

In
harmony
small
things
grow



6

Celebrating 125 years

1897 – 2022

Clapham College

Clapham Old Xaverians





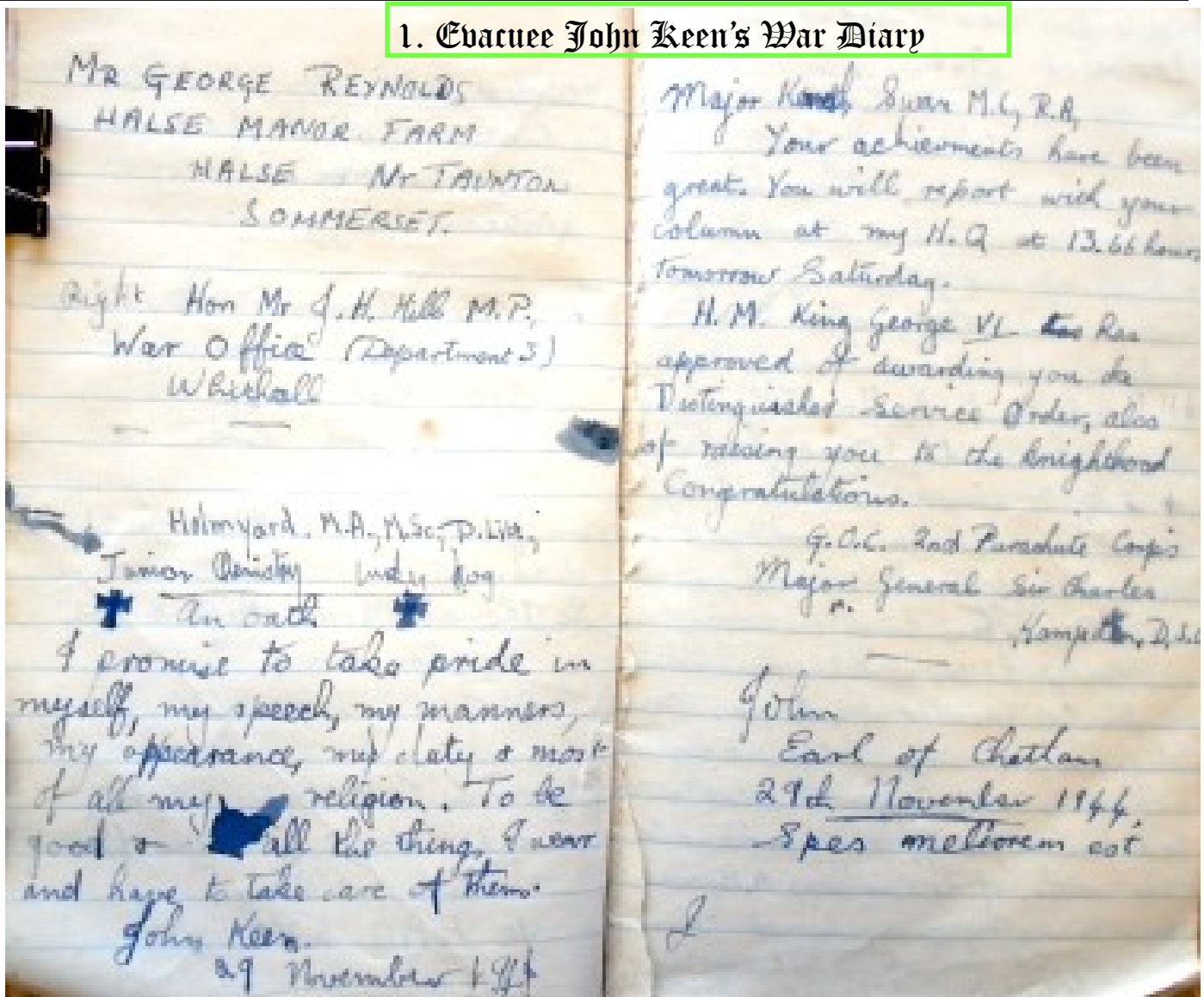
125 Years of Clapham College

Chapter 6 - 1940 to 1950

Second World War more heroes at the College

The heroes of World War Two were not just those who fought against the Germans and Japanese, but there was also the Home Guard, the parents, the mother who went through unimageable trauma. But for the College the teachers, brothers and boys became heroes in their own way and for Clapham; Evacuation to East Grinstead and finally to Taunton beckoned. John Keen, [Earl of Chatham's diary is below] blotches & oath too.

1. Evacuee John Keen's War Diary



2. John Keen's Address Book and War Diary 1944

<p>General, Right Hon Viscount <u>Parrell</u> D.S.O., M.C., (R.E.) Portland House Burlington Square London E.C.4.</p> <p>Dr. Sir <u>William Miles</u>, M.A. M.Sc., B.S., F.R.S., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. The Devon County Hospital Torquay Torquay Devon. 66.</p> <p>H.E. M., King Parou II of Persia, Palacio Regial (M.L.) Bhattain Persia.</p> <p>H.F.H. Princess Maria Thora. Palacio Silveste Madrid.</p>	<p>Earl H.E. Earl <u>Dulwich</u> K.C.B. K.B.E. M.C. Palacio Silveste Madrid. Spain.</p> <p>Right Hon. Miss <u>Kathleen Walton</u> M.Sc. 1/2 Darlington High School Darlington Darlington. Yorkshire, 431</p> <p>Dame <u>Winifred Laurat</u>. R.A., M.S.M. London University Westminster, W.1.</p> <p>Lord <u>Cory of Cork</u> Shamrock Palace Cork. Eire.</p> <p>Colonel <u>Warick</u> M.P. Swinton near <u>Laal Lake</u> Sulisbury. Wilt.</p>
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Some lovely ideas from an evacuee

<p>Monday 13th November</p> <p>Get up about 8 o'clock, have breakfast & make bed. Have a parcel of glass from home & letter. Go to Albemarle Road on bike & have 1. Physics (Mathematics) 2. Lat (Bro Alphonse) 3. Math (same). Go to Bishop Fox school for dinner (steak & some chocolate much) H.M.'s Inspector came to school (AM) after dinner go for a short walk with J. Wright & Mercer. Then lat Geography (Mr Mc Namara) 3. French (Bro Joseph) 3. Gym (Mr Cambridge) wheel, football, English, master away as Mr Fox. Come back to billet, Tea then go to Priors Wood Rd. See T. Lock & Dave Crowley? Then see J. Walton & M. Long & his billet. Talk to Gloria(?) about J. Pina. Come back & do homework. Platin's Geography in Vicar's study. Then supper, wash & bed. The end of an almost perfect day.</p> <p>The day's weather fairly good with sunshine in some places</p> <p>Signed John Keen for my bed room hundreds of times Swinton & Laal Lake</p>	<p>Today is Tuesday 14th November</p> <p>Get up about 7.45 pm, have breakfast & make bed. Have letter from home. Go to football at Taunton Upper ground lower & upper & mixed. Last game we won 8-5. I was half back. The vicar has a meeting of the Clerical Society of Co-E priests there. Have dinner at Bishop Fox school (steak & apple pudding) Go for a short walk to April Street with J. Wright (his billet) Then lat lesson, Maths 2 Math (Bro Alphonse & some Bro Nicholas away) 3. of Chemistry (Bro Duagton) Come back to billet for tea then go to get a battery for rear lamp. Fix it in. Then go to Priors Wood Rd's Then up Greenway Rd. See J. Wright & borrow his red pencil tent bed. Back & do homework in my room. (Fred Write letter home. Help Mrs Cook with it) after my supper then good wash get told of by Miss Miller & the Rev</p> <p>Went to the cinema at 8.15. I then Keen's was on my own. I was very cold P.M. Dull &</p>
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3. Peter Keen, John's cousin writes

Dear Scotty, You may have made a request that will result in a deluge of reminiscence, so I will try to be as brief as possible. My brother Roy (1947-52) and I were never officially evacuated and spent from 1939 to early 44 between London and relatives and friends in Wiltshire. We started attending the ad hoc rump of St Georges Cathedral school before the main body of the children evacuated to Bradford Abbas in Devon returned in early 1944. I must have taken "11 plus" or "scholarship" examinations in both Wiltshire and London as in addition to a Grammar school offer in London I was also offered a place at the Bishops Grammar school in Salisbury. My parents opted for the Xaverian brothers where my older cousin John A Keen was already a pupil and my lifelong friends Bernard Scammel and the late Gerald Lee were among a large contingent of St Georges boys who started in September of 1945. George and my main war memory was of one of the very last V1 bombers to reach South London. We were making our way from my home just off the Kennington Road to his in Lambeth Walk when the Alert sounded. By this time of the war it usually meant a false alarm but as we actually heard the V1 we were called into the deep entrance of an HGV depot and not long after heard and felt the explosion. After the all clear we ran back to reassure my Mother and then went to the same for Mrs Lee. The V1 had struck the yard where most of the market stalls for the Lambeth Walk street market were stored, between the Walk and Lambeth Rd. An area already laid waste by earlier bombing.

We shared a more tragic incident, a friend and classmate of ours who walked home with us daily was killed when a V2 struck the Victorian mansion flats opposite the bombed wreckage of the Lambeth Baths. Had he lived he was destined for Clapham College too.

As someone who took a degree in history in later life with a special interest in London and the Blitz I have researched and talked to many of my parents and grandparents friends collecting their reminiscences of South London in the war with particular emphasis on our Cathedral but none actually relate to any school other than The Cathedral

Hope this might be of some interest. Regards Peter Keen.



The County [girls] Grammar School; today [Imberhorne Lower School, East Grinstead]

4. Evacuee James Robinson Clapham College 1944 - sad story

The Experiences of a London Evacuee [edit]

[CSV Action Desk Leicester [Community Service Volunteers—a registered charity 2005]

James Paul John Robinson [Somerset] **John joined the “evacuated” Clapham College in Somerset in**

1944 - I was born James Paul John Robinson on 30th April 1933 in London. On the 3rd September 1939 we were evacuated to Bridgewater in Somerset. We arrived after what felt like the longest day. At 6am we were on the tube and from Paddington Station arrived in Somerset at 10pm. We then started our long trek round Bridgewater looking for foster homes. I was 6 years old, my sister Bronwyn was 7 years old and my brother Gordon was 4.

At about midnight they knocked on the door of Mr and Mrs Johns, an elderly couple who owned a bakery and tea rooms and they took us in for 1 or 2 nights. We were well looked after and I "worked" in the bakery and they gave me a few coins. They made us welcome. They kept us until after Christmas 1939. We were put in a home in January 1940. The couple lived next door to the cattle market and only took us in for the money. I remember always being hungry - it wasn't a happy time for us. Then Gordon and I were then sent to another home where anything our mum sent for us (like clothing) was given to their own children and we were given their cast offs.

In the early 1941's my mum, gran and new brother Peter came from London and went to live with a couple and my sister Bronwyn went to live there as well. During this time my father was away in the army and we never saw him. We had no sweets, chocolates or bananas; we had a deprived childhood. We were dressed in rags and I only had short trousers until I was 13 or 14 years old. My dad being in the Army so my mum didn't have much money.

If we discovered the greengrocer had a couple of crates of oranges coming in, we would queue all night. Not for the oranges as we couldn't afford those, but for the crates. We would take these home to use as chairs.

We were all living together now. We were at school in Bridgewater - it was an evacuated school from London. With the cramped conditions in the classroom it's a surprise that we had an education at all. But there was discipline and the teachers were good. I just loved Maths. In spelling you were given a piece of chocolate or half an apple if you were one of the last two standing in a test. Being one of nine children I used my brain and made sure I was one of them.

I took my scholarship exam and passed and was awarded a seat at a London school - a Catholic Secondary School. I had to go to **Clapham College [in 1944]** which was evacuated to a Girls School. We shared the school with the girls 6 days a week. My mum had a few break downs so we spent some time in a children's home. In between we would gather flowers and fruits in season and sell them around the houses for money for groceries.

All through our evacuation time in Somerset I was a member of three church choirs, a member of St John's Ambulance Brigade and the Sea Cadets. I went to dances and there were a number of cinemas - the Rex, Odeon. They would show two films and cartoons. We hardly missed a show, we'd get in even though we had no money.

I had some good friends - Rex Courtenay and his sister Hazel, Clive "Bunny" Davies and Len Beak.

At about 13 years old I realised that I needed money to buy things, for example a bike. I had a morning paper round and for this would get 2s and 6. I worked in a shoe shop straight after school and received 4 shillings a week and then I had an evening paper round as well. I would do all my homework at school before I left and during breaks as I had nowhere at home to study.

There were a few minor air raids in Somerset. There was one where my mother was living and the bomb didn't explode but just missed the baby's cot and went straight through the floor. I was very fit since we had to walk everywhere. I was 15 and a half when I joined the army and stayed in as a regular soldier.

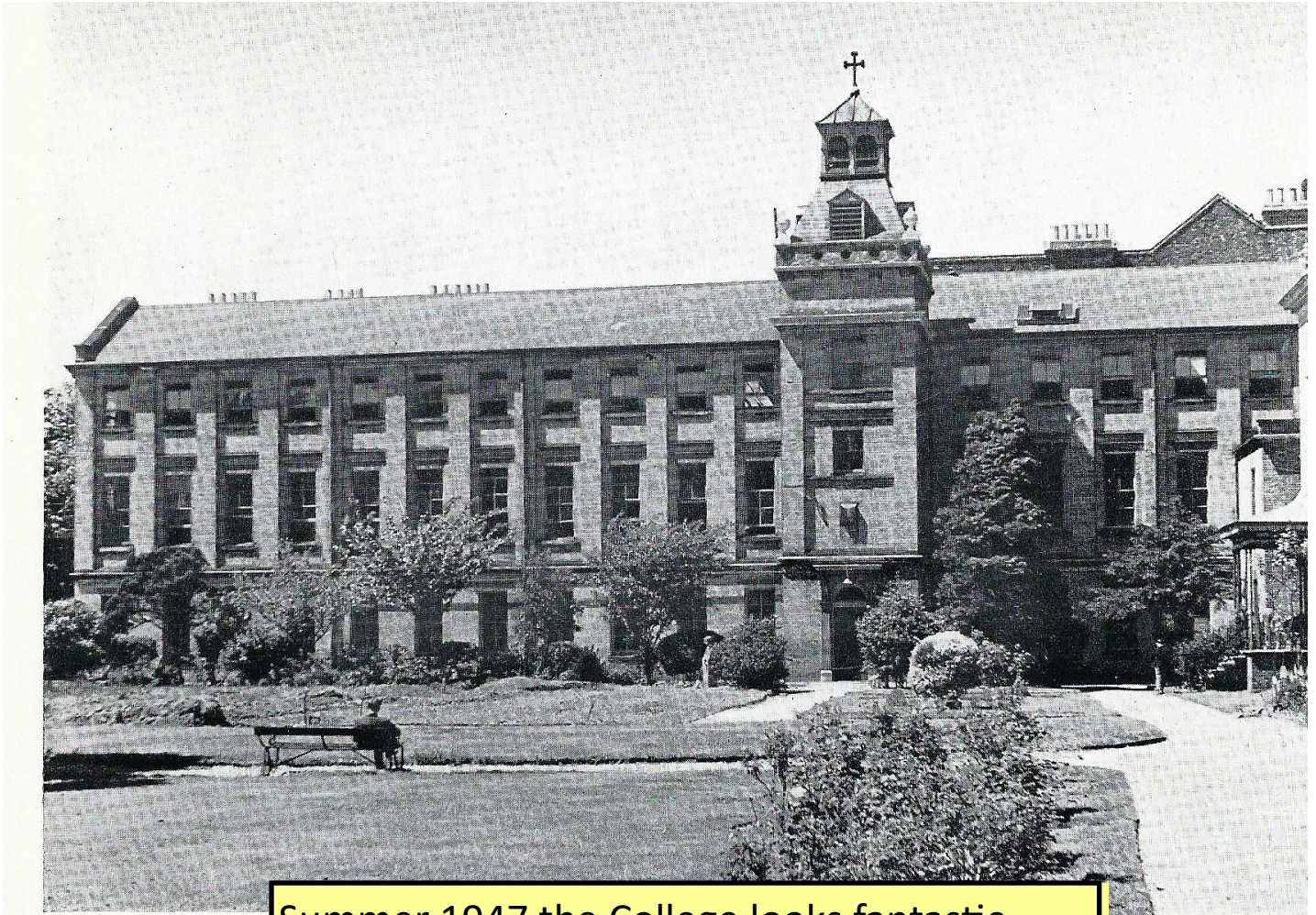
In 1949 my family finally went back to London; the War had robbed me of my life in London.

I went on however to learn and become fluent in EIGHT different languages. I have travelled the world and trained and qualified as a quantity surveyor.

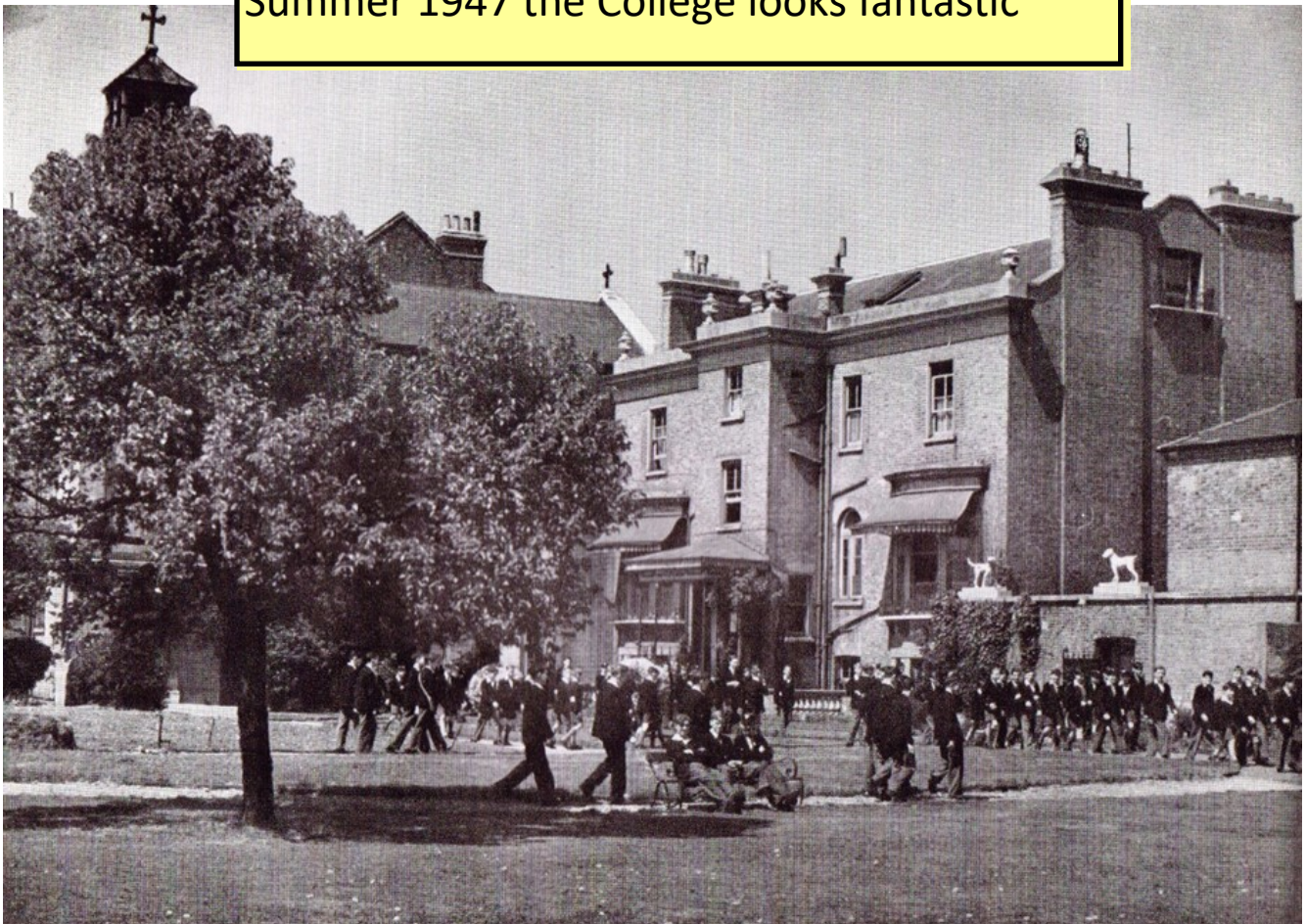
James Robinson Clapham College 1944

This story was submitted to the “People's War Website” by Lisa Reeves of CSV Action

5. Return to Clapham 1947 College looking resplendent



Summer 1947 the College looks fantastic



UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

GENERAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION



SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

This is to certify that CECIL ALEXIS POCOCK

born 2 July 1928 a pupil at Chiswick County School for Boys
was awarded the School Certificate of the University of London in Midsummer, 1943, having
satisfied the Examiners in the Examination as a whole and having attained in the following
nine subjects the standards shown:—

English	Credit
English Literature	Very Good
Geography	Credit
English Economic History	Very Good
French, written	Credit
German, written	Pass
Elementary Mathematics	Credit
Physics	Pass
Elements of Music	Credit

(The highest standard of award in individual subjects is "Very Good.")

Signed on behalf of the University of London,

Stt. Shurock

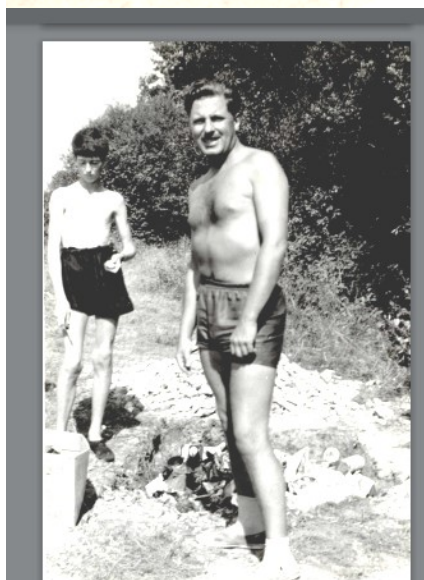
Secretary for School Examinations.

The Board of Education accept the Examination as reaching the approved standard.

Signed on behalf of the Board of Education,

G. G. Williams

Principal Assistant Secretary.



7. A "selection" of the exchange of letters between Br Alphonse and Br Aloysius

From

The Secretary, Clapham College, London, S.W.4.

September 11th, 1940

Dear Brother Alphonse,

The enclosed arrived from Alexius this morning and I thought it was meant for me.

The storage of the furniture was completed this morning - it is all in the Brothers' Refectory. I have written to the Borough Treasurer and asked for a visit from the Council's Assessor.

Incidentally it will be impossible to get any of the furniture out of the storage as it has been professionally packed, actually a work of art.

I think that you had better pay the £51-9-10 for Rates by return - I have not given the cheques which you left to the tradesmen and could hold them over for awhile which would help you.

Our nights are more than lively - at ten to two this morning I thought that the end had come. A very large bomb fell in Eldridge Road - this building shook and Hollywood just danced - I waited for a crash of glass but none came. Not a pane on the estate was even cracked. St. Joseph is doing well for us. The mobile A.A. gun parked itself just out in the road last night and the row was just terrific. You will understand that I am not feeling very energetic at the moment.

B.A.H.

The Provincial has not turned up as yet.

Sept. 10th 1940.

Tuesday Evening

Dear Brother Alphonse,

The enclosed arrived this morning.

Well, I am still alive. C.C. has not shifted yet but we are having Hell's Bells with the lid off. You and your confreres are missing SOMETHING!

Father Daly had a bomb just behind his flat yesterday but he and the rest of the folks in the flats escaped unharmed.

I have fixed up a well protected bed downstairs and managed to get some sleep last night.

The furniture shifting is all but complete in spite of the syrens. The last warning caught me in the bath which to say the least was awkward.

I have discovered that the army has two of our pianos and I am having them shifted to-morrow morning.

Mind that you all pray for the good estate of your caretaker

Yours sincerely

B.A.H.

These are great letters, please stick with the sequence

S. Getting to the "root" of the problem - "ciggies"

September 13th, 1940

Dear Brother Alphonse,

First and most important: Have you order^{ed} 1 lb of Players Gold Leave from K. & T. if not, will you please do so at your earliest convenience? My nerves must be soothed.

I have been in touch with Mr Davies and he agrees that I can manage any outstanding points with the R.A.F. here. I have just found the Administrative Officer most helpful.

In this connection, please let me have by return the receipts for any Water Rates paid since last August and then I shall be able to get a substantial rebate. In the future the R.A.F. will meet all Water Charges except that for the garden.

I understand that they are meeting all their own Electricity and Gas charges. Owing to the severity of the recent raids the O.C. has accepted my offer to allow the men off duty to sleep down in our basement at night - they will in consequence pay the lighting bill for no. 11.

What has been done with regard to Fire Insurance? I do not mean fire due to enemy action, that is another matter. Please let me know whether or not the matter is in order giving me the address of our Fire Insurance Firm. The Company should certainly be informed that the furniture is stored in ~~one~~ room.

Last night I am please to say that I slept right through the night in spite of the most infernal din. We had an organ accompaniment on the guns during Mass this morning. As the result of further raids dear old Mrs Mason arrived here at 2-30 this afternoon.

I have opened the basement as an unofficial shelter during the day - the guns follow the warning so quickly at times that folk do not know where to run. In spite of it all there is a deal to laugh at. The Common has received a deal attention from the enemy but fortunately well away from us. I fully expect to be turned out one of these times on account of time bombs - in which case I am going over to Father Daly's place and if he is turned out he comes here. There was a scare here this morning when one of the men reported a suspicious hole in the grounds but it turned out to be one of Mr Corbridge's gardening efforts!

Greetings

B.A.H.

For clarification the College had been evacuated to East Grinstead. The Clapham boys were safe in Sussex.

Brother Aloysius [BAH] not the bravest of Xaverians was left behind at Clapham to watch over the place

Brother Alphonse was in East Grinstead overseeing the boys, making decisions for the College in Clapham.

9. Sounding "Fed-Up"

Telegrams:
"Xavierites, London"
Telephone:
Battersea 1462

Clapham College,
11, Nightingale Lane,
Clapham Common, S.W.4

September 16th, 1940

Dear Brother Alphonse,

The enclosed came on Saturday. I have received nothing from you since the registered letter.

I fear that some of our correspondence disappeared when the local sorting office was hit by an air torpedo. Nothing has been seen of the premises since.

At the moment we are without gas. The army is cooking in our kitchen.

Last night was just awful. The damage around is very extensive. Yesterday afternoon, no trams, no tube, and many parts no water, what a life.

Mr Woodroff's Road has been rendered uninhabitable, most of the houses are down and the rest unsafe. The people escaped unhurt. I am sheltering him and his family here for the time being.

More and more guns are arriving and you will have a good collection of cracked windows before it is all over. And we shall have to be very thankful if the damage stops with cracked windows. The enemy seems to have taken a thorough dislike to our village.

The second raid since breakfast is on at the moment but our guns are silent so far.

HAVE YOU ORDERED MY TOBACCO?

The nuns next door are having a great time. All the old ladies insist on Dressing up with hats on ready for immediate departure, and day and night at that. I gave the nuns some coal yesterday to help them do a bit of cooking and they have just sent round for more.

The All clear has just gone and it is raining hard - a real Black Monday.

Corbridge reports that a piece of shrapnel has found its way through one of the Lab skylights he has gone off to repair the damage as far as possible.

You chaps are missing something. I am keeping some pieces for you. Well, cheerio and pray for the Clapham Community which is behaving itself very well

Yours sincerely

B.A.H.

*The Henry Thwaites Sch.
had a bomb just in
front of it yesterday.
Cleaves Joffee factory went
up at the same time*

10. Alphonse writes again

Telegrams:
"Xaverites, London"
Telephone:
Battersea 1462

Heatham
College Lane
East Grinstead.

Clapham College,
11, Nightingale Lane,
Clapham Common, S.W.4

Sept 18th 1940.

Dear Brother Aloysius,

Congrats on having escaped the bombs! Let's hope your armour-plate will not be pierced. After all we cannot spare you just yet until all the business matters have been settled up. Now, don't blame me for this belated reply; you have probably realized already how utterly disorganised the delivery of letters has been lately. I got your letter and other correspondence which you forwarded on the 11th and 13th - yesterday - the 17th. I intended dealing with it last night but the howling started at 8.30 p.m. I went to the First Aid post and returned at 7.30 - this morning. We have had three sirens already this morning, but, thank God, no activity overhead. I've just seen the wreckage of a Junkers going through the town. I am glad you have been able to get some sleep: after all, with your philosophical frame of mind, sleep should come easily. I won't quote 'Macbeth' but you know what Shakespeare says about sleep, and I am glad to say that all here are enjoying the "chief nourisher of life's feast." As for the soothing weed (Gold Leaf) please use the money there to get what you want. I have ordered ours but regret to say I forgot yours. (Order it from Mitre Square & ask them to send the bill to Heatham.) Gus has not arrived though it has been ordered 10 days. I wonder if K+T's still stands. I went over to Foxhunt on Monday afternoon. The Provincial is the Squire at the moment and still finds it necessary to prolong his stay there for

11. Aloysius writes

Telegrams:
"Xavierites, London"
Telephone:
Battersea 1462

Clapham College,
11, Nightingale Lane,
Clapham Common, S.W.4

September 20th, 1940

Dear Brother Alphonse,

Many thanks for yours of the 13th which reached me this morning.

The post is beginning to improve. The telephone is not. I have tried to get you several times but "Toll" is as dead as mutton.

It is evident that the enemy don't like our village.

No trams or gas since last Sunday but we still have our water supply.

I am posting the local rag which may interest you all - you will possibly be able to recognise some of the pictures of devastation. However there is a very great deal which has not been hit.

If you could possibly manage to get a friend with a car to run up with Brother Dunstan and collect the remainder of the valuable equipment from the Lab it would be a good piece of work. The trouble is shrapnel which has already made one hole in the glass roof of the Lab. A similar hole has appear in the roof of the small room where the chapel stuff is stored. Corbridge has done his best but with the number of guns now in action this menace will increase.

The last 24 hours has been relatively quiet - Wednesday night was just hideous. The area around the Plough - between Clapham North and Clapham Common Stations is a dreadful mess so I am told. Adkins, Endlesham, Holmewood, Gosberton Roads have also suffered. Your Odeon Cinema is still standing.

A few cracked window panes is the extent of our damage so far.

Father Daly is very much alive and kicking and continues to arrive punctually every morning. The nuns are not having Mass at present but send a couple of representatives in here each morning.

It is very difficult to get on with business with the post and phone functioned so erratically but this is as far as I have got:

WATER; I am hoping that the R.A.F. will repay us Fifty three sixteths of the accounts from Sept. 1939 to Sept 1940 and after that they will pay 100%.

This matter is held up for the moment until I receive from the M.W.B. information as to the basis upon which the Garden Rate is charged. The Administrative Officer here is very helpful and the Billing Clerk Mr Shaw knows his job and we get on very well together.

RATES: Waiting for the Councils next move. A Post Card from them acknowledging receipt of my letter took SIX days to come from Wandsworth Town Hall.

ESTIMATES for the L.C.C. Here I am completely in the dark. I am keeping all the papers which you have given or sent me and take them down to the funk hole every night in case we get a fire or other bomb around the premises.

Mrs Mason has had a lively time round her part of the world -

12. Headline - LCC cause surcharge of 5 pence on letter

Telegrams:
"Xaverites, London"
Telephone:
Battersea 1462

Clapham College,
11, Nightingale Lane,
Clapham Common, S.W.4

September 30th 1940

Dear Brother Alphonsus,

The enclosed was handed in to-day by Mrs. Brennan of Balham representing school fees for her boy. She requests a receipt for this payment and also for the payment she made last term.

I let Brother Aloysius go away last Friday so that he could get a few nights' rest. He should be returning this evening.

I can merely describe the doings every night as "Hell let loose". Last night we made sure our number was up. A stick of bombs wiped out a large number of shops and houses from Balham Hippodrome to as far as the George. Last Saturday about seven Houses in Grove Road near Holdron's were completely destroyed, several people being killed. On the Friday afternoon considerable damage was done round by the Plough. There is a time bomb in the monastery garden and another one in the convent grounds.

I hope to leave for Deeping to-morrow and I shall not be a bit sorry to leave London. I did not get a wink of sleep last night. I can't say when I shall be coming south again but when I do come I will bring along the articles you asked for.

Greetings to all,

Yours very sincerely,

Bro. Aloysius, C.F.X.

(Provincial).

Please note that I had to pay a surcharge of 5d on the enclosed letter from the L.C.C. I'll get it back from Aloysius of course.



13. Bombs rain down on Balham

Telegrams:
"Xavierites, London"
Telephone:
Battersea 1462

Clapham College,
11, Nightingale Lane,
Clapham Common, S.W.4

October 1st, 1940

Dear Brother Alphonse,

Thanks for your note of Sept. 26th.

After Thursday night here the Provincial thought that I had better have a little relief so away to the country I went until yesterday evening.

I can do nothing about the enclosed - the 1937 Certificates are in Brother Bernadine's desk which is buried beneath the furniture. You had better write to the good lady.

I got back here after some difficulty about 25 minutes before the guns started - at 8-50 a bunch of bombs came down partly on the Common and partly on the corner of Lessor Avenue where two houses were reduced to rubble and many others very badly damaged. My heart has not recovered from the shock yet.

Balham Hill down to Balham Grove has caught it hot - a dreadful mess.

Last night we lost one pane of glass in the kitchen and the glass on the lamp over the front door came down - two letters of college remained whole - "O L". The syrens have just gone again - it is just 8 minutes since the "All Clear" That's me going to the dug out two steps at the time - bombs and guns - I have just crept out again.

I am sure that the Provincial was pleased to get away this morning I hope that he has a good rest to-night.

I shall try to post this to-day but there is a rumour that our post office is not working and I am certainly not going to venture down Balham

Pray for the Clapham Community

Yours sincerely

Bah.



Balham High Street Bombing

14. It ain't my fault - blame the Germans

Telegrams:
"Xavierites, London"
Telephone:
Battersea 1462

Oct. 16th, 40

Clapham College,

11, Nightingale Lane,

Clapham Common, S.W.4

Tuesday
1 p.m.

* Mrs Mason insists upon calling them
'unnecessary'

Dear Brother Alphonsus,

Since Saturday things have been getting worse and worse so your remark "Excitement seems to be dying down" unfortunately does not apply. Most of the happenings are just dreadful.

Last night was truly awful. Our share was fortunately insignificant and took the form of two incendiary bombs on the paddock. The worse "incident" was a huge bomb in front of the Picture House near Balham Station - an 88 Bus is buried in the crater which went right through to the Tube underneath bursting the water and gas mains - I will leave the rest to your imagination. They had to evacuate Clapham South Station - we had some 30 Men, women, Children, Babies, Cripples huddled in my Bedroom cum Dining Room. As they were gathered in the bombs were dropping all over the place.

Mrs Mason had a large sized bomb about 15 yards from the house and escaped with the rest of the household thanks to their shelter. That was on Sunday evening.

On Saturday at 12-30 p.m. bombs fell between Cautley and Narbonne Avenues at least two families were just wiped out and the injuries of others were terrible.

Last night they came over in droves and bombs were raining down all night. Even this building rocked. I could write lots more but it is all too tragic.

If you come along on Saturday I shall be pleased to give you something to eat - as long as I know before hand I shall be only too happy to feed my brothers. The unexpected visitor is a problem under the present conditions.

I do not recommend sleeping? in Greater London at the moment. "When these things come to pass, flee to the hills" and stay put.

Thanks for the papers re Norbury. In any case it is practically hopeless trying to get in contact with anyone in these times.

The claim for the rebate on the Water Charges has at last "gone forward" as they say in the R.A.F.

I hear a German Plane so had better retire for a while - you never know. It seems to have passed on so let me continue.

Miss Ellis is still in the land of the living - beyond the disappearance of most of the glass in the front of the house she has nothing of which to complain. I managed to get across and see her this morning.

Mr Le Gros Clark and Mr Dallow called this morning to see the Community and seemed very pleased to find that he was still alive.

I have pieces of the first bombs dropped on the property and I am sure that you all hope that they will be the last.

Well cheerio I am sorry that I cannot write in a more cheerful strain but that ain't my fault.

Yours sincerely
The Clapham Community

15. Excuse the state of the paper - "again it's the Bombing"

Telephone
Battersea 1462.

Clapham College,
Nightingale Lane,
London, S.W.4.

Sunday, Oct. 20th, 1940

Dear Brother Alphonse,

Just a brief note to tell what you escaped by not sleeping here last night.

At 9-40 a large bomb landed just opposite to my bedroom on the very edge of the Common - the earth was piled up to the edge of the railings on our side of the road.

By a miracle we all escaped injury and the material damage to our property is surprisingly small.

One of the Grecian Vases on the top parapet is no longer there and another one of the Gate post came down. The ceiling of my office and the room next door look as though they do not need much more to bring them down.

Another Bomb landed in Alderbrook Road and has rendered many of the houses uninhabitable - here again there were no casualties. The back of the Mansions has lost about 80% of the window glass. The end of the classrooms has two panes missing and a large pane in the Hollywood Conservatory is missing.

I was in bed at the time and I was lifted up about 6 ins. in the air the house simply swayed

A third bomb landed just on the other side of The Avenue among the trees.

In the meantime don't forget to pray for the Clapham Community

Yours sincerely

B.A.H.

Your prayers are asked for John McSweeney the lad from the Hostel who died this morning at 4 a.m. R.I.P.

The voice of culture and progress has been wailing all day.

Excuse the dirty paper but the blast found its way down the chimney with unpleasant results.

16. Goodbye from the Clapham Community

Telegrams:
"Xavierites, London"
Telephone:
Battersea 1462

Clapham College,
11, Nightingale Lane,
Clapham Common, S.W.4

November 9th, 1940

Dear Aloysius,

We had a further visitation last night.
One dropped in the Mansions' Garden just behind the Lab.
The Lab roof is damage ALL the glass has gone and one of the walls is cracked. I am afraid that nothing can be done about it.
Approximately 100 windows have gone in the school and Lab block.
6 windows are missing in the main building.
The other dropped in the garden of Westbury and a number of windows are missing in Hollywood. So if you have any would be consumptives you had better send them here for a fresh air cure.
The Nuns have lost nearly all their windows at the back and several ceilings.
Westbury is a mess as far as windows are concerned. One lady was killed there by flying glass.
I shall require a new heart before long.
This is the second visitation this week we had another shower on Wednesday evening.

I think that it is about time that I had 10 days' leave from the trenches

I forgot to mention that the greenhouse down the garden has lost a deal of its glass.

In fact it is all best described as a MESS.
However we are all here to tell the tale.
Canon Thompson kindly called this morning to enquire whether I was safe and sound.
12 were dropped in the vicinity.

I hope to see you soon and let me know when you are coming
in the meantime pray for the Clapham Community

Dear Brother Alphonse,

We had a further visitation last evening.
One dropped in the Mansion Grounds just by the lab. The Lab roof is a mess and so is the Lab. About 100 panes of glass have disappeared from the School and Lab blocks, and 6 from the main building Hollywood has lost its share. The once conservatory is very airy and greenhouse down the garden is hadly a hothouse. The second bomb dropped in the garden of Westbury. One lady was killed there.
The whole thing is best described as a mess. However we are all here to tell the tale.
3 of Mrs Mason's friends were killed last night in the street next to hers.
We had a shower on Wednesday evening too. I understand that 12 were dropped..

I shall require a new heart if we have much more.

Cheerio, and in the meantime you had better all
pray hard for the good estate of the Clapham Community.

Yours sincerely
SAH.

Clapham College,
Nightingale Lane,

London, S.W.4.

17. Evacuation of Clapham College to “sleep” East Grinstead, Sussex

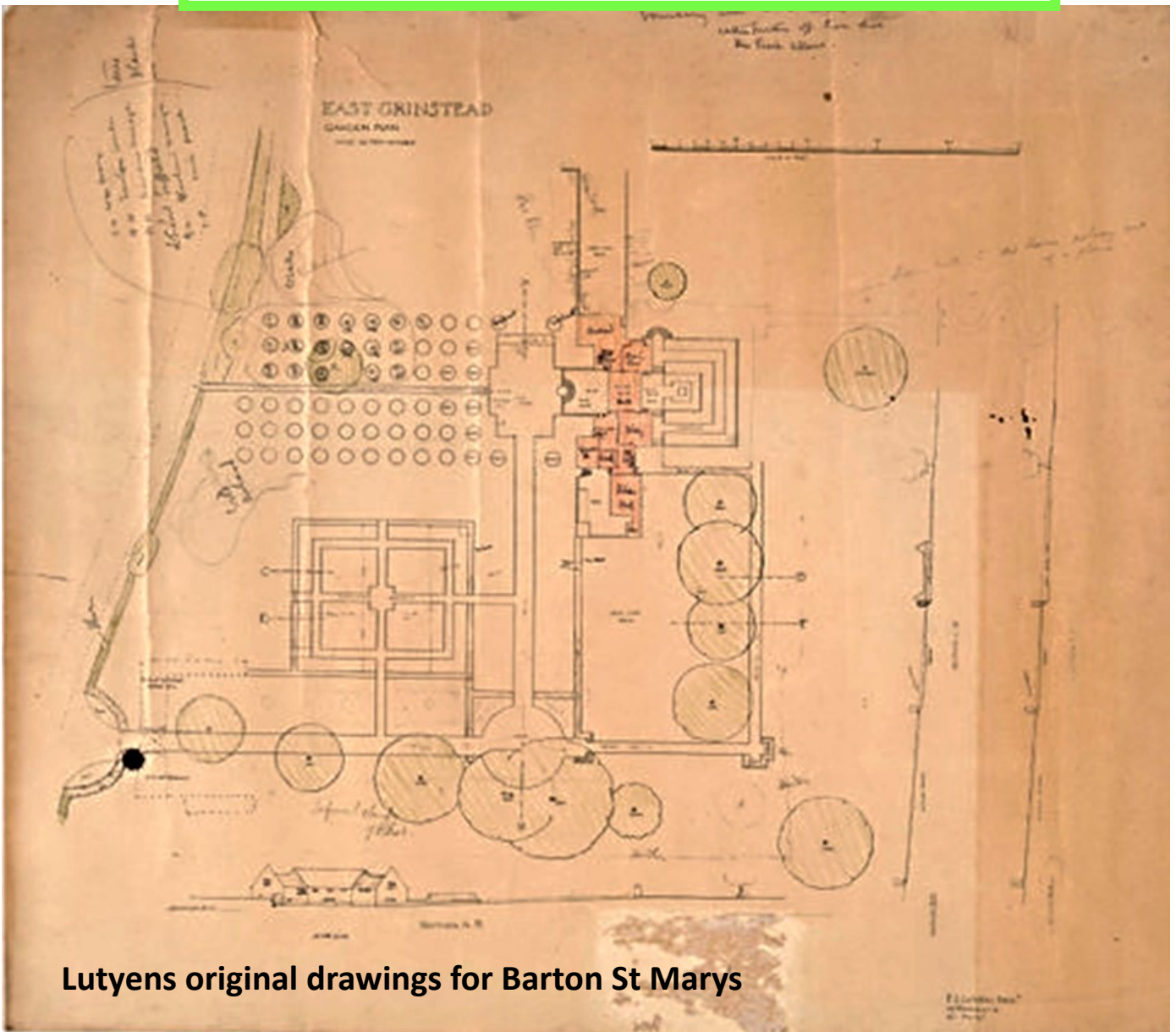


Barton St Marys



From rundown bombed and battered South west London the Clapham boys were billeted in beautiful houses in East Grinstead. Barton St Marys photographs above; was the hub where the brothers lived with some of the boys. It is a “listed building”.more overleaf

18. Barton St Marys is a "Lutyens" designed building



Lutyens original drawings for Barton St Marys



Why the fuss? Sir Edwin Landseer Lutyens is the greatest British architect of all time, he built these monuments as well as Barton. The evacuees link to our WW1 heroes.

19. Brian White, Clapham Evacuee; 2019 Key Note Lunch Speaker writes:

Brian Whit - the Key Note speaker at the 2019 Chairman's Lunch gave some reflections on his time as an evacuee:- Brian was evacuated from Clapham in 1940 at 11 years old [he now Lives in Woldingham Surrey], a while ago he visited the memorials at St Swathe's Church and East Court, East Grinstead where amongst a long list of those who died in that terrible bombing of 9th July 1943 was his puppy-love girlfriend, as he put it!

Brian himself might have been on that list too had he not travelled home for the weekend. Amongst his other recollections was a Junkers 88 being fired at by a British Fighter plane and losing height. When he arrived at school he was told it had crashed at the Imberhorne Lane / London Road junction.

He also remembers vividly Messerschmitt's flying low over the school – they could be seen at rooftop height and machine-gunned the town. "It was all over before we could even get to the shelter" he said.

Of the Flying Bombs which arrived later in the War, Brian commented "In the middle of the night we heard this strange aircraft "put-put" sound, and from the next days newspapers it appeared that it was one of the first to fall onto London. We then had the one that was "tipped" by a Spitfire" at about 6am on morning. There was suddenly this loud bag and rush of air and I saw the bedroom curtains at right angles to the window, followed by crashing glass!"

It was soon after that that the College was "re-evacuated" – if that's a word, to Taunton in Somerset". Brian finishes with the reflection "its memories such as these that impress upon us that Remembrance Sunday each year is a time to recall the horror and tragedy of war and to realise that it should never again be waged unless there is absolutely no alternative. – Brian White

After the Cinema Bombing the College was "re-evacuated" to Bishop Fox School, Somerset.



Bishop Fox's Girls School, Taunton Front View.

20. My Evacuation Tale - Monsignor Canon Cyril Murtagh

The Evacuation to East Grinstead In August 1939, I was then 13 and on holiday at East Wittering with my family. Even to me it was obvious that war clouds were gathering, and, on 2nd September, I went back to London with my elder sister, a teacher, to report to my Secondary School, Clapham College, in South London, to join the evacuation. Our school was a Catholic school run by a religious Order, the Xaverian Brothers. The Primary Schools had been leaving in the previous two days (war having broken out in Poland), and we were ordered to report at the school on 3rd September.

There we were issued with a brown carrier bag containing two days emergency rations: if I remember correctly, two tins of corned beef, two of tinned milk, two packets of dry biscuits, etc. We were then marshalled in the playground and moved off to Balham station, where we waited for a train. No one knew where we were bound for: various trains full of evacuees came through, and finally one stopped for us.

We still didn't know our destination until we decanted at Three Bridges Station. We gathered in the forecourt where we were told a bus was coming. I don't think even the teachers knew any more than us! Then that word went around that England was at war.

The buses arrived and we were taken off, some to Forest Row, but many of us, including myself, to Paw Hatch Hall, then the residence of the Kindersley family. I remember my quarters were a room over the laundry building: there were emergency beds, canvas stretchers on a low support. There some sixty or so of us remained for about two months. We used the large dining hall to eat and pass the day in - I remember at first the seniors filled in time with protracted games of Monopoly, while we younger boys watched from the side-lines.

On Sundays we walked to the Notre Dame Convent at Wych Cross for Mass. My mother got to see me at Paw Hatch, thanks to a London neighbour with a car. Gradually the teachers organised some classes, and a football pitch in the grounds. After two months or so, we moved into East Grinstead and billeted ourselves around town (those who had gone to Forest Row were already billeted there). I was very fortunate in being billeted at the Turners - old Mrs Turner and her unmarried daughter, Miss May Turner.

I stayed there until the end of my school days in June 1944. Mr Turner (then dead) had been a partner in the estate agents, Turner, Rudge and Turner. Across the road from "Elmstead" they owned a field, where a pony and a goat lived: Miss Turner was a devoted supporter of the RSPCA and had "rescued" these neglected animals. At the back of the house there were quite extensive sheds, where the cattle destined for the market in Cantaloupe Road, had once been housed overnight.

There was also a grass tennis court, where Miss Turner taught me tennis. She also taught me to play bridge, and I had to make up a four with her lady friends (quite terrifying players they were!). It must have been very difficult for Miss Turner (her mother died not long after our arrival) having to cope with two teen-age boys, but she was a wonderful sort of foster-mother to me and a life-long friend. Years later, as a Catholic priest, I was privileged to take part in her funeral in the Parish Church and allowed to pay a heart-felt tribute to her.

Continued overleaf

21. My Evacuation -continued - Monsignor Canon Cyril Murtagh

Of course, it was hard living away from home, but we used to go home for the weekend and school holidays, to enjoy being bombed in London! Bombs, or not, home was home! As I got older, I and others used to ride home to London on a bicycle (to save money of course) and, on Monday set off about 7 am to ride back in time for school, meeting my friends also cycling back for 9 am assembly.

The school got going again in late 1939 by sharing the then County School, though we operated as a separate entity, taught by our own staff. One of the three stray bombs ever to fall on the town demolished the Whitehall Cinema. I remember that Cinema full of people: one of our boys was among those killed, and, after the Requiem Mass in the Catholic Church, we went over to another of the Order's schools, Mayfield College, where he was buried in their cemetery. One story, quite apocryphal, I am sure, was of an old East Sussex character in the quite strong Sussex accent, saying "In 1939, a lot of funny old parson fellows came here with a lot of damn boys!"

We used to relish the local life then, though we formed quite a tight community of our own. East Grinstead was full of troops, with occasional clashes between the Canadians and the Irish Guards from Hobbs Barracks! We got used to the sight of the burn's cases from the Hospital walking around the town, and some of us older boys helped out at the Hospital. I remember what enormous trust these terribly burnt young RAF crewmen had in the famous

We saw much of the preparations for D-Day around us: every bit of woodland was full of ammunition shelters; half the dual carriage way of the Caterham Bypass was closed and used as a tank park. When, at 18, I came to take my Higher Schools Certificate, we wrote our exams ready to dive under the desks if one of the flying bombs that continually went over decided to crash on us! I vividly remember coming back to Miss Turner's after the last paper to find a telegram from my mother saying: "**Home damaged: all safe**". I packed a bag at once and took the Green Line to London to take part in clearing up the appalling mess: that was the end of my East Grinstead days!

The school was very soon re-evacuated to Taunton, but by then I had left.



**Monsignor Canon
Cyril Murtagh
Clapham College 1937-44
Glastonbury
++ RIP 2021 ++**



22. Empathy...LEST WE FORGET – Patrick Gooch

The Second World War was a testing time for everyone in Britain. Yet it brought to the surface the underlying resilience of the people; their stoicism in adversity; a heightened regard and concern for others; and ingenuity in the manner so many coped with the lack of food and amenities once taken for granted. For us, the young children, it was one great adventure. At night you slept in an air-raid shelter. This would be one made of corrugated iron and half-submerged in the garden, or a box-like, steel structure housed under a dining table. While adults feared the nightly bombing raids and lay awake until the `all-clear` rang out, we slept soundly. In the daytime at school, we ran to a brick-built shelter if enemy planes were spotted overhead. In the classroom, there were frequent gaps where your compatriots had sadly perished or been evacuated to safer areas of the countryside.

This was the norm: accepted without question. Others may die, but as a child you were invulnerable. The landscape regularly changed overnight. After an enemy raid, in the dust-laden light of morning, rows of houses were no longer standing. Piles of rubble: often just a bare chimney stack or a flight of stairs left standing. We collected shrapnel. Irregular chunks of metal, scarcely identifiable as elements of weaponry, were highly prized. The bigger, the more misshapen, the higher your stock rose with your peers. We made camps in houses that had been blasted out of existence. We met and played amongst the ruins, where walls were standing so precariously, that at any moment they might topple over. We travelled on buses hopefully taking you to your destination. Passengers could not see out the windows, for they were covered in anti-blast material. Twice my mother took me away from London for the safety of the provinces. Neither visit was long-lasting, rural life was not to her liking.

We returned after the second foray to find; our house had been obliterated by German bombs. In fact, the whole street had gone. So, we moved to another part of the city, and the nightly routine of taking inadequate shelter resumed. I vaguely recall, even to this day, the flavour of whale meat [an alternative, which only required half the usual number of tokens from your ration book]. Another taste protein substitute that comes to mind is that of powdered egg. Exported from America, packed in distinctive brown, wax cartons. Fruit was rarely available, certainly not imported varieties like oranges, pineapples or bananas. I had seen these in comics and wondered what they tasted like. My mother, not a kitchen goddess, boiled some parsnips into submission and added drops of banana essence to the mush. For pineapples she acquired some swedes and added the requisite essence. It took many years before I could be persuaded to try the real thing.

In the latter stages of the War, the enemy resorted to dispatching V1 flying bombs. Fired from launch sites along the French and Dutch coasts, the first arrived over London a week after the D-Day Landing. The `doodlebug`, or `buzz bomb`, as they were called, were designed for the propulsion unit to stop and plummet to earth over the target. It became a feature of their attack to watch them fly overhead and then run for cover when the rudimentary jet engine cut out. Each week one was only allowed 4 ounces of bacon or ham, and a pound of meat. The list was quite extensive. (2oz of tea, 8 oz of sugar, 2 oz of cheese, 2 oz of butter. You were only allowed 12 oz of sweets each month). To purchase clothing, coupons were required; petrol was only available to the necessary services; and coal was severely restricted for domestic usage. In retrospect, the health of the people showed a marked improvement. For the limited diet, and the need to walk more often, stimulated greater well-being.

Continued overleaf

23. Evacuee Empathy - Patrick Gooch

As a child during the War, without the cares and concerns of adulthood, I would say that the period, 1939-45, was entertaining, at times highly exciting. However, I would not want my grandchildren now even my greatgrandchildren, to suffer the experience.

How would you feel What would you take? How would you be expected to be treated by the family you stayed with? What about news on your family; London being bombed and your Dad/Brother in the Army fighting? The evacuation of civilians in Britain during the Second World War was designed to protect people, especially children, from the risks associated with aerial bombing of cities by moving them to areas thought to be less at risk. Operation Pied Piper, which began on 1 September 1939, officially relocated more than 3.5 million people halves were children...by 1940.a lot had moved back...

I had always thought of them as rather lucky, particularly as I, as a baby (and by most standards a very privileged one), had spent much of the war in my parents' flat in St Paul's churchyard, at the heart of the blitz, risking annihilation. The evacuees, I assumed, had escaped from danger and urban squalor to spend the war gambolling gaily across hill and dale, breathing fresh air and eating the fruits of the land. But, no. That's not how James Roffey, the founder of the Evacuees Reunion Association, which organised the St Paul's event, sees it. The purpose of the service, he said, was to help people understand the truth about the trauma of evacuation. "It's giving us, at long last, recognition," he said. "We never received any certificates or medals – I don't think we expected them – but for years the whole evacuation story has been surrounded by myths. If somebody said to any parent today, 'We're going to evacuate your children; we can't tell you where they're going, we can't tell you who they'll be living with and we don't know when they'll be coming home again,' how many people would say yes to that?" Well, I would have thought that many people would still say yes to that if the sky was raining bombs and their children's safety was their foremost concern. But that said, it is clear from the first-hand accounts published in the media this week that for many children evacuation meant misery and desperate homesickness. And this was often because the British were not always suffused with the warm feelings of national solidarity and goodwill towards each other that are supposed to have characterised the Dunkirk spirit. Snobbery, selfishness, and bloodymindedness were not, alas, completely extinguished by the Nazi threat. recalled the "punch-ups" with local children "who did not want us there at all". Many country people believed that urban children were dirty, lice-ridden and badly behaved, he added. But the worst thing was not knowing how long he was going to be away from home. "It was bewildering and very disturbing," he said. "The fear was that we were never going to go home. A lot of people had a very dark and troubled time." rich widow and her servants. "She refused to come to the door, and the maid who answered, a sour woman dressed in a black-and-white uniform, made it clear that they wanted nothing to do with scruffy urchins from the East End," he said. "The result was that we were kept locked in our bedroom when not at school. We never got any cooked meals. When we complained we were hungry, we were told to consider ourselves lucky – there was a war on." Though his letters home were censored, Matthews managed to smuggle one out to his mother, appealing to her to rescue him. A few days later she turned up and took him away. How far do you think you would have to be evacuated form the city if you had to be moved away from bombing? 10 miles 20 miles or more? What would you take with you if you had to leave home for 4 or 5 years? We just obeyed.

24. Xaverian Brothers who protected the boys and the Xaverian ethic during Evacuation

Alexius	Thomas McEntee	1939 to 1943
Aloysius	John Clarkson	1939 to 1950
Alphonsus	James Duffy	1946 to 1949
Bede	John Howard	1942 to 1944
Bernard	Thomas Mulroy	1944 to 1965
Bernardine	John Barry	1897 to 1940
Chrysostom	John Daly	1939 to 1943
David	Robert Watmough	1945 to 1953
Dominic	John Troy	1940 to 1948
Dunstan	James Hill	1914 to 1970
Henry	Paul Francis Hatherly	1945 to 1947
Joseph	C Booth	1947 to 1954
Matthias	William Corbridge	1943
Mattias	Peter Atherton	1920 to 1940
Nathanael	John L. Twombly	1946-1947
Nicholas	Edward Tarbet	1939 to 1945
Paul	Pamphyle Inaghebeur	1897 to 1940
Pius	Francis McKeown	1931 to 1942
Raymond	Wilfred Rochford	[1940]
Vincent	J. Hemblade	1939 to 1946
Wilfred	Richard Bashall	1939 - 1944

25. The Brothers of World War II - one-liners on their character

Alexius	Local Superior	Clapham during WW2 and East Grinstead
Aloysius	Superior / Head / French	"Held the fort" at Clapham College during the Blitz...
Alphonsus	Superior [Classics]	from Lanark, retired to Bradley House, Mayfield
Bede	Novice Master	Taught at East Grinstead
Bernard	Housekeeper/Refectorian	Discreet and circumspect, observing the greatest silence on all affairs
Bernardine	Headmaster	Local Superior at Clapham / Headmaster
Chrysostom	Sacristan, Refectorian	East Grinstead and Clapham twice - died at the College in 1970
David	Admin/Sec. to Br Joseph	Joined Brother Joseph Booth on climbing holidays [students] Lake District
Dominic	left Brothers - dispensed	East Grinstead with evacuees 1943 to 45 / CC again 1945 to 47
Dunstan	Chemistry	Death saved Dunstan from the end he dreaded - a nursing home.
Henry	Boarded - Physics	Studied for his BSc - stayed at the College
Joseph	Headteacher [and French]	Lightning Strike [Africa] - died on St Francis Xavier's Feast Day
Matthias	Student then teacher	left Clapham in 1943 to become Superior Mayfield
Matthias	Superior	In retirement he oversaw Bradley Hall at Mayfield College
Nathanael	Clapham War - Mayfield	USA Brother taught year Clapham - made great impression on the boys
Nicholas	Head East Grinstead	Married
Paul	Cook	WW2 at Clapham [born Merken, Belgium] -
Pius	Music & Sport	left to join Manchester - evacuated in Blackpool
Raymond	Boarded taught History	Worked at all the English schools and was in Rome
Vincent	Head East Grinstead	Dispensed - married
Wilfred	Admin	East Grinstead and Foxhunt [Superior] Novice Master/Provincial Secretary.

OBITUARY

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the deaths of:

BROTHER WILFRED, C.F.X. He was born at Preston in January, 1872, and took his vows in December, 1891. He was well-known to numerous Old Boys, having served at various times at every Xaverian College in England. He was at Clapham from 1926-30 (being Brother Superior from 1928-30) and again from 1936-44, including the East Grinstead era. Brother Wilfred first became ill in July, 1948; later, an attack of pneumonia gave rise to further complications and he died on the 11th November, 1948. He was buried at Mayfield.

Peter Kelleher
1 Highfield Road
Sutton
Surrey
SM1 4JY 020 8642 1426

17 th June 2014

Dear Scotty

Thank you for your letter of the 10th June. I am now 94 years of age and I think I could qualify as an "older" old boy.

My life, like many others of my generation, has been long and no doubt you will be inundated with many accounts of the Second World War activities. In my case of course I was involved but I shall endeavour not to labour you with too much of that.

You may be interested to know that in the middle thirties some of the boys whilst still absorbing the pearls of wisdom emanating from the College formed a most interesting and enjoyable cycling group of about four enthusiastic lads. Most of them have, sadly, passed on, but there are two of us still a round. One is John Gleeson, nearly 96 and my Charterhouse prefect with whom I still keep in touch with and myself. We are members of the Worcester Park and Wimbledon Council of the Knights of St. Columba and keep up with matters medical and historic

The other members of our little group were Pat McGee and Pierre Regnault. were great pals and explored the Surrey Hills and glorious Sussex at weekends.

We were in due course all called up. Pat went into the RAF, John was already in the Territorials, whilst Reg (Pierre) and I opted for the Navy. Reg and I were so keen to join up that we volunteered in November '39 as we were a little bored with Banking. We presented ourselves with gusto but were politely told to await our turn when we would both be sailors in about six months. The prediction was correct and we were all in in June 1940. Reg served a long time on the cruiser HMS Mauritius whilst I found myself attached to Atlantic Convoy work as a telegraphist based in Liverpool. I was part of the communications staff for the Commodores of Convoys. We had the joice of some very comfortable merchant ships plying to Canada, USA and Gibraltar and it was a good job provided you managed to avoid the U-boats. After two and half years on Atlantic work I was commissioned and did a spell in Freetown on a shore based job. Eventually I was transferred to a naval party taking over the port of Hamburg.



Peter
Catholic
Family man
Soldier
Hero
Xaverian



27. Dr Michael Nicholls [Clapham College 1943-1950 Charterhouse]

Michael William Newbery Nicholls.

Bombed out from SE 12, London, some months after the docks were set alight. I joined the only London school in E.Grinstead in 1943 (or was it 1942) from the little boarding school over the road where we were sent when we had nowhere to live in London.

Charlie Lawrence was in Lower 3 at about the same time as Weinstein and Slade. (my brother David, also joined a term after me) . Br Nicholas was head, Alyuiscius [?spelling], Dunstan (I think), Damian, Alphonsus (or doggie) were the main staff. We shared rooms with the County School and their playing fields in which were bofors guns, air raid shelters and a mounting block for elderly brothers to get on their bicycles.

Todd, Beaman and Day (jumbo) (where are they now?) and I used to walk down the lane towards Baldwins Hill and hide in the ditch (not the air raid shelter!) to watch the Bofors gun in the playing fields firing at Heinkels and Me 110 fighter bombers as they came over the field -which is where we were one fateful afternoon when the bomb dropped on the Whitehall cinema killing Currie. T.B. and D were also then in Lower 3 I think but might have been higher. Moynihan was head boy I seem to recall. Br Nicholas later married his sister and went to teach in the west country.

As we lived at "home" we did not go back to London at week-ends as so many did taking treasures with them ie: unexploded cannon shells, shrapnel etc. The cannon shells were hidden under scarves to avoid the police search at the station. One boy (? Sipple) blew his fingers off hitting a cannon shell with a hammer in the third class carriage on his way to London for a weekend.

In 1944 when the V 1's started falling around the town of E.Grinstead- we were all evacuated again to Taunton for 9 months by rail where we shared schools again.

Albemarle Baptist chapel hall in the morning, (still there and virtually unchanged) and in the afternoons Bishop Fox's girls school up the Kingston road above our billet and Clifford avenue. My brother and I were greeted after the day's journey standing in a train corridor with the words "I was expecting 2 girls as evacuees!" But we stayed.

28. Pupil Nick Lynch & Teacher Ernie Wright

From Nigel Lynch.

Nigel [Nick] Lynch

Clapham College

1937 to 1947

Captain of Charterhouse

Dear Michael,

Both the "Clapper" issue 2 and the Somerset report came through my front door at the same time. The report reminded me that in the first week of September this year the new Bishop Fox's School was opened exactly 50 years after the tribes of Clapham College, the Xaverian Brothers and other teachers descended on the then Bishop Fox's Girls' School in 1944. It is surprising that the school lasted 50 years after such an experience.

To recap. Clapham College was evacuated to East Grinstead in Sussex in 1939 until the 'doodle-bugs' came over in force in 1944. The College and staff were shipped off to Taunton for the next year, were separately billeted out and used the spare classrooms of the girls' school for lessons.

I was at Clapham from 1939 to 1947 and I retired down here six years ago but have no spare time! I am fully involved in the Parish of St. Mary of Glastonbury where I run and print the Parish Magazine, count the monies, act as reserve server if required and also Special Minister. It is interesting to note that in Clapham College there were four houses of which Glastonbury was one although I was in Charterhouse.

Best wishes to you and the Association,

God Bless,

Nigel Lynch.

Ernie Wright, who has recently retired after 27 years of teaching Chemistry and Biology at the College. After the meal fifty-one Old Boys (how did that happen?) joined the Chairman, John Keenan, in proposing a toast to Ernie, who in reply, recounted one or two of his more amusing moments at Clapham.

He remembered teaching R.I. but couldn't keep control, so sang hymns most of the time; he remembered teaching Chemistry to a German boy before the War who was so grateful that he joined the Luftwaffe and was shot down over Battersea trying to bomb the College.

He also remembered far more Brothers on the Staff than ever taught at Clapham



Am I too young to remember the five shilling note? I obviously used the old green One Pound Note. But Five Shillings? Worth what today??

29. Richard Clare RAF crashed on 27th January 1943

Richard Clare [at the College 1924-1930] lived in Grandison Road about half a mile from the College. He was born in 1914 to parents Frank and Margaret. Richard started at Clapham College 1924, he left in the 5th Year and went off to the world of work. His family moved to Worcester Park after Richard left Clapham. At the outbreak of the Second World War Richard enlisted at RAF Uxbridge. He gained his “pilot wings”, was promoted to Sergeant he joined 105 squadron [a strike bomber unit]. In 1941 Richard was detached to Malta carrying out attacks on shipping in the Mediterranean Sea.

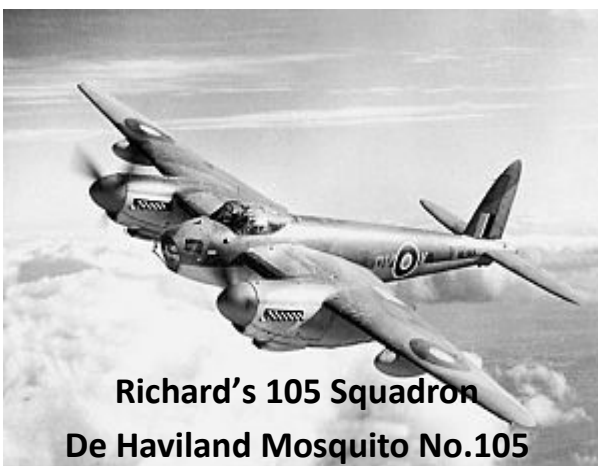
He later moved RAF Horsham St Faith near Norwich and began flying the new De Haviland Mosquito. In July 1942, Richard and No.105 Squadron raided the submarine yards at Flensburg, near the German / Denmark border successfully bombing the submarine slipways....totally destroying them.

He was now flying an aircraft made for precision bombing and in September 1942 he was part of the attack against the Gestapo Headquarters in Oslo, destroying records on the Norwegian resistance fighters held there.

He was involved in the first daylight raids on Berlin. But such raids left Richard and his fellow pilots open to enemy anti-aircraft gunfire. On the 27th January 1943 his mosquito squadron carried out a raid on the Burmeister Wain Diesel plant - Richard's starboard engine was hit by Ack-Ack fire and it failed, he was limping back to his base in Norfolk, that summer's evening, when his plane hit a barrage balloon, there to protect the aerodrome, he clipped a tree, before the mosquito crashed and caught fire.

Both Richard and his co-pilot Flight Officer Edward Doyle died instantly – they were the only casualties of the eight mosquitos who carried out the raid. In the aftermath of the raid people in Copenhagen wore RAF blue as a mark of sympathy for a distant ally. The raid on Burmeister Wain was seen as strategic target, Winston Churchill himself sanctioned the raid on Copenhagen. Richard Clare died aged of 29. Buried at Mahram Cemetery, Swaffham Norfolk - His gravestone reads –

**GREATER LOVE THAN THIS NO MAN HATH,
THAN TO LAY DOWN HIS LIFE FOR HIS FRIEND**



**Richard's life ended by an RAF
Barrage Balloon located to protect him.**

BULL'S EYE

My family moved into 180, after being bombed out twice in the Borough, then moving into a third house, from which my Mum entered Lewisham Hospital to deliver me.

Our house was a repaired bomb damaged house; during a night raid in 1941 a straddle had killed an off duty AFS fireman at 201, taken out 203,205, 184,the whole of the next block, 50 Welbeck and two backing blocks in Wigmore: every room in my house has different size doors, as I found out in later years when I panelled them.

We had an Anderson shelter in our garden; a replica of which has been built up at Duxford Imperial War Museum together with a prefab fully kitted out with utility furniture: ours had two bunks, table and chairs, a toilet bucket; food and crockery would be taken down, when a raid was imminent, although a number of cups and plates were left there for emergencies.

As a little boy, my memories of the latter part of the war are hazy, but I always remember next door's dog Tinker, who would sense a raid before the siren went, his head would go up with a howl and he would be first down 182's shelter: if I was in the garden I would warn my Mum and any one else at home. I was told by my Mum that during one night raid that we were in our shelter, the blast from a V1 that landed over the back of our house blew me out of my bunk onto the concrete floor of the shelter. Next morning, I was taken out to St.Heliers with a suspected broken nose, in fact to this day, my left nostril does not work to the same capacity as my right, which condition precluded me from being a RAF pilot in latter years.

After the war ended, reconstruction started in earnest: the green at the junction of the Lane and Welbeck became a building site to replace the nearby homes: for a consideration one could acquire materials to improve one's council house.

My father dismantled our shelter, knocked out the concrete base and surround and used the steel sheets to create a coal bunker using off-cut roof beams from the building site and thus use the coal cupboard in the kitchen for other uses. The frames of the bunk beds were made into a framed shed, reinforced with off-cut floorboards and covered with felt: this lasted until 1956 when I rebuilt both bunker and shed into one super shed.

Our family in those early years, was my Nan, my Mum's brother home from the war, my parents and me. My Nan had the front bedroom, my parents the back and my uncle and I shared the small bedroom which had the corner boxed in over the stairs.

continued

31. Unnamed BLITZ account

PAGE TWO

The two rooms downstairs had a double dividing doors to separate the rooms as necessary, although at times one doubled as a bedroom with relatives in transit. The back room had what was known as an American Cooker Range - an early Aga - which supplemented the cooking facilities in the kitchen, which had a stone sink on pillars, a gas copper for washing from which hot water could be transferred up to the bath room by a form of hydraulic suction; a great change from baths in front of the fire.

The flats were years away, opposite what was known as the Tudor parade; which consisted of the fish and chip shop, which also sold wet fish, Tudor post office and newsagents, Smallbones the grocers, Fosters the off licence; I also remember a doctor's surgery over Smallbones and Dolly from the off licence used to clean the surgery; that land was allotments with trees facing the parade of shops. At the side of 150 was a barrack type hut which doubled as a clinic and a library; a staff member of that library is still around.

The bus service was our good old 157, which ran from Wallington to Raynes Park; most of the services were from Wrythe Green to Morden, while the waiting time is just as today - the buses were pre-war built with wooden seats.

Rationing was in force; we bought our meat from the butchers where we were registered down the next parade of shops, which was next door to Thorpes the greengrocers, which is now Goldings. The parade also included; from the doctor's surgery (Dr. Wilmhurst); a split shop of a hairdressers and barbers; Ben's the shoe repairers; the bakers, a corner grocery shop; Chammy's the newsagents; haberdashery which is now Reigna; Mickie's the Chemists; and Percy's Hardware store where I bought the first item in my tool kit - a screwdriver at 1/6. We were registered with Smallbones for our groceries, but when the war ended we transferred to the RACS at Morden where the present day Safeways is. Half pounds of butter were marked off in 2 ounce sections for ration portions; tea and sugar was at one counter; bacon at another; other things were on offer if you were lucky to be there at the right time. The Store gradually opened other departments as goods became available - furniture, clothes etc.

My Nan had been a Co-op customer since her Borough days and we had to collect the metal dividend checks on each visit to save and change at the dividend desk so that we could benefit from the yearly dividend which was usually paid out just before Christmas. The RACS also had a form of tally which one obtained vouchers to buy goods, then you paid off a weekly sum to clear the debt.

WHEN I DISCOVER THE AUTHOR - THIS WILL BE ATTRIBUTED



Those Were The Days... A Junkers to London

Mgr Vladimir Felzmann

(Clapham Old Boy)

Once the victory celebrations were over, my father Dr A Felzmann – the ‘A’ signified a name which was perfectly fine when he was born in 1909, in what was then a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but which had become somewhat of an embarrassment by 1945! – flew to London in November ‘45.

In London, Dr Adolf Felzmann became the First Secretary at the Czechoslovak Embassy – in those days situated at the north end of Grosvenor Place – from the windows of which we could admire the victory parade on 8 June 1946, as it came from Marble Arch down to The Mall to Hyde Park Corner.

We – my mother, my two sisters and our recently born brother John – flew to London on 2 April 1946.

The London plane that day was a Junkers 52: a three-engine machine with its unusual, corrugated-duralumin, metal skin – just like the one in the Clint Eastwood and Richard Burton film *Where Eagles Dare*.

Facing forward, there were rows of seats on the right-hand side, with a corridor on the left. One of the windows on the left had a sliding hatch. Being almost seven, I wanted to test out our speed’s wind-pressure, which I did. Well, that is until the co-pilot came down and told my mother to order me to pull my arm back in, as the extra drag was veering the plane off-course!

Posting letters from a Junkers 52

So, to pass the time on the flight, Jarmila – my older sister – and I wrote bad words on sheets of paper which we folded and posted out through that window. Czech words like ‘knickers’ and ‘bum’ were bound to offend and hurt those nasty Nazis a few hundred feet below. That’s how low we flew! No need for cabin pressurisation.

Our first stop was Frankfurt. The shattered-building skyline, the steel-plank runway, as well as the spearmint chewing gum given to me by a USAF GI, gave me my first and, for many long years, only contact with German soil.

Then on to Brussels. As we were approaching to land we could see a plane, with a dislocated wing, at the end of the runway. We were told that the previous day, as this plane was about to take off for London, the wing had fallen off. Luckily no one was seriously hurt. But the passengers had to get to London and fast. Naturally, they all climbed aboard our plane – with their luggage. All the seats had been taken in Prague. But in those days ‘health and safety’ had not yet been invented, so that was no problem.

Seeing people’s faces

The new passengers stood in the corridor, as I was soon to see people on the underground doing, but holding on to our seats and the ribs supporting the corrugated fuselage. Being thus rather overloaded, we skimmed a few, very few, hundred feet over the white cliffs of Dover. We could easily see the faces of people waving at us. Excited, all too soon, we landed at Croydon: London’s civilian Airport.

Then by an embassy car on to Putney where we initially stayed as paying guests in a house on Lytton Grove. Soon, very soon, we moved to Gwendolyn Avenue and the parish of St Simon Stock, where, within a year, and instructed by Fr Tanner, I received my First Holy Communion.

On my arrival in England, the only English I had was: ‘I love to go to sleep to cinema.’ Being – as was made very clear as soon as I went to school – a BF (‘bloody foreigner’), I was motivated to learn my new homeland’s language – fast! This was so I could blend in rapidly into London’s cultural scenery. That I did. To prove it, I am still here and with no broken bones, writing in English.

As the song goes, ‘Things ain’t what they used to be.’ Maybe, just as well. But it was fun.

Mgr Vladimir Felzmann is the Diocesan Chaplain for Sport and is the Chief Executive of the John Paul II Foundation for Sport (jp2f4s).

33. Peter Steer - wartime experiences



Wartime experiences When the war began, I was 6 and my wife was 5 and just before it kicked off the first things that happened were people had shelters dug in the middle of their gardens and these were made of corrugated iron in a U shape and sunk into the ground at about 4 feet and covered over with the soil from the original hole and 6 adults could take shelter in one of them during an air raid.

The next thing that happened was officials came round and issued everyone with Identity cards and this was followed by more officials issuing everyone with gas masks made of rubber & metal with Perspex screens and we carried them around with us in cylindrical metal cases hung over our shoulders for the whole war.

When the air raids started in 1940, they were mainly in the daytime and unfortunately the weather was sunny with lovely blue skies. just right for the German bombers but I borrowed LT Aldersons binoculars to watch the dog fights over London in which the Spitfires and Hurricanes knocked hell out of the German aircraft and I saw many of them shot down in this phase. life could be risky I out shopping as the Germans sometimes were able to machine gun high streets and peoples back gardens and on one occasion when our shelter was being enlarged to take our family and our four neighbours I was picked up by the workman and we dived into the shelter in on such an occasion as the gardens were fired upon. The R.A.F were so successful that the German Largely stopped daylight raids and started night-time bombing. On one occasion my wife had just returned from school when the school had a direct hit, and the cleaners were killed. After this happened most children did not go to school for many months. when the night-time bombing commenced, we had moved to a new house as our lovely flat had lost all windows and ceilings and internal walls were wobbling.

Our new house did not have a shelter so we all got into the coal cellar under the stairs and on occasion we had the three sisters and the son of one of them in this tiny space so there were 10 of us underneath the stairs. As we all did, we went to bed but had to get up when the wailing sirens went off in the middle of the night and my wife would go down to her grandmother's underground coal cellars for their shelter. Many children of course were evacuated to the countryside without their families. The German raids at night were eventually stopped as we developed a night fighter to shoot them down at night. We also had another weapon of defence in the form of enormous barrage balloons flown at different heights to disrupt the Germans flight path. My family eventually had to go into a park shelter as in became too dangerous to stay in the house but unfortunately for us the shelter suffered a direct hit with my father crawling through a small tunnel with water and blankets for the injured and after this my father decided. that every night we would have to go to Piccadilly tube station and sleep on the platform when the trains stopped running.

34. Peter Steer's story continued

I forgot that while we were in our coal cellars, we had to put up with a mobile gun which would fire from the railway at the bottom of our garden and the whole house appeared to jump into the air. Of course, we all had ration books during the war with meat butter eggs margarine sweets and clothes all rationed along with many other items and on occasion in the period when the hens were laying you could go weeks without an egg and then get six allocations all at once. Fruit was another thing that was difficult to get hold of and bananas were not available at all.

Towards the end of the war the Germans started using a V1 flying bomb which had a rocket motor and some small wings to help it fly and its engine would suddenly stop, and the bomb would fall to the ground and explode, this form of attack was launched from a mobile ramp over in France, but we stopped this form of attack by bombing the launch pads and using RAF planes to tip them over into the fields of Kent. The next weapon used was a V2 which was a rocket launched from Germany and came without warning and could do substantial damage. One landed in South London where my father worked and threw a railway line half a mile and the blast dented my father's cigarette case in his coat. In the last year or so of the war we all went back to school and despite all the odd we did the eleven plus exams and we both went to grammar schools, but my school was in Taunton, so I was evacuated with my friends and we all took a 5-hour train journey from Paddington for what is a just over an hour now. We were met at the station and allocated to families and my friend Pat and I went to stay in a large house with two families which had previously had servants and I believe our room was the servants' quarters.

We had many adventures in the countryside as none of us had this opportunity before in our lives like being chased by a bull and fishing for roach in the river Tone. I should say that my wife's experience of shelters was to sleep under Mann Crossman Brewery cellar on beer crates with a mattress on top which was not exactly comfortable. When the war ended there were enormous celebrations and I remember being out in the street at 4am in the morning and we all went to street parties and on a subsequent occasion. My father took the whole family to Buckingham Palace to see the King and Queen and the two Princesses and Winston Churchill

Later in the month we all went to Westminster to see a fabulous firework displays with all boats and bridges including temporary bridges lit up in a way that seemed forever. Obviously, our wartime experiences were much greater than this, but I hope this gives an impression of what it felt like during the war.

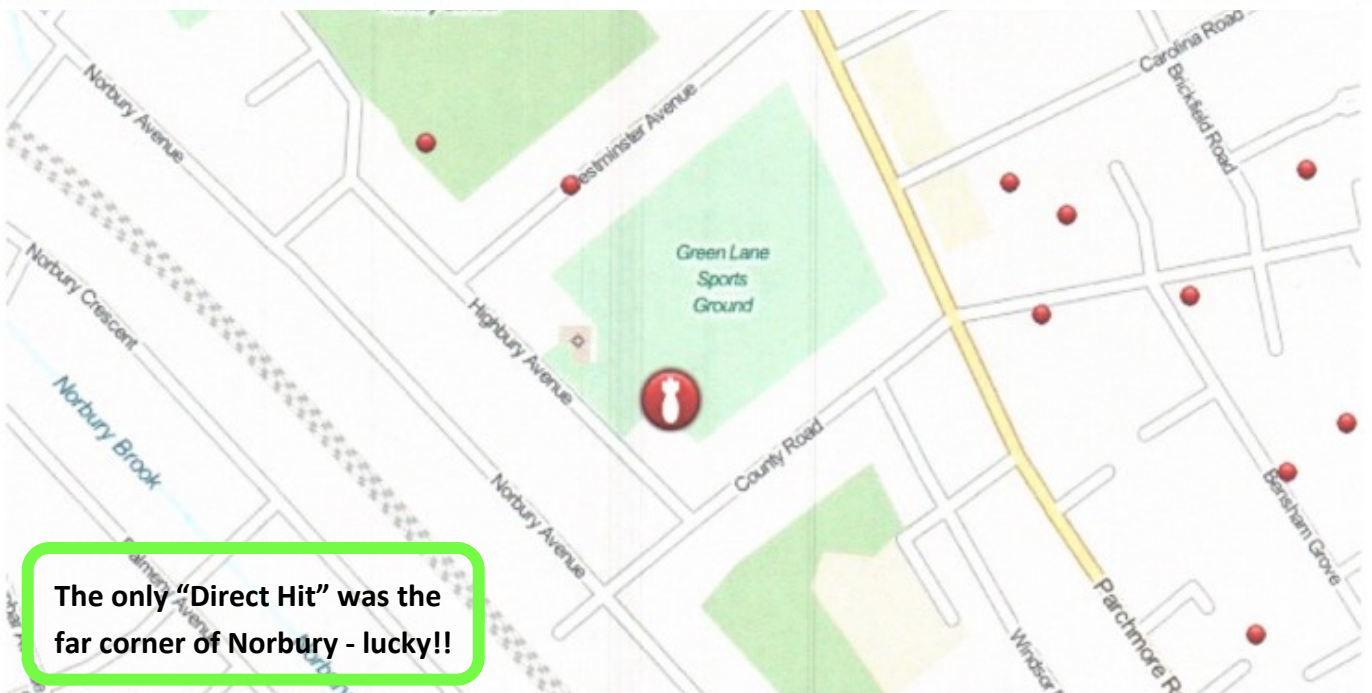
Peter Steer Clapham College 1944

35. Bombs which fell around the College and Norbury WW2

Map showing where Bombs dropped around Clapham College by the Luftwaffe in the Blitz 1940 to 1941.



It was fortunate that the College was evacuated during the Blitz, as bombs fell all over South London as well as the City and the Docks. As you can see one fell on the Common, opposite the School, another fell on Balham Hill opposite the Odeon, another fell where Majestic Wines is today [the old Odeon site]. One fell on Alderbrook Rd to the West of the College and two hit the College Grounds roughly where Brother Dunstan's Greenhouses were, at the entrance to the Paddock. It would seem that the decision, by the Government, to evacuate the school out of London was indeed a wise one. You can go onto the "Bomb Site" Web Page, on the Internet, to view an interactive map of where the bombs fell, both stunning & frightening..



The only "Direct Hit" was the far corner of Norbury - lucky!!

36. Francis Curie & his friend Bernard Fincham RIP

On 9 July 1943, a lone German bomber pilot, separated from his squadron, was flying low over the town when he discharged his bomb-load. Many of the victims were children, watching a matinee performance of Hopalong Cassidy at the Whitehall Cinema in London Road. It actually dropped among the cheaper seats, which were mainly occupied by women and children.

Amongst the dead was a 16 year old Clapham College boy, **Francis Currie** [Charterhouse]. Francis was in the 4th Year and was buried in the cemetery at the Xaverian College, Mayfield, alongside the Brothers who used to teach him. Witnesses said that after discharging the bombs, the pilot turned back and sent machine-gun fire along the street and approach to the railway station, adding to the toll of dead and injured comrades.

The Bomber had spotted a convoy of Army trucks travelling along the High Street and dropped eight bombs, causing the largest single wartime loss of life in Sussex. The bombs that fell on East Grinstead that day, killed 108 people and seriously injured 235 more.



Who would have thought as Bernard and his friend Francis were walking to the Cinema that July day that one would never go home again and that the other would be able to tell the story 77 years later.

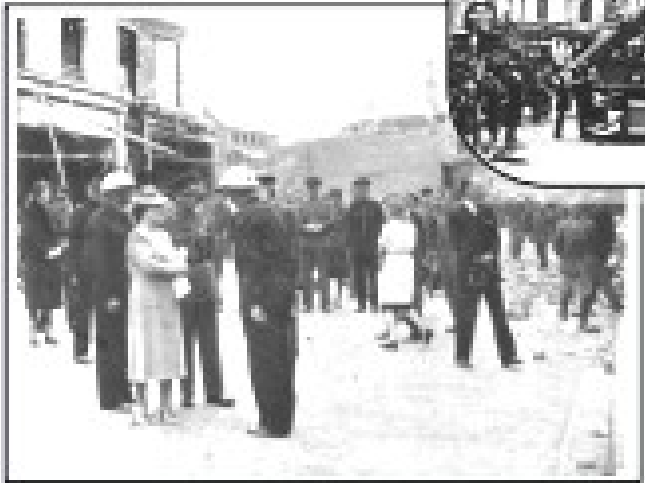
Bernard Fincham [CC 1935 to 1940] Alpha class, sent me the above account 6 years ago. Bernard often cycled home from East Grinstead. He cycled the 25 miles to Wandsworth and back at weekends to visit his father; his mother and sister had been evacuated to Seaford on the coast and his father was living alone in London. Bernard passed his matriculation, billeted in Sussex; where now he had been joined by a Sergeant from the Guards, who what been lucky enough to be evacuated from Dunkirk 1940.

Bernard returned to Wandsworth and joined Lloyd's Bank in the High Street. He was "called up" and joined the Lothian Border Yeomanry and served all over Europe as a wireless operator in tanks. He was involved in the Allied Crossing of the Rhine into Germany in 1945. After the War Bernard returned home and was married, retired to Beckenham, he passed away in 2020.

++ RIP Bernard ++

37. The Whitehall Theatre Bombing July 1943

The Whitehall Palace Theatre Bombing—1943



Queen Elizabeth visits East Grinstead



Bomb damage to London Road

CLAPHAM COLLEGE
at BISHOP FOX'S SCHOOL,
TAUNTON.

To the Parents.

The Easter holiday begins on Wednesday, March 28th., and lasts for one week.

Lessons for all the pupils will begin on Thursday, April 5th., at 9-45 a.m.

All classes will attend at the Bishop Fox's School.

There will not be any classes next Term at Clapham College in London.

Boys who have to be re-billeted will be notified by the Billeting Officer when they must return.

The parents are earnestly requested to make sure their sons return to Taunton in time for lessons on April 5th. The billeting problem is very difficult and was made more complicated still after the Christmas holiday by the parents' failure to send the boys back on the day appointed. Failure to comply with school discipline and arrangements results in loss of billets, loss of schooling and unnecessary added burdens to billeting and school authorities.

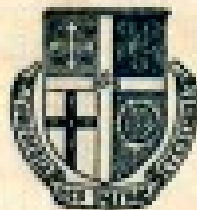
The reason for this short holiday is two-fold. First, it ensures the minimum loss of billets since one week's absence from a billet does not necessitate the withdrawal of the billeting form with, often, a consequent loss of billet. Secondly, if the war in Europe should terminate within the next month, the school would return to London and we then would be compelled to grant a fortnight's holiday so that we might prepare the College in London for complete school work. In view of the June Public Exams, and of the loss of this fortnight it has been deemed advisable to ensure as much schooling as possible immediately.

I look to the parents to co-operate to the full in these arrangements for what we hope will be the last Term we spend in a reception area.

The Headmaster.

COXA Post War Correspondence

The Clapham Old



Xaverians' Association

The Chairman:

E. P. KACHEL, A.M.A.,
124, BRADSTOCK ROAD,
STONELEIGH,
EWELL, GURNEY

The Secy:

P. F. TRUMPER,
18, BRICOTE ROAD,
EMFIELD,
MIDDX.

Tel. EWELL 5587

30th April 1946.

Dear Cernuschi,

Many thanks for your letter which I received a few weeks ago. It was very good of you to write to me and I am always delighted to receive letters from Old Boys and especially from those still serving overseas. Fortunately the number of the latter is decreasing as the demobilisation is helping to swell the ranks of the civilians quite a lot. I hope that you too will soon be back in the old country and then we shall have a chance of seeing you at our gatherings.

As you will have noticed we had quite an ambitious programme this season and generally speaking this has been successful. Unfortunately we found that not quite so many Old Boys were available as we had hoped and so we have put the Victory Dinner off until November. This will give a greater number a chance to attend, perhaps you also. The College is keeping us very busy with plans for a big garden party in aid of the Building Fund. The latter has now reached about £550 but that is a very long way off the target. Brother Nicholas has had to go to hospital for an operation and at present he is rather poorly. There is no danger but it will be some time before he is fit and well again.

Re your query regarding the Annual Subscription. This is 5/- per annum and covers the year to 30th September. The Current sub for 1945/46 is now overdue and I should be most grateful if you could arrange to let me have yours at your convenience. I notice that you have not paid a subscription in any year so far but I assume that this

is due to your absence in the Forces. During the war years we have not insisted on payment in every case but now that we have to cater on peace time lines we find that it is difficult to make the budget balance. Another method of payment is by paying three guineas which makes you a life-member.

Well I hope that you are keeping well and living off the fat of the land. Please do drop me a line again whenever you have the time to spare.

Kindest regards and best wishes,
Yours sincerely,

E. P. Kachel

Post War Time Letter written by the Chairman Eddie Kachel to Joe Cernuschi [BIP 2014] - imagine writing about 30 of these week on a typewriter [with no "spellcheck" or delete buttons]. It was a different world - but what a great COXA duty - Ed.

40 .The 1949 Inspection of Clapham College

Clapham College had been a respected Boarding School with famous pupils and a world-wide reputation. Amazing just before WW2 ONE there were no qualified teachers and only one had a university degree. The attraction was the "trust" in the Catholic Church and the reputation of the Brothers. This was a full formal Inspection - hadn't had one like this before, unfortunately it showed, they were not too happy.

MINISTRY OF EDUCATION



Report by H.M. Inspectors

on

CLAPHAM COLLEGE,
WANDSWORTH, LONDON

Inspected on

14th, 15th, 16th and 17th June, 1949

NOTES

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41. "Excuse the Quality, Feel the Width" [of the content] really poor copying.

their natural high spirits and spontaneous sense of humour. They carry themselves well and are friendly and well-mannered. The degree of poise which they have achieved derives in part at least from the easy friendly atmosphere of the classroom which is certainly another distinguishing feature of this School. The main out-of-school activity is undoubtedly Athletics and, although it is organised on a voluntary basis, virtually all boys get opportunities for coaching in a wide variety of field and track events. There are certain very unusual features in the Athletics of this School. Perhaps the most outstanding, which has already been mentioned, is the quite distinguished mountaineering club whose members climb, under the expert guidance of one of the Masters, in the Cumberland mountains.

The clue to the truly corporate life of this School is not to be found in any impressive list of School Societies for, apart from its many sided Athletics and its Mountaineering Club, they do not exist. It is rather to be found in the direction given by the Head Master—a direction given not only to the boys but also to their parents—so that the homes, as well as the School, are sharing, as they should, the common task of education.

APPENDIX

Numbers and Ages of Boys in Forms

Form	Total No. of Boys	Average Age on 31st July, 1949		No. of Boys in the School whose ages reckoned on 31st July, 1949 were :							
				under 12	12 and under 13	13 and under 14	14 and under 15	15 and under 16	16 and under 17	17 and under 18	18 and over
I a	33	Y.	M.	7	26	—	—	—	—	—	—
I A	31	12	3	5	24	2	—	—	—	—	—
II a	27	13	3	—	5	22	—	—	—	—	—
II A	28	13	3	—	4	24	—	—	—	—	—
III a	28	13	6	—	—	9	16	3	—	—	—
III A	29	14	3	—	—	8	20	1	—	—	—
IV a	23	15	4	—	—	—	5	17	1	—	—
IV A	27	15	4	—	—	—	5	20	2	—	—
V a	13	16	5	—	—	—	—	3	7	3	—
V A	27	16	5	—	—	—	—	6	19	2	—
VI	25	17	11	—	—	—	—	—	2	13	10
TOTALS	291	—		12	59	65	46	50	31	18	10

42. Physical Education and "the Corporate Life" of the College

single evening in the public at the time.

Games have to be played on public recreation grounds in Clapham, Wandsworth and Morden. In general, the conditions for play are below the standard associated with schools of this type. For example, in winter many boys never have the chance of playing on grass, for they must of necessity use shale pitches.

The gymnasium is small, is not designed on modern lines, and is only partially equipped with apparatus. Moreover, there is no changing room and no shower annexe, and the training therefore loses much of the hygienic carry-over value which it ought to possess. Nevertheless, the turn-out of the boys for exercise is very creditable. It would be a great advantage if some other place than the gymnasium could be found in which the boys could change and leave their clothes throughout the lessons. Perhaps, for example, an empty classroom might be used for the purpose. The boys should be encouraged to have a brisk, dry rub down with a towel after exercising.

The gymnastic training is in charge of an elderly Master who is due to retire at the end of the current term. He is conscientious and hard-working, but is somewhat out of touch with the best modern practice. The standard of attainment is not high, even though the conditions are unhelpful. A young, well qualified specialist Master has been appointed for next year and he will have the opportunity of co-ordinating the various activities, and also of making the gymnasium the focal point of the Physical Education scheme, and of giving to the work there a significance and interest which at present it lacks.

An appreciative reference should be made to the work of the Mountaineering Club formed in 1945. This Club has flourished under the competent leadership of the Master associated with it, and has attained an enviable reputation over a wide field for its varied exploits. Although the number of boys who can be trained in any given period is necessarily small, there are at present in the School many boys with a thorough knowledge of the Lakeland fells and mountains, and capable of leading technically severe rock climbs.

There is, therefore, no lack of interest, either on the part of the School authorities or the boys themselves, in a wide variety of wholesome physical activities, in some of which very creditable standards of attainment have been reached. When the defects in the accommodation for Physical Education, to which reference has been made, have been remedied, and deficiencies made good, and when those branches of the scheme which are now excluded from the time-table are included in it, a liberal physical education will be assured to all.

CORPORATE LIFE AND GENERAL CONCLUSIONS

The School is divided into four Houses named after the four foundations of Canterbury, Charterhouse, Glastonbury and Walsingham. Each House has a House Master but each is run by a House Captain. The four House Captains and the School Captain are the official School Prefects. Although there are officially only five prefects, all members of the Sixth Form undertake routine duties in and through the performance of which they are given opportunities to develop powers of leadership. One of the most significant features of the life of this School is the unobtrusive nature of the School discipline. The boys appear to have developed an unusual degree of self-discipline while retaining

Art

The Art Master, who is a graduate of the Royal College of Art, and himself a keen practitioner of drawing and painting, was appointed in April 1948. He is deeply interested in encouraging boys to carry out creative work of a kind that is natural to their age and aptitude, and he has already secured the interest of pupils who attend the art room in school hours, not excluding those with no innate ability to "draw". He has also been able to inspire them to take pleasure in the works of the great masters as well as themselves to draw outdoor subjects in the delightful school garden. He has, moreover, given weekly talks on the history and appreciation of art to the whole of the VIth form.

The Headmaster is convinced that art constitutes a valuable part of education if rightly taught, and he plans to provide the subject for all the boys in the school, with the possible exception of a few in the Vth form. Since the art room is less than 500 square feet in area, and there is no separate store, it is intended as far as possible to split forms in half. When this scheme operates there will be a full-time job for the Art Master, and it may be expected that the present holder of that post will adequately and worthily discharge increased responsibilities if called upon to do so.

As things now are, the Art Master has only his own reproductions for epidiascope talks. It is to be desired that the school should gradually build up a collection of its own and add to the library an art section containing books with plenty of reproductions.

Art and Music did OK in that 500 square foot room

Music

For all practical purposes the music of the School dates from less than two years ago, when the subject was re-started after discontinuance during the war. The Music Master, who visits the School on two days a week, has been responsible for the work during that time and has at his disposal two periods weekly in the first, second and third years and one period a week throughout the rest of the School. He is an excellent musician and a thorough and up-to-date teacher who, in most ways, is doing commendable work. He is certainly extending the outlook of the Sixth Form boys, who thoroughly appreciate his lessons, and in the first and second years he has obtained some creditable singing and encouraging progress in music reading. Any weakness that there is lies in the Third and Fourth years, which are handicapped by lack of earlier training. Here the Music Master has almost entirely dispensed with singing and music reading, leaving himself only with "appreciation" which interests some but, unrelieved by more practical work, is apt to bore others. This is an approach, however, which will doubtless be amended as the present Second year moves up the School, when part-singing will become the logical outcome of earlier practice in music reading.

As he visits the School for less than half of each week, opportunities for the Music Master to organise voluntary musical activities are limited. He is keen to undertake as much as he can, but as he cannot do everything priorities should be selected. He has already formed an orchestra from the handful of instrumentalists available and contemplates starting violin classes. This is an urgent task, but it might be better undertaken by another visiting teacher, leaving the Music Master free to concentrate upon the orchestra which these classes would feed, and upon the formation of a School Choir.

44. The History Department - looks well resourced with teachers

The Sixth Form set in English is small, but some of the work seen was promising, and the boys displayed a critical and intelligent appreciation of literature which showed careful reading.

The Library contains a fair number of English books, but the 19th and 20th centuries are not well represented, and there is a lack of reference books on literary criticism. The Library is open only to the Sixth Form, and there are no library periods, so that the main source of reading material is the Public Library. There is evidence that the encouragement of reading and the help in choice of books given by the English staff are having good results.

History

The Master in charge of the History holds a B.Sc. degree in Economics of London University. He is an enthusiastic historian and has continued to read under University guidance since completing his degree. He brings vitality and humour into the classroom and expects each of his pupils to make some definite contribution to the lesson. He encourages the younger pupils to borrow history books from their local libraries and some of the lesson time is spent in supervising the first attempts of these youngsters to read outside the narrow bounds of the text book.

He is helped in one of the second Forms and in both his first Forms by a Master who holds an M.A. degree of Oxford University. This Master has not perhaps as yet given sufficient thought to selecting from the text book material which is really related to the interests and inclinations of young boys. He is inclined to develop the lesson on strict text-book lines.

Some very interesting lessons were heard during the course of the inspection in the classes taken by the responsible Master. The main objective during the first three years of the course is to stimulate interest, and during the fourth and fifth years the boys are expected to gain a general picture of modern British history and of England's place in European history. The syllabus was discussed in some detail with the Master and various suggestions, which need not be recapitulated here, were made. The boys offer English history 1760-1914 in the School Certificate Examination and they offer the same period with the addition of European history in the Higher Schools Certificate examination. It was interesting to find that different special periods were being studied by many of the boys in the Sixth Form, the choice of the special period being wisely left to the individual student.

There is in general a certain liveliness in the work of very many of the boys. By the Fifth Form stage it reaches a satisfactory School Certificate standard. In the Sixth Form the boys show an ability to read and work by themselves. The standard reached at this stage is thoroughly sound.

Geography

The Master in charge of this subject has had considerable and varied experience. He undertakes all the teaching after the second year; the rest of the work has recently been done by a Master who has read Geography as one subject in a General Degree. The Senior Geography Master has soundly established his subject during the four terms he has spent in the School. It is evident that his first aim has been to foster interest in and a liking for Geography and, to this end, he is loyally assisted by his colleague.

Latin

All boys begin Latin in the First Form, and follow a five year course to the First Examination. A daily period is allotted to the subject. Normally, some boys have been able to drop Latin for Art after two years, but an experiment with non-graded forms is now being tried, whereby all boys will learn Latin for five years. The syllabus for the less able will be cultural rather than linguistic. Such an experiment, with the present range of ability, will need to be critically reviewed periodically in the light of experience and results.

Except for one form, the teaching is in the hands of a Master who is a graduate of London University. He is competent, painstaking and eager to enhance the status of Latin in the School. He is anxious to make the work interesting and enjoyable, and has ideas for doing so, but in his planning of the syllabus, his teaching methods, and the application of those ideas he allows himself to be constricted too much by Examination requirements. Consequently the amount of Latin reading done in the main course is small, and the tempo of some of the lessons too slow.

Latin has not been a very successful subject in the past, and there has been little Sixth Form work. But four boys are now studying Latin in the Lower Sixth, and there is reason to think that a small Sixth Form set in Latin will become a permanent part of the advanced course, and that generally the standard of attainment throughout the School will be raised.

There are a number of Classical books in the Library, and additions, especially of books on Roman History, have recently been made. No effort should be spared to ensure that they are readily accessible and frequently used.

Mathematics

The teaching of this subject suffered from considerable discontinuity before the Senior Mathematics Master was appointed early last year. His industry and his unobtrusive but effective manner are making valuable subscriptions to the sustained and purposeful work which is required for this subject to play its full role in the School. He is conscientiously assisted by a Master who resumed service in this School late last year. A Master who has served in the School for the last twenty-four years is responsible for the teaching in a second year Form.

The standard of work throughout the main school is very uneven, with a particular weakness in Geometry, but there is evidence of recent general achievement. The response of the pupils is a tribute to the efforts of the staff which provide suitable opportunities for confidence to be gained from attainment. So far as the more able pupils are concerned, it may soon be thought necessary to guard against the risk of failing to make sufficient demands of them by too much smoothing down of the obstacles to easy progress.

The content of the work has been carefully devised and its general treatment is soundly conceived. The oral work with written answers, which is a routine practice, assists rapid diagnosis of weaknesses and affords opportunities for remedial exercises. The members of staff concerned are rightly not satisfied with the present standard of work but some improvement is already evident.

The interest and industry of the Sixth Form students are undoubted but the style and quality of their work does not yet satisfy the Senior Master. As soon as is possible, a balanced source of reference should be created in the Library and, in this School at this time, it would be particularly appropriate to include a few books noteworthy for their mathematical style. This point was discussed during the Inspection.

Sci.

should be given to it. But even with the time that has been available the standard reached should be higher. Improvement is largely a question of drill and discipline. Evidently the boys have not yet grasped the fact that the fundamental rules of the language have to be learnt thoroughly before any real progress is possible.

It is strongly recommended that Latin should be dropped in Lower III. The spending of two periods a week on acquiring the language at this stage is pure waste of time.

Mathematics.

The standard of work in this subject is not up to the average. In the lessons that came under inspection the Sixth were doing contracted method sums in arithmetic and quite elementary trigonometry, and the Upper Fifth Euclid II and indices. Most, if not all of this, was revision, but the boys were by no means masters of it. The Lower Fifth were questioned on the work that, according to the syllabus, they should have done in the Fourth—quadratic equations and the elementary geometry of the circle. They had not heard of the former and nothing of value could be got from them about the latter. On the other hand, they did answer a number of questions on the substance of Euclid I. The syllabus is about the normal one for a school that does not make a speciality of its Mathematics, but the boys in the higher Forms seem to be about two terms behindhand.

The reason is not difficult to find. Between the Lower Third and the Sixth (the range of Forms that came under inspection) six Masters take a hand in the teaching. Generally speaking they do not "move up" with their boys, and it became clear during the Inspection that they do not know at all accurately what they can trust the boys who come up to them to know. In consequence they have to spend several weeks in exploring and filling in gaps, and so a little ground is lost each year. This time the Master who takes the Upper Fifth has been given the Lower Fifth too: this is a move in the right direction.

Lessons by all six Masters were seen. There is no incompetence; as isolated lessons all were satisfactory and several good. There is plenty of evidence of careful correcting.

The examination results are satisfactory. In the last three years seventy-four boys have taken Mathematics in the Oxford School Certificate Examination and fifty of them have gained at least the "credit" marks. Many boys, however, leave without reaching this stage.

Science.

Eighteen months ago two Masters who had just taken their degrees at London University were appointed. One had first-class Honours in chemistry, the other second-class Honours in physics; but neither had any experience. They are both promising teachers and already quite competent, though neither yet gets quite the highest degree of effort out of a class at practical work. The standard of work is already fairly high and it will almost certainly improve.

47. The conclusion of the Inspectors Report - Norbury from the air

Mathematics. The Library should be developed; at present only three sections had a good nucleus of suitable books. It was recommended that a small block grant be given to purchase books for the other sections. The Governors agreed.

Staff. 14 full-time and two part-time. In quality they were quite average, one or two were extremely good, and as a body they were keen and hardworking. All save one (who is nearing retirement) were graduates. H.M. Inspectors could say that, since 1932, both academic qualifications and teaching experience have been improved; but only a few Masters have that breadth of knowledge which transcends the boundaries of the subjects they teach. It was suggested, as vacancies occur, that this point should be kept in mind. The School needs at this stage in its development some teachers with a degree of scholarship. The Chairman agreed.

Organisation. There was little to say. The School was in a transitional phase of its development. H.M. Inspectors had observed with interest certain experiments: e.g. the absence of options, the nine period day and the abolition of grading. H.M.I. Mr. Wellings spoke on the possibilities of greater flexibility offered by the new examination system.

Corporate life. R.I. said that the panel had been very favourably impressed with the unobtrusive nature of school discipline. There was an unusual degree of self discipline; and this had been achieved without sacrifice of natural high spirits and sense of humour. The boys were well-mannered and there was a friendly and easy atmosphere in all the classrooms. An unusual feature of the athletics side was the mountaineering club. The clue to the real corporate life of the School was not to be found in the usual list of societies (they do not exist) but in the direction given by the Head Master, loyally helped by his staff to both boys and parents. The homes as well as the School were sharing in the common task.

In subsequent discussion one of the Governors raised the question of the school playing field at Norwood. It was urgently needed. Could the Inspectors help? R.I. promised that everything possible should be done.



1947 The Sports Field at Norbury is still requisitioned by the Ministry of Agriculture but after long negotiations we now hope that we may soon call it our own again. Even so, it will be some two years before we shall be able to use it for games and athletics. We are hard-pressed in the interim and if any Old Boy can help in the matter of finding a ground we can rent on two or three afternoons a week we shall be duly grateful. [It was laid out to Allotments for five years before it was returned]. [Concordia '47]

48. - The tragic death of Ken Riley 1945

Ken Riley and his brother Leslie were at the College from 1928 to 1935. Ken was an intelligent boy and a good sportsman [Head Glastonbury House]. Ken was a Captain in the Signals Reg. he excelled and had just been transferred to the Intelligence Corps. Below are contents of his kitbag.

List of personal kit of Captain K.R.J. RILEY. - RCS.(Deceased)

<u>KIT (in wooden box)</u>		<u>KITBAG</u>	
Jackets KD	1	Boots BD prs	1
Shirts KD	6	Boots leather brown prs	1
Slacks KD	4	Shoes leather brown prs	3
Shorts KD	5	Shoes buckskin prs	1
Epaulets prs	3	Shoes canvas rubber prs	1
Slip-on rank badges KD prs	5	Revolver holster leather	1
Belts	4	Stick leather covered	1
Stockings prs	5	Lanyard	1
Puttees prs	1	Ramrod pistol	1
Shirts Khaki	9	Watch Straps	4
Pyjamas prs	5		
Pullovers	4	<u>VALISE.</u>	
Shorts PT prs	2		
Bathing Trunks and belt	1	Sheets	5
Balaclava helmet woollen	1	Pillowcases	2
Scarf kaaki	1	Pillows	1
Towels	3	Raincoat	1
Sock woollen prs	15	Greatcoat	1
Gloves " "	2	Fleecelining	1
Handkerchiefs	12	Braces prs	1
Collars Khaki	10	Jackets SD	1
Ties " "	6	Trousers SD	1
Braces prs	1	Belt SD	1
Undervests	10	Sam Brown Belt	1
Underpants	10	Jackets BD	1
Shorts white prs	1	Trousers BD	1
		Bush Jackets KD	2
		Raincoat	1
		Suit case leather	1

(b) Articles of special sentimental or intrinsic value which have been sent to your office
 X by ~~registered post~~ via A.P.O. Siena
 on 28 April 1945.
 (Note 2) 1 Canvas Haldall, contents listed on A.F.V. 3170, (attached)
 Registered Receipt ~~is~~ attached.
 X A.P.O. Would not accept by Registered post owing to overweight

2. (a) The cash found amongst the effects and the preferential charges as defined on the back hereof and local debts have been dealt with as follows:—

<u>Receipts</u>		<u>Payments</u>	
To cash found amongst the effects	£ 7 1½	By cash paid by me for preferential and local debts due viz:	£ s. d.
(Note 5)			
Sale of Camp Kit	2-0-0	To Mess Bill:	2-9-
Sale of Tobacco Sundries	2-9-4	To Laundry Bill	3-
		To	2 3
		balance paid by me to Field Cashier	# #
		(Note 4)	

Ken's kit was sold for £4.16.5 pence, however, he had debts of £4.16shillings - tough times.

£ 4-16½

£ 4-16

49. Air transport Investigation into the crash in Italy, which killed Ken Riley

The Air Transport investigation into the aeroplane crash which took Ken's life and that of 21 other military. Two females had "hitched" a lift, they were not on the passenger list. The plane was overweight and hit a mountain in fog, near Naples. This crash that led to stricter controls on aircraft. Ken was a career soldier he died without fulfilling his potential.

RECORD OF SERVICE

SECTION I.—PERSONAL PARTICULARS

KENNETH RONALD JOSEPH RILEY.
 117 ATKINS ROAD
 CLAPHAM PARK SW12
 22 Jan 1919. London.
 BRITISH
 BRITISH.
 Xaverian College, Clapham Lane



PERSONNEL

DUTY	NAME (Last name first)	RATING	SERIAL No.	RANK	PERSONNEL CLASS	BRANCH	AIR FORCE OR COMMAND	RESULT TO PERSONNEL	P
(10)	(11)	(12)	(13)	(14)	(15)	(16)	(17)	(18)	
X	Henderson, C.M.	E	0-1102762	1st Lt	18	Avn Engrs -		Fatal	
X	Teaschner, Otto P.	X	16034232	M/Sgt	20	AAF	15 AF	Fatal	
X	Harrison, Woodrow P.	X	31243219	T/Sgt	38	AAF	7 Repl	Fatal	
X	Yates, Millicent	X	A-210104	Sgt	38	WAC	6720 Pl	Fatal	
X	Burkhardt, George	X		T/4	38	AAF	7 Repl	Fatal	
X	Zuker, Lisa	X	A-200820	T/5	38	WAC	6720 Pl	Fatal	
X	Caccippio, DominickS	X	32345866	T/5	38	Avn Engrs	941E	Fatal	
X	Abruzzi, Guido J.	X	31083136	Pfc	38			Fatal	
X	Sanders, Fred M.	X	17077266	Pvt	20	Signal	ABS	Fatal	
X	Sasik, Nicholas (NMI)	X	33058765	Pfc	38	Avn. Engrs	941E 3rd		
								burns, right and left	
								Fracture, ankle, left	

50. Poor copy of the Description of the Air Crash in Naples

The survivor was able to give an account of what happened. But inexperienced pilots, overcrowded and heavy plane flying in "unknown area" with no radar. *Recipe for disaster.*

DESCRIPTION OF ACCIDENT

(Brief narrative of accident. Include statement of responsibility and recommendations for action to prevent.)

At 0803B hours, 20 April 1945, B-17G #44-6441, pilot Lt. Francesco (not), took off from Bari with 22 passengers for Marcianise. At that time was CAVU at Bari and 1000 foot overcast with 2 miles visibility. From statement of survivor (Pvt Sasik) the pilot let down through the overcast and made a let down blind to determine his position. As the plane approached the south-west end of this valley the base of a low stratus deck of fog and haze it went in a right turn. From the pictures and also from the position of the final resting place of the aircraft. It is believed that the aircraft was attempting to climb with the ground was made 400 yards beyond the point of initial impact. The aircraft hit a 15 foot stone wall, completely demolished. (The wreckage) evidently rebounded from the wall to its final position and rear escape door. Rest of the bodies were concentrated in the rear of the plane by the pilot being himself, sustaining only 3rd degree burns and a fracture of the right arm. He was found 150 feet from the wreckage to the left. The pilot's body was thrown clear however she landed against the wreckage.

The aircraft was totally burned except the last 15 feet of the fuselage and the ball turret position backward. The plane was a total loss with no chance of recovering anything from the plane was destroyed at the time of the accident existing weather at his destination was overcast with 2 miles visibility. Top of the overcast was 1000 feet. Aircraft in the air at that time as 3500 feet with no ground reference. An instrument approach on the Capodichino range was not safe.

All responsibility of the accident lies in pilot error due to poor clearing, as the clearance shows, did not give a true picture of time of clearing. Neither was the manifest correct as contact, conditions of ground fog in the valleys and lack of instrument conditions on the route of flight. The pilot's clearance. The pilot, although he had completed the flight, was in the opinion of the board too inexperienced to be entrusted with the responsibility entrusted.

Responsibility for the accident lies in pilot error due to let down through an overcast in very unfamiliar

COLLEGE NEWS

School Prefects—1947-48

School Captain and Senior Prefect:	D. Quin
Captain of Canterbury	: R. Brookes
Captain of Charterhouse	: R. Connor
Captain of Glastonbury	: D. Hughes
Captain of Walsingham	: J. Sawyer

The scholastic year opened with 282 pupils on the Roll, the highest number in the history of the School, but by present calculations there will be 450 by 1951.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON EXAMINATIONS, JUNE 1947

Nineteen of the 21 entrants for the School Certificate and 6 of the 10 entrants for the Full Higher School Certificate were successful, while 4 of the 5 entrants for the Subsidiary Higher School Certificate reached the standard.

We look for even better results from this year's Form VI, which numbers 26 pupils.

STAFF CHANGES

The Staff lost the services of Br. Alphonsus who, after being here for 23 years, was moved to Manchester, where we hope he will be very happy. Tradition seems broken by such changes. Br. Dominic (History) and Mr. G. Smith (Music) joined the Staff which comprised, in addition to the two new members: Brs. Nicholas, Dunstan, Joseph, Damian and Messrs. McLoughlin, McNamara, Bambridge, Sheppee, Bharier, Wright, Naughton, O. Smith. The Superior of the Community is Br. Matthias.

We have to record the loss in December, 1947, of Mr. McNamara, who has been 20 years on the Staff, and of Mr. Sheppee, who has been with us 10 years. Mr. McNamara is to be a lecturer in Geography at St. Mary's Training College, Strawberry Hill, where he hopes to meet Clapham boys proceeding to the teaching profession, and Mr. Sheppee has joined the educational staff of Pathé Film Strips. We wish them every success and happiness in their new posts.

Four new masters have joined the Staff for the Easter Term, 1948: Mr. Blight (Maths.), Mr. Escott (Geography), Mr. LeFeuvre (Art) and Mr. Hodges (Physics). Mr. Hodges (Bernard), who was School Captain, 1941-42, won a scholarship to Oxford, where he graduated in Physics. He has until recently been teaching at St. Ignatius College, Stamford Hill. We heartily welcome him back to his Old School.

52. Pay up Manchester - we want our £300 back

Telephone:
Battersea 1462.

Clapham College,
Nightingale Lane,
London, S.W.4.

Dear Brother Martin, March 21st./49.

I have been informed that Clapham advanced a loan of £300 to Manchester. This is confirmed in our books and the date given is Dec. 8th. 1942.

Now that Manchester is overflowing with milk and honey, thanks to Clapham's help without interest, would you kindly help Clapham by returning the £300?

We have a considerable amount of repairs and decoration to be done for which we cannot ask the London County Council to pay; the above cash will greatly help to cover the cost.

I presume all is going well at X.C. Manchester; may it prosper.

Yours sincerely in Xt.,

Br. Matthias. CPX



I love the idea of Xaverian Ethos, the Brotherhood of Holy Order, but be honest these were Roman Catholics and it involves money. The real shame here is that when you loan some money, the onus is for the debtor to repay. Not for the lender to beg for their money back [it's embarrassing]. Hopefully Manchester paid their debt, @cos today that would be worth about twenty grand !!



Michael Creech 18/10/34 [Clapham College 1946 to 1951]

Joined Clapham College [Glastonbury] soon after the end of WW2. 1945 Living through the War in the Clapham area, bombed out and derelict homes could still be seen all around on my walk to school. Rationing continued until the early 1950s. We lived near the Windmill Pub, on the Common, rented rooms off Elms Road. Six of us sleeping in one room! War education was poor, because of the air raid warnings and evacuation. All my personal education took place within 10 minutes' walk from our home in Elms Road. **Notre Dame Infants** [on South Side Clapham College], **St Marys [mixed]** on Crescent Lane, and then **St Marys Boys** on St Alphonsus Road.

I was pleasantly surprised to pass the 11-plus “opening” my way for a place a Grammar School, Clapham College [just down the road!], even more surprised that I was in the “Alpha Group”! ..I'm truly shocked – no idea the Alpha was supposed to be the “top academic class” – I was a “A” [Ed]. Thus ended my academic achievements at that time. London had many single-sex boys grammar schools, but I chose the nearest to my home. My parents allowed me to make my choice – and I chose **Clapham College!**

My Dad had bought me a second-hand bicycle, that I used to get to and from school. All my books were 1930s “vintage” [ten years or more old], as were all the books at Clapham. Many were in very poor condition. I can remember the “teaching Brothers”,; - **Nicholas, Stephen, Damian and Dunstan** [Dunstan had been a Xaverian boarder in 1890!]. He had an extraordinary memory. Once I was in the playground when there was a mighty explosion, Dunstan came out through the smoke with a white towel around his bleeding hand. He had been busy making fireworks at break-time ...only at Clapham!

School discipline was bad, partly I think because of the rough boys from the Old Kent Road, [they know who they are] Clapham and Wandsworth boys were so “genteel”. Putting a bin above the door before a master came into the classroom and mixing various chemicals in the Lab to create unpleasant smells or toxic smoke just the tip of the iceberg of “behaviour problems”. Gambling with cards and betting on horses was another side-line [this is a “future” priest at a Grammar school writing!], occupied large numbers during playtime. Great excitement spread through the whole school, when there was news about sweets being sold at playtime in a tuck shop, pop, gum and a selection of penny sweets on sale – amazing as “rationing” was still in force. The Chapel was important with occasional masses and services and regular benediction. I suspect most boys would have been regular church goers, though playing cards in Chapel was not unheard of! Football and cricket were very popular. The Common, opposite the College, was not allowed to have any organised sport on it, so we were forced to travel to Morden for sport. I remember that so well, a practice match to select the First XI Cricket team. I was first in to face a “demon” fast bowler [I think “Nichols”]. I had no problem, hit some runs and was selected for the First XI, although I was in a much younger form. My Dad bought me my first “treasured” cricket bat. So often have I driven past Emmanuel School on Wandsworth Common, remembering the time I opened the batting, and carried my bat [though not scoring many runs].

Salesian College, were our main rival, were rarely beat them. So, most Saturdays were taken up by either football, or cricket. The Brother's schools in Mayfield and Brighton were also part of our fixtures list. I lived a busy hectic life away from school, enrolling in church bellringing. However, in my teens, academically I was slipping back fast. Exam results, and places/positions in class lists were displayed on the school noticeboard for all to see “no hiding place” with my name featuring about 25th [at least there were 8 places below!]. It was entirely my own fault. My usual habit was to do / complete homework in the morning, in the playground, just before the bell rang.

54. Father Michael Creech in the 1940s continued.....

I can well remember **Cecil Pocock's** first class [Geography "God help us", or History – more like it]. Unlike the normal staid and formal masters, he was actually bright, chatty and humorous. My younger brother **Terry** joined me for my last year at Clapham College. I always cherish that photo of him wearing my old cap [we shared it!]. Terry became a priest too, resident a Lourdes for years [see photo below.] Dad very suddenly died, leaving Mum with four children to bring up. I still have the lovely letter from **Brother Joseph** to Mum. School was also very kind to me, allowing me to come in late and leave early, o take young brother **Philip** to Infant School, whilst Mum went to work. I hope you could read my writing [I could easily] and that you find something of interest [I did – all of it ..Ed]....., Blessings, **Michael [Creech]**



Memory not good enough to remember names, in the photo above; event was first school fair in the late forties, 49 perhaps. A team of us marched to military music played on a gramophone. Lots of demonstrations of school work, with side shows, places for tea and drinks. It was opened by a popular English film Sir. He charged a fortune, I gathered. It was a first since the 30s so it was thought good publicity. After that more humble locals like the MP. Sorry can't be more helpful. Blessings, **Michael**



55. The Clapham Boys of the "Forties" lived through it's 50th Anniversary

Clapham College

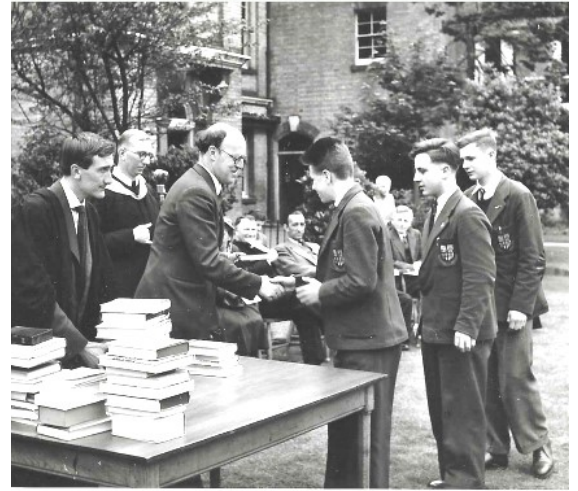


Concordia res parvae crescunt

1897-1947



Vlad fundraising for St Mary's organ



A proud Head Boy, **Vlad Felzmann** [now Mon Vlad, in charge of the John Paul Foundation for Sport] clutching the prize he received from Lord Longford.





The “Roaring Forties” changed the History of Clapham. Those Old Boys who lived through that decade have written their first-hand accounts.



Personalia - Old Boys Jottings

This small group of Xaverians, many in their “nineties” have been wonderful ambassadors of Clapham. The Clapham Old Boys were only formed in 1928, so many of these were their for the early years of the Association. Had there been any apathy from this small band we certainly wouldn’t be celebrating 125 years of the Xaverians and Clapham this year.

These Xaverians are now in their 80s and 90s and some of the wonderful stories and articles in Chapter 6 were written in the 21st Century to give us that rich legacy that will last for as long as this Association survives. These Od Boys are a direct link to the Xaverian Brothers, the Blitz, Evacuation, Tragedy and Glory, Sport and Academia and all this carried out under the banner of the Roman Catholic Church. **Michael Creech, Brian White, Peter Kelleher, Vlad Felzmann, Eddie Kachell Peter Steer, Bernard Fincham, Nick Lynch, Michael Nicholl, Patrick Gooch, Cyril Murtagh, John Keen, Perter Keen, James Robinson** and that wonderful exchange from the “long deceased” pair of Xaverian brothers **Aloysius and Alphonse**. Some of their colleague have passed in the 21st Century, but taken together, their memories and “scribblings” have made a very personal contribution to the Xaverian Archive.

As editor of this very “selective” History of we Clapham Xaverians I needed to attribute the part current Old Boys have made to this publication. As Chapter 7, starts to be collated I’d like the **Boys of the 1950s** to send me their thoughts, stories and experiences. The “Roaring Forties” have set the bar very high, dig out your photos too and name names. To conclude Chapter Six I shall add “pen pictures” of this group [through the “eyes” of someone who was born in **1951**].

57. Forties Personaliacontinues

Priests - again these were at the core of the boys of the “Forties”, I only count eight, many, any fewer than the earlier years. Some are still serving Mass and Vlad is putting us all to shame with his incredible show of fitness in his role and fund-raising events.

Monsignor Vlad Felzmann Clapham 1949 to 1957 [Head Boy] Walsingham, Wandsworth Javelin Champion [all sports] only he could be appointed as the CEO for the John Paul II Foundation for Sport [is Catholic Chaplain for Sport] [serves mass for the Old Boys]

Michael Creech [1946-51] active Old Boy priest, offers Mass on Remembrance Sunday in our Chapel. Michael has had a “love affair” with St Mary’s Clapham, it has dominated his life. The brilliant photo of him in his shorts, and his article, gives an insight into the man.

Anthony Richins [Clapham 1943 to 1951] completes this trio of characters. He affected everyone he came into contact with, you could never forget Anthony, an unbelievable character. Head was Chairman of Xaverians and chaplain at John Fisher. Of course, he had a full church organ in his house running through the ground and first floor. A true legend.

Tony Burnham, Michael Aust, John [Jim] Clinton and **Andrew Ebrihim** complete the “Magnificent Seven” priests of the 1940s. Apart from Andrew, who was the Rector of St Anne’s in Chertsey and affiliated to the Salesians [boo], the rest not “career priests”, but had full careers in insurance, administration and accountancy before they the priesthood.

Emigrants – there has always been a drift of Xaverians to far flung parts of the globe these Clapham boys on the whole made Canada and the USA their homes. Eight emigrated to North America [four each to USA & Canada] the other two [that I am aware of] ended up in Brussels and another in New South Wales. **Cas Lawrence** [1944-1950] after joining the Canadian Airforce became a commercial pilot in Manitoba Canada; **Rafel Przednowek** [1948-55] know as “Perch” [1944 to 1955], together with his brother John, recently joined the Association after a 60 year break. Rafal lives in Ottawa. **John Nash** [1948-1955] Charterhouse, was probably one of our most successful and revered “exports” to the USA, after completing his PhD [no, not at Clapham] he moved to the USA where he became a College lecturer. Professor John lives in Tennessee [at the most fabulously-named location “South Mountain View Circle Johnson City”, - beats “Balham”! John is the author of many books and papers [“he can be Googled”]. **Vincent Ennis** [1948-1955] the brother of 1970s **Chairman Tom**, managed to reach the “heights” of County Cricket Umpire, [after he returned from his Nat West bank duties in Brussels. **John Golton** “banked” in more exotic locations, working in the far East for Charter Bank; together with other postings, he worked in Kuala Lumpur and Calcutta, he passed his A.I.B. Exams in India.

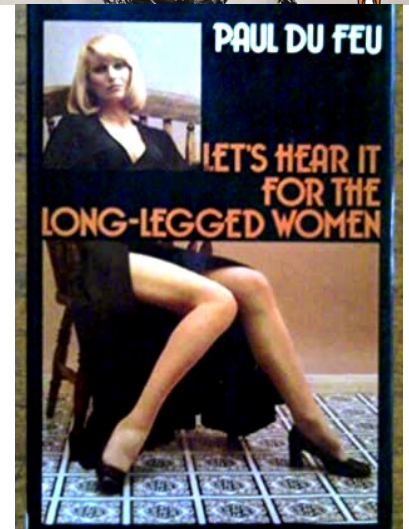
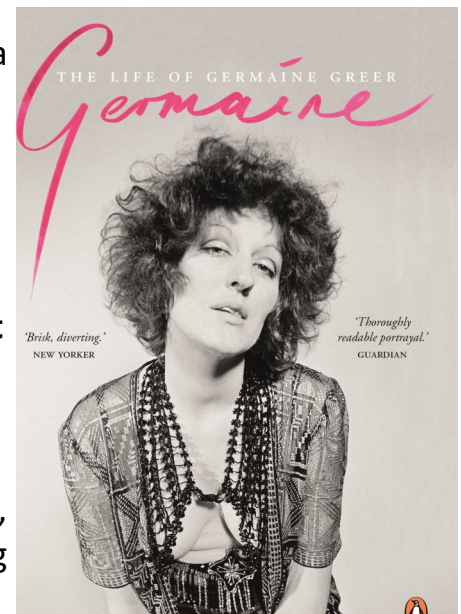
Finally, **Tony Tuft** 1941 to 47, emigrated to New South Wales, whilst **Denis Gerner** [1943 to 1950 emigrated in 1956 to Washington [they don’t often come back].

58. Interesting and Famous Xaverians of the “Roaring Forties”

What makes a Clapham Old Xaverian “interesting or famous”? I suppose we could start with normally “unassuming” **Gerald Burgess** [Canterbury 1946 to 1951, who in the 1958 COXA AGM listed his interests as “bloodsucking”. He obviously had a biological problem, because at the College he was convinced that “My heart is on the wrong side!”.

He’s closely followed [probably both in the famous and interesting columns] by **Paul Du Feu** 1945 to 1952, no great sporting or academic excellence her but In 1968 after being discharged from the hospital where he had been treated for alcohol poisoning, Paul met **Germaine Greer**, then an assistant lecturer at the University of Warwick, outside a pub in Portobello Road and after a brief courtship they married at Paddington Registry office. Later that year the Daily Express ran the headline **"I was Mr Germaine Greer"** "Our marriage lasted three-and-a-half weeks and that was three weeks too long!" [although their relationship continued for three years. Paul’s reputation as a super-stud grew with a string of beautiful and famous actresses and models, he had merchandised his whing-ding with Greer into the first nude centrefold of British Cosmopolitan, plus an insouciant sexual memoir, **Let’s Hear It for the Long-Legged Woman** .

Greer later recalled that she had been unfaithful Paul seven times during their short relationship, and she had spent her wedding night in an armchair because her husband, drunk, as he would not let her into the bed. Eventually, during a party near Ladbroke Grove, Paul turned to her, and sneered (drunk as usual): 'I could have any woman in this room.' 'Except me,' she said, and walked away forever. After this, Paul posed in British Cosmopolitan, thought to be their first almost-naked male centrefold. In 1973 he also published an erotic memoir, *Let's Hear it for the Long-legged Women, for which it is claimed he was paid more than Greer had been given as the advance for her 1970 work The Female Eunuch.*^[7] He was **Ted Hayter’s “mate” at Clapham!** Paul died in Oakland California



aged 77 after a full and varied life. Not bad from a boy from Wrexham, with an exotic name, educated at Clapham College, with a King’s College Degree he met Greer in Chelsea he’d been working as a builder!



59. More Famous and Interesting from the “40s”

Sir Peter Brookes 1941--1947 [House Captain Glastonbury] emigrated to New Zealand. **Bernard Plummer OBE**, now living in Cambridgeshire, Charterhouse Head Boy. 1951. **Sir Nicholas Scott [MBE]** 1944 to 1951- Minister of State for Northern Ireland, was in the RAF excellent cricketer [again a friend of **Ted Hayter**]- he once scored 145 runs v Eton. His batting average was impressive: during a 16-year playing career for the Lords and Commons he scored over 2,000 runs, and in 1972 posted an average of 238 runs. He fought for the humanitarian causes as a Conservative MP, his views often swimming against the tide of Tory opinion. Nick spoke out against discrimination of foreign students and demanding more nursery education. In 1968 when Labour Home secretary James Callaghan proposed immigration limits on the entry of East African Asians with UK passports, Scott swam against the tide and refused to join the Conservative shadow government in supporting the limits. He was one of the first Conservative MPs to speak out against Enoch Powell's 1968 anti-immigration speech. With the advent of the Heath government Scott stuck with his principles opposing the sale of arms to apartheid South Africa. An honourable man and revered Xaverian.



Brian Baldock OBE, 1945-52, Canterbury. Good cricketers and Chairman of many large global corporations. Born in 1934, Brian Baldock was educated Clapham College. Following three years National Service, he began a career in international business. Six years with Procter and Gamble, nine with Smith and Nephew, Director, then onto the Board of Revlon [International] in Paris. Recruited by Courage, he returned to the UK in 1978 was appointed Managing Director Leisure & Retailing in the Imperial Group. The to the Board of Guinness in 1986 as Dev. Director and was appointed Chairman and Managing Director Guinness 1987, and Deputy Chairman in 1992. He retired from Guinness at the mandatory age in 1996. He was awarded the CBE in the 1997 Queen's Birthday Honours List. He was Chairman of Sygen International plc from 1966 to 2002, a Non-Executive Director of Marks and Spencer plc from October 1996 and ultimately to Chairman in June 1999. Previously he was Director of Cornhill Insurance from 1996 to October 2002 and Director of Dalgety Corporation plc from 1992 to 1996. He is currently Chairman of MENCAP.



At the 2008 Sir Kenneth Cork Lecture at the Octogen, he was the “ Key Speaker” for the Charter Management Institute, he famously said

There is no middle ground in the modern business just “winners” and “losers”; and he should know after his 40 years in the “business trenches” - who but he could give such a holistic “Helicopter View”?

60. More Famous Xaverians of the 1940s

In terms of “Talented Xaverians” we have **Bruce Watson** 1948 -1954 a professional trumpeter, who played live on several editions of the Ken Dodd Show on ITV.

Michael Milligan 1949 to 57 moved to Norfolk and ended up serving for many years for the RLBA on the Cromer Lifeboat. **John Cooper** 1944 to 1949 eventually moved to Plymouth where his experience lead to a career in TV, eventually becoming Head of Films for



Westward TV. **Michael [Mik] Hodges** 1944 to 1952 [Glastonbury] became a talented photographer, travelling the world taking photos, he followed Princess Margaret on her Colonial Tour of Africa in 1965, he eventually moved to Hong Kong as a newspaper photographer for the Hong Kong Gazette. **Mike Fitzgerald** was a twin and joined Clapham in 1948, he went on to teach, bind books in his free time and became Mayor of Maidstone. **Brian Holohan** Clapham 1947 to 1954 was a bright boy, who went on to work as an engineer/designer for De Haviland, later working on the Blue Streak Missile. The next two appeal to me more.. **[Engleman 1948]**[no Christian name] which is apt, as he was the only non-Catholic in the Year! **Danny Assirati** 1946 [Canterbury] is another fall-back to the “famous relations group”, his Uncle Bert was the British and European Wrestling Champion. Then there were the “traitors” those Clapham Boys who played for other OB teams, the name gives him away..**Frank Ferrett** played football for another Old Boys team,..as the COXA Captain reported it at the time “I couldn't believe my eyes”! **“BJ” Burton** 1947, worked for the Met Office on a Metrological Ship in the Atlantic, reporting back the weather.

John Egan, 1944 to 1949, Charterhouse, worked in insurance, but served as a Councillor for Enfield Council, eventually appointed the Mayor. **Albert Stallion** 1948 –1953, what an appropriate name for an entrepreneur who frequented Aintree and owned a chain of Betting Shops. Who could forget the 70 plus year-old at the Chairman’s Lunch with his new, young Far Eastern bride. Do any of our “Forties Lads” remember **Anthony Ajle Van-Stenne**, 1943– 46, not a name you’d forget easily. This Old Boy of Dutch decent went on to manage a sugar plantation in Trinidad. **John Dennis Reddaway**, 1943 to 50, who caused consternation when he entered his occupation in the Members Book at the AGM as “Anarchist”, later amended to Architect! **John Laurence** 1943 to 45, was only with us for a short time at Clapham, but his talent moved him on to become the scriptwriter for Tommy Trinder [one for the Fulham fans there]. **Michael Barry** 1942-49 did OK for himself and become a solicitor in Epsom and “Freeman of the City of London”. **Peter Hughes**

61. And finally... Old Boys who served COXA for decades.

These guys from the 1940s Clapham College intakes are all multi-talented [and I have to apologise to anyone I have left out]. I have highlighted 100 plus Clapham Lads who started in to 1940s, whether it was in East Grinstead, Taunton or Clapham. If anyone reading can think of “obvious omissions” please contact me with their details [even if it’s you] and I’ll add them to the online version. This is the same story for all Decades!! The archive after all will never be a “Science”, neither mind you is it a “Work of Art”! So

Loyal Xaverians - apologies if you feel this group has more talent than my “loyal Xaverian” offers; I suggest is write in and I’ll upgrade [there is no Grading Committee].

Eugene Doyle 1942 to 1948 emigrated to Connecticut USA, Vice-President of the Irving Trust, USA. **Paul Arthur [Tiger] Allain** 1944-1953 [named after Moscow Dynamo keeper], would that have been “Tiger” or “Arthur”?

Tony Morrish 1944 to 1953 [Charterhouse] - a loyal Xaverian active participant both at College and for the Committee, Athletics, Football, Cricket, one wonders where he had the time to become a successful businessman as a Director of British Road Services.

Michael Weir 1948 to 1954 Canterbury. Apart from sport and Customs and Excise there wasn't much about Mick - apart from this clip from the 1961 Concordia.



MICK WEIR has recently forsaken H.M. Customs in favour of something excisable: a post with Ind Coope. About the same time, his wife, Jean, presented him with a son and heir, Timothy — any connection? We leave that to our amateur psychologists.

Patrick Gooch 1948 to 1956 Canterbury - Footballer/Cricketer, then designer and author. **Paddy Butler** 1945 to 1952, now living in Salisbury, one of our oldest Members. **Peter Browne** 1945 to 1956 legendary table tennis player and high scoring footballer, if you look at his strike-rate of goals and the many decades he played for the Xaverians he MUST be our **highest-ever goal-scorer**. [anyone disputing this, please contact Peter direct]. And whilst on “the Brownes” is **Colin** [Pete’s son] the **Xaverian with most appearances?** [still playing in 2022]. **Paul Kanssen** 1948 to 1955 Charterhouse, and still a regular contributor to Concordia, with photographs and snippets of news, talents in Advertising, Printing & Graphic Design, are probably advantageous. **Aiden Corish** 1948 to 1956 [Head Boy] Charterhouse, Imperial College, Civil Engineer, Blue Circle Cement, an Alpha and chess player.....almost there.....

62. More Loyal Clapham Xaverians

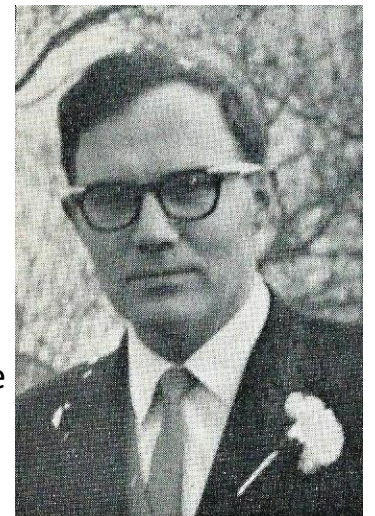
There could be a book written on the last names from the “Forties”, but restrictions on space means the briefest of “Pen Pictures”.

Brian

Sanders 1947 to 1955 [Captain of Walsingham]. Apart from a slight miscalculation on Brian’s side and a short time at Wimbledon College teaching, Brian has given three quarters of a century service to the College, the Teaching Staff, the Committee [as chairman too] cricket, football, table tennis and provided **FOUR sons** for the College and Old Boys. A man and teacher of “Trips”, well over 200 to France. Unbelievably, for the nicest, politest man I have ever know, he’s a Peckham Boy and Millwall Season ticket holder [and of course Surrey CCC; [for many years he was seen in the company of his best friend **Dave Slattery** 1947 to 1954 RBS Manager. [Canterbury].



Ted Hayter 1945-1951 Glastonbury a legend of words and humour Head Teacher St Joseph’s Primary Sch., Cricketer. If you listen to him probably the biggest advertisement against National Service, didn't much like Yorkshire. Started his career in a sleazy night-club on the Thames. Managed to get into “The Times” as the oldest opening batsman in England. A fantastic advert for you are as old as you act [he’s neve grown up fully]. COXA Chairman and Committee Member for seventy years. ...”they threw away the mould...”



E. J. HAYTER

Denis Quinn 1946 to 1954 Head Boy and Charterhouse, brilliant scholar, Committee Chairman and loyal member, he fought to get our Building Fund back, but HM Gov’t won. Played football and cricket for both School and Old Boys and donated his beautiful cricket blazer to our Archive. Denis was very proud of winning the Senior High Jump on School Sports Day, with the “Western Roll”.



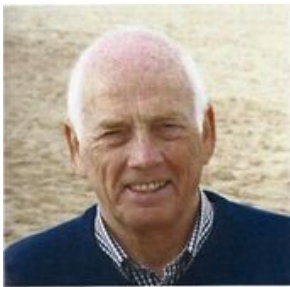
63. The “Forties” the year that goes “on and on”



Henry Pinsent 1944 to 1951 Charterhouse - outstanding sportsman [footballer and athlete]. What a man, what a loyal servant to the Old Boys. Again falls into the legend, humble, polite categories .



Amazing fitness in both body and mind . Excelled in Maths and rose to the position of Senior Maths Lecturer at Chelsea College, University of London. Headed that old leather football as if it was a beachball, his “leaps” to head the ball were amazing, even as an older man. Sorely missed.



John Keenan 1947-54 [Captain Glastonbury] School 1st XI Cricket Capt. Manager of Castrol Oil [Wakefield] Chairman of COXA. . John was Chairman from 1971 - 1974. John's played football for COXA 1st XI but his real passion and talent was at cricket. John was an outstanding cricketer [left hand fast bowler] took 133 wickets in one season for his chosen team - **Old Thorntonians!!!**

Denis Gamber 1945 to 1954 was another unforgettable Clapham Old Xaverian. He had a fabulous sense of humour and quote “was areal gentleman”. In “real life” Denis was a Bank Manager. But he “came alive” in COXA. In those early days having a car was a great way of being selected for the Lower Teams. Somehow Denis managed to get a goalkeepers shirt and what looked like “Biker’s Gauntlets” and with this tools was selected at 4th XI Captain. His goal kicks were toe punts and he wasn’t very agile [he was getting on], but he was accepted by his young team as skip and keeper. All the other duties, hospitality, subs, lifts and reporting back to Derek Rowe we a doddle for Denis. He was a footballer made for Old Boys football. Denis was of Italian decent [real name **Denis Gamberosso**] his daughter is a mutual friend of The **Frank Barretta** family.

Peter Freddi 1944 to 1949 was another Xaverian who gave years of service to the COXA Committee and was a talented well-liked sportsman . Peter worked in Insurance and had a “Kensington address and he loved his football.

Apologies if the Pen Pictures of the Boys of the Forties went on too long, but there was so much on them in the Archive, it could have been even longer. They clearly were the solid foundation this Association was built on; it is great that in 2022 some will see this tribute.