

**the  
whittingehamian**

**summer 1967**

# The Whittingehamian

*"Lignum vitae est his qui apprehenderint eam."*

*Editors:* JOHN MURRY      GEORGE GUSH

VOL. VII. No. 2

## Progress Report 1966-67

Our second year at Handcross is now almost complete and we can look back on our experiences with a great deal of pleasure, chiefly because of the clear consolidation we have achieved. The first year after leaving Brighton was one of turmoil and improvisation, but this year we have been able to do our work without the harassing material difficulties of the 1965-66 session. By last autumn we knew how much room we had, where our different activities could be carried out, and what facilities could be put to good use; in consequence this has been a much more comfortable and relaxed period. Our Speech Day arrangements were made with a minimum of fuss and the occasion was a great success.

The best senior boys we brought from Brighton were not unduly harassed by the transfer and during this year we have managed to secure a large number of university places, including one at Oxford and one at Cambridge. The middle sections of the school were also able to make steady progress and, although it is becoming increasingly apparent that the obtaining of university places becomes more difficult year by year, the atmosphere at Handcross is now so clearly academic that our middle school candidates have reason to be optimistic about their prospects.

We have been able to establish contact with new friends and neighbours in schools at Crawley, Hurstpierpoint, Horsham and elsewhere, and inter-school sporting fixtures of many types have been resumed. Our tennis courts have proved a great boon and it is safe to predict that we will have tennis teams competing locally in the summer of 1968.

The school, however, suffered two major losses through the deaths of Lord Cohen of Brighton and Dr. Joseph Sagall. Elsewhere in this issue will be found obituaries of these two great friends of the school.

But what of the future? By now nobody looks back with nostalgia to the Brighton days. The advantages of Handcross are so abundantly apparent that everybody in the school family appreciates the wisdom of our move. We have a number of problems which are still unresolved, but with a dedicated Board of Governors and a school spirit as healthy as any I remember in my 25 years at the school, I have no doubt whatsoever that by the time the next magazine is issued we will be able to report on a period of extraordinary growth. F.E.S.

### SPEECH DAY

As the tide of the public examinations time-table creeps ever closer to the beginning of the Summer Term, the date for Speech Day is pushed before it, until one has a vision of some day listening to the speeches while a January blizzard attacks the marquee. Even so the proverbial 'Speech Day luck' with the weather will probably hold, as it did once again on the present occasion.

Surely the grounds have never looked more beautiful—rhododendrons and azaleas astonishing in their profusion and variety—while the numerous exhibitions of art, pottery, modelling and biology, together with imaginative demonstrations of physics and chemistry were, by common consent, voted the best yet.

The proceedings were opened by the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Louis J. Mintz, who spoke of the sombre international situation and the predicament which was facing all Jewry at this time. It was, he said, a situation which was all too familiar to the Jewish race and those Jews who chose to forget the past would surely relive its worst elements in their own futures. Nevertheless, he felt he was not being unduly optimistic in believing that Israel would emerge with renewed strength from her latest trial. The boys who were present represented the Jewish future, and the achievements of the many Old Whittingehamians who were to-day in positions of trust and authority throughout the world indicated that that future would be a bright one.

The Headmaster, after mentioning the large number of senior boys who would be taking up university places in the autumn, went on to speak with fervour of the feelings of the Jews who were separated from Israel in the hour of her trial. He won spontaneous applause when he avowed there could be no question of divided loyalties in times like these. Every day that passed made him more deeply aware of the vital



need for the type of school which Whittingehame represented—a school dedicated to the synthesis of English and Hebraic cultures and to inculcating feelings of the profoundest affinity with Israel.

Mr. Felix Gordon, speaking on behalf of the many Old Boys who were present, paid eloquent tribute to Mr. Mintz as a dynamic Chairman of the Board of Governors, and to the Headmaster, who, in his opinion, had done more than any man he knew keep the faith in Jewry alive.

The Head Boy, Farid Nonoo, accepting the W.O.B.A. Cup from Mr. Gordon, said how much he felt he owed to the school and, through the school, to Israel. He paid amusing tributes to the domestic staff and the matrons and concluded his speech with a proposal that the boys should forego a number of their meals and subscribe the money thus saved to the cause of Israel.

Professor Sir Alexander Oppenheim, the Guest of Honour, in a graceful and witty speech, stressed the importance of mutual respect and affection between teacher and pupil and said he believed that the importance of a school was in direct proportion to the validity of this fundamental relationship. He made the point that all men were members of the human race first and members of nations second. In the last resort the only hope for humanity lay in genuine world government.

The prizes were then presented and afterwards the guests joined in the singing of the ' Hatikvah '.

J.M.M.

### **“ SUPERMARKET ”**

The small wooden door with the cracked window squeaks open and the shop is filled with the tinkling of tiny bells. As you enter the shop the smell of cooking cabbage engulfs you.

A large black-and-white cat is asleep on the counter, its head resting on a doughnut. There is a thick, musty smell, that makes you long to open a window, but you can find no window to open. All around are rows and rows of shelves, each laden with jars containing sweets. How long they have been there is impossible to guess, but there is a grey, cobwebby fungus growing on some of the boiled sweets. On the counter (apart from the cat) there are home-made cakes, which you suspect are dusted every day until they are sold, and ancient bars of chocolate with faded wrappers. Standing on the dusty floor are tins in which the biscuits are kept. If a certain kind of biscuit is wanted, every tin must be opened until the right one is found. Near the tins lies a large sack of broken biscuits. It is safe to leave these exposed because even the mice will not touch them.

Just as you are about to retreat, you hear a noise from the depths of the room at the back of the shop. It is the sound of a toilet being flushed. In shuffles the proprietor, not the kindly silver-haired old lady you have been expecting, but a rather shrunken middle-aged man with no teeth. He rubs his dirty hands on his even dirtier apron and asks if he can help you. You play it safe and buy a bar of Cadbury's chocolate. When you get outside you look at the back of the wrapper. It says: "If this chocolate is not in perfect condition when it reaches you, please return it to the manufacturer." The date stamped on it is 'August 1954'. R. GLASS (5U).

## House Reports

### BALFOUR HOUSE

Once again Balfour House has proved its superiority during the 1966-67 season. We regained the Football Cup, the Dresner Basketball Cup and the '5-a-side' Football Cup; furthermore we won the Cross-country Trophy, the Athletics Shield, the Sports Challenge Shield and the Inter-House Sports Championship.

This record speaks for itself, and I would like to express my gratitude to all house members who have shown great interest and keen spirit. H. Kecherim and A. Dogu deserve special mention in this respect, since they were of exceptional help to me.

Our Housemaster, Mr. Bolton, was of great help to us and encouraged us at all times. Most of our victories were due to his devoted leadership.

I hope that Balfour will keep up their fine standard and I take this opportunity of wishing my house the best of luck for the coming year.

I. POTASHNIK, HOUSE CAPTAIN.

### EINSTEIN HOUSE

During the academic year Einstein House has been comparatively successful and we have managed to maintain our relatively high standard in all school activities.

Though we were not able to gain as many victories as we did last year, we won the Higgins Festival Bowl for the third year running, and both the Nobel Bowl and the Swimming Trophy for the second year. Furthermore we regained the Sladowsky Chess Cup, which has become almost a traditional trophy of our House since it was first presented eleven years ago. In the inter-House football we were runners-up to Balfour House and the latter also beat us by less than 10 points in athletics after a dramatic final race. In the cross-country, table tennis, tennis and five-a-side football we came third, and were last in basketball. The cricket season has started

successfully, and we made the highest score obtained in any House match since the move to Handcross.

Among House members, L. Davis and S. Modlin, who proved to be our best sportsmen and showed great interest in all House activities, deserve special mention. S. Akhavan, our Sports Vice-Captain, and A. Brecher led us to victory in the Swimming Gala and I am grateful for their efforts. M. Glanger and D. Unger, our excellent Festival Captains, deserve praise for their indefatigable efforts, as does G. Rubens, who was of extreme value to us in the contest.

Finally, I would like to express my gratitude to our Housemaster, Mr. J. Murry, who has been an inspiration to us all and always ready to advise and help. Unfortunately Mr. Murry was taken ill at the end of the Spring Term and could not share our victory celebration after the Festival. We are glad that he has now fully recovered, and are confident that he will lead Einstein to further successes in the coming academic year.

I. ADLER, HOUSE CAPTAIN.

## **HERZL HOUSE**

At the beginning of the academic year Herzl House at last looked like being one of the strongest houses in the school, in fact this year looked the most promising for ages. Unfortunately, our luck did not hold for very long, but this was not due to any particular lack of spirit or ability.

Our disappointments in some sports activities were due to the loss of our Sports Captain and one of our best sportsmen, I. Illoulilian, who left us very suddenly. But the effort that has been put into the inter-House quiz and the preparations for the Festival show that we have really matured on the academic side of the House competitions, and we should be well placed in both these events.

The football matches and the cross-country runs did not turn out too well for us, but we narrowly missed winning the Basketball, Four-a-side Soccer and the Table Tennis Cups, being placed second in each event. With the strongest tennis players, some of the best swimmers in school and an enthusiastic team of cricketers, the House is looking forward to the competitions held during the Summer Term.

The outstanding members this year have been the House Vice-Captain, M. Fischel, and H. Nathaniel, the Sports Captain. The rest of the Sixth Formers have also given loyal service to the House. Among the Junior members, R. Ben-Jehuda and E. Esmaeliyan are always keen to take part and have been most helpful.

Now the House is again going from strength to strength, and with the enthusiasm and unflinching support of our Housemaster, Mr. Marsh, we look forward confidently to the future.

J. BAROKAS, HOUSE CAPTAIN.



## **WEIZMANN HOUSE**

Since the last issue of the magazine we welcome Moise Banayan, Erwin Jedwab, David and Jonathan Jason, Isak Lowenwirt, Rafael Mandl and Simon Stern to the House. Rafael has been with us two terms and as well as contributing to the Festival has won both Table Tennis Cups, and the Jasons celebrated their arrival by carrying off the Junior Inter-House Standards Cup.

We also welcome Mr. Bush and must express the thanks of the whole House for his constant guidance and his hard work on our behalf.

The House has not done brilliantly this term, but there are signs that we are emerging from our recent low period. We hold the Safra General Knowledge Cup and the Table Tennis Cup, and Wahba and Freimann took the individual awards for badminton and chess respectively.

We also did well in cross-country running, being beaten into second place by a very narrow margin. Of the seven school colours awarded, four went to Green House members (I. Aharonoff, R. Glass, F. Hirsch and P. Michaelis).

A fiasco in the Swimming Sports was only partly due to bad luck with injuries, and our record in basketball and football is still poor, though there was some sign of improvement in the latter at the end of the season. Cricket, in which we won our opening match, looks more hopeful.

A very poor showing in the Festival was largely caused by lack of co-operation by many members of the House; our whole effort resting on a few boys, and particularly on the House Captain. We did manage to win the entertainment.

This term the general level of effort has somewhat improved, and though we were only third in the Athletic Sports the House did really pull together and do their best.

Thanks are due to Gordon Blumenthal, our House Captain, for his great efforts over the year, and to Freddy Hirsch as Sports Captain. Jeanni Freimann should also be mentioned. As well as being Chess Captain, he has done a great deal for the House in many fields, culminating in his outstanding results in athletic standards.

G.R.P.G.

## **THE CONFESSIONS OF A MIDGET**

I come from the planet Zambi which is near Earth. My people are tiny, being only about two inches high. We look very like men and we are jealous of men because they are taller than we are. We have always wanted to be big, and our scientists are trying to find a substance which will make us bigger.

One day in our newspaper 'The Daily Zambi' we read that our spies on Earth had found out that the British had discovered a special substance that can make things bigger, and that they intended to use it to enlarge insects and other microscopic things. All Zambi was excited, and our king sent a friend and me to Earth to try to get a sample of this substance so that our scientists could discover the formula and make it themselves.

Next day my friend and I boarded our space ship and soon landed on top of Big Ben in London, where we got into our flying chairs and went down to a vacant street. We saw a Billy Smart's circus van and we got into it. Then a gigantic man drove us away. We have spies working in this circus, and an Earth man, John, who helps us, and we made arrangements to meet them. It was a long journey and at last the van stopped near the circus. We flew out on our flying chairs and went on the roof of this vast round building, where we met John and three Zambian spies. They told us that the substance we wanted was kept in a laboratory which was not very far away, but that there was a guard who always stood outside the building. I then had an idea, and, to cut a long story short, we were soon in the laboratory. We had by-passed the guard.

In the laboratory, we saw three other guards and a scientist. They were standing near test tubes which were laid side by side on the table. The guard seized John, who then said that he had some tiny man-like creatures which he wanted the scientist to enlarge. The scientist was interested. John then opened the case that he was holding and let us out. Under the influence of the drug we were soon two feet tall, then three, then six! A few punches and we had knocked out all the guards. We grabbed some test tubes full of this enlarging substance, put it in the case and dashed out, only to find that our flying chairs were now much too small for us. This meant that we could not get back to Zambi, but we sent another tiny spy back to Zambi with one of the test tubes.

Next day the messenger came back with the substance and he said that the people of Zambi were afraid to use it, because if they all grew bigger they would not fit into their houses or into anything else, and none wanted to live on Earth.

My friends and I are now working in circuses on Earth. We have now shrunk back to the size of earth-type midgets, and if you bother to go to a circus you might see us there.

J. TWEG (4U).

## THE LONGEST DAY

To be M.O.D. (Man on Demand) during the days preceding the Inter-House Festival was to vie with that friend of Mr. Bolton who claimed to be able to do



entirely without sleep. Two o'clock in the morning of April 13th saw the languid trio of Michael and Charles Cohen and the late-lamented Brian Mindel sleepwalking their way through a calypso on a subject very close to all of our hearts—a touch of 'sophistry', as it were—under the frenzied directions of a despairing Barokas. This finally emerged as part of the picture of school life, ranging from a sixth-form party to a spirited can-can in the senior dormitories, conjured up for us by Red House in their entertainment: a picture which, if it were true. . . . We long-suffering duty masters were very pleased to see the offending Barokas duly summoned before the Headmaster—who for a fleeting moment bore a strong resemblance to a Shayo of our acquaintance—in the course of the day's festivities; though he seemed to come out of the interview very well.

In true Whittinghame fashion, proceedings were begun promptly ten minutes late, when the curtains parted to reveal a harassed Mr. Smith, announcing, in a vintage coalescence of Lloyd George and Michael Miles, that the entertainment would begin with the German recitations. There followed a motley collection of readings, speakings and singings (I feel sure Nasser Shayo made his up as he went along) in which even the littlest House members had their part. It was from the juniors that we learnt all about the weather: rain is "a kind of fing wot's wet" and the sun, it would seem, has been known to appear by accident upon odd occasions in this country, though for our resident 'chatterbox', Master Greenfield, the outlook seemed to offer little but long, dry periods. These were the unprepared speeches. In their reading they had fun as well—a 'discontented' donkey became at once 'discontinued' and 'disconnected', which is a sad fate for any animal. Junior, Middle and Senior School all had their own classes in the competitions, and most boys tried very hard, putting in some good work for their Houses. The Unprepared Speech is always one of the more difficult things to do, but I recall a rather splendidly zany speech to the "United Nations" by Glass, and one or two good tries by the Middle School, amongst whom Michael Cohen could be said to have 'style', on the subject of old people they knew—incidentally, some people's grandparents seem to have had very chequered careers! The Unprepared Reading was not so difficult, but in the case of the story-telling, a story is much more effective if it is told, not read, and if it is crisp, has a good point and neat ending: most entrants did not prepare their stories well enough. The better quality entries were probably the singing solos, some of which were very pleasant to listen to.

"The Blue Entertainment" was not as *risqué* as it sounds—well, not quite, though one could make an argument out for "Fanny Tankel" if one should ever



*by I. Adler*

'READ ALL ABAHT IT!'  
WINNER OF THE FESTIVAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST



*by I. Adler*

SOLIDARITY WITH ISRAEL MARCH—LONDON, MAY 28TH





ATHLETICS STANDARDS—HIGH JUMP

*by H. Nadler*



ATHLETICS STANDARDS—LONG JUMP

*by I. Adler*



want to. Bruvvers Gale and Nusenbaum looked and sounded very much at home dahn the Old Kent Road, and the musical gargling was very well done—without laughing, too—a thing I found impossible. Sir Adrian Tankel got rather more wet than Fanny of the same name, but this was a good item, and the whole entertainment was particularly well thought out and original. It was only really rivalled (though both the other Houses put in some good work) by Green House's wonderful saga on "TATman" and "Michael the Boy Blunder." This was more what the entertainment should be, slick, simply staged and—what's the word we want?—well—entertaining. I have mentioned Red House—they hadn't planned it all enough—and White House's entry was inclined to be a little awkward, even when Master Fenton was not getting lost in one of his infernally involved funny stories. Its best item was again a nice comic idea, the Outer Space spy with four feet, looking in at Whittingchame. Well carried out, these ideas are certainly very effective, and amply repay the effort put into them.

Probably the undisputed highlight of this year's Festival, at least as far as the staff were concerned, was the group of films submitted by the Houses and shown between the rounds during the luncheon interval. Much of the camera work was of a very high standard and the films contained some neat ideas. Most of the judges had a soft spot for the escapades of the 'tenthational three' (Brian Mindel and the aforesaid Cohens) expelled from the realities of school to the dreamlike life of its grounds, where they set up camp in the forest—a real touch of escapism, this. "The Longest Day" (Green House) also had some good moments (Mr. Bolton indulging in a secret vice—at least, no one has yet *seen* him teaching maths anywhere else!) and Blue House, whose second reel arrived just in time to be cut up and spliced into place on a repeat showing, looked as if they had a lot of fun with "Harold Wilson's Coffin". It takes a bit of cheek to carry a black coffin up Western Road and down to Brighton seafront on a busy afternoon. Some of the passers-by, especially an elderly lady who stopped for a second look of amazement, bore expressions worthy of "Candid Camera", and altogether the film was good entertainment. Most marks went to White House for a film in which the story-line, about a boy who falls out with his friends in the dormitory, was well thought out, carefully planned and excellently executed. Acting was good, and the quality of the actual film-making was of a very high standard indeed. The opening shots of the school in general were like the introduction to an epic—well, we could hardly call it that, but it was a worthy winner. Indeed, the general standard of the films was felt to be the best ever and was certainly most impressive and entertaining.

I have naturally left the *pièce de résistance* until the end, though in fact it occurred directly after tea. This, of course, was a rendering of "The Blue Danube" by the massed bands of the Whittingehame Common Room that would have made Johann Strauss take up knitting. When shall we again hear the sweet screech of Mr. Tyrrell's clarinet in the "bleep bleep, bleep bleep" passages, or see a conductor from time to time so blissfully unaware of what his band of merry men was doing as Mr. Brice? He was as much surprised when we stopped as we were. For this stirring, banging, and anything else you would care to name, performance, the use of a variety of instruments, questionable both in origin and value, was commissioned. Keeping together now and again they gave a rousing performance, which they showed every sign of enjoying, if nobody else did, and it is not every day that pipes are set aside for more musical (?) blowings. If it wasn't 'with it', the Festival would certainly not have been the same without it.

Einstein was the House that finally triumphed in the course of the "longest day". It was a long one, the longest we've had, and we didn't quite finish everything, but—you know—we were quite pleased with it. . . .

J.H.

### CRYSTAL DREAM

The sun rose in the dark blue sky; reds, golds and yellows were the colours in the dawn. The flowers woke up; the stars died. Over a land of trees and beauty, birds and green pastures, the sun scattered his beams. In the first shade of a tree a young child lay dreaming.

Birds sang their first song and woke him up. He stood up and walked to another tree, where a little girl slept in the grass beneath a roof of white leaves. Her long, blonde hair fell over her shoulders like a golden waterfall. When she opened her eyes and saw her brother she smiled; her laughing eyes looked tenderly up at him. The two children went to a river which wound through the pastures, and washed themselves in the crystal water. The golden sunshine reflected a thousand flashfires. Over their heads a green bird sang, happy and free. A red fish bubbled in the water.

Thousands of flowers of all colours and forms promised beauty and hope as the children walked, hand in hand, eating fruits from blue-stemmed trees with golden leaves.

In the middle of the murmuring river there was a big white rock on which danced blue and red flames. All day and all night burns that fire in the Land of My Heart's Desire.

H. JACUBOWITZ (5L).

## A MINOR PLEASURE OF LIFE

There are some pleasures in life which we take for granted, such as that of going for a walk on a hot summer's day.

As you are walking you see little children running about and playing; the birds sing a delightful song; the air is warm and pleasant and, above all, there is an inexpressible atmosphere of happiness. You walk past the cricket ground and hear the gentle applause of the crowd. You wonder whether to go inside but decide it is too hot. As you walk away from the ground the clapping dies on the warm air and you feel the urge to sit down and watch the world go by. You find a park bench and take your place next to an old man who is moaning and groaning about the hot weather and wishing that the heavens would open up.

After resting for a while, you decide to stroll back to your house and when you reach home you emerge from your daydream and decide you must take a walk like that more often.

This is just one of the minor pleasures of life but it is, for me, a very real one.

MICHAEL COHEN (5L).

## SPORTS REPORT

A winter to remember! One can look back over previous years and recall the many games cancelled because of waterlogged, snow-bound and ice-covered pitches, but not this year. Because of the good weather, three rounds were completed in the inter-House football competition. As the season progressed Balfour House and Einstein House emerged as the potential finalists. Herzl continued to fight hard, and Weizmann, the underdogs, inspired by their House and Sports Captains, found a little more House spirit. Balfour eventually won the championship, with Einstein second, Herzl third and Weizmann fourth.

Balfour House took their second trophy when they won the inter-House basketball championship by an overwhelming margin. Herzl took second place, Einstein third, Weizmann fourth. Balfour have more or less made this championship their own, winning the competition many more times than any other House during the twenty years that the game has been established at the school. Their Captain, I. Potashnik, is one of the best players in the school, and he is also Captain of the school representative team. He is the driving force behind his house, and with E. Hirsch led Balfour to victory.

Throughout the winter season the school team played in the Crawley and District Senior Basketball League. The games were quite a test for the boys, because they



were playing against men; nevertheless they more than held their own in most of the games played. I was pleased with their behaviour on court; they conducted themselves well, and there was no doubt about the value of their playing in such a league. All the boys improved their own play and learned a great deal by competing against experienced teams. The school team also played against teams from Bexhill, Purley, Croydon and Crawley in the Southern Area Junior Championship. Again much was learned and all the boys enjoyed the experience. Members of the team are: I. Potashnik (Capt.), E. Hirsch, A. Dogu, C. Klein, I. Illouljian, H. Nathaniel, J. Barokas. *Reserves*—J. Morgan, D. Bauman, J. Lowy, R. Ben-Jehuda.

The Inter-House Cross-Country Championship has been a tremendous success. Mr. A. Bush (Master for Economics and Public Affairs), himself a runner of no mean ability, undertook the complete organisation of the championship. His own enthusiasm for this sport carried the boys along with him. They trained with Mr. Bush several times a week and the value of the training was shown by the improved standard achieved. The boys also gained in stamina and general physical fitness. We thank Mr. Bush for all the hard work he has done. He can be assured that his efforts have been very much appreciated by myself and the boys. A report by Mr. Bush is included in this issue of the magazine.

We thank Reno, the school craftsman, for making us two excellent table tennis tables. No sooner were these tables completed than the Inter-House Championship was under way. All our boys enjoy this game, which also provides a pleasant activity for them during their free time. It was refreshing to see Weizmann House, the back markers in most activities, carry away the trophy for this championship, beating Einstein into second place and Herzl into third. Balfour, champions in three activities, were right at the bottom, which must have been quite a shock for them.

The Tennis Championship, organised by the school Sports Committee, has commenced this term. We are also looking forward to the inter-House Athletics and Swimming Gala to be held in May. At the end of the year the champion House in all sports and games and also the Victor Ludorum winner will be announced. May will be a busy month, but one that we all look forward to.

In conclusion, I take this opportunity to thank all those who have contributed and assisted me in the organisation of games and sports throughout the school over the past year. Mr. Franks, football and athletics; Mr. Bush, football, cross-country running and athletics; Messrs. Brice, Hall and Scott, general games and swimming; Mr. Tyrrell, football, cricket and general activities; Mr. Shukla, badminton; and members of the school Sports Committee who continue to carry on in the tradition

set by their predecessors. The Sports Committee members are the House and Sports Captains and it has been quite noticeable that since the school has been at Handcross the senior officials of all houses have really worked hard. There are many more House meetings, competition is keen, and there is a general improvement in House spirit, which is very pleasant to note.

F.J.T.

### **CROSS-COUNTRY**

This season's Inter-House Cross-Country developed into a very close and exciting contest between Balfour House and Weizmann House, while Einstein just defeated Herzl to finish in third position.

Cross-country runs were held once a fortnight in the school grounds, and there were 11 runs altogether, over distances ranging from 1 mile to 3 miles. The first 40 boys to finish gained points for their house, so everyone had an incentive to run hard.

The individual races were always keenly contested, and a small group of boys showed themselves to be fittest and fastest. This group were awarded colours. They were Stoller, S. Modlin, Potashnik, Glass, F. Hirsch, I. Aharonoff and Michaelis. In addition, Stoller was awarded the individual Cross-Country Trophy, for scoring the most points in inter-House cross-country runs.

After 10 runs in the inter-House contest, Weizmann led Balfour by a mere 25 points. Everything depended on the final race, which took the form of a 6 x 1 mile relay. Kecherim gave Balfour an early lead, which Weizmann gradually reduced. Potashnik started the last lap for Balfour just seven seconds ahead of Glass for Weizmann. Glass ran very well to establish a new school record for the course, but he failed to catch Potashnik, and so Balfour won the Frances Cross-Country Cup by just four seconds. This race provided a fitting climax to a most enjoyable season of cross-country running.

A.W.B.

### **ATHLETICS**

Athletics Day was preceded by two competitions for standards and for field events. For every standard achieved, the House gained a point. Balfour achieved 69 standards, Weizmann 55, Einstein 43 and Herzl 15. The best individuals were Potashnik and Freimann, who each gained 9 standards. Among the juniors the Jason twins were the most successful, each achieving 4 standards. For this success they were awarded the Junior Standards Cup.

The field events were a triumph for Einstein House, who won with  $71\frac{1}{2}$  points. Balfour had  $54\frac{1}{2}$ , Weizmann 43 and Herzl 29. There were some good individual

performances. Tankel won the senior shot and discus, with distances of 37ft. 3in. and 103ft. respectively, while Muller won the under 17 javelin with a throw of 117ft.

The track events were held in glorious sunshine, and many boys responded to the fine weather with good, fast running. Jonathan Jason set up a new record for the under 13/220 yards, when winning in a time of 33.4 seconds. Potashnik sprinted very well to win the senior 100 yards and 220 yards, the latter in the fast time of 25.1 seconds. The inter-House match was close throughout, but Balfour won the two final relays to emerge as winners with 196 points. Einstein were second with 187½, followed by Weizmann 164½ and Herzl 94.

After Athletics Day a school team competed in the preliminaries of the East Sussex Schools Championships. Tankel, in the shot, and Muller, in the javelin, performed very well and were selected to compete in the finals of the championships. Adler, Potashnik, Lowy and Freimann were chosen as reserves. A.W.B.

## SWIMMING GALA

On Sunday, 14th May, boys and parents enjoyed two hours of competitive swimming at the Crawley Baths, where the Inter-House Swimming Gala was held.

The gala commenced with a fine swim by P. Caplan in the under 13 years' one-length breast stroke with a time of 36secs. A. Gablinger took 2secs. off the previous record by winning the under 17 years' breast stroke in 64secs. Simon Langer smashed the record for the under 15 years' free-style race by winning in 25.1secs., 5.7secs. better than the old record. S. Akhavan kept up the good work by knocking 2.9secs. off the over 17 years' breast stroke record, winning the race in 63secs. All the previous records in the back-stroke races were broken. In the under 15 years' race, C. Dickman won in 32secs.—2secs. better than the old record; in the under 17 years', J. Morgan broke the record by 1.1secs., and I. Potashnik won the over 17 years' in 29.1secs.—0.2secs. better than the previous record.

Although the diving was not up to previous standards, L. Baum, winner of the under 13 years' event showed promise and his standard was better than that of most of the senior boys. In the senior events, A. Dogu was the best diver and won his event in fine style.

It is when the relays take place that the tension reaches fever pitch. From the moment the race begins the spectators really urge the swimmers on their way. It matters not to them that the swimmers cannot hear them, it just gives them the feeling that they are making some contribution to the effort being made by the competitors.



The ultimate result of the gala was in doubt until the last relay was won. Einstein House took the trophy with 102pts.; Herzl 2nd, 90½pts.; Balfour 3rd, 82½pts.; Weizmann 4th, 30pts.

F.J.T.

### **“BANK HOLIDAY BEACH SCENE”**

The sun blazes on the rows of ‘deckchair hogs’.

“Here, Grandad, I hope you didn’t forget to turn out the gas and shut the front door?”

“Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-”

The fingers of the waves fondle a condemned sand castle. It is a lovely day. My! but it’s hot!

“And ‘ave yer seen Uncle Fred and Auntie Ena? I told ‘em not to run off with young Ian. You know what ‘is asthma’s like this time of year.”

“Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-”

Just take a look at him. Third row of deckchairs; second ‘sun hog’ from the left. That’s right, the rather ugly, pink-faced one with the tufts of candy-floss hair sprouting over his ears. He’d be happy with a bottle of booze, a dogend and a greasy poke of chips any day of the week.

“Here, Dad’s been a long time gettin’ them bottles of beer, ain’t he, Grandad?”

“Burrp!”

Two fat old scrubbers wallow in deckchairs, peeling like oranges, cooking like hamburgers. Sunglassed and paper-hatted, they guzzle and slurp over ice-creams which drip and trickle down their multi-coloured Marks & Sparks summer frocks, while bare wriggling toes like boiled frankfurters display a crop of magnificent bunions.

“Look at ‘em over there,” says one, pointing to a boy and girl, “it ain’t proper the way she’s showin’ ‘er legs. It’s them skirts, you know. Now you take my Janet’s brother’s cousin’s wife’s boy Eustace—you know, the one whose stepfather’s a dustman . . . . .”

And above, in the uncaring blue, seagulls whirl like scraps of silver paper, and the sun slides thick as treacle over the dozy town.

S. GALE (5U).

## **Lord Cohen of Brighton**

Lord Cohen of Brighton, who died in the spring, was one of the outstanding Jews in the history of Sussex. Although he was born in 1897 in Hastings, it was as Lewis Cohen of the Alliance Building Society, Brighton, that he was known throughout the country. The son of Hyam and Esther Cohen, he was educated at Brighton Grammar School, and began his public life when he was elected to Brighton Town Council in 1930. He represented the minority Labour party on the Town Council for the remainder of his life, but was held in such high esteem that he was made Mayor of the town in 1956.

The causes to which he devoted himself were very numerous indeed, including every local Jewish charity and nearly all the societies concerned with art and education. During very difficult years, he kept the Brighton Theatre Royal alive and was always to be seen in his box when school parties visited the theatre. He became a friend of the school's in very early days and was one of the very first members of the Whittingehame College Trust. His death is a great loss, for his advice would have been invaluable during the years of expansion which lie ahead. He was Chairman of the University of Sussex Buildings Committee, and his advice was sought by the Government on building programmes of all sorts. He was a true friend of the school, and a Jew who combined all that is most admirable in Jewish and non-Jewish cultures.

## Joseph Sagall

Almost 35 years ago, a note from the late Prof. Brodetsky asking me to meet a young graduate of the Sorbonne, to see whether I could make use of him on the academic staff of Whittingehame College, brought me into contact with Joseph Sagall. Our conversation had not lasted long before I offered him a post which he accepted.

I was impressed by his profound knowledge of the Hebrew language and his complete mastery of French. He exuded enthusiasm and applied himself to the teaching of Hebrew, the Bible and Jewish history with a missionary zeal. His pupils looked forward to his lessons, for, in his declaiming of Isaiah or Amos to them, they not only understood the meaning but felt involved in the visions of the prophets.

He resided at the college, and we found a great deal in common. His interpretation of Jewish history was completely Israello-centric. He was almost deterministic in his belief in the future of the people in the new Eretz Israel, and looked upon the ultimate establishment of the State of Israel as an historical inevitability.

He was a cheerful and optimistic person even in adversity. In the midst of a serious discussion, in order to emphasise his point, he would interpolate apposite anecdotes of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible reservoir.

I knew his parents, his father was a Rabbi of great scholarship and his mother a person of much warmth and dignity.

One cannot speak about Joseph Sagall without referring to his widow, Malula, a lady of charm and culture, a student of art and literature, a companion and adviser to whom Joseph listened with respect.

Our hearts go out in sympathy to her, their son and members of their family.

JACOB HALEVY.

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# Club News

## **BADMINTON CLUB**

The Badminton Club was revived at the beginning of this term by Mr. B. Shukla, who now presides over the Society. The club has twenty-three members and meets every Monday night in the gymnasium where the court has now been painted in.

Members have shown great enthusiasm and we hope to run competitions in the near future.

DAVID COHEN.

## **FENCING CLUB**

As one new member remarked, 'This is not as easy as it looks'. Many boys find that out. Fencing is a sport that requires intelligence, physical fitness and the determination to master the skills and then apply them in actual combat.

At the beginning of every school year many boys join the club, but lack the necessary determination to succeed. We are then left with a smaller group who are prepared to work and master the skills.

Over the past four years the club has been fortunate in having several boys who have developed into good fencers. Two of these boys, Farid Nonoo, Club Captain, and Iwanir Adler, Vice-Captain, have developed into good assistant instructors to the club. Both boys have coached classes of beginners and have taught the boys well. Farid will be going on to university at the end of the school year, and we take this opportunity of thanking him for all the work he has done and for the time that he has given to the club and its members. We wish him every success for the future. We shall miss him.

The boys first taught by Farid and Iwanir are now the senior members of the club and have a fairly sound knowledge of the sport. The club meets regularly one evening a week; the first hour is devoted to the beginners and the second to the senior members. Club championships are held once a year. The senior boys will no doubt become club instructors at the beginning of the next school year and so carry on the tradition begun by their Club Captain and Vice-Captain.

F.J.T.

## **MODEL CLUB**

Interest is well maintained, and membership this term approaches 30 boys, with juniors still very much in the majority. This tends to limit the scope of the model-making which can be attempted, but a number of boys are progressing to more ambitious projects, and a diesel-engined control-line aircraft is on the point of com-

pletion, while some plastic models have been finished to a high standard—particularly those entered for the new model classes introduced in the Inter-House Festival last term.

Not much has been done to the club railway this term, but hills and a tunnel are under construction and it is hoped to re-lay the permanent way before the end of term.

G.R.P.G.

## **POTTERY CLUB**

“Sir! me arm’s fell off!” The little wide-eyed wonder looks up at you with a woebegone expression. In his hand he clutches a soggy piece of clay roughly in the shape of a Frankenstein monster. You realise that it would be silly to ask him if he has used water to stick on the monster’s arm because it is only too obvious that he has used a bucketful. You lead him gently to the modelling table and endeavour to show him just where he went wrong. As soon as you begin to show him, at least three other models are thrust within inches of your nose, and the angel chorus begins: “Sir! Sir! Sir! What do I do with this?” You gently push the various lumps of clay away, pick up one little angel who has fallen over a stool, and carry on with the one-armed Frankenstein. Just as you have brought happiness to the owner you hear another plaintive cry, “Sir! Is this centred?” Looking up, you see a piece of clay spinning madly around on the wheel. With a sigh of resignation you go over and push the clay from the edge of the wheel to the centre and begin to give the crestfallen pupil his twentieth lesson on how to centre a piece of clay.

You look around the pottery room. It is quite interesting. One boy is busy trying to roll out a piece of clay. Have you ever seen a piece of wet clay sticking to a rolling pin? It is very amusing. Another is obviously trying to make a handle for his pot; the long piece of clay is beginning to look like a worm suffering from convulsions. A number of boys are trying to make holes in the bench by banging clay down to drive the air out. In the midst of all this activity you spy Cohen Minor (there is always one of these) busy rolling up little balls of clay and flicking them at friend and foe alike. He is obviously enjoying his pottery! Having dealt with Cohen Minor, you realise that it is time for supper. There is a frantic rush to clean up and at the same time to beat back the rush for the door by those endeavouring to escape such chores.

They have gone. There is peace. You feel just a little tired. You make your last round of the room. You look at half-finished work, at work completed. You begin to think of Speech Day and what these efforts will look like spread out on the

tables. You can see the boy proudly showing his parents what he has done and the parent finding it difficult to realise that their son has made the piece of work now on show.

You get in your car and travel home to Brighton—satisfied? Yes, but it has been a long, hard day.

F.J.T.

## **THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY**

Since its creation last year, the Photographic Society has steadily increased in popularity and has become one of the best-supported societies in Whittingehame College. The acquisition of new and better equipment which became available after the move into a bigger laboratory, made it possible for junior boys to join the club. Throughout the academic year the number of junior members has been increasing steadily and they now account for a third of the membership.

The society has been extremely active and results have improved continuously over the last three terms. We have been supplying passport photographs for boys and taking many photographs both for the school prospectus and the school magazine.

I would like to express my gratitude to our President, Mr. Shukla, who has been of great help and has given useful advice to all members. I would also like to thank Miss Cooper, the Bursar, and Mr. Bolton, who assisted us with all our financial transactions, and I am very grateful for their interest in the welfare of the club. Among the boys, H. Nadler deserves special mention, as he devoted much of his free time to instructing the new members in the use of photographic equipment, and has been of very great help to me.

I hope that the Photographic Society will continue to progress as it has done up to now, and I am happy that we have achieved such excellent results during this academic year.

I. ADLER, CHAIRMAN.

## **THE CHESS CLUB**

During the Autumn Term the venue of the weekly meetings was changed from the Library to the Geography Room to allow the Literary and Debating Society to hold its meetings in more sympathetic surroundings.

The first round of the Inter-House Tournament got away to a smooth start and Einstein House had soon established a fair lead, thanks largely to the successes of Jacob Klein and Jack Beatson playing on boards one and two. Balfour House, runners-up for the last two years, again provided the strongest challenge and, indeed,



beat Einstein 9-6, only to perform disastrously against Weizmann and so lose on the roundabouts more than they had gained on the swings. Weizmann performed surprisingly well against the stronger teams, but were themselves the victims of a 10-5 defeat by Herzl in a match they must surely have considered a walkover before it began. Many of the surprise results can be attributed directly to over-confidence coupled with the failure of House Chess Captains to spend sufficient time—or, indeed, *any* time!—coaching the junior members of their teams in simple opening and end-game techniques.

The second round provided a surprise of a somewhat different kind when Einstein, deprived of their two strongest players, promoted Nonoo to first board and Adler to second and proceeded to administer sharp defeats to Herzl and Weizmann—as much to their own astonishment as to the discomfiture of their opponents.

The individual tournament produced few shocks. Neither Klein (the reigning champion), Beatson or E. Hirsch were eligible to compete since they were leaving school at the end of the Autumn Term, and J. Freimann soon had the running more or less to himself. In the final he met E. Swirsky and defeated him 3-0. Freimann is easily the most improved player of recent years and unless some unknown talent suddenly emerges it is difficult to see him being seriously challenged in the near future.

Einstein House won the team championship for the ninth year and Balfour House were runners-up, just beating Herzl into third place.

Chess colours were awarded to Adler, Barokas, Freimann, Nonoo, Swirsky and Yaghoubi.

J.M.M.

## THE FILM SOCIETY

The 1966-67 season began with Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* and ended with Andrezej Wajda's *Lotna*, which gives some indication of the society's programme range. The film which won unanimous approval was the Russian *Ballad of a Soldier* with the Italian *Rocco and His Brothers* running it a close second and the Japanese *Tokyo Olympiad* third. Others which found general favour were *Rashomon* (Japan), *The Birds* (U.S.A.), *Shop in the High Street* (Czechoslovakia), *Bunny Lake is Missing* (G.B.), *Summer with Monika* (Sweden) and *Adieu Phillipine* (France). The least popular feature was the Indian *Shakespeare Wallah*, which proved somewhat too sophisticated a dish for the general palate.

These titles give a fair idea of the scope of the season's programmes and we aim to maintain the standard in the future.

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the film projectionists who have performed their arduous tasks both willingly and efficiently.

J.M.M.

## **THE GEOGRAPHY SOCIETY**

The Geography Society was founded at the beginning of this academic year, and began almost immediately with regular meetings once or twice a week. Because of this well-established support, various trips and excursions have been planned for the summer to places of geographical interest.

The society has had a great number of film shows on such varied subjects as 'Tobacco in Virginia' and 'Ancient Civilisations in Ceylon'. These shows are not only highly educational but illustrate the fact that geography is indeed not merely a schoolroom subject, but something that one lives with all one's life.

In addition to the film shows, there are debates and discussions on topical and economic geographic subjects that spark off a great deal of interest through their connection with the news of the day. However, this society is not isolated, as it combines with other societies when a lecturer comes to speak on a subject that is of common interest to both groups—c.g. the Channel Tunnel.

To conclude, I would like to say that this society would never have got off the ground without the invaluable enthusiasm of Mr. B. L. Shukla, at whose suggestion the society was formed, and who is now our senior Chairman. G. S. BLUMENTHAL.

## **LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY**

During the academic year the Literary and Debating Society has maintained its high standard of public speaking. Most of the Five Upper and Sixth Forms now air their views with great eloquence. Unfortunately the society has been handicapped by the lack of attendance on some Friday evenings because the Chess Society now meets at the same time.

Prefect Tankel was elected Student Chairman and J. Morgan and Martin Cohen were appointed Secretaries.

There have been sixteen meetings this year with topics varying from 'Education' to 'The Role of the Jew in the World'.

Mr. P. Kleiner and Mrs. Gonczar were our guests at one meeting.

R. Goldstein and Prefect Tankel were the most prominent speakers among a host of talented debaters.

On the whole it has been a very good year for the Literary and Debating Society.

MARTIN COHEN.

## SCIENCE SOCIETY

There is no official membership of the society, yet we reserve the right of admission. Our only requirement is real interest. We have neither official machinery nor formalities and any student may attend any of our activities.

This introduction does sound like a description of a paradise for anarchists, yet I assure you that all our activities have been highly organised by our founder, Mr. Williams, and the majority of these activities were extremely interesting.

Speaking as an 'arts man' at heart, I must confess that I found all our activities of tremendous value, and I am convinced that anyone aiming to achieve a cultured background will benefit by joining us.

During the Spring Term of this year we had four lectures. Attendance was unexpectedly high and drawn from all recognisable sectors of the school.

The first lecture was by a police surgeon, Dr. H. C. M. Jarvis, M.B.E., who spoke on the work of doctors in general and on the work of police doctors in particular.

The second lecture, entitled "What is Cancer?" by Dr. G. P. Warwick, of the Chester Beatty Research Institute, was highly beneficial to non-smokers as well as to the 'lost causes'.

Our third lecture, "What are Computers?" was an extremely interesting address given by Dr. M. Levison, of the Department of Computer Science, Birkbeck College, London.

"The Channel Tunnel" was a rather dry lecture on a very wet subject. It was given by Mr. E. W. Jacomb-Hood, of the Channel Tunnel Site Investigation. Several members of the audience found it very interesting, as the questions at the end proved.

During the Summer Term the members of the society visited the British Oxygen plant at Crawley. The visit was organised by Mr. Black, who acted as an excellent host.

We had an organised visit to the Imperial Cancer Research Institute at Mill Hill, where we were received by Dr. R. J. C. Harris, Head of the Division of Experimental Biology and Virology, and were conducted by various people through various departments. This was by far the most interesting of our activities and it lasted a whole morning.

In the afternoon we visited the South Kensington Science Museum, in what was the least original of our activities. We were received by Mr. J. van Riemsdijk, who, before proceeding with his lecture, demonstrated to us the one-million-volt electric spark. After that impressive beginning we had a lecture on industrial chemistry,





CLUBS IN ACTION—FENCING

*by I. Adler*



CLUBS IN ACTION—CHESS

*by I. Adler*

## EXTRACTS FROM AN ICE-AGE DIARY

- July 15th, 1999—What a terrible summer. No sun at all. I have heard rumours that ice patches have been seen on the Scottish hills.
- July 20th, 1999—More reports have come in to the Weather Control Office of ice forming all over Britain. The weather men are baffled.
- August 1st, 1999—The weather here in London is beginning to get much colder. Snow has been falling steadily. I am growing worried at the thought of what may be in store for us.
- August 15th, 1999—Reports of glaciers are coming in from all over the country, and houses are being swept aside by avalanches. I think that my worst fears are being realised. It is the beginning of the New Ice Age.
- October 1st, 1999—Snow falling heavily on London and the temperature steady below freezing point. Water frozen in the pipes.
- October 25th, 1999—The meteorologists are now talking openly of a new Ice Age. I myself am very frightened and am wearing all my warmest clothes.
- December 1st, 1999—People all over the country are dying from cold. The temperature is so low now that the River Thames is solid ice and refugees from the north are camping on it.
- December 3rd, 1999—Went to see my Aunty in Hendon only to find no sign of her and the house completely buried in snow. What is this that's happening to the world?
- December 6th, 1999—Reports have come from France, Russia and America of the sighting of moving ice. Snow falling steadily.
- December 10th, 1999—Scientists all over the world are sure now that the Ice Age is on us. The Government is organising a mass evacuation scheme for everyone north of Latitude 20 degrees.
- January 1st, 2000—Suddenly, at five o'clock in the morning, it struck. Ice flakes are falling from the sky and the frozen drifts are turning into huge icebergs. Where will it all end?
- January 22nd, 2000—I am almost at my last breath. Fuel ran out three days ago and I have had no hot food since then. My fingers are so cold I can hardly hold this pen. . . . .
- (This diary was discovered by the Rhodesian Rescue Force 2072 A.D.).

G. PRAGER (4L).

## LIBRARY

The library now has almost 2,000 volumes, with more books due to be added during the term. Regular library periods for the lower forms have increased the use being made of the library among the younger boys, and Mr. Bolton's foundation of a junior branch library on the dormitory corridor should also increase junior reading. New shelves are being brought into use in the library itself, and as they are near floor level should prove a boon to our shorter borrowers. Considerable use has been made of the history and biology sections in class project work over the year. Better library furniture remains a priority.

G.R.P.G.

## I'M NOT DEAD

Suddenly they all started weeping. The doctor opened the door and said: "He passed away peacefully." Who? Who has passed away? He can't mean me! True, I'm the only sick person in the village, but I'm certainly not dead. So who has died? Hell, it can't be me! I'm as fit as ever. I'll show them. I'll get up, then they won't talk such rot. I just have to lift my leg. What's this? I can't move my leg! Ah, no matter, I'll use the other one. I can't move that either! I'll hold up my hands. Eh! I can't even do that. Anyway, what's the use? I'm too tired now. I'll show them later. Me—dead? What a laugh!

That was rather a good sleep I had. I felt like a leaf—or, at least, I suppose that's what a leaf feels like. A leaf is practically weightless. But no! I *am* weightless. But I still can't move any part of my body. Where am I? In a glass crate, of all things. They're carrying me somewhere. Who? Uncle, Aunty, and the the whole '*mishbuche*'. Isn't this the cemetery? What are they doing to me? Surely they don't think I'm dead. They *must* know I'm alive. Eh! Uncle Sola! Don't pretend you can't hear me. *I'm alive!* What's that? You wouldn't have thought so, eh?

So that's the crematorium. What are they taking me in there for? No! They can't mean to *burn* me! I'm still alive! They're opening the oven. No! No! Not me! It must be some mistake.

Funny. The flames seem as cold as iced water. Ah! Am I tired . . .

A. STAWSKI (5L).

## CRICKET AT WHITTINGHAME

"What cricket? You get none of that here, mate!" was the answer I got on my first day at Whittinghame. I had asked if there was a lot of cricket played in the school, and, as you can see, the response was remarkably encouraging.



Cricket at Whittingehame is now, so to speak, growing up. With the introduction of House cricket on a knock-out basis, boys are slowly becoming more interested in what I consider the greatest sport of all. Points are awarded and a House Cricket Cup has been introduced, which stimulates interest even further.

Eventually we hope to build a good strong School XI. The boys will be chosen for their performances in the House matches and their all-round ability. Fixtures are already being arranged for the 1968 season, as this year we are building up the 1st XI and discovering, to put it bluntly, "What we've got"!

So far we have planned a series of matches against the Whittingehame staff, and if last year's matches against them are anything to go by they should be extremely good fun.

After dealing with the actual cricket itself, we must give all credit to Mr. Aucock who has already shown us what a magnificent groundsman he is, with an expert's knowledge of preparing good hard wickets. Last year alone he relaid the entire cricket square and (after playing on it) one can already see what a truly superb pitch it will turn out to be.

I believe that Whittingehame eventually will have an extremely good side, but at the moment, apart from a few players, the boys are totally inexperienced as far as competitive cricket is concerned. This will vanish as more outside fixtures are arranged.

MICHAEL P. COHEN.

### WHAT THE HELL?

"So you are the one who's so afraid of going to hell, are you?" chuckled the Devil.

In a timid voice I replied that indeed I *was* afraid—in fact, frightened to death—by all the hair-raising stories I had heard about it. That was the reason I had invited him to dine with me that day.

"Well, well, my son," said he, "I know that up here you hear the most fascinating stories about the life down there, but before coming to any conclusion why don't we go and take a closer look at your beautiful earth and then buzz down to my place and compare the two? Don't you think that would be the best way to dispel any prejudice and to enable you to form your own opinion according to the true facts?"

I weighed his offer in my mind and although I resented his casual way of calling me his 'son' I had to admit that the offer was a fair one.

"Well then," he said, "let's start with the Underground. What are you waiting for, son?"

He seized me by the arm and in a moment we were at Piccadilly Circus Underground Station.

It was the middle of the rush-hour and for a moment I was sorry I wasn't wearing a suit of medieval armour. From all sides thousands of people were attempting to squeeze into seven or eight tiny carriages. After being stepped on several times and having most of my clothes torn to shreds, I finally found myself inside. Inside, yes, but in what a position! My head was crushed into a blonde Brünnhilde's bosom. In other circumstances, with another bosom, I might even have enjoyed the experience—but she was over sixty. . . . Furthermore, a sharp black umbrella was poking into the middle of my stomach while its owner was balancing on my toes. Nor was that all. Somebody was swearing at me in some foreign language which I failed to comprehend, but I gathered he was accusing me of pushing.

The Devil was standing beside me laughing his head off. Needless to say, I could not see anything particularly hilarious in the situation.

After we had managed to extricate ourselves from the tube, he suggested we went for a walk in the streets to enjoy some good fresh air and the quietness of the open spaces. Well, I am sure that his intentions were honest, but I can't say that I really enjoyed that walk.

First of all, the 'fresh air' was so black and smoky that I coughed without stopping, and then there was that beautiful, nerve-calming 'quietness'. It was as if I were in the middle of a horrible nightmare. The noise of pneumatic drills, screeching brakes, screaming tyres, blaring horns and newspaper boys shouting the headlines almost deafened me. Fortunately the Devil, who was very understanding, suggested sympathetically that we should go and rest in the nearby park. I was very grateful to him until two old women came and sat on the bench beside us and began talking. They started discussing their husbands who had died in the war, then moved on to the rising prices of food and finally switched to the immorality of modern youth. In the end I could take no more of it and I begged the Devil to take me to his place straight away.

After a long journey we arrived 'there'. To my astonishment everything was peaceful and quiet. As I walked along the beautiful green gardens I could see people being cooked in big clean dishes while on the other side people had their toe nails torn out under conditions of exquisite hygiene. Far away I saw people being gently burnt alive. But everything was pleasant and calm, nobody was shouting or screaming or in any way disturbing the beautiful serenity of the place. One could really have enjoyed oneself there as if one were in . . . well, in paradise. It's true that here

and there someone was complaining gently about the fire being a trifle too hot, but that was all and, after all, what conditions could satisfy everybody?

What I saw was enough for me and I ran as fast as I could. Out? Not out, my dear friend, but to the reservations bureau to secure myself a place for the next season.

By the way, you needn't worry about meeting the Devil any more. He's had enough of our world and decided to stay down in his own. A. MATALON (5U).



## News of Old Boys

DAVID WARNER was named Best Stage Actor in the 1967 Variety Club of Great Britain awards for his performance in *Hamlet* with the Royal Shakespeare Company.

BALFOUR HALÉVY is a professor at Ottawa and so is Mr. Mukummal, who taught mathematics at Surrenden Road for several years in the 1950's.

MICHAEL COHEN, of Brighton, was elected to the Town Council in the recent local government elections.

MICHAEL JOSEPH, of Leeds, is kept very busy with the B.B.C.'s *Good Old Days* programme, which is relayed from his theatre.

After having completed his military service, ELI HARARI has started his Honours Physics course at the University of Manchester.

As was expected, JACOB KLEIN, who was to have gone to Cambridge in the autumn of 1967, has been called up in the Israeli army, and therefore his work at Cambridge will not begin for a few years.

JACK BEATSON, who enters Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1967, went for a pre-university holiday to Israel and was caught up in the excitement there.

HAROLD WINTON who, as well as being an Old Boy, is the father of two of our children, was among the first volunteers to leave for Israel and had a very exciting week before he was sent back home with a minor head injury.

BEN SUNLIGHT has had several recent one-man art shows, including an exhibition at the Drian Galleries, Marble Arch, which is still running at the time of going to press.

SAUL SCHWARTZ has just completed a Fellowship at Harvard and will be submitting his LL.M. thesis very shortly.

BIJAN POURAT has just taken his second M.B. in what must be record time.

There are several other O'd Boys in medical training at present, including JOSEPH YADEGAR, who came to the local hospital at Cuckfield for his gynaecological work.

ZEEV SOLOMON completed his pharmaceutical training some years ago and is now the dispenser at the Royal Sussex Hospital, Brighton.

During the spring both JACOB COHEN and DAN GILLERMAN were married and GILBERT BENZAKEIN engaged. We send our good wishes to all concerned.

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As we go to press we have received the following from NAHUM VASKEVITCH.

“ Ten days ago newspapers were full of messages from families to soldiers at the front, to-day their pages are covered with notices of deaths. I suppose that is the price a small nation has to pay for the right of survival and freedom. The past few weeks have been weeks of mounting tension. We saw the fuse burning slowly, all diplomatic means of avoiding war had failed and an armed confrontation was inevitable. On June the 5th that which we had hoped to avoid happened, war broke out and within ten hours practically all enemy air forces were destroyed. Within 72 hours Israeli defence forces were advancing rapidly on all fronts. By Saturday morning we had conquered Sinai, liberated, after 2,000 years, the Old City of Jerusalem, and conquered the whole western bank of the Jordan and the Syrian-occupied Golan mountains from which for over 18 years Israeli settlements have been constantly shelled. The secret behind this swift victory is undoubtedly the fact that in our army all officers do not use the order “ Forward! ” but “ Follow me, soldiers! ” when leading their men into battle. This is also the reason for the large number of officers among the casualties.

Civilians and military men are still stunned by the swift victory achieved by our numerically inferior forces. We only hope that the diplomatic ‘ battle ’ being waged at the moment will not turn the military victory into a defeat, and that lasting peace will be restored to our area. I can assure you that Whittingehamians did their share in contributing to this victory.

VICTOR BERNSTEIN and BEN YEHUDA are both paratroopers and their unit was engaged in the battle for the liberation of Jerusalem. Later they were transferred to the Syrian front.

RAMI NAAR, who is in the artillery, took part in the battle of El-Arish, and his division was among the first to reach Suez.

JACOB EDELSBURG was assigned to a special security unit guarding airports against Egyptian commando units which infiltrated into Israel before and during the war. I am sorry but I cannot disclose for security reasons the parts played by H. Klein and myself. We were both connected with Air Force activities.

These are but a few examples of the part played by our boys. Anyone who has not been in Israel during the past two weeks can scarcely imagine the atmosphere of unity and the rush of volunteering which prevailed here, not to mention the appearance for the first time of a united national government whose members had discarded all party differences.

*These were our finest hours!”*

## BRIEF NEWS ITEMS

Our best wishes and congratulations to Mr. Bush, who marries Miss Beryl Steele in July.

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Mr. Gush won class awards at Snetterton and Brands Hatch sprints in his Mini-Cooper.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Peter Kleiner on obtaining a scholarship from Brasenose College to the Inner Temple, and on being appointed Convenor Chairman to the National Union of Students' Electoral Scrutiny Committee.

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Congratulations to Mr. Marsh's daughter Anne on winning an Open Scholarship in Modern Languages to Bristol University.

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Mr. Murry's latest novel 'Breakthrough' will be published by Dennis Dobson on July 26th. Since this story on a science-fiction theme represents a departure from his previous books it is being issued under the pseudonym of 'Richard Cowper'.

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Some model tanks made by Mr. Gush are now on exhibition at the Royal Armoured Corps Museum.

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During the term we were paid a fleeting visit by Mr. Mukummal and his wife, over here on a brief trip to Europe from their home in Toronto.

\* \* \*

Mr. Powell has been appointed Deputy-Headmaster of an L.C.C. boarding school at Seaford. We wish him every success in his new post.

\* \* \*

We welcome Mr. J. Hall and Mr. C. Scott, who have joined us prior to commencing their university studies.

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During the term parties of boys were taken to a performance of *King Lear* in Croydon; to Parliament and the Stock Exchange; and to the Science Museum and the Cancer Research Institute.