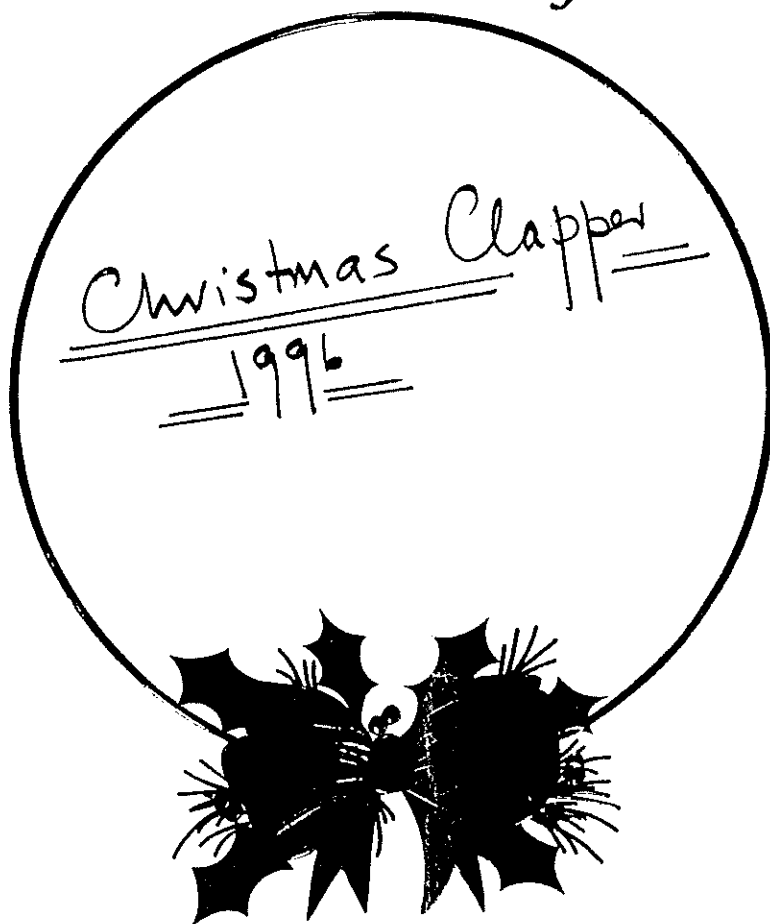


Clapham Xaverians 1897 - 1997

Season's Greetings



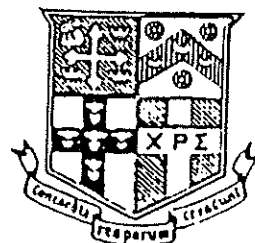
Inside:

Clapper - great or grating ?

A Glasgow schooling - the 6th XI's Jimmy Sanderson remembers

Marianne Thornton: on the bicentenary of her birth, the crammer's guide, from Sheila Rowe.

Nick Scott's not having his best year; Henry Pinsent recalls their early days.



CENTENARY YEAR

The Chairman, Brian Sanders, writes:

Just in case any of you out there are still unaware of the momentous occasion that is fast approaching - though it was briefly mentioned in the last Clapper - September 1997 marks the Centenary of the opening of Clapham College. The College itself may no longer be with us, but there is still an educational establishment bearing the name of St Francis Xavier, on the same site and the Clapham Old Xaverians' Association is still flourishing, numerically probably as strongly as ever, and we on the committee are confident that all members will want to associate themselves with the Centenary celebrations. They have in fact already begun; on Sunday November 3rd, a COXA XI played football against a St Francis Xavier XI, including staff and pupils in competition for the Derek Rowe Challenge Trophy, this to be competed for annually. Else where in this issue you will find a calendar of events culminating in a Mass and a Dinner in September 1997. Various kinds of souvenirs will also be available.

As your chairman, which at this time especially I feel to be a great privilege, I urge you all to do two things;

1) give your support to as many of the events as you can.

2) try to help us to make contact with as many Old Xaverians as possible who, for one reason or another, may no longer be on our mailing list. That includes former staff as well as pupils. I and any member of the Committee will be delighted to hear from them

In the meantime, I hope to see large numbers of you at the events planned. It is YOUR Centenary Year - enjoy it!

Brian Sanders.

CENTENARY THOUGHTS 1997

Please note that calls to support any events listed here do not automatically designate those events as dull. Live a little.

Jan 10th: Lunch at The Oval; see Mick Power for last tickets, this will be 100-handed. Tea-totalers welcome, but that's not where the value is, that's for sure. Call Mick on 0181 644 9873 or Brian Sanders on 0171 639 4430

Feb to be finalised: If you have never been to a Jim Thornton-hosted quiz, then your poor old brain cells have never had the holiday they deserve; you know it all? prove it

March 16th: COXA Vets versus League Representative Vets XI at Norbury. As usual there will be lots of old guys on the pitch and even more on the sidelines commenting on how fat they've got. Major beer session, don't drive to the ground if you are anywhere within cab distance - you'll regret it if you do - these events are a bit more-ish.

April 12th: Race Night at Norbury. If we could only get the O'Flynn's and Wilson Bowers' mum to this event, then it should be well up with the great nights of the eighties.

June tba If you're going to watch the test match, you might want to do it in Old Xaverian company; we hope to secure in excess of fifty tickets.

July 17th: Mayfield picnic, time to resurrect this family date.

An "Old Fogies" night and a Golf Day are also being arranged for later in the year, details in the next Clapper.

Nov 5th, 1996.

C.O.X.A. Old Boy makes the front page of The Times -yet again!

Cricket was Nick Scott's main game but he also enjoyed playing football. We both played an occasional game for the Old Boys in the early 1950's. In those days C.O.X.F.C ran two teams- just- both organised by Tony Brinn, who also refereed the home friendlies. C.O.X.F.C weren't in the Old Boy's league at that time, as far as I remember. Nick Scott was busy working towards the National Chairmanship of the Young Conservatives, so we were glad when he could spare the time to play. He scored some fine goals, and unlike me, had the advantage of kicking effectively with both feet. Since we were both playing as inside forwards (under forties please consult your parents!), this meant we never had any arguments about my preference for playing on the right.

Earlier, when we were in the fourth year (Year Ten) in 1947, Nick's father ran his own football team for his two sons Nick and Chris and some of us from the school. One member I remember was Insole, a difficult and determined defender to get round, who left school in 1948 and later became an airline pilot. It was not long after the end of the war and pitches must have been difficult to come by; the team used a large disused bomb site in Clarence Avenue to play on (probably where a school is now sited).

The pitch had decided drawbacks. It did have a certain amount of grass in places, but in general you had to be careful to keep your feet. This was because of the bricks and hardcore lying just below the dirt surface. Sliding tackles could be attempted with safety but only if you were in the know (probably only the home team would be) and remembered where you were on the pitch. We actually played Chelsea F.C. junior team on this pitch but for once it did not help us much. It was a great honour to play Chelsea of course, but losing ten-nil was all we achieved after 90 minutes of hard defensive play.

Nick's father was a policeman of rank- a superintendent, or

an inspector. I remember him being quite interested to discover I had had my bag searched one night in Streatham High Street by two of his plain-clothes men. Drugs were not on the scene in those days of course. I had no idea what they were looking for but it certainly wasn't for a wet towel, a pair of muddy boots and a load of dirty football gear.

Over the years I have followed Nick's progress with interest. He had a very difficult and nerve racking job for many years as a minister commuting to Northern Ireland. I must admit when he turned up for the final 'do' when the old college closed, I wondered if we might all be the I.R.A.'s target for tonight. Glancing around at all the Old Boys I had never met before wasn't at all reassuring. None of them looked like M.I.5 bodyguards, with bulging pockets. The only bulges were waistlines.

Finally for anyone reading this who is interested in astrology, Nick and I were both born on the very same day in 1933. Besides both being at the same primary and secondary schools, he was M.P. for Chelsea while I worked at Chelsea, London University. However, for some reason or other, the stars must have been misleading. Why didn't I make the front page of The Times today as well (or, indeed, any of the other pages?) To console myself for neglect by the press, I am now in the very act of studying Nick's close-up photo. Quite naturally he does look a little worried. But remember he is a fighter. And maybe he does look his age a bit more than I do? Yes, there is no doubt about it, he does....

* * *

By the time you read this we will surely all know if Sir Nicholas did or did not get re-re-adopted for Chelsea and Kensington. I hope so, and I further hope that maybe eventually he will, later rather than sooner, become Lord Scott of...Chelsea...or Clapham...or perhaps even of C.O.X.A.

Why not?

Henry Pinsent

Readers Write



Dear Dave

I have already spoken to you about the "tone" of Clapper; I try to be fairly broad-minded, but even I winced at one two of the items in the last issue. I personally have had three complaints of varying degrees of seriousness and, when subscriptions were being collected after the Annual Mass, one member of long standing, refused to pay this year in protest at the items I have alluded to. Don't forget that we now send Clapper to a Bishop and a large number of priests, as well as a large number of Old Boys that we are trying to dig up in the Centenary year.

I'm sure you understand,

Brian Sanders.

The Editor replies:

I have only printed this letter, which is part of a more general correspondence, to perhaps stimulate some debate; naturally I do understand Brian's sentiments, but.....

Whether Bishop or bordello pianist, if you are an Old Boy, you get the Clapper. Chances are that you went to the School; chances are that you experienced, as I did, the full spectrum of joy, educational excellence, avuncular indulgence by some teachers, discovery, lifelong friendship, savage bullying, sadistic teaching methods by other teachers and, the puberty thing. All this together, which is why we are still together, in our little gangs.

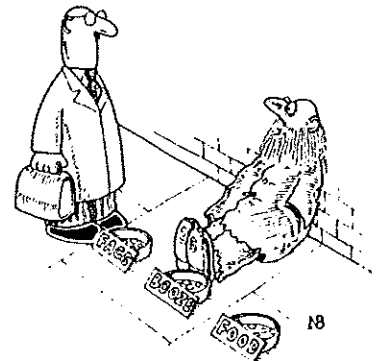
This quarterly does not recognise your wealth, success, public position, marital status, or state of Grace. Nor does this Editor consider the Clapper to be some kind of a Parish magazine, despite the obvious connections which we all have or had with the Church.

I would rather any complaints had come direct to me, especially since it should not be one of Brian's duties to hand out bollockings, however mild. The three complaints are, as yet, unspecified, although perhaps I could guess on the subject matter. The complainant who withheld his subscriptions (not a man of the cloth, since they are honorary members) must have some trouble with his television at times; I accuse him of oversensitivity but forgive him, since perhaps immediately after the Mass is not the best time to discuss Clapper.

Lastly, I only write when you lot don't. It's a crappy job and I don't want to do it. Let's not have people leaving just because they think my sense of humour is a bit off colour; get rid of me instead.

If you've got any thoughts, don't think 'em, write 'em.

David Leathem.



'I like to present a balanced investment portfolio'

From Alan Fulker
White Lodge
17 Overhill Road
Wilmslow Park
Cheshire SK9 2BE

By kind permission of Brian Sanders

Dear Brian,

Thank you for dropping me a line recently, and enclosing the latest Clapper. I am sorry I needed prompting to pay my subscription as I really do enjoy hearing news of people that I had much closer contact with before I left the Capital for the Northwest. I enclose a COXA standing order form for future years so that senility and Alzheimer's becomes no excuse!

Each year I read Clapper there is obviously less mention of familiar names but it is nice to recall memories through the currently listed villains: Eamonn Taggart (where's Gerry?), Kevin McKenna, Jim Thornton, Roy Hartnett, Vic Roszkowski, Young Dave Leathem, Paul West, Mick Power, Ben Benedict, Mick Grice, Eddie O'Brien - I played football or the odd cricket game with all of them and was saddened that my career was nipped in the bud at the tender age of 36, when I moved north.

Since I moved up here I have been involved in youth team football management, U-11s to U-16s, which I enjoyed immensely, and now I referee matches in the older age group regularly. I also go to Manchester United home games.

No news of John McGuire or Colin Garvey in the current issue; I hope they are well.

Thanks again for writing, Brian - I do indeed remember your vain efforts to get me through French A-level and I'm sorry that I did not do you justice. Career-wise I survived (I think you were also Careers Officer when I left the sixth form) and am now Finance Director of a small group of companies near Crewe. Unfortunately, I rarely get down to London these days and there is little possibility of dropping in to Norbury - but who knows?

Best wishes to all for Christmas and the New Year; I think a Centenary Tie would be an excellent idea; does anybody remember the old one?

Regards, Alan Fulker

p.s. I saw John Condon who was in the same year at Clapham, for the first time in twenty years a short time ago and he has promised to meet when he is next in this part of the world.

From Douglas Hadida
37 Ashleigh Road
Mortlake
SW14 8PY

Courtesy of Brian Sanders

Dear Brian,

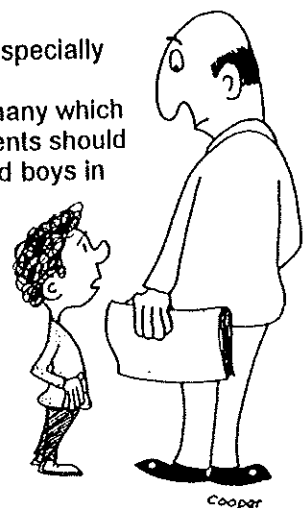
Much enjoyed the annual Mass and the convivial gathering which followed.

I was certain that I could entice my brother (Michael) along to the Jan 10th lunch, especially his being a member of the MCC.

As chairman of his manufacturing group he has to attend his Trade Show in Germany which opens on Jan 8th. He was therefore extremely disappointed to find that the two events should clash, especially as he is always promising to join me to meet up with "long lost" old boys in his year. Perhaps for the next one in 1997?

Kind regards, Douglas.

p.s. I will be relocating to Kingston-upon-Thames in January.



'Was I really found in a packet of cornflakes?'

From Alan White
25a Warrington Road
Ipswich
Suffolk
IP1 3QU

Courtesy of Eddie O'Brien

Dear Eddie,

just a note to let you know of my new address as above. I recently bought a dental practice in Ipswich and have moved all the family up here.

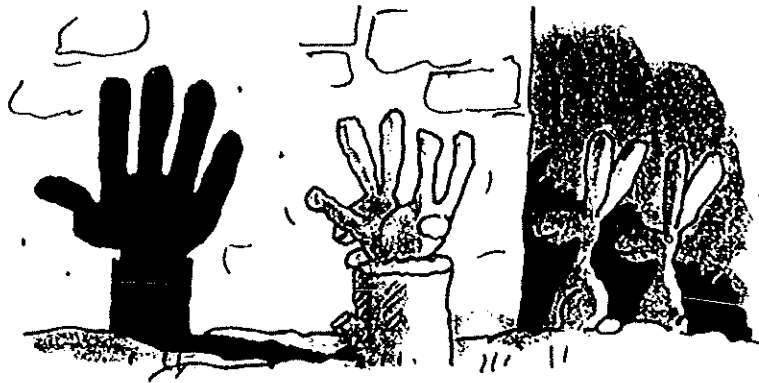
Enclosed is a cheque for £10 to cover my subscription,
Kind regards,
Alan White.

(Editor's note to Alan White: if Wilson Bowers makes an appointment, NO ANAESTHETIC.

From Brian Sanders

Annual Mass of Remembrance, Sunday November 10th, 1996

"What a wonderful day", "The best Annual Mass I have ever been to". These were just two of a number of unsolicited comments heard after this year's Mass. History was made when the Mass was celebrated not by two priests, as we had half expected, but by three. Fr John Condon and Fr Michael Chandler were joined by the new St Francis Xavier College Chaplain, Fr David O'Connell. All three were bearded, (is this a new trend?). After the Mass we enjoyed the usual hospitality, first in the College refectory with coffee and biscuits, then in the Plunkett Club with beverages of a rather stronger type. It was good to see our priests staying to the end. We cannot guarantee that future Masses will coincide with a christening party in the club, with copious amounts of free food being offered to us, but we do look forward to next year's Mass with renewed enthusiasm. Hope to see you there.



Marianne Thornton of Clapham

Marianne Thornton was the eldest child of a prominent banker Henry Thornton. He came of a wealthy family of merchants and bankers of Yorkshire extraction who first settled in Clapham in 1735 on a site near the present Clapham South tube station.

Clapham was a village, low-lying and marshy but about 1750 the Common was drained, trees planted (some said to be brought back by Captain Cook from his travels) and it became ringed with large houses built by wealthy merchants who went back and forth daily to the City in horse drawn carriages.

Henry Thornton, Marianne's father, was a rather remarkable man. He bought a small manor house called Battersea Rise, added to it, shared it with his friend and second cousin William Wilberforce until he married, and built two other houses in the grounds for two like-minded friends, Grant and Eliot (who married William Pitt's sister).

These men together with the influential rector John Venn (for whom Henry Thornton's father built Holy Trinity Church) together with the Macaulay family who lived near Plough across the Common, formed the nucleus of the famous evangelical "Clapham sect". Thornton and Wilberforce went into Parliament in order to further the reforms they had at heart - ending the slave trade, mitigating harsh punishment of criminals, improving factory conditions, emancipating Catholics, reforming Parliamentary election procedure and providing education for the poor. They founded the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the Society for Bettering the Condition of the Poor at Clapham. This last was a sort of embryo social security service and provided for health visitors, smallpox inoculation, fumigation after fevers, and provision of home nurse.

Hannah More at Cheddar, pioneer of education for girls, was a close friend of Henry Thornton. They believed that education meant that "knowledge is obtained, proper dispositions acquired, and a right character formed".

Henry lost no time in putting his precepts into practice with his eldest and favourite child Marianne. She practised writing by writing out her father's invitations to his friends, arithmetic by doing the household accounts, reading by reading aloud the "Morning Chronicle" to him. Not only was the child aware of all the activities of the committees which met in the famous Oval Library which Mr Pitt had designed, her father would talk to her about them and even come to her bedroom after an important Parliamentary session to tell her what had transpired.

Marianne was drawn into this work from childhood, and when her parents would go to inspect a school would be expected, child though she was, to teach younger children what she knew. She was a quick, intelligent and lively child evidently impatient of boredom for "Marianne", said her father, "should learn to bear dullness". Life wasn't all earnest endeavour. Battersea Rise was a lovely house in beautiful spacious grounds where the children grew up with plenty of playmates, fun and mischief. Marianne had eight brothers and sisters and plenty of cousins, uncles and aunts living near. When she grew up she travelled all over Europe and sent back lively accounts of it.

Marianne never married. She lived at Battersea Rise with her brother Henry for many years, then at a house on East Side, and the part of her father's work that she was most interested in and continued was the provision of education for girls. There was a school for Tradesmen's daughters and a Ragged School, but her favourite concern was the teaching of infants. She founded a school for about sixty "babies" aged 2-8. On a mattress in one corner the youngest had their rest in the middle of the day, sung to by the elder ones. They learned reading, writing and arithmetic. Marianne edited and partly wrote a series of readers for them. She didn't forget to provide treats for them too and there is an account of a Feast on the lawn in 1824 where over sixty infants, all under six, had carts, rocking horses, swings, "baby houses", sugar plums, gooseberry pie and cake. She was born in 1797 during the Napoleonic wars and died aged 90, the year of Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee.

School v The Old Boys

Mark Preece promised to organise a report of this event, but since he is unfamiliar with the words "piss-up" and "brewery" in the same sentence, the report will wait until next year. However, Mickey Walsh, punter, skiver, subs-dodger, bigot and voice of the clubhouse had an opinion.....

Well, nothing changes; me and Leathem and Bren Williams and Chris McGoran and Vic were all left on the sideline as usual. Okay, we might be fat or old or ginger, but Pettley even sneaked a game. Still, the Old Boys went marching in with heads held high as the School crept back with tails between their legs; it was important to win the first Challenge (for a fantastic trophy, by the way, donated by Sheila). I had a word with Spencer McGuire after the Game, and he sportingly admitted that "they matched everything we could throw at them. We came out fighting in the first half; they came out fighting in the first half. We set out on some mazy runs, so they set out on some mazy runs. So then we created some really good chances and they created some really good chances, but we couldn't put our chances away and they couldn't put their chances away either, so when it came to half time I gave our lads a good ear roasting but I think that their captain must have given his lads a good ear roasting because they came out after the interval willing to give it all they'd got. Luckily our lads were willing to give it all they'd got after which they turned the heat on a bit and played the possession game so we turned the heat on a bit and played the possession game....."

Anyway, the 6-4 scoreline more or less reflected the difference between the two sides, that being that we scored six and they scored four. Although Mick Power had done sterling work in the catering area, they even failed to match us in the bar, going down to the away bar bills ruling, several of their team being red-carded for drinking coke, and doing their homework.



*'Think positive - you've filled in
your last tax returns'*

Personalia:

Roy Hartnett got a right result last month when Vicki presented him with their first-born, Sam. Roy's looking all tired and responsible these days, but captaincy of the rampagingly successful Fives takes his mind off nappies for a couple of hours on a Saturday.

Gaye Webb, who looked like she'd been hiding all the footballs for the early part of this season, turned out to be eating all the pies in preparation for the arrival of the beautiful Francesca; Steve wet the baby's head in good style at O'Neill's (once the White Hart) in Crystal Palace. Brendan Williams was notably drunk on this occasion, as was Spencer. The Editor was, as usual, no better than you would expect.

Among the revellers that evening was Gary McGuire, fearless fullback and boyishly handsome git. Gazza finally found one too good for him on the last Saturday of November and was hospitalised with a sprained back. Everyone present feared much worse, so we hope to see him back in the side soon. Cliff says "Get well soon".

The Editor's bruv, John, finally jumped the broomstick in good style on September 28th. Heidi, his bride thought she knew his family well enough, but there was some Gold Medal celebrating at the Hilton in Croydon. Other sometime "Old Xaverians" such as Neil, Peter (Tour matches only) Michael and James, let the side down in fine fashion. The Editor was second in charge only to his dad.

Mick Power tells me he got a "Returned address unknown" Clapper back from a life-member, P.C. Furey of Port Elgin Ontario; we think he may be the brother of Rev G.C. Furey, deceased. Can any readers help?

Mick also updated the Life Clerics list prepared by Paul Barber. Names and addresses have been included (Paul's writing is good enough to save me typing them out) in this issue.

Brendan Kearns was spotted at the Plunkett club after the Mass; Brendan used to turn out for the football section before defecting to the Commercial Union. His promise of a fiver for membership has yet to materialise and perhaps brother Eamonn will chase him up.

Sean O'Sullivan won £25 in the November draw. Although Sean is often at the Norbury Bar, we don't have an address for him. Next time at Norbury, SOS, get a pony from the bar and we'll put it back. (then you can get a jug).

Other November winners: Mrs P E O'Connor (£100) & Andy Brannon (£50)

October: Spencer (£100) : Vic a bullseye; John Sheridan (£25)

September: John "Bambi" Norton (£100); Gordon Power (£50) and Kevin Horkan (£25)

Richard Clark, a former football team secretary in the 60's (he captured Mick Power for the 3rd's way back when), will be joining Mick and the Keenans, Colin and Peter for a beer at the Pied Bull in December. Richard has lived in Norway for some years.

News from Nick Crean that brother Frank has married recently; brother Brendan has moved from the Woolwich to the Pru and hopes to take up Vets football. (For those who missed their silky skills, Nick and Brendan were all-too-brief additions to our ranks in the eighties.

Without reducing this note to a post script, the sad news of Bill Madigan's death reached us recently. A proper obituary in the next Clapper. Rest in Peace.

November 1996

COXA - Life Clerics list.

The Rev. Fr. Patrick Best.
13, Heights Terrace,
The Citadel,
Western Heights,
Dover
Kent CT17 9DU

The Rev. Fr. Michael Chandler OFM Cap
20, King Street,
Canterbury
Kent CT1 2AJ

The Very Rev. John Gordon OFM Cap
Provincial Curia,
Franciscan Friary,
Carlton Road,
Erith,
Kent DAB 1DN

The Rev. Fr. Michael Creech CSSR,
Our Immaculate Lady of Victorias,
Clapham Park Road,
Clapham SW4 7AP

The Very Rev. Jeremiah Canon Cronin,
Deerwood Drive,
Rainham
Kent MEB 9PG

The Rev. Fr. James Conis, LCL, MCL,
Cathedral Clergy House,
Westminster Bridge Road,
London SE1 7HY

The Rev. Fr. Timothy Finigan, MA, STL,
7, St. Bride's Close,
Erith,
Kent DA18 4DT

The Rev. Fr. Kevan Hayden,
47, Brook Road,
Thornston Heath,
Surrey SR7 7RD

The Rev. Fr. Patrick Houlihan WF,
Catholic Church,
Tregenna Hill,
St. Ives,
Cornwall TR26 1SE

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Cyril Canon Murtagh,
St. Lawrence,
12, Station Road,
Petersfield,
Hants GU32 3ED

The Rev. Fr. Anthony Richers, BA, FCP,
26, Bullham Park Road,
London SW12 8DU

OBITUARY

24 Oct 1975 The Rev. Fr. Dermot Whyte, S.I.,

12 Apr 1981 The Rev. Fr. Roderick J. Cuning, D.D. (Westminster)

17 Dec 1982 The Rev. Fr. Terence Turner (Southwark)

22 Mar 1990 The Rev. Fr. Gerard C. Furey (Southwark)

21 Mar 1991 The Rev. Fr. Michael Curtin (Southwark)

28 Feb 1992 Dom Alphonsus Tierney OSB

22 May 1994 The Rev. Fr. Michael J. Lynan (Middlesbrough)

R. I. P.

I can find no trace of the following:

" The Rev. E.A. Mead

The Rev. M. M^cQuiggan

The Rt. Rev. Peter Smith,
Bishop of East Anglia,
The White House,
21, Upgate,
Pringland,
Norwich NR14 7SH

Dom Joseph Wawilow OSB,
St. Mary's Abbey,
Quarr,
Ryde,
Isle of Wight PO33 4ES

The Very Rev. Garry Canon Pierce, B.A.,
St. Mary's,
Coulston Road,
Old Coulsdon,
Surrey CR5 1EF

The Rev. Fr. Edward Lumley-Holmes C5SR,
% St. Mary's, Clapham,
Clapham Park Road,
London SW4 7AP

Hello Dave;

I thought this story might amuse Clapper readers and give some insight into school life in my home town of Glasgow back in the fifties. The school badge consisted of a great big bumble bee sat smugly between the letters S and B, standing for St Bernard, the patron saint of beekeepers; sad to say, it was many years after leaving school that I and many of my schoolmates learned that the collective noun for bees was a swarm and not a shower as we had so emphatically been led to believe.

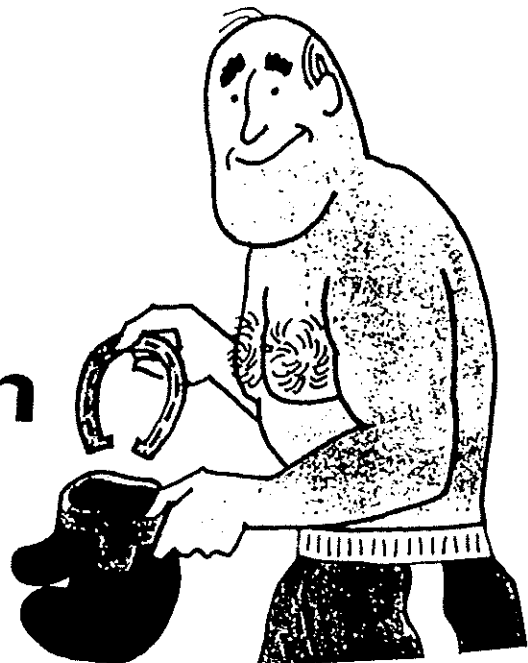
MASS EXODUS: Every Friday, the first three periods were given over to Religious Instruction; we were obliged to attend Mass at St Bernard's Catholic Church. Failing this, you could attend your local Parish Church. This was an ideal opportunity to lie in late and later tell lies. On one such occasion, Tids Murray, Obie and I on being confronted by the Headmaster stated emphatically that we had attended nine o'clock Mass at St Vincent de Paul, and Fr Sweeney had read Mass; Skelfie Reed was called upon next to account for himself and, in his infinite wisdom, or total deafness, repeated all we had said for the exception that Father McCallion had read Mass. "Come out here at once, you lying little toad!" the Head cried. Poor Skelfie, who had attended Mass for the first time since his First Communion and had told the truth for the first time in his entire life, thought he had God and all the Saints on his side and was more than miffed that the Head could not see his Halo.

HOLY SOLES: We were all poorly shod in those days and Skelfie was no exception, the only footwear he had that did not let in water was an old fashioned pair of football boots; as he marched down the old parquet floor you could be excused if you thought there was a regiment approaching - rickety - tickety-tickety-tick (his mother got everything on tick.). Skelfie proceeded to plead his innocence, the Head would have none of it from such a noted liar, and produced his leather strap. Skelfie had truly never felt so cleansed but this was no time to be a Martyr; he fled the classroom. He may have earlier sounded like a regiment, but this time as he hot-footed it along the veranda, he sounded like a runaway train. The janitor down the end of the school nigh on had a heart attack, thinking the Glasgow to London train had jumped the rails. Meanwhile Tids, Obie and I looked towards the heavens and thaked God all the prayers we said in the classroom had been answered. It was of little consequence to us if from that day forth, Skelfie remained off the rails; we may not have saved our souls, but we saved ourselves a bloody good leathering.

P.S. To appreciate how well loved by one and all Skelfie was, a skelfie is a Scots word for a tiny splinter which gets under the skin and is painful and irritating.

All the best, Jimmy Sanderson.

the will to win



CLAPHAM OLD XAVERIANS' ASSOCIATION

COXA MEMBERSHIP - STANDING ORDER FORM

Please transfer from my/our account number
bank sort code

Name and address of your Bank/Building Society

The sum of £5.00 immediately and the sum of £5.00
on the 1st day of SEPTEMBER 199 and at ANNUAL intervals thereafter.

To the credit of : CLAPHAM OLD XAVERIANS' ASSOCIATION
SORT CODE 40-01-07
ACCOUNT NO 90232459
MIDLAND BANK, BALHAM HIGH ROAD, LONDON SW12

Name Signature

Address Signature

(for joint account where both signatures are required)

Date

COXASS - 400 CLUB - STANDING ORDER FORM

Please transfer from my/our account number
bank sort code

Name and address of your Bank/Building Society

The sum of £..... immediately and the sum of £.....
on the 1st day of 199 and at MONTHLY/QUARTERLY/ANNUAL
intervals thereafter (delete as appropriate).

To the credit of: CLAPHAM OLD XAVERIANS' ASSN SPORT & SOCIAL CLUB
SORT CODE 72-00-05
ACCOUNT NO 83056903
GIROBANK PLC, BOOTLE, MERSEYSIDE, GIR 0AA.

Name Signature

Address Signature

(for joint account where both signatures are required)

Date

PLEASE POST THE ABOVE TO :
MICK POWER, 37 WAVERLEY AVENUE, SUTTON, SURREY SM1 3JX. (TEL 0181-644 9873)

C. O. X. A.

HONOURABLES - 37 COUNTY ROAD, THORNTON HEATH, SURREY CR7 8HN

GENERAL COMMITTEE

CHAIRMAN * BRUCE SANDERS, 19 LIMSFORD ROAD, SE15 3BX
TREASURER JIM DAVORN, 21 TOWNLEY ROAD, SE22 8SR
SECRETARY SUELLA ROBE, 50 NORBURY HILL, SW16 3LB
VICE-CHAIR * LONIE O'BRIEN, 54 KRISKINE ROAD, SUTTON, SM13 3BQ
MEMBERSHIP TED HAYTER, 5 GARDEN ROAD, BROMLEY, KENT
CRICKET KEVIN HOKKAN, 11 GRAVENEY ROAD, SW17 0EG
FOOTBALL * DAVE LEATHAM, 31 KEM PARK ROAD, SE25 6UD
NORBURY * ALAN WARBACE, 36 ARCOL ROAD, BECKENHAM, BR3 4PA
HVC CLUB * MICK POWERS, 37 WALTERLEY AVENUE, SUTTON, SM13 3JX
BAR TREASURER STEVE PARKER, 38 MOFFITT ROAD, THORNTON HEATH, CR4 8PU
ERIC TOPE, 88 BICCON HILL, SE19 3HU
* PAUL BARBER, 19 MATHAM GROVE, SE22 8PN
JENN MANSI, 9 THE CHASE, NORBURY, SW16 3AE

CENTENARY COMMITTEE

IN ADDITION TO THOSE MARKED * ABOVE
COLIN GARVEY, 84 NORBURY HILL, SW16
HARRY MELLOR, 2 SYLVAN HILL, SE19 2QF
VIC ROSZKOWSKI, 100 CHEVIE T ROAD, SE27 0LG

AVAILABLE NOW
CLUB TIE £5 BOYS TIE £12-50 prices include prep
Chowies payable to C. O. X. A.; Mick Powers is the contact.

IN THE CLUBHOUSE - JANUARY 4th

DRAUGHT BEER - £1 per pint.
BOTTLES - £1 each.

HAPPY NEW YEAR