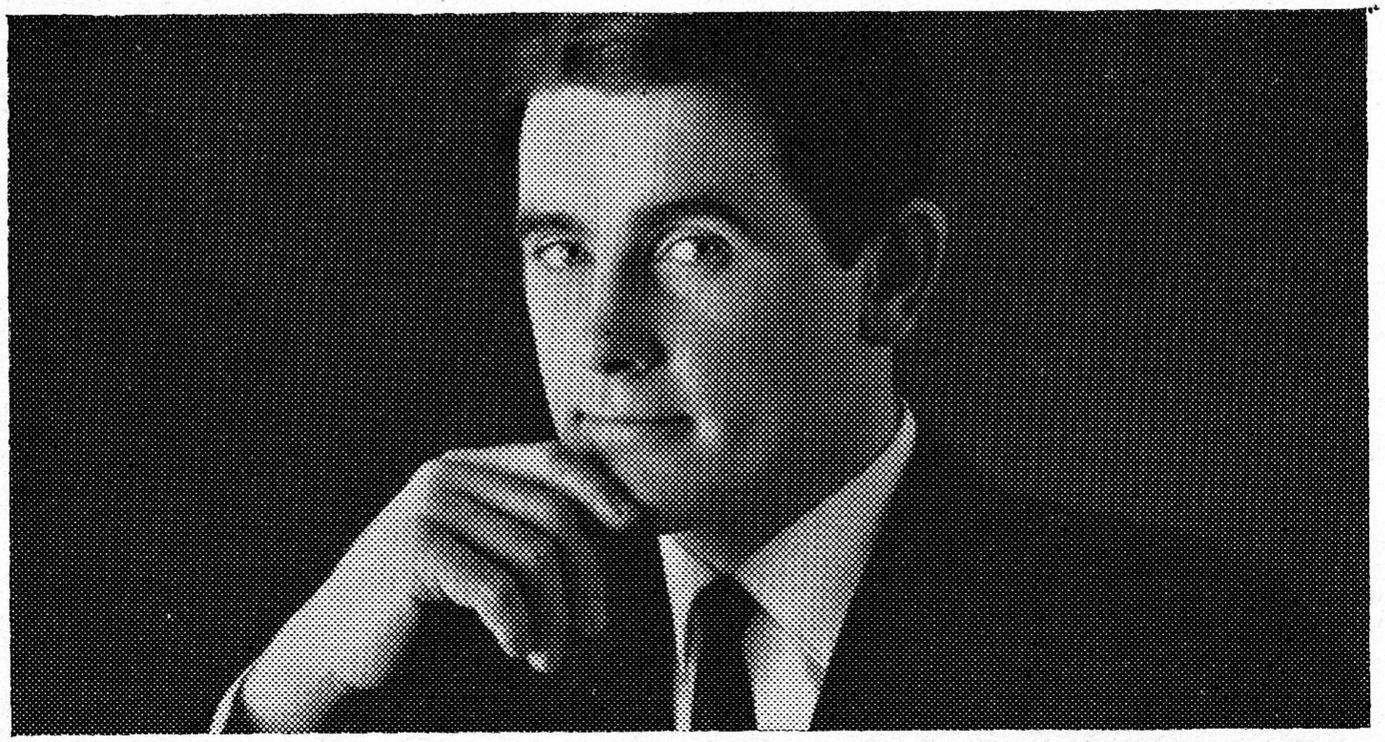
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