



# JOHN RUSKIN GRAMMAR SCHOOL MAGAZINE



SERIES III

OCTOBER, 1948

No. 4



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*'I hold it for indisputable, that the first duty of a State is to see that every child born therein shall be well housed, clothed, fed and educated, till it attain years of discretion'.*

*John Ruskin : 'Unto This Last'  
(Quoted by Sir Kenneth Clark  
in 'The Listener', April 1948.)*

This issue of our magazine was promised for last July but increasing costs of production (to borrow a phrase) forced us to spread the financial load into the next school year. Even five hundred copies sold at a shilling each still spells debit to us, and as we are unwilling to raise the price our chief hope is to appeal here and now for increased sales. But we shall still try to appear twice yearly, the next time being March. An Autumn publication, however, has its points, and we intend to retain it. It enables us, among other things, to give complete reviews of the School year including examination and sports results.

The literary prizes this time go to Derek Howes for his article on Old Croydon; and to Terence Morris for his lines on London. The Art prize is gained by Dudley Wolf for his illustration of Morris's poem. These three boys have our congratulations, as have indeed all our contributors. They above all make this magazine possible and set the example to their successors.

The new School year has brought several changes within the School which are mentioned on our general news page. Boys have come and boys have gone. The new ones—about sixty of them in their shining armorial badges—were divided on arrival this year into two compartments labelled H and C. These mystic symbols have nothing to do with the boys' temperaments (the old "humours," choleric and phlegmatic). Neither are they an alphabetical grading on attainment—for we have a Form IIIY! They are merely the first letters of the form-masters' surnames. At the other end of the School several old familiar faces have gone—seven years' old to us, a few of them—some to the University, some to the Armed Forces. And he who was taking guard on the school cricket field but yesterday is probably mounting guard on some Salisbury Plain today. From sixth form to service life can be but a single step.

Of masters since we last wrote, one has left and two have arrived. It has been our pleasure to welcome this term Mr. C. W. Peacock, B.Sc., and Mr. A. E. C. York, B.A. Mr. Peacock is Mr. Neave's successor and comes to us from Alleyne's Grammar School, Stone, via Ealing Technical College. He takes over the Geography Room and will also be found speaking with authority on the soccer field. Mr. York, who has taken Mr. Mortimer's place as Latin master, is fresh from University College, London, where his studies were interrupted by a war-time commission in the R.N.V.R. The Staff Cricket eleven have learned with some relief that he is a proven batsman, one likely to halt the procession that can so easily



follow their opening pair!

To Mr. Mortimer we bade farewell in our last issue, and though official tribute has already been paid to Mr. Neave his going must not pass unrecorded here. From the time that he succeeded Mr. Locke as Geography master in April, 1939, Mr. Neave gave the School unstinted service. Whatever he undertook he carried out with scrupulous thoroughness. To him we owe the development of the Geography Room, the part-founding of the Scientific and Geographical Society and the extension of Geography into the sixth form. Mr. Neave's attitude to the young was liberal and understanding and he retained the healthy belief that the essence of liberty is discipline. We wish him well in his appointment as Lecturer at Shoreditch Training College, London.

#### D A W N.

The sky grows bright,  
For dawn has come;  
A wondrous sight!  
The sky grows bright.  
The glorious sun  
Says night is done.  
The sky grows bright  
For dawn has come.

J. W. WARREN—IIIa.

### SPEAKING SERIOUSLY TO PARENTS.

"Well housed, clothed, fed and educated"! . . . The prophecies of one age often become the platitudes of the next; and Ruskin's dictum (quoted earlier) though revolutionary to his Victorian readers, is one which any English Government, Left or Right, would implement as a matter of routine.

Well housed we are not, not all of us, by any means; but at least any Government must be alive to its responsibilities, and either improve the housing position or fall. Meanwhile, the vast organisation of social services expands every year, touching the Schools now here, now there, with its medical provisions, its free education, its clothing grants, its subsidised meals, its maintenance allowances for pupils beyond the normal leaving-age and its further awards to those who qualify for University training.

And these things we know are good. We grumble occasionally at the weight of administration involved; we wonder sometimes whether constant State-provision does not breed in children an easy and irresponsible acceptance of benefit; but we all realise that now, as never before, is the child given a chance to develop according to ability, and that now, less than ever previously, is merit retarded by poverty.

In this social revolution—for it is nothing less—while all Schools have contributed, the Maintained Grammar Schools have played a rather special part. They have become the Public Schools of the People. The form of education which will equip children for the professions, the privilege of the wealthy few in Ruskin's day, has now become the prerogative of some 12% of our boys and girls, irrespective of rank or means. To this extent then, the Maintained Grammar Schools have been among the important forces in 20th century democracy.

In nearly every field they have proved able to compete with the old Public Schools, and in scholarships often to outdistance them. They would have developed still further but for the crippling shortages resulting from two major wars.

Our own case is an interesting one. Given our official status in 1945, we arrived in the higher educational field at the worst period of shortages, and yet what magnificent backing we have had from the Education Committee in meeting our needs! As recently as this term we have come into possession of two most valuable extensions—a Studio and two new Laboratories which will bear comparison with any in Croydon.



We have had to improvise much and our building inevitably remains cramped and inadequate, yet very much indeed has been done to make this a Grammar School in fact as in name—strong evidence of a realisation that no country, even in these difficult times, can afford to leave unprovided the academic training of that 12% who are the best intellectual capital of the nation. The list of examination successes that follows is an indication of our eagerness to profit by our new opportunities.

### **LONDON GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.**

Of our 27 candidates the following 24 were successful, those marked with an asterisk gaining the additional honour of Matriculation Exemption.

*L. L. Blake	P. C. Bamford
*G. V. Child	C. R. Brierley
*O. N. Everson	A. S. Brown
*N. J. Jones	P. L. Burditt
M. J. Lloyd	*R. R. Butler
*A. D. McIntyre	B. K. R. Keehne
R. L. Padgham	J. B. Rickard
*J. H. Prevett	*B. E. Savell
*P. F. Prevett	R. Sivyer
J. Rawlings	P. M. Sowerby
*K. W. Smith	F. J. Vernon
*M. A. Snook	J. C. Worsfold

### **LONDON HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.**

Of our 13 candidates the following 9 were successful, those marked with an asterisk gaining exemption from the University's Intermediate Examination.

*P. E. Davie	A. S. Chapman
J. K. Simmonds	*J. M. Clark
G. D. Southgate	*P. A. Funnell
J. Brooks	*D. G. Russell

\*R. E. Burton

A S. Chapman has since passed the Pre-Medical Examination of the Royal College of Surgeons and the Royal College of Physicians.

J. M. Clark, who gained "Distinction" in Pure Maths, Applied Maths and Physics was placed on the Reserve List for a State Scholarship and given a Croydon Major Award, the first ever gained in this School. It is extremely gratifying to find that, so soon in our career as a Grammar School, the combined efforts of a pupil and his teachers have brought us into the highest places of School academics.

J.C.L.



During the recent Summer months the outside of the School achieved its long-promised re-painting. In its newest gloss the building now definitely commands the neighbourhood — though there was some earlier rivalry on the south side. The playground too has been given its garden surround which we hope will be gay next Spring with the rhododendron and the cherry tree.



The two new Laboratories constructed in the rear playground have been in use since September. The premises are not extensive but our Chemistry and Biology students have now facilities as fine as any in the country. Meanwhile, the Physics Laboratory, in its splendid and lofty isolation, has been happily and proportionately depopulated.



A further important improvement in accommodation has been the provision of an Art Room away from, but conveniently near, the main building. This is at St. Edmund's Hall, five minutes' walk away, on the fringe of Wandle Park. Almost any abode would have been preferable to our Upper Hall (labelled "Studio") with its through traffic (both ways), but St. Edmund's is quite the desirable dwelling, and its detached position and peaceful atmosphere within the precincts of the Church seem likely to foster the artistic spirit among the boys—and perhaps give longer life to their instructor than will be granted to his traffic-ridden colleagues!



Those who attended the School Dance at the end of the Summer Term were impressed by the murals that adorned the hall. The artists responsible certainly deserve special mention and congratulation. J. Simmonds and R. Barrell jointly designed the decoration depicting the latest vivid piano music, while R. Matthews' composition was the one suggesting more placid and soulful strains. J. Smith contributed the large design depicting the more athletic side of dancing and D. Wolf was responsible for the airy "jive" decoration showing two dancers among the stars.



We wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following: The Magazine of the Selhurst Grammar School for Boys; The Magazine of the Selhurst Grammar School for Girls; The Suttonian; "The Record" (Wallington County School); The Coloma Grammar School Magazine; and the Magazine of Beckenham County Technical School.



We also wish to acknowledge with grateful thanks two gifts to our Library: one of fifty books presented by Mrs. Hodgson of 17 Malvern Road, Thornton Heath (The books were the property of her son, Ralph John Hodgson, who was killed in action at Oran on June 3rd, 1944); the other a cheque for five pounds presented by Mr. P. Patel, the father of three Indian boys now attending the School.

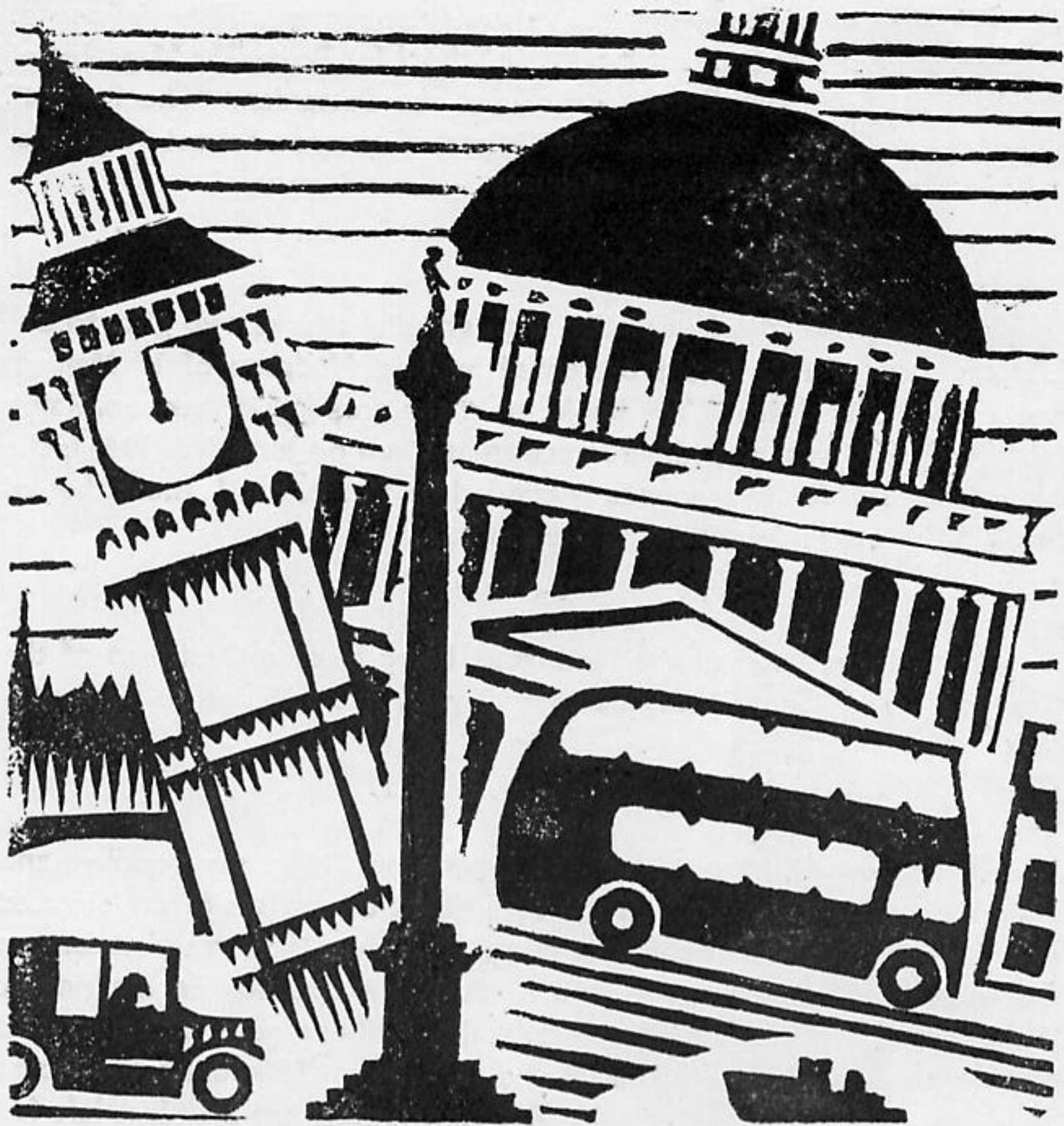


T. P. Morris has had the honour of being elected Chairman of the Croydon Youth Council for the coming year, in succession to G. Southgate.



To all new Old Boys ("What's oxymoron?") we say goodbye and good luck in whatever walk of life they direct themselves or are directed into. We have news of some of them. P. Davie is to read History at Queen Mary College, London, and R. Burton is to study Engineering at West Ham Municipal College. Meanwhile, G. Southgate, a regular and notable contributor to this magazine, has been claimed by the Royal Engineers. D. Wolf, our premier Art contributor, has also just left for the Croydon School of Art, and we should also like to report, though with regret, that L. Blake has left this term for Vancouver. He was a sixth form student of rare promise and he is a considerable loss to the School in many ways.





Dudley Wolf (Art Prize)

In a drawing room of Victoria's day  
 There hangs a cluster of cut glass,  
 Toys of the wanton breeze  
 And the afternoon sun.  
 Each one is cut with countless facets  
 Reflecting light in all its varying moods;  
 So is that great city—  
 Reflecting a myriad whims of man.



Child of the wandering Thames,  
Clinging to maternal skirts at first,  
Yet later striking out, north to the Chilterns  
And south to the Downs,  
In a mood of adolescence devoid of reason;  
Sprawling beneath an umbrella of chimney smoke  
Like its cousins, Birmingham, Leeds and Jarrow,  
Yet not completely without sunlight.

The cold water laps  
Nonchalantly on the greasy stair  
Beaded in vapour.  
Out of coughing mist  
Looms some foreboding giant,  
The sunlight dances on the water  
By Chelsea bridge,  
The gulls circle in the forest  
Of yellow derricks in the Pool.  
Below, Greenwich sinks  
Into the scum-laden water  
Obscured perhaps by a red sail  
Announcing the London Brick Company.

One by one on November afternoons  
The lights twinkle  
From the City offices.  
The magnates and their minions  
Wend their various ways  
Narrow as the stripes on their trousers.  
I fancied I saw Wat Tyler once  
Holding a sword aloft on Ludgate Hill  
But it was only un-exchanged stock  
Hailing a taxi with his umbrella.

Children come crying  
Into a world of misery  
To mothers who can hardly bear them,  
Where the emaciated hand



Casts a trembling shadow  
Over the guttering candle flame,  
And the trailing clouds of Glory  
Gather beer stains on the stair.

Dirty faced urchins  
In cheap wool jerseys  
Kick tins over the brick street;  
Little gutter angels  
With faces radiating  
Tinned jam from ear to ear  
Dragging their younger brothers  
Unwittingly along the road  
To Tower Bridge and Borstal.

\*From "LONDON," by T. P. MORRIS—L.VI.

### M A N.

God first formed man, and gave to him a brain  
Alone of all the beasts, a god-like trait,  
That Adam and his seed might hold due sway  
O'er all the earth. Yet with this gift we train  
Our children how to use their wealth to slay  
Or maim their fellow men. Those that remain  
Rebuild their cities to be bombed again.  
While from the blood-stained past of man the prey  
Of countless battles shrieks to warn mankind —  
In vain. We build great slums on God's fair earth  
That man may starve in misery behind  
The soulless walls that stifle him from birth.  
Man cannot yet control his works: the State,  
First formed to serve him, now doth dominate.

B. VAIL—L.VI.



## S U M M E R   S T O R M.

The day is gone. Now piled clouds  
In architectural glory form  
Its spacious ruin in the sky.  
The cooling air with dancing breeze  
Fans the hot cheek, and gently sighs  
Along its listless way.

Profound solemnity. A depth  
Of utter silence fills the brain.  
Fraught with suspicion, the cloud's  
Approaching thunder. The whole air  
Suspended, waits the first great clap  
With overflowing sound.

The warning rain now stains the dust  
And eddying, the thunder heads  
Do blackly scar the sky. And now  
They meet, All the glory and the  
Trenchant might of heaven  
Are loose about the sky.

Cool, calm and quiet. The storm has passed,  
The moon is up, the stars are out.  
The silhouetted trees form strange  
Stark patterns on the sky. Remains  
Thin veilings of the former cloud,  
And all is laid to rest.

G. SOUTHGATE—U.VI.

## M I D S U M M E R.

The tiny heath-flowers now begin to blow,  
The russet moor assumes a richer glow;  
The powdery bells, that glance in purple bloom,  
Waft from their scented cups a sweet perfume,  
While from their cells, still moist with morning dew,  
The wandering wild bee sips the honeyed glue.

E. MUGGERIDGE—IIIa.



## OLD CROYDON.\*

There is no street in Croydon pleasanter, in my opinion, than George Street. It has not the haughty aloofness of Katharine Street with all its public buildings nor the din of tram-ridden North End. Like Church Street it preserves something of the atmosphere of the days, not so far distant, when Croydon was a sleepy market town.

Now, alas! Croydon has decayed into a mere suburb of London, but we can still look back seventy or eighty years and recall the days of her greatness. Imagine a North End devoid of trams and buses. The only noise is that of horses' hooves and the pleasant jingle of the harness. Carriages pass and repass underneath the creaking sign of the "Greyhound" inn, which is not the Victorian building we know today, but a much older—and pleasanter—one. Three beautiful trees stand outside the villas which line Crown Hill. Shall we take a walk down this quiet street and explore the streets of a Croydon long since vanished?

King Street, Bell Hill, Middle Street, where are they all now? It is true that Middle Street and Bell Hill remain to us, but I doubt if the average Croydonian knows of their existence. And yet these almost unknown streets were the nucleus of our town. Have you ever heard of Market Street? John Ruskin had an aunt who lived there. Next time you go down Surrey Street do not despise it, for all its rotting fruit and brewery smells, for this was Market Street until some well-meaning town councillors changed its name; and Ruskin's aunt's house is described as "the fashionablest in Market Street, actually having two windows over the shop, in the second storey." Yet "progress" has either eliminated these streets, where the suite of the august Queen Elizabeth stayed on her famous visit to Croydon, or else transformed them so completely that they would be unrecognisable to their former inhabitants.

Have you, sir, who are reading this, ever played golf on the Beckenham Golf Course? Did you realise that perhaps you were putting over the very ground where, in former times, had been a racecourse? There was a time when the Woodside Races were famous in the sporting world—so famous indeed that the South-Eastern Railway built a branch line to bring the distinguished visitors to Woodside. The platforms of Woodside station, now peopled only by a few, travelling Citywards, were packed by racegoers arriving and departing in the little trains drawn by their mustard-coloured engines.

Oh! that these days could return—the days of a Croydon undimmed by factory smoke, unshattered by clanging trams—the days of a gentler and, to my mind, a nobler Croydon.

D. C. HOWES—L.VI.

\*Prose Prize.





*\*Middle St., Croydon*

[\*Second Art Prize

*R. Matthews—L.VI.*



## CLIFF RESCUE.

We cycled on until we came to a disused chalk cliff at the side of the road. There we stopped and decided to rest ourselves at the foot of the cliff. As we rested we examined the face of the cliff. It looked quite safe, and my brother suggested that we should climb to the top of the cliff before we resumed our ride. Derek demurred; but my brother and I started the ascent. The first part was easy, for the chalk was firm; but after a while, to my horror, the chalk started to crumble under my hands. Each time I moved the chalk crumbled; so hoisting myself on to a tiny ledge that jutted from the cliff face, I took up a precarious sitting position, and waited.

By this time my brother, who had been making good progress away to the left, had reached the top and was shouting to me. I shouted back and told him of my plight. Derek, who had been watching, heard my shouts, realised I was stuck, and ran out to the roadside. By luck, a policeman happened to be passing; and Derek stopped him and told him what had happened. The policeman came to the foot of the cliff and I shouted down to him, telling him that I could not move in any direction. I saw him talk to Derek and point down the road. Derek jumped on to his cycle and started riding furiously in the direction indicated by the policeman. The latter then shouted to me that he had sent Derek to get a rope and some help.

About ten minutes later, a fire-engine arrived, followed by an ambulance. Six men jumped off the fire-engine and conversed with the policeman. Then one of the men returned to the fire-engine and brought back a rope. Three of the firemen then climbed round the edge of the cliff and reached the top. I heard one of them shout to me telling me to hang on and sit still. Presently a rope whistled past my head, and hung down to the bottom of the cliff. Then small pieces of chalk started rolling past me from above, and the next moment a fireman came walking down the cliff-face, supporting himself in an almost horizontal position by his grasp on the rope. He stopped when he arrived by my side, and, still holding the rope with one hand, picked me up, placed me over his shoulder, and continued his descent. When we reached the bottom, a crowd of on-lookers thronged about us; but the policeman soon cleared them away. For some minutes he took particulars; then he good-naturedly told us not to do such a thing again, and sent us home.

During the following morning, three reporters came at different times to our house, and each time we had to relate the story and pose for pictures. We told them that it had all been very exciting, but never again would we attempt to climb chalk cliffs.

L. MONTAGUE—IIm.



## THE RETORT HOUSE.

A building high and black with dust: its entrance  
Yawning black, like some great ogre-monster.  
Inside, a mighty bank of doors—open some,  
Which, halo-like, send forth an orange glow  
That tinges and is lost in gloom—and coal-grimed pipes,  
Like giant's arms flung upwards, lost to sight:  
The whole a mighty organ, devil-played.  
A cry! A bell! Then from above, as o'er  
A waterfall, a torrent, red-hot semi-molten  
Coke, streams down. The shadows fly, are chased  
To further places where they streak the pipes  
With black: and piebald men, pied pipers each,  
In suits of red and black, rake into channels  
The fiery stream. The light falls low and dim,  
The gloom sweeps back, an awful, rushing tide,  
That leaves the redness just a flicker on  
A dial-face. O, great is Man, and great his might!

L. BLAKE—Va.

## THE SILENT CINEMA.

Close by the Luxor's chromium-plated height,  
There standing shaded from its garish light,  
Is a tired, tarnished relic of an age,  
When toques and syncopation were the rage,  
When Michael Collins made Lord Baldwin scream—  
And Douglas Fairbanks jerked across the screen.  
It sleeps—unlighted is its gilded dome;  
An alien darkness shrouds its blackening stone.  
Not always stood it thus—devoid of life;  
Once nightly there was waged a deadly strife,  
The screaming saw swirled nearer while for hours,  
A tin piano strummed out "Hearts and Flowers."  
Their fourpence paid, the lovers watched the "star"  
Flash, transient, through the "Golden Kinema."

T. CONSTABLE—L.VI.



## FIRE IN THE NIGHT.

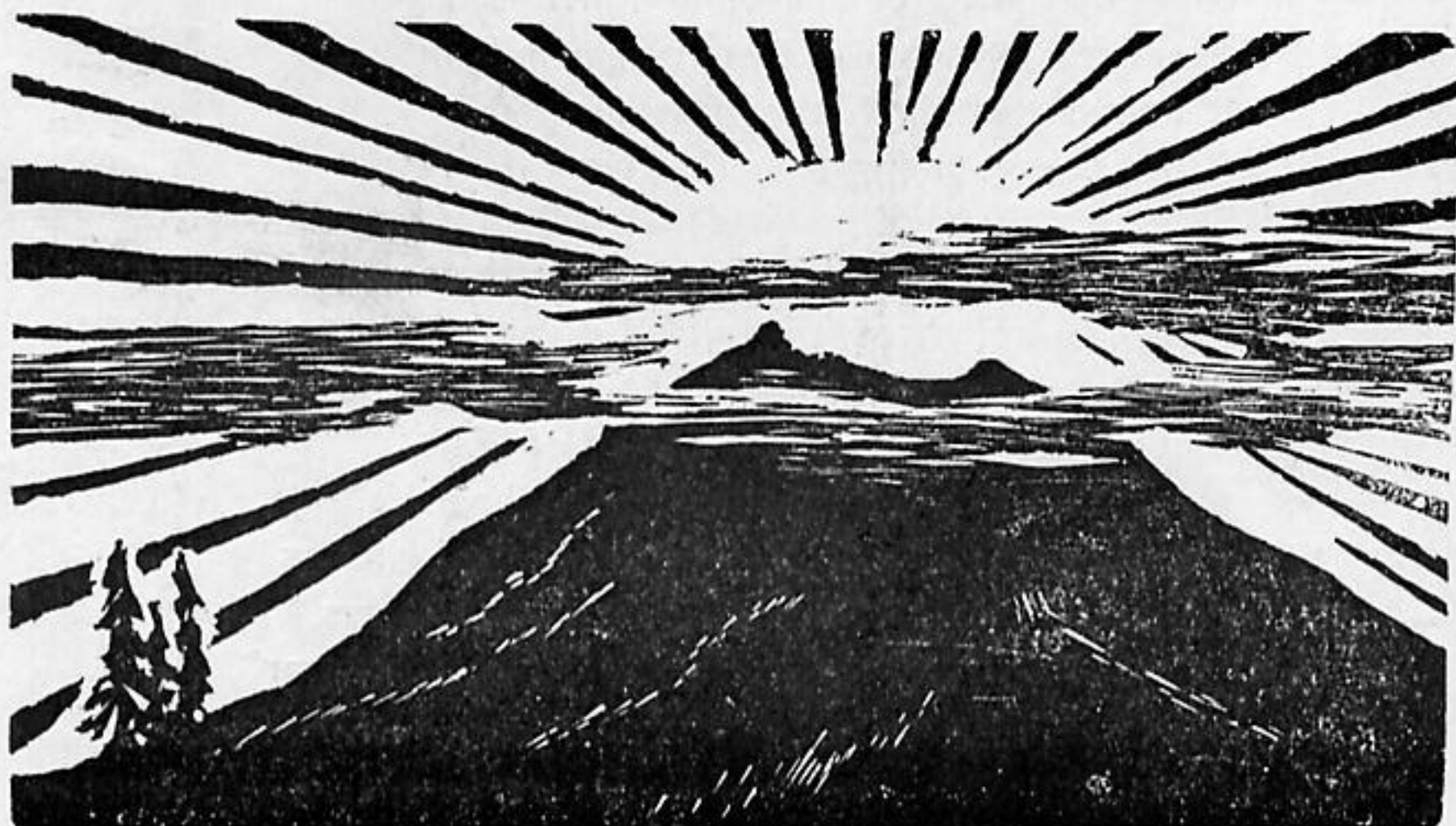
The glow beyond the brow of the hill made the telegraph pole stand out like a magician's wand against an orange handkerchief. I remounted my bike and strained to the top of the rise. There fire reigned supreme. Flames, like wild unbridled horses, leapt impetuously from bush to bush, contemptuous of the powerless men flailing to stem their swift advance.

I dropped my bike, and, with a hastily-snapped gorse bush, began to lash furiously at the leaping flames. The other beaters were silent, their grim faces lit up by the bright spurts of fire that crackled harshly round us.

A few minutes later we had retreated, almost without realising it, into a shallow sandy pit fringed with burning gorse bushes. We were surrounded. The fire was ringing us about. I glanced at the other men; they looked as frightened as I. Trapped, with no hope of reaching the hot, blackened ground above without receiving serious burns, we waited, tense, desperate.

Then, as if by the hand of God, the tide of flame was stayed. The shooting tongues of fire no longer leapt forward. The bushes, black to the roots, began to burn idly, as torches do. The flames licked up, then flickered out and died. The ring of sand had saved us. I lifted my eyes and looked about me. The moor was covered with black, leafless shrubs, stretching, it seemed, for miles and miles. Only isolated torches now burned, slowly and half-heartedly, lighting up the devastation wrought so swiftly by fire in the night.

N. APPLEYARD—IV.Sc.



Sunset

P. Wells—L.VI.



## WOODLAND WAY.

Strolling idly and enjoying the evening air I contemplated the quiet woods around me. The stream was flowing swiftly over shining pebbles and past small drooping ferns. Jack barked at a moving form and I became conscious of my friend. We walked alongside the stream. It was hot here in the woods and over the less-hurried stretches of water thousands of gnats hung, glinting like gold-dust in the shafts of sunlight. Sometimes a silk thread of cobweb broke across our foreheads. One perfectly symmetrical web sagged a little under the weight of a gross spider as alarming-looking as any tarantula. Soon the character of the wood changed and we reached a grove of beech trees with holly and bushes clustering round their smooth straight trunks. A little later we were out of the woods into the fields and the sparkling stream flowed on by some over-hanging trees.

There were dark pools here and there and we could see shy trout lurking in the shadows. It was quiet and still, minute silvery clouds flecking the western sky. We watched the moorhens running startled through the rushes and starting widening ripples which spread to the other bank of the pond. An early bat swerved past us rather erratically. We passed the elm tree in which we had found a tree sparrow's nest and the pool where we had fished vainly for hours. But soon we reached the lane leading to John's house—and bed.

G. EDWARDS—IVa.

## B E E S.

Bees are funny things,  
And when they sing  
They make a tz! tz!! noise,  
And buzz and poise  
O'er pollen'd flowers  
For hours and hours.  
Bees are funny things,  
And can they sting!

D. LAMBERT—IIIa.



## A DAY AWHEEL.

Fleecy white clouds scudded across a limpid sky, and though there was a keen wind blowing from the north-west, bright sunshine infused a mellow warmth into its chill breath. It was a grand day to be out for a spin. The air was like wine, and our bicycles seemed to take wings as we sped along between the rolling wooded hills.

A little brook was sliding silently into the waters of the turbulent Mole, which scintillated as it passed gurgling over the cold grey pebbles that formed its bed. Tiny fish glinted as they darted to and fro in the shadowy depths, playing hide-and-seek in the reeds which wavered in the current.

The staccato cough of the tractor, ploughing sodden earth, mingled with the squawk of hungry sea-gulls, whose hawk-like eyes spotted the slightest movement of worm or grub, and whose powerful beaks were ever opening to devour.

Time sped as swiftly as we.

Twilight fell as we returned. The last rays of the autumn sun filtered through a silhouette of trees. Tatters of crimson-edged clouds hung in the western sky. A disturbed rabbit flounced back, his white tail-stump disappearing into the purple gloom of the darkening wood. The melodious good-night of the blackbird echoed across a fading patchwork of fields. The distant figure of a scarecrow, grotesquely distorted by the half-light, tossed its fluttering rags and waved farewell to two tired riders.

H. DOBBS—IV.Sc.

## DRAMA AT TWILIGHT

The sun, cresting the trees with a golden glory, cast eerie and much exaggerated shadows everywhere. From the nearby stream came the monotonous croaking of frogs. Slowly and silently, an adder, looking for its evening meal, slithered from its nest in a ditch.

Suddenly, an old, warty-skinned toad, rambling from its usual haunts, hopped jauntily past the place where the adder lay in readiness. The adder waited a second only, then sprang at the toad.

At the same moment the toad for some unknown reason, also jumped quickly. They collided in mid-air and both fell to the ground, but immediately the adder flew viciously at the toad. It succeeded this time, and its jaws sank deep in the toad's side. The toad fought back courageously, but in vain, and soon the adder was victoriously dragging his captive backwards towards the ditch.



Now, on the edge of the ditch, were two young saplings about an inch apart. As the snake wriggled backwards with its victim in its jaws, its tail went between the two saplings, then its body, until its head was between them. As the toad was being dragged sideways, it soon became wedged. The greedy adder could easily have taken it round the saplings, but it refused to let go of its supper.

At this moment two boys came along by the ditch and saw the snake, its beady eyes glittering in the gathering dusk as it still tugged furiously, only wedging its victim further. The elder of the boys gave the adder a hefty smack on the back of its neck with a large stick, and the toad was flung some four feet away. The adder tried to retreat to the ditch, only to be knocked on its head and body, until it lay perfectly still. The toad, bleeding from the fatal wound in its side, reached the stream before dropping, never to rise again.

P. HORSCROFT—IVs.

## NOCTURNE

A Nocturne from the high wood comes,  
A lone and lovely song.  
Which brings the hearts of lonely ones,  
The peace for which they long.

A lovely music fills the dell,  
Floats o'er the upland lake,  
Is lost upon the far-off fell,  
Where beauty lies awake.

A dryad in the high wood lives,  
Among the resined pine.  
He plays upon a pipe which gives  
This melody so fine.

His impulse comes from every thought,  
Which to the mind of man,  
The beauty of the high wood taught,  
Since first the world began.

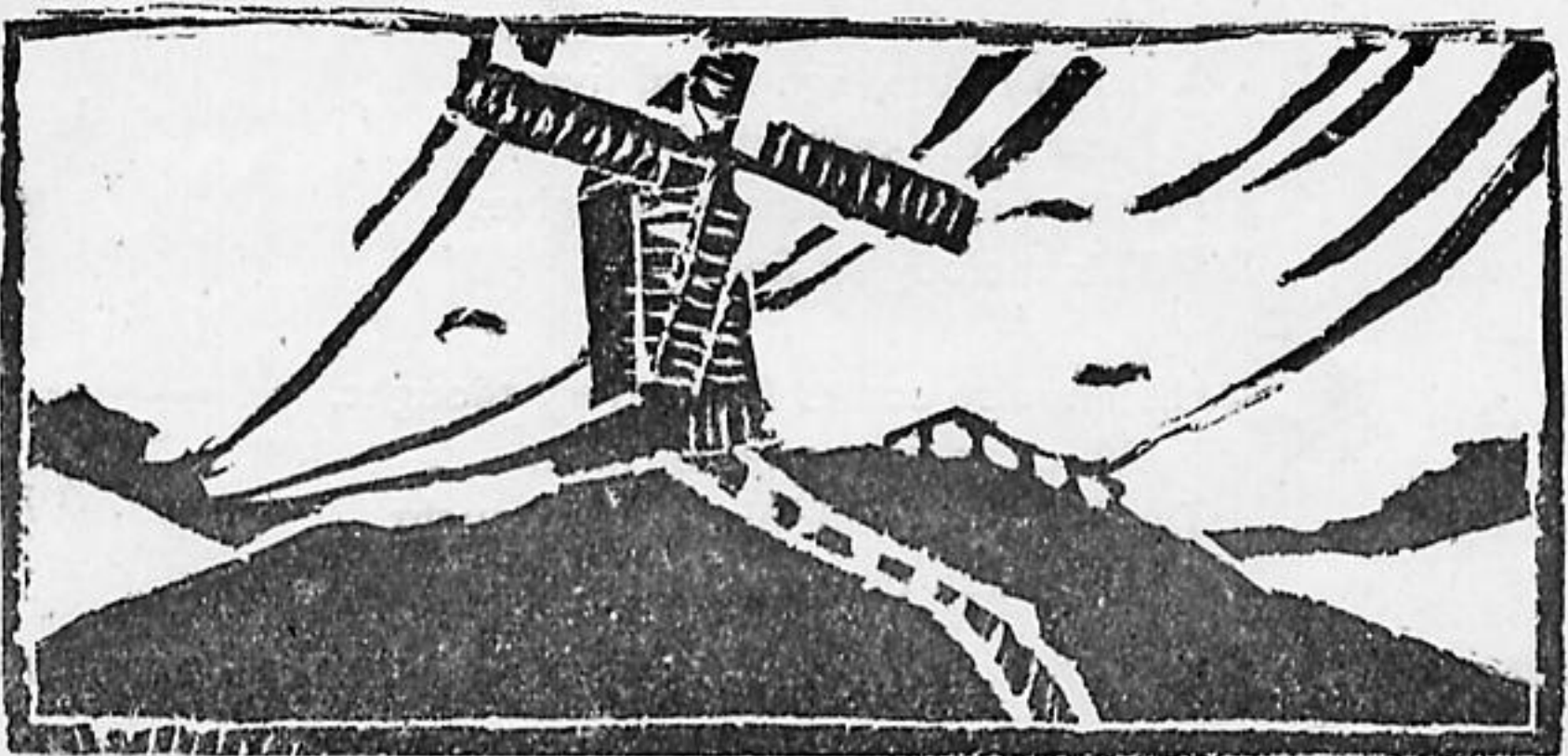
G. SOUTHGATE—U.VI.



## DIARY OF A SUMMER'S EVENING.

- 5.00 p.m. Just preparing to settle down to work on an essay to be handed in the following day, when Ken and Stan called for me to go with them to a cricket practice. Told them I could not possibly go out with them as I was overloaded with homework.
- 6.40 p.m. Decided that the practice wasn't very enjoyable (clean bowled by Ken scoring three!) Wished I hadn't let them change my mind.
- 6.45 p.m. Settled down to resume work at essay at precise moment when the Light Programme announced Dick Barton. Instalment too exciting to miss; obliged to listen.
- 7.00 p.m. Settled down to start essay; wrote the date.
- 7.20 p.m. Noticed with alarm that the page of my exercise book was adorned not only with the date but also with three large blots. Tried to absorb blots with piece of newspaper. Began to read piece of newspaper.
- 7.40 p.m. Finished reading interesting article dealing with the American advances in jet aircraft design.
- 7.45 p.m. Wrote the word "Homework" opposite the date. Remembered that I had agreed to go camping the following week-end. Decided to pack my camping equipment, and to think about essay while I was packing.
- 9.00 p.m. Told by mother to get ready for bed. Realised that unless I made an immediate desperate attack on the essay I should have to "forget" my satchel the following day.
- 9.01 p.m. Resumed position at table and began to write furiously.
- 9.15 p.m. Essay finished. Went to bed with a clear conscience.

F. FEATES—IV.Sc.



Windmill

J. Easthope—IV.S.



## EXAMINATION

The pupils sit and wait;  
The master grim and tall  
Muses at their fate.

And as the time draws near  
To give the papers out,  
The pupils shake in fear.

It's History to-day;  
The pupils shake their heads,  
So vexed with doubts are they.

Who **was** Archbishop Laud?  
And **when** did Cromwell die?  
Few facts can they record.

And when their trial is through,  
And harassed minds relax,  
There comes a grateful "Phew!"

A. ROBINSON—Ilm.

## MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

At the baths we played at plunging,  
Plunging through the greenish water,  
Stretching out our arms before us,  
Face submerged and lungs inflated,  
Legs out-flung to trail behind us,  
Plunged as far as breath would take us.  
When my lungs were quite exhausted,  
After I had plunged my breath's length,  
I stood up from out the water.  
Then I saw a plunger near me,  
And I saw his floating figure  
Gliding slowly through the water,  
Surging softly from the water,  
And Temptation whispered to me,  
"Slap your friend who glides serenely,



Make a thwack as loud as thunder,  
Make him splutter to amuse you,  
Make him angry to amuse you."  
And I struck the part protruding,  
And he choked as I expected;  
He emerged from out the water,  
And his face was red with anger,  
But alas, the face that spluttered,  
Gasping words of great annoyance,  
Was the face, not of my comrade,  
But a most indignant stranger.

J. ONSLOW—IIm.

### LAST MAN IN.

Sitting with my pads on, clutching at my bat  
Pulling up my trousers, pulling down my hat,  
Gazing at the bowler, fierce and tall and strong,  
Knowing that my turn will come, wondering how long.

Ah! the wicket shatters; our opponents shout.  
Seeing me, their bowler thinks, "I'll soon bowl you out!"  
All my team-mates clap me as I take my stand;  
Then they see the bat shake in my trembling hand.

Four more runs are needed; four more runs to win;  
One good hit would do it, though I'm last man in.  
How my team will cheer me, how the boys will roar,  
If I hit my first ball for a mighty four.

Now the bowler's ready, now he starts his run;  
Now I smite . . . . The ball flies, soaring in the sun.  
Eagerly I watch its flight . . . . Just as I had thought,  
Where it falls a fielder stands . . . . What luck! Caught!

P. LORD—IIm.



## MATHEMATICS WITH TEARS.

One garden wall. . . . Two thousand bricks . . .  
And just one hundred days . . .  
And twelve old men with trow'ls and spades . . .  
Or so the text-book says.

The log-book open on my knees  
Mocks at my deep despair;  
Vast calculations fill my head;  
I close my eyes in prayer.

I waken at a loud "Tring . . . Tring!"  
The front door bell, I think.  
My sheets of paper flutter down  
And over goes the ink.

It slowly trickles down and spreads  
A sluggish blue-black stream;  
The dish-cloth quickly gets to work  
And leaves the carpet clean.

The twelve old men resume their tasks  
And twelve more bricks are laid;  
And, mixed like mortar, I re-trace  
The figures I have made.

A hooter sounds. The men stop work,  
And hurry home to tea;  
And leave behind their trow'ls and spades  
And unbuilt wall . . . . to me!

M. FARROW—IV.Sc.





Barrow Boy

8 R. Matthews—L.VI.



## SPEECH DAY.

Although Speech Day was held as long ago as the 18th March, we feel that a report of this important function of the School year should not be omitted from this magazine.

The Civic Hall was again the setting and we were honoured by the presence of the Mayor and Mayoress, the Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Education Committee, the Chairman and several members of the Governors.

The guest of honour was Mr. David L. Webster, M.A. (General Administrator of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden). Mr. Webster gave a very interesting and imaginative speech, the main theme of which was the importance of acquiring a wide knowledge of one's own language in order that, as we went through life, we were never handicapped by an inability to express ourselves adequately.

That Mr. Webster had carried out his advice was evident from his many quotations and his fluency of speech and his sense of humour expressed itself when he exhorted the boys never to marry a girl who signed herself "yours affec.," and pleaded with them and the staff never to call the boys who leave "school leavers."

The prizes were graciously presented by the Mayoress (Mrs. Margaret H. Turner, J.P.), and during the evening a cheque for £10 10s. 0d. was presented to His Worship the Mayor (Councillor E. W. Turner, J.P.), as a contribution from the boys towards his "Happiness" Fund.

The School Choir acquitted itself well and the Recorder Group and Orchestra were a credit to Mr. Hancock's untiring efforts with them.

The Chairman of the Education Committee (Mr. S. A. Maycock), moved the vote of thanks to Mr. Webster and the other speakers, which was seconded by J. M. Clark (School Captain). During these two speeches it was apparent that a holiday had been requested and granted, and the boys' approval was quickly evident.

## COUNCIL FOR EDUCATION IN WORLD CITIZENSHIP.

There have been two general meetings of the C.E.W.C. held so far this year, under the auspices of the Croydon Inter-Schools Committee. The first was held in March. The subject discussed was "The National Health Act," and there were two prominent local doctors representing the British Medical Association and the Socialist Medical Association arguing for and against the Act. The second discussion was in May, and the subject was "The Feasibility of a Western Union." Both meetings, which were held in the Middle Whitgift Grammar School, were well attended.

The Inter-Schools Committee held its fourth meeting in the library of this school on the 28th May.

G.S. & T.M.C.



## VISITING DAYS

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### THE CROYDON HIGH SCHOOL.

On Tuesday, July 20th, a party of music-lovers were privileged to see a performance at Croydon High School of a comparatively early work in the history of the Opera, Gluck's *Orpheus*. It was a pleasant surprise to find that, despite its age, this work possessed not only lovely music, but moments of moving drama, and also that, in view of the very ambitious nature of an amateur production of this kind, such a high standard of performance was achieved. The finest performance was the rich contralto *Orpheus* of a mistress, Miss Rolfe, but, despite their obvious limitations, mention should also be made of the very brave "endurance test" of *Eurydice* in the long Third Act, of the high calibre of the supporting chorus and dancers, and of the lavishness of the sets.

A. NYE—L.VI.

### THE SELHURST GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Early last term a party of fifty boys were invited to the Selhurst School to see the dress rehearsal of their annual Shakespeare production. This year it was "*As You like It*"—and the performance was certainly very much to everyone's liking. Among the principals Pamela Collins made a stout-hearted *Orlando*, and Thelma Twigden a saucy *Touchstone*, while Barbara Rouse, the most natural actress of them all, excelled as the satirical *Jaques*. Some of the audience were overheard saying that Joan Neville as little *Audrey* stole the play, but perhaps chief honours should go to Pamela Wagstaffe who so well captured the spirit of *Rosalind*—"the fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she."

### 38, PARK HILL ROAD.

Open-air Shakespeare is always something of an adventure, and the Thaliens certainly gave a very successful performance of "*Much Ado*" in the grounds of 38, Park Hill Road, last July.

Reginald Johnson as *Benedick* was without question the ablest actor in the whole play, and Lois Penson as *Beatrice* gave him excellent support. On the whole the male characters, especially Leslie Jordan as *Claudio* and Maurice Orme as *Dogberry*, were more natural than the female characters, who tended to speak their lines rather than act them. *Borachio* and *Don John*, however, were not very happily cast. Shakespeare's impression of *Borachio*, the wine bibber, was not conveyed at all effectively, and the sinister black-cloaked *Don John* limped across the stage only to speak in a voice quite out of keeping with a man of not many words.



The music was very pleasant, and the dancing at the end an enjoyable surprise. It served, with the surrounding trees, to produce a fitting atmosphere. Shakespeare's popularity with the average man would increase if he could be presented like this, in a natural setting, instead of a stuffy theatre or school text book stuffed with distracting notes!

T. MORRIS—L.VI.

## THE DAVIS THEATRE.

On the afternoon of June 8th, a party of about fifty boys, escorted by Mr. Cresswell, proceeded to the Davis Theatre, where a concert was to be given by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Sir Malcolm Sargent. When we arrived at the top of Surrey Street, we found a great number of other children converging on the theatre from all directions, directed across the roads by several policemen. Mr. Cresswell waved us across the road with his umbrella, and, having entered the theatre, we found ourselves seated in the centre stalls. A diversion was caused when the gentleman who came in to arrange Sir Malcolm's music was given the ovation due to the great man himself. After a great deal of laughter, the usual chatter began again. It was stilled this time by the entrance of the orchestra and conductor. There was a speech from The Mayor, Councillor Turner, and the concert began.

The pieces played were "Caprice Espanole" (Rimsky Korsakov), "Londonderry Air," Overture "Cockaigne" (Elgar), "On hearing the first Cuckoo in Spring" (Delius), "Der Freischutz" (Weber). The rendering was very good, but the concert was somewhat spoiled by the bad acoustics of the Davis. We all enjoyed ourselves very much, however, and Sir Malcolm was clapped for many minutes before he made his escape.

B. LEADBEATER—L.VI.

## THE SHIRLEY BREWERY.

Last term Mr. Chaundy arranged a visit for us to the Shirley Brewery (Page and Overtons). On arrival we were met by the head brewer, who conducted us through the Brewery, and gave us a lucid explanation of this ancient art of brewing as we went along. We first entered a low-roofed chamber where the barley was germinating under controlled conditions. From this spot we clambered up narrow steps and entered the roasting kiln, where the barley is 'killed' (i.e., germination is stopped). The brewer told us that we were lucky, as the temperature was still fairly low, rising well above 200°F. in the final roasting. The kiln is a lofty room, heated from below. The brewer explained that the enzymes formed during germination are not destroyed by roasting, as the temperature is controlled to prevent this. The barley is now tipped into large



sealed copper tanks, together with water, and the mixture is boiled to allow the enzymes to hydrolyse the sugar in the barley to fermentable sugars. The brewer then led us into a heated room where the barley is kept. We also inspected with great interest the tall hop sacks. We then returned to the main brewing process. Various "dark" sugars are added according to the brew required (ale, beer, stout, etc.). The party then inspected the "cooler" in which the liquid is cooled before being run into the fermenting vats, when yeast is added. Here the enzymes in the yeast (Zymase) change the sugars into alcohol. The brewer pointed out to our amazement the tremendous "head" (white foam) formed during fermentation (seven feet high). We then clambered down further narrow steps and entered the yard where the brew is bottled, or run into barrels. Having thus been initiated into the noble and ancient art of brewing, we were cordially invited to sample the product—which a certain third-former did with seeming relish!

D. RUSSELL—U.VI.



## MUSICAL NOTES.

During the Spring Term a representative group of boys attended the series of concerts based on the development of musical form, and with it the gradual evolution of the Orchestra to its present dimensions. The New English Orchestra's scheme has been much appreciated, and amongst other outstanding observers the unostentatious arrival of Sir Adrian Boult one Saturday morning formed a fitting tribute to the valuable knowledge we were gaining. In particular, the last Ernest Read Symphony Concert was a notable occasion, in that the eminent baritone, George Barker, acted as Narrator in "Peter and the Wolf" by Prokofieff. As a contrast to the above, a large party of boys enjoyed the Victorian quips of Gilbert and the entrancing tunes of Sullivan in the local society's production of "Iolanthe."

Speech Day, as reported elsewhere, provided an opportunity for our musical forces to be on show. The choir sang well and the instrumental items were much appreciated.

The Summer Term brought two musical treats of high order; a well-chosen programme by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Malcolm Sargent at the Davis Theatre, and the rare experience of listening to Gluck's Opera "Orpheus" at the Girls' High School. These visits are reported on another page.

J.N.H.



## SOCIETY NEWS

### SCIENTIFIC AND GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Half way through the summer term, Mr. Hill, of Phillips's, gave a brilliant lecture in the Physics Laboratory on luminescence. He started with a concise account of the history of luminescence. Specimens of early forms of apparatus were passed round, e.g., mercury in a vacuum giving a blue light on shaking. The production of luminescence by friction and chemical means was dealt with and demonstrated. Mr. Hill then turned to the effect of ultra-violet light on various minerals. The production of luminescence by zinc blende screens, and the structure of the zinc sulphide molecule were demonstrated. Mr. Hill illustrated his lecture by numerous slides and at the end answered many questions.

To close the Society's activities for the School year, we visited "The Croydon Advertiser" printing works. The party arrived there at 4.15 p.m., and were shewn some informative photographs before actually touring the printing works. Our guide then took us to the room where the type is set up, and the "papier maché" moulds are made. The party was then conducted to the room where the type metal (lead, antimony, tin alloy) is melted down and where the circular printing plates are cast. This room was "slightly warm" as the molten metal was at about 500°. We watched with astonishment as metal plates turned slowly into a silvery metal with a scum capping it. These circular plates are then taken down to the printing room and trimmed to be fitted on the press. Later we returned to see the press in action. However, as late news was still coming in we waited till 7.15 p.m. before printing began. The printer entertained us by explaining various other presses. At 7.15 p.m. the press commenced to thunder at an amazing speed and the latest local news swiftly piled up.

D. RUSSELL—U.VI, Secretary.

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society met regularly last winter for play readings. Mr. Gee also gave a highly instructive and—for the spectators—amusing demonstration of the art of using make-up. Two very unwilling models having been singled out from among the audience, members of the Society were shown how to make use of crêpe hair for artificial beards and moustaches.

A visit by privileged members to Selhurst Grammar School for Girls to see their production of "As You Like It" is recorded elsewhere. Early in July the School was honoured by a visit from the prominent local playwright and actor, Mr. Stuart Ready, who gave a talk on the development of English Drama from its medieval beginnings up to the present day.



Aided by Miss Cynthia Coates, he illustrated his talk by acting short scenes from a number of well-known plays.

A very creditable performance of the one act play, "A Thread of Scarlet," was given to the School at the end of term. This show was put on by the unaided efforts of fifth and sixth-formers—its object was to raise a modest sum for The Lord Mayor of London's United Nations' Appeal for Children. Those taking part were: D. Howes, T. Constable, A. McIntyre, N. Appleyard, L. Blake, M. Snook, while T. Morris was indispensable as "effects man."

T. CONSTABLE—L.VI, Secretary.

## THE MUSIC SOCIETY.

The Musical Society has not been quiescent despite the spate of external activities, for recordings of many standard works, including symphonies by Beethoven, Tschaikowsky and Elgar, have been appreciated. Having used a very small part of Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius" as an illustration, the Music Master was very satisfied when he was asked to play the whole recording!

V. CARTER—L.VI, Secretary.

## THE CHESS CLUB.

The summer months saw little in the way of chess club activity except for an "under 15" match against the Whitgift Grammar School. For most of the team the match was their first inter-school encounter and, therefore, it is not surprising that, at the end of the evening, of the seven games played only one victory could be recorded.

During the last few weeks of the Spring term, the result of the inter-house chess tournament was decided. On paper, Delta House appeared to be the strongest, but once again the Beta team carried off the cup.

With the opening of the new season, knock-out tournaments have been arranged in the 3rd, 4th and 5th forms, and it is hoped that these tournaments will bring to light new material for the 1st team. This team will once again compete for the Briant Poulter Shield during the winter months.

Veteran members of the team will be sorry to hear of the departure of G. W. W. Bennett, the captain of chess for two successive years.

Last term it was decided to form a second team to play friendly games against other schools. This will enable younger players to gain match practice.

As usual, members of the club will be able to play during the dinner hour in Mr. Lindsell's room (Room 2). Also, as more sets have been acquired a greater number of boys than in former years can participate.

J. CLARK, P. FUNNELL—U.VI, Secretaries.



Looking back over the last few seasons we may trace a steady expansion of programme in Soccer, Cricket and Athletics, as well as improvements in our facilities for practice at these sports.

The Ground itself, although still awaiting much-needed fencing, is yielding to treatment. The cricket-square is receiving attention which promises still better wickets for next season. A concrete strip has been laid down for net-practice, and a further net is available for playground use.

Canteen facilities at the Pavilion were improved during the Cricket season and School XI's and visitors alike were greatly appreciative of the excellent teas served.



The School XI's played through a pleasant programme of fixtures during the somewhat short season. The First XI, from a total of fourteen matches, played two of them to a draw and won six.



CRICKET XI — 1948



The quality of the batting still suggests that more and still more practice at the nets is needed, the highest individual scores being Davie 32 and Bell 33.

The bowling however, was strong enough to off-set poor batting totals, and the following excellent figures were returned:—

A. Turner	...	...	47 wickets for 193 runs.
P. Allen	...	...	61 wickets for 292 runs.

★

In an enjoyable match with Selhurst Grammar School, we lost five wickets for nine runs, and were dismissed for a total of twenty-four. Our bowlers, however, rose magnificently to the occasion, and at one stage of the game Selhurst had seven wickets down for twelve runs. The visitor's No. 7 batted strongly to save the situation and Selhurst won on the first innings of this low-scoring game by thirteen runs.

Another enjoyable match was that against the Staff XI. The Staff batted first to score 87 (Mr. Lowe 43, Mr. Manning 26), whilst the School XI was dismissed for 50. (Mr. Alexander, 5 for 19.)

★

The School XI was this season captained by D. Dunning, and regular players were Turner, Lawrence, Allen, J. Brown, Davie, Bell, J. Smith, Tibbenham, Matthews, Jenkin (wicket-keeper).

★

We wish to place on record our gratitude to Mrs. Garwood for preparing so many and such delightful teas during the season, and to the Kitchen staff for cake-making every week.

Our grateful thanks are due also to Everson for an immaculate and meticulously-kept scorebook.

★

Other XI's played regularly during the season, usually under the captaincy of J. Brown, and some figures are:—

Played 16. Won 6. Drawn 3.

Again, batting figures were not good, P. Butterworth scoring most freely with 146 in 11 innings, including 33, and 25.

Bowling figures were much better, Childs taking 27 wickets for 97 runs; Sawyer 18 wickets for 79 runs; Butterworth 16 wickets for 116 runs.



## ATHLETICS.

This season we entered, for the first time, the County Grammar School Sports at Imber Court. No special successes may be recorded but the performances of many members of our team promise well for the coming season. Sivyer was placed in the high jump and Bell and York were among others who ran well in their various events.

Team matches were arranged during the season with Selhurst, Stanley, Beckenham and Catford Schools and several good individual performances were recorded.

Relay teams were entered in the Stanley School Sports, The Norbury Police Sports and the British Legion Sports, the team gaining the trophy at this last meeting.

Our leading athletes this season were P. Bell, half-miler; R. York, sprints and high jump; P. Butterworth, junior quarter-miler; and J. Crumplin, junior sprints.

In our own Sports Meeting, the last event on the programme, the Medley Relay, found Beta and Delta Houses level on points. In consequence the Delta team ran an inspired race to win the Championship Trophy by a margin of one point.



*R. York winning the 220*

Beta House won the Junior Games Cup and Delta House the Field Events Trophy. The Victor Ludorum Cup was awarded to R. York (Senior), and P. Butterworth (Junior).

★

## TENNIS.

A new Club was formed during the summer term for members of the Upper School, and under the guidance of Mr. Evans and Mr. Cracknell the standard of play has improved steadily. Practice matches were held each Friday at the Park Hill Courts, and at the end of term an enjoyable game was played between a Staff six and a School six, the Staff winning by 6—3.



We very much hope that additional facilities for play and further equipment will be available for next year.

J. Smith was Tennis Captain for the season 1948.



## COLOURS AWARDS.

Soccer, 1947-48 ... D. Dunning, A. Turner, D. Green, B. Savell.

Cricket, 1948 ... D. Dunning, A. Turner, P. Allen.

Athletics, 1948 ... R. York.

A. Childs played throughout the season for the Surrey Schools' Cricket XI.

A. Childs and J. Brown played for the Croydon Schools' XI. Butterworth, Sawyer and Horscroft were also awarded Croydon Caps.

York, Banks, Jeans and Luck won the British Legion Relay Cup and individual prizes at the Athletics meeting in August.

S. Barfield, Sullivan, Morris and Milner swam well at the Stanley Gala, and we should have a useful relay team for similar competitions next season.

Under the direction of S. Barfield an "exclusive" School Swimming Club is putting in much steady practice with a view to increasing our swimming strength for Gala entries in 1949.



## SOCCER, 1948.

Already many and interesting matches have been played, each Saturday finding four School XI's in the field.

At the time of going to press figures are:—

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against	Pts.
1st XI ... ..	4	2	-	2	13	14	-
2nd XI ... ..	2	2	-	-	4	0	-
3rd XI (Schools League) ...	5	3	2	-	14	9	8
4th XI (Schools League) ...	6	5	-	1	19	10	10



## THE PAVILION.

Special mention must be made in these notes of the fact that the pavilion is now resplendent in new paint, green and cream. We are deeply indebted to Mr. Gee and a small group of helpers, who undertook the task of painting and who put in many hours, after School, at this work. Our thanks too, to Brierley and MacDonald, for increasing our locker space at the Pavilion. It is hoped that similar lockers will shortly be added in No. 2 dressing room.



# OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

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President: J. C. Lowe, M.A.

Chairman: Mr. D. Wicks.

Secretary: Mr. A. Young, 113, Grange Road, Sanderstead.

Treasurer: Mr. M. Vincett, 7, Bolderwood Way, West Wickham.

Committee: Messrs. F. Clements, R. Loveless, K. Perkins.



Since the last issue of the Magazine the activities of the association have been mainly centred upon the War Memorial Fund and the revival of the Cricket Sub-Section.

Over 200 circulars have been sent out in connection with the War Memorial Fund, and to date some fifty donations have been received amounting to just under £100. This response is rather disappointing, and the Committee feels sure that there are many more Old Boys who intended to contribute to the fund, but have delayed sending in their donations, and have now forgotten the matter. Once again therefore, we urge all who have not made a donation to do so without delay and so enable us to provide a worthy memorial to those who gave their lives. All contributions, great or small, should be forwarded to Mr. C. Myers at the School.

The Committee arranged a dance on the 30th April at Bedford Hall to help meet the expenses of organising the fund. Everyone who came to the dance had an enjoyable evening, but once again the numbers of supporters were insufficient to cover the cost of hiring the hall and the band. Consequently, instead of aiding the Memorial Fund, the dance proved to be a further drain on the slender resources of the Association.



Having dealt with the disappointments of the past months, we are glad to be able to report more cheerful news. The Cricket Sub-Section was revived during the past season, and a full fixture list was arranged from the beginning of May to mid-September. We won six matches out of a total of sixteen games played. Considering that at the beginning of the season many of our players were strangers to each other and had not played for several years, the result is quite promising. We hope that next season will see a return to pre-war strength. We invite all who are interested in cricket, particularly those who have just left



School, to contact the Secretary to enable us to form an idea of our probable strength for next season. We are grateful to the School for allowing us the use of the School ground both for practice and for matches, and to Mr. Smith in particular, for the considerable assistance which he gave us in getting started.



We are also glad to report Messrs. Hewitts now have Old Boys' ties and squares in stock, price 6/- and 20/- each respectively. Authority to purchase ties or squares can be obtained on application to the Secretary.



Members are reminded that annual subscriptions are due from 1st September, and that the rates are 2/6d. for members under the age of 18, and 7/6d. thereafter.



## P R E F E C T S

J. M. Clark (Captain )

P. A. Funnell (Vice-Captain )

A. Turner

D. Wolf

D. G. Russell

A. S. Chapman

B. Vail

D. Howes

T. Morris

K. Tibbenham

R. Mathews