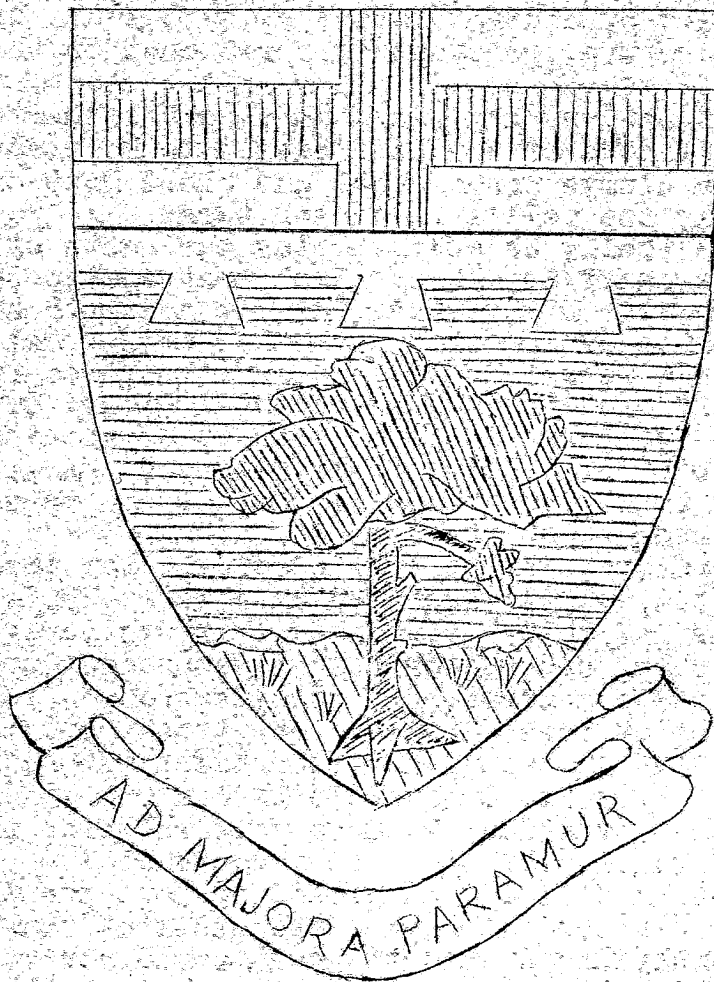


BARROW HILLS



FEB 1962

JOURNAL

EDITOR'S DREAMS

The beginning of 1962 found Barrow Hills buried beneath some eight inches of snow, and what was worse it persisted. The question now was: were we going to have this kind of a term? However, before the boys were due to return, we eventually returned to the more normal rain.

The boys returned on time, and, marvellous to relate, no illness of any kind seemed to keep any at home. But we always wonder what and when! Most of us remember only too well last Easter term!

Would we really be able to play our quota of Hockey Matches this year? Surely our luck must change sometime. But, oh dear, the Daily Press was not going to allow anyone a chance of forgetting the fact that smallpox had once again reared its ugly head in this country. And naturally enough came the parental bleat: "Could you please could you arrange for my son to be vaccinated?" The School Doctor, true to form, produced the necessary vaccine and then gave up his free afternoon to vaccinate the first batch of thirty boys.

Aye, and there's the rub! NO HOCKEY for these boys for at least a week!! This was on January 23rd. Perhaps we might survive this first shock - it was early yet.

On February 3rd Doctor Booker returned with some more vaccine and a further 26 boys were done. The result: NO HOCKEY for at least a week. Now these were not in any way chosen age groups and each batch cut right across the stream. It became impossible to run any kind of serious hockey practice. To make matters worse the very bitter cold winds returned with a vengeance!

Half-term arrived and passed without incident. Prior to this there had been a few cases of tonsillitis; but I fervently hoped that the germ would not return. I was horribly wrong. It was not long before the germ struck again, and this time properly. Before we knew what had happened Matron was investigating the possibilities of taking over a dormitory as an extra sick room. Southwell was her choice and the deed was done!

Hockey? Obviously doomed! There was just nothing one could do about it.

Tonsillitis? By the middle of March Matron had had

thirty eight boys in and out of bed.

It might appear from all this that the only thing which mattered was the hockey. Let me hasten to add that those Masters who teach in the Upper School were also worried for boys were missing valuable work time! And then there was the Producer of the Upper School Play! How many of his leading actors would succumb at the most critical moment? Let me say now - he was lucky!

And so it is evident that this Easter Term has been little different from any other.

NEW BOYS

This term we were pleased to welcome Guy Ridler, Eugene Mackay and Graeme Lacey.

CHAPEL

1. MARBLE SANCTUARY: Thanks to the generosity of one of our friends we were able last holidays to have the Sanctuary floor changed from wood to marble. This, together with some very fine marble Altar Rails has enhanced the beauty of our chapel. Needless to say a new carpet has also appeared to finish the job.
2. MOSAIC and OPUS SECTILE PANEL: The surrounding marble frame for this panel was erected during the holidays and it was not until half-term that the panel itself was delivered and fitted. We are very grateful to all parents and friends who have contributed towards the erection of this very nice panel.

FIRST HOLY COMMUNION

Our congratulations to Richard Cooper and Mark Witkowski who both had the happiness of making their First Holy Communion on March 4th.

HEADMASTER'S FEAST

When it was realised that the Headmaster's Feast fell on a Sunday many began to wonder what was going to happen. Would it be kept on the Sunday or would the Headmaster transfer it to the Monday? There was a slight division of opinion and eventually it was decided that "virtus in medio stat". And so the High Mass was sung on the Sunday and in the evening the film "Rommel" was shown, while the "Eats" were given on the Monday followed by a half-holiday and free study, and ending with Solemn Benediction.

OLD BOYS' DINNER

On Saturday February 17th, during the Half-Term holiday, the Headmaster and Community entertained a group of Barrow Hills Old Boys who are in the Sixth Form at St. Georges. The group, headed by Father Peter, the Headmaster of St. Georges, duly arrived in the early evening. We were very impressed and duly honoured to find that they were all wearing Dinner Jackets. Mr. H. Taylor, our music master who knows all the boys, was also present.

After the usual introductions and a glass of sherry all sat down to an excellent dinner organised by the Bursar. At the end of the meal Father Bede said a few appropriate words and was thanked by Tim Connor. Following this there was the visiting of old haunts and critical eyes were cast over improvements.

In all a most enjoyable evening and one which we hope will be the forerunner of others. Those who came were: Timothy Connor, Michael Crowe, Ian Kennedy, John Henderson, Peter Hirst, Anthony Pigot, Peter Turton and David Van den Brocque.

ALDERSHOT FESTIVAL

At the beginning of next term we shall be sending our usual choirs to take part in the Aldershot Festival. Mr. Taylor has been very busy rehearsing these.

THE UPPER SCHOOL CONCERT

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Two songs sung by Forms I and II formed the prelude to this concert. The second song was sung in canon, a none too easy task for young singers, but they did it in fine style, especially in the Sunday performance.

The Play, "Jack and the Beanstalk", given by Forms III and IV, itself began with a song. Children (TREVOR RICARDS, ROBERT BARR, JOHN ALLEN, CHRISTOPHER BAYNHAM, CHRISTOPHER SPENCER, JOHN CASSIDY) and Pages (BRENDAN MOORE, MICHAEL POWELL, RAINALDO O'MEARA, JONATHAN PALFREMAN) with support off-stage sang two verses from "The English Rose" until Widow Twanky came and chased them all out of her garden. Then the Widow (MICHAEL NEWTON) looking remarkably happy and pleased and well-nourished, told us about her two great personal sorrows: poverty and a good-for-nothing son, Jack.

When Mr. Egg, the local bailiff (ANTHONY BYWATER) and Mr. Chips, the rent-collector (PAUL ROSSITER) tell her she is to be evicted, she faints neatly on the garden bench. Mr. Chips applies methods of treatment which surely cannot be found in any official handbook. But the methods meet with success because the Widow at once recovers with no loss, it would seem, of vigour or of lung power. Indeed her faint has caused the bailiff to change his mind. Round one to Widow Twanky.

Enter Woman Number Two.

"My sister!" says Mr. Egg, "Now we're for it!"

The sister, Odorous Egg (CHRISTOPHER PEAT) armed with lorgnette, copious jet-black curls, arrogant drawl, stiff-neck and old lace, is a force that will not be defeated by a mere collapse on a garden bench. She must be paid her debts and paid now. She's not going to wait another fifteen years for her thirty pounds.

But wait! . . . an idea has crossed her mind. She'll cancel the debt, yes, cancel the debt and pay off all Widow Twanky's other debts as well if. . . if . . . if she can marry Widow Twanky's son, Jack.

5 Well, what will Jack say to that? "I'd do anything but that. I'd even go to work. But marry that - that old crow - HA!" That's what Jack (ANDREW McMILLAN) has to say when he returns from the stream where he has been fishing for tiddlers.

Since her son refuses to be sold, the Widow is forced to sell her next most prized possession, the cow Claribelle. Claribelle is a cow to be remembered. The lack of agreement between the two hind legs and the two fore feet suggests a split personality (ADRIAN CARROLL, ANDREW RUSSELL). But somehow it manages to manoeuvre.

Jack goes off to sell the cow. He passes some Peasants (MICHAEL THOMPSON, DAVID MASCALL, MICHAEL VENABLES, JONATHAN RAY, RICARD CURTIS) who, quite understandably, take a second look at Claribelle.

In a wood Jack meets a strange Old Lady (RICHARD FAWLS) who asks for alms. Jack gives her the cow and in return gets a bag of beans. But of course the old lady is not an ordinary old lady, and the beans are not ordinary beans. When Mother Twanky in disgust hurls them away in her garden - "Beans!" forte, "Beans!!" fortius, "Beans!!!" fortissime - they are destined to grow the way they do in the pictures on the outside of seedpackets.

The audience can see the beanstalk growing up and up in Widow Twanky's garden, right up to the sky while Odorous Egg is making her final demand, "Hand over the money or hand over Jack!" The beanstalk has appeared just in time because, as the debtors press round to seize Jack, he catches sight of it, leaps on to it and disappears upward, leaving the others below.

At the top, in a strange new world, Jack meets the Old Lady again. She warns him that he is standing outside the castle of the dreaded Giant Snufflegobbler. Carefree Jack enters Snufflegobbler's kitchen.

Standing by the stove is Jill.

"A beautiful girl!" says Jack, "She can't do me any harm."

But Jill (CHRISTOPHER STEELE) is frightened, not of 6
her unknown visitor but for him, and begs him to fly
because the Giant eats little boys and girls. Jill
herself has been spared, says she as she returns to her
cooking, because she's too skinny.

"Skinny?" says Jack, "You're not. I think you're
just right.

"DO you!" exclaims Jill, swinging round from the
stove, her eyes alight with a new happiness, her frame
twitching in a glow of joy.

"I think you're lovely," says Jack, piling it on.

"Do you REALLY!" exclaims Jill, her arms tensed and
twisted in front of her, like a corkscrew.

Now Jill can really let herself go and she tells
Jack all about being captured by the Giant when she was
four years old. She shows him her brooch with her name
on it, and, above the name, a crown. But quick, the Giant
may return at any moment. So they hurry away.

Egg and Chips and Odorous Egg are still pursuing
Jack. They too have climbed the beanstalk and are now
come to the Giant's kitchen.

"What a country!" says Chips, "Not a pub for miles."

They search all round the room for food and drink
and are interrupted in their song about Mother Hubbard
and the empty cupboard by Jack and Jill bursting through
the door crying, "The Giant! the Giant!" and all the
intruders scatter for cover wherever they can find any;
Egg and Chips beneath the table, Jack behind the Treasure
Chest, Odorous Egg, it seems, into the kitchen stove,
while Jill with trembling hand gives the stew a stir.

The Giant enters.

Slow, ponderous, measured, menacing, the Giant is
none other than ANTHONY DROBINSKI come for his supper.

"Fee - Fi - Fo - Fum
Where is that Englishman?"

"It's the stew," says Jill with a quaver, "A cow
from Witley common, that's why it smells English."

But the Giant says he'll have Egg and chips,

7 "egg fried well on both sides" (Mr. Egg beneath the table groans in agony) "and chips sliced up thin" (Mr. Chips pales in terror). The Giant orders two attendants (MICHAEL SHEA, JEREMY RICKCORD) to bring out his money bags and the hen that lays the golden eggs. He will soothe his jangled nerves by fondling his treasure.

Then the hen in the Giant's hands makes clucking noises (JOHN CASSIDY) in the wings. Suddenly the Giant holds aloft an egg, a shining, golden egg, a beach ball from Woolworth's.

But the Giant tires of his treasures. He puts them down, stamps round the kitchen and thumps wearily out. Jill calls everybody out from their hiding places and begs them to hurry away. Although in danger, they still remain long enough to load themselves up with a cumbersome cargo of the Giant's gold and the Giant's hen. Only when they have grabbed the last penny are they ready to leave. But Jack delays things even further because he chooses this moment of all moments to ask Jill if she'll marry him. Jill doesn't delay. She says, yes, immediately. All hasten off to the beanstalk.

The Giant comes thumping back into his kitchen to find his treasure disappeared, the chest open and empty, the hen stolen, his entire kitchen staff gone. This annoys him and with a great roar of rage he follows in pursuit.

What of Widow Twanky? She's been feeling lonely now that everybody has disappeared up the beanstalk. Does she decide to join them by climbing the beanstalk? Does she wait until they come down it again? No, she decides that she'll chop the dratted thing down. Luckily Jack, Jill, Egg and Chips and Odorous all come tumbling to the ground in time. They are still carrying the treasure and the hen that lays the golden eggs. While Jill is being introduced to her future mother-in-law they can hear the Giant. He's coming down too. Jack grabs hold of the chopper and - beautifully timed - each chop makes the beanstalk wobble till crash! down it comes and a whole Giant with a loud bellow on top of it, a very good piece of acrobatics performed by the

ponderous Giant falling spread-eagled across the floor 8
with a resounding wallop.

"Giant Snufflegobbler is dead," announces Jack.

"Oh, I'm so happy," says Widow Twanky, wiping away a tear with the corner of her ample apron.

Jill, of course, turns out to be a Princess and trumpeters, courtiers, chorus and whole company throng the stage for the closing scene. Enter Jill's father the King (CHARLES COXWELL) looking like President de Gaulle, accompanied by his Queen (ANTHONY MOORE) looking like Jackie Kennedy. There is also a Parish Priest (MICHAEL HURST) Herald's (SIMON BAYNHAM, MARTIN SLOPER) who give a toot and a flourish on their trumpets, Pages, Attendants (RUPERT STEPHENS, JOHN EVANS, GLENN CAWDEARY, MICHAEL McLEAN, JOHN VASSALLO) Peasants, Soldiers (MICHAEL ADAMS, MARTIN DORE, HUGH BULFORD, GREGORY FLOWER) - the whole company gaze down upon their audience and sing "Bless This House".

There is no doubt that the Play was a great success. Actors and Audience both thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Of the eight speaking characters, half were newcomers to stardom. A.BYWATER as Mr.Egg was certainly a discovery, and C.PEAT as his imperious sister gave a very forceful performance. A.DROBINSKI seemed just right for the Giant and he took good care never to hurry himself but to move and speak always with heavy deliberation. C.STEELE as Jill, the skinny cook, scored a great hit with several of her lines which she delivered with uncanny feeling.

The other four speaking characters we have seen before in important roles and know their capabilities. R.FAWLS as the Fairy in the dress of an Old Lady had perhaps the hardest task because her role contained no funny things to make the audience laugh. A.McMILLAN as Jack maintained a long role with great clearness. P.ROSSITER we have seen many times. He specialises in the character of middle-aged moneylender type. M.NEWTON specialises in Dames. While he is on the stage he always succeeds in making the audience relaxed and at ease. He is such a happy Dame even when recounting his misfortunes.

It was the know-how of Miss Newman and Miss Ann Bennett that provided these excellent dresses and it was their skilful hands that made up the faces of this vast army. Perhaps "army" is not the right word since most of the supporting cast were fair lasses. ("You have prettier girls here than they do at ----," said a member of the audience afterwards, mentioning a well-known girls' school.) Our thanks to Miss Newman and to Miss Bennett for turning, for a short while at least, so many untidy schoolboys into such a colourful Chorus on the stage.

The Play was directed, produced and organised by Fr. Francis. The clear speech of all the actors bore the imprint of his training. He deserves our vote of thanks for the long hours he had to put in, both in rehearsing the players and in preparing the stage and its properties, some of them, like the beanstalk, being fragile and requiring frequent repairs after too rough handling. His efforts were rewarded by the obvious success of his show.

After each performance the audience moved out to a sherry party in the main building, the refreshments being organised by the Matron, Miss Lafferty. The Sunday audience was a full house and the Saturday one must have been about three-quarters.

And now the stage has been dismantled, transported and stored away again until next December.

Next December! Where will the stage door be then?

W.A.C.

For the records

During the term snow fell at Barrow Hills on:
February 25th and 26th. March 3rd and 14th.

Really!

"I have a combine harvester to reap the fields and for every sack of coal I get £5." (B.J.H. 3rd Form)

The Germans were losing at this time of the war because most of their men were building a missile in the Sahara Desert, which could blow up the whole of Britain. This was the purpose. At last the big night of launching came. The missile stood half a mile long and a hundred feet wide. The count down began: ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two - when a whole fleet of jet fighters followed by a fleet of hawk hunter zoomed over, and millions of tanks appeared over the horizon and started firing. Armoured cars drawing anti-aircraft guns also appeared, and long range field guns, which all started firing. German guns also started firing and aeroplanes took off only to drop again riddled with bullets. Just then it happened, a bomb dropped on the missile at one to zero and everything within a thousand miles of the missile exploded. The one remaining german plane flew back to Germany, fast! The only thing left to Germany was that plane in the whole of the Sahara Desert or Africa.

NEW BUILDING

In the last two issues of the Journal we referred to a new building and made frequent references to the work of clearing the site which was done by Father David and the boys. Having cleared away trees and their roots things appeared to come to a standstill. However, (perhaps it is the thought of Spring in the air) our gardeners have now moved all the small trees and shrubs which grew in the bed alongside the back drive. The three large pines by the dustbins have also gone and their place taken by numerous shrubs.

And now!! Father David and his boys have decided to start digging among the roots of the very large remains of the old oak. But I feel it will be more than they can cope with to try and move it even when it has been dug round and about. But we shall see. It is nevertheless providing amusement for those who want to dig and also for those who prefer to treat it as a dugout - and incidentally fill it in almost as fast as it is dug out.

Climbing.

by Richard Cooper.

(age 10)

The subject of this story is a man called Angus MacThomson. He was a mountain climber and a good one at that. Mountaineering was his favourite hobby.

One day he was out with some friends, off to climb some mountains. They came to the foot of the mountain, and being the best mountaineer of the group, Angus went first. For a few feet it was a sheer face but he cut hand and footholds so that it was quite easy. As they were all good at the sport they all managed this one quite easily. All until they were fairly near the summit. There they got on to a ledge and rested for a while, but when the last of the party sat down the rock beneath him just crumbled away and the man went flying down whilst the rocks created an avalanche of rock, and the rest saw the poor man battered by the weight of the rock avalanche upon him. But the thing was, the others were also stuck and had only three homing pigeons and a scrap of paper. The radio and rest of the paper went down in the avalanche with the fourth member of the party.

They wrote as well as they could with stone and ink. The pigeon flew away; they did the same with all three pigeons; this was their last hope, all their stores had fallen 'overboard'. At last they heard the drone of a helicopter and in a few minutes were saved, to go home with the memory of their poor companion.

The Orchard

by Gerard Johnson.

(age 10½)

Farmer Farrowfield's orchard was always very tempting in summer when apples, plums and pears were on the boughs of the trees. And they were still more tempting to small boys. One of these impudent little rascals was called Tony.

One day Tony was wondering what to do when a sudden thought struck him, he would get some lovely juicy apples from the farmer's orchard. He had scaled the wall and had twenty one apples which he hoped to share amongst his pals. He was just about to climb back over the wall, thinking what an artful trick he

had played, when a gruff voice sounded behind him, and he swivelled round to face a stern looking constable glaring at him with blazing eyes. Full of terror he flung the apples in the policeman's face and vaulted over the wall and disappeared into a clump of trees.

The constable shrugged and walked back to the constabulary picking the apples out of his jacket pockets and muttering indistinctly to himself: "Well I'm blowned."

AN INTERESTING VISITOR

To any schoolboy the sight of a visitor always inevitably arouses youthful curiosity. The sudden appearance of Father Terence Stonham, O.F.M. in his habit at Benediction on Sunday March 11th proved no exception. But this time it was not a case of a fleeting visit, Father Terence had come to stay for a week. He had, in fact, been appointed Headmaster of a new preparatory school which the Friars were about to start and his days with us were fully occupied in studying the running of a Preparatory school. Besides looking into the administrative side he also volunteered to take classes in all the Forms and so was also able to study the curious habits of small boys in class. When not in class he was wandering round the washrooms, refectory, playground and changing rooms. No doubt he has a very clear insight by now of what very peculiar creatures small boys are. The boys themselves soon discovered that they were not dealing with one who was ignorant of human nature or lacking the experience of schoolmastering.

We all enjoyed Father Terence's visit very much indeed and hope that he may have, among his copious notes, some helpful points when he starts off on his new venture. Rarely is it possible to say that we have had in our midst one who was everywhere and yet never at any time any kind of hindrance. He was generous and kind and truly understanding of the difficulties and problems which beset our task.

As good a reason as any.

"I would like to live in China to see the tappestry monks."
(J.I. - Form 1)

3 A Boy's first Hunt. by Patrick Pennock.
(age 9)

Once upon a time there was a little boy, and his parents had just died a few months ago; he was very sad. He wanted to be a hunter, as mother and father had died he could not get some weapons. Some time later he saw two rocks; he went to the rocks and lifted them, and what do you think he saw? A real gun. He was so excited. When he picked it up he saw no bullets and he was very unhappy. It was night time and he made a bed of grass and he soon fell asleep.

He had a dream that he was a hunter; it was not a long one. After a few hours it was day-time and when he woke up he saw some bullets stuck in the grass. He loaded them up as fast as he could. Then suddenly a bear came running towards him and with his first shot he got it.

He went to a village where they had gun shooting. The boy went to a man and said can I be in the shooting contest. The man said, have you killed an animal before? Yes I have; it was a wild bear and I got it at my first shot. Um - um - um yes, young boy, you shall come and have a go, come tonight. "Thank you very much."

When the contest began the boy had to have his go first. He aimed at the bottle and he hit it and all the other men failed, and the boy was champion of the village. He had to have his go every month.

How I dealt with an intruder. by J.W.Venables.
(age 9)

One dark windy night while I was in bed I heard someone fall down the stairs with a bang. It did not wake my father up. Suddenly I heard someone walk up the stairs, so I got out of bed to have a look. I did nothing. Then suddenly I heard a noise coming from the sitting-room. So I got my father's gun and went down. Then I arrested the intruder and was rewarded with £100.

C'est un fermier que je suis,
 Un fermier? Oh, oui.
 J'ai dix grands chevaux,
 Et un joli bateau;
 Et je vais en bateau au lac.

Ma femme est tres belle,
 Et je pense qu'elle m'aime.
 Je l'aime et elle m'aime,
 Et nous sommes tres contents.
 Nous avons trois enfants.

The Hairy Servant

by Glen Cawdeary.

(age 12)

Once there lived a man who had a very hairy servant. The puzzling thing about this servant was that every time the man told him to do any work the servant would say: "It is done." One day a priest came to visit the man who was a Lord. "You must be lonely living here by yourself," said the priest. "I'm not really," said the Lord, "I have got a servant who is very puzzling." Then the Lord took the priest to see his servant. But when the servant saw the priest his eyes blazed like fire and a pair of horns shot out of his head. When the priest saw all this he cried: "Begone, Satan!" And the servant, who was the devil, ran through the wall.

FENCES

Past generations of Barrow Hills Boys will remember very well how the masters were always 'at them' about the way they were ruining the fences around the playground. These wire fences eventually disintegrated and have now been replaced by brand new ones. As usual Mr. Roshier, our gardener, together with Mr. Butler has made a good job of it. However, it was not long before small fingers, balls etc. were at work. I wonder how long this one will last? The attraction of something new is irresistible!

Into the town rode Billy White,
 He had his six-shooter for he was to fight
 With a man who had called him a coward last night.

The sun it was high and was shining bright
 When he got to the spot where he was to fight
 With a man who had called him a coward last night.

The revolvers they shone in the gleaming light,
 "You have but one bullet to use in the fight",
 Said the man who had called him a coward last night.

White was tough and his eyes were bright,
 But he was little compared with the might
 Of the man who had called him a coward last night.

White pulled the trigger, the bullet took flight;
 As it went on its way White whispered in fright:
 "Hit the man who had called me a coward last night."

The bullet sped on in the gleaming light,
 Soon it collided with the strength and might
 Of the man who had called him a coward last night.

The man staggered forward and he looked at White,
 "I still have my bullet to use in this fight,"
 Said the man who had called him a coward last night.

White picked up a stone and with all his might
 He hurled it, yes hurled it, he hurled that stone right
 At the man who had called him a coward last night.

The stone hurtled forward like thunder aflight,
 When it hit the tall man it ended the flight
 For the man who had called him a coward last night.

RAILWAY CLUB

The Club wishes to thank Mr. Trevor Rothwell for two additions to the rolling stock this term.

Two new engines have also appeared: The Lord of the Isles and also the 4-4-0 LI Class 3P Loco.

This heading may well cause consternation in view of my earlier remarks about games this term. However, as the term drew to a close it dawned upon me that the House Matches had not been played. And so, in spite of one or two absentees the annual battle for the Inter-House Hockey Cup took place.

There is no doubt about it the game was played with great gusto. In the first game there was no score for the first twenty two minutes but this was not due to any lack of energy. The type of hockey employed by the two teams was as different as chalk is from cheese. Keen had a forward line which kept position and used the push pass to good effect. They rarely appeared flustered. on the other hand, Murtough resorted to the 'hit it up the field as hard as you can and chase it' method.

It was quite evident which method was going to pay dividends. In spite of the disorder in the Murtough side which so often proved a real hindrance to the Keen forwards, these cool-headed few insinuated themselves into the enemy lines and scored just before half-time.

In the second half J.Palfreman, A.Wickins and T. Ricards continued their good work by scoring two more goals, the first only a minute after resumption of play. The Murtough forwards made one concerted effort which only lasted a very few minutes only to be foiled by some excellent goalkeeping by G.Cawdeary. From now to the end Murtough got slower and slower and it was just a matter of "bashing" the ball up the field to get a breathing space before, snake-like, the Keen forwards returned with it.

This first game ended in a well-deserved victory for Keen by three goals to nil.

Teams: KEEN - G.Cawdeary; M.Newton, C.Peat; R.Stephens, P.Rossiter, C.Baynham; A.Wickins, R.O'Hara, J.Palfreman, J.Evans, T.Ricards.

The second match was played only three days later. The previously victorious Keen team remained unchanged whereas Murtough were forced to make a couple of changes. Peaked and humiliated by their defeat they were determined that there would be no repetition of this. And so we

found that Murtough had changed their tactics and were attempting to have a more coherent forward line. Early on some very good work by A.Bywater, A.McMillan and A.Carroll gave them a goal which transformed the team into action. Keen were in difficulties, and when Bywater scored a second goal for Murtough they were a worried team as the directions of their captain showed only too clearly.

However, collecting their wits and not panninging they put Palfreman through to score. Now things began to warm up. And it is under these conditions that strain begins to tell. Silence is broken, every small mistake is loudly advertised by all and sundry. For some unknown reason Murtough slowly returned to their hit and run tactics. Poor Michael Hurst shifted his centre of gravity and even took to smiting his own feet when he was able to remain on them. Mercilessly Palfreman and his colleagues in the forward line pressed on and were duly rewarded with another good goal from a corner which was taken even before the Murtough forwards had turned to survey the scene.

The last few minutes can scarcely be called by the exalted name of 'hockey! Bywater and McMillan tried hard to pierce the Keen defence with hard hits and rushes but failed. The final result was a draw.

And so the Hockey Cup was won by KEEN.

Teams: KEEN - G.Cawdeary; M.Newton, C.Peat; R.Stephens, P.Rossiter, C.Baynham; A.Wickins, R.O'Hara, J.Palfreman, J.Evans, T.Ricards.

MURTOUGH - A.Drobinski; B.Moore, M.Hurst; J.Fleming, J.Ray, C.Steele; A.McMillan, M.Sloper, A.Bywater, J.Terry, A.Carroll.

I appear to have omitted the Murtough team for the last House Match - here it is:

J.Dow; B.Moore, A.Drobinski; M.Hurst, J.Ray, J.Fleming; A.McMillan, M.Sloper, A.Bywater, A.Moore, A.Carroll.

On Tuesday January 23rd we entered 18 boys for the Eleven Plus Examination. The results, which are not yet complete will be published in our next issue.

The Annual Meeting of the Southwark Diocesan Area of the Handicapped Children's Fellowship was held in the Chichester Hall, Witley on Saturday March 10th. About 50 members attended and nearly 100 children enjoyed an entertainment followed by tea. The organiser was Mrs.N. Firth, well known to us all.

After the meeting all went to Barrow Hills for Benediction. "The visitors were impressed by the singing of the choirboys, particularly in the Lourdes Hymn." (Surrey Advertiser)

CRICKET FIXTURES

Under 13 XI.

Under 11 XI

May

W. 23 Branksome-Hilders. (A) Branksome-Hilders. (H)
W. 30 St.John's,Beaumont.(H)

June

S. 2 Cranleigh. (H) Cranleigh. (A)
W. 6 Douai Junior Sch. (A)
S. 9 H A L F T E R M
S. 16 Farleigh House (H) Farleigh House. (H)
W. 20 Cranleigh (u.10) A
S. 23 Barfield. (H) Barfield. (A)
S. 30 S P O R T S

July

S. 7 St.Georges College.(H)
W. 11 Haslemere. (A)
S. 21 E N D O F T E R M