

## The 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary reunion, 2007

### Ode presented to 50th Anniversary reunion of 1957 Geography students by Clive Woosnam

#### Geoging miles and memories

When we arrived at UCL  
In nineteen fifty seven,  
We came prepared to work like hell;  
Instead, we found a heaven.

We lived a PRINCEly life on MEAD;  
FRENCH bread, BROWN ale we'd harbour.  
And, kempt and couth, we'd seldom need  
A visit to the BARBOUR.

Some joined a choir, performed a play  
Or practised sax or tuba,  
While females tried to keep at bay  
The sinn-stirred Karl SINNHUBER.

We tramped the Breckland and the Weald,  
Through kale and green kohlrabi,  
But never strayed too far afield  
From H.C. 'local' DARBY.

At lectures we were seldom late —  
Attendance sheets a riddle —  
When we signed E. C. Postlethwaite  
For poor old Colonel BIDDLE.

Fifty years on, we still survive:  
We're all here, near as dammit.  
It's exercise keeps us alive  
And walking on the planet.

Now everyone's a rambling fan:  
Life's race is run by walking.  
And we know where it all began —  
Our Term One trip to Dorking!

## Reflections on the reunion:

### Fifty years on

The great reunion: come what may,  
It couldn't be a failure,  
With people coming all the way  
From US and Australia

We've changed a bit — we're mostly grey  
We don't think we're so clever.  
We eat less, drink less, get more pay  
And talk as much as ever.

We've knights, tycoons and diplomats  
Within our ranks these days,  
For geographers wear many hats;  
Careers move many ways.

Dave Bowen tangled with a tree,  
While poor old Doctor Mead,  
Still riding though he's 93,  
Was let down by his steed.

We saw the new department rooms;  
I wondered how I'd cope  
In subterranean labs like tombs  
With my own microscope.

In our day Latin was required  
Not chemistry; perhaps  
It was an age to be desired:  
Our key resource was maps.

We scorned The Mousetrap even though  
Its record run was playing.  
Five decades on, we choose to go —  
Whodunnit? We're not saying.

Reunions only take their place  
If someone leads the way.  
So many lists and names to trace —  
Give thanks to Tub and Kay!