



THE MAROON

1951

THE FIFTEENTH YEAR BOOK OF THE

OLD BORDENIAN ASSOCIATION

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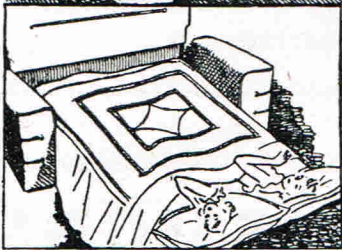
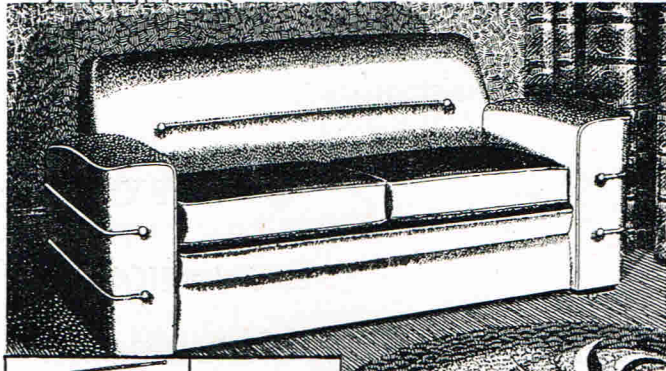


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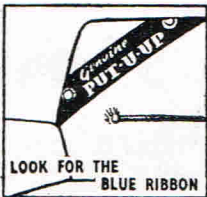
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*It's all very well,
but . . .*

WE COULD SAY that our printing is of the highest quality, our range of type faces second to none, our paper stocks the best money can buy; but so could anyone without having the qualifications so to say. We would rather you came and inspected some specimens of our work . . . and having seen for yourself, we feel sure you would want us to blow YOUR trumpet

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EDITORIAL

YOUR Committee wisely and generously insist that despite rising costs, the *Maroon* should not in any way suffer depletion this year. The belief was expressed that our year book, with its sectional reports and composite appeal, is the visual link for all members. It is a form of annual review or inspection, and in one sense it mirrors the progress and response of the Association.

And so, for these reasons, we are to keep the same number of pages, which is a joy to your editor, who, in his endeavours to squeeze a quart into a pint pot, is already subjected to the nettled comment of verbose and lengthy authors. Bless you, dear contributor, whose modest prefix reads . . . "If it's no good, throw it in the waste paper basket."

Let us do justice then to the helpfulness and purpose of the Committee by making the *Maroon* a worthwhile and representative edition. This depends so much on you. Do not wait to be asked for contributions; whoever you are, whatever your vintage, send us news of your whereabouts and of your activities, together with reports of other Old Boys you may meet. In this way, and only in this way, can we produce the sort of magazine we all desire.

Readers will observe that this year no article or report bears a pseudonym. The reason for this is the assumption that you want to know—and should know—the name of the person whose sharp opinion and blunt English you suffer. Besides, some pseudonyms might deceive the less knowing; the author of this year's cricket notes, for example, prefers to be known as "Swinger and Seamer." Nevertheless we are grateful to Whitey Rabbit, Fluellen, Peter Quince and Jacobus for services rendered.

Elsewhere in this magazine is an appreciation of the late W. Murdock, headmaster of Borden Grammar School during those vital years of transfer from the old school buildings to the new. The news of his death was certain to be a shock whenever it came, for so much of the school's tradition can still be traced directly to his wise and kind counsel.

Completely unexpected also, was the official notification of Lt. Bruce Robinson's death, killed in Korea. Many of us remember him as a founder scout of the School Troop, and later as "Kim" in the local scouting notes. His death reminds us of the debt we owe to many of our kinsmen who still fight our cause overseas.

We are grateful to R. P. Jones for his illustrative cartoons which appear in this issue, to the proprietors of the "East Kent Gazette," who so kindly permit us the use of certain blocks, and to Charles Harris, for his readiness to help and advise in the printing department.

All advertisements donated by tradesmen with Bordenian associations are gratefully accepted.

President's Message

If my first thoughts are of the School stage I, may perhaps be forgiven, for there have been not a few difficulties involved in bringing it into existence. The promises of the education authorities having proved to be pie crust, it seemed best to go a hunting to see where help could be found. The Governors, the Parents' Association and the Old Bordenian Association were exceedingly generous in the matter and I wish to thank the Association for so very kindly donating no less a sum than £50 towards the equipment of the stage. I hope Old Boys will realise that in giving this help they have indeed done something really worthwhile for the school. And I repeat here what I have said elsewhere, that we shall all be delighted if the Dramatic Section of the Old Bordenian Association will use the stage as if it were their very own; if they continue to give us such treats as "Arms and the Man" they will indeed keep us all permanently in their debt. By the way, a little adverse criticism will, I am sure, do nothing to discourage the Dramatic Section; it is no more to be expected that a group of amateurs will be perfect in performance than it is to suppose that every local newspaper can have the services of a competent dramatic critic.

I was sorry that the Sittingbourne pageant did not take place, but I was very pleased to see how the Association supported the scheme and I was particularly pleased that the Sheppey members did not stand aside from this purely Sittingbourne venture, but joined in fully as members of the Association. It was good to see the Association enthusiastically entering into the spirit of the pageant and I know that it has emerged with reputation enhanced. (I personally suffered a loss in that I still do not know what it feels like to be a corpse in the "Black Death.")

There is much that I could say about the O.B.A. activities, but I would like to single out the Soccer Section and congratulate them on their brave efforts to keep going. They certainly deserve more support than they have received during the past few years and we hope to encourage more "leavers" to join the footballers and help to maintain a very worthwhile activity.

The School Captain has written you a report on school life during the past year and I know you will be interested in what he has to say. I would like to add that one thing has particularly pleased me, namely that interior decoration of the building has done much to restore some dignity to a building which had become rather shabby. I hope that Old Bordenians will be able to feel proud of their school both as a building and as something that a building can never be; I am grateful to the Association for its help and interest.

All good wishes.

G. E. HARDY.

November, 1951.

Annual General Meeting

THE A.G.M. was held in the Library on October 6th, 1951, with the President (Mr. G. Hardy) in the chair and twenty members present.

The Hon. Secretary reported that there were at the moment 183 life members and 214 annual subscribers of whom 68 had joined during the previous fifteen months. He expressed thanks to the Hon. Treasurer for his sterling work in his first year of office, during which subscription receipts had almost doubled those of any former year.

Referring to the fact that the O.B.A. had stemmed from the annual football match v. the School, he called attention to the devoted service given to the O.B.'s Football Club by Mr. R. Cole, who had for twenty-one years been its mainstay both on and off the field.

He congratulated the Hockey Club on their keenness as evidenced by the inauguration of a third eleven.

Information concerning the successful production of *Arms and the Man* in April, 1951, the dinner of farewell to the retiring officers, Messrs. G. Dawkins and J. Taylor, the first Annual Dance to be held at Sittingbourne Town Hall, the work of the O.B.A. in connection with the Sittingbourne Pageant completed the Hon. Secretary's report.

Two controversial subjects arose, the first, the question of increasing the annual subscription. The Hon. Treasurer adduced cogent financial arguments for such an increase, viz., that in spite of a record income from subscriptions, the current account was still in deficit, and that the rise in printing and postage prices had enormously increased the cost of administration.

The general sentiment of the meeting was, however, against any change and an amendment was carried deferring further consideration till the 1952 A.G.M.

The second discussion arose over the date of the A.G.M. following a letter from Mr. E. Evans, of King's College, London, who stated that the A.G.M. invariably took place a week after the University term had begun.

Consideration of a change of date for the A.G.M. was left to the Committee. All members are reminded that it is at the Annual General Meeting that officers are elected who are responsible for the management and government of the Association for the ensuing year. It is important that you should be present on these occasions.

A list of Officers and Committee elected can be found on page 13.

A. C. HOWARD

OLD BORDENIAN ASSOCIATION

Statement of Accounts for the Year Ending May 31st, 1951

GENERAL ACCOUNT		EXPENDITURE	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
By Balance in Hand, 31.5.50	39 19 0	To Postages	10 6 4
Annual Subscriptions	12 6 0	Hon Treasurer's Expenses	16 8 8
2½% Defence Bonds	1 10 0	Loss on Annual Dinner	3 0 6
3% Defence Bonds	5 13 11	British Drama League	4 4 0
Post Office Savings Bank Interest	1 10 10	Medway Theatre Guild	1 1 0
Profit on Play	1 10 10	Kent County Drama Association	1 10 0
Profit on Dance	9 3 3	Publishing the Maroon	24 7 2
Repayment of Hockey Club Loan	5 0 0	Printing and Stationery	15 18 7
Deposit Account Interest	9 0 0	Presentations	7 11 0
Transfer from Deposit Account	9 15 9	Earl Haig Fund	1 0 0
		Cheque Book	5 0 0
	£65 0 3		£65 0 3
BENEVOLENT FUND		EXPENDITURE	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
By Balance on 31.5.50	60 10 8	To Grants in aid	6 18 0
School Collection	4 7 3	Balance, 31.5.51	58 7 11
Donations	8 0 0		
	£65 5 11		£65 5 11
POST OFFICE AND DEPOSIT ACCOUNT		EXPENDITURE	
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
By Balance on 31.5.50	113 19 4	To School Proscenium	50 0 0
Life Membership Subscriptions	15 15 0	General Account	9 15 9
Post Office Savings Account	75 0 0	Balance on 31.5.51	169 18 7
Miscellaneous Loans	25 0 0		
	£229 14 4		£229 14 4

Audited and found correct, G. H. TEMPANY.
June 13th, 1951.

W. WELLARD, Hon. Treasurer.
May 31st, 1951.

“Devolution of Power is my Policy”

. . . writes the Hon. Secretary

CONSCIOUS as I write that every half page of this issue may well cost the Association £1, if the present printing costs continue to rise, I find more than the usual reasons for brevity.

If the past year has seen no striking change in O.B. activity, no outstanding renaissance of the corporate spirit, it can, I think, be claimed that no disasters have so far befallen the present government, except the familiar of the post-war years—the financial crisis—the necessary concomitant of a fixed income in a world of rising prices.

As adumbrated in the 1950 Maroon, devolution of power has been the policy of your Secretary during his first full year of office. With so much ability available it has been possible with perfect confidence to leave the organisation of the Dinner to the Hon. Assistant Secretary, Mr. Dawkins, the Annual Cricket Match to Mr. Neeves, Dramatics to Mr. G. Hooker, Mr. M. Neeves, Mr. Wellard and Mr. D. Ponton, the Annual Dance to Mr. G. Cooke and Mr. M. Neeves, and the “Maroon” to Mr. D. A. Jarrett.

Reports will be found elsewhere of the various O.B. functions and activities of the past year, functions at which it would be pleasing, but an exaggeration, to report that Old Bordenian support had been outstanding.

One of the objects of our Association is to foster good fellowship and a corporate spirit. We have about 400 members who are “active” as far as paying a subscription can be considered an activity. Would it be too idealistic to hope that one quarter of them would patronise our dances, dinners, dramatic performances and Annual General Meetings?

A. C. HOWARD

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

Annual Dinner, Saturday, January 5th, 1952.
Annual Hockey Match v. The School, March 15th, 1952.
Association Play at The School, January 16th, 18th and 19th, 1952.
Cricket Match v. The School, July 5th, 1952. (Two XI's).
Football Match v. The School, Saturday, 4th October, 1952.
Annual General Meeting, date under discussion.

Annual Dinner

Retiring O.B.A. Officers

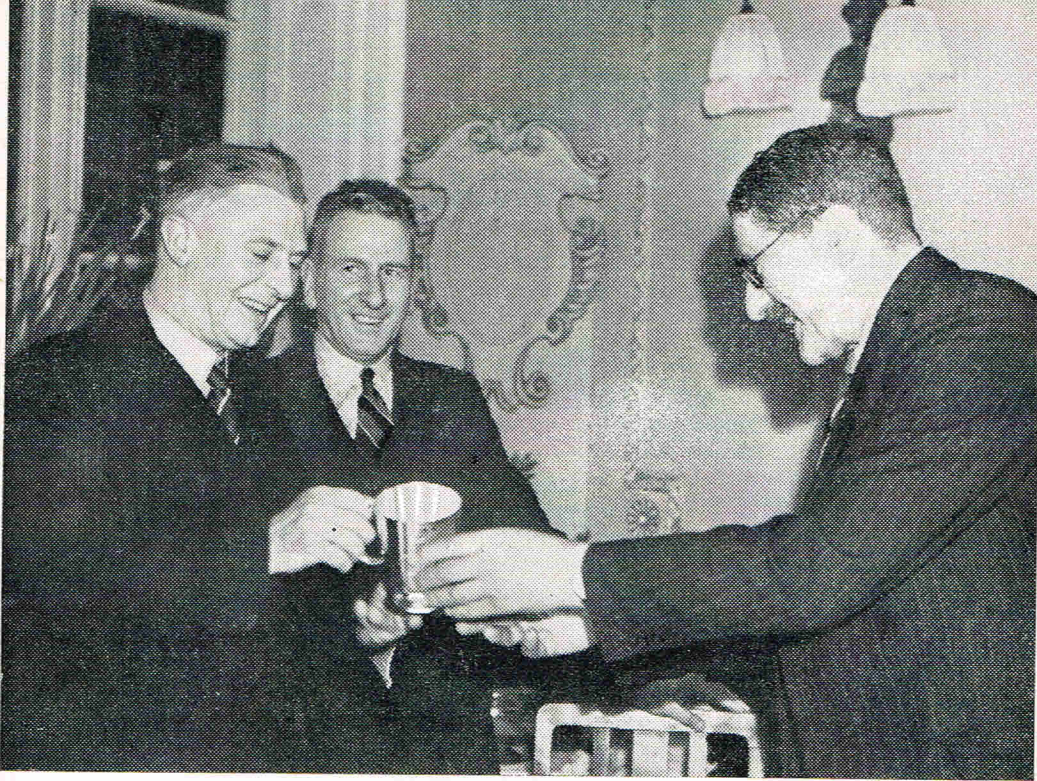
ON SATURDAY, 6th January, a company of approximately 60 Old Bordenians and guests met together at the Bull Hotel, Sittingbourne, the occasion being the Annual Reunion Dinner of the Association. The purpose of the gathering was, in this instance, twofold, for not only did it afford members an opportunity of meeting with contemporaries, but was also a fitting occasion for the presentation of suitable mementos to two officers of the Association, namely Messrs. G. J. Dawkins and J. Taylor, who had retired after 10 and 13 years' service as honorary secretary and honorary treasurer respectively.

The loyal toast having been duly honoured, the President of the Association called upon Mr. W. J. Thomas (Chairman of the School Governors) to make the presentations, which took the form of silver tankards “classically” inscribed. Mr. Thomas said that he was honoured to be paying a mark of esteem to his two very old friends, Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Taylor. He had no statistics to offer, but knew that they had been instrumental in bringing the Association from very small beginnings to its present position with over 400 members. Reference was made to the fact that much of their service had been given during very troublesome times and Mr. Thomas concluded by saying “It is rather a sad moment that we are going to part with them, but no one can deny they have earned a rest and retirement.”

The presentations were then made, after which the two gentlemen thanked the members for the gesture of appreciation shown towards them. Mr. Dawkins said that the Association to-day was flourishing and there was every indication that it would continue to flourish. “The efficiency of a machine is the result of the amount of work put into it,” he said. “You can never get more out of an association than you put into it!” He stressed that the Association was greater than any individual member or activity and that each should be kept in its true perspective.

Mr. Taylor thanked the Committee of the Association for bestowing upon him honorary life membership of the Association, remarking that he should have bought life membership when it was at the rock bottom price of one guinea! He felt that his work for the Association was some small measure of repayment of his debt to Borden Grammar School, and concluded by wishing every success to the new secretary and treasurer.

Mr. Robert Skinner, in proposing the toast to “The School,” remarked that he felt as though he were a member of a missing generation! Several of these present claimed to be his contemporaries although they were, in fact, only “small fry” in his days



Mr. W. J. Thomas making the presentation to Mr. G. J. Dawkins and Mr. J. Taylor

at Borden. He mentioned that he left Borden in 1918, returned 15 years later to an Old Boys' Dinner to propose a toast and now, yet another 15 years later, found himself in the same position. He wondered whether another 15 years would find him proposing a toast by television from another planet. The name of Mr. Hardy, of whom Mr. Skinner spoke as "the man who will carry Borden on in its old traditions, providing a background that the boys will remember all their lives," was coupled with the toast.

Mr. G. E. Hardy, in his dual rôle of Headmaster of the School and President of the Association, replied and thanked the Association for its generous donation towards the provision of a new proscenium for the school stage. He expressed the hope that the Association would make full use of the new equipment. Reference was made to the various school activities and Mr. Hardy concluded by saying "We shall try to uphold the traditions of the School and hope that as the years go by we are not doing such a bad job of it."

The toast to "The Association" was proposed by Mr. D. Allen (Clerk to the Sittingbourne and Milton Urban District Council), who said that it should be borne in mind that although only a short time was spent at school, one remained an Old Boy for the rest of his life, and commended the Association on its activities.

linking, as it does, the "mainland" and the "land across the water."

Mr. Harry White (Chairman of the Association) replied to the toast and thanked Mr. Allen for his kind remarks. He added his tribute to those already expressed concerning the work of Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Taylor, and also made brief reference to the various activities of the Association, including the proposed historical pageant planned as part of the local Festival of Britain celebrations. He thanked the Committee for its untiring efforts and assured members that the Committee was willing to do anything within its power which would be of benefit to the Association as a whole.

Mr. Geoffrey Cooke proposed a toast to "The Press" and made reference to the untimely death of Mr. H. E. Jarrett, of the *Kent Messenger*, who had always been an extremely good friend of the Old Bordenian Association. Mr. S. Newman briefly responded.

The formalities of the evening then ceased and small groups of contemporaries were seen, each being assured, no doubt, that theirs was Borden's greatest era.

M. EASTMAN

OFFICERS :

President : G. E. HARDY, ESQ., B.SC.

Area Representatives :

LONDON—Dr. W. E. Pretty, 16, Greenwood Way, Sevenoaks.

SHEPPEY—Mr. F. S. Flaherty, 75, Marine Parade, Sheerness.

Mr. F. C. Honey, Beefsteak Cottage, Ferry Road,

Sheppey.

Mr. J. Young, 37, Southdown Road, Halfway, Sheerness.

MAIDSTONE—Mr. K. Ransom, 149, Foster Clark Estate,

Maidstone.

Committee :

Messrs. G. Cooke, G. J. Dawkins, B.Sc., C. Harris, M. Neeves and D. A. Jarrett, together with the Headmaster's junior representative (D. Fowle), the Hon. Secretary, the Hon. Treasurer, the Hon. Assistant Secretary, the Area Representatives and the representatives from the various sectional activities.

Hon. Secretary :

Mr. A. C. Howard, B.A., 58, Park Road, Sittingbourne. Tel. 192 or 308.

Hon. Treasurer :

Mr. W. Wellard, 9, Bayford Road, Sittingbourne.

Hon. Assistant Secretary :

Mr. H. S. White, 135, Minster Road, Sheppey.

Editor of the Maroon :

Mr. D. A. Jarrett, 32, Trotts Hall Gardens, Sittingbourne. Tel. 216.

Mr. W. Murdock

M.A. (Oxon.), B.Sc. (Lond.)

IT WAS WITH GREAT REGRET that we learnt of the death, on Thursday, 6th September, of Mr. Murdock, who was headmaster of the School for some thirty years. He was in his 80th year and died at Kingskerswell, Devon, where he retired on leaving the School in 1936.

Mr. Murdock was born at Barrow-in-Furness and after graduating at Oxford held various teaching posts before succeeding the late Mr. J. W. Thurnham as headmaster of Borden. His period as headmaster saw the number of boys increase from 60 to 250 and the School moved in 1929 from its original site at Borden to its present site at Sittingbourne. He became the first President of the Old Bordenian Association.



There is no doubt that his abilities would have carried him to the highest post in his profession. But for some reason he stayed at Borden and made it his life's work, which is something for which we shall all be eternally grateful. Starting with an entirely new staff he, in effect, established the School as we know it to-day.

What were his objectives in this mission? Briefly, he set himself to produce sound godly minds in sound healthy bodies. Very much a father himself he knew only too well that this was the best and surest investment for the future. If in the process of building character and body it proved possible to inject some knowledge then so much the better. And if, as occasionally happened, a few of the boys seemed actually to want to learn then he would cater for that too.

How did he set about these objectives? Firstly by setting an outstanding personal example of integrity, hard work, unflinching devotion to duty and an unwavering belief that there is more than a little good in the worst of us. He knew that it is given to everyone to become a really useful member of the community, and that the school has not only a responsibility but a great opportunity in that preparation. All his efforts were based on the cultivation of mutual trust and mutual confidence between himself, his staff, and the boys.

For many years after he took over, Mr. Murdock was not only organiser and manager but also taught mathematics, chemistry and physics throughout the School. For those of us who were there during that period it was a specially treasured experience, for he was a really great teacher. He was our fellow adventurer into the unknown, guiding us, sharing our worries and anxieties and warning us of the pitfalls. As we gained in experience he left us more and more to ourselves, but he was always at hand to comfort and to set us right in times of trouble. Small wonder that our journey was so pleasant and our learning so free from pain.

His concern for the physical welfare of his boys though unobtrusive was none the less keen. A games player of no mean prowess in his younger days he was as quick at spotting outdoor merit as indoor. As in other matters he believed in leaving as much as possible to the boys themselves, for he knew that the discipline that comes from games is real and lasting. In his quiet way he was proud of the School's physical vigour and very jealous lest anything should threaten its reputation for good sportsmanship.

He was essentially a philosopher. A realist in most things he had more than a trace of the visionary, and that somewhat stern exterior concealed a lively sense of humour and a very deep feeling and honesty of purpose. Firm and resolute when he knew that he was in the right he was always ready to listen if in the slightest doubt. He had little time for fools and none whatever for humbug. Sincere in all he did he abhorred insincerity in others. Praise from him was praise indeed. Of his physical courage we would merely recall his remarkable recovery of his full stature after a most painful and crippling affliction just after the First World War.

Our tribute therefore is to a brilliant but truly kind and humble man who devoted his great gifts to the education of us lesser mortals, who gave us so much and asked so little. His work will live long in the annals of the School and by us will never be forgotten.

It is a comfort to know that he was able to enjoy several years of well-earned retirement and that his end was as peaceful as could be wished. Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to Mrs. Murdock and her family whose loss is even greater than ours.

W. E. PRETTY

At the time of going to press we learn of the death of Mrs. Maye Murdock, on December 7th, 1951, at Gara Lodge, Kingskerswell, Devonshire. The Association extends its deep sympathy to the family in their double loss.

“ARMS and the MAN”

THE Old Bordenian Dramatic Society was fortunate to have Mrs. Enid Davis as producer on April 20th and 21st, 1951, fortunate in that Mrs. Davis has had a good deal of experience with the Medway Theatre Guild.

The play needs three changes of scene, and is, therefore, not ideal for a curtain setting, but much ingenuity was shown by Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Ben Smith, the stage managers, in putting the producer's ideas into practice, and certainly Act II, the garden, was a very pleasing scene to look at, reflecting great credit on Mr. Goff, John Taylor and David Newton, who were responsible for the decor.

Arms and the Man has one disadvantage for amateurs — a difficult first act which is a great test for any but the most experienced players. Margaret Clarke (Raina) and Reginald Waterman (Bluntschli) managed the long duologue with commendable skill, and thereafter the production proceeded with plenty of pace, all the cast contributing to the evening's enjoyment by their clear articulation of the lines. Miss Clarke's air of wide-eyed innocence may or may not have been deliberately assumed, but there was behind it a most intelligent study of the part. As Mme. Catherine Petkoff, her mother, Nancy Whittle stayed well in character throughout, and gave a most efficient and helpful performance. Beryl Watson made an attractive Louka, and displayed a proper mixture of cunning, pertness and simplicity in her scenes with Sergius and Nicola, the latter part a nice study in sardonic shrewdness by Denis Jarrett.

As Bluntschli, the “Chocolate Soldier,” Reginald Waterman gave a mature and confident performance. He has most of the attributes of a good actor, and we hope to see him again soon in other leading parts. Martin Neeves was most amusing in the part of Major Petkoff. He has the ability to make the most of a comedy “character” part like this, and is indeed so successful that he will soon find himself in danger of “type” casting. Sergius is probably the most difficult part in the play, and William Wellard made a good shot at it. To present adequately the character as described by Shaw would make severe demands on an Olivier, so congratulations to W. W.

Desmond Ponton assisted with production, and made a brief appearance in which he gave an impressive personification of Tsarist Russia. Also contributing to what was undoubtedly a most successful production were E. Ambrose and J. R. White, who were in charge of lighting, and E. J. Bush who provided the properties. Nor must we forget to mention G. W. R. Hooker for his services as Box Office and Publicity Manager.

C. B. BEER

Expenditure Up . . . Receipts Down

OWING to difficulties in regard to the fire regulations concerning the Assembly Hall of the School, the organisers of the 1950 Dance were obliged to seek another rendezvous. It was decided to use the Town Hall at Sittingbourne, and this decision reaped its own reward in that we made a profit of nine shillings and threepence.

Whilst we all missed the atmosphere that surrounds any function the Association holds at the School, the majority of all who attended agreed that the advantages of the Town Hall compensated for this.

But the 1950 Dance is old news and we have now held the second dance at the Town Hall—on Friday, November 9th. Unfortunately the financial position was not maintained and the loss amounted to something in the region of eight pounds, due mainly to slightly decreased attendance and greatly increased costs.

Danny Kent and His Orchestra supplied the music this year and Bernard Taylor, himself an Old Bordenian, conducted the bar on both occasions.

It is unfortunate that after such delightful occasions we must have “post-mortems,” but in the interests of the finances of the Association, it is essential. And the same ailment is discovered year after year. An insufficient number of members and their partners attend the dance. Over six hundred invitations were sent out this year, advertisements were inserted into the Sheerness and Sittingbourne papers, posters were displayed and a dozen of our most experienced “selling agents” went forth armed with tickets. Only one hundred and thirty four people attended the dance; of these only approximately one dozen, despite the transport that was provided, came from the Island.

In view of the increasing costs of running the dance, this number is quite inadequate for making the occasion self-supporting. In addition it leads one to the belief that the enthusiasm of the members is waning, a view that I would hate to be a reality. If this lack of support continues, it is evident that the question of abandoning the dance will have to be considered.

It remains to the members as to whether the dances, in the future, will be a success and I would implore all members to give their support to the Dance Committee next year. It is one of our few annual functions and I hope that all members when they realise the gravity of the question will, next year, be found either on the dance floor, or in the Bar!

G. COOKE

Report on Matches Against B.G.S.

THE annual games v. The School were held on July 7th, 1951, and much to everyone's surprise the day turned out to be sunny, though somewhat windswept.

The 1st XI match commenced at 11.15 a.m. with umpires Dawkins and Tempany giving centre (or as near to it as one could see) to the Old Boys' openers: Millen, E., and Doucy, A. After the first overs the pitch was found to be full of life and with the score at 16, Millen had to retire with a split thumb. First Cheeseman (0), and then Watkins (2), were sent forward with instructions to keep body away from any flying missiles. With the score at 2 for 18 the School attack seemed to have things their own way, but with Millen, plus bandaged thumb, back with Doucy the bowling was gradually mastered. The tricks of the pitch remained unmastered to the end.

Doucy was now showing many superb leg shots and late cut strokes but was out for 32 with the score at 62. Young followed, but after a grand start was out to a shooter—4 for 69. Wigg, sent in to hold the fort until the potatoes were ready, but, with the thought of sitting through dinner with pads on, covered up and was out for 2 — 5 for 78. All this time Millen demonstrated with what perfect ease (or was it pain?) swing, off-spin and leg break could be dispatched to any quarter of the boundary.

After another of those wonders of the B.G.S. canteen (very many thanks) the School went straight into the attack and Eastman (5) was back in the pavilion—6 for 87. All was over—here comes the tail. But wait, those to come had proved their worth before. Honey quickly showed he would remain until tea if needed, but with orders from the pavilion, sacrificed his wicket. His 30 runs had shown some really meaty hits, pulls and cuts off all types of bowling and, with Millen (still the master), had added 80 runs in 50 minutes—an invaluable performance. Kenward (21 not out) showed that he possessed quick runs in his bat. Millen forcing the pace, was out at 89, Neeves (2) attempted to run the impossible and Jenkins (4) strived to reach the Bull ground—and thus ended a hectic 15 minutes in which 39 runs were scored. The Old Boys' innings ending at exactly half-time, with the score at 199.

With the pitch now having lost some of its devil the Old Boys went into battle, but the steady opening attack (Kenward and Neeves) pegged down the School. Astute field placing, accurate swing and spin bowling from the openers, and first class fielding

brought the score to 4 for 36. Wigg and Jenkins maintained a high level of attack and with the score at 8 for 57 Cheeseman, G., sent up a "good" grounder (or was it top spin?) to make it 9 for 57. A spirited tail hung on until Kenward completed the School's innings with the score at 71.

SECOND ELEVEN

At 2.30, Captain Cooke, having quelled any would-be mutineers, allowed Coxall (9) and Budden (0) to face a lukewarm attack in the midst of a veritable vegetable patch. That may have accounted for the seven rabbits which made their appearance during the course of the afternoon. With the opening pair gone, only Cooke (17) made determined singles and doubles towards the tarmac. There followed Jordan (2), Dines (5), Annand (0), Tyler (16), until Newton (26) found the leg boundary was really quite close. Philo, Wellard and Couzens having given but moral support, the innings closed at 85.

In turn, Dines and Coxall gathered momentum until the latter's fourth and fifth balls (straight ones) found their target. From then on there was a steady wandering to and from the pavilion assisted by the bowling of Jordan, Newton and Annand.

Altogether it was an interesting supporting show for the 1st XI, giving a double victory. The School were all out for 43.

FAVERSHAM HOSPITAL CUP

Congratulations are again due to skipper Roy Cole and his men for winning for the sixth time in six attempts the above cup. Thanks are due to Roy and Colin Cole, Reg Bush, Les Bush, John Bush, Don Williams, of the Old Brigade. Both Reg Bush and Colin Cole still take the brunt of the bowling and prove more than sufficient. Congratulations and thanks to Bob Thompson, Jack Hibben, Robin Bush, John Woollett, Dick Moore, Frank Honey, Ken Buckingham, Bill Stevens, Gordon Williams, Gordon Harris, for their support in forming some grand sides and providing some first class entertainment. Keep it up King Cole and your merry men.

MARTIN NEEVES

Jack Payne, of 11, Palace Road, Llandorff, broadcast again in the summer of last year. It was on all Home Services and was called "Eisteddfod." It has been broadcast on the Overseas Services twice since. The feature was recorded during transmission. "My part was very small," he writes, "and I was followed by a recorded speech of David Lloyd George. In my wildest dreams I never imagined that I should be broadcasting throughout the Empire in company with a 'late' Prime Minister!"

Football Section

“Playing the Game”



THE Annual General Meeting of the above section was held at the school with a small attendance. The old question of—“Can we go on?”—was raised, but like the spirit of all footballers and in true Old Bordenian style, we are still kicking hard. For the season 1950-51 great success cannot be claimed, but a definite improvement on the previous season was obvious. Twenty-seven matches were played, of which seven were won, two drawn and 18 lost, with 54 goals for and 103 goals against. This resulted in a very low position in the New Brompton League table, but nevertheless the spirit in which all of the games were played was of a high standard. The chief goalscorers for the season were : P. Jordan 17, R. Cole 12 and R. Jones 8. Financially the club is still sound as the season started with a balance in hand of £18 10s. and ended with a balance of £12.

The football team is still in need of young players and it is to them that we appeal. A current rumour is that New Brompton League and Old Boys' football is a “rough and tumble.” This is untrue! Football is a man's game—it may be tough—but we can stand it and overcome it with your support.

The club this season has had to say goodbye to two of the finest sportsmen and football players that it has ever had. Both Charlie Harris and Colin Cole have decided to hang up their boots and retire from all league games of the future. We all wish to thank them for their hard work in the past and only hope that they will have every success in the future.

This season The Old Boys' Challenge Cup competition has been revived, and this will be run on a knock-out basis between the Old Erithians, Old Langtonians, Old Pharosians and the Old Bordenians. Also this season five games have been played, with two wins and three defeats, but come and play the game you young Old Boys and make football the success that it should be.

P. JORDAN

Hockey Section

THREE ELEVENS NOW

DURING the 1950-51 season both teams of the Hockey Section had excellent results.

	P	W	D	L	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XI ...	22	14	4	4	71	32
2nd XI ...	23	14	1	8	51	22

The club, as usual, entered a number of Festivals at the end of the season, in which the prestige of the Section was enhanced. In one match we played Pakistan and we are fortunate in securing a fixture against them in this current season.

Financially, the club has emerged from the season in a rather more than solvent condition, in spite of the increased costs of gear and travel. We have repaid half of the second loan from the Association and we are indebted to the parent body for cancelling the debt for the first loan.

It was obvious from the start that several players would not be able to turn out this year. J. Bishop has been called in to H.M. Forces, D. A. Jarrett is now playing for Gravesend, D. Munson finds that his duties in the R.A.F. and as a newly-wed will prevent him from turning out regularly, and G. Black is not a certainty for each week. However, we welcomed the return of “Nobby” Brand, who is back from Australia.

We have this year started a 3rd XI, an outcome of the Holiday XI we ran last season. It was felt that there was a great need for another team to act as a “Nursery” for the 1st and 2nd XIs. Thanks mainly to the hard work of our Secretary, A. Millen, we have a hard core round which to form our team. In addition, Mr. A. Goodwin has kindly agreed to act as umpire.

Our standard of fixtures steadily increases and the 1st XI is gradually entering the “magic circle” of South London clubs with such fixtures as Orpington, Old Beccehamians and Woolwich Poly-technic.

But we are still searching for players—who knows when the 4th XI will be formed? If any Association members wish to join we shall be only too pleased to see them.

G. COOKE

JUNIOR CORRESPONDENT

by A. M. MORLEY

IF YOU are one of the older generation, that is, one who has left Borden more than a few years ago, this is not for you. This article deals with those who left school either just before, or after 1948, and it is hoped to give them some idea of what a few of their partners in crime are doing now.

Of course, before the war such an article would have been unnecessary; after leaving school some would have gone to the university or training college, one or two might have left the district, and the remainder would have settled down, married and afterwards played an enthusiastic part, I hope, in all O.B. activities. To-day, everyone with the exception of the few serving apprenticeships or prison sentences is required to go into one of the three services. In consequence, Old Bordenians of my generation are scattered across the globe.

Of the services, the R.A.F. would appear to be by far the most popular, why, I am not sure, unless the famous advertisements of a certain haircream company have anything to do with it. Allen, Anderson, "Paddy" Groombridge, and Arthur Stagg went straight into the R.A.F. after leaving school, and as I believe that they all signed on for about twelve years, then they must still be there. Groombridge, I am told, is at St. Athans in N. Wales, whilst Arthur Stagg is serving in a ground capacity. All those who, like myself, have witnessed his hair-raising bicycle-borne progress down the Bull Alley will be profoundly thankful that he is not part of an aircrew. Recently he has been ski-ing with the R.A.F., but whether as one of their teams I do not know. The other "regulars" that I know of are both in the Navy. "Nobby" Howtin and Arthur Watson both joined as artificers on leaving school, and the latter, at any rate, is still there.

Like the National Serviceman who was asked what he was before he came into the Army and replied "'appy," the remainder of us are in because we have to be. Roy Embleton, whom I heard from recently, has just completed a nineteen weeks course as a wireless operator for ground duties with the R.A.F. and is now on his way to some destination overseas. He has heard from R. P. Smith, who is a teleprinter at the Singapore signals centre. Malaya, apparently, is a land flowing with milk and honey, fruit, swimming and sunbathing as well as golf and yachting at the expense of the local clubs. Not content with that, he pays a native bearer only 2s. 4d. a week to make his bed, clean his shoes and polish his equipment. Incidentally, in case anyone should think that Smith holds a commission, I will point out that his rank is AC/1. Who wouldn't go abroad? Edney is now a sergeant-gunner at Pembroke,

South Wales; Don Fosbraey and Hodges are also serving somewhere with the Air Force, so is Tony Rickard who is a sergeant, Trevor Clinch, who is a drill corporal, and Bullen and Rooke, who, I am told, are both pilot officers. Before leaving the R.A.F., I must congratulate Corporal Bolding, of the Provost Section, who is getting married shortly after this magazine goes into print. I feel sure that everyone who knows him will join with me in wishing him and his bride-to-be every happiness. After leaving the service, Sid hopes to go to the Metropolitan Police College at Hendon.

Reading through what I have written so far, I am very conscious that very little of the information I have gathered was obtained at first hand. However, most of my informants are very reliable and so there is no reason why the news in this article should not be authentic.

Turning now to the Army I find that Mickey Woolley and Jolley are both serving in this country, while Kirby is in B.A.O.R. "Mole" Allen, whom I saw not long ago, is a corporal in the Pay Corps, and appears to be enjoying life immensely and is in two minds whether to sign on or not. Peter Randall has just been released from the R.A.E.C. under the pre-release scheme and is studying at the London School of Economics. He and I were at the same course together at the Army School of Education, and after leaving there, he passed on to Bicester, where I believe he stayed for the remainder of his service. As I have been talking about myself, perhaps I had better say that I am stationed in the Eastern Command Library at Hounslow, where I hope to stay until my release in January.

The Royal Navy does not take kindly to National Servicemen and so I think I am correct in saying that no one except the "regulars" whom I have already mentioned is serving at the moment. Peter Manson, however, is in the Merchant Navy in oil tankers, and has probably seen most of the world by this time.

Finally a word about those who are not in the services. Baker, Barber and Noakes are, I believe, still in the Dockyard, whilst Norman Wigg is studying at the Rochester School of Art. Very is in the Civil Service and Webster is at a Training College in Isleworth. John Weekes applied for a deferment to study pharmacy, whether he was fortunate in his request or not I do not know.

Well there you have it. I have put in as much as I know about everyone, and I hope that it does not read too much like a census return. If your name has not been included, please do not be offended, it either means that I have no "Tabs" on you or that what I do know is too lurid to be printed in anything outside the *Police Gazette*. I for one would like to see everybody again and as you should all be free for the Annual Dinner of 1952, I look forward to seeing you all there.

Correspondence

38, Lee Park,
Blackheath,
London, S.E.3.
24th October.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Herewith "Lowdown on Down Under" that you coerced me into at the Bull.

Flown from London Airport by B.O.A.C. Constellation in July, 1949, I was in Sydney seven days later, including a two-and-a-half days delay at Karachi for engine repairs. Fortunately there was no immediate rush to commence work, as this 13,000 mile trip is very tiring, and after the first day even boring. However, the repair organisation set up by the Royal Australian Navy was in its infancy, and the carrier "Sydney," with its Air Group, was still on its way from England.

For the record, in case the purpose of my stay in Australia becomes obscure in future ramblings, I had been detached from Hawker Aircraft, Ltd., as Technical Adviser to the R.A.N., on the maintenance and repair of Sea Fury aircraft. Naturally the flow of work in a new venture such as this, H.M.A.S. Sydney being the first carrier in the R.A.N., was variable, depending largely on the frequency of the carrier's working up trips. However, in spite of my efforts there were still Sea Furies flying when I finally left in July, 1951.

I was fortunate to leave the alleged English summer and arrive in the Australian spring, so that after a month or so it was warm enough to indulge in the surf. Sunday morning was the favourite time to go (armed with a thirty-two page newspaper, complete with sports supplement, funnies, and a sixteen page novel) down to the beach and bake in the sun. With several excursions into the surf, and further pauses to study form, usually accumulated near the life-saving patrol, this literary ammunition could be made to last until lunch time.

Being close to Sydney, I was fortunate enough to see several days' play in the Tests at the Cricket Ground, from a position on the famous "Hill." Here it must be said that at times there was more entertainment value from the crowd round about than some of the dreary efforts in the middle.

My stay in Australia, two years except for a brief trip home last year, passed most pleasantly, and I found most Australians quite easy to get along with, once you have overcome the handicap of being "Another B——y Pommy."

N. D. BRAND

JOURNEY TO MOSCOW

106, Cringle Road,
Levenshulme,
Manchester.

17th September, 1951.

Dear Mr. Editor,

You have suggested I should write a few words about the journey that I made with the Quaker delegation to the Soviet Union in July. I cannot say anything very revealing in a short space, because the truth is so complex; life in the U.S.S.R. is neither as good nor as bad as it is said to be in this country by different sections, so I will confine myself to a record of what we did and said.

We went there—seven of us—because the Society of Friends (Quakers), like everybody else, is worried about the growth in tension between East and West, and we wanted to make as great a contribution as we could, even though small, to increase the chances of a relaxation of that tension and avert the danger of another war. We wanted to express our goodwill to the people of the Soviet Union (as to all other peoples) and to increase understanding between our two countries.

Therefore we put before influential and non-influential people, including Mr. Malik, ambassadors, editors of newspapers, members of the Supreme Soviet, heads of the churches, foremen, farm workers, teachers and others, suggestions as to the contributions we thought the Soviet Government might make to world peace, and listened to their answers to our questions about features in Soviet policy that disturbed us. Naturally, we cannot say what long-term effect our mission will have had, but we can say that we were received with great kindness and hospitality, that our criticisms and suggestions, though expressed with complete frankness and sincerity, were listened to and replied to with tolerance and even goodwill, and that we think that at least one of our aims—the improvement of mutual understanding—was in some degree achieved so far as our contacts reached.

Apart from our conferences we had a very full and revealing programme of visits to farms, factories, a prison, the Kremlin, religious festivals and services, and so on. Even more valuable were our conversations with the interpreters who helped us, and our unaccompanied wanderings round the streets of Moscow. We found the people good humouredly friendly and most eager to help the stranger, struggling to make himself understood in a shop or a trolley bus. Whether or not it was a productive fortnight it was certainly a happy one.

Yours sincerely,

FRANK EDMOND

The P.T. Salt

Mr. Horlock was P.T.I. at Borden from 1932 to 1947. You could find him in the dinner hours, sunning himself at the green doors, surrounded by a circle of young philosophers. And as the afternoon shadows lengthened, the receding volume of his two-stroke sounded his retreat, usually with a small boy perched precariously but joyously on the pillion. There are many who, remembering those days, look back with gratitude to Mr. Horlock for the fun he put into lessons, and above all, for his infinite capacity of making us feel that, in his eyes, we mattered.

"WHEN I left Borden," writes Mr. Horlock, "I had at the same time to forgo a post at Dorking on account of distance. I went for a personal interview to the skipper of a training ship, who had advertised for a P.T.I. He was pretty blunt, with no delicacy of touch about him. 'My dear Mr. Horlock,' he said, 'we sacked the other fellow because he was forty-five, and you come here at fifty-four and expect to be taken on!' Just what turn events would have taken then I hardly know, but that same evening at home I saw an advertisement for a P.T.I. at one of the local schools. To my great delight I found the headmaster strangely favourable. So I applied and (since apparently no one else did) found myself landed with a full-time job.

"Then Anno Domini loaded the scales against me, and my right knee gave out. I attended hospital for a full two terms, and received all the 'gen' of the Physiotherapy Department, and the result of it all was—nil! So I was back again—on the spot. By now, we were in a brand new school, a really wonderful place, and I badly wanted to remain.

"It so happened just about then, that an assistant craft master was wanted. So for a year I instructed in Light and Model Craft, and very entertaining I found it. Then came an influx of new boys and the Craft Room had to be cut in half, making the assistant master redundant. But once again the fates intervened on my behalf. The master teaching Hygiene had reached the age limit and retired. So, here I am, taking Hygiene throughout the school; a little R.I., a little gardening and plenty of organised games. Sixteen periods a week in fact, of this last, and I/C Swimming during the summer term. So I'm now well set on the track, and have every hope of staying the course. Ironically enough, my knee has now nearly cured itself with no aid of any kind, and is again almost normal.

"I'm still interested in boxing and run the school club. The lads are quite keen, and the school has managed to pull in a District Cup each year. (Last season we had two cups, three county winners, and one boy who reached the All England Quarter Finals). I have already run into Vandeppeer (I ought to say Mr., really) at the inter-school football matches, and at district committee meetings. He is at one of the other Secondary County Schools as a P.T.I., and has already accepted an Athletic District Secretaryship, much to my delight.

"To Old Boys whom I taught during my 15 years at Borden, I wonder if you know just how attractive you were when you were small. I remember you all as an ever-varying kaleidoscope of developing juvenile personality. Inevitably a few blurred and pitifully distorted pictures, but for the most part, clearly outlined, bright, ever-changing and always intensely interesting.

"But you will be telling me that I am writing too much and, cap in hand, I should have to acknowledge that once again you were right, and I was wrong. And how very like old times that would be.

"Good luck to you all."

FRANK HORLOCK.

Rendina, Walderslade Road, Chatham.

SCHOOL



NOTES

THE year 1950-51, although producing no event of particularly outstanding importance, has nevertheless been crammed with pleasant and successful activity. As is always the case, time enjoyably spent has passed all too quickly.

Having at the end of the previous year said our farewells to Monsieur Degroisse, the departing "assistant français," we welcomed Monsieur Cuisine to take his place. This was the only staff change of the year.

Towards the end of the Autumn Term the long-awaited new stage arrived. Frantic work by Mr. Dawkins, Mr. Smith and their assistants enabled the stage to be erected in time for the School Play. This was performed on only two days this year, the 15th and 16th of December. The choice was "R.U.R." ("Rossums Universal Robots") and its production entailed great effort on the part of Mr. Beer and the cast. It was a source of pleasure to us that it was possible later in the year for the Old Boys' play (Shaw's "Arms and the Man") to be successfully performed on the new stage.

Sporting activities during this term were mostly confined to football. During the course of quite a successful season we managed to lose once again to the Old Boys' XI.

At the Speech Day Service, held as usual in St. Michael's Church, the sermon was preached by the Rev. F. M. Eagles. The guest of honour at the prize-giving ceremony in the afternoon was Commander D. S. E. Thompson, whose address was unusually stirring.

At the beginning of the year it was decided that the Senior School Society should be revived, and thus interesting and enjoyable talks were given by Mr. Highton, Mr. Scotland, Mr. Gibson, Chief-Inspector Wigmore and Mr. Watkins.

In conjunction with the girls' school, seniors received two visits from the Rev. L. G. Appleton to discuss religious topics.

Late in the term an experiment was made with regard to the Scripture readings in morning assembly. Passages from Blaise Pascal were read both in the original French and in translations which were actually carried out by the Prefects concerned.

In December we received a visit from a former pupil of the Headmaster, Mr. Burbridge, an ex-fighter pilot who is now Secretary of the Scripture Union.

At Borden nowadays Spring Term is decidedly the most busy. It is necessary to single out the events of greatest general interest from a long list of activities. As usual, we played Chess and Hockey, although the latter was not outstandingly successful, owing to the cancellation of the Hockey Tournament and several other matches. Three 1st XI players were granted County Trials, one of them, Delaine, representing the County Boys in several games. More sport was available in the form of the Boxing Tournament and the Cross Country Race, both of which were convincingly won by Swale House.

The end of term saw the now firmly established Arts Festival, which once again produced both good work and intelligent appreciation.

Once again during the Easter Holidays a party of seniors under the leadership of Mr. Anderton and Mr. Howard made a journey abroad. This year they went to the Benelux countries.

The event of the early Summer Term was Parents' Day. While the traditional Cricket Match v. the Parents' XI was being won by the School 1st XI the Middle School performed in Dramatic Productions. Various exhibitions of Meccano and Model Railways, Scouting, Art and Historical Research proved very popular.

The cricket was much more successful than had been anticipated; in the realm of swimming we produced the best relay team for many years, and a Life-Saving Class was introduced.

The Athletics this year showed a marked improvement. The School Athletic Sports were their usual success, and we emerged from inter-school matches with more honour than of recent years. Individuals did well, two juniors representing the County in the National Championships.

This was the longest Summer Term in the history of the School, and the Seniors spent most of it making final preparations for their external examinations. These boys were, in a sense, guinea-pigs for they were the first to take the new examinations—"General Certificate of Education" at either "Advanced" or "Ordinary" level. While it is perhaps too early yet to discern whether the new system will produce any important changes it appeared from the results that although the actual standard of questions set has not much altered the marking has perhaps become a little more severe.

During this term the School field was subjected to very strenuous use. This, combined with the fact that recently we have had two new groundsmen, makes it even more surprising to see it once again flourishing as green as ever.

However, we still have only one lawn tennis court, in spite of which D. S. Ainge and D. Eagles managed to win two championships at a junior tournament organised by the County L.T.A. early in the season. Eagles later beat Ainge to win our own Tennis Tournament. Once again we beat the "County School" at tennis and also (with more difficulty) at hockey.

At the end of term two seniors visited an international Youth Camp at Swanage through the good offices of the Rotary Movement, and two members of the Sixth form attended a residential conference at Broadstairs under the auspices of the Students' Christian Movement.

At the end of term, positions in the House Competition for the whole year were as follows:—1st, School; 2nd, Swale; 3rd, Barrow; 4th, Borden. This was without the inclusion of the points awarded for the General Certificate of Education results. However, when these were available, they made little difference except to consolidate School's lead. Thus School House become Cock House for the first time since 1943. F. E. BAKER.

★ THE ANNUAL PRODUCTION, 1952 — *Three Nights!*

THE Dramatic Section is hard at work preparing for the next annual play, which will be performed on the 16th, 18th and 19th January, 1952—three nights instead of the usual two.

The selected play is a tense little thriller called *Night was our Friend*, by Michael Pertwee. Desmond Ponton is producing.

For several weeks now the members of the cast have been rehearsing, and excellent progress has been made. Several old hands, including M. Neeves, D. Back and W. Wellard, will be performing this year, and we are pleased to welcome back Richard Jones.

Beryl Watson, Nancy Whittle and Barbara Bush will also be in the cast.

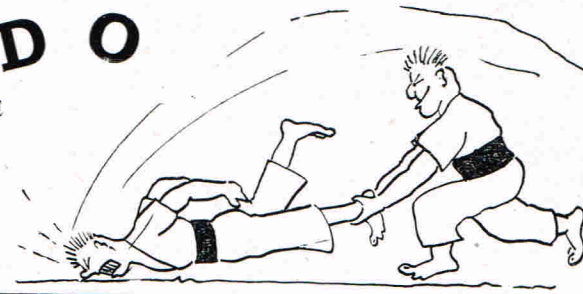
Further details will be advertised later.

Come along on one of the evenings. I can promise you a really good show.
G. W. R. HOOKER

JUDO

by LEN GRICE

(at B.G.S.
1934 - 41)



IT is now almost exactly three years since I started to learn Judo and I am still very definitely a learner. I'm just one of several thousands in this country who try hard and hope to acquire skill and finesse, and at the same time get a lot of fun out of it!

Jui-Jitsu began many centuries ago when the feudal knights of Japan, the Samurai, developed techniques for unarmed combat in case they were disarmed on the battlefield. Various schools of Jui-Jitsu grew up, and it became a point of honour among the Samurai not to draw a weapon against an assailant of lower rank, but to dispose of him by Jui-Jitsu.

Various exponents of these schools of Jui-Jitsu, all of which had their own zealously guarded collection of tricks, came to England during the nineteenth century, but their art never became popular.

Towards the end of the last century a young Japanese, by name J. Kano, began a scientific study of the various schools of Jui-Jitsu and evolved a coherent and essentially scientific system. In 1882, he opened his own club which he called the Kodokan, in the rooms of a Buddhist temple in which he lived in Tokio. The new system he named Judo, meaning the "Way of Gentleness." This new art, in which the emphasis was not on learning a series of tricks, but on acquiring a method and an attitude of mind, quickly supplanted the old schools.

In 1918, the first Judo Club in England was founded by G. Koizumi—it was the Budokwai (meaning "Way of Knighthood Society") at Victoria, which is to-day recognised as the centre of European Judo. Its first instructor was the legendary Yukio Tani, who for many years toured the music halls of England with a standing challenge to all comers without regard to size, weight, or style. As Tani was barely five feet tall, and there was a prize of £10 for anyone who could stand up to him for three minutes, there were always plenty of people willing to "have a go," but Tani never lost his money.

One day he was at the Budokwai when in walked Carnera, who was contender for the world heavy-weight boxing title and was certainly one of the biggest and strongest men in the world. Carnera wanted some proof of the efficacy of Judo, and he challenged Tani to a bout. Carnera grasped each of Tani's arms firmly in his hands. Tani gave a little twist with his body, and there was Carnera flat on his back! It was all so quick that nobody could explain what had happened, and Tani's only comment was "Huh! No balance!"

This true David and Goliath story certainly illustrates the value of Judo, but let me tell you a little more about it. First of all, the apparatus required is some form of padded wrestling mat covered with a canvas sheet. The Japanese have their mats padded with interwoven strips of bamboo known as "tatame," and this, on a wooden floor, provides an excellent

surface. Unfortunately, this material is not available in this country, but suitable substitutes are flock or coir mattresses. The size of the mat is not critical, but it should not be smaller than 12ft. square.

This mat is housed in a room known as the "Dojo," and in this room a very strict discipline is enforced. This discipline is handed down to us by the Japanese as their dojos were always in Buddhist Temples. There was always an image of Buddha in the corner of the dojo, and before a contest each contestant would bow to Buddha and then to his opponent. Naturally, we have no images in our dojos in this country, but contestants always bow to one another as a sign of mutual respect at the beginning and at the end of a bout.

The costume worn by judoka (people who practise Judo) consists of trousers (knee or ankle length) and a very stout canvas jacket without buttons and with a cloth belt. This costume is always white, although the cloth belt may be coloured, the colour denoting the degree of skill of the judoka. If he is a complete beginner, he will wear a red belt and from then on the belts are coloured white, yellow, orange, green, blue, brown and black, in order of increasing skill. (I am only a Green Belt, but I shall be attending a Grading Contest in about a fortnight's time and, with luck, I may get to a Blue).

It normally takes several years' hard work to reach the grade of black belt, and you are then known as a First Dan. But that is not the top of the ladder, for if your skill increases sufficiently you can become a Second Dan and so on indefinitely, although you would still continue to wear a black belt. As far as I know, the highest grade that has ever been awarded is Tenth Dan and that was, of course, in Japan.

Now the question arises as to who authorises a judoka to wear a particular belt. In this country, it is the British Judo Association who have a Grading Panel, consisting of three very high grade Black Belts. To be upgraded one takes part in a Grading Contest which is watched by a member of the Grading Panel. If from this contest, even though you may lose it, he decides that you are worthy of a higher grade, then he may authorise you to move up one.

The first thing you must learn when you start Judo is "breakfalling," which is the art of falling without hurting yourself. You must become proficient at this before you attempt to get any further because otherwise you will not live long enough to learn more. All judoka, no matter how high their grade, spend their first few minutes on the mat warming themselves up with a few breakfalls. If you were to come into our dojo at the beginning of an evening's practice, you would see people throwing themselves into the air and crashing down on their backs with a resounding thwack. Others not so far advanced would be lying on their backs hammering the mat with their arms as hard as they could, just as if they were on carpet beating fatigue. If you stayed a little longer and saw a few throws demonstrated, you would see how very necessary all this breakfalling business is.

When you have got your opponent on the ground there is a very wide range of unpleasant things you can do to him. You can score a point by holding him on his back for thirty seconds known as a "hold-down," you can apply an arm-lock (there are many different sorts of arm-locks) or you can put on a neck-lock. The neck-lock, or "strangle," is achieved by pressing the bones of the wrists against the arteries which supply blood to the brain, thus causing a block in the supply. When this is applied correctly, the victim becomes unconscious within four seconds. The lock must then quickly be removed and the victim revived by stimulating certain nerve centres. Provided it is not kept on too long, the victim suffers no ill-effect whatsoever.

Now competition is the life-blood of any sport, and in London there is a Judo League in which every club in the London area has entered a team. There are five judoka in each team, so that a league match consists of five individual contests. Each contest lasts for five minutes or until one

of the contestants has scored two points. A point is scored by throwing your opponent on his back or by a hold-down or by a submission because of a "lock."

Every year there is a knock-out competition to find the best team of three judoka in Great Britain and this year my club won the competition by beating the Budokwai 1-0 in the semi-final and Coventry City four points to one in the final at the Royal Albert Hall.

I am secretary of the Research General Electric Company Judokwai and am captain of our contest team, the one that won the Matsui Cup last year and were runners-up in the London Judo League.

NIGERIA—

Country of Contrasts

By CAPTAIN R. HART (at B.G.S. 1932-40)

ON a cold January morning last year, I was a member of a large draft for West Africa. We took off just before dawn from an R.A.F. aerodrome, having sampled the magnificent hospitality of its occupants for the previous twelve hours.

Later that day I exchanged greetings with a camel driver near Tripoli, and the following night we flew across the Sahara. It was clear, moonless and the stars were at their best. Sitting in the cockpit I had my first experience of the tropical night sky, with its impression of peaceful, limitless space. I have enjoyed it almost nightly ever since, taking a walk round the compound before retiring.

We arrived at Kano shortly after dawn, flying in over fingers of the desert and down onto the baked red laterite runway. My first impression was of vast barrenness. The country is fairly flat and the soil is chiefly composed of laterite, which is rusty red in colour. During the dry season the sparse vegetation quickly becomes burned up, except for the trees, so that all one can see till the horizon of sand haze is reached is a stark red wilderness dotted with stunted trees and a few huts. There are, of course, big towns with mud and thatch African houses separated from well spaced concrete pan-roofed European houses and shops.

As we stepped down from the aircraft a picturesque goatherd blew a welcome on his eight-foot horn, and when we had passed through the customs we were inundated with Hausa traders, who are a feature of life in Nigeria. They walk solemnly about in their long white rigas, followed by rather scruffy small boys carrying the wares for sale in large baskets on their heads. They sell all sorts of things from locally made crocodile and snakeskin articles and brassware, to the most lurid plastic atrocities perpetrated by allegedly higher civilisations.

The following day was typical of the dry season in Northern Nigeria. A clear cold morning was spoiled by the north wind bringing dust from the desert, and as the temperature rose into the nineties the dust grew thicker until by noon visibility was down to about a furlong and the light

had a curious yellow glare. All the long distance planes had to be diverted and there was some doubt whether the Dove which was to take us on to Kaduna would be able to land. However, we took off in the late afternoon and at a little over a thousand feet flew out of the dust into a clear sky.

The wind blows off the desert from December to March, bringing sand and extremely low humidity. I have played strenuous tennis with the temperature in the nineties without getting a wet shirt. The temperature gradient is often as much as fifty degrees in a day. During this season water and salt have to be consumed in vast quantities. When the wind drops at the end of March the humidity rises and it becomes hot and sticky. This grows more pronounced throughout April, and in early May the rains arrive, preceded by violent dust storms, and last until October. With the rains come hordes of insects and the evenings are livened by the buzzing of mosquitoes and by flying ants falling into the soup. Soon after the rains get under way, there is a wonderful resurgence of vegetation and grass and small plants spring up everywhere. The landscape looks and smells fresh after the burned barrenness of a few weeks earlier.

Nigeria is a country of contrasts. North and south, east and west have different peoples, different climates, different vegetations, different economies. Tin and coal are mined, and the crops include groundnuts, maize, rice, guinea corn, pineapples, citrus fruits, coconuts, oil palms and cocoa. There are great tropical forests in the south. The people are even more diverse than their crops. The south, with its coastline punctuated by rivers and creeks was the first part to receive Europeans, as explorers, slave traders, merchants and missionaries discovered the West African coast. The north has an old Mohammedan civilisation brought across the desert, and Europeans have only influenced it for about half a century, as explorers penetrated farther inland. The pagans of the less accessible parts of the country are only beginning to acquire civilisation. Their standard of living is primitive, but their clothing trade is well organised. The operatives of this industry depart into the bush in the early morning and return with sufficient leaves to provide each inhabitant of their village with a bunch fore and aft, which are attached to a leather thong round the waist. Whilst Christian standards are beginning to gain more general acceptance, and slavery has been abolished, in some areas the women are still bought and sold for wives and occupy an inferior position in society.

Donkey, horse and foot still account for a good deal of the transport in the country, though bicycles are becoming more common, and are cherished possessions of Africans fortunate enough to own them. The narrow gauge, single track railway, constructed during the last forty years with some difficulty owing to the nature of the country and its sudden heavy rains, has provided means of carrying goods to market and allows intermingling of tribes to take place on a far greater scale than before it was built. Roads constructed of latterite, much corrugated and besprinkled with potholes, connect the main centres of population. Within the town boundaries the roads are tarred, and a start has been made in tarring other stretches. Rapid transport is provided by an internal air line, running regular services between the big cities.

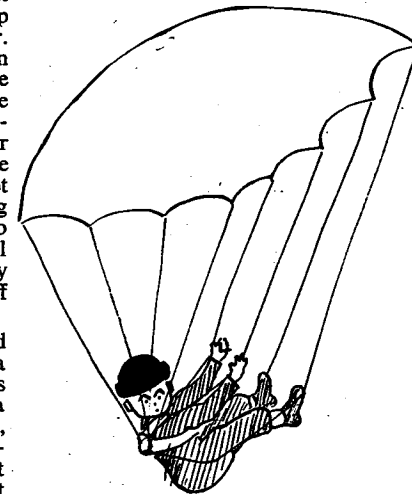
The hospital in which I work consists of long low bungalow blocks which are so widely spaced that it is best to go round on a bicycle. Most of it is built of mud bricks, which are a great delicacy to white ants. This has unfortunate consequences, as for instance when the ants used my bathroom as their ration, and more recent building has been of concrete blocks. The majority of our patients are Africans, and the work is fascinating. My family are with me and we find the life very pleasant. We have many friends, so that with swimming, tennis, hockey, golf, occasional visits to the cinema and exchanging hospitality, life is never dull.

« Red Devil and the Green Angel »

by 2nd Lieut. J. H. R. White, 3rd Bn. Parachute Regt., M.E.L.F.

(at B.G.S. 1941 - 47)

THERE is something very reassuring about a thick two-inch strop, as you buckle yourself into your seat inside the dark fuselage of the Fairchild Packet plane. These straps have always been with you; when you jumped from the training tower, or the "fan," or the exit-trainer, where for six exciting seconds, you were tossed at the end of a cable and straps, some twenty feet up, just to see whether you could keep your feet gripped tightly together. They were there when you put on your harness for flight-technique training, and dangled out at the end of a steel bar, practising pulling on your rigging lines to steer your parachute, and hoped that the faces seventy feet below could not see that your own face was turning a delicate shade of pastel green. So you trust straps, and you don't feel too badly about it as, with a heavy virile roar, the aircraft moves off down the runway.



The speed mounts rapidly and the tarmac below lurches a moment, drops away and gives place to tree tops, a ditch, and a hayrick. Take-off accomplished, and each man unfastens his safety-belt. You look at the exit. A great roaring of engines and a slight inrush of disturbed air comes through the doorway. Below, a miniature motor car follows along a narrow shady road. The gleam of its windscreen is dulled a moment, as the shadow of the aeroplane crosses the road and plunges through ploughed fields; now a grassy meadow, and one Lilliputian horse swishes microscopic flies with its tail.

"PREPARE FOR ACTION!" It comes sooner than you expected. Rather unreal and melodramatic, you think, a story heard so often before, but now come true.

"CHECK EQUIPMENT!" Comes the next high-pitched shout. You touch the static-line of the man in front, the thick tape strop which will rip open his parachute, to check his drop to the tarmac.

"TELL OFF FOR EQUIPMENT CHECK!"

"... Five okay."

"... Four okay."

"... Three okay." Someone hits your shoulder.

"... Two okay." And you hit the shoulder of the man in front.

"... One okay, stick okay."

All is now ready. Everyone waits for "Action stations," and the stick will move to the door, stepping forward with the left foot and dragging the right foot behind.

"ACTION STATIONS!" Four shuffling paces forward, and over the shoulder of the man in front is a fir copse, bristling down below like a small, irregular, sparse bristled brush.

Nearly over the dropping zone now; a red light, and the man in front will step forward, crouching half way out of the aircraft.

Green on, and There is the red light flashing now. The helmet of the man in front moves low as he crouches, revealing the wide flat earth.

"GREEN ON!" Again the unreal feeling, no man in front, and your own head half out of the door. A crescendo of breath-taking wind and the eyes blown shut as when a man puts his head out of the window of an express train and looks forward.

Mouth firm shut, body tensed, you leap out, and down Keep that position. Wind, somersault eyes open now no longer any wind to keep them shut. Earth and sky green and blue, rather, seems jumbled. There is no sense of gravity. In a world where all is falling, nothing will seem to fall. A strong pull at your shoulders, and silken threads, like magic, are over your head. Through their wide warp, two parachutists seem horizontally suspended from green canopies; up above is a great emerald dome softly breathing, with the sky shining through the air vent at the top.

The earth is remote and you feel more pious than befits a red devil; more dependent on the green angel above you that becomes a fiend of your calibre.

But there is not much time to take in the view, because there are men all around and canopies must not collide. Pulling on the rear silk lines, you slip away backwards. Now the ground is much nearer, some two hundred feet below.

"Knees together, shoulders round, head well forward, watch the ground." What sort of a landing will it be? Then again, "Knees together" the rhyme comes back. The grass, one moment a hundred feet below, leaps swiftly up. A sudden thump, and something forces your lungs to deflate. You grunt involuntarily, and the canopy, wrinkling and collapsing, settles gently behind.

Having made your first descent, you are breathless and excited, so you turn quickly to roll up your parachute and regain your composure. The silk is shining, watered it seems, a soft emerald material, and the sun whitens the rigging lines as they lie on the grass. The air seems more than usually fragrant and warm. Kipper-Phoot has asked you how you got on, and you are telling him at length, knowing full well that he is not listening, but waiting to spin his own yarn. A mixture of relieved tension and great hilarity is in the air in the N.A.A.F.I. club on the edge of the airfield. Somebody in the queue laughs and steps back, knocking over your tea cup as you go by. You're a red devil again now, so you swear vigorously. It's safe



Ornithology and Yvonne

BY ARTHUR J. F. STAGG
(at B.G.S. 1943-48)

FOR many years now my main hobby and interest has been bird watching. Since joining the R.A.F. the scope for pursuing my hobby has been considerably enlarged.

So it was that I found myself one cold, grey winter's morning, standing on the tarmac at a Transport Command aerodrome watching the ground maintenance crew making the final checks on the Hastings aircraft in which soon I would be airborne.

There were several of us there, all carrying skis, sticks and boots, each burdened with maximum amount of luggage, all bound for a fortnight's winter sports in the French Alps.

We flew first to Lyons, then set forth in powerful diesel coaches for Chamonix.

We climbed steadily, stopping for a short time at Aix Les Bains and Chamberg. So we carried on until we were surrounded by the rugged beauty of the Maritime Alps.

Even at this stage I had been intently studying the bird life of the countryside through which we were passing and I was overjoyed to find many species which are only rare wanderers to our shores.

So the journey continued. The temperature dropped steadily as night approached and the snow grew deeper as we penetrated further into the Alps. High overhead lofty mountain tops stood silhouetted against the moon as we sped round precipitous mountain roads. The road was flanked by a thin wooden rail beyond which, on many occasions, was a drop of well over a thousand feet. Occasionally we passed the battered remnants of a cart lying by the roadside; on each of these reposed bunches of evergreens. On enquiring what they were, the coach driver explained they had slipped over the edge and had been brought up again and were now looked on as shrines, at which travellers stopped to pray and perhaps place a floral tribute.

Most of the party were sleeping when the lights of Chamonix came into view, twinkling pin points, nesting far down in the valley.

I awoke next morning to the jingling of bells on the boulangesi sleigh and the fresh, bracing alpine air blowing in through the open window.

On gazing out I was confronted with a beautiful panoramic view of majestic peaks shrouded in mist, of fir trees laden with snow — a dream had come true.

Very soon I was on the nursery slopes learning the rudiments of ski-ing. After several minor "prangs" I at last succeeded in

managing to get both feet moving in the same direction at the same time. I was then able to venture further afield in search of what had really led me so far — birds.

In this one valley was a wealth of bird life, some types which are common to Britain and others which are only rare vagrants. There were hordes of crested tits in the pine-covered lower slopes. In Britain this species has been reduced to a few pairs still struggling for survival in the Spey valley of Scotland, but here they were prolific to say the least. Rose coloured starlings, wallcreepers, goshawks and eagles all could be seen every day within a few hundred yards of the town. It was a paradise for any ornithologist.

So the days flew by each one packed with interest and excitement. Memorable hours spent on top of Brevant gazing into Switzerland and Italy, and then the fast ski down to the teleferique station for a hot drink before making the final descent.

That was just one of the places my hobby has led me. So many people think that watching birds is dull and monotonous, but then, of course, they never knew Yvonne!

THE MOUNTAINS

By R. SKINNER (at B.G.S. 1912 - 1919)

IN the far-off days, just before and during the first World War, little interest was ever shown in the shrubbery and its tall trees at the old school until one epoch-making afternoon a luckless explorer among the upper branches put his faith in the wrong one, descending to good Mother Earth by the short route so suddenly as to necessitate his removal to hospital for servicing and after-treatment. The shrubs were promptly put out of bounds, and as promptly sprang from neglect and obscurity into the limelight of fame. In a surprisingly short time, to shin up to the top of the toughest tree in broad daylight and return to terra firma without being spotted was a feat calculated to bring a glow into the most depressed soul. There were, of course, incidents. Once the Princess Irene thoughtlessly blew up in the Estuary with its cargo of mines at the precise moment that one of the climbers had chosen for the negotiating of a breath-takingly exposed route at the top of a high beech. The force of the explosion sent him hurtling down out of the tree like a shot pigeon, miraculously to plunge into the top of a kindiy yew and to emerge at the bottom shaken and astonished, but unhurt.

Such was our early training in climbing. It was a good training, and in association with further and more specialised research on the drain pipes at the rear of the building at times when the front was rumoured to be under observation, developed all the muscles necessary for negotiating the most difficult of peaks.

The commencement of the annual holidays which followed the alleged best time of our lives and our departure to pastures new usually found me on board the old "Lochnagar" bound for Aberdeen from Whitechapel up the East Coast, the cheapest Scotland route available for the impecunious. Following a first night spent at Ballater to recover from the pangs of seasickness, the second day's route usually led through the Lairig Ghru in the Cairngorms, to emerge the other side with the whole of the fascinating part of mountain Scotland before me. What happened then was nobody's business. Tramping and climbing all day, through glens, along ridges, and over peaks, sometimes heading for Skye and its Cuillins, sometimes for Gruinard Bay and Ullapool, or wherever else the itching feet fancied. Nights were spent under the small tent carried in the rucksack, in empty bothies, or more often than not curled up in a sleeping bag in the heather and under the stars. Many weeks later a blackened and tramplike figure emerged from the Shelter Stone in the Cairngorms, where the last night was often spent, and in a state of depression and semi-mutiny made the return journey down the East Coast again. The next few weeks would be spent in yearning soulfully for the lost freedom of the hills and in violently hating everything and everybody associated with one's normal life!

Then followed a period spent among the peaks of Snowdonia. A climbing centre willing to pay all expenses from door to door in order that its guests could have the doubtful privilege of being led among the stony places proved an exceedingly valuable discovery about this time, and for years every holiday was spent at other peoples' expense in return for such guidance. Many hilarious holidays were thus occupied, much mountain lore learned, and many delightful people encountered, with great advantage to an always precarious financial stability.

Bracken and heather cannot long endure against the challenge of the high peaks and the magic of snow and glaciers, and after much temptation nobly resisted, the Oberland claimed another victim. The mountain huts provided new experiences, most of the ascents assumed the nature of an expedition compared with the comparatively quick scrambles up and down the English peaks, but Snowdonia was not entirely forgotten and still remains the first love.

Then followed other wanderings as time and cash permitted. One led through the Dolomites, along winding paths which clung to the sheer mountain side and emerged over high passes, with evenings spent happily in the company of people whose language we could not speak, in the huts of the Italian Alpine Club. In mid-September we finally emerged from the hills on a never to be forgotten morning into the sunny glamour of Venice, its gondolas and its canals. What a holiday! Not even later tramps through the Silvretta and other parts of the high Tyrol can ever efface that particular memory. All this has happened as a result of the Borden shrubs being put out of bounds.

Try the mountains some time, and see what they have for you, and when the years pass so that the slopes become too steep and hostile, the legs perhaps not quite so willing as of yore, do not desert the mountains; they always wait for those who are faithful to them. With a camera you can still go among them and enjoy them, although perhaps the peaks are becoming a little inaccessible for you, and you can enrich your store of memories. My camera is a Super Ikonta; I can recommend it for the purpose, I have used it for several years now!

Your Leave Extended . . .

wrote Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.

RALPH SMITH, at Borden from 1915 to 1920, and a founder member of the O.B.A., joined the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in 1943, and since then has worked continuously in Persia at the Abadan oil refinery. He returned to his home in Sittingbourne for four months' leave this summer and has watched with critical eye Premier Mossadeq's policy of keeping him here.

Sensing a story your "Maroon" correspondent enjoyed a pleasant hour of interrogation and reminiscence.

What sort of work did you do at Abadan?

Well, at first I was Engineer i/c Boiler House, working in the heart of the refinery, but later I became Engineer i/c No. Three Water Pumping Station which, incidentally, was designed to pump fourteen million gallons of water per hour, though this varies with sun temperature. During this period I also acted as liaison officer between the Company and the contractors who were erecting yet a fourth huge pumping station. Of late I have been i/c Native Training.

What hours did you work?

We were roughly four hours ahead of normal British time, starting at 5.30 a.m. and working on until 1.30 p.m., when we finished for the day. This during the hot season. Then you sleep—if you can sleep with temperatures sometimes reaching 128 degrees in the shade.

Any means of recreation?

Good heavens, yes. Well organised clubs of every description catered for: golf, cricket, tennis, rugby, football, hockey, polo, swimming and dramatics. There were also parallel social organisations for Persian staff and labour. The sport, for British and Persians, was specially organised by Charles Bulger, an old Wolverhampton star. We also had an orchestra of fifty-six, democratically comprising British, Armenian, Persian and Indian staff.

You mentioned dramatics. Most of us remember you before the war taking leading parts in Old Boys' plays, such as "Journey's End," "For the love of Mike," and "The Ghost Train." Have you kept your hand in?

Yes, I most certainly have. Remember "Blitz and Pieces," which I produced in Sittingbourne in the early war years? Well, I hadn't been with the Company more than five weeks before I put on the same show, in aid of Merchant Navy Week, remaming it "Ahoy!" It was a great success. Every Christmas we produced a panto. I have taken many parts in these, but I shall never forget "Cinderella," when I doubled Buttons and the Demon King! I was shot up through a trap onto the stage by a see-saw arrangement into the kitchen fireplace. One night we missed the target and instead of shooting up through the trap, my head hit the underside of the stage flooring and a very dizzy Demon King crawled onto the set—but the show went on! These pantos were produced in conjunction with the Amateur Dramatic Company and the Adadan Gymkhana Club. We always entertained the Royal Navy each Xmas, when the script was re-written to suit!

Have you entirely deserted plays for musicals?

Far from it. I not only acted in a number of plays, but frequently supervised make-up as well. I have taken parts in "Laburnum Grove," "Night Must Fall," "Grand National Night," "An Inspector Calls" and "While the Sun Shines" (Horton, the butler), to mention but a few.

To turn to matters of a different nature. Have you seen much of Persia outside of the refinery areas?

Oh yes, quite a lot, and I am always impressed by the contrasts of the country. Besides visiting Basra in Iraq, I also frequented Shiraz in South Persia. At Shiraz are the famous gardens written of by Omar Khayyam. Broadly speaking, one can regard southern Persia as largely salt desert and foothills of Zagros Mountains. Fertile country starts at about Kerman-shah, famous for its rock carvings and very lovely indeed. But city of my delight is Isphaham—without doubt number one city of Persia—a city of contrasts where the old blends harmoniously with the new. It is quite truly a city of eastern enchantment.

What are your outstanding memories of Persia?

There are two in particular. One is of the burying place of Alexander the Great's army, which was ravaged by malaria in a great march across Persia. This desolate and frightful area of mountain, north-east of Masjid-e-Sulamein, has become a sort of national tomb. It is miles from civilisation, but bereaved Persian women seek it out and wail their despair to the heavens. I have witnessed this and it is an unreal and frightening experience. The other outstanding memory is of my flight over a burning gusher well at Aghajari early this year. Flames up to 150 feet flew wide into the air. It required the services of an American expert to fly over, localise the jets of flame by dynamiting earth over them, and then literally 'capping' the single stream of burning oil.

And what, in your opinion, are the chances of your return to Persia as an employee of Anglo-Iranian Oil Company?

Well, that's a leading question, and now that Mr. Mossadeq has returned from America with little evident result . . . your guess is as good as mine!

HONOURS LIST

DEGREES

LOVES, J.—B.A., Manchester (with distinction). Awarded graduate research scholarship and prize.
GEORGE, K.—B.Sc. London. (No details).
HIGHTON A. P.—B.Sc. General Cl III, Reading (Maths, Ph.).
HANCOCK D. A.—B.Sc. General Cl I, Reading (Biology, etc.).
STUPPLES, J.—Successful in Part I of B.Sc. Engin., London.
WRAIGHT, A.—B.Sc. Engineering, Cardiff, 1951.

BISHOP, J. At age 21 has obtained the "Testamur" of the Inst. of Municipal Engineers, and on attaining age 23 will become Associate of the I.Mun.E.
THORNE, P. Obtained, Dec., 1950, 2nd Class Certificate (Motors) of the Ministry of Transport and now at age 23 is one of the youngest 2nd engineers in the Merchant Navy. (Was Dockyard apprentice 1943-48.)

BIRTHS

HARRY WHITE	Second daughter, Julia Margaret. Born 29th April, 1951.
NORMAN EVANS	Second child, son, Michael John. Born 6th May, 1951.
EDGAR STAGG	Daughter, Hilary Margaret. Born 6th January, 1951.
JOHN SPICE	Second daughter, Rosalind Clare. Born 27th April, 1951.

ENGAGEMENTS

ARTHUR J. F. STAGG	Arthur John Frederick Stagg, of 7, Shakespeare Road, Sittingbourne, and Miss June Smith, of 6, Beaconsfield Road, Edmonton, London.
PETER HIGHTON	Allan Peter Highton, of "Highwood," Whitehall Road, Sittingbourne, to Miss May Doughty, of Park Avenue, Sittingbourne.

MARRIAGES

GRICE, LEN	Married August 10th, 1951, at the Congregational Church, Sheerness, to Miss Joan Thirkettle, of Sheerness.
EDMEAD, FRANK	Married October 20th, 1951, at St. Cadoc's Church, Llangattock-Lingoed, near Abergavenny, Monmouthshire, to Miss Joan Stagg, of Llanfoist Cottage, Llanfoist, Abergavenny.
BLUNT, WILLIAM FRANCIS	Married June 3rd, 1950, at St. Margaret's Parish Church, Rainham, Kent, to Miss Audrey Cornwell, of Wigmore, Gillingham.
WARD, BERNARD	Married July 14th, 1951, at Holy Trinity Church, Mile End, to Miss Jean Marguerite Plummer.
MUNSON DEREK	Married July 28th, 1951, at St. Anne's Church, Highgate, London, to Miss Norna Mary Tubb, of Highgate. Living at Farnborough.
COLE, ROY G.	Married September 5th, 1951, at Caxton Hall, to Miss Victoria Vickery, of Sittingbourne.

DEATHS

W. H. MURDOCK	M.A. (Oxon), B.Sc. (Lond.), a former headmaster of Borden Grammar School, who left Sittingbourne on his retirement in 1936, died at Kingskerswell, Devon, on Thursday, 6th September, 1951, aged 80 years.
LT. G. B. ROBINSON, R.E.	Killed in Korea, on active service, Saturday, 23rd June, 1951. Aged 27 years.
S. A. WEST	Died at Sittingbourne on 31st July, 1951. Aged 42 years.

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