EDITORIAL

Although “holidays” will mean to most of our readers nothing but the infinitely distant oasis in our lives at Christmas, we have been presumptuous enough to hope that there is some interest left in the recent summer holidays. To many, no doubt, these are nothing more than a jumbled series of not-too-extraordinary events obscured by the fog of more recent activities; there are a few, however, for whom the very nature of their holiday has ensured a lasting and vivid memory, and it is our sincere hope that you will find their accounts, in this Travel edition of the Fortnightly, worth reading.

Many of our readers will no doubt be a little surprised at this strange apparition—a Fortnightly with an actual theme, and it is to be hoped that many of those who have read this far in the Editorial have been prevented from putting the magazine in the dust-bin by
this new interest. In our last edition we pleaded for a more positive attitude towards establishments in general and ourselves in particular, and we have since then formulated an editorial policy which will, we hope, stimulate more interest in the magazine. Realising that many people would like at least one substantially "literary" edition a term, we have decided to earmark one *Fortnightly* per term to fulfil this need; if any other topic such as travel becomes current, and enough material is available, more than one specialised edition will be produced.

The success of this policy, however, is dependent largely upon our contributors. We would like to thank all those who responded to our appeal for contributions to this edition and regret that we have not the space for them all. If people continue to submit interesting articles there will be plenty to read and enjoy, but if people merely sit back complacently relying on a handful of overworked faithfuls, whose efforts they criticise unconstructively, they will have only themselves to blame if the result is not to their liking. We hope that you will enjoy reading this edition, and we also hope that it will inspire you to help others to enjoy later ones.

T.R.P.I.

**SCHOOL NOTES**

For the purposes of this edition, we are attempting to cut the school notes down to a bare minimum; however we must record the passing of O.L. weekend with its usual flourish. The 1st XV made history by beating the O.L. 1st XV by 19–5, on which they are to be congratulated; the sermon on the Sunday was preached by the Chaplain, and in the evening an unfortunately small audience was treated to an organ recital by K. N. Naylor, Esq. Fuller reports will be published later.

P. M. J. Ambler and J. C. Sharman have been awarded the status of Scholar and A. C. Steward that of Exhibitioner, on the strength of ‘A’ level performances; J. P. Harding has been awarded an Exhibition on ‘O’ level performance.

The Library seems to be unusually blessed with benefactions this year. After the handsome gifts already acknowledged in these pages we now have pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following: from S. C. E. Whitehead, Esq.: *The Torch is Passed*, the Associated Press story of the death of President John F. Kennedy; and *Life and Letters in Tudor and Stuart England*, by L. B. Wright and V. A. La Mar. From Rev. A. R. Woolley (master 1929–33): *Guide to Oxford*, by A. R. Woolley.

The Secretary of the School Social Service scheme is now I. F. M. Lancaster (‘B’). Representatives in the other Houses are: J. D. Anderson (‘A’), D. R. Perks (S), Z. Hosny (W), P. J. Chester (E).

We apologise for two mistakes in the ‘A’ level results published in our last edition. They should have read: “M. A. Hughes 3” and “C. G. Webbe 3”.

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SUMMER HOLIDAYS SURVEY 1964

A survey was carried out inquiring how each boy spent his last summer holiday and over 280 replies were received. These showed that 24 (8.3%) stayed at home throughout the eight weeks, though homes in such places as Aden, Hong Kong and Bangkok were included. Two hundred and fifty-nine went on holiday, of whom 162 (or 62.5%) stayed in the United Kingdom, over half of these in England and roughly 16% in each of Scotland and Wales.

Of nearly 100 travellers abroad, 82% visited Europe—France (21.7%), Italy (14.4%), Switzerland (13.5%), and Spain (6.1%) being the order of preference. The size of the holiday group, both home and abroad, was usually small, generally under 6, but this was to be expected as over 80% of the holiday-makers went with their families. Most people (50.2%) went for between 8 and 14 days although 21.9% had 3 weeks and 10.8% had a month. There did not appear to be any favourite time for starting the holiday, though straight from school and the first week of September had nearly 50% between them.

Only 14.5% flew to their destinations, whereas 58.4% travelled by car and when they arrived 40% went to an hotel, 20% stayed in a cottage or rented house, 12% camped but only an insignificant number used the youth hostels. Many pursuits were followed but, in the main, tourism was combined with one or more of sailing, swimming, fishing or walking.

Approximately a quarter of our sample took a second holiday, although 9% of these went abroad twice. Far more boys went away (usually for one week or less) to stay with friends, while the percentage of campers shot up to over 33%. This second holiday was usually more active than the first, walking and other athletic pursuits being to the fore.

CANADA

My first impression of Canada was the hugeness of everything. The cars, lorries (or should I say trucks?) and roads were all much bigger than their English counterparts. Nearly everyone seemed to drive with only one hand and the majority of cars had automatic gear transmission. Going along the road in the bus, I noticed that there were a great number of flags flying at garages and other such places.

It was not until a few days after our arrival that I really encountered any of the Canadians themselves. They were very hospitable to us and they did quite a number of things for us. When I told this to a Canadian friend he seemed to express some surprise at my remark. The two questions that we were asked as soon as anyone found out that we were English were, “What do you think of the Beatles?” and “Are you a Mod or Rocker?” I fear there were many people who were disappointed to discover that not everyone in England was a Mod or Rocker. The Canadian equivalent to the Mods is the Squirrels.
Ottawa is a fine city with clean, wide streets and many trees. In fact from the top of Peace Tower, in the Houses of Parliament, the city looked like a sea of trees flecked with houses. The Houses themselves were superb, especially the library whose walls were covered with carved wood. It took two men sixteen years to complete it, and it was the only place in the old Houses of Parliament not to have burnt down in the great fire. The buildings overlooked the Ottawa River on which there were many log booms. The timber is floated down the river in huge batches and these are collected at certain points. E. B. Eddy's, the paper manufacturers, was one of the points in Ottawa.

Petawawa, which is about a hundred miles up the Ottawa River, is one of the most beautiful places that I have ever been to. There are fir forests everywhere and they come almost to the river's edge. Between the trees and the river is a continuous beach of white sand. It is no wonder that men like Cartier wanted to come and settle if that was the sort of view that he saw. Roving through the forests were animals of all kinds, including bears. One night we were coming up from the beach in the car when a red deer stepped on to the road and we could see it quite plainly in the headlamps. We also had a little friend in the form of a chipmunk, which used to come and sit on the wall outside the officers' mess.

Almost everyone in Quebec city speaks French. We were warned before we were let loose in the city not to get into any arguments about the Union Jack and other such topics, as we were likely to be knocked senseless, or worse, by members of the F.L.Q. or the R.I.N.

I spent three weeks in Canada and, looking back on it, I agree with someone who said that it is a country for the young. R.A.S.

GREECE – SICILY – GIBRALTAR

For just over a fortnight last August I had a really good rest; I went on a cruise.

However, so that this rest did not become monotonous, it was broken every four days or so by a visit to some foreign country. The first visit was to Greece. We landed at Piraeus, and were then driven up to Athens, along a modern, wide road which sweeps along the Aegean coast. The centre of Athens is very much like that of any other city and, as we went through it, I began to wonder whether the famous Acropolis really did exist among all the buildings of modern Athens. Then, quite suddenly, it was there, towering above the rest of the city. Though walking round the Acropolis was an unforgettable experience, the most impressive view I had of it was during a Sound and Light Display. This French project told the story of Athens in stereo sound and, as we listened to it, we saw the floodlit Acropolis, the lighting effects being changed as the story was told. The result was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen.
Anywhere we visited after Athens had to be an anti-climax and, for me, Sicily certainly was. The highlight of our stay in Sicily was to be a visit to Erice, which is situated high above the west coast of the island. The view from this town is supposed to be marvellous; we arrived just as a thunderstorm was starting, and saw very little but clouds. However, the most outstanding impression I have of Sicily is that of the poverty in the island. The ground itself is very poor, and it must be very difficult to make a living from it; this difficulty is reflected in the drawn faces of the Sicilians.

The last stop before returning to Southampton was Gibraltar. This was small enough for us to see most of it in the short time we stayed there. “The Rock” contains two great engineering feats. One of these is the Water Catchment Area, which is a vast expanse of concrete on the rear side of the peninsula, designed to catch the rain which falls on it; the total water supply of Gibraltar comes from this. The other is the Galleries, a tunnel dug in the rock built in the Great Siege, 1779–1782, by Sergeant-Major Ince and his men in an extremely short time. The purpose of the tunnel was to provide a way for a gun to be moved to a certain projection, where it could be used against the Spanish, who were so close to the rock that it was impossible to fire down on them from any other position.

As soon as we left Gibraltar, the weather started to become worse, until, by the time we reached Southampton, it was drizzling. That and the one-hour wait at the Customs really made us feel we were welcome back in England! Still, that did not change my views on the cruise—it was the best holiday I’ve had for a long time! P.M.A.

RUSSIA

PROLOGUE TO A TALE . . .

Whan that Augustus with his shoures soote
The droghte of June hath perced to the roote,
And smale brides maken melodye
That slep nat al the nyght with musick hye;
Thanne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,
(So priketh hem nature in hir garages),
And ’almeres for to seken straunge strondes,
To France and the curtained Russian londes.
To Moscow and to Leningrad they wende,
From Sweden they all picture-postcards sende,
And finally from far-off northern wastes
In Engelond to Newcastle they haste,
The hooly blissful coliery to seke
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke,
From Novgorod and secret Klin police
They hasten back to strains of Russian “peace”.

миру мир (with apologies to Geo. Chaucer)
Our epic journey to Russia took us by boat to Gothenburg in Sweden, across the Baltic to Helsinki and thence into Russia, to Leningrad, and south down the long straight roads to Novgorod, Moscow and back; and we met with such a variety of experiences that it is difficult to know where to begin. We may forget exactly where such-and-such a church was, or exactly in which museum we saw a particular painting, but we are hardly likely to forget, for instance, what for the sake of convenience I call the Mushroom Incident, or “How we Nearly got Sent to Siberia all because of Mr Armstrong’s Insistence on Taking Pictures of Things he Shouldn’t”. This was as follows: on the way to Moscow we gave a man and a basket of mushrooms a lift into a town with the sinister name of Klin, and, as a memento, Mr Armstrong took a photo of him. At our next stop, Tchaikovsky’s house, Mr Armstrong was interviewed by two secret policemen who had been told by an upright Russian tovarisch that we had taken a photograph of a strategic object, which we afterwards concluded to be a few electricity pylons. The police expressed their desire to have the film, which Mr Armstrong in his characteristically pleasant manner declined to give them, and so we eventually went off with another tale to tell.

We arrived in Moscow with a bang—a veritable blow-out—in fact just as we were approaching Red Square, which we were later to circle about four times in vain attempts to extricate ourselves from the jungle of “No Left Turn” signs. After we had changed the wheel we went to the British Embassy, which looks like a stranded London club dropped from the skies into the heart of Moscow, and where we were thankful to take advantage of what by now seemed the unusually luxurious facilities. All in all, Moscow provided us with a wealth of experiences—a visit to гум—Moscow’s railway-station-like department store, a one rouble traffic fine (“Ah, well, it’s cheaper than France,” commented Mr Armstrong), a view of Lenin in his mausoleum, a service in a Russian Orthodox church, a visit to an Exhibition of Economic Achievements made up of the most hideous buildings we saw in Russia, a sing-song of Russian folk-songs at the camp-site, and a breakfast of sardines and bread on the river embankment just in front of the British Embassy. The weather was very hot while we were there, and we provided a good deal of trade for the street ice-cream sellers and the rattling machines which give one an oddly coloured drink, not unlike a fizzy version of the pink water beside a dentist’s chair, at twopence or so a glass. Everywhere in Moscow, and on the roads leading in, are great slogans saying “Glory to the Communist Party”, “Glory to Soviet Women”, “Glory to the Tamers of the Cosmos”, and Мир и мир (Meeroo Meer—Peace to the World, which we afterwards found to be an excellent name to call the camp-site cat).
Although Moscow has the magnetism inherent in all capital cities; and thus perhaps seems more "alive", Leningrad is the more beautiful of the two, with the old Tsar's Palace (now a labyrinthine art gallery), St Isaac's Cathedral, and the Peter and Paul Fortress, which points one slender golden spire towards the sky. In both these cities we were often confronted by children demanding ball-point pens, chewing-gum and stamps in return for badges often depicting Lenin or the Heroes of the Cosmos. Once two of our number were confronted by a Russian when the conversation went as follows: "English?"—"Yes, English." Pause. "Beatles?"—"Yes, Beatles."

Despite various setbacks with the Minibus, such as two punctures, a broken universal coupling, and a completely broken rear spring, we managed to keep to schedule, even if cutting it somewhat fine at times, as we did in catching the boat for Newcastle at Oslo with four minutes to spare, and we returned with the experience of a really memorable trip to Russia, the success of which was of course due only to our leaders (Our Leaders?—do I detect a Soviet influence creeping into my phraseology?).


TRAWLERMEN

I have always wanted to go to sea, if only to satisfy my curiosity about the way seamen live. When, therefore, I found three clear weeks at the end of the summer holidays, I gave some thought to the fulfilment of this ambition and decided that deep sea fishing was perhaps the most likely sea life to suit my requirements. After writing three letters to various authorities and receiving three negative replies, my father suggested a friend in the business, and it was due to his very kind help that I eventually sailed from Grimsby.

From the first the crew surprised me by their friendliness. Where I had expected the cold shoulder I found such advice as that concerning my initial sea-sickness: "cream crackers and nothing to drink dries it up".

The life of the deep sea trawlerman is one continuous monotony involving periods of intense hard work (up to eighteen hours on deck with only six below) under dangerous conditions, alternating with lengthy periods of inactivity. This existence would be intolerable to most, and the fishermen told me at every opportunity never to come to sea. "Sparks" gave what seems an accurate assessment of their reasons for suffering the life when he said: "We all come to sea to escape things ashore." But the money draws too, for wages are high, especially for crews with successful captains. Trawlersmen love to be rich men during their four or five days ashore each month.

An older deckhand gave his opinion: "If it wasn’t for the pubs the
ships wouldn’t be crewed.” The wage packet spent on beer necessitates the signing on for another trip, and those whose job it is to see that ships sail with a full crew organise cars in which to tour the drinking houses immediately before sailing. Alcoholics who drain compasses and drink diluted brass polish are not at all uncommon.

The worlds from which the crew escape are varied: “I was a naughty boy at school and they sent me to a sort of farming school place”; “The missus tried to commit suicide last trip and now she’s in hospital having brain treatment”. One deckhand economised to the extent of not wearing socks and then had one big, short spend—buying a Rolls-Royce and a farm—before returning.

Loss of life is never far away either—through being washed overboard or through the formation of black ice and the possibility of capsizing. Suicides through loss of mind have been known, and one skipper is said to have dressed in his best land gear and to have walked off the stern shouting “taxi” as he went.

A trawlerman’s “land gear” is very distinctive: an expensively tailored “bell-bottomed” suit and a tieless white shirt worn with the collar inside the jacket is the order of the day in port, and is invariable with the older hands.

Notwithstanding all these idiosyncrasies, the crew were without exception the most warm-hearted and easy-to-talk-to men I have ever met. When you consider the world they live in, with the midnight sun and the fantastic weaving curtain of the northern lights mere commonplace happenings, their depth of character is scarcely to be wondered at.

T.J.F.

A SATURDAY NIGHT OUT

Typhoon Ruby was heading directly towards the small, compact colony of Hong Kong. It had been followed and charted since its embryonic stage, east of the Phillipines, and was now advancing steadily at a speed of approximately twelve knots. The magnitude of this tropical cyclone was causing much anxiety as reports had been sent stating that winds of up to 120 knots had been recorded. As it approached, and winds increased, safety precautions were intensified; squatters were moved from their fragile shacks, junks—Chinese fishing boats—came pouring into the typhoon shelters from all points of the island, and shops and houses reinforced their windows by such things as metal bars.

At seven o’clock in the evening the number seven signal was hoisted, stating that winds of up to eighty knots were expected, and advising all persons to avoid using the roads, unless in absolute necessity. At the time of this announcement we were safely seated in a cinema, and quite unaware of what was happening outside. As the minutes wore on, the ferocity of the typhoon increased, and by nine o’clock the zenith was nearly upon us. The radio, with its intermittent news bulletins, emphasised the importance to all persons to
keep clear of the roads. By now the film was over, and the winds were more or less at their maximum strength of 120 m.p.h. All public transport, including the taxi services, had been suspended, and the telephone and television services were in a state of confusion and disorder.

On coming out of the stuffy cinema we were confronted with the tumult of the skies, which had an eerie and almost frightening appearance. The rain was being thrown down with all its fury, and the wind was hurling its way across the sea, as if some supernatural force were driving it. Our attempts to keep dry in our dash to the car were in no time proved pointless, as the umbrella was blown inside-out by a strong gust.

On the way home we had to pass by the waterfront, where we were met with gigantic waves crashing on to the road, bringing with them baskets, logs, fish and débris. Altogether the atmosphere this produced was rather unearthly. The harbour was in a state of farrago, and ships were being thrown about as if they were mere toys. Many had broken from their moorings and were at the complete mercy of the tempestuous seas.

The homeward journey was perilous, as visibility was practically negligible, and the obstructions on the road made our clear passage impossible. There were fallen trees, and bamboo scaffolding littering our way, and at one stage a bamboo pole was picked up by the swirling winds and hurled against the side of the car, consequently scarring it. Water was pouring down the roads, which at that moment could have been mistaken for rivers. Only a few isolated cars were making their way up to the “peak area”, or down to the metropolis below. We passed many abandoned cars, one of which was practically hewn in half by a fallen tree. Having struggled to two road blocks, and altered our route twice, we finally reached home.

The front room was like a small swimming pool, as the floor was covered with an inch of water. Immediately all towels were put to use in mopping up this obstruction. Water was spraying through the minute cracks in the window frames, and somehow even small leaves managed to squeeze their way through.

By four o’clock in the morning the winds were subsiding and the typhoon had done its damage. At last we could relax and get some sleep. The next morning the air was still and calm, with only a slight drizzle. The destruction that the typhoon had brought was immense: two tankers had been sunk, along with countless other small vessels; part of a village had been buried by an avalanche; and a toll of about 170 lives had been taken. The general state was one of utter confusion and chaos. Some roads still remained blocked for twenty-four hours or more, while police and army volunteers helped clear away the débris. It is believed that this was one of the most serious typhoons that the colony has every experienced, and one hopes that there will never be a repetition of it.

S.M.W.
CAMBODIA

The scene was a classic example of Cambodia during the monsoon. For nearly as far as the eye could see, the country was a patchwork of paddyfields with the transplanted rice just beginning to grow. After that came the impenetrable tropical forest. By the road ran a fence, one of the morale-boosters erected by the ruler of Cambodia, Prince Sihanouk. Behind this were bamboo and palm houses, with naked children sitting at the open entrances. Most of the population of the area were gathered round a certain section of the dirt-track road. Here, and elsewhere, a knee-deep expanse of water lay across the road. Not quite in the centre of the pool lay a tan Mercedes, which three Europeans were vainly trying to push out.

We had landed ourselves in this situation after reaching one of the most beautiful temples in the ancient capital of the Khmer empire which broke up in the fifteenth century when the Thais sacked Ankor. The drive from Bangkok to Siem Reap, the modern town by Ankor, had taken us a good twelve hours: we spent the night there in a French hotel. It was on the second day that this incident occurred. Ankor consists of a mass of temples, each of which was the centre of a city—the fashion being that each new ruler built a new city to show his power. These centres are less than a kilometre apart, and they are all huge. Each differs in design. The one we visited, Banteay Srei, is over twenty kilometres from the new town, along a very bad road. Tourists are told to go only by Land-Rover; being malinformed we went by car. The temple itself is one of the smallest and has some of the most beautiful stoneworks. We were full of very genuine admiration. Then we returned—or attempted to—and hence our pose in the middle of the aforesaid puddle.

After extracting a fee from us, all the local men tried pushing, but their efforts were without effect. Then they removed the drenched contents of the boot—clothes, stacks of U.N. literature, a tape recorder, spare parts and luke-warm beer. In the end we were pulled out by a lorry. A French family who had arrived in their little Renault took an easier route—through the fence. I think that congratulations are due to Mercedes—our car restarted without any trouble. We went on to Ankor, to see the Bakheng temple. The Bayon and its four victory gates with their heads are a splendid spectacle. Ankor Wat, where the Khmer architecture comes into full bloom, is even more marvellous in profile than close to, with its five lotus towers outlined against the sky. The richness of these wonders is enhanced by the huge trees left by the archaeologists to stand as they were. There under their eerie shade lie stones that tell stories thousands of years old in their engravings, heads of kings that look at you in arrogance, and great beauty.

J.B.C.T.
SPORTS DAY 1964—THE CHANGE-OVER

C.C.F. CAMP
Conjure up a picture of a watered-down James Bond; conjure up an image of a classical hero, conjure up an apparition of Columbus venturing to the New World, of Marco Polo voyaging to China, of Christopher Robin north-pole bound—conjure up all this and in the midst of your vision are two heroic figures, one Leysian, the other O.L., armed with two Union Jacks mounted on sticks, journeying swiftly and dangerously to adventure, to the Blue Danube and Wiener Schnitzel, to Beethoven and the Habsburgs, nay, to the very grips of the Iron Curtain in East Germany, an Englishman and a Welshman, hitch-hiking, Vienna bound. But Vienna was 2,000 miles away, and the road to that haven of music treacherous. Through the flat wooded lands of Holland, the smoke, grime and smog of the industrial Ruhr, to Hanover—the home of perfect Deutsch—through East Germany (littered with Russian soldiers) to Berlin travelled two British pilgrims; Berlin, the city of the Wall, the divided city, the strategic trigger in world affairs. West Berlin is surprisingly modern: the wide boulevards, the contemporary buildings, the efficient transport system, the supermarkets, the fountains in the vast squares, the affluence of the caged people—all visible signs indicate a prosperity rarely found in this portion of Europe. In contrast, the eastern sector is a grey, tense, doomed city: a veneer of prosperity faces the traveller whilst he ambles along the main Strassen, but if this veneer is stripped off, one is faced with the poverty of a slum existence, with the degradation of living under the unrelenting hand of enforced Communism. The signs of war are still there for all to see: bullet and shell holes cut out of the buildings are, to this day, reminders of Hitler’s fall. Getting out of Berlin was a bit tricky, and the situation wasn’t helped by the fact that a certain Leysian master gambolled gaily past us in a Morris Minor without even stopping!

From Berlin, down to Munich—capital of Bavaria, the city of Mad King Ludwig, the German beer centre: here, beer is cheap and strong, the supply is unlimited. Munich is a colourful city: churches are often flanked by dark, cavernous beerhouses, cinemas surround the opera-house, and a clashing effect is brought about by the “mergence” of Gothic and Baroque architecture. In order to recover from the impact of Munich, we decided to pass a fortnight in Switzerland.

Of all European countries, Switzerland is capable of providing the best facilities for the traveller: Zurich, the commercial centre of Switzerland, is a typical, large Swiss town. Trams are driven at breakneck speed, there is constant activity, and even in the rather bedraggled youth hostel, a group of Italians decided to keep everybody else awake by talking until 1 a.m. In Lausanne, situated on the shores of Lake Geneva—the riviera of Switzerland—we visited the Exposition Nationale and were awe-inspired at the layout, presentation and content of this small equivalent of New York’s World Fair,
After the towns, there is always the countryside: we stayed for a substantial period of time at three major mountain resorts, Zermatt, Grindelwald and Kandersteg. We walked and climbed in the mountains and were amazed to see vast panoramas of the Alpine and Oberland peaks, sweeping landscapes of glaciers, gorges, entrenched valleys, waterfalls, cows and snowfields. One had the choice of reaching vantage points either by train (cable car) or by foot: we chose foot, and consequently we often had to do about five hours' solid climbing—hard work, but well worth it. We walked up precipitous mountain paths which often petered out to nothing, we scrambled through vast wildernesses of frost-shattered rocks, we slid about forty yards inside a glacier cave, we ran to avoid avalanches which insisted on falling within a few hundred yards of our path. To walk in the Swiss Alps or Bernese Oberland is sheer bliss, and well worth the trouble of getting there.

After Switzerland, we set out for Austria: we split up so that we could travel faster, and we both displayed our Union Jacks—such a necessary piece of equipment for continental hitching. Unfortunately, fate was against me on that day, for a Liechtenstein peasant absolutely insisted on giving me a slow lift on his tractor from one border to the other. For the sake of Anglo-Liechtenstein relations, I accepted. But this hitch didn't compare with my friend's 100 k.p.h. descent of 1000 ft round the hairpin bends leading down to Lake Geneva, whilst clinging on for dear life on a rather overpowered ton-up machine. Eventually, we met up in Vienna; we arrived, we saw, and were disappointed. Palaces, theatres, opera houses, parks, monuments and churches—all the trimmings which make up a Belvedere Vienna—the Vienna of Strauss, Franz Joseph and the Austro-Hungarian Empire—were present in force but the palaces had become dirty, the monuments chipped and the churches grimy. To us Vienna was a ghost town: the town had become sluggish, the people tired-looking, one of us received an attack of the screaming abdabs, and, to cap it all, that same person had £5 (£4.10s. of which had to be kept for the boat) to travel the 2000 miles back to South Wales. In all haste, we returned, separately for faster mileage, and within two-and-a-half days both of us had reached our respective destinations, one in Scotland, the other in South Wales.

**PORTUGAL**

One of the first impressions that strike you (besides the heat) when you arrive in Portugal, is the simplicity of its people. Many of the women are dressed in very ordinary black clothes, while the men wear fairly cheap suits. Farming is still quite primitive, with oxen being widely used. It is predominantly a male society—the men carry out all the business, while the women are left to do all the hard work. It will certainly be a long time before this simple life is changed.
A walk through a local market can be, perhaps, one of the most interesting things that you can do. You might come across a woman surrounded by a large crowd, who looks as though she is giving an election speech with a fervour that many of our election candidates seemed to lack. Then you see that she is holding a diagram of the human body, sometimes pointing to different parts of it with a stick. While you are watching, she brings out from her case a small box, and shows it to everyone. “Ah!” you say to yourself, “a box of pills!” And you retreat immediately, not wishing to be reminded of your health on a very pleasant holiday. Your retreat is hastened by the sight of a monkey, perched next to the woman selling the pills, that looks as though it has just swallowed a whole boxful of them!

The people of Portugal are certainly among the friendliest in Europe, and you will find that the waiters and pages in your hotel are eager to learn English. A page might discover the well-known English greeting: “Hello!”, and he will repeat it to you every time he sees you for the next few days. Your waiter might learn the word “fish”, but pronounce it “fishee”, and try to impress upon you that he is right, and you are the one who is wrong. Or—as it happened to me—you might find yourself at the listening end of a conversation with an elderly lady, while you are watching television (they show English films with subtitles). Being unable to understand one word of the language that she is speaking, you just have to say “yes” or “no” to everything she says, or just not say anything. Then a page arrives on the scene and, with his help, you discover that there is a draught blowing on to her through an open door, and she has been asking you to close it!

But these experiences make your holiday more fun. If anyone is thinking of visiting Portugal, I can warmly recommend the country for its friendliness, interest and good weather, and that is what you want for a good holiday.

D.F.B.

GODFREY GINN WRITES AGAIN

GOOD MORNNG. I WONDER how many of you realise the appalling living conditions in the village of Vishakhapatnam, 17°N on the east coast of India. This village is responsible for the production of such vital commodities as mangoes, rice, ground nuts, sugar cane and jute, without which the world’s economy would be in jeopardy. I was horrified, therefore, to witness the dank, draughty and unhygienic grass huts in which these workers of the world live. I was disgusted to see the malnutrition reflected in their protruding bellies and emaciated faces.

As I climbed out of my air-conditioned Land-Rover, I was immediately hit by the searing rays of the sun which these peasants have to endure with only the scantiest clothing to protect them. Their sorry plight completely put me off the excellent hamper lunch that my hotel
had prepared. Instead I found solace in presenting to the grateful natives such small tokens as bead necklaces, brass curtain rings and replicas of Anne Hathaway's Cottage.

I WAS HONOURED to converse with their headman, and he exhibited great interest in my snapshot album which I had thoughtfully brought along. I guiltily showed him a picture of my luxurious home in Sussex. He was fascinated with photographs of Buckingham Palace, Eros and Liverpool Street Station. And then the thought struck me that these are all things which we, in our affluent Western society, take for granted. As we speed past the architectural treasures of our heritage in a taxicab we spare not a thought for the other side of life about which I have just reported.

AS YOU READ THIS I AM SURE THAT YOU CANNOT HELP BUT FEEL COMPASSION for the natives of Vishakhapatnam. I know I did.

NEXT WEEK in W*m*n O*n I shall tell you all about my fascinating and exclusive interview with Michael Jagger, and I shall report to you in full the frightful and sordid story of Britain's youth today.

HUNTER

POTTED GREECE

I had expected a land full of Bacchic orgies and grapes, ruins and forgeries: I was not let down too badly, even if the first element had been modernised into a wine festival. However, my main object in going to Greece was to join an archaeological excavation in the north-west, and then to go south to Crete for two weeks.

The journey to Greece was full of the usual chaos of continental travel, but when I arrived I was struck by the hospitality and almost childish curiosity of the Greeks. One of the hired labourers could never stop day-dreaming about the fifteen thousand lords in London; what on earth could they do with all that money, and was it true they all had four wives? Otherwise the local villagers were proud of the
ragged collection of archaeologists camping near them, and gave a party in their honour most Saturday evenings, as well as the almost nightly meetings in the taverna. One could never buy one's own drink—but then one could never sit down either, as one was expected to spend the intervals between glasses of ouzo in stumbling through the peasant dances. We did try to show the villagers the twist, but unfortunately the local priest did not approve of the implications of this dance, and we had to fall back on to a haphazard attempt at barn-dancing.

This particular priest was a down-to-earth gentleman who owned the main shop in the village, and could always be found outside it throwing stones at the pigs. He struck me as being rather worldly and capitalist. His white beard, which would have doubtless given a saintly appearance to any other person, only seemed to emphasise the shifty look in his eyes. Indeed I saw him fondling a fifty-drachma note throughout a marriage service he was conducting. This too was chaotic; people were walking in and out, talking, and smacking children round the ears; some were shouting out jokes to try to make the happy couple laugh; others were throwing sugared almonds at each other across the actual ceremony. When this happened one of the two priests would stop his nasal chanting to wave his arms about and swear at the culprits, whilst the other would unconcernedly continue with the service. When the marriage was finished the bride and bridegroom were driven by the taxi-driver-cum-best-man (he had already filthied his shirt in frustrated attempts to start the car). In the evening the reception started with dancing to a small band; the actual meal began later and lasted five hours.

Soon after this I left for Crete, where I was besieged by little men selling post-cards and forgeries. I had intended to try this myself on gullible tourists, but when I arrived at Knossos, the main archaeological site, the tourist police beadily watched me until I left. Outside Knossos each village or town had its own nationality hate—either pro-English and anti-German, or Nazi-loving and anti-British. Some Germans I met had been greeted with a Nazi salute in a small village; a friend of mine was thrown out of a small restaurant because he was English. These, however, were extreme cases. Eastern hospitality to strangers was generally as strong as the Eastern atmosphere. The men wore baggy Turkish trousers, turbans or Lawrence of Arabian head-dresses, and long black boots to keep the dust off. I even saw the odd hubble-bubble pipe. These and the impressive Minoan palaces, the fertility cave of Eleithya, with 3,500-year-old pottery lying where it had been dropped, made up for the odd spot of fanaticism and the restrictive diet of bread, grapes and cheese.

The return to England was as hectic as the rest of the holiday. There was one consolation for its discomfort—the train was only ten hours late, compared with the fourteen hours' delay of the train into Greece.
Annual Camp was held this year at a fairly isolated spot near Llanbedr, Wales. The advanced party left on Wednesday, 22 July, and had all the tents up and everything in order by the time the main party arrived on Thursday evening.

Everything went well until Saturday, when it started to rain during the early hours of the morning. After breakfast, every available person was out in his swimming trunks stacking rocks and heaving buckets of mud to bank up a stream which threatened to flood the camp. By the time this was finished it had just about stopped raining and a run around the countryside was suggested, and organised, by Lieutenant Edsall—we were still clad only in our swimming trunks—ending in a swim across the main river.

After a short camp service on Sunday, the officers took trucks to Caernarvon Castle, Harlech Castle, and the Ffestiniog miniature railway. The first half of the following week saw various expeditions, to Cader Idris, and for the Duke of Edinburgh award scheme.

There were many joyful faces as the trucks left camp for the last time on Friday morning, but we’re sure that almost all enjoyed themselves, and, even if they didn’t, it did them some good.

Many thanks to Corporal Watts who was “lent” to us by the army and did all our cooking; and also to R.S.M. Crosbie, who, as usual, kept everything running smoothly.

J.K.G.B., K.E.R.D.

Letters to the Editor
Voluntary Service Overseas

Holme House
Aylmerton
Norwich

20 September 1964

Dear Sir,

Seeing that interest in V.S.O. has been evoked at The Leys may I use your columns to add a little more to the picture of V.S.O. that must be forming in Leysian minds.

I have just returned from a year in a school for Sikh children at Dagshai, 6500 ft up in the Outer Himalayas of the Punjab. Dagshai is a hill station in breath-taking surroundings, with a horizon of mountains on three sides and a view of the plains thousands of feet below on the fourth. Its isolation is shown by the fact that I saw no other European for three months in the spring, yet the climate is almost perfect for Europeans.

Teaching English was my main occupation (I was teaching about thirty-two periods a week) and it gave me the greatest thrill and
satisfaction. Besides teaching I found myself involved in the running of various clubs and societies, editing the school magazine, getting the school "conventions" written down and printed as "Rules" and printing a calendar each term. The 1st Dagshai Public School Troop of two patrols came into existence while I was there, with me as Scoutmaster of it. On the sports field I took games of football and hockey, started cricket in the summer term, though I am no expert, and tried a game or two of Rugby in the mud of the monsoon.

My two great adventures in India were both away from Dagshai. During the month of December I toured India alone "on the cheap", covering as great a distance and seeing as much as I could. One rather tends to catch the stares of the population, but one gets a good insight into the country. For a week in the summer I took eighteen boys trekking among the hills some fifty miles from Dagshai, sleeping on the floors of village schools or rest houses and eating where we found food. During this trek, or on our weekly visits to a local irrigation tank after it, most of those boys learnt to swim.

Living conditions were poor, but, considering the climate, quite adequate; there were limitations in water supply and sanitation. I lived in one room with a bathroom (which consisted of a bucket and a commode); unfortunately the roof and windows of my room let in some of the monsoon, but I had electricity for nine months of my stay. My health remained perfect throughout and I thrived on Indian food of the humbler kind.

The most outstanding feature of my year at Dagshai was the intimacy with which I got to know the 10-13 year age group and the love that developed in me for them. It was being with these children that made my year’s V.S.O. one of the happiest of my life, and it is to them I long to return.

Yours sincerely,
Marcus Thompson

THE LEYSIAN MISSION
Whitethorns
30 Burdon Lane
Cheam
Surrey
Vigilant 3115
6 October 1964

Dear Sir,

May I bring to the attention of Old Leysians, Leysians and all who are interested in the welfare of The Leys and its many institutions a very long established connection with the Leysian Mission which in my opinion receives far too little publicity.
Until two years ago I was in the category of those O.L’s who satisfied their conscience and curiosity with an annual subscription and left it at that. Since then I have had the opportunity of being more actively associated with the Mission, and I feel that there must be many more O.L’s who would be interested in seeing the various activities that take place there. The word “Mission” may conjure up all sorts of old-fashioned ideas, but I can assure them that the Leysian Mission is go-ahead and, to use a current expression, “with it”.

The Leysian Mission is an extremely active one under the leadership of the Rev. Tom Sanders, and also enjoys the help of a number of Old Leysians. A full programme involving the local community of all ages is well supported every day, including evenings during the winter months, and the Youth Club in particular is able to extend its activities outside during the summer months.

The Mission is especially proud of its connection with The Leys, and the exchange visits which have become regular features of the Mission’s activities are regarded as two of the highlights of the year.

Despite a rather Victorian or institutional facade, bright and cheerful surroundings in the numerous rooms and halls are the order of the day. The Large Hall must be the showpiece of the district and does great credit to the Leysian Mission.

John Ward (O.L.), who with Henry Chester (O.L.) is the Leader of the Youth Club, has recently started holding Youth Club Open Nights. Entertainment, provided mainly by the Club, is varied and well organised and refreshments are provided during the evening. These open nights have been well supported by parents of the boys, O.L’s and friends, and provide an excellent opportunity of getting to know something of what goes on in the Mission. An extremely friendly atmosphere pervades and a visit to the next open night on Monday, 30 November, would be very worth while.

The Leysian Mission’s address is:

112 City Road
London E.C.1

If you would like an invitation to this or future open nights, please apply to John Ward at the above address.

If I can be of help in any way by providing further information about the Mission and its part in the local community I shall be only too pleased to do so.

Yours sincerely

David G. Jones

CRICKET

The following matches were played at the end of last term:
1st. XI v Gresham’s; Home; Lost by 4 wickets.
Gresham’s 143 for 6 dec. (G. J. H. Marcanik 3 for 14, J. T. Crisp 2 for 30)
The Leys 67.
2nd XI v Gresham’s; Home; match drawn.
"THE CHARLES BUDD"

KNOSOS
1st XI 1964


Front row: D. R. Melville, J. T. Crisp, P. J. T. Svehlik (Captain), J. B. Marsh, R. S. Plant

(Photo—Edward Leigh)
A side which loses half its matches and only wins two cannot be termed successful, but, with so little talent coming up from two successive Colts sides, the writing was on the wall, however hard one tried to disregard it. The batting was particularly thin, and it must be many years since only two players, Svehlik and Plant, succeeded in topping the 200 mark. Svehlik, with the cares of captaincy lying rather heavily on his shoulders, was fairly consistent and occasionally a dominating figure. Plant played two remarkably violent and courageous innings against Bedford and Felsted; he then began to overcome his impetuousness in the latter half of the season without losing his appetite for “belting” the loose ball. He could be an exciting prospect for the next two seasons. The rest of the batting was uncomfortably thin, with only Melville showing at times that a determined and level-headed approach can go far to compensate for lack of technique.

Svehlik was entitled to expect more of his bowlers, and his pace men rarely let him down. Unfortunately, however, injuries prevented Belsey and Crisp from playing together in more than half the games, and the latter was rarely fit to bowl more than a short spell at full pace. Belsey improved rapidly and was both dangerous with the new ball and economical in his second spell. Rodger also bowled very steadily throughout the season, but the attack lacked variety; Marsh rarely found his rhythm of last season, and was too ready to fall back on the defensive.

Frequent changes affected the standard of fielding, though Blackburn and Marsh were always a pleasure to watch in the covers and Melville kept wicket very competently.

There is much that can be learned from the experience of being so frequently “out-gunned” and “out-generated” as the XI was this year. One hopes that the enjoyable experiment of playing House matches on a league basis will result in more players thinking about the science of field placing, about sizing up situations before they go in to bat and moving decisively as a side into the defensive or attacking tactics which may be demanded by the particular situation. A side which has a real grasp of this basic know-how and the determination to dominate the opposition can still be successful in spite of weaknesses of technique.  

R.G.B.

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2ND XI RETROSPECT

The School second eleven played eight matches during the 1964 season; two of these were lost and the remaining six were drawn. One game was rained off without a ball being bowled. The side lost to The Perse and Mill Hill, were lucky not to be beaten by King's, Peterborough, 1st XI, equally unlucky not to beat Cambridge Grammar School 1st XI, and drew safely with Camden, Stowe and Felsted. The final match of the season, against Gresham's, was poised interestingly when a downpour rendered any further play impossible. Under no circumstances could this be classed as anything but a poor season, but some things can be said for the side's performances: the cricket was usually enjoyed despite the lack of success; the bevy of medium-pacers who did most of the bowling provided insufficient variety or bite to bowl any side out, but nevertheless stuck to their task gamely, were accurate and never allowed opposing batsmen to take control; and when we batted there were one or two most entertaining partnerships, and the fielding was always keen and often very good.

When a school 1st XI is weak, the 2nd XI is bound to be reshuffled and deprived of its better performers, but a 2nd XI must be prepared for this, and it is to the credit of this side that they did adapt quickly to each of the three captains they played under, and they remained optimistic to the end of the season. M. I. Alam and H. D. Rolph and then Alam again led the team reasonably well, and R. K. Metcalf took over sensibly when both Alam and Rolph were in the 1st XI. T. M. Rogers and M. J. Davey batted reliably but never with complete success, usually at two and three in the order; Alam played two very good innings and P. C. Terleski, promoted from the 3rd XI late in the season, was the most successful of the middle order batsmen. P. J. Raper moved up and down the order, going in first for most of the time, but playing only two very good innings; his partnership with M. A. Parsonage against Gresham's, which added ninety-three in forty-five minutes, was the highlight of the season, and suggested that he may bat consistently well one day.

J. B. H. Drake, at a little above medium pace, was the best bowler. He could be relied upon to bowl for long spells, and often he had to do this; perhaps with a wrist-spinner of some quality at the other end he would have taken more than ten wickets, but as the side's stock bowler he performed very well. N. G. Lucas, whose chest-on delivery should prevent his ever doing well on really good wickets, bowled medium pace at an awkward angle to right-hand batsmen, occasionally cut the ball a little from leg, and often looked the most likely to take wickets. The other bowlers did little: A. M. Alliston, except against the Grammar School, was too inaccurate for all his experience, and P. J. Andrews, who became a better slow-left-hand bowler as the season went on, with more control of flight and direction, rarely had enough runs to play with.

As I have said, the fielding was keen, and Drake and Rogers took spectacular catches. Metcalf experimented audaciously and unsuccessfully with standing up to Alliston at one stage in the season, but was otherwise a neat wicket-keeper. As I have tried to imply, too, the team's spirits were generally high, and throughout the season a team of very ordinary talents played as keenly as it could. A.F.W.

MINOR COLTS RETROSPECT

won 4; drawn 4; lost 2

Quite a good Minor Colts XI had a generally successful season. Three of the drawn games were very favourable to The Leys, but they point out a weakness of the side, viz. difficulty in dismissing the opposition.

A highlight of the season was the game at Mill Hill in which The Leys reached the necessary 122 for three wickets in forty minutes' less batting time than the opposition. The two games lost were the result of batting collapses, one against Oundle, undoubtedly the better side, and the other when we experienced the worst of a very lively pitch.
G. J. H. Marcanik led the side by his admirable example of smart fielding, reliable bowling and determined batting. We congratulate him on playing a few games for the 1st XI at the end of the season. His bowling is fast and dangerous when well pitched up; his bowling has developed immensely in concentration. The other reliable batsman was J. W. Kisby who captained the side well in the last two games. G. L. Johnson hits hard and freely, as he showed at Forest and Mill Hill; he will score many runs when he learns patience. Some good innings were played by R. W. W. and M. E. W. Jackson, who sometimes opened the innings together. S. Kelshall showed glimpses of future possibilities, and perhaps the discipline of opening the innings will help him.

The opening bowling of G. J. H. Marcanik was supported by the steadiness of R. Ellis-Lewis, who is also a fierce agricultural smiter of the ball. R. J. Chapman, bowling slow left-arm, took most wickets with subtle variations of length and direction. Valuable assistance came from the off-spin of P. J. W. Bates, a bowler who needs many more overs if he is to fulfil his promise.

The fielding was patchy. Some fine catches were held, but easier ones were missed. The wicket-keeper, J. Reed, was particularly good on the leg-side, and R. J. Chapman was excellent in the covers. The ground fielding of many members of the side will have to be improved, however, if the side is to be successful in Colts cricket next season.

This was essentially a team with no dominating batsman or bowler, but there is talent enough, and those who are prepared to think about their game and work at it will be the 1st XI cricketers of the future.

HOUSE MATCHES

This year's House matches again started with a clear favourite in 'B', who, however, only just managed to pull through in the final stretch. Played on the American tournament basis, the first matches were played in the second week of term. East somewhat surprisingly beat 'A' by nine runs on the first of the House match days. This upset was soon to be followed by another when East soundly beat 'B', who seemed scared of a total of 124 runs.

Everything pointed to East's winning the tournament when they beat West, D. R. Melville giving a truly village cricket performance in scoring a good 100. However, when East met School, presumably to clinch the tournament, they were surprised when they collapsed from 81 for 4 to 92 all out, leaving School victorious by nine runs.

This left 'B' and East level. On Friday, 17 July, the two teams met for the second time. 'B' batted first and, thanks to J. B. Marsh and P. Svehlik, totalled 237 for 3 in only two hours, the former collecting 62 and the latter 124 not out. When East batted, J. T. Crisp bowled so fast and accurately that, after being 84 for 4, East were 89 all out—a decisive revenge for 'B'.

The American tournament added much to the enjoyment of cricket, exciting supporters to use their voices as the West Indians did two years ago. However, with matches being played as early in the term as the second week, players tended to be out of practice—hence one or two surprises in match results. As an experiment I think it has succeeded and should certainly be continued in the future.

P. J. T. S.

FULL-BORE SHOOTING

FULL-BORE SHOOTING RETROSPECT

This year's full-bore shooting season was probably one of the most interesting for several years. We began the season with a poor small-bore record behind us and with no prospect of having a good full-bore team.

With great difficulty we managed to find a team to shoot in the M.R.A. matches at Kingsbury towards the end of May, and the VIII finished with the very creditable score of 499 (H.P.S. 560). R. E. Heffer was placed second with a score of 34 (H.P.S. 35) in the Longstaff (Individual) Competition. After this meeting our
hopes rose, and with very little change in the team we went to the Sussex C.R.A. meeting at Bisley on 6 June. Here the VIII put up the highest score a Leys VIII has had for many years, namely 512 (H.P.S. 560), and won the Cusack-Smith Bowl. R. E. Heffer scored a magnificent 69 (H.P.S. 70) to win the Aylesbury Cup for individuals. The Cadet Pair were placed second in their competition. Altogether, a very satisfying shoot. Forty-four schools competed—a record for this Meeting.

Our hopes were very high when we went to the Cambs., Hunts., and Isle of Ely R.A. meeting at Barton Road, but this competition was ruined by bad butt-marking and dreadful conditions, making the whole shoot a wash-out. The Oundle Bell meeting at Beckingham, held during the middle of exams, produced no good scores and was rather disappointing.

And so the Ashburton Meeting came at the end of July: we knew that we could do well and that it was only a matter of doing it at the right time. In the practice on the Monday the VIII scored 506 (H.P.S. 560) but in the Ashburton match on the Wednesday the VIII could only manage to scrape up 499 which, although not a bad score, placed us only forty-fifth out of 102 schools competing.

Shooting matches are not easy things to run, but Mr Wilcockson, with the valuable assistance of Mr Marshall and R.S.M. Crosbie and the co-operation of every member of the team, has succeeded in making this a most enjoyable season.

The team was as follows:

Cadet Pair: K. E. R. Dyball, P. J. R. Evans
Ninth Man: R. J. Mair

T.D.L.

SMALL-BORE SHOOTING
JUNIOR SUMMER COMPETITION

The teams for this match consisted of four people, each of whom had to fire twice in one afternoon for a highest possible score of 200.

The only one of our teams that had any success in this competition was the ‘C’ team. It was placed third with a score of 709 (H.P.S. 800).

Unfortunately the ‘A’ team did not do very well and were placed only seventeenth with a score of 773 (H.P.S. 800). We were unable to raise a ‘B’ four for this match.

Individual scores for the ‘C’ (under 15) team are as follows:

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C.L.G.

ROWING
1ST VIII RETROSPECT

Success in winning the C.R.A. Trophy in the Head of the Cam; the achievement of second place in the C.R.A. Time Race; success in the Novice Eights at Oxford Royal Regatta, and the Junior Eights at Norwich Regatta, are the main landmarks in a good term’s rowing which culminated in the five bumps achieved in the C.R.A. Bumping Races, bringing the total to nineteen in three years. In performance the Eight again improved on last year’s crew, and by the end of the summer term was appreciably faster than the Eight which did well in the Schools Head of the River in the Lent term. These comparisons are necessary since the Eight which boated in the summer term was substantially different from that of the term before. The
withdrawal of D. B. Townshend, J. R. D. Langdon and M. I. Alam meant that three stroke-side seats had to be filled—at stroke, four, and two. In the event P. A. Graetz moved from seven to stroke, rowing extremely well throughout the term, and A. C. Steward, W. H. Heaney and N. S. Deutsch came in at four, two and bow. E. F. B. Davidson's move to seven was immediately successful, and J. P. Harding, moving to five while D. H. Rocyn-Jones was injured, settled so well there as to hold the position even after the captain's return. D. L. Cruttenden gave the crew much needed length and weight at six, though he is still not rowing as fluently as he will. The crew came together in this order four days before the Cam Head, which underlines their achievement in that race. As a crew they have always raced hard, and have improved technically throughout the term, though there is still plenty of room for improvement here. With five of the crew, and its wayward genius of a cox, M. S. Whimster, back next year, prospects are good, and with good material in the second boat there should be strong competition for places. It would be wrong to omit mention of J. V. Whitaker, the Second Eight captain, from this retrospect. He substituted on numerous occasions, notably in the decisive defeat of King's School, Ely, with conspicuous success.

The Eight: Bow, N. S. Deutsch; 2, W. H. Heaney; 3, D. H. Rocyn-Jones (Capt.); 4, A. C. Steward; 5, J. P. Harding; 6, D. L. Cruttenden; 7, E. F. B. Davidson; Stroke, P. A. Graetz; Cox, M. S. Whimster. Also rowed, J. V. Whitaker

Officers 1964/5: Capt., P. A. Graetz; Vice-Captain, D. L. Cruttenden; Secretary, J. P. Harding

2ND VIII RETROSPECT
The necessary rearrangement of the 1st VIII in the summer term had its inevitable repercussions in the 2nd VIII, and these were magnified by the loss of three other members of the Lent term crew: it was necessary, then, not merely to train a new second eight, but to create one, and it says much for the determination of the crew, and for their collective and individual improvement, that they should have done so well. The defeat of the King's School, Ely, 2nd VIII; eighth position in the C.R.A. Time Race; four bumps in the C.R.A. bumping races; finalists in the Novice School Eights at Cambridge Regatta, in the Novice Fours at Norwich, in the Novice School Fours at St Nepts, they produced some excellent racing—perhaps their second-round victory in the Novice Eights at Bedford, snatched in the last hundred yards, being the best. Excellently stroked by P. G. Townshend and coxed by S. W. Rogers, the real strength of the crew lay in its stern four, J. S. Lowden rowing well at six, D. G. S. Combe starting the term as a complete novice and finishing it as a most accomplished oar, and J. V. Whitaker captaining and coaching, as well as rowing at seven. At four D. R. Perks rowed a neat and compact stroke, and P. J. Mayne, while still a little clumsy at the beginning, rowed a powerful blade once he got hold of the water. H. J. Moore settled well at two, and J. C. N. Wilson rowed hard, if a little erratically, at bow. With only J. V. Whitaker not available next year, a good Second Eight season is in prospect.

The crew: Bow, J. C. N. Wilson; 2, H. J. Moore; 3, P. J. Mayne; 4, D. R. Perks; 5, D. G. S. Combe; 6, J. S. Lowden; 7, J. V. Whitaker; Stroke, P. G. Townshend; Cox, S. W. Rogers

ATHLETICS

ATHLETICS RETROSPECT
The 1964 Athletics season was successful from most points of view, not least that of the weather; throughout the season all our matches were run in conditions not far short of ideal. Having won our first two local matches comfortably, we then lost narrowly to Kimbolton, Mill Hill, Oakham and The Perse, but the standard of performance rose consistently throughout the season. Many of the team were selected to represent Cambridge in the Cambridgeshire Meeting, and A. R. Porter ran for Cambridgeshire in the English Schools National Championship. He ran excellently to finish fourth in the under-fifteen 880 yds final in a very fast time. Sports day was notable for the number of junior records set but it must be
recorded that the standard in the throwing events was with a few exceptions very low and a determined effort must be made next season to put this right. Our thanks to the organisers of the standards competition and also to Mr Hayward for the excellent state in which we always found Latham Road.  

**SPORTS DAYS 1964**

**RESULTS OF FINALS**

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Class IV

100 yds  J. B. C. Tanzer  11.8 sec.
220 yds  G. J. H. Marcanik  26.5 sec.*
440 yds  A. R. Porter  57.1 sec.*
880 yds  A. R. Porter  2 min. 17.1 sec.*
1 mile  A. R. Porter  4 min. 57.6 sec.*
Hurdles  A. F. Saxby  19.1 sec.*
Shot  G. J. H. Marcanik  34 ft 3 in.
Discus  G. J. H. Marcanik  104 ft 4 in.*
Javelin  A. R. Porter  123 ft 4 in.*
High Jump  J. J. L. Broadhead  4 ft 4 in.
Long Jump  R. J. Chapman  14 ft 6 in.
Triple Jump  G. J. H. Marcanik  38 ft 3 in.*

Sports Day points total:
'B' 240  'A' 167  E 83  S 66  W 53

HOUSE RELAYS
Senior 4 x 110 yds
1st 'A' (47.5 sec.), 2nd East, 3rd West, 4th School
Junior 4 x 110 yds
1st 'A' (50 sec.), 2nd 'B', 3rd School, 4th East
Senior 8 x 220 yds
1st 'A' (3 min. 26 sec.), 2nd 'B', 3rd East, 4th School
Junior 8 x 220 yds
1st 'A' (3 min. 36.6 sec.), 2nd 'B', 3rd East, 4th West

FINAL OF STANDARDS COMPETITION
'B' 833 pts  'A' 768  E 325  W 236  S 221

SONS, GRANDSONS AND GREAT-GRANDSONS OF O.L'S
AUTUMN TERM 1964

SCHOOL
1 H. G. Beale; D. D. Bellwood (N.R.); L. H. Binns (G.H.); A. G. Brigham (M.G.);
A. I. Cobb (F.I.); 2C. H. Cobley (R.G.); J. A. Coomer (C.G.); 3I. R. Dewhirst;
R. M. Dunnett (H.C. dcd); N. L. Edwards (H.S. dcd); P. J. R. Evans (W.S.);
R. M. Harrison (R.L.); S. J. Heffer (J.N.M.); T. R. P. Irvin (T.W.); L. H. Judd
(J.B.T.); 4N. A. C. Leonard (M.M.V.); J. J. Moorhouse (S.E.); 5S. W. Rogers
(T.S.); 6T. M. Rogers (T.S.); M. R. Slack (R.G.); 7E. G. Smith; A. M. Whitworth
(R.F.); P. G. Whitworth (H.G.); (23)

WEST
1J. P. S. Berry (M.W.L.); 2P. E. Brooks; A. J. Brown (M.G.); R. M. Cooper
(E.B.); T. J. Fletcher (G.S.); E. J. Gee (D.D.); C. K. Hargreaves (K.N.); R. E.
Heffer (J.N.M.); 3S. P. Hitchin (P.S.); 4M. E. W. Jackson (E.G.); J. C. Laws
(J.W.); 5D. G. Mahon; 6N. S. Parkes (J.H.); D. J. Raffle; (J.N.) J. S. I. Raffe
(W.M.); P. J. Raper (J.F.E.); D. Richmond-Smith (L.); D. M. Royce (J.R.);
P. M. Royce (C.D.); 7S. B. R. Smith (S.B.); T. Tattersall-Walker (G.); J. G. Tay-
lor (E.F.); P. M. Terry (N.V.); R. J. P. Wheatley (J.E.C.); N. G. S. White (W.N.);
8J. P. Witherington (H.G.); R. N. A. Wood (A.T.); (27)

NORTH 'A'
9D. S. Andrews (E); 10R. N. Andrews (E.); A. P. Bamford (J.A.); N. S. Deutsch
(G.S.); W. Endacott (J.A.); G. D. Green (T.D.); P. M. Hockin (A.W.); R. L.
Hockin (R.M.); 11C. R. Jones; 12J. M. Lamberty; 13R. W. McCallum; M. Roberts
(D.A.); R. F. H. Sharpley (H.S.); J. A. Shuckburgh (J.S.); E. A. M. Smith (C.T.);
T. C. Smith-Hughes (J.); 14J. D. Standeven (D.W.); M. O. Stead (B.F.); 15J. M.
Stevens; 16A. M. Wilson (J.H.); 17J. C. Wilson; (21)

NORTH 'B'
18W. H. Bibby (H.H.); R. A. Blacklay (F.W.); J. J. L. Broadhead (D.L.); R. J.
Chapman (W.J.); D. W. Foreman (W. M.); 19H. T. Green (W.S.); 20R. W. W.
O.L. NOTES

G. A. Dean ('B' '18-'20), who was reported dead in the 1939-45 war, has, we are very glad to report, come to life and registered his adopted son for The Leys (see addresses).

T. D. Lewis (S '59-'64) was placed thirty-sixth in the list of 111 successful candidates in the examination held in May for entry to the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Two hundred and five candidates competed.

C. E. Dyball (S '55-'60) has gained his shooting "blue" at Oxford University.

B. G. Vernon ('B' '24-'27) is now an Alderman of the Newcastle-under-Lyme Borough Council and is also this year's Mayor of the Borough.

D. B. Squires ('B' '59-'60) has entered the University of California in Berkeley and is studying the Humanities, though his home is still in Kenya (see addresses).

M. A. H. Bigham (E '53-'59) has recently qualified by examination as an Associate of the Chartered Insurance Institute.

A. M. Lees (E '41-'45) refereed the match between Cambridge University and St Mary's Hospital at Grange Road on Wednesday, 14 October.

R. B. Leach ('A' '55-'60) and his wife (see marriages) are both studying for the Diploma in Education at Manchester University.

UNIVERSITY FRESHMEN 1964

Oxford: J. D. P. Carrell (Pembroke), B. M. C. Childs (Balliol), B. J. Farrer (St John's), S. W. Frith (Balliol), J. R. Gray (New), S. F. Hampson (University), A. Q. Jones (Balliol), N. C. McKenzie (New)

Cambridge: J. F. Allen (Trinity Hall), T. J. Bisseker (Jesus), T. J. Gane (St Catharine's), R. R. Hall (Trinity), C. B. Haywood (Trinity Hall), J. R. Hunter (St Catharine's), D. B. Lockyer (Magdalene),
A. C. Lunn (Clare), D. J. Rogers (Fitzwilliam), R. S. Royce (Queens'), I. G. Smailes (Clare), W. Sutherland (St Catharine's)  
Aberdeen: A. D. Amstell; Exeter: P. G. Jacobs; Leeds: M. R. Bertenshaw; London: S. J. Auty (King's), T. Hewitt (Imperial), E. M. Moul (Guy's), D. R. Thomas (School of Oriental Languages), M. A. Thompson (Queen Mary); McGill: R. W. S. Drake; Manchester: H. J. Blackhurst, P. C. Terleski, C. J. Turner; Nottingham: P. F. Credland; Reading: R. G. Willmott; Sheffield: R. N. Hebblethwaite

ENGAGEMENTS
M. A. H. Bigham to Christine H. Thwaites, of Collingham, near Wetherby, Yorkshire  
E. E. H. Drake to Margaret Louise Hoyle, of Hale Barns, Cheshire  
C. Scorer to Susan A. A. Wigram, of Parkstone, Dorset

MARRIAGES
G. D. Greaves, on 3 October, to Laura Jones, at Aigburth, Liverpool (see addresses)  
R. B. Leach, in August, to Susan Bendall, of Cambridge  
C. R. Posnett to Robin Lambert, of Redhill, Surrey (see addresses)

BIRTH
J. D. Kenney: 11 August, a son, Christopher Duncan

DEATHS
We much regret to record the deaths of the following Old Leysians:

STARLING—on 5 February 1964, Edwin Cyril Widmerpoole Starling (‘A’ 02–’07). E. C. W. Starling served during the 1914–18 war in the R.A.M.C. and was awarded the Military Cross. Thereafter he settled down to general medical practice in his native town of Tunbridge Wells, where he died.

WALKER—on 6 September 1964, Harold Clegg Walker (‘S’ 15–’19). By profession a solicitor, H. C. Walker devoted the bulk of his leisure time to music, both sacred and secular. He was the creator of the concert party known as the “Cheeruptimists”, and himself wrote a considerable amount of original material, particularly musical items, some of which were published and performed professionally by such artistes as Norman Long, Elsie and Doris Walters and Will Kings. He was also active in an advisory capacity in the compilation of the “New Methodist Hymn Book” which was published in 1933. At his funeral he was honoured by the Rev. James Butterworth, who travelled from Clubland to give the valediction. To his son, C. R. Walker (S ’45–’49) we offer our sincere sympathy.

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CALENDAR

Sat. Oct. 24 1st and 2nd Xvs v The Perse (A)
M.Cs. and Minimi v The Perse (H)
Sun. ,, 25 m Rev. G. R. Osborn
         e Rev. G. R. Osborn, Lower School Service
Tues. ,, 27 2nd XV v Camb. G.S. 1st XV (H)
         3rd XV v Camb. G.S. 2nd XV (A)
Fri. ,, 30 Half-term begins
Mon. Nov. 2 Half-term ends
Thurs. ,, 5 2nd XV v King's, Ely, 1st XV (H)
         3rd XV v King's, Ely, 2nd XV (A)
         4th XV v King's, Ely, 3rd XV (A)
         M.Cs. XV v King's, Ely, M.Cs. (H)
Sat. ,, 7 1st and 2nd Xvs v Mill Hill (A)
         3rd XV v Camb. City 5th XV (A)
         Colts and M.Cs. Xvs v Mill Hill (H)
Sun. ,, 8 Remembrance Sunday
         m Rev. S. Barrington-Ward
         e Evening Prayer
Tues. ,, 10 3rd XV v The Perse (A)
         4th XV v The Perse (H)
Fri. ,, 13 Next Fortnightly
         House Drama
Sat. ,, 14 1st and Colts Xvs v Felsted (H)
         2nd and M.Cs. XV v Felsted (A)
         House Drama
Sun. ,, 15 m Morning Prayer
         e Rev. Dr A. R. Vidler