



"Concordia"

The Official Organ of
The Clapham Old Xaverians'
Association

Concordia res parvæ crescunt

Vol. V

OCTOBER, 1955

No. 10

ASSOCIATION CALENDAR

<i>Date</i>	<i>Events</i>	<i>Venue</i>	<i>Time</i>
1955			
Saturday, 22nd Oct.	O.Bs. v. School	Norbury	2.30 p.m.
Sunday, 23rd Oct.	A.G.M.	College Hall	3 p.m.
Saturday, 29th Oct.	Dance	Bedford Hotel Balham	7.30 p.m.
Sunday, 13th Nov.	Annual Mass	College Chapel	11 a.m.
1956			
Saturday, 14th Jan.	O.Bs. v. School	Norbury	2.30 p.m.
4th Feb.	Dinner Dance	Bedford Hotel Balham	7 p.m. for 7.30 p.m.
Friday Evenings throughout the Winter	Table Tennis	College Hall	7.30 p.m.

GENERAL SECRETARY'S REPORT

The past year has been one of some financial and social success. A surplus of some £25 is likely to result from the year's activities. Paid up membership has increased from 76 to approximately 100. However, most of the increase is due to old members having renewed their subscriptions and not to an influx of new members.

Our list of social events was almost identical with last year's except for the omission of the supper, which had been losing

popularity for some years. The October dance was very well attended and was both financially and socially successful.

The dinner dance in February was very well supported, some 75 members and guests attending the dinner and another 35 arrived for the dancing. We were fortunate in that Bro. Pius was able to attend and to take the Chair, Bro. Peter was there as our guest and with the help of Bill Madigan and Dennis Quin we had for once, no worries about speakers. For the first time for some years Bro. Dunstan could not be present owing to illness. A fairly substantial profit was made on this function.

At the last A.G.M. the Committee was empowered to investigate the possibility of running a semi-public dance, as a fund raising method. It was decided to hold a mid-lent dance at St. Mary's Hall. This was duly arranged; owing to illness very little advanced publicity was given and we only secured a band at the last moment, however some 100 people attended and we were able to make a small profit, we also gained some very useful experience.

The other two social functions that O.Bs. attend corporately, the Christmas party and dance at Ibis and the post six-a-side dance at Royal Exchange were both well attended and hugely enjoyed.

We were, through unforeseen circumstances unable to hold a meeting with the School-leavers this year, but we have obtained the very valuable services of Mr. Pocock and Mr. Marshall as go-betweens to keep the Association in touch with the boys.

The Annual Mass was slightly better attended but there is still great room for improvement in our numbers.

In summing up, I should like to say that although the past year has been moderately successful our chief worry for the future is the lack of younger members.

STEVEN WARD.

RES PARVÆ

Ties and squares are obtainable from the Treasurer, Peter Hayland at 9/6d. and 27/6d. respectively.

Annual subscriptions are due from October 1st.

Bro. Julian reports that Mr. Thomas the tailor of Cavendish Parade, who is the School tailor, is prepared to accept orders for gold wire braid blazer badges priced at about 55/-.

Members will have noticed that the News Letters have been more frequent and better produced this year, this has been effected by securing the services of a professional duplicating bureau and also by members being somewhat more forthcoming with news than hitherto, however much more news is still urgently required.

Although the Club house is well under way both labour and capital is still required if we are to complete and furnish it in the near future. Now is the time to start looking in the attic for sofas and armchairs surplus to your own requirements.

FOOTBALL

We enter our first season in league football with some misgivings. It had been hoped that league football would attract our younger members and stimulate interest among the school leavers, but so far this has not been so, and we have not replaced those forced to retire by Service calls. The secretary will be glad to hear from any Old Boys who can assist the league side. If we can attain last season's standard we should be in the running for promotion as the season closes.

If we can improve the standard of our first team, our reserves will be able to field a stronger side each week. Last season, on several occasions, this eleven found itself depleted by last minute calls from the first eleven. Even so, despite this handicap, they always put up a creditable performance, but they deserve better treatment than this, and they too will welcome newcomers to their side.

Last season the matches with the College resulted in a draw and a win. This season we hope to see more Old Boys supporting these games. The dates are listed below in the first eleven fixture list.

OLD BOYS LEAGUE

Division 1 South

Sept. 17	Old Salesians Res.	Home
Oct. 1	„ Erithians	Home
„ 8	„ Tenisonians	Away
„ 15	„ Strodians	Away
„ 22	The College	Home
„ 29	Old Suttonians	Home
Nov. 12	„ Dorkinians	Away
„ 26	„ Tiffinians	Home
Dec. 3	„ Cheynians Res.	Home
„ 31	„ Cheynians Res.	Away
Jan. 14	The College	Home
„ 21	Old Salesians Res.	Away
Feb. 4	„ Tenisonians	Home
„ 25	„ Tiffinians	Away
Mar. 3	„ Dorkinians	Home
„ 10	„ Strodians	Home
„ 17	„ Suttonians	Away
„ 24	„ Strandians	Away
„ 31	„ Erithians	Away
Apr. 7	„ Strandians	Home

M. B. WARD,

23 Egremont Road, S.E.27.

CRICKET

It was agreed at the last A.G.M. that cricket matches should be limited to four this season merely in order to keep the section alive. The games agreed upon were the match with the College, two games with Johnson Mathey and one with Birkbeck College. When you come to glance at the results you will probably agree that this was just as well, but on the other hand it is only fair to say that no player can be expected to pick up a bat and ball on a mere four occasions and make any sort of worthwhile show.

This year as last year our best performance was against the College, who were beaten by seven wickets. On a miserable day (we did have some earlier in the season) the College, playing somewhat below their best, after a run of seven victories, were defeated by the strongest side we fielded this season. Unfortunately our strength and performances deteriorated and, for the other games, the less said, the better. There is this to be said for our cricket — we enjoy it, as also the liquid aftermath.

Looking to the future, we must hope that it will not be too long before we have the facilities for playing regular cricket. Then we should see a revival of the interest and an improvement in performance. In the meantime most of our keen cricketers are forming attachments to other clubs. This is only to be expected, but it makes our own position even more difficult. We can only hope that they will spare us an occasional day of their playing time in order to maintain the prestige of the Association.

Mon., 30th May	v. Johnson Mathey	Lost
Sat., 11th June	v. College	Won by 7 wickets
Sat., 18th June	v. Birkbeck College	Lost
Sun., 31st July	v. Johnson Mathey	Lost

JULIAN GOLDIE, HIS STORY

A DEDICATION

To all those Old Boys who have steady jobs and have never looked outside from inside and in particular to the one who appears in The British Imperial Calendar and Civil Service List, 1955, Page 824 (Sect Navigational Aids) Line 5.

To write a story that covers some five years and about the same number of oceans is something of a task, however this is it.

In 1946 the Headmaster and myself arrived at the conclusion that the College had failed to improve me and that I had failed to improve the College. So it was that I found myself working as a junior in a stationer's shop in Victoria Street, where my work ranged from carting books to many of the neighbouring offices to cleaning out the storeroom. Before the end of the year I concluded that this was not the life for me, here once again I found myself in complete accord with my superiors.

In July, 1947, I went to Belgium for a holiday, in that small country, so near to our own and yet so different I became innoculated with the wander bug, this place even smelt differently and extrapolating somewhat, I thought how much more intriguing would be far countries like Afghanistan and Peru. From that time my ambition was to travel the world and to see something of the foreigners who make up some 99% of the dwellers thereon.

Some few months later like the heroes in the "Wide World" magazine I found myself on a very old, coal burning, tramp steamer crossing the Atlantic. It was a dirty old ship, to which the Atlantic objected violently and to which the seamen in the fo'c'sle objected to even more so, but to me the S.S. Dunelmia was a dream come true. In the stokehold were the Lascars for whom I acted as a writer of love letters to their various "good ladies" in London, Liverpool and Cardiff. The trip however was not all fun, as anybody who has served on a first voyage as a boy in the Merchant Service will understand. As a first tripper I was the target for every joke and hoax in the not inconsiderable repertoire of these objects, that were known to the crew, awakened in the middle of the night for imaginary collisions with icebergs and rude awakenings sans blankets, sans clothes, sans everything, were just two of the more refined style of joke that were practised.

I worked in the pantry and the Officers' Quarters, ten hours a day and seven days a week, scrubbing, washing up, cleaning port-holes and washing clothes. After three weeks of struggling the ship made Boston.

On my first night ashore I sampled the famed American hospitality, and sat drinking coffee all through the night in an American home. The home was a couple of dowdy rooms over a dilapidated shop. The kitchen, which took up half the living room, was replete with gadgets and refrigerator. The family owned a large and wonderous Ford car which seemed better suited for living in than the house.

The ship stayed in Boston for a fortnight, and thanks to the American family I was able to see quite a lot of the place, Bunker Hill, where the "Limeys" took a licking was shown with great satisfaction. The movies, where the audience spent a large part of their time buying pop corn and Coca Cola were somewhat less staid than our own Odeons. I was also introduced to Burlesque, that lurid, vulgar show, now hallowed by tradition.

The return trip did not hold the same thrill as the westward crossing had, and I realised that the novelty had worn off. The Dunelmia had taken on a load of Marshall Aid grain for Germany and we were to off-load it in Hamburg, on the way there we had to pass through the English Channel which made me extremely homesick. Hamburg was still very much battered by the war and cigarettes were still very hard currency and villainy and vice were rampant. The ship was off-loaded in less than half the time taken to load it and then we sailed for Cardiff.

I was home again for almost a fortnight and then signed on the S.S. Glenpool, which we were told, would probably go on the Australia-New Zealand run. The Bay of Biscay was calm, Gibraltar was as impressive as its photographs, and the Mediterranean was as serene and blue as the postcards suggest and talking of postcards our first stop was Port Said, the indescribable "Elbow of the East." The canal provided an interesting break in the voyage, what with the other ships in hailing distance and the international gestures and words of abuse that we traded with the riparians.

We passed from the heat of the Red Sea into the greater heat of the Persian Gulf. Our next port of call was Kuwait whose Bonanza was just beginning and where the camels still outnumbered the Cadillacs. From Kuwait to Abadan where we had to work throughout the hottest periods of the day which led to one member of the crew being struck down with heat stroke and the rest of us becoming extremely morose and quarrelsome. The ship spent some weeks shuttling back and forward between Kuwait and Abadan during which time there were a number of fights between crew members. The master of the Glenpool took on the aspect of Captain Bligh and altogether it was a most unhappy ship.

We eventually left the Red Sea area and sailed south into the Indian Ocean and on to Ceylon, one of the loveliest islands in the world, enjoying a far higher standard of living than anywhere else in the far east. Here our stay was very pleasant and the people seemed happy and carefree.

Travelling south across the Indian Ocean we met up with a great storm and were badly buffeted. Throughout all this, Ginger, a crewman from London was lying below in great agony and as we had no doctor aboard the crew decided to ask the Master to put in at Fremantle which was not too far to the east, this he refused to do saying that he had to reach Auckland by a set date and could not afford the time. When we eventually reached Auckland, Ginger was rushed to hospital and successfully operated on.

When the time came for the Glenpool to sail to the Gilbert Islands, of her crew of thirty some twelve were absent, I was numbered amongst them. Although it is a fairly common occurrence for crew members to "jump ship" in New Zealand our ship seemed to have held the record percentage.

I disappeared with two others, a Glasgow Scot and another Londoner. As I had no money my part of the contract was to supply the suitcase whilst they supplied the money. We walked off the ship with a group of dockers almost an hour before she was due to sail. We headed for an old Maori shack in Nelson Street, Auckland's Scotland Road. The Scotsman decided that here he had found his Shangri La and when I left a few days later he looked like remaining for a lifetime and just letting the world roll. I soon parted from the Londoner after an incident in which I'd found a pound note and returned it to the owner, my companion took exception to this, saying that he was the group

financier and that it was downright immoral of me to give the money back without first consulting him. At that feeling virtuous and penniless I headed for the Waiakato coalfield.

I arrived in the town of Huntly where I was known as Peter Davey, there I soon managed to obtain employment underground, though I was under the statutory age and I earned some real money. I quickly became assimilated into the social life of the town and made quite a name for myself in the local Soccer team and almost married one of the local girls. Work in the pits was hard. As the seams were shallow and disrupted there was little scope for mechanisation, the work however was satisfying and well paid. Accidents were frequent and I managed to sever my little finger, which was stitched back and is now somewhat longer than the corresponding digit on my other hand.

After a year of being Peter Davey I began to feel homesick and began planning how to return to England. I now realised getting off a ship was much easier than getting on one. My first step was to surrender myself to the police as an illegal emigrant and having done so I was brought before a rather paternal looking magistrate who fined me £5 and costs, which last part I thought a bit steep considering the unfortunate breakfast with which I had been provided in the police station. I was further asked whether I wished to stay in the Dominion and replying in the negative I was placed on probation and told that the authorities would try to get me a ship out of the country. Try as I might in Auckland, no ship would sign on a "jumper" so I headed for Wellington where I eventually secured a berth on the Albany which was in the coastal business. At the end of 1949 I managed to sign on another vessel which was making for Galveston, Texas. From New Zealand to Panama took 31 days during which time we didn't see land. Christobal at the end of the canal was very cosmopolitan and appeared to consist chiefly of bars and neon signs, each bar trying to outvie the other with the promises of even more exotic dancers in their establishment than the one next, with which they had no connection.

In Galveston I again found the same sort of hospitality that I'd encountered in Boston although it may well have been a different country so different was it from the East coast. Here I first encountered the colour bar so very different from New Zealand where Maoris and Whites live in harmony. I remember trying to be very charitable by sitting next to a negro in a bus, he however became most annoyed and told me to read the notice and go back to my own seat. There seemed to be no active racial hatred by either side, merely a passive acceptance of the "fact" that segregation was the best way out for both races.

From Galveston we sailed to New York, which I thought really fabulous, at three o'clock in the morning the Bronx, Times Square and Brooklyn seemed to be as busy as they were at 3 p.m. The cinemas, bars, drug stores and delicatessens never seemed to close,

the best antidote to a week in New York would be a week of Sundays in a Welsh village.

I returned to Boston through the Cape Cod Canal along the banks of which one can see New England villages and towns that really do seem to have walked straight out of the pages of the Saturday Evening Post.

Our next port of call after Boston was Halifax, Nova Scotia, where the cold was of the brass monkey maiming variety and where all liquor had to be consumed seated.

Leaving Halifax I experienced some really rough weather in the North Atlantic before we finally made London.

Shortly after my return home I was called up for National Service and after a time was back at sea again bound for Korea, this time as a passenger on the T.S. Empire Pride. Once again through the Med. and on to Suez, the same old slanging match with those on the banks, but this time the Canal based troops were included in our invective for their having such a cushy time. The Red Sea was just as nasty as previously, we eventually made Ceylon which if anything seemed to have grown more pleasant.

From Ceylon onwards the scenery was all novel.

Our first sight of a Far Eastern city was at Singapore thence to Hongkong and finally to Kure in Japan where we stayed for some eight weeks. Japan was everything that it had written to be. A strange mixture of oriental original and plagiarised occidental.

The Japanese appeared to be a very industrious submissive sort of people, a far cry from the barbarian fanatics who'd fought, burned and tortured their way almost to Australia. None of them, of course, had ever been in the Imperial army, it seems that there were an awful lot of "civilians attached" in that organisation.

The Commonwealth base, at Kure, was quite near Hiroshima, which I visited, it was mostly rebuilt except for the area around Ground Zero, in which stands a memorial and shrine to "Peace." Further down the road one may enter the Atomic Bar and drink an "A Bomb Cocktail."

After our stay in Kure we were transported to Korea, the land of the beautiful morning, its name must have been the only beauty with which it was blessed for in all other respects the peninsula was ghastly. It seemed to us to be a land of endless barren hills and a draught funnel from Siberia. Our breath didn't only freeze solid, the constituent gases were liquified.

The devastation of the countryside was bewildering in its completeness. The train from Pusan to the divisional railhead took thirty-two hours of chugging and wheezing to complete the journey. We then climbed into trucks which slowly made their way along some horrifying roads towards the bowel gripping sounds of gunnery and horrible flashes and we were afraid. During the months that we spent in Korea, I longed to be living in staid suburban bliss and decided that if I got home I'd be only to pleased to roam no more and catch the good old eight-twenty to Victoria. Despite

the miseries of Korea we managed to have some good times and we had great pride in the Commonwealth Division which was a great and successful fighting machine. Our parties despite the dearth of liquor and the lack of women seemed to us more enjoyable than any of Miss Maxwell's wealthy menageries and the concert party was the zenith of humour and talent. However my happiest day came when I was "backloaded" and I was shortly afterwards home once more.

My dream of suburban bliss has come true and I travel daily to Victoria, quite happily. I am married and have a son named Peter, whose name will constantly keep my New Zealand days in mind. I have now set about making up leeway in my academic education, which had been somewhat interrupted by the diversions set out above.

JULIAN GOLDIE.

PERSONALIA

The following have lately been suffering from tintinitis.

Paddy Brennan to Miss Paddy Butler, Peter Batty to Miss Maria Therese Bernasconi, Len Powell to Miss Marie Nippard.

Peter Brooks in Australia, Bobby Brookes in Oxford.

Sub-clinical signs of the above course of action have appeared in the following: Brian White, Eugene Smart, Peter Hughes.

Families: To Tessie and Mrs. Walsh a daughter, to Reg and Mrs. Pierce a daughter, to Bernard and Mrs. Farrel a daughter. To all congratulations.

HAROLD HUGHESDON, now in St. Paul's, Minnesota, where besides teaching other people's children has a number of his own.

ARTHUR HUGHES, now living in Selsdon is still keenly interested in football and is a hard-working member of the Civil Service.

BRIAN ORCHARD, passed his D.P.M. last year and is now M.Oing in Kent.

REG PIERCE, once more back from the Far East is now in Germany in a Staff job.

BILL PALMER is back in circulation once more having spent just over two months at a Summer School in Barcelona. Bill mentioned that he met John Reidy in London last year, when John was over here at the University.

BERNARD PLUMMER, graduated in geography this year and is now waiting to join the army.

SAVINO RAVETTO, writes from U.C.H. where he is doing second year clinicals, that Michael Nichols graduated this year from U.C. and Michael Straiton from Charing Cross.

PETER FREDDI, is now stationed at Pembroke Dock, from whence he flies Sunderlands, his brother Len is doing geology at U.C.

TONY KIRKDALE, our Committee Chairman, is soon leaving London as his firm have moved off into the wilds of Buckinghamshire.

JULIAN MINGHI, is studying at Durham.

HENRY PINSENT, is doing supersonic things at Imperial where he holds a research scholarship.

PAUL ALLAIN is now in the 2nd year of his French course at U.C.

JOHN KEEN, now assistant Sanitary Inspector in Southwark is soon going to take up a post in Beckenham. John who is now married and has a family, has often come across JOHNNY WRIGHT who is in the Police force, thus far these two have always been on the same side.

JOSEPH KELLEHER is now in the Southwark Diocesan Seminary at Womersley. His brother John is about to start a dentistry course.

JOHN GLENNY and DERMOT JONES, are both down at R.A.F. Sandwich.

MICHAEL SIMMONS, is soon to be an ex-R.A.F. man, he has had a very good cricket season playing for the R.A.F. Northern Group.

GERALD BLACKBURN, is now stationed in Germany.

BRIAN COOK is serving as a signaller on a seven year engagement in the Royal Navy.

DAVID ROWLES is in the R.A.E.C.

BRIAN McDERMOTT was last seen square bashing at Henesford.

TIM HIGGINS is stationed in Newbury.

RAYMOND PRINCE has lately finished a parachute course where he said he really began to understand that "g" = 981 cms/sec/sec. He is now on a moral leadership course.

DAVID HAYLAND, stationed at Biggin Hill has also been on a moral leadership course where he met Rex Edgell who is now stationed in Norfolk.

WILLIAM PEPPER is in the K.R.R.C.

C. J. DEASY is a fighter plotter at Sapling in Hampshire.

RAYMOND BARRY was "working in Korea" in June, 1955.

COLLEGE NEWS

School started on Monday, September 6th. It was Black Monday for about sixty new boys in Form One and a day of rejoicing for about forty senior boys in Form Six. The new School Captain was Derek Lane, and the Captains of the Houses were: Canterbury, Martin Dunne; Charterhouse, Christopher Scott; Glastonbury, John Keenan; Walsingham, Brian Sanders. Sanders, who was last year's school captain, had returned to school for another year to have a shot at a State Scholarship.

The great event of the Autumn Term was the installation of the new central heating plant. Instead of the work having been more or less completed in the midsummer holidays it did not start until October. From then on the school buildings were loud with the noise of banging and hammering, thumping and clattering, whistling and yelling and a peculiarly raucous crooning noise interspersed with sudden yelps. This last, we were told, was singing in the style of a Mr. Weepy Johnny Ray.

Lessons continued however without disruption and gradually pipes and radiators appeared in all the rooms. During this rather trying time the boys surpassed themselves; no damage was done and little time was wasted. This was to the surprise of the men on the job who had expected either evacuation of classrooms or loss of tools. Without boasting it can be said that they were agreeably surprised and impressed by the behaviour of the school. During breaks there was always a crowd round the screw-threading machine. It fascinated the small fry, who developed quite powerful muscles helping.

End of term came bringing with it the Carol Concert and the House Plays. The Carol Concert was not excellent. The fog and the cold affected the throats of the choristers and the carols suffered. The singers too were in many cases more intent on spotting Mum and Dad in the audience than on watching the conductor. The House Plays, a revival of an old tradition, went off well. In the Hole in the Road, however, the explosive, guaranteed harmless by Brother Dunstan, which was to simulate the explosion of the gas-main refused even to burn let alone bang. Messieurs Moller and Sabbagh carried off the situation like professionals. Bruce Watson of Form Three played his trumpet in the intervals. One person, a jazz fan we presume, was heard to mutter "Dat boy sure blows a pretty trumpet."

January 10th was another Black Monday. This time for the Spring Term. Almost immediately the weather turned nasty and we had several snow falls. There were any number of snow fights but only one official one. One snow fight was, we were told, tradition. It resulted in five broken panes of glass and the opinion that tradition can be overdone. The new biology lab. came into use. It is in what used to be the Conservatory of Hollywood. Form Six Specialists in Botany, Zoology, and Biology have there their habitat.

They claim that they can look out over the school like a captain on the bridge. The school claims that they look like Regents Park or Whipsnade.

Friday, March 11th, was warm and sunny and on that day the central heating came on for the first time. Every day until the end of the term it was on and every day warm and sunny. We had shivered through many a cold and snowy day earlier in the year. One in particular is remembered, March the 9th, the day of the Cross Country. It was run in a blizzard. The grains of snow were blown along nearly parallel to the ground and looked like grains of rice. Dry, white, hard and very, very cold.

March 25th and 26th were the days of the school plays. The trial scene from *Toad of Toad Hall* and the *Dumb Wife of Cheapside* were the choices. They were well produced, well spoken and well dressed and all who saw them were loud in their praises. Michael Sayers and John Mattock as the dumb wife and her husband were outstanding. Mr. Gibb and Mr. Pocock, the producers, are to be congratulated and encouraged to make the plays an annual event in the life of the school.

On the last three days of term Forms V and VI went into retreat: Father Norbert, O.F.M., was the retreat master and proved himself a master indeed. The boys were stimulated and encouraged by his retreat and what is more they enjoyed it. It is impossible to over-estimate the influence a retreat can have on a boy who is perhaps in his last year at school. Its effects will accompany him through life. We are grateful to Father Norbert.

Various games of football were played during the term but one, against Beulah Hill, stands out. We print verbatim the account of it written by a spectator. "The First Eleven was playing with one man short and half-time found the school losing two-nothing. The first half had been scrappy and desultory, the positioning was bad, the shooting feeble, and the initiative had been entirely Beulah Hill's. Much of this was attributable to the irritation which a team feels at finding itself one man short. As the outcome showed the loss was not so great as it had at first seemed. At half-time the side was re-organised. The outside-left position was left vacant and the tactics were to send the ball hard up the middle without attempting any dribbling or complicated passing. These decisions were in part dictated by the state of the ground on the left-wing which was so boggy that no swift play there was feasible.

"Immediately play re-started Scott scored with a left foot shot that was up to League standards. It passed between the post and the outstretched fingers of the air-borne goalkeeper. Within a minute there was another attack on the Beulah goal and somehow or other Amura managed to spot an open space in the hurly burly and sent the ball corkscrewing into the net. 2-2.

"Beulah Hill were determined not to be beaten and attacked steadily and heavily. Lane and Rowles defeated attack after

attack. Lane seemed to be everywhere and Rowles caught and cleared with professional aplomb. After a throw-in near the Clapham goal line the ball went swinging up the field from a clearance kick and found Scott waiting for it. He raced for the goal with the opposition hard at his heels; but they were not fast enough or maybe fit enough and the rattled goalkeeper saw the swerve on the ball too late. 3-2. Again Beulah pressed hard and again the defence was too good for them. Ocleppo had been shooting hard whenever he had had a chance and now a rather ragged rush up the field gave him his reward. 4-2.

"There was no further score. Beulah had been all out to win. They played hard and fast only to see their attacks break time after time on the rockline Clapham defence. The game was a proof that courage and fitness are invincible. If a team has those two attributes, as the Clapham side did, it can win with even ten men."

This is the beginning of a letter which was received from Brother Joseph during the Easter holidays. I/IV/55

Dear Brother, High jinks again at Mzedi. The Sultan of Zanzibar arrived yesterday. The purpose of his visit was to ask us to take over the whole educational system of Zanzibar. The place is stiff with camels, elephants, horses, American Care parcels, personal bodyguards, tents, fruits, and flowers. It all started yesterday when two massive Abyssinians swathed in white silk robes rode into the playground and warned us of the Sultan's coming. As always happens in Africa we Europeans were the last to hear the news. The boys had picked it up on the drums the evening before but had said nothing to us about it. By this time the procession was approaching—a really magnificent spectacle as it glistened in the scintillating sunshine. Rich silk robes of scarlet, gold and blue flashed above the richly caparisoned animals as they moved majestically forward to the strains of the weird musical instruments. As I went forward to the elephant bearing the Sultan (one of the Abyssinians having given me the nod) the procession stopped and the animal slowly lurched to the ground. The Sultan stepped to earth by means of a short ladder encased in velvet and pearls. You realise, of course, that today is the First of April. Sorry! Getting interesting too, was it not?

In the Easter holiday activity continued. Amura and Luke went on a football tour in Belgium and Northern France. (During the term Sullivan, Urquhart and Rosati had distinguished themselves in Boxing circles.) Two parties went to France; one, under Mr. Clover, to Paris, and the other, under Mr. Gilmore, to Lourdes. Both parties enjoyed themselves, the Lourdes party possibly in a less "mondiale" way than the Paris one which appears to have done much to cement international amity.

The Summer term started on Monday, April the 18th. The disease of examitis began to be diagnosed and people of long

enjoyed leisure to regret that the year had run by in many yesterdays. Early in the term one landmark of the Clapham scene disappeared and what we hope will be an even more durable one took its place. The Sacred Heart statue on the lawn had suffered the attrition of too many frosts and heatwaves; it was decayed and worn and no longer devotional. A friend of the school decided to replace it by one more befitting. During the Marian Year a pure white Carrara marble statue of Our Lady was ordered and it is this statue of the Mother which now stands in the place of the older one of the Son. May it increase the devotion of many generations of Clapham boys to Our Lady and may they not forget to pray for the donor.

May 5th, School sports. May 18th, Mayfield game cancelled. The rain was standing a foot deep on the pitch at Mayfield. May 19th, the Diocesan sports. May 30th and 31st, Mid-Term. June 10th, Speech Day.

It was a day long planned for. Good weather had been prayed for and St. Joseph, in his usual fashion, gave us exactly as much as we needed and no more. As the Governors, Guests and Staff moved out onto the lawn at 3 o'clock in front of the rows of parents and boys there was a big black cloud overhead which was eyed with more than speculative interest. Down came one or two drops, more like drifting cobwebs than rain, and that was all. Lord Pakenham presented the prizes and addressed the school. He spoke of the need for informed and educated Catholics in public life. Bishop Beck, our most distinguished Old Boy, and Brother Provincial made speeches and Councillor Keen proposed a vote of thanks. There were a number of exhibitions for parents and visitors to see: Physical Training, Art, Italic writing, scientific equipment, teaching aids and the photographs of the French trips. There was cricket in the paddock and teas in the gym. We are very grateful to Mrs. Hodges and her helpers from the St. Joan's Alliance for their expert and friendly aid in the hewing of bread and the drawing of tea. By and large it was a successful day and the parents and visitors were pleased and impressed by what they saw of the school.

THE MONASTERY PRESS
RAMSGATE