

MILL HILL MAGAZINE



THE MILL HILL SCHOOL MAGAZINE, AUTUMN, 1978

EDITOR:	Martin Gafsen
HON. SECRETARY:	Tim Levine
LITERARY EDITOR:	John Winter
SENIOR EDITORS:	Rob Fox (Rugby) Rufus Rottenburg (Minor sports) Robert Froomberg (School News) Bruce Kingsley (Societies) Tanya Woolf (Houses)
PHOTOGRAPHY:	J. Mathias A. Harvey L. Comoy
ARTWORK:	N. Ng C. Mellor J. Moody
JUNIOR EDITORS:	G. Hillman, S. Israel, P. Robin, A. Rodbert, G. Coren, P. Kingsley, J. Davis, D. Macdonald, F. Scolaro, R. Perkins, R. Harkavy, H. Mistry, G. Bewsher, N. Lillywhite.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank:-

Gowen Bewsher for the administration of the magazine.

Mr. Winter for his valuable advice and his wife for her hospitality.

Front Cover: The Portico

*Drawn by Dennis Flanders in 1957
and reproduced by kind permission
of The Illustrated London News.*

EDITORIAL

Lately the School's numbers have swelled to over five hundred, bringing home to me the nature of our multi-racial community. In the school there appears to be little animosity between creeds. Quite surprisingly Chapel acts more as a focal point for everyone than as an incitement to racial intolerance. Nevertheless, there exist destructive elements in Mill Hill who unwittingly cause offence by their frivolous quips. If such remarks are allowed to pass without comment there is a danger that their use will become more widespread and their tone more malicious.

This is sadly reflected in Britain today, where even second and third generation immigrants still arouse the fear and enmity of those longer established. Although there are groups seeking to combat these racist factions they may well prove counter-productive, in that they serve as an advertisement to such contagious beliefs and run the risk of making them fashionable.

We in the School should endeavour to uphold the School's traditions by doing our best to encourage an atmosphere of tolerance.

CONGRATULATIONS

to

Juliet Newport on the award of an Exhibition in Modern Languages at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

and

Martin Hodgson on his Exhibition in Engineering at St. John's College, Cambridge.

HEIL, CAESAR!

A tiered stage. Left foreground, a bridge table, Trebonius partnering Caesar, Publius with Cicero. Centre rear, a game of craps. On the right, the man Shakespeare called "lean and hungry" approaches Brutus and begins his subtle insinuations.

John Bowen's play is a fascinating attempt to re-write a classic in modern terms.

The play begins not at the Roman games but at a gaming club. Telephones replace messengers and television the market place as means of communication and Caesar's murder takes place in a Parliamentary Committee and not the Senate.

But, in the finest of traditions, Bowen finds that his characters and plot refuse to follow their intended course and whilst the start of the play is Shakespeare's, the end is not. A new story unfolds.

Once the murder has taken place, our Brutus goes on television to explain that the coup was necessary to preserve the Republic. Antony, a serving officer, demands the right of reply and, as he speaks, his supporters in the army effect a second coup forcing Brutus and Cassius to flee. Civil war ensues. The Republicans are obliged to rely upon the support of General Messala but the battle is lost as the uncommitted forces align with Anthony and Octavius.

Tim Stringer chose a plain stage for his production and makes good use of lighting, sound effects and pre-recorded television film to accommodate the rapid changes of scene.

Denied the beauty of Shakespearian verse, the entire cast speak with great clarity and the opportunity for humour is seldom missed.

The tempo of the first part of the play is slow. The conspirators, as if shaken by the nature of their task, stand rather than move on the stage. There is no doubt who is cock of the walk and these scenes belong to Nicholas Litton in a delightful, earthy performance as Caesar. Corinne Mellor (Calpurnia) and Tanya Woolf (Portia) demonstrate their concern for their husbands. Susannah Williams is a resonant fortune teller and the television manner of Alexander Nissen as the local newscaster leaves nothing to be desired.

Of the conspirators, Jeremy Culverhouse (Casca) has a natural sense of timing and stage manner. Ashley Fulton (Trebonius) has a long time to wait for his moment of action but seizes it gratefully to sink his knife into the neck of Caesar. For Michael Petter (Decius) his finest moment is his last as he suffers the tortures of Antony's troops.

From the moment Antony exercises his right to speak on television, the tempo of the play quickens, the actors respond with great confidence and the success of the production is assured.

As the battle approaches, the protagonists reveal their different characters. David Wild (Messala) is the professional soldier; Christopher Jackson (Lepidus) the embarrassed millionaire; Simon Herrington (Octavius, Caesar's heir) the younger generation, brash and abrasive. James Leslau displays the changeable character of Antony, in peace self-indulgent, on the screen persuasive, at war ruthless.

The play reaches its climax on the eve of battle when Brutus and Cassius confront each other once more. Not whispering now, but shouting, they denounce each other. Both actors give well sustained performances and have their finest moments in this scene. Michael Harris portrays Cassius as a shrewd, calculating, sometimes sneering politician who uses his eyes as well as his tongue to speak for him. Richard Tray's Brutus is always a man of dignity. He shows Brutus to be capable of leadership, desiring to do what is

right, but naive, susceptible to the unscrupulous. The play is the tragedy of this man. In a world where the hard practical men win, Brutus will lose.

As Cassius slips away to the hills with Brutus' wife Portia to continue a guerilla war, Brutus, the idealist, dies.

A.K.T.

The Simon Slater Acting Trophy was shared by Nicholas Litton (Julius Caesar) and James Leslau (Mark Antony).

CAST

Cassius	Michael Harris
Brutus	Richard Tray
Trebonius	Ashley Fulton
Cicero	Sean Edwards
Julius Caesar	Nicholas Litton
Publius	Robert Harkavy
Waitress	Clare Lewis
Casca	Jeremy Culverhouse
Mark Antony	James Leslau
Television newscaster	Alexander Nissen
Portia, wife of Brutus	Tanya Woolf
Fortune Teller	Susannah Williams
Calpurnia, wife of Caesar	Corinne Mellor
Decius	Michael Petter
General Messala	David Wild
Caius Ligarius	David Macdonald
Committee Secretary	Harriet Stack
Octavius Caesar	Simon Herrington
Television director	Douglas Morris
Army captain	David Norman
Soldier	Lakis Georghiou
Lepidus	Christopher Jackson
A.D.C. to Messala	John Snart
Radio Operator	Adam Davis
Stage Manager	Drummond Gear
Assistant Stage Managers	Andrew Carne, Tim McGowan
Stage Staff	
Guy Bewsher, Dave Kelly, Patrick Rawson, Timothy Hodges, Richard Mackinder, Paul Stevens, Adam Craig, Mark Baxter, Mark Dooyeweerd	
Prompter	David Macdonald
Tickets & Programmes	P. M. Spiers, Alastair Miller, Alastair Scott
Projectionist	Nigel Fawcett
Sound and lighting	David Nunn, Jamie Lewis
Make-up	C. Benton, N. Lillywhite
Box Office	Mrs. E. Winter, Mrs. T. W. Corbett
Stage Electrician	Sister C. Hosker, B. G. Slater
Sound Effects	H. Morgan
Wardrobe Mistress	P. H. Thonemann
Soenic Director	B. G. Slater
	Miss M. Adnams
	P. W. Herring

Produced by H. S. STRINGER

CHAPEL

The Head Master preached on the first Sunday and again just before the end of term. The very last Sunday saw our Carol Services and we ought to record for subsequent history that nowadays we have very few trebles amongst the first-year boys—a big change from, say, ten or fifteen years ago when we had twenty-five or even thirty.

During the term we had a Harvest Festival taken by the Chaplain and on another Sunday the service was arranged by a West Indian Choir. We also welcomed Fr. Brian Doyle again, our ever-popular Roman Catholic neighbour from Damascus House.

On Remembrance Day we were indebted to Mr. J. A. Turnbull, who left in the summer, but still lives on the campus; he shared his thoughts with us most movingly on the subject of "Remembrance".

Week-day mornings have produced some very worthwhile occasions and we are grateful to all who have taken time and trouble over preparation.

It ought to be recorded here that, as a sort of adjunct to Chapel, we had two very instructive evenings in October when Rabbi Michael Leigh and members of his congregation explained and demonstrated Jewish customs, and members of the London Brahman Society gave instruction on Hinduism and some very beautiful girls, in very beautiful saris, entranced us with their religious dances.

Angus Nisbet and Glen Boyd have been very willing and efficient "Chapel Managers".

H.W.S

EDITOR'S CHOICE

"FIRE!"

With casual tranquility the shell
Soared on cordite wings carrying
A beak of explosives. Barrier after
Barrier, it glided gracefully, a golden
Gleam on its wicked, black body.
High it soared, high, then dived
For its catch: the slow, dull destroyer
Darting lethargically looking for kills;
It couldn't see, action blinded it,
Wallowing in its mighty cradle.
Down, down, faster than a parachuted
Tin soldier, punching a swarming
Horde of lethal blows through the ducking,
Jerking atmosphere; solid Might
sailing gracefully against Patience.
The fish swerved desperately,
Its mighty bows gleaming in
Water-shod vanity. Tiny parasites
On board walked the planks of fate,
Not feeling approaching death.

Closer raced the eagle,
Last vestiges of soaring wonder
Gone. It felt the ship move.
"Hold!" it screamed, its forceful
Knowledge precipitating the dull
Lethargy of the fish into
Evasive action. Down soared
The shell, down, down,
Approaching its creation:
The misfired shell.

H. MISTRY

A BRIEF ENCOUNTER

It was a chilly winter's morning, as the silver Porsche Turbo sped through London's suburbia. The driver's destination was Wolverhampton where he had to go for an important business meeting. If he clinched the deal it would mean a forty-per-cent rise for him. It was not that he needed the money, it was that his wife wanted the extra for, well, you know, the usual feminine attractions. Anyway the young executive was coming up to the M1 with two hours in which to reach Birmingham, when he saw a tall, blond man of about his age holding up a placard which read 'BRUM PLEASE!' He realised from past experience what the vast, long road could do to you and he wanted some company. So he flicked the indicator switch, decelerated and changed lanes. He slowed down to a halt and opened the door.

"Thanks, mate, going to Brum then?"

"Yes, hop in."

The lanky blond crawled into the twenty thousand pound car and made himself comfortable. "Go to Brum often?" he asked. "About once a month, only when the occasion calls me to do so." The executive flicked the indicator again, and pulled out into the traffic which sped north. He put his foot right down and the speedometer sped up and up and then down the other side. The conversation between the two was now flowing freely, and the driver discovered that his passenger was a serviceman returning home from Germany. He had blown all his money on the women in London and now had to hitch a lift home. He was wearing old clothes which had seen better days, his boots were from the army and, all in all, he was not the type of person you would like to meet on a dark night!

However, as the car sped up the motorway at a gentle hundred and ten miles per hour, the driver never felt uneasy with his unexpected companion; after all, who was safer than a Royal Marine?

The driver leant across and offered his companion a cigarette, the marine gladly accepted it, and the driver inserted a cassette of Pink Floyd which was received by the marine with rapturous applause. Who would expect an obviously conservative person to enjoy such genuinely progressive music?

"How much did this little job cost ya then?" he inquired.

"Around twenty-seven thousand was the reply. The driver was then bombarded with questions on its speed, acceleration, horsepower and everything connected with it, including the tyre pressures! The driver, seeing that his companion was truly interested in the car, put his foot even further towards the floor and the tachometer went up and the speedo went downwards on the right side of the gauge.

"By God, this don't half move," said the Brummie as the car left its counterparts on the motorway standing. The speedometer read one hundred and forty m.p.h. "This is about top whack I'm afraid." His reply was broken

by the shock of seeing a blue flashing light and hearing a siren way behind him. "Oh sh . . . ugar," he hissed, and slammed his foot down on the brake. The speedometer went down quickly, and by the time the police car was close he was doing about seventy. The police car's lights flashed and the silver car limped across into the layby.

The driver looked up into his rearview mirror and saw the bearded officer get out of his car and come up to him. The driver pushed the button which was next to him. The passenger's window went down with a low hum.

"Excuse me, sir, but do you realise at what speed you were travelling?"

"About sixty-five, officer?" he replied.

"Try again, sir, in fact why don't you double that speed, because if you do your guess would be correct!"

"Oh, I see, officer."

"May I see your driver's licence please, sir," The driver rummaged around in his breast pocket and produced his wallet, in which was his driving licence. He produced it and passed it across to the officer, whose head was poking through the passenger's window. It was the old style of licence (red cover). The officer opened it up and staring him in the face was a crisp, twenty pound note.

"I see," replied the officer. "Not only are you a quick driver, but you are also a quick briber," he brought out his little black note book and proceeded to write for a few minutes. He placed the money inside the note book and then walked to the back of the car, where he took the numberplate. The officer placed his notebook in his top pocket and then came back to the car.

"You will be receiving a summons in the near future for speeding."

"Thank you very much!" replied the driver with a hint of sarcasm. He pulled out carefully and drove off. "Bloody annoying these pigs," said the marine, trying to cheer up his gloomy companion. The driver looked across at him and managed a smile. He noticed the look of guilt on the marine's face. "Don't worry, he would have caught me at a hundred and ten anyway," trying not to offend his companion.

Before long they reached the outskirts of Birmingham. "Is there anywhere in particular you want to be dropped off? I'm going to Wolverhampton so I'll be going to the middle of town." "That's where I live so that'll do thanks," replied the marine. "My licence has been endorsed twice already for speeding, I should have been more careful," said the driver. Twenty minutes later the silver Porsche rolled down a grim terraced street in the heart of Wolverhampton. The car stopped, and the Brummie got out and thanked the driver. "Thanks, mate, it was a pity about that incident with the copper! Anyway here's a little memento of our trip for you." He handed him a little envelope with something in it. "Thanks" said the driver and drove off.

The driver went to his meeting with the envelope in his pocket; "Nice of him to give me some fags," he said as he went up in the lift. His hand reached up and went into his pocket. He pulled out the envelope and opened it. There were two things inside it: a black policeman's note book (with a crisp twenty pound note), and a note saying "With compliments".

G. SAMUELS

REQUIEM FOR METHUSELAH I

The casket, simple unadorned metal
Serves merely to bear the shrunken husk
Of that which was and is not.
Desiccated, tissue-thin, layers
That once bound a visage of nobility
Flake into insignificance

His proud features are pocked and tired;
The perspex square set above his head
Is unstained by clouding breath;
An interrupted vision of aeons is on show.
The tones sound, a lone petal drifts
As a diamond-studded vortex widens
To envelop the casket in blinding white brilliance.
The body of Methuselah floats, imprisoned
In a frosty vacuum.
While his soul soars the universe.

S. A. CLARKE

SUNSET

At midday, when the sun, a blinding orb of fire, tortures the beach beneath, its beauty remains hidden within itself. One must wait patiently until the sea has imperceptibly swollen, turned old and grey in the twilight, and cooled the sand once again. It is a time of rest. The gulls and the people lie down to sleep and dream. Only an old blinded piper remains, cross-legged, perfectly rigid, in some little alley of the sleeping town. He feels a beetle crawling on the back of his slender hand, busily prodding the pitted skin. The piper grinds it calmly into the dirt, then purses his cracked lips. He plays. Notes drift through the dry settled dust between the houses, and the mystic tune lazily makes its way to the water's edge. The old man's magic fixes and transcends the sun; the ritual is beginning.

At first it would seem as if a painter had clumsily smeared a wet mass of living orange across his canvas. But in fact the disintegration is much less casual, far more precise. A reddish haze ekes out from either side of the globe, shaping itself on the right and left into a tapering band, warming the width of the horizon. At its edges the band melts beautifully into a pinky thinness. The former wrath of the sun at last dissipates to leave a gentleness, a kindling of the earth and water below. Ever so slowly, a layer of purple appears, and after that a tinge of green that kisses the thousands of ocean



crests. And interspersed between these colours come innumerable subtle hues that blend all into a whole. An exquisite metamorphosis, a spectrum so balanced and composed. There is an almost embarrassing openness and sincerity in this revelation: a superior creature expressing its deepest emotions to the whole human race, not through mere words, but through a synthesis of colours that mean everything and nothing. By now the core has dissolved into itself — all shape is forgotten. The intricacy has developed; nature has blossomed. This is the real sun, obsessing, infatuating, more than awe-inspiring, yet totally mystifying.

The spirit lingers for some time, basks in serenity, comforted by its own light. But blackness must inevitably reign. Like a cancer the sky eats bit by bit into the sublimity, spreads callously, dimming all. Colours lose their precious sensitivity in the wanton destruction, inhale their poison and gradually die into a monochrome confusion. The sun feels fainter and fainter. It must rest. Rest. The piper's notes evaporate into the air, drown in the spray. From somewhere there is a sigh, then nothingness.

P. RUTHVEN-MURRAY

DAWN ON A WINTER'S DAY IN A WELSH VALLEY

Darkness hung over the valley like a gloomy, impenetrable canopy. The rugged bulk of the mountain loomed up behind the stone cottages huddled together around the small road at the lowest part of the valley. It was truly the "darkest hour before dawn". Dawn came late to the valleys and the mountain was barely distinguishable from the sky through the ceaseless rain. Occasionally, when the wind dropped, an eerie peacefulness descended, against which the patter of rain was strangely comforting. The atmosphere made even the sheep nervous, and all but the most unfriendly clustered instinctively into the herd, fighting for shelter under a leafless tree.

Further down the valley the depressing grey silence had been broken. Lights went on, babies cried and radios sang out the latest pop songs. The miners, carrying their lunches, hurried down the twisting road to the pit. During the summer months they would saunter down, taking their time and joking with one another, but in winter the dark, sullen atmosphere made even the toughest uneasy.

As the darkness behind the mountain began to lift, a candle flickered in a lonely croft high up the mountain. The stone building had stood there longer than even the crofter could remember and the walls had been smoothed and the corners rounded by years of mountain weather. The crofter had lived all his life on the mountain and did not fear it. To him, the mountain was a companion and he understood its moods as well as he understood his own. It was like the old man, seeming to be harmless and gentle, but when it wanted it could be harsh and treacherous. Many a foolhardy climber had lost his life on the menacing, black face of rock.

The crofter came out of the cottage with a shapeless cap pulled well down over his eyes and a wool plaid wrapped around his frail shoulders. As he let out the sheep he looked up at the purple-grey clouds and thought to himself that it was going to be a "plain sort of day".

J. SHANNON

THE COMING OF THE RAIN

The sky darkens
The birds fly
The doors shut
And the thunder roars
For the coming of the rain is near.

The people look up
The raincoats come out
The birds are snug in their nest
And I am warm and safe
For the coming of the rain is near.
The lightning strikes
The thunder roars
The cats run
And the dogs bark
For the coming of the rain is near.
The droplets drop
The puddles form
The streams flow
And the windows blur
For the coming of the rain is now.

ADIL SARTAJ

SMUGGLERS

The howling wind turned the sea into a turbulence of death. Great waves were crashing down upon the beach one after another. It was going to be one of those nights when I couldn't get to sleep.

I lay alone and wide awake on my wooden bed with its straw mattress; listening and wondering what was going on in a night like that. Surely nothing. However, somehow I had something on my mind. I was certain I could hear cries in the distance. Without hesitating I jumped up and dressed to go outside. It was two o'clock in the morning and my parents were still asleep.

Opening the door, I stepped out into the darkness. It wasn't really very cold, despite the continuous wind. My feet crunched the white, fresh sand as I rushed to the violent water's edge. I felt happy with the sea air in my lungs. Taking a deep breath, I suddenly stopped in my steps. Ahead were two flickering lights and I vaguely made out the outline of a ship, rocking and rolling amidst the thrashing waves. Then two flares went off, but these were on the beach and only twenty feet away from me. My heart missed a beat as I dived to the ground. I stayed there, not moving for about twenty seconds. Slowly, I lifted up my head and saw a man with two flares in his hand making signals to the ship, obviously a smuggler! I froze rigid, as the sweat poured down my face on to the ground. Would he see me? What would happen if he did? Luckily for me he went further up the beach, still trying to direct the now half-submerged ship to shore, which was only about two hundred metres away. Suddenly there was a huge crack. The ship had broken up. She plummeted into the water and was seen no more, as if she hadn't existed. However, I knew I wasn't wrong. The man still stood there, mouth agape as he stared out to the place where the ship had sunk. Then just as the last light from the flares flickered, I saw his face. I almost died of shock. It was my father!

At that instant I woke up. Thank goodness, it was only a dream.

The howling wind turned the sea into a turbulence of death. Great waves came crashing upon the beach one after another. It was going to be one of those nights when I couldn't get back to sleep. I felt thirsty and went into the kitchen to get a drink. Then something caught my eye, the door was slightly ajar. Could it be? No it couldn't be. I moved my eyes slowly over to where the coats were kept. No it couldn't be. My father's coat was missing!

S. D. HALL

THE SUN KING

The sun swims up through the turgid dust-layered sky, as it has done for three days: a charred, blood-red heat shape crawling over the burnt rim of the far horizon. The waves of heat from its grossly engorged mass pulse out over the barren desert towards the city which begins to throb with early morning incandescence.

The tar in the streets of the city, already contorted into grotesque configurations by the alternating effect of scorching day and frozen night, flows into a bubbling quagmire of glinting, rainbow-streaked, blackness. The stench of burning rubber fills the air as the sun-glare hits the rows of abandoned automobiles that lie, like carelessly discarded toys, along the length of the road. Window and door frames warp irrevocably out of shape, as they are battered by the pounding heat, the final shards of glass tumbling down into the morass of the street where they are engulfed by the creeping tar.

From every orifice of the city can be heard a sound now, a low moaning chant which rises to peculiar intensity and then dies away, a sound borne into the still air by a thousand cracked and parched throats, a sound emitted by the deranged and heat-crazed survivors of the city.

As the sun climbs sluggishly to its zenith the creatures appear. They shamble to the twisted doorways and the void window frames to stare sightlessly at the remains of the city. A man stumbles on fallen masonry to lie writhing in the middle of the liquefying street. His screams pass unnoticed by the rest of the creatures as they become locked in their own lunatic introspections. A young woman, dressed in the tatters of evening dress and with her skin pocked by new budding cancer growths, begins to sing. Her eyes gleam as her flaking lips are drawn back from her teeth and she takes on the appearance of damnation. She is still singing as her fellow humans tear her apart. The sun washes the land in blood.

At last, towards mid-afternoon, a shadow masks the sun and a pall of grey-white mist covers the sky. Slow, heavy, off-white flakes begin to fall on the land. They pile up against the buildings and the cars and the people until there is *nothing left*. Until all that was is covered with a grey and silent blanket and all is now at peace.

A false dawn lightens the western sky momentarily.

S. A. CLARKE

THE VULTURE

It flapped its giant, scraggy wings,
Scanning the ground,
With his distrustful, beady eyes,
Gliding down,
Like a war-torn plane,
To the sun-baked ground.
Adjusting his wings to land,
He landed heavily on the corpse.
He glanced around,
Before he tore
At the meat with his large,
Hooked beak.
With six long claws
Stemming from two
Hard-skinned, hairless legs,
He gripped the hard, fly-infested meat,
And shook his bald scalp.

In his beak he chewed at the
Soft lining of the stomach.
Blood dripped on to his
Black, unkempt feathers.
A pack of dogs,
Dirty, mean and hungry,
Barked and chased the vulture away.
Wearily, it moved its wings
And rose up above the pack
Ravaging the zebra,
And circled.

N. CHRONIAS

SCHOOL NEWS

MUSIC

Staff We welcome three new members of the music staff: Mrs. Elizabeth Maunder, ARCM, GRSM, to teach violin and viola (also at Belmont); Mrs. Joan Miller, LGSM, to teach flute; and Mr. Richard Dickins, B.Mus (London), ARCM, to teach clarinet and aural work.

Concerts The School concert was given in November in two parts. The choral first half was given in the more resonant acoustics of the Chapel. The Choir was joined by the trebles from Belmont (who were trained by Mr. Waite), and they performed two contrasting works: Haydn's *Motet Insanae et vanae curae*, and Parry's *Blest Pair of Sirens*. The Choir was at the Apse end of Chapel facing down the length of the building, and this encouraged greater projection of sound and cohesion. The Choir produced ample variety of style and dynamics, ably accompanied by a helpful and rhythmic organ accompaniment. As contrast, Mr. Winfield and Mrs. Maunder played a Duo for two violins by Spisak in splendid style, and the modern idiom was ideal between the choral works. The Concert opened with a performance of Bach's *Prelude on Wachet Auf!* on the organ. After coffee, the second half of the concert was in the Large. Winston Ku gave a fine performance from memory of Schubert's *Impromptu in B flat*, and Paul Schwarzenberger played the last movement of the *Poulenc Clarinet Sonata* in suitable breezy style. The rest of the concert was orchestral and was all of a pleasing standard. Two works for Strings, the *Purcell Chacony* and movements from Warlock's *Capriol Suite*, were coupled with movements from Haydn's *Symphony No. 97*, and Schubert's *Rosamunde Music*, ending with the *Polka* from Weinberger's *Schwanda the Bagpiper*.

Two informal Concerts were given. Mr. Champniss gave an hour's concert on harpsichord and organ in Chapel, the main works being by Franck, Howells, and Elgar, on the organ, and Scarlatti, Couperin, Rameau, Farnaby, and Bach on the harpsichord. The second was in the Music School by William Winfield (violin) and Alfred Champniss (harpsichord): Among the works played were Beethoven's *Spring Sonata*, and movements from the *Grieg Sonata*. Winston Ku played from memory Bach's *Prelude and Fugue in A minor*, Debussy's *Bruyères*, Chopin's *A flat major Mazurka*, and the *Prokofieff Gavotte*. Our grateful thanks to Mr. Winfield and Winston Ku for a thoroughly enjoyable evening, and for the invaluable contribution they constantly make to the music of the School.

Music Competitions The solo instrumental competitions were judged by Mr. Alan Vening, from Aldenham School.

Winners:	Junior Woodwind:	A. P. Schwarzenberger (R)
	Senior Woodwind:	D. Wild (C)
	Junior Brass:	R. G. Morgan (B)
	Junior Strings:	S. Banerjee (M)
	Senior Strings:	A. P. Fulton (C)
	Junior Piano:	I. M. Wicks (R)
	Senior Piano:	J. D. Adenwalla (Mc)
	Organ:	I. M. Wicks (R)
	Guitar:	A. M. T. Blackburn (B)

Music Club The Music Club held three of its six concerts during the term. It is a pity that the strength of the support is possibly no longer sufficient to maintain the Concerts after the present season. The Committee have racked their brains and listened to all and sundry to try to keep the concerts on a financially sound footing but this year's efforts have apparently not produced the essential extra support.

The first concert was on a Sunday evening for a change, after Chapel, when it was hoped that the timing might be more ideal than on a Tuesday during Prep. The Concert was by the Young Jazz Orchestra, and the playing was technically outstanding. It might have been considered a much more popular concert than the more usual concerts; but the great majority of the school were conspicuous by their absence. The second concert was of Virtuoso and Gypsy music for violin, played by John Georgiadis. He is well known as soloist and orchestral leader, and he played a varied programme of dazzling virtuosity. The third concert was a performance by the Intimate Opera Company of Mozart's youthful Bastien and Bastienne, and Anthony Hopkins's Three's Company. It is a great pity that owing to Arts subsidy cuts the Company may dissolve. The standard was particularly good, with excellent audibility, timing, and singing, as well as outstanding accompaniment. The second opera was splendidly absurd.

Carols The Carol Service followed the usual form with six lessons, eight congregational carols, and three Choir carols. After its successful concert a fortnight before, the Choir had to manage without the Belmont trebles; this term's new trebles were only a handful in number (though several new boys have joined the Choir as useful altos, tenors, and basses), and by the end of term the majority were well past their best and breaking. So far only three girls have made any contribution to the Choir, and it is a great disappointment that the introduction of girls into the Sixth Forms has produced so few with interest or ability in a field where it would be so valuable. The evening carols, perhaps inevitably, went better than the afternoon, and three o'clock may be an enervating time for best results from the Choir. The Choir sang the gentle Angel Gabriel Basque Carol, Walford Davies' O little town of Bethlehem, and the exciting Three Kings by Richard Drakeford. Attendance throughout the term has been very good (and fortunately it is the weaker members who seem to be the least reliable in this) and generally a good deal has been done that has been of a decent standard and with enjoyment.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

Chairmen: A. Kalsi, R. A. Fox

Secretary: B. C. Kingsley

The term was spent predominantly in electing a new Chairman and reframing the Council's Constitution. We consider that we have produced a more democratic and efficient Council.

Much interest was raised in all sectors of the school concerning the Chairmanship. We hope the enthusiasm will be maintained in order that this year will be constructive and beneficial for the whole School.

At the end of the last meeting of term Bruce Kingsley shocked the Council by tendering his resignation. His ability as Secretary over the past two years has been exemplary to all of us. Sincerest thanks to him.

Among many issues discussed was the suggestion that the Student body might be represented on the Board of Governors—a highly contentious and debatable concept.

R.A.F.

THE LIBRARY

Librarian: P. H. Thonemann, Esq.

Assistant Librarian: Rupin Rajani

This term we have completed the re-classifying, labelling, and re-shelving of those books which fall under the Dewey classification; the re-cataloguing remains to be done. The senior and junior librarians have worked hard, and I should like to thank both them and others who, for various reasons, have come in and helped us. My main thanks must go to Hitesh Mistry and David Macdonald, who spent many days in the summer holidays working out the appropriate Dewey number for thousands of books, and thus stimulated us to continue and finish what they had started.

We were fortunate to be left two collections of books, one by Tom Jackson, a master at the school for many years, the other by Evelyn Harvey, an old lady who had been visited by our social services group. We also received a gift from "Chief" (Mr. Steele), who was head porter at the school for a number of years.

We shall shortly be selling or disposing of a large number of books, and buying more fiction and up-to-date works with the proceeds.

P.H.T.

SIXTH FORM CLUB

Chairman: D. Q. A. Nunn

Secretary: P. J. Rothwell

Bar Steward: D. Q. A. Nunn

Committee:

I. Davies, M. Gafsen, I. Maciver, I. Middleton, L. Newman,
A. Ozdil, J. Shannon

Firstly I must amend the report in the last magazine. Mr. Prosser-Harries did not leave the club and I would like to say that the club could not run without him.

The last Sunday of the term saw our only film—"The Omen" which was enjoyed by approximately 80 people. To show the film we bought an anamorphic lens holder which will now give us a wider variety of films to choose from in the future.

We also had the stage amplifier repaired and are now looking for a stereo-cassette deck and a pair of 100 watt speakers—any offers! I must thank my committee, Mr. Prosser-Harries, Mr. Moynihan and Mr. Rees for all their help in the past.

D.Q.A.N.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS

ARMY

This term we welcomed thirty recruits into the section who have now started their joint training with the other new recruits. As usual they spent Field Day camping at Ashridge which they seemed to enjoy.

We have now managed to improve the second-year training by introducing a rotation of activities, shared with the other sections, to intersperse the Army section training. Second-year cadets can now expect, together with their battlecraft training, to find themselves spending some weeks on each of sailing, canoeing, abseiling, survival swimming, dry skiing and radio work.

Two shotguns and a clay pigeon trap have been brought by the CCF so that clay pigeon shooting at the Boss and Co. ground on the A1 has now been introduced into our programme, but the expense of this will limit the number of times any given cadet can go.

We are indebted to Miss Hosker, the Sanatorium sister who has started a three-week First Aid course for second and third year cadets. She has taken three groups this term and will continue taking groups for the rest of the year.

Ten cadets attended the Drill & Weapons training course at Woolwich early in the term and we have several cadets applying for courses ranging from electronics and mountain leadership to communications. Two of our harder NCO's have applied for the very arduous cadet leadership course.

P.S.B.

ROYAL NAVY

P/O: Simon Sterling

L/S: Morton, Welch,

At the beginning of the term, we welcomed nine new Naval Cadets who spent much of the term doing their basic training in conjunction with the Army and R.A.F. The Second Years have been studying for their Proficiency awards and have also done Seamanship, Navigation and other practical exercises such as shooting and swimming. The Third-Year Cadets have done many activities this term, ranging from First Aid and Chartwork, to canoeing, Dry skiing and abseiling, all of which proved to be successful.

On Field Day the First Years went on a weekend camp and the Second and Third Years went on a day's rock climbing expedition to Tunbridge Wells.

C.P.O. Flower has visited us every three weeks to help with the navigation.

Altogether it has been a successful term, owing mainly to the tremendous variety of Friday afternoon activities.

S.S.

ROYAL AIR FORCE

The start of a new school year always brings upheaval to the Corps. So far as the R.A.F. Section was concerned the composition of "A" Flt. remained in doubt for the first week or two following last term's requests to join the usual exodus. When the options were settled the 10 survivors in uniform all joined the N.C.O. ranks. Cpl. Semken was promoted to Sgt. i/c Section and Cadet Ikin to the same rank—these two being the only members of last year's "B" Flt. who passed both parts 2 and 3 of the Proficiency exams. The

remaining NCO's were allocated to duties with the first-year training programme now in its second year.

A similar-style training programme for second-year groups was introduced this term, and whilst "B" Flt. has participated in some of the activities such as canoeing and skiing, their main training was in the classroom working towards the Part 2 Proficiency Exam sat on the last Friday.

Flt. Lt. Barradell, Liaison Officer, visited at the end of November and presented an interesting film and slide show. The following week Flt. Sgt. Barrow kindly showed the Principles of Flight films.

Once again disasters struck both Air Experience Flying sessions arranged, so some disappointed cadets still look forward to a first flight. Hopefully, next term will bring them better luck.

A final word to record that L/Cpl. Fawcett and Cpl. Lewis, who left the R.A.F. last term, were awarded Advanced Proficiency Badges on the strength of their submarine project. Congratulations to both.

F.M.

SCOUTING

Our weekend camp, which followed a training camp for Patrol Leaders, was the main event of the term. The majority were based at Phasels Wood, with hiking and compass work as the main activities. Some hardy individuals even managed to spend the night (suitably strapped in) on purpose-built tree platforms. Another group camped independently at Tolmers and we were pleased that the Patrol Leaders in this case were able to organise a successful weekend on their own initiative.

Members of the group represented us at two events organised in the wider context of Hendon and Edgware District. In the first, the swimming team came a very creditable second overall in the District gala held at Swiss Cottage. In the second, a football team was assembled to do battle with the team from another local group, and a 5-1 victory was achieved. There is some possibility that we may be able to join a Sunday league and we are grateful for these opportunities of joining in District activities.

Although it remains difficult to keep everybody happy all the time, Friday afternoon activities have been varied and successful.

We are more than grateful to Robert Fox and Rupin Rajani who have done sterling work in extending the range of our influence as Sixth Form Instructors. Many thanks also to the Patrol Leaders whose contribution is often more worthwhile than they realise.



W.D.P.

SOCIAL SERVICES GROUP

This term 40 boys and girls have been involved in an increasing number of activities. Through "Task Force" and the local Social Services teams, regular visits have continued, some for the 4th year. The excellent weather has helped the gardeners in their battle with long grass and weeds and we hope to have acquired two "flymos" by next term which should greatly improve our efficiency. The same group have done some decorating and even apple-collecting.

Mr. Armstrong's group working with truant boys has expanded and apart from using the school facilities went off to camp on Field Day.

Mr. Chilton has organised visits to centres for the handicapped in Flower Lane and Grahame Park where two of the boys hope to open a dark room in the new year.

Dr. Lovick has continued to organise the Trigger group, taking handicapped children horse-riding.

Field Day was a great success. Task Force supplied films "on the problems of Old Age" as the morning's activity and then organised visits to Day Centres in Barnet and to the Geriatric Centre in Edgware Hospital. In the discussion that followed it was clear that it was a new experience to meet and become aware of the problems of the old.

Nearer Christmas Mr. Chilton aided by Georgiou and Zuppinger organised a successful late-night shopping trip to Woolworths—50 people took part including one lady who had not been to a shop for two years!

To finish the term 20 ladies from the Old Peoples Club we visit, attended and greatly enjoyed the School Play.

Finally I would like to thank all those concerned with the Group for their enthusiasm and support and especially Mr. Gardiner for his ever present support.

R.A.E.D.

SOCIAL SERVICES GROUP—"TRUANCY" PROJECT

A fairly recent outlet of the Social Services group is a project dealing with children between the ages of ten and thirteen, who have proved troublesome for the authorities in the past. Their misdemeanours include truancy and in some cases shoplifting. These children are chosen by their local social worker and linked generally with Sixth-Form boys from Mill Hill School.

Individual meetings are arranged between a Millhillian and one of these children. This enables friendship and understanding to build up. The use of School facilities has played an important part in these meetings as they provide a chance for the children to join in activities they otherwise would not encounter. Occasionally trips are arranged outside the School. These have included visits to the cinema, followed perhaps by a brief meal.

Trips away from the School are a great treat and overcome the obvious barriers imposed by the proximity of the School. A camping weekend to Norfolk was arranged where all boys involved in the project took part. Living near London stops the boys from enjoying fishing and other outdoor activities. A long trip such as this allows for greater understanding of the children as they lose a certain amount of their shyness. Being with other children their own age can often reveal more of their character which the age difference between them and us tends to block. These trips are not just an excuse for everybody to have a good time. Enjoyment is, however, necessary to maintain interest in any child and to build up a bond within the relationship.

The idea of the project is to help the children in any way possible. Showing an interest in them is very important as this can be lacking in their upbringing. It would be impossible to tell them to stop playing truant, but hinting at the idea and praising them for the right things helps. The meetings are only a small part of their lives, and so miraculous improvement is not seen. Nevertheless, I feel the relationships mean a great deal to the children and results so far have been most encouraging.

MARK TAN

EDITOR'S CHOICE

And then he was still. I felt an awful desire to put my head in her hands and cry. But I had to dam her sympathy at all costs. After all, she only knew him through me; there was no reason for her to be sympathetic. Yet she would be, because she felt an obligation.

"Come on, we're going," I announced, brutally.

"But . . ." she hesitated.

I shouted at her silently, pushed her towards the door without moving. I walked out and she followed. Better to die quickly when the time comes, I thought. But it can be very hard on those left behind.

T.A.J. DAWSON

REQUIEM FOR METHUSELAH II

Paper-like skin
Stretched transparently
Over jutting bone
Shriveled lips parted
Over yellowed, cracked teeth.

Dried strands of bleached hair
Spread like some ghostly halo
Around a shrunken head
Withered nostrils pock the gnarled face.

Heavily scented blooms crawl
And smother clear pyrex
The old man's visage
Is hidden under languidly drifting petals.

Black lace handkerchiefs
Dab futilely, as the casket
Trundles past on shop-worn rollers
Through the shimmering black orifice
Roaring gas-jets drown the mourner's cries.
Consummation utter and eternal.

S.A. CLARKE

(I LOVE) AMERICA

America is a land full of contradictions. Most external observers are under the misconception that it has easily understood facets and that they are not too numerous. Not so. America is a land of 50 states, each as different from each other as England from France, including language barriers in most cases. On the other hand, American nationalism is a rare example of this phenomenon in our modern world; old traditions of Uncle Sam and the all-American boy die hard in this country, it seems.

A political scientist might well conclude at first sight that American politics are simple—electioneering wins American voters' hearts—that the Democrat and Republican parties are on the whole staunchly conservative and there is little to choose between the two. Again, not so. The issues which divide the two parties such as colour and drugs are strongly debated by both sides, and each party has as strong a following in different parts of the

country as perhaps the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches in districts of Belfast.

In the West Coast, particularly southern California, "soft" and "hard" drugs are used by impoverished 15-year-olds as well as greying executives, whereas in the Deep South long-haired youngsters are still lucky to walk in the main streets without being insulted.

Americans have a reputation for being a mobile race. But what other country has a universal 55 m.p.h. speed limit (to which at least 65% of the motoring population adhere to—statistically)?

America is a country where the garbage boy can rise to be the head of "General Motors" and a \$500,000-a-year executive with "Kodak" can drop out to be a warehouseman in a bankrupt copper mine in Colorado. They are one and the same country, a country of cowboys and adventurers, a country where no-one walks the city streets for fear of mugging—a country of contradiction. Or am I confusing cause and effect?

But nonetheless it is a country of astounding beauty, of immense richness in all senses of the word—its people, its resources, its history (and only 200 years of it) and, above all, a richness of spirit. Romantic? Yes, but for a reason. Americans superficially are materialistic, strongly so. But penetrate the image of the car, the house, the dishwasher, and you find a person who is interested in *you*, and not the label on your necktie, a person who will say, "Have a nice day," and means it. Don't believe me? Go there.

Someone summed up America brilliantly without knowing it (I think). She said: "... well, it's larger than life, isn't it ..."

It is. It's all too much to grasp. One could spend one's life trying to grasp it and die unhappy. So don't. Don't try to figure it out, accept it at face value. After all, think of a Cleveland steel worker: he weighs 16 stone, smokes 50 cigarettes a day, drinks beer instead of water and in the summer he buys a \$70,000 motor-home on hire-purchase for which he will be paying for twenty years.

It is a country where film stars are sufficiently motivated to run for President. A sad reflection of the American political system? I would say it was a happy reflection.

It is a country that has been ripped apart by three issues in 20 years—race, Vietnam and Watergate. In the same time, it has landed 12 men on the moon.

Personally, it is a country that has influenced, inspired and encouraged me, and gave me a great summer.

J. MATHIAS

CLIMB

"Come on," came the voice from above.

"All right, I'm just a bit stuck. Hang on."

The clam exterior and voice masked a nest of writhing serpents. From the other side of the valley he appeared like a fly stuck on a wall, a view of himself of which he was all too aware. Gingerly he looked around. The mist was patchy and between the wind-torn wisps he could see the valley floor, some two hundred feet below. Above, the cliff rose sheer for another two hundred feet to the broken summit blocks of Scafell. A tenuous link joined him to the invisible voice above; eleven millimetres of nylon rising into the mist. It seemed singularly inadequate. Reminding himself of the load it could take was no help; it was still only eleven millimetres thick. What if a rock were to sheer it in two or his bowline were to come undone? He checked it involuntarily then the angry, inner voice of reason called him to his senses; "Rope—UIAA approved, 11 mm Perlon; load—(top-roped) weight of two cars" said his logical mind. "But even so..." returned his other self. Glancing down he could see the start of the climb and his rucksack ...

The feeling of apprehension had started there as his friend had started up the crack, chocks and "krabs" clinking cheerfully in the damp, muffled air. Left alone, with nothing to do but pay out the rope, his imagination had been allowed to wander and, with the thought of what lay ahead, his nervousness grew. But once his companion had called him up he had felt confident, enjoying the strenuous, rough rock and taking the belays out as he came to them with the practice of an old hand. But now, here he was, unable to go either up or down, with aching limbs, cold and damp, and with the terrible feeling that he was being slowly but surely squeezed off the cliff by the mountain. His palms were sweating and the butterflies in his stomach seemed intent on finding an exit, making attacks en masse inside. Loneliness set in as he felt himself isolated in the mist, alone in a sea of grey earth and sky. He remained motionless for five minutes until a jerk on the rope pulled him out of his stupor and set his fingers crawling over the rock like a spider creeping to its lair, and clamped them over a large, comfortable ledge. A cool, inner voice restrained his panic. "It's not so bad. Right, foot there, hand there, call for a tight rope and heave."

A last glimpse down to check on foot-holds was swiftly averted as a sudden burst of sunshine lit up the shattered rocks below.

"Well, are you coming, or not?" floated down the voice.

"It's all very well for him", he muttered. A deep breath, then "tight rope" in a loud voice.

Swiftly he pulled upwards, ignoring the tearing sound as his shirt-cuff caught on a rock, and jammed himself in a crack, forcing himself into its dark interior. In retrospect it seemed easy. He let out a deep breath. A final few feet and he was pulling himself up alongside his companion.

"Knees," was the only comment of one intent on technique.

"It was a bit awkward, especially the 'thrutch' up the crack. Had me worried for a second," he laughed.

Half an hour later two climbers appeared over the crest of the mountain, rested a while, coiled their rope and left. Both were smiling and chattering; they must have enjoyed a good climb, and already seemed to be pointing to new, harder routes to test their skills; a confident pair.

L. COMOY

MY DISCOVERY (to . . .)

Encamped by a battalion of surface-ridden friends . . .

I subsisted alone . . .

The music resounding in my ears . . .

My spurious-happy exterior

wallowing in superficial depth

SEGREGATED

Maria superseded by her exterior

No vehement endeavour by her soul ostensible

The total vanquishment completed?

She was conquered—People conquering one another

THEN

You— . . .

A person lacking in embroidered external trappings

How did you survive,

Uniquely subsisting

A bright-glowing undiminishing candle in the wilderness
of obscurity . . .

VIRTUE

And you turned to me—extracting me from my
resistant puissant exterior

Exposing me . . . MY SOUL

You comprehended, succoured, permitted the
elucidation of my existence

This inexplicable ecstatic state-sensation . . .

What was transforming me . . .

bestowing new life

disclosing Maria

overcoming my physical being?

You . . .

and your arcadian love . . .

Thanks.

M. LOPEZ

53/17

Superficial erudition engenders

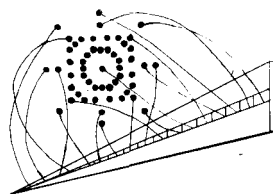
imminent psychosis,

inane void augments surreptitiously;

(esoteric perchance?)

altruistic omnipotence obtends

subsistence. Infinitely obviated!



T. LEVINE

THE MESSAGE

At a meeting of the Red Black's key military and scientific brains . . .

"The new Heavy Water Bombs are a thousand times more powerful than the early atomic bombs. With these we can crush the western powers. But we must strike soon—swiftly—before they are prepared!"

"When, Comrade Orlowfski?"

"24 hours from now! 36 hours from now all Government outside the Red Empire will have fallen. Communism will move in to take a glorious seat as the ultimate power in man's history."

Orlowfski was convinced that the united red powers could not fail in defeating the West.

Amongst the labyrinths of tunnels under Russia's soil . . .

"It's hot in here. I must have some water."

"You're always so thirsty and always you drink water."

"You do not understand. When I was young I fell down a mineshaft and for three days I was without water. Now I just cannot get enough."

"What would happen, do you think, if all Earth's water disappeared?"

"Power breakdowns, panic, madness. The heavy water bombs would be useless. 24 hours and all Governments would topple. After a while . . ."

"Dmitri! Bora! Look! A blip. It was fast. Very fast racing along on the edge of the screen but it was gone in a second. It went the whole width of the screen in an instant!"

"Central checked out negative. It's your imagination or perhaps some of that precious water Dmitri speaks about . . ."

Pueblo, Colorado. U.S.A. A man called Mike . . .

He is running but he doesn't know what from. He knew that some one was after him . . . but who? He only knew he had to run, to escape. Suddenly a net

drops from the sky. Mike is swept up and drawn into an alien spaceship. He lies on the floor of a spaceship which defies all the natural laws of gravity, dimension and perspective. Around him, on the floors, roof and walls, stand about a dozen creatures. Each has six arms, four legs and one round eye covering nearly all the surface of its face.

One of the aliens approaches him and helps him onto his feet.

"What are you?" Mike whispers.

"That is not of any concern to you. I have a message for you to take to your heads of Government. Two of your years ago our planet was plagued by a terrible drought. Many millions of our race died. Now we want a portion of Earth's water to sustain us until our planet recovers. Unless your government transmits a radio reply to us within 24 hours we shall take all Earth's water."

After this, Mike was set down on Earth. He ran to the nearest Police station and babbled out his story. He was about to be locked up when an officer came in and identified Mike.

"This is the nut who broke out of the Penitentiary. He's nuts. Get him down to the Madhouse."

"But Officer! Spaceship! Martians! Water's going to go!"

"Loony!"

More water Dmitri? Are you sure you will not have to leave before we launch the bombs? You only have two minutes."

"I'll be all right."

"Stand by to prime bombs."

"Standing by."

"Prime!"

"Primed."

"Bora! Pietri! There's no water! the whole system's empty . . ."

N. E. NUNN

"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"

Helen was getting colder and colder. She lit another cigarette and threw the match into the road. She was waiting at the bus-stop for her husband Tony to come home from a late night union meeting. She had arrived late so she knew that she would not have to wait long. A raindrop touched her hand as she bent down to stroke her dog, Windy, whom she had brought along for the exercise. Just then she heard a strange whistling voice near to her. Nervously she turned around, but saw nothing. She could hear the beat of her own heart echoing inside her plastic mac'. This, coupled with the approaching rain, the growing cold and the eerie whistling noise, made her decide to go home. She thought that Tony could make his own way home; after all he could take care of himself.

As she walked homewards through the park, she could still hear the strange whistling noise, but could not understand what it was. Windy, however, seemed to be attracted to the noise. "If only I could be as confident as Windy," she thought noticing Windy's wagging tail, and laughed nervously to herself.

All the way home the strange whistling noise followed her. Even when she was in the house the strange noise seemed to float in from outside. She calmly walked upstairs and took out Tony's shot gun, the one which he kept ready for any burglars. The cartridges slipped into the barrels with ease as she walked down the stairs with the whistling noise ringing in her ears.

Helen unlocked the back door and stepped into the garden. The whistling noise stopped and there was an uncomfortable silence in the garden. She cleared her throat and was glad to hear the sound that it had made. Again

there was silence and gradually the familiar pulsating of her heart could be heard, like the steady rhythmic noise of a subway train in a long, dark, tunnel. It seemed to get louder as if the train was reaching the station, until she was petrified by the whistling noise. She turned and started to pull the trigger. "It's only me" said Tony, but it was too late. Helen had passed the point of no return. There was an almighty bang, and Helen was thrown onto the ground. She got up crying hysterically and went to examine her husband . . . But there was no body, no blood and no whistling noise.

She returned to the house to fix herself a drink and saw, in the lounge, in his favourite armchair, her husband Tony.

M. DAVIDSON

THE OLD TREE

With my bows drooping low
And my leaves falling down,
I stand alone: alone in this developed world.
Cracked and dry my boughs and bark may seem,
But strong they hold against wind, rain and snow.
I think some years back,
When, bold and firm, stretched my boughs,
My stem stout and fearless,
Disobeying every order of the wind —
No! That is long gone.
Seasons, years, decades, all pass me by,
As I stand alone, without feeling and friends.
Though often company I have desired,
The little that comes leaves with equal haste.
Why, oh why have I lived so long?
The others no longer include me in gossip
Though my very own advice of younger days
They sometimes speak.

When, oh when can I join my brothers of yore?

I. NYAMEKYE

THE CALL OF THE SEA—A NORTH SEA FISHERMAN

The wind is nearly always blowing strong, the sea roaring in your ears, and the seagulls crying overhead. As you leave port for a three-month voyage, you realise that you are taking your life in your hands. The last farewells seem to take ages, and soon, you are leaving your family and friends behind. The figures grow smaller and smaller, and at last port and land vanishes from sight. You're all alone, with a few friends, to be left to the fate of the sea.

The engine wearily chugs away. In the cabin, with the salt-stained windows, the smell of stale tobacco, and the tea-stained control panel, you gaze out of the cosy cabin and watch the white, angry sea roar over the deck and soak the tired fishermen, hauling in the nets bursting with grey, wriggling fish. This is my kind of job! Cold, red, numb fingers sting and ache with cramp. The capstan and the greased wire help bring up the biggest nets. Once it is released, the grey wet fish flood onto the deck, sometimes as far up as the knee-caps. Cold, shiny, steel knives come out, pierce the fishes' stomachs, and pull out their guts. Seagulls screech and squabble overhead for a piece of fish. They perch on the cabin, waiting to pounce.

The fish are stored in blood-stained plastic crates, laden with ice, ready to be frozen below deck. Once they have all been gutted and stored, lunch is ready. The boat drops anchor for a while, giving the captain, and the engine a rest.

The door is shut on the outside world; and the roaring wind and sea becomes fainter. Six men huddle round a scrubbed-wood table, and await their meal. One man tunes in the radio. After a hiss of static, a voice bursts to life, with the news headlines from home. As the men eat slowly, not talking, eating their meal of corned beef and bread, with a glass of beer, they all realise what they have left behind: a cosy house, a loving wife and family, and happiness. Still, it's well paid, and better than any desk job.

The cabin rocks gently, and the men, who have finished their meal, put on woolly hats and oilskins, and return to work. Back in the cabin the coastguards, up and down the coast talk to other ships at sea. The wind gauge reads north, north-east force seven-six. The barometer is rising steadily, and the forecast is good for tomorrow. The captain presses a button, and the anchor slowly pulls up. He turns a key two places round, pushes a red button, and the engine fires into life. He switches on the shoal-detector, pushes the gearstick forwards, and the boat moves off. The men go out on deck, and lower the nets. Darkness slowly draws in, but work continues, under the glare of the powerful deck lights. Soon, it is time to have supper. They trudge into the dimly lit cabin, and eat. After supper they return to their quarters, and relax. The boat rests still on a calm winter's evening sea. The sun, still faintly visible on the horizon turns the water red, the moon rises . . . and peace returns. The night has come, So ends a day aboard a trawler . . .

G. PEILE

SOCIETIES

ART SOCIETY

Patron: P. W. Herring, Esq.
Secretary: W. L. M. Ku

Firstly, I would like to welcome, on behalf of the Art Society, Mr. Herring, as our new Patron.

However, activities of the society did not commence until after half term, mainly because the art studio was being reorganised. Apart from the usual afternoon projects, a group of members had an outing to the British Museum to see the "Gainsborough & Reynolds Exhibition" which proved to be interesting and rewarding.

The Society has several projects planned for the future which includes enhancing the appearance of the School by displaying art works created by our members. I look forward, therefore, to an active spring term and would like to express my thanks to Mr. Herring for his advice and assistance throughout the term.

W.K.

BRIDGE CLUB

Patron: Dr. I. D. Kane
Committee: T. S. Levine; J. G. Winter; A. Gordon; J. Demaine;
P. M. Schwarzenberger

This year we entered the London Schools Bridge League and failed to reach our best form. Nevertheless, the senior team has beaten Harrow twice. Here is one of the hands on which we scored a massive victory:

dealer North; East-West vulnerable;

	North	East	South	West
(i) T. S. L.-east;	NB	1 NT	NB	6 NT
J. G. W.-west;	NB	NB	NB	

Final contract: 6 no trumps. Made exactly: +1430 points

(ii) J. D.-north;	1 C*	NB	2 C‡	2 S
A. G.-south;	NB	NB	NB	

Final contract: 2 spades. Made with 4 overtricks: -230 points

Overall this gave us a swing of +1200 points. Interesting to note:

* North's psychic 1 club opening on three points!

‡ South's psychic 2 club raise on six points!

We look forward to a busy schedule next term, and our thanks go to the "Doc" for driving us to and from the matches.

T.S.L.

THE CRICKET APPRECIATION SOCIETY

Patron: Dr. I. D. Kane
President: D. A. J. Rayner
Chairman: J. G. Winter
Committee: M. Rodbert

The final week of last term saw the Cricket Appreciation Society XI, challenging a Select XI, composed of members of all school teams. The Select XI batted first and scored at nearly seven runs an over. This relatively

high rate was due to erratic bowling, the small boundary (the match was played on Memorial field) and two important catches dropped by our Patron (who shall remain nameless). The Society XI was given a steady start by our openers; Mr. P. Robin played particularly well. A collapse in the middle order meant that attaining seven runs an over would need hard-hitting and swift running between the wickets.

The hopes of the team rested upon the shoulders of Mr. J. Winter who was looking uncannily like Dr. W. G. Grace as he walked to the wicket wearing a top hat and an M.C.C. tie around his ample waist. Unfortunately after numerous attempts to make leather and willow connect Mr. Winter's luck ran out and his off stump was removed making defeat inevitable.

The final week of this term will see the showing of the "Centenary Test Match" official film made by the sponsors of the match Benson and Hedges. On the subject of Australia, the C.A.S. has sent a special envoy to witness the fourth and sixth Test Matches in the Ashes series and these reports will be submitted late in the Spring term.



D.A.J.R.

ECONOMICS SOCIETY

<i>Patrons:</i>	J. Waczek, Esq., R. C. B. Clark, Esq.
<i>Chairman:</i>	R. S. Cohen
<i>Secretary:</i>	P. Rothwell
<i>Treasurer:</i>	D. Schild
<i>Librarians:</i>	A. Kalsi, L. Newman

The society is getting over its teething problems and promises to be a success. We had our first meeting early on this term, and we already have a pulsating and ever-widening membership. We have a number of speakers lined up for next term, and our thanks to Messrs. Waczek and Clark for arranging the dates, and for their support throughout the term.

R.S.C.

ELECTRONICS SOCIETY

<i>Patron:</i>	Dr. W. D. Phillips
<i>President:</i>	D. Q. A. Nunn
<i>Secretary:</i>	I. J. Keane
<i>Assistants:</i>	C. J. L. Benton, I. L. Myers
	D. J. Pike

After last year's success in the formation of the Society, which culminated in sharing the Hobbies Cup with the Magic Society, we have continued to expand rapidly. We have now reached about eighty members and every week the number grows. The most popular first time project is a sound-to-light unit, closely followed by a light-dimmer, both of which have been found useful in boys' studies. Many of the more senior members are making

projects such as digital clocks, control panels and small stereo amplifiers. The Society's turnover with R. S. Components this term will exceed £1,000.

The highlight of the term was an outing to an exhibition in London called "Breadboard '78" which covered most aspects of electronics as a hobby. 45 members of the Society attended.

On behalf of all the Society's members, I would like to thank Dr. Phillips for his never-ending patience and attention to the Society.

I.J.K.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

<i>Patron:</i>	T. J. Chilton, Esq.
<i>President:</i>	S. B. Goodman
<i>Chairman:</i>	M. Summers
<i>Committee:</i>	P. C. Noakes, P. Robertson, J. Beck, jnr.

This term has seen the necessary reorganisation of the society. Several projects, lectures and films have been arranged for the future, including a lecture by the "Botanic Man", Mr. Bellamy and a trip to the New Forest to make a survey on badgers. The society hopes to purchase a number of reptiles including a chameleon and a Vipera Berus for the herpetologists of the society.

Finally I would like to thank our new patron, Mr. Chilton, for his enthusiastic efforts towards the society.

S.B.G.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

<i>Chairman:</i>	A. Harvey
<i>President:</i>	L. Comoy
<i>Treasurer:</i>	N. Litton
<i>Committee:</i>	J. Mathias

This term has been quite extraordinary because for once the darkroom has been in almost constant use. This has been largely helped by the large cash inflow at the beginning of the term, with the result that there has been an almost constant supply of chemicals and paper, most of which some junior members found could go a long way to papering the dark room!

N. Litton took care of the cash and also looked after the Friday afternoon project for the first years. Great fun was had by all, and as a result, we have now half a dozen David Baileys and Sam Heskins wandering around the school just waiting for the big chance.

A.H.

MAGIC CLUB

<i>Patron:</i>	P. M. Spiers, Esq.
<i>President:</i>	D. J. Sander
<i>Chairman:</i>	A. Sidbury
<i>Secretary:</i>	P. Ruthven-Murray

The Magic Club has had a quieter term than usual. We have nevertheless patiently continued in the pursuit and advancement of our art. Seven new young members have keenly contributed to our fortnightly meetings. We hope that they will develop their magical talents.

At the beginning of term our senior members attended the International Brotherhood of Magicians' Convention at Hastings, which proved very worthwhile and entertaining. We are presently preparing for a show to be given soon after Christmas. An outing to "The Magic Circle Show" in January is also being organised.

P.R.M.

PYTHAGOREAN SOCIETY

<i>Patron:</i>	Dr. I. Kane
<i>Senior Member:</i>	M. Hodgson
<i>Junior Member:</i>	A. Gordon
<i>Para-Member:</i>	P. Schwarzenberger
<i>Pseudo-Member:</i>	T. Levine
<i>Hon. Member:</i>	W. Ku
<i>Non-Member:</i>	D. Freedman

Our first meeting was at Tim Levine's house, where he gave one of the most monotonous talks in recorded history: a Kafka short-story. This led to mass hysteria, especially in the "Doc" and Tony Gordon! Among other meetings we went to Winston Ku's house, along with Dr. P. Thonemann, for a lecture on the thoughts conjured up by music. Martin Hodgson drew a blank every time but otherwise it was a great success, especially the meal of squid, salmon, etc. Our thanks to Winston, who appears to have some language difficulties. For he answered the question "What have you got to drink?" with "two bathrooms, three toilets!"

T.L., A.G.

SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY

<i>Patron:</i>	T. W. Corbett, Esq.
<i>President:</i>	Phil Rosenblum

This has been an extremely good year for s.f. with the appearance of two new British regular publishers. It was particularly notable as a year when many established authors excelled themselves; Frank Herbert's *DOSADI EXPERIMENT*, Fred Pohl's *GATEWAY*, Joe Haldeman's *ALL MY SINS REMEMBERED*. Even more importantly, a new school of young "hard-core" SF writers has emerged: John Varley, James Hogan etc. All this could mean a crackpot year for SF in 1979, particularly with such goodies in store as Arthur Clarke's last novel *THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE*, the return of Jack Vance to full-time writing and the wide-scale distribution of American books in the U.K. by LSP as of January.

I now relinquish the reins of presidency to Hitesh Mistry, and the secretariat to Simon Herrington and Dave Macdonald. All the best!

PHIL ROSENBLUM

SENIOR SCIENCE SOCIETY

<i>Patron:</i>	C. A. J. Veal, Esq.
<i>Presidents:</i>	N. P. H. Fawcett, W. L. M. Ku

Although considerable effort was made to obtain tickets for several lectures, the Society only managed to attend one lecture called "The Tangled Tale—The nature of Rubber Elasticity" at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Nevertheless, I would like to thank Mr. Veal for taking us down to this lecture and hope that we will have better luck with tickets next term.

W.K.

SIXTH FORM CONCERT SOCIETY

<i>Patron:</i>	W. R. Winfield, Esq.
<i>Secretary:</i>	W. L. M. Ku

The Society had one outing this term to the Royal Festival Hall. The programme included Mozart Symphony No. 33, Schumann Piano Concerto and Beethoven Symphony No. 8 played by the London Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Eugen Jochum. Maurizio Pollini was the soloist in the Concerto and his playing was a fantastic musical experience.

We plan to attend more concerts and possibly an opera next term and I hope that these outings will be well supported. Finally thanks must go to Mr. Lovick and Mr. Winfield from whom the Society received valuable help and advice.

W.K.

EDITOR'S CHOICE

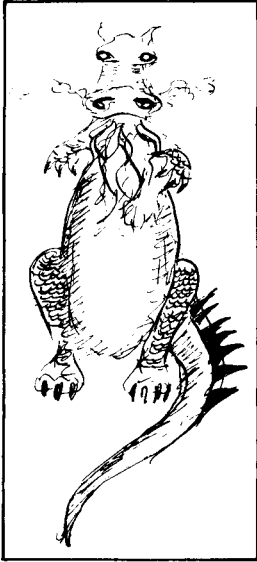
THE DRAGON'S TALE OR A MIRACLE IN MODERN PSYCHIATRY

Sunlight filtered through the gently swaying branches that formed a huge awning over the clearing, producing an ever-changing, green-hued mosaic on the forest floor.

Faint scufflings within the carpet of ferns and fallen leaves were the only indication of a thriving animal population, so that to all intents and purposes, the area looked serene and undisturbed.

Suddenly, a commotion from one end of the glade startled the creatures within it, so that for a few brief seconds, the clearing erupted into a frenzy of leaping, rolling and tumbling bodies which quickly dispersed into the surrounding greenery, leaving the clearing as deserted as it had seemed before.

The source of all the commotion finally pushed its way through a dense tangle of underbrush into the clearing, snorted once, and then paused to nose around in the undergrowth. Its rider, meanwhile, began to kick hopefully at the flanks of the creature, inviting it to further movement, while at the same time trying desperately to retain both his precariously held balance and an enormously long lance which he held tucked under his right arm. He swore mildly: "Botheration!"



His horse, for such it was, raised its head and turned to study him. After a few moments of serious contemplation, it turned its head again and began to amble across the clearing. Its rider, having some slight initial difficulty with his lance, managed to accompany it.

They were, to say the least, a strange pair to be seen in each other's company; to one, a tired-looking horse of disreputable appearance and dubious breeding, and the other, a diminutive businessman dressed in pinstripe suit and bowler-hat, carrying an absurdly large lance under his arm. The arrangement seemed to suit each of them admirably, however; so it need not be dwelt on.

They had proceeded no further than the centre of the clearing when a sharp cry was heard, emitted from somewhere behind a thick tangle of brush to the left. Immediately, the horse pricked up its ears and wheeled towards the source of the sound, while its rider poked frantically at the horse's ribs, urging it forward at the same time with cries of: "The Quest, the

Quest!" Needing no further encouragement, the horse trotted towards the edge of the clearing and with some pushing and heaving and much bad language they managed to pass through.

Facing them over a stretch of boulder-strewn, soot-blackened earth was a fantastic sight: bellowing forth flames and copious quantities of choking black smoke stood a large, green, scaly dragon. Two giant bat-like wings sprouted from its shoulder-blades, whilst its jaws opened and closed in a regular, threateningly rhythmic motion. Around its neck was fastened a large, brass-studded collar from which led a delicate silver chain. Holding the other end of the chain, while cowering away from the dragon to the full

length of the chain, stood a beauteous damsel, who was obviously in some distress.

"Oh! Help me, Sirrah!" she implored, when she caught sight of the rider and his mount. "The magical chain binding this dragon is becoming exceedingly weak and I fear he will break free and consume me!"

As if to underline these words, the dragon gave vent to several tremendous gouts of flame, and flapped his wings menacingly.

The horseman, on seeing the plight of the girl, did not hesitate. Taking a firm hold on his lance, he urged his horse into an approximation of a gallop, while the dragon threshed the air around him with each frantic wing-beat.

The two combatants came together with a thunderous crash, which caused sparks to fly up from the pebbles underhoof, and which shook several of the smaller boulders out of place. Gripping the lance firmly, the horseman aimed the point between the dragon's jaws and, ignoring the fierce jets of flame from the dragon's nostrils, thrust it forward.

The lance penetrated the back of the dragon's throat and split the spinal cord. Gasping frothily, the dragon sank to its knees and, with a few final twitches, expired.

The horseman, leaving his lance embedded in the remains of the dragon, dismounted. As his foot touched the ground, however, a curious metamorphosis took place. Instead of finding himself standing on a patch of stony ground, he found himself within four walls, standing on a rich carpet beside a large black leather couch. Standing in front of him was the damsel, this time bereft of dragon and silver chain, and wearing white coat and spectacles. He spoke first:

"I do hope that session was successful, Doctor."

She smiled and extended her hand.

"It was a total success. Your inhibitions are now cured and your treatment is officially finished."

He smiled back and wished her good day. Picking up his briefcase, he left the consulting room and shut the door behind him.

S. A. CLARKE

TRAFFIC JAM IN THE FOG

Defiant pairs of white blurs fly past;

Two, four, six visible red eyes lie in wait

Their impatience controlled by the slow chuffing of their engines;

Unperturbed, they prepare to challenge the menace.

White blurs pile up in my side-mirror;

Seemingly they are determined to penetrate the maze

Their irritation at the red eyes in front shown by the honking of horns;

Red eyes flash by attacking from the opposite direction.

The dim white blurs continue their passage,

Haunting orange eyes lining up beside the road

Waiting to mock the already frustrated reds as patient engines hum;

Other annoyed horns bark up the ranks.

Slowly, signs of movement up front

Encourage the machine to pounce from captivity;

Soon, a tall dark stranger beckons me on as whites look on in envy;

Penetration of the hazy tunnel resumes.

E. S. WINTER

THE EX-PUNK

Once was I a punk,
Outrageous in their eyes,
But I was different and they the same,
A cause to satirise?

You see, it's O.K. to dye your hair
If it's going grey
To cover natural marks of time.
Well mine worked the other way.

But this was just not done, they said,
That streak just could not stay,
Concentrate on sport instead,
But rugby I can't play.

Then the Old Boys came to play a match
Against the first fifteen,
We lost, of course, but that's not all,
An unusual man was seen.

He played the part of prop I think
The finest in the team,
He wore the Old Boys colours
and his hair was black and green.

"A punk, a punk, the man's a punk"
and viciously perfected,
But rugby he did play with skill,
So, of course, he was accepted.

N. NG



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF . . .

Schoolday, workday?

The wooden fire-door of study five lies before me, it calls at me to open it.
What will it reveal today?

Oblivious to salutations I open the door to my locker. The Pandora's box
which may reveal many of the props for the play, the day.

"ROLL!" Agony, a silent but deafening ring resounds in my brain. Roll? a
list, a name, a tick. But a meaning? No. A weight that one must carry.

Again the process of filling one's bag with books for lessons. Is it a need or just a habit? Shakespeare, what is he, man or god? Where does his spirit lie? In his plays? Perhaps, but what is a play, a ploy, a put-on, a new life, a new day?

"LESSONS": Frog, frog-geog, biology, physics, maths, P.E.? history, then Frog again. Even the concept of these various subjects could send one into a frenzy. The idea of a solid brain being able to learn and comprehend abstract subjects is totally foreign to me. For what is a brain but a finite number of cells, consisting of atoms, with their attendant Protons, Neutrons and Electrons?

The dining hall at lunch. One great solid, with its rows of atoms, vibrating in a regular pattern of benches and tables, but every atom having a mind a spirit of its own.

What is going on in the minds of each atom while eating his/her lunch? A boy dissects a greasy fried egg. He removes the egg-whites, leaving the yolk. The deep, golden yellow ocean, containing a life of its own and many besides, live bacteria swimming, darting about in the liquid.

The first incision, the membrane splits, a sea of torrents and whirlpools are produced, but are then all gone, eaten, disappeared. Dead.

Finally one puts one's props for the day back in one's locker, one's magic box of tricks.

Stay alive. One day you might live.

A. L. RODBERT

ALIVE

The sun rose above the vast barren expanse of land covered only with the entangled branches of trees long dead. A trickle of water made its way over the roots, embedded in sand and glass, as the half-decayed, rotting body of a fish flowed by. A bird, its feathers burnt off and skin stretched over its maimed body, feebly attempted to get off the ground and into the scarlet sky above.

Towards the horizon the great, crumbling concrete blocks towered above the streets littered with burnt, unrecognisable figures. They slowly gathered together the disembodied arms and legs, and threw them on to heaps with the bodies. Other mounds had petrol poured on top to form human bonfires.

They shuffled on down the avenue. They were clad all in black. Their feet were covered in rags, which protected the tender, raw flesh within. Their skin hung loosely from their thin, burnt, fragile fingers, which protruded from the black gown; and their eyes, swollen to twice their normal size, bulged out of the skull, which was covered by tight skin and red and black rings of bacteria.

They carried on their morbid work in a mechanical fashion, each taking a part of the avenue and working towards the end, clearing the path of corpses.

One of the alive suddenly jerked his head upwards. His hood fell back, exposing a red mould growing on his charred head. Then his arm shook, and his legs, until he fell on the road in a fit of frenzy. He opened his mouth as if to scream, but only a faint groan emerged. His tongue had been rotted away. His yellow teeth splintered as he smashed his head against the ground. A pool of blood, filled with a yellow pigment, surrounded his body as he lay on the road, shivering.

The alive looked at it, with the familiar shallow expression on their faces. That would happen to them one day: they knew. It was just a matter of time before the bacteria would settle on their brains too.

A black figure made for the shivering body, and dragged it to a heap.

N. CHRONIAS

THE RYEBURN SQUARE ROUTE

As Wentworth's carriage gradually waded its way to Ryeburn Square through the curious onlookers, jeering loyalists and glowering winter sun, his mood changed several times. At various points during his short, fifteen-minute journey to the execution square he felt fear, bitterness, resentment and a sense of privilege. He was bitter because he was still handcuffed and uncomfortable in a carriage containing an escort of four federal guards—surely it was clear to the Execution Council that he was so utterly resented and regarded as thoroughly dangerous not only by the court but by the masses as well, that the guards in the carriage were preventing his premature execution rather than ensuring he arrived for his lawful punishment. He felt privileged towards the end of the ride. As the carriage approached Ryeburn, he heard his name murmured in excited conversation among rich and poor alike. Then, realising his nearness to the square at which a sizeable crowd was gathering, his heart thumped, seemingly counting out the remaining moments of his life.

The carriage arrived at a position near the centre of the square and halted. One of the guards opened the door of the coach and stepped down, followed by a companion. Wentworth promptly jumped down from the vehicle and looked ahead. On the platform he noticed the block where his head was to rest. Standing on the platform was the town crier, ringing his bell for silence, the court official who was to read out the authorisation, and the hooded executioner, shivering in his light attire, impatient to finish his task. At least, Wentworth consoled himself, here was a man who was determined to ensure his work was to be performed sharply and efficiently.

"Excuse me, m'lord," one of the two guards behind him called. Wentworth realised he was blocking their passage out of the coach, and moved forward a couple of paces.

The first guard turned to the prisoner.

"Ready?" he asked.

"As ready as I'll ever be," shrugged Wentworth.

"Right. It's just that we have to march formally to the platform escorting you," the guard almost apologised.

"March away then."

The first guard made a signal to the town crier who was waiting on the platform, who in turn signalled to a group of drummers on the other side of the block.

A few seconds later the steady beating of the drums filled the ears of all those in the crowd, and all eyes turned to the four man escort and its prisoner.

The first guard whispered to his companions "Now", and the quartet of federal soldiers marched slowly, lances in hand pointing to the sky, towards the platform. When they arrived there they became conscious of the magnitude of the crowd, especially when they had mounted the steps to the platform and stood to attention, awaiting the crier's announcement. The court official stood next to him, the relevant document in hand. He cleared his throat and spoke, his voice resounding throughout the square.

"This is the authorisation of the legality of the public execution of James de Montford, Lord Wentworth, on this day, the nineteenth of January, in the year of our lord, sixteen hundred and forty five: the aforementioned person, having been charged on the following counts, is to be beheaded on the aforementioned date at the execution square in the borough of Ryeburn. The aforementioned has been charged . . ."

Wentworth could sense the crowd's disapproval of the delay with the tedious, if necessary, formalities. Certainly on a cold bitter day such as this,

no one would be likely to benefit from the long reading, least of all himself. However, the disgruntled jeers turned to cheers of approval as the speech was completed. "That concludes the reading of the authorisation. I now give leave for the condemned's execution to take place".

Cheers arose from the loyalist crowd, and the drums began to beat once more as two of the guards led Wentworth to the block, where he knelt down in nervous readiness for his fate. The executioner was in no hurry and wiped his hands on his trousers before picking up the axe.

The court official turned to the condemned man and asked whether he had any last requests and endeavoured to find in which position he would prefer to place his neck. It is said that Wentworth replied:

"No. All this ceremony just to chop a man's head off! Just tell him to get on with it."

At a signal from the official the executioner stepped forward and positioned himself for the blow.

E. S. WINTER

ELEGY TO A FRIED EGG

He rose from his bed and threw an empty salad bowl towards the two cats below his window. The moon leered at him over the top of an incomplete office building, sending its dusty rays along the streets and avenues reflecting off the huge shop windows.

He shut the ill-fitting window and pressed his nose against the cold glass. Time dribbled by; the clock by the gas cooker unwound. This cold concrete maze was relatively silent; he knew that it would not last long and that soon he would just be a small piece of the puzzle. . . He hated it.

He moved over to the door and opened twenty-three locks leaving behind his self-imposed cell . . . a man's home is his castle . . . he thought for a moment.

He stabbed at the elevator button, the doors jerked open and he entered. It rushed to the roof and he felt that he left his stomach somewhere on the sixth floor. It came to a halt; the silvered doors burst apart and he stumbled out.

The air was thin and cool; he gulped in two lungfuls before stepping off the roof. His stomach found him again and he felt much better. He landed with a thud in a no-parking area and at first he was afraid: he didn't want a ticket, he knew that he could not afford the fine . . . That was all behind him, he was glad that the twenty-five dollar fine could not be enforced.

A policeman had seen him fall and hurried towards the crumpled body. He bent down, slapped a ticket on the blood-matted hair and left.

It was seven o'clock and the sun was splaying its warm beams across the city. Several knights had left their citadels and scurried to work like frightened crabs; no one was allowed to be late; it was one's responsibility to be punctual.

The sun shed its body over the murky water; men were returning from work. His body still lay in the gutter, nobody cared, and the garbage men were on strike.

P. SNART

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

The slaver slowly hovered down-river, its ragged sails flapping idly. A glinting telescope cautiously surveyed the jungle on both sides. A subdued electricity filled the air. The captain made another sweep with his telescope. He was a tall, swarthy man with a nose fit for a ship's prow. His tired clothing

denied him the majesty he could command. But his tight, green eyes completely changed his body's language. They glinted of profit, adventure and the arrogance of a king.

A hippopotamus sank gently into the water with a low grunt. Its mud-covered flanks heaved ponderously against the hot river. A thousand heat-rolled bird-cries croaked tiredly from drying throats. The trees wavered listlessly in the steaming air currents. The drone of a million insects united in a holy scream.

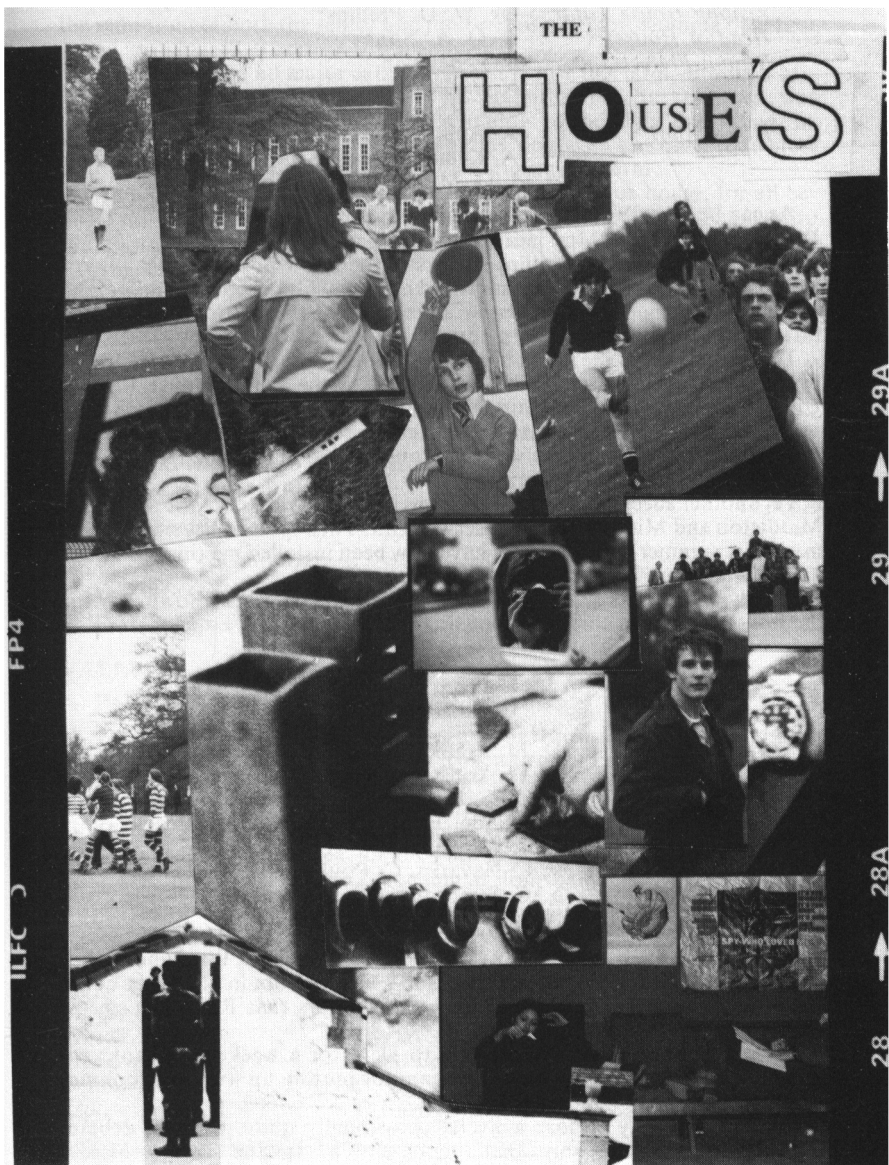
The chanter on the ship kept on. "By the mark, ten. By the half and nine . . ." The captain shrugged uncomfortably in his shirt. He wished he'd bought the cotton cloth for his clothing. Dismissing further discomfort from his mind, he turned and walked to the assembled marines. They were certainly more comfortable than he; their clothing consisted of nothing more than a few decent tatters and rags.

"Off you go, over the side," he snarled. "I'll wait four hours and if you don't bring back enough . . ." The floating threat wafted in the hot air through their cooking skulls.

With familiar gusts, the marines scrambled into the four boats. They were each of them armed with a pistol, a rifle, and enough ammunition to massacre a small village. With heavy splashing, the boats were lowered onto the river. They took a lot of water. A few clean strokes sent the boats racing down the river on the current.

Those red hours of violence strained forward till night fell. Jangling chains held grotesque figures half-naked and numbly dead of fright. The whistle and crack of bullhide whips, the screaming separation of ancient families, all this plight was beyond the compassion of the whipholders. Systematic inefficiency and drunken shame cushioned the numb shock and fatigue of the marines. Burning villages, the bewildered confusion of the young men straining against iron shackles, the gaunt bitterness of old men who could not struggle, the wretched misery of a black beauty, all seemed a terrible, terrible dream. Soon, no more captives being seen, the slavers arose and sailed away.

H. MISTRY



BURTON BANK

<i>House Master:</i>	H. Heard, Esq.
<i>House Tutor:</i>	J. D. Rees, Esq.
<i>Visiting House Tutor:</i>	Dr. W. D. Phillips
<i>Head of House:</i>	D. Q. A. Nunn
<i>School Prefects:</i>	S. J. Baldwin N. Parker S. J. Rabett
<i>House Staff:</i>	A. Anjarwalla, D. Blackburn, A. Kaenralana, A. Kalsi, L. C. Newton, I. D. Middleton, G. Roberts

As can be seen, the House has seen the arrival of new principals this term. We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Heard and their daughter Claire. In addition, we wish Mr. Rees and Dr. Phillips success in their new posts.

The junior part of the house surprised us by reaching the semi-finals of the rugby and water-polo; moreover, we have now won the junior house fives for three consecutive years.

The senior part of the house has been without luck. We were knocked out by our rivals Ridgeway in the first round of the senior House Rugby. Unfortunately we had only fourteen men for the majority of the match. The senior Debating Competition also saw a defeat in the first round.

On a more optimistic note we are through to the final of the House Golf, which is to be played next term.

Yet another successful house dance was organised this term, for which Ian Middleton and Michael Harris deserve credit. The top floor bedsits were remade last summer and fire doors have now been installed making the house quieter and more habitable for the house staff.

Finally, my thanks to our new House Master and Tutors who along with the house staff have earned their Christmas break.

COLLINSON

<i>House Master:</i>	D. M. Franklin, Esq.
<i>House Tutors:</i>	A. H. Armstrong, Esq., T. H. Jackson, Esq.
<i>Head of House:</i>	W. J. G. Roberts
<i>School Prefects:</i>	D. Abdoo, B. M. Landau, P. J. Rothwell, S. F. Wernham
<i>House Staff:</i>	F. C. Navarro, C. Poulengeris, R. Rawal, N. C. Simpson, S. S. Wasani, J. R. Bowie, R. Tray, D. F. Wild

Most people in House have again been working hard throughout this term. The transformation of Mr. Jackson's sitting-room into a super quiet room has been a great success. There are rumours that Ravi even sleeps there.

In October there was a House trip to Dent for a weekend. Thanks to Messrs. Gardiner, Jackson and Wernham for putting up with and looking after the younger members of the party.

We were unlucky to lose a lively, occasionally quite personal debate against Ridgeway in this year's competition. In the House Music Competition however, Collinson had more finalists than we have had for some years. David Wild won the Senior Woodwind and Ashley Fulton the Senior Strings.

John Bowie ran the Senior League team competently, and in what turned

out to be a competition of a much higher standard than in recent years Collinson contested all their matches enthusiastically. The juniors came close to winning the Water Polo Competition. We won the first four matches convincingly before losing to Priestley in the Final. Collinson has reached the semi-final of both the senior and junior House Rugby, winning their first round matches 48-0 and 42-0 respectively.

There have been no major catastrophes in House this term, although Mr. Franklin was extremely upset when his favourite dish, turkey soup, was burnt, setting off the fire alarm in the middle of the night and filling the House with smoke; also Duke, the Franklins' dog, who was older than most of the boys in House, unfortunately died during the term.

I would like to thank Matron, on behalf of the whole house, for all her hard work, and we hope that she soon recovers from her illness. Thanks also to Messrs. Armstrong and Jackson, our visiting tutors, and of course to the Franklins.

Finally, I should like to wish Stewart Wernham the best of luck next term both as Head of House and Captain of Hockey. I hope that Collinson will have the fortune to win some of the trophies that we so narrowly failed to collect last year.

W.J.G.R.

SALVETE

O. A. Keane (Arnold House School, St. John's Wood).

A. Lakhani (Pembroke House, Kenya).

A. F. Peters (Belmont).

M. J. P. Smith (Belmont).

A. S. Taylor (Belmont).

A. E. Vince (Quainton Hall, Harrow).

J. P. Wernham (Orange Hill Junior School, Edgware).

VALETE

A. P. Fulton (to Murray House).

W. J. G. Roberts (1973) Oxbridge VI. Head of House UVI form Mod. Lang. Prize. Hamilton Bailey V form prize. Rouen Project Prize. Sec. Mod. Lang. Society. 1st XV Rugby (1975-78). Colours 1976. Captain 1977. Sevens Team (1976 & 1978). 2nd XI Cricket Captain and Colours 1978. 3rd XI Hockey. Golf Team (1977-78) Colours. Athletics Team 1977. Cross country team 1974-76. Address: Crantock, 4 Park Lane, HALE, Cheshire. Plans to study mod. lang. at University after teaching at Join-Lambert, Rouen.

McCLURE

House Master:

A. Prosser-Harries, Esq.

House Tutor:

R. Davey, Esq.

Head of House:

R. A. Fox

School Prefects:

M. Gafsen, D. Schild

House Prefects:

T. Foster, M. Frank, J. Mathias, M. Rodbert

To describe the past 12 weeks as a success may be considered as the understatement of the term. McClure has excelled right across the spectrum of school life.

The Senior Squash Team, enthusiastically led by R. Selwyn, demolished its opponents in the final, winning the competition for the first time for

McClure. We would be disappointed if we did not obtain similar results in the Debating and Junior House Rugby Competition. Bruce Kingsley, our debating captain, has a remarkable ability to run verbal rings around his opposition, a fact which was very apparent in the first round.

The Junior House Rugby Team consists of many School XV players all of considerable ability in particular N. Chronias (captain) and P. Green (scrum leader).

A rather less talented Senior House Rugby Team did very well in reaching the semi-finals. After receiving the wooden spoon not so long ago the McClure Senior League side fought gallantly to second position this season. Such prestige can mainly be attributed to the creditable captaincy of M. Rodbert.

At present we are lying second in the Music Competition. There were some outstanding individual performances in the instrumental solos, in particular that of J. Adenwalla in winning the Senior Piano. McClure has a considerable Welsh influence as well as having the luck of the Irish. Therefore we expect to do well next term in the vocal section of the Competition.

The lower-sixth swimmers trained and guided a Junior Water-polo side, containing many first year boys, to the semi-finals of the Water-polo Competition.

The results can be attributed to not only individual participants but to the whole House, whose spirit has been exemplary. My thanks extend to all 84 members of the House in particular to Mr. Prosser-Harries, Mr. Davey and the House staff.

R.A.F.

SALVETE

P. J. Adenwalla (Belmont), **Anand** (Belmont), **Baxter** (Belmont), **Borill** (Belmont), **Cooklin** (Holmewood), **Gill** (St. Laurence College), **Keller** (Belmont), **Kremer** (Davies'), **Rosswick** (Holmewood), **Snell** (Belmont), **Smith** (Holmewood), **Stern** (Latimer), **Ward** (St. Anthonys), **Zatoureff** (Holmewood), **J. Ablett** (Rosemary Priory), **M. Indot** (Channing), **M. Lopez** (Rosemary Priory), **A. Rabin** (Camden).

VALETE

J. Newport, G. Sheldon, M. Hodgson, R. Selwyn.

MURRAY

<i>House Master:</i>	E. Winter, Esq.
<i>House Tutor:</i>	T. W. Corbett, Esq.
<i>Head of House:</i>	L. D. Newman
<i>School Prefects:</i>	A. P. Briggs, L. H. Conway, N. M. Davis, D. L. Freedman
<i>House Prefect:</i>	M. J. Anderson, R. H. Brenninkmeyer, D. K. Chapman, D. G. Young

The term began very well with our Senior League Rugby team, so nearly victorious last year, winning their opening match 30-6 in a very convincing style. Unfortunately this success did not continue and the team finished up winning three and losing four matches. Both house rugby teams lost in the first round to far superior opposition, although they put up spirited performances.

The golf team, attempting to win the trophy for a fourth successive year, was beaten in the semi-final by the eventual winners.

On the cultural side, the House has performed impressively this term. In the Music Competitions we hold a commanding lead over our nearest opponent, Ridgeway, in an effort to emulate last year's victory. D. L. Freedman deserves special mention for his organisation, as does S. Banerjee for his first place in the Junior Strings, and all those who entered, whether placed or not. In the Debating Competition we have reached the semi-final after a first round victory over Burton Bank.

This term saw the first trip to Dent by Murray House for many years. This was organised and carried out very successfully by Mr. and Mrs. Corbett and L. Comoy.

Thanks mainly to the generosity of Mr. Myers and the hard work of Mrs. Winter, all the chairs in House have now been covered.

Finally I would like to thank Mr. Winter and Mr. Corbett for their help and the House Staff for their support throughout this long term.

L.D.N.

SALVETE

S. Banerjee (Belmont), **D. Bennett** (Hendon Prep.), **S. Brijnath** (India), **M. Dooyeweerd** (Davies'), **D. Edwards** (Hendon Prep.), **D. A. Freedman** (Hendon Prep.), **D. Glazer** (Lyndhurst), **T. John** (Belmont), **T. Khan** (Cedars Middle), **A. Lalvani** (Belmont), **P. Lewis** (Hereward House), **N. Marchetto** (Hendon Prep.), **J. Marley** (Belmont), **D. Mirfendereski** (Iran), **J. Peracha** (The Hall), **G. Rottenberg** (Belmont), **A. Samson** (Belmont), **R. Virani** (Christ's College).

VALETE

A. P. Briggs – 1973–1978 Upper Arts VI School Prefect.

C. D. Carey (1974–78), Upper Science VI, Athletics team 1974–78, Cross Country team 1974–78, Junior and Senior Science Societies, Photographic Society; ran Photographic Project 1978, Scout Patrol Leader, Report prize 1975, Handicraft Prize 1975 & 1978. To continue A-Level studies at Davies'. Address: 1 Boscastle Road, London, NW5 1EE.

D. K. Chapman (1974–78), Upper Science VI House Prefect, Athletics Team 1974–78, Dent Prize 1976. Plans to go into business and continue A Level studies at Barnet College. Address: Ossulston House, Hadley Green, Barnet, Herts.

PRIESTLEY

<i>Housemaster:</i>	H. S. Stringer, Esq.
<i>House Tutor:</i>	T. J. Chilton, Esq.
<i>Head of House:</i>	Joanna Shannom
<i>School Prefect:</i>	W. Ku
<i>House Staff:</i>	M. Hime, G. Ibrahim, D. Michie, Sara Piele, M. Summers, B. Tan.

It has been a long and busy term, but our new members, in the third and fourth and sixth forms seem to have settled in well. We also welcome Mr. T. Chilton as house tutor. Priestley have had some degree of success, beating Collinson 5–3 in the Junior House Water Polo final, which makes up for the inglorious record of our house rugby sides. We have had, however, many individuals playing well in school teams and also involved in many minor sports, Priestley just being beaten by McClure in the Senior House Squash.

As usual, Priestley are well represented on the artistic side of school life, with several members involved in the school play and many good performances in the Music Competition, school concert and carol service.

We have also reached the debating finals.

Finally, I would like to thank the House Staff for all their help and Mr. Stringer and Mr. Chilton for their support and encouragement throughout the term.

SALVETE

C. Chaudhuri The Mount. N.W.7.

Craig Belmont.

N. Edwards Kingshott School.

Grays Lyndhurst.

R. Hime Davies (Lyndhurst).

Hodges Belmont.

Lancer Belmont.

Lay Belmont.

Morris Lyndhurst.

Pelle Belmont.

Powell, Melanie City of London.

Pursey York House.

A. Raichoor.

Samuels Holmewood.

E. Stern Belmont.

P. M. Stevens Belmont.

Susannah Williams The Mount. N.W.7.

RIDGEWAY

Housemaster: A. P. Hodgson, Esq.

House Tutor: P. Herring, Esq.

Head of House: J. A. Boyden

School Prefects: J. R. Kirkpatrick, G. R. Bailey, Clare Lewis

House Staff: I. Davies, N. Fawcett, R. W. L. D. Grear, Yvonne Ho, Corinne Mellor, R. Naylor, Wilaiporn Phadoemchit, P. Schwarzenberger, Tanya Woolf, P. Zimmerman

Several of this term's achievements have yet to materialise, such as Senior House Rugby and the Debating. We have already retained the Senior League Title and are quietly confident for the next week's matches. The Juniors were beaten by an older and larger side but gave an impressive performance, which is just as well, since it has partly discouraged me from writing a scathing account of the lack of cooperation, let alone enthusiasm, of which half the team were guilty during practice.

Mr. Herring's flat in the attic has now been completed and he moved into the house shortly after half-term. We all hope he will be comfortable up there. Meanwhile there is a tranquillity about the house which can be quite disturbing to those who are used to 3 years' occupation of the place by workmen.

There is much more mixing between the years than there used to be, creating a better atmosphere about the house. The Juniors should realise, however, that there are times when familiarity is not advisable; congratulations to the house staff for their patience.

Apart from the struggle over Junior House Rugby, there has been more effort in sport this term though the real tests will come with the standards competitions, in the next two terms. In house there can only be one complaint, that is, there has been a decline in cooperation and obedience together with an increase in stick towards House Staff. There have always

been situations resulting in disagreement. Nevertheless, there can be no cause for arguments about such matters as bed-times and duties. Unreasonable behaviour can only create a bad impression on whoever is involved, making it less likely that the offender will receive any sympathy next time.

The Senior part of the house seems to have developed an active social life both within and outside the School. There is a party or a dance every weekend. Then, there are the trips into London including exploration in the vicinity of Lord's. Perhaps more important is the amount of inter-house mingling and, on a different theme, intra-house mingling, too. In fact the atmosphere down study corridors seems to have changed a lot over the past few weeks.

We now have eight girls in Ridgeway and, much as we like them, it is with relief that the more conservative of us learn that this is to be the final number for a while.

As usual Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson, along with Matron, earned a good holiday and no doubt Mr. Herring will need a rest to recover from any initial shock that he may still feel.

J.A.B.

SALVETE

S. R. Kirkpatrick Belmont.

D. A. Long Belmont.

R. M. Patel Westbrook Hay.

V. M. Patel Westbrook Hay.

V. Ahmad Lyndhurst.

M. D. Wilson St. Anthony's.

R. F. H. Studd Hawkhurst Court.

D. R. Beard

J. Compston St. Hughe's.

S. D. Taggart The Hall.

R. T. Lewis Belmont.

D. F. Shires St. Martins.

U. Bose Belmont.

T. Lee King George V, Hong Kong.

Penelope Irons Northwood College.

Elizabeth Morgan Northwood College.

Harriet Stack Garden House Secondary School Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

VALETE

J. A. Boyden Senior Monitor 1st XV Captain: Swimming 1st VIII.

Address: Rues des Ecoles 66, 1490 Cour St. Etienne, Belgium.

Plans to study Medicine at Oxford or St. Mary's.

SCHOOL

House Master: M. Peskett, Esq.

House Tutor: P. S. Bickerdike, Esq.

Head of House: A. J. Houston

School Prefect: H. A. Patel

House Staff: A. Anazonwu, R. Cohen, J. Demaine, A. Gordon,
A. Miller, T. Obey, R. Rahim, T. Saw, M. Shariff

Despite the traditional display of enthusiasm, the high sporting aspirations of our senior house teams went unrewarded this term. Our senior

league team, though high-spirited, unfortunately lacked some basic skill and suffered from a periodical lack of players. The Senior House side put up an impressive struggle before being eliminated in the first round. However, we can remain confident that our strong Junior House team will be able to repeat last year's win in the Junior House Rugby Competition.

The Senior Squash team reached the final of the House Competition after some good play and were only narrowly defeated. Our undoubtedly talented House Debating team found themselves likewise unrewarded after an unfortunate defeat in the first round. This defeat may have been connected in some way with the team's lack of enthusiasm for promoting a racialist point of view.

The House continued its active social life, occasionally under the watchful eyes of Messrs. Peskett, Gardiner and Bickerdike. The dance was a resounding success, enjoyed by all those who participated, not least by Mr. Peskett who was pleasantly surprised by the profit which it realised.

Finally, I should like to thank Matron for her continued efforts to ensure that even on a Monday morning the majority of us remains on our feet!

A.J.M.

SALVETE

Amarnani (Belmont), **Bannerman** (Achimota School, Ghana), **Bloore** (Belmont), **Brosowsky** (Northwood Prep), **Caplan**, (Lyndhurst House), **Dyer** (Orley Farm), **Minaise** (Belmont), **Mitchell** (Arnold House), **Shandasani** (Belmont), **S. M. Tucker**, (Manor House School), **J. Clarke** (British School, Brussels), **Ghani** (Davies'), **S. T. L. Saw** (Penang Primary School, Malaysia).

WINTERSTOKE

<i>Housemaster:</i>	G. C. Sutcliffe, Esq.
<i>House Tutor:</i>	R. C. B. Clark, Esq., J. E. Waczek, Esq.
<i>Head of House:</i>	I. Maciver
<i>School Prefects:</i>	C. Jackson, M. Kos, J. A. Parnes
<i>House Prefects:</i>	J. Davies, A. Goldstein, N. Joshi, A. McIntock, D. Silver, M. Tan, P. Wickman.

The winter term always proves to be a long and busy one. There have been a number of creditable performances, both on and off the field. The seniors showed great enthusiasm and dedication in the senior league but unfortunately failed to win. We had disappointing results both in Senior House Squash and Junior House Rugby, although it must be said that the Junior part of the house is very small. We are hoping for success in Senior House Rugby and are expecting a good result in the final of the golf which is to be played next term. In the debating competition we were unlucky to come up against McClure.

This term we welcomed Mr. Clark as house tutor, who seems to have settled in very well. We also happily saw the return of Mrs. Nunn as Matron, who left last year.

Finally, I would like to thank Mr. Sutcliffe for his support during the term, and to Mr. Waczek for his assistance as visiting House Tutor.

I.M.

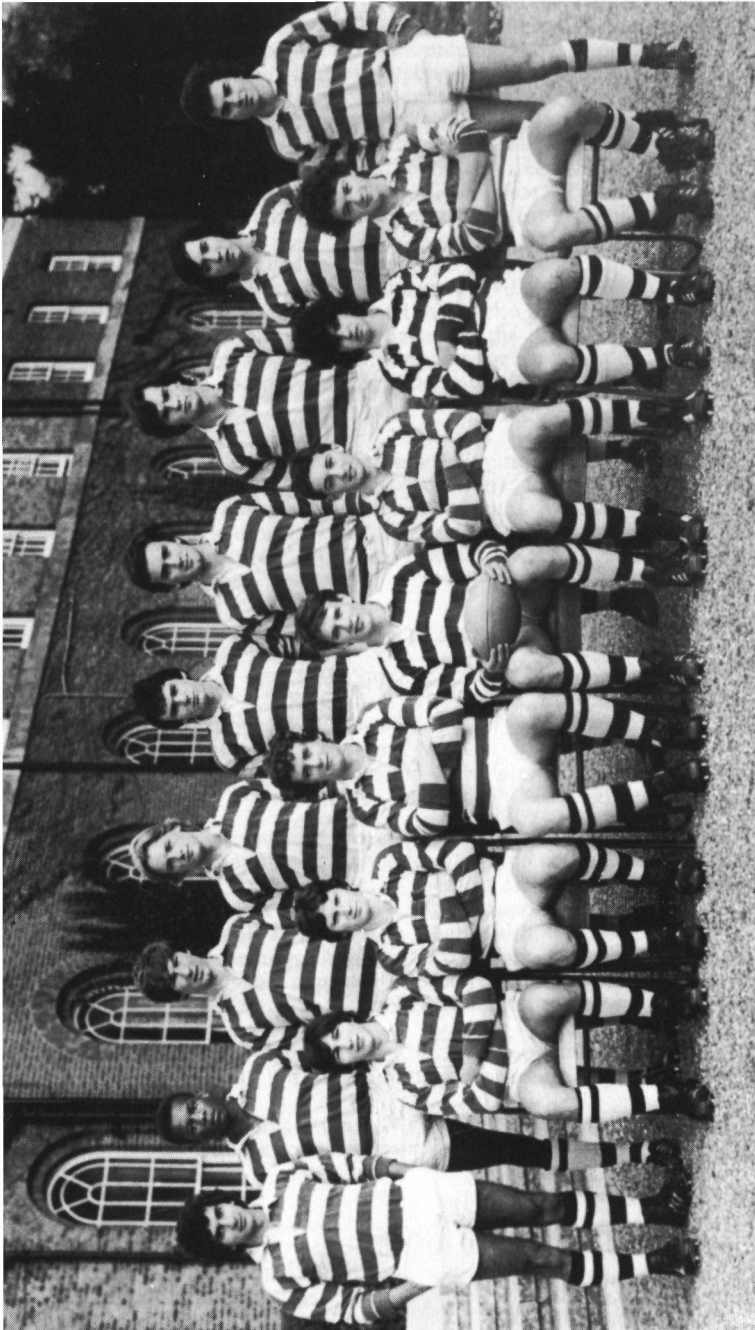
SALVETE

C. Greig Français de Londres.
A. Jawara St. Augustines School, Gambia.
J. Medcaff Quintin Hall School.
J. Nissen Belmont.
F. Reilly Belmont.

R. Stephens Belmont.
D. Mace Greenbanks School, Canada.
M. Tan Garden School, Malaysia.

VALETE

M. Carrou, Lower Arts sixth (1974–1978) — Hopes to continue education at Bedford College.



FIRST XV—1978

standing: R. Cohen, A. Amazonwu, H. Nash, M. Anderson, G. Drew,
J. Boydon, D. Michie (Sec.), G. Samuels, C. Poulengeris.
seated: B. Landau, S. Baldwin, I. Maciver, D. Blackburn (Capt.),
G. Roberts, M. Gafsen, M. Webster.

RUGBY RETROSPECT 1978

The long awaited revival in the fortune of Mill Hill rugby did not happen this season. We got off to the best possible start with a win at Merchant Taylors' but the manner of that victory, against depleted opposition, highlighted problems which we failed to solve as the season progressed.

A strong, but not very mobile, pack earned us a fair share of the ball in every game except that against Felsted. Unfortunately we lacked the means to use this possession to our advantage and could play neither a running game nor a kicking one with any conviction. Our inability to score tries from hard-won ball, coupled with a weak mid-field defence, cost us dearly. In the games against Taunton, Berkhamsted, Harrow and U.C.S. our inability to score points whilst exerting considerable pressure gave the opposition heart. As a result we lost all these games when we might reasonably have expected to win them.

We were never certain about our props, but Poulengeris at tight head and either Samuels or Leslau at loose head stuck manfully to their task and in the event coped adequately. Landau hooked consistently well and worked with great energy and commitment in the loose. The power in the pack came from the second row where Boyden and Houston showed great determination. Michie at number 8 has the physique and athleticism to be a very good player, and he played some very fine games. Flankers Nash and Naylor made very pleasing progress during the season and were models of persistence and commitment.

In our first match Quirk, a scrum half of whom we had high hopes, was injured and this meant that Blackburn, the captain, had to play in his place. He was no stranger to the position, having played there for most of last season, but his play is not instinctive enough nor is he a good enough kicker in tight matches. Nonetheless he put up some fine performances, especially in the last game against St. Paul's. At outside-half we were unable to find anyone to put us into attacking positions in order to dominate a game with the possession we won. Maciver, Webster and, for the latter part of the season, Wernham filled this position without being able to provide this impetus.

Midfield was our main problem because without a dominating half-back we were unable to produce any attacking play. This showed itself with embarrassment in the centre where the simplest of passing movements was inevitably bungled and our defence was very insecure. The highlight of our threequarter play was the tackling of Anderson on the wing, but by mid-November even that spark seemed to be extinguished. In his third year in the side, last year's captain, Roberts, had a disappointing season. His game deteriorated as the season progressed. He is a better player in better company as he showed when playing for the Centenary XV in the Old Millhillians Centenary Match. At full back Maciver had moments when he appeared a good player but he was never able to give that calm assurance to those in front of him which a full back ought to give.

Although this was a disappointing season, it had its compensations. The team never gave up trying, and in the last quarter of games that were well and truly lost their efforts were remarkable. Training was approached in a sensible frame of mind, players were punctual, and the turn out of the team was exemplary. The players were as disappointed as the spectators at their inability to play winning rugby, but they can be pleased with their determination and dedication.

We were unable to produce an outstanding side in any age group this year but there are signs of potential in the Under 15 and Yearlings where the net has been spread wider in terms of coaching this year in the hope that our

rugby will have a broader base. I am grateful to all those Masters who have so willingly given up their time to refereeing and coaching.

D.M.F.

FIRST FIFTEEN

Sir William Ramsay Memorial Match

v D. M. Franklin's XV

Tuesday 19th Sept. (H) Lost 3-36

This match was played after only one week at school, and consequently the team lacked organisation. Nevertheless, we showed signs of playing as a team. The opposition were a large, physical side resulting in the game being hard up-front. The opposition's big score was largely due to the running of Mr. D. Rees. The school never really looked like scoring. We lacked polish in attack, but were determined in defence. Guy Roberts kicked a penalty.

v Merchant Taylor's School

Saturday 23rd Sept. (A) Won 6-4

Mill Hill attacked right from the kick-off and remained in the Merchant Taylors' half until a penalty was awarded and Guy Roberts kicked three points. Taylors replied with strong scrummaging, which appeared to have Mill Hill at a loss. Some missed tackles during a forward break resulted in a try for the Taylors' wing in the corner. The conversion attempt failed and Mill Hill replied with another penalty goal to put them 6-4 up at half-time. A tense second-half developed with both teams penetrating deep into their opponents' 22. Duncan Michie led the pack well and was effective in line-out. The match ended without further score, with Mill Hill having 14 players on the pitch and Taylors 13.

v Stowe School

Saturday 30th Sept. (A) Lost 4-17

Owing to injury, the team was without six of its regular players, although still very optimistic following their victory at Merchant Taylors the previous week. The game began encouragingly for Mill Hill, but Stowe scored 25 minutes into the first-half with a try from an unorthodox penalty move first seen in Australia. Just before half-time the Stowe winger gathered a poor clearance kick and ran through to score. Half way through the second-half a good move by the Stowe backs resulted in their try. A minute before the end, Nick Davis kicked deep to the opposition's corner-flag. Harvey Nash broke through the ensuing line-out and scored Mill Hill's only points of the match.

v Haileybury College

Saturday 7th Oct. (H) Lost 0-36

The team began this match determined to beat Haileybury for the first time in the 10 years of the fixture, but it was not to be. Haileybury out-scrummaged us from the start and took advantage of the sun with high kicks to put us under pressure. The score at half-time, was 11-0, and the opposition scored an easy try immediately after the kick off, this try set the tone for the second half and because of poor tackling they obtained 36 points. A disappointing performance, with only Mike Anderson showing form.

v The Leys School

Saturday 14th Oct. (H) Drew 3-3

The ball was kept mainly amongst the forwards during this match. Mill Hill gave away a careless penalty under their own posts early on and it was converted. However, Mill Hill came back immediately with a 45 yard penalty goal by Ian Maciver, which inspired both the players and the supporters, whose response lifted the team to produce a good last 20 minutes. During this period, the Mill Hill pack drove the opposition back yards in the scrums, and victory was missed when the ball was touched down before the try line in a pushover attempt.

A disappointing result, yet some good points emerged from the game. The tackling in the backs was much improved, and the scrummaging was tighter than in previous games.

v Bedford School

Saturday 21st Oct. (H) Lost 6-16

The Mill Hill pack was impressive in that we matched Bedford in the set pieces, although they were quicker than we were to the rucks and mauls. Duncan Blackburn kept Mill Hill's hopes alive with long penetrating runs from the base of the Scrum and from quickly taken penalty moves. Ian Maciver kicked 2 good penalty goals in the second half. Mill Hill's midfield trio were slow to come up in defence, and therefore gave Bedford the opportunity of running the ball whenever they so wished.

v Harrow School

Tuesday 24th Oct. (H) Lost 6-8

A harder match than was expected. Mill Hill's pack produced plenty of good ball in the first-half, but we failed to convert this possession into points until we were awarded a penalty-try on the stroke of half-time after Duncan Michie had been neck-tackled just short of their line. Ian Maciver converted from in front of the posts and we were 6-0 ahead at half-time. In the second-half the Harrow pack pulled themselves together and provided their powerful backs with much more good possession. Mill Hill became bogged down in their own half and finally succumbed to Harrow's relentless pressure by giving away two late tries. Unfortunately, the score remained unchanged at 6-8 and Mill Hill had again narrowly failed to clinch another victory.



v Old Millhillians "A" XV

Saturday 28th Oct. (H) Lost 7-11

Another hard fought game in which the school contained a stronger, more physical O.Ms' pack. Early in the first-half Ian Maciver kicked a penalty. The old boys drew level shortly afterwards and then went into the lead with a try from the back of the line-out. In the second-half some aggressive forward play led to a try by Gus Drew, but the old boys ran the ball well to score a second try. It was disappointing that the school did not win, but it was nevertheless one of our better performances, particularly considering we were missing Duncan Michie. The attacking play lacked imagination and the tackling in the midfield was at times weak.

v Taunton School

Saturday 4th Nov. (A) Lost 0-27

After a week of no rugby and a long journey we played Taunton on a very hard pitch. The first 20 minutes were fairly even, although Taunton used the ball more effectively than we did. They went ahead with a penalty goal after about half an hour and soon afterwards scored a soft try underneath the posts. In the second-half Mill Hill won a lot of possession but failed to exploit it properly. Taunton made the most of our mistakes. Our passing and kicking was poor. Mill Hill's tackling was weak around the base of the scrum and again in midfield. In the pack Duncan Michie and James Boyden played well. The backs showed no real urgency and aggression in their play with the exception of Martin Gafsen. Again, a disappointing performance.

v Felsted School

Saturday 11th Nov. (A) Lost 0-57

Felsted managed to maintain their unbeaten record with a fine victory over Mill Hill. Mill Hill put up a fair fight, and although the score was disappointing, performed relatively well. Eleven tries came mainly from their speedy, skilful backs. Their scrum was large and well drilled and won a lot of ball against the head. Bern Landau, nevertheless, hooked well under extreme pressure whilst the Mill Hill scrum was being pushed backwards. Roger Naylor was quick around the pitch and did his job well. The Mill Hill backs played better than the previous week, considering the circumstances, and Mill Hill skipper, Duncan Blackburn, gave nothing away in defence. In spite of the scoreline, a game not to be ashamed of.

v U.C.S.

Thursday 16th Nov. (A) Lost 4-7

Mill Hill attacked well in the first ten minutes, yet without scoring. We dominated the loose play early on, whilst losing most of the set pieces. U.C.S. kicked well in defence and managed to keep us out of their 22 most of the time. U.C.S. scored a try as a result of poor midfield tackling and bad covering, but failed to convert it. As the match went on, Mill Hill's scrummaging gradually improved, and the backs were able to run with the ball. Duncan Blackburn in particular ran well, but had little support. U.C.S. kicked a penalty to lead 7-0. Mill Hill spent virtually the whole of the second-half in the U.C.S. half. Frank Navarro scored on the blind side from a five-yard scrum. The conversion attempt failed. In the second-half Stewart Wernham kicked well to keep U.C.S. pegged down in their own half. Mill Hill would probably have won had they passed the ball sooner instead of trying to take on the U.C.S. defence as individuals.



v Berkhamsted School

Saturday 25th Nov. (H) Lost 3-4

Mill Hill won a fair share of ball in this match, but again failed to score tries. For once both wings had chances to run with the ball, but they did not have enough time or space to look really useful in attack. The centres took too long to pass and the full-back never really came into the line at speed. Anazonwu and Anderson did as well as could be expected both in attack and in defence. Ian Maciver kicked a penalty in the first-half. The pack played quite well, yet without total commitment. There were often too many people standing off at rucks and mauls.

Berkhamsted came back well in the second-half with a try, and in the last ten minutes Mill Hill were in Berkhamsted's 22 and winning almost all of the ball. Again, however, too many of our side were going too far with the ball and consequently lost it. Roger Naylor had another good, bustling game.

v St. Paul's School

Saturday 9th Dec. (A) Lost 0-28

Mill Hill took too long to settle down and only began playing to their ability in the second-half, by which time they were trailing 20-0. St. Paul's scored two tries early on as a result of poor clearance kicks. In the first-half the Mill Hill defence was very suspect, although Roger Naylor and James Boyden covered well in defence, preventing what would have been certain tries. In the second-half Duncan Michie won a lot of good line-out possession and Bern Landau struck a few against the head. The scrummaging was the tightest it has been all season, and the loose play was aggressively contested. Andy Anazonwu chased all of our kicks and tackled

with determination. We came close to scoring on several occasions. After a poor first-half, however, we were never really in with a chance of winning. The pack certainly finished the season on a good note. It is a pity that the backs did not run much of the good possession that the forwards won in the second-half.

Results

Played 13 Won 1 Drawn 1 Lost 11 For 42 Against 254

APPEARANCES

Roberts, Boyden, Maciver, Nash — 13; Michie — 12; Blackburn — 11; Landau, Anderson — 10; Cohen, Gafsen, Poulengeris, Anazonwu, Samuels — 9; Baldwin — 8; Drew, Houston — 6; Webster, Naylor — 5; Schild, Wernham — 4; Leslau, Navarro, Davies — 3; Quirk, N. Davis, Newton, Tan — 2; Bailey — 1.

SECOND FIFTEEN

Played 10 Won 3 Drawn 1 Lost 6 Points for 69 Against 111

The Second Fifteen had a better season than for a few years, with a series of closely-contested matches, in only two of which the difference between the two teams was more than 8 points; in six of them a single score would have reversed the result. Only a slight stretch of the imagination was required to envisage five more victories!

The outsiders aimed to move the ball quickly to the wings from all possible positions, and when their excitability did not frustrate them, they produced some excellent moves. Their defence improved with discipline; someone was usually there to cover, and the tackling could be very good.

The forwards usually had to struggle to get their own ball in the scrums and were generally out-jumped in the line-outs, but they were quite lively in the loose when they felt like it.

They were indeed a team of moods, who tended, unusually, to play much better in the second half than the first. They were enthusiastically led by Davies, and at their best they played imaginative and attractive rugby, and had a most enjoyable season.

O.J.W.

	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Result</i>
v.	Merchant Taylors' School	H	4	0	Won
v.	Stowe School	A	10	12	Lost
v.	Haileybury College	H	0	19	Lost
v.	The Leys School	H	12	4	Won
v.	Bedford School	H	0	22	Lost
v.	Harrow School	H	4	6	Lost
v.	Old Millhillians	H	13	18	Lost
v.	University College School	A	4	0	Won
v.	Berkhamsted School	H	16	16	Drawn
v.	St. Paul's School	A	6	16	Lost

Team: L. C. Newton, M. Kos, D. F. Wild, S. J. Baldwin, M. Tan, M. P. E. Webster, F. C. Navarro, D. L. Schild, I. Davies, R. T. Semken, R. T. Ludemann, M. R. Harris, M. A. Hime, A. N. Drew, R. S. Cohen.

THIRD FIFTEEN

A very disappointing season for a side which was on paper better than last year's Third Fifteen. We had some hard, close matches which brought out the best in the side, especially against Bedford and U.C.S., but in the face of clearly superior opposition the team's morale disintegrated, especially in their last game against St. Paul's. Of the individual players special mention must go to Tucker and McGowan of the backs who often looked dangerously penetrative. Of the forwards Middleton was a constant source of inspiration and Greig a versatile tower of strength.

G.W.H.

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Result</i>
v. Merchant Taylors' School	A	6	27	Lost
v. Stowe	A	0	20	Lost
v. Haileybury College	H	8	36	Lost
v. The Leys School	H	6	24	Lost
v. Edgware	H	0	3	Lost
v. Bedford School	H	7	9	Lost
v. Harrow School	A	0	18	Lost
v. Old Millhillians	H	0	46	Lost
v. University College School	A	0	6	Lost
v. Berkhamsted	H	6	6	Drawn
v. St. Paul's School	A	3	52	Lost

Team: Tucker, McGowan, Kirkpatrick, Nisbet, West, Graham, Greig, Middleton, Kelly, Nunn, Tray, Joseph, Greenslade, Baker, Leslau, Ludemann, Fox, Carroll, Joshi, Tan, Abdoo, Welch, Bailey, Rabett, Bowie, Carne, Simpson, Rajani, Senken, Berry, Diffley, Newton, Wild, Harris, Kos, Brenninkmeyer.

FOURTH FIFTEEN

It is pleasing to be able to report that, although it again needed thirty-four players to complete the fixture list this term, they were all seniors and there was no shortage of reserves willing to play. Team spirit has been high and I shall long remember the excitement of the winning conversion against the O.M.'s and the last quarter of the St. Paul's match as we fought to score the elusive winning try.

My thanks go to S. Rabett for his enthusiastic captaincy and to all those who tried so hard.

C.A.J.V.

<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Results</i>
v. Merchant Taylors' School	H	0	23	Lost
v. Haileybury College	H	0	74	Lost
v. The Leys	A	8	14	Lost
v. Harrow School	A	6	44	Lost
v. Old Millhillians	H	18	16	Won
v. Berkhamsted	H	0	26	Lost
v. St. Paul's School	H	10	12	Lost

Team: Rabett, Chanter, Beck, Rodbert, Sterling, Patel, Turchi, Foulger, Berry, Welch, Bowie, Brenninkmeyer, Moody, Gear, G. Marks, Carroll, Selwyn, Harvey, Goldstein, Joseph, Sartaj, Glazer, Young, Fox, Baker, Shipman, Boyd, Emmott, Rayner, S. Marks, Joshi, Semken, Diffley, Carne.

COLTS FIFTEEN

A disappointing season following an excellent start against Merchant Taylors' and Stowe. The next four games were away and we did not travel well. The pack were a solid unit and were not often in trouble in the tight. In loose play Hersh proved to be a devastating tackler and Penson a veritable tank. The backs lacked genuine pace though Nyamekye often timed his entries into the line to perfection and scored some stunning tries. Thanks to the "B" players who struggled manfully and supported the Colts well, nobody less so than Poulengeris, who was unlucky not to get a game.

J.D.R. T.W.C.

	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Results</i>
v.	Merchant Taylors' School	H	28	0	Won
v.	Stowe School	H	7	4	Won
v.	Haileybury College	A	0	29	Lost
v.	The Leys School	A	8	12	Lost
v.	Bedford School	A	0	56	Lost
v.	Harrow School	A	4	24	Lost
v.	Felsted School	H	10	0	Won
v.	University College School	H	4	4	Drawn
v.	Berkhamsted School	A	7	10	Lost
v.	St. Paul's School	A	4	18	Lost

Team: I. Nyamekye, P. Kalms, P. Robertson, T. Chant, V. Ukachi-Lois, S. D. Hall, T. Dawson, R. Beck, J. Culverhouse, S. C. Hall, S. Hersh, A. Blackburn, H. Mistry, S. Alibhai, P. Green, R. Corbridge, A. Harris, E. Winter, D. Penson, A. Pigott, R. Mackinder.

JUNIOR COLTS FIFTEEN

A mixed season, which until the defeat by St. Paul's, worked on home and away basis. The best feature of the season was the improvement of the pack (especially the front five) and greater dedication. Against this must be set very poor tackling and the lack of realisation that rugby is a team game and requires much hard work. Injuries did not help in trying to establish a settled pair of half backs.

On a more detailed basis, we were only really thrashed by Bedford—fine team—and Merchant Taylors. Individuals caused the damage at Harrow and St. Paul's. In the pack Thomas and Parker epitomised all that is good about forwards. Palo, Robin, Vaclavik and Wall improved noticeably. Behind the pack Wickenden strove manfully but must learn to link more and to use his unbounded energy more constructively. Kirkpatrick began to show high promise. Chronias tried very hard but must learn to go on the outside. Fisher performed competently. Berrick was too variable.

All in all a reasonable season; they should become a very good side in the future.

R.C.B.

	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Result</i>
v.	Merchant Taylors' School	A	0	40	Lost
v.	Stowe School	H	32	10	Won
v.	Haileybury College	A	16	31	Lost
v.	The Leys School	A	8	18	Lost
v.	Bedford School	A	0	31	Lost

v.	Harrow School	A	12	44	Lost
v.	Felsted School	H	8	7	Won
v.	University College School	H	19	0	Won
v.	Berkhamsted School	A	12	3	Won
v.	St. Paul's School	H	0	17	Lost

Team: K. Fisher, N. Chronias, F. Scolaro, I. Kirkpatrick, S. Berrick, N. Mann, P. Wickenden (Capt.), P. Thomas, T. Palo, J. Wall, P. Parker, N. Vaclavik, P. Robin, J. Hellinikakis, M. Stern, R. Morgan, J. Pitcairn, J. Van Gelder, M. Laurie, R. Long, J. Lay, R. Philips.

YEARLINGS FIFTEEN

Played 10 Won 2 Lost 8 Drawn 0 Pts. for 118 Pts. against 206

The season was much more successful than the results might indicate. A large number of boys entering the school had played little or no rugby previously, and so the line up to half-term was one of learning the basic skills and techniques, whilst at the same time trying to put out a side against opposition from other schools. Although we had a couple of bad defeats during this period the team never gave up trying, but our lack of technique and experience meant that we won very little ball and so spent much of these early matches on the defensive.

However, the squad members continued to work hard at their game, and improvements became most apparent of all in the game against Harrow. After being 12 points down in the first five minutes we pulled back and spent much of the game in our opponents' half.

In the following game, against Felsted, we finally managed to turn the tables and won a closely fought contest through hard work and much determination. Five days later we dismissed U.C.S. in no uncertain manner, scoring six tries in the process. The game against Berkhamsted is best forgotten; the team deserved to win by 30 points, but we were all too often fated with misfortune. The last game saw us well beaten by St. Paul's with several regular team members missing.

The improvement in the team and the individuals composing it has been immense. Well over half the squad of 30 boys had played little or no rugby before September. The squad worked so well as a whole that selecting individuals for praise would be unfair and very misleading. Any success that we had was due to the determination of everyone.

	<i>Opponents</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Result</i>
v.	Merchant Taylors' School	4	34	Lost
v.	Stowe School	6	16	Lost
v.	Haileybury College	0	38	Lost
v.	Edgware	14	16	Lost
v.	Bedford School	14	26	Lost
v.	Harrow School	14	18	Lost
v.	Felsted School	26	16	Won
v.	University College School	32	0	Won
v.	Berkhamsted School	8	14	Lost
v.	St. Paul's School	0	28	Lost

Team: Shekleton, Darracott, Rosswick, N. Edwards, N. Smith, Lewis, Kent, Cooklin, Ritchie, L. Smith, Hall, Pujara, Wiedersheim, Stern, Hughes.

Also played: Shires, Winter, Zeloof, Kingsley, James, Keller, Lay, Pursey, Tucker, Ventura, Kirkpatrick.

HOUSE COMPETITIONS

The Senior league was won by Ridgeway who played with great enthusiasm and were very well supported. The competition was well contested this year and there were some very good games.



The Junior House Competition was won by School House who beat McClure in the final.

Collinson won the Senior Competition beating Ridgeway.

ATHLETICS

There was surprisingly high morale in the team at the beginning of the summer term despite the disastrous year of 1977 and the desperate need of facilities and equipment. Perhaps what was felt was that things could not get any worse but they had to get better. However, the team's approach to our first match was just right. We were competing against Harrow, Charterhouse, and Merchant Taylors. We won one of the age-groups and came second and third in the other two. This seemed to set the team up for the season. We convincingly beat City of London and Westminster and at the rest of our fixtures always gave creditable performances—frequently winning at least one of the age-groups.

However, it was in the Barnet and Middlesex championships that our greatest success was achieved. Cohen, Newman, Hime, Ludemann, Drew and Anderson all had very good performances in the Barnet Championships and Drew, Ludemann and Anderson all got through to the Middlesex Championships. Drew came second in the 400m and Anderson won the 400m Hurdles in a new Barnet record time.

Azulay also excelled in the Public Schools Championships, where he broke the school High Jump record to come third.

In the Barnet Junior Championships we also had nine finalists out of the ten entries. Dalton was marginally second in the Under 16 800m to a boy he beat in the heats. Stern was third in the Under 15 800m and Kalms, Berrick, Wall and Hellinikakis all did well in their respective events to come fourth.

Sports Day was held on Gears for the second year running and again my thanks must go to all those who helped it run smoothly.

The Senior House Competition was won by Burton Bank,
The Intermediate House Competition by Ridgeway and
The Junior House Competition by McClure.
The Senior Individual Competition was won by D. Blackburn,
The Intermediate Individual Competition by R. Ludemann and
The Junior Individual Competition by N. Chronias.

I must add a word of thanks to Mr. Davey, Mr. Veal, and Mr. Lovick
without whom athletics would not exist and to last year's captain J. Ukachi-
Lois.

L.D.G.

BADMINTON

Patron: J. E. Waczek, Esq.

Captain: A. S. Miller

Hon. Secretary: C. Lewis

I am pleased to say that this year we have had a sudden influx of juniors
who are very enthusiastic. Consequently we have had a very successful term
with the juniors winning all their matches and the seniors winning all their
matches.

More participants than ever entered the Barnet Badminton Tournament
with varying degrees of success. M. Wong won the U.14 singles competition
and C. Lewis was runner-up in the U.18 girls doubles. N. Dawson was also a
runner-up in the U.16 mixed doubles.

Mr. Waczek has been very good in devoting a lot of spare time to coaching
us and to improving the standard of Badminton at Mill Hill.

We hope the season next will be as successful as this term and that
Badminton continues to thrive.

A.S.M.



CASUAL SOCCER

It has long been noticed that in this school there are many frustrated "Peles". To attempt to remedy this, the house-staffs of Murray and McClure have taken the initiative and bought a football. Nearly every half-day afternoon, teams of budding "Beckenbauers" can be seen trotting around San. and Farm Fields. The result of the one organised (i.e. with referee) game this term was:-

Murray VIth Form 12, McClure VIth Form 7.

Although Soccer is at present only a minor sport at Mill Hill, there are really many boys who would dearly love to play the game more seriously and perhaps even represent the school in matches against other schools. It is clearly not feasible for this to occur during the Winter Term because of Rugby, but during the Spring Term, when most of the Rugby pitches are not used, it would surely be possible to raise a team from the wealth of talent and enthusiasm that evidently exists at Mill Hill. Perhaps this hope will be realised eventually, but for the present we must sit back and be patient.

DAVID FREEDMAN



FENCING

Patron: Dr. W. Philips

Coach: Mr. T. Birch

Captain: A. W. Welch

Secretary: P. Ruthven-Murray

Armourer: R. J. Perkins

The club's start to this year's season has not been as successful as in previous years. Unavoidable absences because of rugby commitments weakened the team, and all five matches played were lost. The team did, however manage to win several victories in sabre. At the present time, the quality of sword-play is reasonable, but a large proportion of the team lacks experience and a sufficiently competitive spirit. We hope for better results next term.



The club as a whole is flourishing, and welcomes new members. It is hoped that they will enjoy the sport. A mixture of individual and group training sessions has proved to be the most worthwhile method of teaching. I would like to thank Mr. Birch, our coach, for his continued effort and concern, and for the time he has spent patiently training members. This term we welcome our new patron, Dr. Philips, and I would also like to thank him for ensuring the smooth functioning of the club. Finally, we all look forward to a more fruitful spring term.

P.R-M.

FIVES

Patron: D. Moynihan, Esq.

Captain: S. J. Baldwin

Secretary: G. Bailey

This term there have been a lot of interested players from the Lower School, who played on most days, including the weekends. This term the teams were dominated by Boarders, rather than Day boys. Two members have proved themselves to be potential team members in the Friday afternoon Project.

We played ten matches this term; we won four, lost four and drew in two. We won outright against the Old Citizens, a feat which has not been achieved for a few years.

I would like to thank Mr. Moynihan for his continuous support throughout the term.

The Team members were:-

SENIOR:	S. J. Baldwin; G. Bailey; J. Kirkpatrick; S. Wernham; S. Rabbett.
COLTS:	C. Nunn; M. A. Roberts; G. Wigoder; P. Robertson.
J. COLTS:	T. Palo; J. Graham; J. Pitcairn; E. Rom.
YEARLINGS:	N. Lillywhite; E. Hughes; Marchetto; J. Hall; G. Coren; C. Kent; C. Miller.

S.J.B.

SAILING

Commodore: A. P. Hodgson, Esq.

Captain: M. Hodgson

Secretary: D. A. G. Penson

In spite of its failure to report activities, the sailing club still sails on the Aldenham reservoir by courtesy of the Aldenham S.C. One Firefly has been sold and with the assistance of the Corps, an Enterprise bought for its size and ease of upkeep. The two remaining Fireflies are in very good condition. Interest and membership fluctuates; we have had twelve on the water at one time and on other occasions no takers at all. We are short of reliable helmsmen ready to give others a ride and tuition and it is probably time we got on to a more professional teaching basis with a regular membership.

M.H.

SHOOTING

Patron: I. C. Brownlie, Esq.

Captain: A. Harvey

Secretary: S. Rabett

Committee: P. Zimmermann, D. Silver

The Ashburton meeting proved very successful for the 1st VIII, coming 18 ex 67, the highest position for many years. Also several individuals were among the prize winners, notably N. Black in the "Snap Unlimited", D. Sander in the "Iveagh", C. Kennedy and S. Rabett in the "Cadets Pistol", J. Beck and A. Myers in the "Wellington". The only Cadets 100 Badge in the team was won by M. Dixon, who also deservedly won the Ashburton Cup.

This term started by losing to St. John's, mainly through lack of practice. However, things picked up with comfortable wins against Harrow and Haileybury.

At the Frimley meeting A. Harvey, P. Zimmermann, D. Silver and S. Rabett, making up the "A" Team, narrowly missed winning the Quartet Cup by two points. In the pairs D. Silver and P. Zimmermann came a well deserved 4th; in the individual P. Zimmermann and A. Harvey both won prizes for being places 3rd and 9th respectively out of 62.

The 1st VIII managed to reach the second round of the BSSBRA competition but alas failed to come anywhere in the placings.

Some success was found in the leagues with both "A" and "B" teams leading at the moment. Of the "C" and "D" teams, although not performing quite as well as expected, several juniors showed promise, notably A. Bloom and A. Macheath.

As always, my thanks go to Mr. Brownlie and Mr. Armstrong for their time and patience and also to the committee for their support.

A.H.

Teams chosen from:—

*A. Harvey, *D. Silver, *S. Rabett, *P. Zimmermann, *D. Sander, *J. Beck, *S. Goodman, †G. Bewsher, †A. Sethia, A. Wyspianski, H. Hewson, S. Sethia, A. Myers, C. Swinn, A. Bloom, N. Silver, Jon Beck, A. Macheath, S. Kirkpatrick.

*Full Colours † Half Colours

SWIMMING AND WATER-POLO

Patron: G. C. Sutcliffe, Esq.

Captain: D. F. Wild

Secretary: N. A. K. Fraser

With no school matches arranged for this term, it is always hard to find enough to write a Swimming-Team Report about, but I will "take the plunge". Everyone has been training hard for next term's matches in which we hope to be successful. We welcome several new juniors and hope that the efforts they have made this term will continue into the Spring and Summer Terms and that they will not lose their enthusiasm as, I am sad to say, certain nameless Senior Team Members have. On the Water-Polo side, however, we do have some news; the Junior House Water-Polo Competition was held and we congratulate Priestley House on their well-deserved victory after such an exciting final.

N.A.K.F./D.F.W.

EDITOR'S CHOICE

"A BUSY RAILWAY STATION"

The glistening steam train rolls majestically into a small country station, puffing small clouds of rich white smoke high into the clear air, on a crisp morning in January.

The passengers cautiously alight from the train, stepping nimbly on to the platform, which is mantled with a fresh layer of crisp, crystalline snow. The tranquil air of the country station is suddenly shattered by the bustling of passengers and station staff. Porters rush to disembarking passengers, taking the luggage of old and young alike.

"Hurry along there!"

"Mind where you're putting that suitcase."

A line of local taxis assemble outside in the station forecourt, waiting to ferry wealthy passengers home. A child's whining is heard above everything else, as he slips on the icy platform.

The guard slowly walks up the length of the train, checking that all the doors are closed, slamming those which are not. As he gets to the middle of the station he starts to wave his green flag high above his head, and then blows three shrill blasts on his whistle. There is a high-pitched squeal, as oily pistons start to move slowly in and out. The train slowly gathers speed and the guard jumps deftly on to the guard's van, and the train chugs slowly into the distance letting out two loud notes on its whistle.

The passengers start making their way towards the ticket collector, where he checks every ticket quickly and carefully, before discarding it into the ticket box. Friends and relatives are all waiting anxiously in the forecourt, and children are running about excitedly playing tag.

The first passengers emerge from the station to be greeted with hugs and kisses. The platform is soon deserted and once again the calm air is resumed. Soon passengers for the next train arrive at the ticket office, purchasing tickets for near and far. The waiting room gradually fills up with well kempt men in smart overcoats and leather gloves, and women in lavish fur coats and meagre stockings. Children are wrapped from head to toe in hand-knitted woollen garments. Soon the distant chugging of the next train is heard, and once again the peace is broken by slamming doors and crying children.

G. HAWLEY

THE SUICIDE NOTE OF A MODERN MAN

This incident happened on a black February afternoon. When I was walking home across the fields I felt a menacing presence. I turned round and there it was, following me, a massive great dane. Its flapping tongue dripped saliva as it advanced hesitatingly. I looked for an escape and decided on a gate some way off. I slowly backed off and, hoping it would not follow, I jogged calmly away. Half-way there I succumbed to temptation and looked back. It was still there, coolly keeping track of me not fifteen yards behind. Galvanised by fear, I sprinted as best I could towards the gate. The wind whistled past my ears; I never knew I could run so fast. "It won't have been able to keep up with me, it's over," I thought to myself. How awfully wrong I was I found out when its terrifying bark rang out from just a few yards behind me. I changed direction, swerving violently, and made for an old tree-stump. Once safely behind it I looked for a weapon. It stopped on the other side of the stump, bared its yellow teeth and growled viciously. I spotted a branch which I could use as a club and warily picked it up. It was just then that it leapt over the stump and landed in front of me and, as it lunged at me, I

swiped at it with the club and caught it a glancing blow on the back; it lunged again but this time I dodged and was able to hit it firmly and repeatedly, smashing in its skull and disfiguring its face. I surveyed the mutilated body, now resting in eternal peace, with immediate horror.

Later it occurred to me: "That's how it should be, isn't it? After all, I deserve to win. I deserve life more than a dog, don't I?" Lately I have thought about this in depth, and doubts have haunted me. We have always felt alienated from society, my dearest Jeremy; now I feel a question-mark over my right to live.

By the time you read this you will already have seen me for the last time. Goodbye, I'm sorry if I have let you down.

T. LEVINE

A MOONLIT NIGHT

O When the clouds move overhead
And the moon departs behind.
The only sound in the cold bleak night
Is the creak of the swinging blind.

But if any man should look outside
When the moon is high and bright
He would view with growing wonder
A silky silver light.

The shadows of the moonlit night
Were cast upon the door
Were cast upon the mantelpiece
And on the matted floor.

A lonely bird bursts into song
A sign of early morn
The silence of the night has gone
And greets the rising dawn.

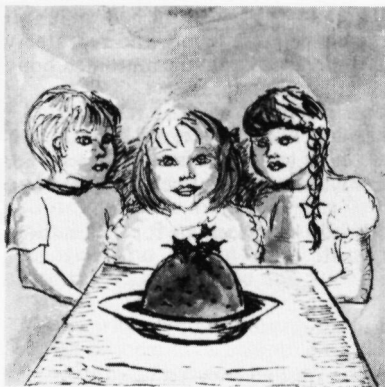
A. NOAKES

THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING

It stands in the centre of the table, stable, solid, inert. A black mass a focus of attention. All around the scene is of jollification. The people: a family rejoicing, celebrating an event. A whole family, the eldest to the youngest seated round. Expressions animated, flushed cheeks, broad smiles. Thoughts on different subjects, one more popular than the other: A child is born and from his suffering the whole world is free.

"OK-silence please, let us remember why we are here. Show a little respect, just a bit of quiet. Think of those less fortunate than ourselves. Those who have not been able to enjoy the wonderful cooking of your mother at the opposite end of the table. A round of applause which I think is her due. After all she's been slaving over the oven for us for the past day or so and I might say in my opinion it was well worth it."

He sits down, a red glow creeping up his face from the base of his neck right up to his large forehead, shining from the heat of



the close room. He reaches to his glass and takes a long drink of water and then a delicate sip of wine. He looks at the mass, still untouched in the middle of the table. It has a shiny appearance as if it has a layer of film over it. The focal point of the mound is the bit of holly protruding from the top with a couple of red berries.

The honours are being performed by the youngest. He picks up the unopened square-shaped bottle. He twists the cap, no reaction, again but harder: no give. He passes it to the right. This time with a quick movement and the strength of the large hands the top unscrews. Back it is passed. He leans over, gently tilting the bottle. The liquid gurgles out. The angle is diminished, the bottle brought to a vertical position.

The plate is passed on to the left; it is placed in front of the eldest child. She picks up the small rectangular box beside her and opens it. She takes a stick out and passes it over the side of the box with a quick action. The flame wavers but stays. She puts it to the mass and quickly the whole mound is alight with a greenish blue flame.

A. R. RABIN

ACCIDENTS HAPPEN

"God, it's hot."

The alien clambered out of the flying saucer. He peered through his sun-glasses and wiped the sweat off his claws on his denims.

"Jeez, Jerry, why'n hell's name couldn'tcha land us on some better planet than this Gawd-forsaken rock?" An angry-looking crocodile climbed out of the flyer saucer, leaned against it and stuck her tail up in exasperation.

"Hey, cool it, Mabel! We ain't on no haw-li-day trip."

They glanced around them. The cacti quivered in the heat. A fly buzzed on to Jerry's nose. He snapped his teeth in annoyance. A few insects chattered in the distance.

"I wonder what them na-tives look like, don'tcha Mabel, huh?"

"No."

They stood in silence for a while. With a sigh Jerry swished some dust up with his tail and said: "Look, baby, I'm sorry. I told yuh what we wuz goin' tu do when we got married, huh? I said, 'Now look here. Mabel, you ain't gonna have no time to raise them tidly little crocs, you hunnerstand, honey?' And you said 'I love yah, Jerry of the Cool Mud.' Now yah hunnerstand why yah shouldn't git angry, huh?"

"Yuh, hun." She opened her mouth in shame. "I'm sorry. But it's just that . . ."

"Come on, my little egg, watcha gonna say, huh?"

"Jerry . . . Jerry, you know that time we wuz on Nicklebrass? Where we won that money in Las Vagaries?"

"Hoooh yeah! Like cool, don't I remember that! There wuz you and me an' the glow flies on that beach an'—"

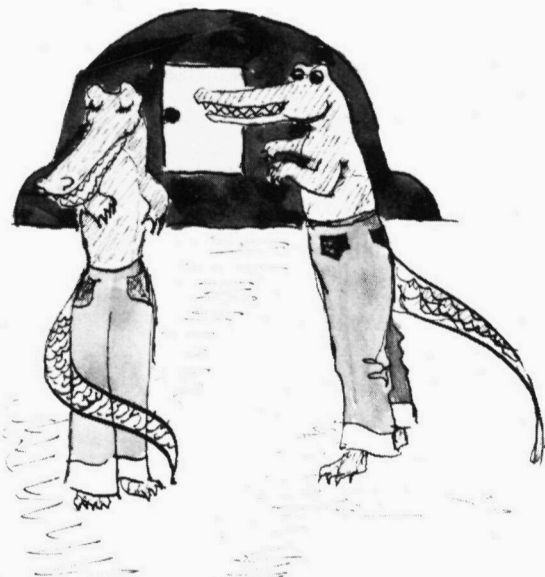
"Yeah, yeah, O.K., Jerry." She lowered her eyelids in embarrassment. "Well, Jerry, uuuh . . . you remembers that next day, I said I wuz goin' to see the duron mines, an' you wuz cleanin' out the saucer, huh?" She wriggled in embarrassment. "Well, Jerry, I didn't go to the mines. I . . ."

"C'mon, my darling egg, where d'ya go, huh?"

"I went to see Doc. Samsonite."

"Jeez, Mabel, wuz you hurt? Then why in the Great Croc's name—"

"Jerry . . . Jerry." She looked up at him with brave eyes. "I got your eggs in me."



Jerry looked stunned. His mouth gaped and his tail thudded to the ground. His eyes opened wider and wider and wider.

"Yihoo! Mabel darlin', I luv yuh!" He flung his hat into the air and grabbed Mabel by her waist with his jaws in a tender love-bite. "My Mabel's got eggs!" He twirled around in a victory dance and then with awful care lowered her to the ground. "You . . . you ain't puttin' me on, huh?" When he saw her radiant face he whooped a great peal of glee and threw his snout to the stars. Mabel gazed at him with affectionate wonder. The sun gleamed over the horizon and popped down.

"Alpha Tango Victor, do you read? Over." The hiss of static.

"Alpha Tango, I read you. Over."

"O.K., Alpha Tango." A new voice, commanding obedience. "We have a sighting on an unidentified flying object on coordinates . . . uuuh, zero too fi-yiv stroke ate six sev-ven. Over."

"Alpha Tango, message received. Over."

"We want you to initiate a search pattern over the area. Connect APC to BaseComp. Repeat message."

"Alpha Tango, message reads: initiate search pattern over area coordinates zero too fi-yiv stroke ate six sev-ven; Connect Aircraft Position Computer to BaseComp. Over."

"That is correct, Alpha. Commander out." Crackling. Change of voices. "O.K., Alpha. Computer match: connect wire number wun to console and activate. Over."

"Alpha Tango, roger."

"Testing now. Repeat what your screen says. Over."

"Alpha Tango, screen reads zero too fi-yiv stroke ate six sev-ven. Over."

"O.K., Alpha, good luck. Comm Base out."

"Great soup, Mabel."

"It's canned, silly, I didn't make it!"

"But yuh touched it, hunney." He gazed passionately at her, the soup slopping out of his bowl.

"Jerry, mind how you're eatin'. Now c'mon, babe, drink that soup up."

"I luv yuh, darlin'."

"ALERT ALERT NON CLASSIFIABLE GRAVITY REPULSING OBJECT SIGHTED NORTH WITH RESPECT TO POLARITY OF PLANETARY MAGNETIC FIELD."

"Oh damn, not now."

"ALERT ALERT--"

"Shuddup, Al!"

"ALL RIGHT ALL RIGHT HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY THEN I AM ONLY DOING MY JOB I MEAN TO SAY--"

"If yuh don't shut up, yuh great big fuddy-duddy computer, I'll disconnect yuh!" Silence.

"C'mon Mabel, get the light communicator. Hook it up to Al and--"

"Jerry, we have done this before, yuh know!"

They both burst into laughter. Mabel went to the store-room and came back carrying a Light Commtor. This was a highly developed and sophisticated laser transmitter and an ubiquitous receiver connected to a computer, and it was used for contact with alien races. They both went outside and searched the skies.

"Hey, Al?"

"WHAT"

"Ain't yuh married?"

"Where's this object of yours? Can't hear nuthin'."

"I DO NOT KNOW. DO NOT ASK ME."

"Al?"

"WHAT."

"YES SO WHAT?"

"Didn't I see yuh with that cute-lookin' robot girl on Pastor IV?"

"HOW DID YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT PLEASE SIR DO NOT TELL MY WIFE WHAT DID YOU WANT DID YOU SAY SIR?"

Jerry's eyes twinkled. It always worked. "Where's the object, Al?"

"NORTH RANGE TWO POINT SIX UNITS ETA FIFTEEN SECONDS."

"Pass out the 'Dark-Nite' glasses will yuh, Mabel?"

They put on the glasses. Immediately the night vanished for them and they could see as clearly as if it was daylight.

"There, Jerry," squealed Mabel in excitement, "There it is!"

The jet thundered overhead and shortly disappeared over the horizon.

"Alpha Tango to Comm Base, do you read me? Over."

"Comm Base to Alpha Tango, we read you. Over."

"Alpha Tango, I am approaching the search area. Initiating search pattern now. Over."

"Comm Base, BaseComp tied in and functioning. Leave manual control now. Over."

"Alpha Tango, roger. Blackout for sev-ven seconds while I switch to search and destroy module. Out."

Silence.

"Alpha Tango to Comm Base, do you read me? Over."

"Comm Base, we read you. Over."

"Alpha Tango, I am now in search and destroy mode. Aircraft under automatic control under BaseComp and APC. Out."

"Comm Base, out."

Silence. Crackling static.

"Alpha Tango to Comm Base, contact made repeat contact made!"

"Comm Base, Commander on line." Crackling. Mumble of voices. "Commander to Alpha Tango. O.K. son, now listen carefully. Do NOT. Repeat do NOT make contact with object. Now report observations. Over."

"Alpha Tango to Commander. Air-to-ground radar shows circular object of radius five fi-yiv metres and estimated mass ten repeat wun zero metric tonnes. Position zero two fi-yiv niner ate stroke ate six six sev-ven fo-wer ate at 1013 repeat wun zero wun tuh-ree hours. Over."

"O.K., son. Now listen carefully. We want you to fly over the object again and just keep observing. Set up a camera relay to Comm Base. O.K.? Over."

"Alpha Tango, roger."

"Comm Base, out."

"Jerry, Jerry, whut wuz it? Huh?"

"I don't know, Mabel. Perhaps it wuz one of the native creatures of this planet." He didn't sound too convinced. "Al?"

"I AM WORKING ON IT"

They snuggled closer and kept looking where it had disappeared.

"ALERT ALERT OBJECT APPROACHING AGAIN"

"Git that Light Commtor out, quick."

They wrestled with a bulky cable and connected it to the Commtor. The tiny afterburn of the jet approached and grew larger.

"Power on, Al!"

"POWER ON"

"Beam this message: tuh and tuh makes four. In binary."

"WILL DO"

The Commtor began to blink.

Billions of years ago on Draconia, the home planet of Jerry and Mabel, the first creature had passed from the dark womb of the sea on to the land. Unfortunately, it was immediately killed. The planet revolved around a double star system and great streams of lethal electromagnetic radiation were emitted continuously. And the Draconians suffered.

But kindly Mother Nature came to the help of the Draconians. Over millions and millions of years the eyes of the Draconians and their entire bodies evolved into a highly advanced life form protecting them against the battering radiation. Then Mother Nature developed their brains and the present Draconian civilisation was born. And the eyes of the Draconians and their bodies hardened further. They could withstand intense beams of electromagnetic radiation for long periods of time. Including a laser – they could not be blinded if one was shone straight into their eyes . . .

“Alpha Tango, camera on. Over.”

“Comm Base, camera operating, vision clear of interference. Over.”

“Alpha Tango, I am approaching target now. ETA twenty repeat too zero seconds. Over.”

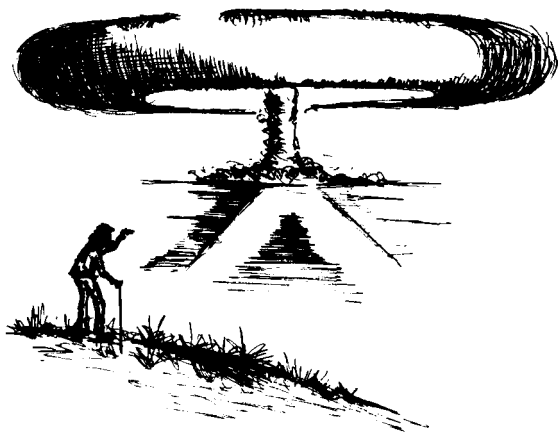
“Comm Base–”

“Wait a minute! There’s a light flashing. I–” Silence. Gasp of pain. “Aaaaah! I can’t see. Comm Base, I can’t see, I.” An out-stretched arm smashes into a button labelled “Automatic Firing Sequence”. The Bomb falls from a height of five metres.

“Jerry, I can see him! Look! He’s much too low for that type of craft!”

“Git up, yuh punk! Git up!” He instinctively clutched Mabel to him.

“ALERT ALERT NUCLEAR DEVICE ACTIVATED JERRY FOR THE SAKE OF GOD ACTIVATE THE FORCE FIEL–”



The tramp glanced up in startled surprise. He peered hard, disbelieving his eyes. The tiny mushroom in the distance swelled and swelled until it was unbearably bright. Then the shock-wave smashed into his body and broke the old bones to pieces.

H. MISTRY

BELMONT

It has been a happy term and I am sure that the warm, sunny Autumn contributed to our well-being.

The 56 new boys, half of whom are boarders, seem to have settled contentedly. Our forms I and II are not only fanatical footballers they can also act well as they showed in their Christmas play. This was one of the last events of the term and it gave a great deal of pleasure to the many parents and friends who were packed into the chapel. The Junior Choir sang very well indeed as did the Seniors in the Carol Service on the last Sunday.

There has been a good deal of music made during the last three months. Belmont joined Mill Hill for a joint concert and our boys have also been over to Mill Hill for meetings of the Senior School Music Club. The Choir sang for the Christmas party given for the Senior Citizens at St. Paul's Church and boys have attended Robert Myer Concerts at the Royal Festival Hall.

The Tuesday afternoon hobbies hour has been a success and between 4 p.m. and 5 p.m. on this one day every boy from the IIIrd forms upwards has been engaged in archaeology, bridge, chess, drama, fishing, golf, modelling, pottery, riding, stamp collecting or swimming. Since on other days there has also been shooting, squash, fencing, choir, orchestra and individual music lessons there has been a great deal of activity in and around Belmont this term.

The Junior Doubles Tennis competition begun in the summer was completed thanks to the persistence of the organizers, Tanner and Gupta.

The Hockey team is showing considerable promise. The match against the Belmont mothers ended in a draw. It might not be gallant to mention how busy he was, but I have to record that our 2nd XI goalkeeper was on loan to the mothers for that afternoon. The one match against another Prep. School was won quite comfortably. The Swimming team triumphed in its match by 121 points to 49.

There have been excursions to Dent and to the Gymnastic Championships at Wembley, to the Royal Institution for a Science Lecture and to Twickenham for the Varsity Match. Early in January a party of 32 boys are going skiing in Italy. Mr. Turnbull has once again organised the trip and he will be accompanied by four other members of our staff.

Altogether it has been a busy and enjoyable term. Now Christmas is fast approaching and Wendy joins me in wishing you all every happiness both now and throughout 1979.

P.W.F.

BELMONT RUGBY

The marvellous weather of this term provided just the start needed for the new rugby organisation. Boys from the age of 9 are now put through their paces and it is a joy to see so many boys involved. The first and second XV's played with their usual cheerfulness and determination and were rewarded with a victory over U.C.S. 2nd XV in the last game of the season. The tour to Somerset is now a regular feature of the calendar and was again enjoyed by all who took part. Next year we shall be running four XV's and the future looks very much brighter for senior teams in the school.

R.S.Q-J

SHOOTING

After our high position (3rd) last term in the St. David's Shield for Air Rifle we have to report that we slipped down to the eleventh place out of the

thirty schools that took part. This was due to the fact that all our best Riflemen had left, but this is only a temporary setback, and we are determined to be up with the winners next year.

In the St. Patrick's Shield for .22 we were placed second in the Fourth Division.

The following certificates were awarded. Eleven 2nd Class, Ten 1st Class and two Marksmen. — A record number.

I have been impressed by the excellent shooting of Karin Hashemian.

I am pleased to see the Juniors doing so well especially James Kahn. Simon Strong, Julian Taylor and Andrew Rispoli.

I look forward to the Inter House Rifle Competition next term.

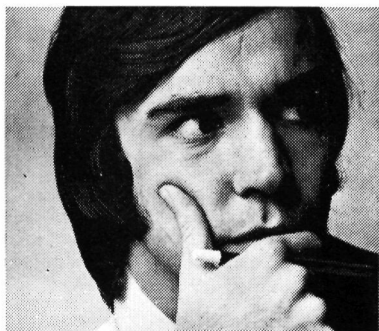
M.L.J.

LEAVING SCHOOL? COME INTO THE WORLD OF BARCLAYS.

Ask your careers teacher for full details about jobs and careers with Barclays Bank; or write to this address for a booklet that will tell you all you'll want to know.



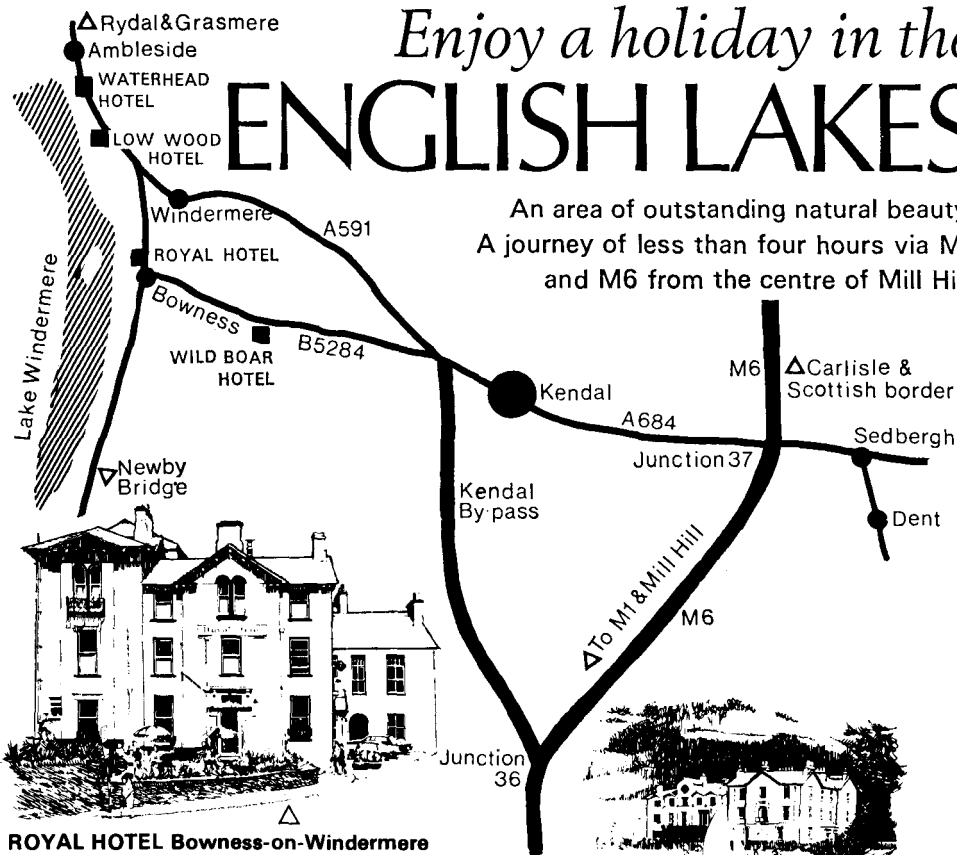
The Local Directors,
Barclays Bank Limited,
P.O. Box No. 601,
131 Edgware Road,
London W2 2HS.



BARCLAYS

Enjoy a holiday in the ENGLISH LAKES

An area of outstanding natural beauty.
A journey of less than four hours via M1
and M6 from the centre of Mill Hill.



ROYAL HOTEL Bowness-on-Windermere
2 Star 30 bedroom Hotel. Open all year.
Centre for lake activities. Friendly, comfortable
family hotel. Tel: 096-62-3045



WATERHEAD HOTEL Ambleside
3 Star 30 bedrooms all with private bath or
shower. Open all year. Lake frontage with
superb mountain views. Excellent touring
centre. Tel: 096-63-2566

*Write or telephone for
brochure and tariff quoting
Mill Hill Magazine*



LOW WOOD HOTEL Windermere
3 Star 146 bedroom Hotel. Open March-
November. $\frac{3}{4}$ mile lake frontage. Centre
for all water sports. Superb views.
Tel: 096-63-3338

WILD BOAR HOTEL Crook, Nr. Windermere
3 Star 40 bedroom Hotel. Open all year.
Famous for its cuisine and cellar.
One mile Windermere Golf Club.
Tel: 096-62-3178/3647



CROSTHWAITE AND LOW WOOD HOTEL GROUP — CUMBRIA

OLD MILLHILLIANS

MILL HILL SCHOOL, THE RIDGEWAY,
LONDON NW7 1QX
Telephone 01-959 0816

Assistant Secretary: Mrs. I. M. Carter

Copy date for the next issue is **30th March**. **Double spaced** and **typed** contributions will be more than welcome.

GOWEN BEWSHER
Windsor 68000

EDITORIAL

Micro What?

It has been said that the advent of the silicone chip in particular and the microprocessor in general, will produce commercial, industrial and social revolutions, the profoundness of which is still not fully comprehensible.

How will all this affect our educational system? And more important can our educational system be geared to cope with it? Already, for instance, a minute 'oral dictionary' is being evolved whereby spoken English can be translated almost simultaneously into spoken French, German, Japanese—choose your own language. Will this eliminate the teaching of languages except for peripheral vocational study?

Will pocket size units, able to throw up visual or oral information on any subject from Caesar to Shakespeare, from wheat production in America to the effect of acid on aluminium, preclude the need to teach any subject other than how to make a pocket size unit able to throw up visual or oral information on any subject . . . ? In short, by the turn of the millenium could we be educating boys and girls to N and F levels in Cricket not Chemistry, in Mountain Climbing not Mathematics, in Modern Leisure not Modern Languages?

No. Of course not. What rubbish. They'll be telling us next that men can fly to the moon!

NEW MEMBERS

Welcome to our new Century!

Honorary Members

Baker, C. S., T.D., A.R.D., 16 Leigh Park Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.
Turnbull, J. A., T.D., B.Sc., A.R.I.C., Longwaite, Hammers Lane,
Mill Hill, N.W.7.

Senior Town

61-65 COLQUHOUN, E. S., 28A Gratton Road, London, W.14.
61-65 WELLS, L. J., 11 Evangelist Road, London, N.W.5.

Senior Country

- 49-54 DICKSON, G. H., M.S., F.R.C.S., Skyring, 106 Warren Road, Worthing, Sussex.
45-50 KNIGHT, D. J., M.A., F.I.C.E., C.Eng., 67 The Fairway, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

Leavers

- 73-78 BANNERMAN, G. R., 37 Westbury Road, London N12 7PB.
73-78 BIGGS, L. J., 42 Bluebridge Road, Brookmans Park, Hatfield, Herts AL9 7SA.
73-78 BURNS, S. P., Twayblades, School Lane, Caterham, Surrey CR3 6BE.
73-78 CHALONER, H. J. E., 28 Highline Trail, Stamford, Connecticut 06902, U.S.A.
72-77 DE SILVA, D. N. M., 11 Lauradale Road, East Finchley, London N2 9LT.
66-70 DUGGAN, D. R., 72 Rosebery Road, London N.10.
73-78 JACOBY, C. S., 7 Kingswood Park, Finchley, London N.3.
73-78 JENNINGS, C. A. R., 177 Friern Barnet Lane, London N20 0NN.
73-78 KENNEDY, C., 31 Guildown Avenue, Guildford, Surrey.
75-78 LEUW, M. P., 22b Elm Tree Road, London N.W.8.
71-77 MARSHALL, J. R., 16 Hallgarth Street, Durham DH1 3AT.
73-78 NAYLOR, J. R., 126 Wynchgate, London N21 1QU.
74-78 NEEDLEMAN, I. G., 108 Nether Street, London N.12.
73-78 POOLE, T. B., The Lodge, California Lane, Bushey Heath, Herts.
73-78 RAWSON, M. J. E., 24 Gordon Road, Ealing, London W.5.
76-78 STANTON, Miss J. A. E., Upper Goddards Farm, Skirmett, Bucks.
73-78 WILLIAMS, C. M., 94 Priory Road, London NW6 3NT.

HONORARY SECRETARY'S REPORT 1977-78

Mr. President and Gentlemen,

I have the honour to submit the 100th Annual Report of the Old Millhillians Club. In October, 1928, Newton Lamont, presenting the 50th Annual Report, congratulated the Club on having reached the position of being one of the premier, if not the premier, Old Boys organisations in Great Britain. I like to think, half a century later, that any doubt about the Club's standing in the country has long since been resolved.

This has been a year to remember as far as many Old Millhillians are concerned and I doubt very much if the President will ever forget it. But I will deal with him later. Had I known a year ago what would happen during these last twelve months I would almost certainly have recommended to Mrs. Carter that she might seek alternative and less harrassing employment. All went well for the first half-year. The Ball committee was meeting regularly and its plans were moving steadily towards fruition. Various dinners and suppers took place. Work was proceeding according to plan on the Year Book, to be ready for publication by the end of October. The Centenary ties had been produced and were selling well. Arrangements for O.M.'s Day, the Thanksgiving Service and lunch were virtually complete. Then disaster struck. Cleveland, where we lived and moved and had our being, was smitten by a severe and sudden attack of dry-rot and the office had to be evacuated almost at a moment's notice. Room was found for us in the Appeal Office at the School; it was obviously better than nothing but it imposed immediate restrictions. At first there was no telephone, there was never any privacy, there was no room for storage, there was no freedom from interruptions and

above all there was not that peace and quiet which is so essential for our kind of work.

I have offered heart-felt thanks to Mrs. Carter often in the past, but none have been so heart-felt as the thanks I offer her now. She has had no holiday, only a few days taken as and when they could be taken. The Centenary Dinner will be in four weeks' time so there is no chance of a respite just yet, I fear. Yet somehow, everything that had to be done was done, and was well done. There was only one exception. Work on the Year Book had to be stopped; it is a time-consuming project and time was a commodity of which we became suddenly and unexpectedly short. Work on it will begin again soon and I am hopeful of a publication date early in the New Year. At least there is one consolation in this delay. We shall now be able to include all those members who joined the Club in the Centenary year.

So many people have helped in so many ways that it is quite impossible to name them all. A gratifying fact has been the much improved attendance at Council meetings and I must present my thanks to my friends on the Council, and particularly to those on the Council Executive, for all their comments and advice. It is a source of great encouragement to know that the Club continues to attract so much constructive goodwill. May I, perhaps, be allowed to offer one particular vote of thanks? Since the last A.G.M. three issues of the Mill Hill Magazine have appeared, each one containing a separate chapter of "Nobis—the Story of the Club". We have been taken from the start of World War One to the end of World War Two; each chapter has been researched in immense detail, and brilliantly written, by Gowen Bewsher and I know of no other contribution to the O.M. Column that has roused so much interest or received so much praise.

Let me record, also, in our Centenary Year a unique performance. I shall be accused of being biased and prejudiced, to which I shall happily plead guilty, but the Cricket Club has always been very dear to my heart and I am delighted to tell you that for the first time in its history one of its members has achieved the double. Tim Wilkinson, the Captain, has scored a thousand runs and taken a hundred wickets.

There is no record of Albert Spicer's activities during his year as the first President, neither do we know anything about the pleasure or the satisfaction he derived from it. I am sure that Stanley Farrow has derived a great deal of pleasure from his year so far. The Club expected great things from him as its Centenary President and the Club has not been disappointed in any way at all. Stanley has done everything that was asked of him, and a great deal more. He will be able to look back on his Presidential year with rightful pride and the Club will be able to congratulate itself on its wisdom in electing a man so able, so enthusiastic and so conscientious. A brief account of his year may serve rather accurately as a review of the Club's activities. It all began on Friday, October 28th, 1977 at the Law Society Hall when Howard Walker inducted him as President—a proud moment. I thought I might find it difficult to relieve him afterwards of the Presidential chain and badge (they both had to be locked away in the safe) but this was not so. Stanley was not like one of his predecessors who was so proud of wearing the chain that it is rumoured he kept it on even while he was having a bath!

The President's first formal occasion was at the North Western Dinner in Manchester last November. A few days later he was at the School on Remembrance Sunday when, on behalf of the Club, he laid a wreath at the Gate of Honour, read a lesson in Chapel and listened to a stirring and vigorous address given by a fellow Old Millhillian, The Rev. the Hon. Roland Lowry Lamb. He was wined and dined by the Golfing Society, by his very own Rugger Club and, more recently, by the Yacht Club. He attended the North American Dinner in New York, and in April he was in Leeds for

the Yorkshire Dinner. He was back in Leeds again earlier this month to attend a special dinner that took place during the Rugger Club's northern tour—organised to mark the start of its own Centenary season. Perhaps I may be allowed, briefly, to express on behalf of all of us, good wishes to the Rugger Club for this forthcoming season, to hope that it is a successful and happy one and that none of its members has to have what Eddie Waring, a guest at the Yorkshire Dinner, would call an early bath, or first use of the soap.

The Centenary O.M.'s Day was held at the School on Saturday, June 3rd, and Stanley Farrow read the Presidential lesson during the Thanksgiving Service in the Chapel. The sun shone out of a clear blue sky and before the buffet lunch in the Sixth Form Centre some 100 Old Millhillians and their wives watched as he formally planted a *Magnolia Lobneri* to mark the anniversary occasion. Among those present was Kate Farrow, whose pattern of life this year has been severely interrupted, and I hope I may be allowed to express to her our gratitude for being so understanding, our condolences on being left alone so often, and our pleasure in her interest in our affairs. Perhaps, Mr. President, you would be kind enough to convey to Kate our greetings and our thanks.

Kate Farrow accompanied her husband to what was, quite clearly, the highlight of the year so far. This was the Centenary Ball held at the School on Saturday, July 22nd and attended by more than 500 people. Its organisers said that it would be "the most ambitious social event ever carried out by the Old Millhillians Club" and I am sure they were right. It was a magnificent and unforgettable evening and the large number of letters and telephone calls that were received afterwards are an eloquent testimony to its success. I cannot tell if it was the most enjoyable function ever held during our first hundred years because I have not been to them all, although I am bound to say that when I crawled into bed the following evening, after a hard day spent helping to clear up, I rather felt as if I had!

Because it was such an outstanding social success I would like to confirm publicly, the names of those few who made it so. It was Ray Dunsbier who undertook the overall responsibility and to him, first of all, must go the credit. He it was who selected the Ball Committee, whose names in alphabetical order are, Graham Chase, Robert Harley, David Petrie, Alan Toulson and Ted Webb, the Bursar. Members of this committee have asked me to single out two of their number for special mention. Firstly, our thanks must go to Ted Webb, and through him to all his staff at the School who did so much to help; in particular to Louise Symonds and her caterers for meeting the exacting challenge that was set them. The task of the Ball Committee would have been so much greater had they not had the benefit of the Bursar's enthusiastic co-operation. Secondly, congratulations to David Petrie whose excellent professionalism, coupled with his ability to take a week or so's holiday at the right time, did more than anything else to convert the whole concept from dream into reality. Many hundreds of man-hours were spent on the "Ball of the Century" and it was worth every one of them.

The only function now remaining is our Centenary Dinner at the Dorchester on October 27th, during the course of which Stanley Farrow will induct the new President, who may perhaps be Nat Garrett. If such be your choice you will know that you are conferring an honour upon Nat that he richly deserves. He has always been a most loyal Old Millhillian and he has been of immense and unobtrusive help to the Club and to the School in so many ways. Also, he is a remarkably modest and remarkably able person.

During his year as President we shall enter our second Century. It is not for me, here, to speculate on what might happen during the next hundred years, but I do hope that our successors, as yet unborn, will have as much

happiness and as much friendliness and as much success in 2078 as we have had in 1978, and I hope, too, that the Old Millhillians Club will still occupy its position of pre-eminence in the country.

THE MILL HILL/BELMONT DEVELOPMENT APPEAL

Early this year, all subscribers to the appeal were sent a brochure setting out the objectives and giving the information that the total received had reached a figure of £150,000 towards the target of £220,000.

At that time they were also informed that our original objective of covering the Buckland Pool had proved impractical on the grounds of expense and aesthetics, and that outline approval had been obtained for the Sports Complex in the old Belmont garden.

Since then the appeal total has reached a figure of £200,000, and our Architects and Quantity Surveyors have prepared a scheme, initially for a swimming pool, changing rooms, and boiler house, estimated the cost and called for competitive tenders. Unfortunately, inflation has taken its toll, and the lowest bid received was well in excess of the Architects estimated figure of £180,000. With fees and contingencies it would bring the cost of the project near to £225,000. In addition, if building were to proceed now a large sum of money would have to be borrowed for a period of years, pending receipt of the proceeds from the 7 and 10 year covenants. Now with the upsurge in interest rates, the project is quite beyond our reach.

The Appeal Committee are, therefore, re-assessing the situation, and having a further look at the re-habilitation of the existing indoor pool, investigating the replacement of the present gymnasium at Belmont, and re-examining the other objects of the appeal.

They are, of course, very disappointed that they cannot proceed with the development as they had hoped, but are confident that all the money so generously subscribed, will achieve objectives even though they may be in a different and modified form.

NOBIS The Story of a Club

In the context of time itself, one hundred years, to use Isacc Watts' immortal words, is but an evening gone. In the context of history, this life span of the Old Millhillians Club has encompassed the most momentous years ever experienced by the human race.

When the Club was founded on that first Monday in December a century ago, Britain was the richest, the most powerful and probably the most ruthless nation the modern world had ever seen. Yet many of her own people lived in abject and appalling poverty. Today, that wealth, built not from competitive ability but from captive lands beyond the seas has gone as have those lands themselves. Yet few if any of Britain's people are poor in the sense that their forebears of a century ago were poor. And that poverty of the 1870's was not limited to pure financial deprivation. Even the men who met at the Freemasons Tavern, educated as they had been at Mill Hill, to administer Britain's interests around the globe, were poor in their breadth of horizons when compared with us. Horizons limited by parameters which for us simply do not exist. When Cunningham wrote to the Magazine and Weymouth answered the motor car barely existed. There was no electricity. The aeroplane was still an impossible dream. That Man would one day fly faster than sound itself was not even contemplated. Men died young because

no drugs existed as a passport to old age. The moon, so all children and not a few adults believed, had a man in it. No voice could be recorded for posterity nor could music be transmitted through the air into a small box complete with knobs and dials. And who would have thought of a coloured moving sound picture in one's home? Indeed, who would have thought of moving pictures at all? The word *cinema* did not exist. Neither did *radar* nor *penicillin*. Nor *telephone*.

Other words could be found in the dictionary or appeared in maps but were unknown in their present context by those who attended that first meeting on the 2nd December 1878. *Ladysmith, Passchendaele, Socialism, Abdication, Appeasement, Blackout, Alamein, Dachau, Police Women, Twickenham, Welfare State, Quango and Mini skirt*. Throughout Europe monarchies abounded. Hitler had not been born. Nor had Stalin. But neither had Einstein nor Barnard, Baird, Bradman nor the Bakerloo.

So what of the next one hundred years? Will men fly to planets yet undiscovered? Will words not yet in dictionaries become everyday phrases? Will the silicone chip obviate business travel and render libraries and the written word superfluous? Will the calculator be used by infants instead of the abacus? Will art and the classics be relegated to the level of a private hobby in an education system geared entirely to the practical needs of earning a living in a material world or will the opposite occur? Will the neutron be surpassed? Will religion become as suspect as witchcraft or will it meet with science so that those two great forces can march together and perhaps between them discover the secrets of God and even of the universe itself?

Many not yet born will never live to see the bi-centenary of the Old Millhillians Club but just possibly there may be alive today, a baby whose destiny will encompass membership of this Club and who, as an old man, will have read to him from the Magazine of the Autumn Term of 2078, a report on the bi-centenary dinner. He will probably grunt and comment that anybody who has £150 to spend on a four course meal of processed plastic and soya beans simply has no idea what life was really like in those marvellous far off days before the old Queen died. Even so, he may still smile to himself, content with memories of friends long known, who with him have formed this happy breed of men.

Part Eight—This Happy Breed

Michael Hart did not so much arrive at Mill Hill as explode upon it! Any lengthy period of headmastership—and except for Priestley and McClure, Roy Moore's seventeen years were more than those of all earlier incumbents—must induce a certain somnolence, a fixed way of life, and if anybody could wake the place up with new ideas and introduce an altogether different pace, it was this thirty eight year old housemaster from Shrewsbury.

In an earlier chapter, comparisons were made between those two eminent doctors, Weymouth and Whale and in one way at least Doctor Whale and Mr. Hart were very similar. At first sight they make strange bed-fellows, one the formal, remote disciplinarian, the other, outgoing, gregarious and liberal, but perhaps more than any other head masters these two took Mill Hill by the scruff of the neck, shook it hard and set it in the direction they wanted it to go. Because they did not stay long their records are clear cut and uncompromising, but because they did not stay long it is easy to see now how much the School depended on their successors to maintain the momentum they had set rather than, as was needed in the cases of Whale and Hart, to build momentum of their own. In that sense, Roy Moore was a fortunate choice whereas Michael Hart's successor, arguably with a more

difficult task in more liberal times, was not. Again Mr. Hart, like Dr. Whale, was very much a man in vogue. Ten years earlier his policies might have been disastrous. Today, they would be forced upon him regardless of his own initiative.

This is not to say that Mill Hill during the late sixties and early seventies was in any way unique. Other schools too were experiencing a social transition, which in its intensity had probably not been seen for fifty years, but whereas most head masters were unwilling prisoners of this change, Michael Hart positively revelled in it and encouraged it to the full. This transition, termed somewhat dramatically by certain observers, as a teenage revolt, was essentially one from formality to informality, from corporate discipline to individual choice. Led by the heady beat of the amplified guitar and supported by a financial capability undreamt of in previous teenage generations, the adolescent of the sixties burst out of his conformist shell to question and criticise standards and attitudes which only a short while before had been regarded and indeed supported by his predecessors as a way of life. "The teenage market" became the most exploited and thus the most indulged of all time. A few talented and many mediocre musicians became millionaires because of it. Uniformity of dress, that hated symbol of authority, was discarded and clothing designers, many of them teenagers themselves, found a bonanza beyond their wildest dreams. Long hair returned as speedily as it had disappeared sixty years before.

These were, of course, effects rather than causes of the cult. They were symbols of a teenage independence which was reaching its climax as Michael Hart came to Mill Hill and it is important to understand them and the background to them if one is to appreciate the tremendous changes which were about to engulf Mill Hill. These changes were almost entirely social and in six short years they removed a way of life which had existed for over a hundred. The year system was gone and with it those quaint but hitherto jealously guarded privileges of hands in pockets and coats undone. Manners became more relaxed and, at times, infuriatingly casual. Enforced watching of school and house matches became a thing of the past. "Stop talking" disappeared and so did Single Handed and the clapping of winning teams at tea, though this last was as much brought about by the introduction of self service in the dining rooms. Fagging went and so to all intents and purposes did the monitorial system of discipline.

The collapse of the last was simply and entirely in keeping with the times though at Mill Hill it was perhaps more complete than at some schools. In the eyes of senior boys, now more than ever pressurised to pass ever stiffening examinations in an increasingly competitive qualifications environment, there seemed no valid reason why they should spend valuable time administering and disciplining young brethren when morally, anyway, they had no divine right to do so. The argument was a strong one and it prevailed as it was bound to do but it had one flaw. The monitorial system was a valuable test of leadership through service among equals and by opting out of it much was lost. That it was replaced in part by a wider appreciation of service to the less fortunate outside the school community as encapsulated in the Social Services concept, while a laudable exercise, is no answer. Leadership through service of those who expect to be led is no substitute for leadership of those who do not.

To the outside world, the first obvious change of direction at Mill Hill came with the publication of the *Mill Hill Magazine* at the end of Mr. Hart's first term. Issue 468 was superior in presentation and content to anything hitherto seen. It included articles by people outside the School and photographs chosen for their technique rather than for their connection with Mill Hill. It provided, midst other entirely new information, a run-down of

facilities at universities and all in all it was a joy to read but for Old Millhillians it committed one cardinal sin. It cut across the tradition of years—and because of its shape it did not fit into bookshelves nor could it be easily bound for posterity. Admired by almost everybody within the School, the new Magazine was all but universally condemned by those who had gone before. With hindsight, this modernising of the Magazine and the reactions to it are important for it turned out to be only the first of many innovations made during Michael Hart's headmastership and the fact that later far more reaching ones evolved without incurring the wrath of Old Millhillians says much for the strength of Mr. Hart's personality which was backed by a certain pragmatic logic in his more spectacular successes.

Meanwhile, the Old Millhillians Club continued on its steady if necessarily less spectacular path. In June 1967, the Club had given a farewell dinner to Roy Moore at Whitehall Court. The retiring Head Master was presented with a gold wrist watch purchased out of the £400 which had been donated by Old Millhillians to mark his worthy period of office. Mr. Moore had been a good friend to the Club and over the coming years was to offer memorable hospitality to many Old Millhillians visiting his new home in California. This dinner had been preceded by another. In March, Stuart Hewson had been the guest of honour to mark his many services to the Club and in particular his honorary secretarship of the Town Club for thirty years which had been followed by a further three years as Chairman of the House Committee. Peter Hemmings (part seven) and John Anderson (1918–23), the Club's Scottish Area Secretary, found themselves working together on the Council for the Edinburgh Festival and Morus Lloyd-Owen (part seven) experienced some of that overseas hospitality for which Old Millhillians are famous when he went on a holiday to Malta only to find that the managing director of his hotel was John Sorotos (1935–38) who promptly gave Lloyd-Owen V.I.P. treatment! In Australia, Charles Priestley (part six) was elected a Member of the Royal Society while across the other side of the world, Robin Mills (1957–62) extended the breadth of Mill Hill's university entrances by attending Cornell in New York.

Nearer home, the Rugger Club reported on its best season since the war with the First Fifteen winning twenty-two of thirty-two matches. Derek Sigley (1952–55) and his contemporary, Christopher Pilbrow (1951–55) won the individual prize in the Grafton-Morrish Golf Trophy while Kin Coombe (part seven) and others continued their devoted but unheralded work of maintaining the efficiency, both social and mechanical, of the Yacht Club's *Winnie* and *Martlet*. Walter Isaac (1919–26) began a busy year as President of the Society of Town Clerks. The Fencing Club thrust and parried its way into existence in 1967 but sadly was not to stand the test of time. Two Old Millhillians who have, however, were the retiring President and his successor. In Club folk-lore, there can be few better known characters than Joe Fox (1924–26) whose knowledge of things Millhillian, particularly in the North of England is surely unparalleled. Joe duly inducted the new President, the Right Honorable Lord Justice Salmon (1917–22), later Lord Salmon of Sandwich whose distinguished life would be profiled in the Magazine a few years later. And rightly so for Cyril Salmon whose portrait a group of Old Millhillians led by Kenneth Clark (1929–34) was later to present to the School, is one of Mill Hill's greatest sons. Today he serves on the Court of Governors while Joe Fox is one of the School's Trustees.

Meanwhile, other Old Millhillians were making their names in a variety of ways. Jim Black (1960–65) who with his brother was a former England Schoolboy golfer, thus following in steps trodden years before by Jim Davidson (1924–29), played Rugby for the R.A.F. and in so doing came up against Harry Barstow (1955–59) who was in the Army side. Barstow was

later to serve in the Fourth Battalion of the Queen's Regiment with Major, now Colonel, John Hewson M.C. (part seven). Rather more bizarre was the achievement of Black's contemporary, Robert Crooke (1962-67) who was one half of a world record breaking see-saw partnership's marathon effort of fifty-two hours! Jeremy Thorn (1961-67) was captain of Leeds University Fencing Club while again on the Rugger field, Thorn's contemporary, Bruce Lloyd (1960-66) played full back for Bangor against Loughborough in the University Championships Final. County Champions, Middlesex, went on a tour of East Africa. Among the party were Francis Mann (1960-64), Jim Kent (1952-57) and Andy Mortimer (part seven). None of them could have afforded to get out of line for the senior official on the tour was none other than Roger Spong who was probably delighted that he was not a member of the Squash Club team which had broken all records by reaching the semi-final of the Londonderry Cup.

But there was tragedy too. In Canada, Ian Calder (1948-52) lost his life on a canoeing expedition when he and two others were exploring the Back River in the far north east of Mackenzie as their contribution to Canada's centenary. In a remarkable tribute, the Ottawa government immortalised Calder's pioneering spirit by naming a lake after him. Another to go was Curtis Dudman (part seven) who had been brought out of retirement to become the Club's Honorary Secretary—a duty which he fulfilled with ability and enthusiasm, so much so that he passed the proofs of the 1968 Year Book only a few days before his death which occurred only hours after that of the Grand Old Man of the Johannesburg Stock Exchange, Donald Viney (1895-99). Doubtless these three would have been as intrigued as were those who survived them to hear that Ivan Luckin (1922-25) had carved himself a niche in legend as the man who sold London Bridge to the Americans. A remarkable piece of salesmanship which earned something over a million pounds for the Corporation of London where Luckin sat on the Court of Common Council. By contrast only £150 was expended by Colin Gimson (1943-48) when he drove a Volkswagen Variant from Sussex to Bombay! Gimson's route, unfortunately, did not take him past Mount Kilimanjaro, at the foot of which Tony Fitzjohn (1958-63) was an Outward Bound School instructor. Later, Fitzjohn would join Joy Adamson in her remarkable work among the lions of Africa immortalised in her book *Born Free*. None of this would have concerned Bryan Buckingham (1953-56). As captain of the Manhattan Rugby Football Club he was touring in the Caribbean!

At Mill Hill, yet another departure from tradition was taking place. In 1969, because of examination pressures, Foundation Day was moved from its time honoured nearest Friday to the middle of June to the end of term. Those closely concerned with the administration of Foundation Day—it ceased being called *New Foundation Day* around the time of the Great War—have always maintained that such a move was inevitable since, apart from breaking into examination preparations, it had become increasingly difficult to award prizes when the Summer Term was but a few weeks old. Be that as it may, few would disagree that the present arrangements are unsatisfactory to say the least. What should be the premier event in the School year has now been relegated to a half day which few if any parents beyond those of boys receiving prizes ever attend and scarcely an Old Millhillian is to be seen. "Open Day" both in name and prestige is a poor substitute and it can only be hoped that in due course a formula can be devised whereby Foundation Day and all that it stands for can once again assume its rightfully significant place in the School Calendar. Pragmatism has its virtues but if Eton can solve the problems and maintain its Fourth of June so surely it cannot be beyond the wit of Mill Hill to do the same.

But 1969 was not only a year of change for Mill Hill. In September the

Club saw the demise of its own premises in Whitehall Court when the building they were in was taken over and became required for other purposes. The Club moved from one end of the road to the other and established itself in a small room in the National Liberal Club. Like most things in life this had both advantages and disadvantages. Inevitably that unique sense of intimacy was lost but on the other hand a wider variation of facilities now became available. Moreover, ladies were admitted at any time! "Private Bar" however, was something of a misnomer for it had to be shared with the Authors Club and it was neither particularly friendly nor particularly welcoming. However, Young, the Club's steward set up shop and remained there, upright and military as ever until he retired a few years later at the ripe old age of eighty five to enjoy the colour television the Club had bought him. On the whole though, the bar snacks were an improvement on pickle sandwiches and the changeover was accepted without much fuss though it brought with it the perennial argument as to whether the cost of the town premises should be spread thinly throughout the whole of the Club's 1700 membership or whether it should be borne solely by those who used them.

At this time too, the School embarked on another Appeal, the outset of which was ignored in an otherwise well presented magazine. Its primary aim encompassed one of three great contributions among a host of smaller ones, for which Michael Hart will always be remembered—the Sixth Form Centre. This then revolutionary concept to Mill Hill whereby boys in the Sixth Forms should have their own facilities, both formal and informal, was again indicative of the times and was one of the finer things to come out of them. From one extreme to another, the Centre took pressure off the Large for lectures and it provided the Sixth Form with its own bar! The consumption of beer was and still is, strictly monitored but this in itself was no new idea. A hundred years before, Mill Hill boys had drunk porter for breakfast. A full circle of at least one attitude was complete but it was one which Percy McAllister barely lived to see.

Percy McAllister had been a master at the School from 1925 to 1962 and his death robbed the Club of yet another honorary secretary but in persuading David Smith (part six) to take over, the Old Millhillians Council excelled itself in wisdom. There have been many great secretaries, Buckland, Lamont, Hewson and Millard are particularly notable, but one suspects that when the present becomes the past and can be reviewed with hindsight, that useful weapon of all historians, David Smith may well turn out to be the greatest of them all. Certainly while some may have equalled him none can ever surpass him in caring devotion. Smith took up his duties at an auspicious time in a Club whose reputation by and large was founded on the Rugby field, for in 1970 and for the second occasion, Bill Ramsay became President of the Rugby Football Union. This time, however, the honour was signal for it was offered to Bill for the Union's Centenary year. But even now, as the Head Master wryly observed in his Foundation Day speech, the French stole British thunder by making Bill a Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur for services to their country's rugby months before a delighted Club awoke on New Years Day to hear of Bill's knighthood. Messages of congratulation flooded in from all over the world but nobody beat Joe Fox who was on the telephone to Bill a minute after midnight!

In that same year, Bill's son, Alec Ramsay (part seven) became Deputy Lord Mayor of Westminster but other fathers and sons were also in the news. In June when the Old Millhillians Cricket Club played the School, Harry Wilkinson (1937–40) was bowled by his eldest son, Tim Wilkinson (1963–70) while Harry's two other sons, Robin (1966–71) and Nick (1968–73), also in the School Eleven, looked on. A record indeed, Eight years later in the Club's

Centenary Year, Tim Wilkinson would secure another record for the family by becoming the first Old Millhillian to achieve the double of a thousand runs and a hundred wickets in a season for the Cricket Club but sadly, his younger brother, Nick, would not live to see that memorable occasion.

The Appeal was well under way and it was now that Lord Justice Sellars, a former Chairman of the Court of Governors, laid the foundation stone of the Sixth Form Centre and Day Boy Block. Sir Frederick's service to the School had been long and wise but some years before he had made way for Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Dermot Boyle. A firm, lucid and incisive chairman of sheer presence, Sir Dermot's decade on the Court was one of undiluted delight for those privileged work with him and enjoy the benefits of his wonderful personality. A ceremony was also taking place at Headstone Lane where Ray Weavers (1928-35) for the Cricket Club and Roger Spong on behalf of the Rugger Club accepted a presentation made by John Bolton (1936-40) for the Australasian Association, of a new Club flag. Russia, rather than Australasia, was a focal point for Jonathan Stanbury (1965-68). It was there in Minsk that he was representing Great Britain in the World Youth Fencing Championships. By finishing fourth in the Epee event, Stanbury achieved the best result ever enjoyed by this country and secured his place in the 1971 Championships in Chicago. Meanwhile, Lawrence Richard (1954-59) already a veteran of Scottish Opera and the Edinburgh Festival was making his debut with Sadlers Wells at the London Collesium in *Die Fledermaus* and the *Personalia* column of April 1972 once again highlighted the multitude of pursuits which Old Millhillians were following around the world containing as it did details of lion taming, of a presidency of the British Ink Manufacturers, of the meeting between two hospital consultants and a hospital governor at a Sisters dinner at the London Hospital, of the Chairmanship of the Farmers Club, of the publication of a book, of the appointment of two recorders and of a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, of the Chairmanship of the Greater London Conservatives, of a Boxing blue and a Soccer blue and finally of the winner of both the Hong Kong Squash Championships and the Hard Court Tennis Championships. Varied pursuits indeed, and that they should have occurred in this particular issue of the magazine was a particularly happy coincidence since it marked the hundredth birthday of a "little Journal" which had been started almost accidentally by Thomas Gurney (part one), who, as long ago as 1909 had expressed surprise that it had lasted as long as it had!

To David Smith and two Belmont boys, Briggs and Phillips, the time it took to walk the Three Peaks must have seemed rather longer than a hundred years though in fact only ten and a half hours were needed to make them the first known Millhillians, and certainly the first as a group, to accomplish that feat. That they were doing it at all was the result of a proposal submitted by David Bromehead, doyen of the Belmont Common Room and David Franklin, now Housemaster of Collinson, to Michael Hart that Mill Hill should have an Outdoor Pursuits Centre. From past experience, Bromehead and Franklin knew it was hardly likely that their report would be relegated to the bottom of a large pile of papers to gather the dust of indecision. They were right. True to character, an enthusiastic Head Master took immediate action. The scheme was mooted at a Yorkshire Dinner and another David Smith (1930-35) immediately came forward with a donation to start a fund for the purchase of a suitable property. Eventually, one hundred and twenty one donors, mostly from Yorkshire and the North West with a few from the South thrown in for good measure, subscribed some £8,000. While this was going on, an ideal place was found in the little village of Dent in the Dales National Park. Initially, the inhabitants were not

too keen at the thought of a horde of schoolboys descending on their peaceful neighbourhood so Howard Walker and Michael Hart had a long meeting with their Parish Council. In the event relations between the School and the village have been excellent and Dent is now a highly successful and popular part of both Mill Hill and Belmont life. Many from both schools have followed that pioneering walk which apart from Smith, Briggs and Phillips included the much missed David Bromehead and Michael Peskett, now housemaster of School House. The Dent Scheme as it became known, is a prime example of Common Room ideas being translated into action by a dynamic Head Master with the generous support of Northern Old Millhillians devoted to one of the prime objectives of the Club—interest in the welfare of Mill Hill School. It was teamwork of the first order with widely differing generations as team members.

Differing generations were in the mind of Michael Hart when he proposed that a day at the School should be set aside each year for inviting specific generations of Old Millhillians to meet each other and to look round Mill Hill. This was not entirely altruistic for it was also a way of attracting potential Old Millhillian parents to see what the School had to offer their growing off-spring and in certain instances this secondary motive had a successful outcome. The first of these *Quinquennials*—this name quickly superseded the initial *Generation Day*—was held on midsummer day in 1972 when all those who had left between 1946 and 1950 returned to the haunts of their youth! They found a School much changed from those immediate post-war days. The food was good. Wine flowed. Wives looked in askance at each other as husbands greeted strange men like long lost brothers while minute off-spring practised half-nelsons on contemporaries! A resounding success. *Quinquennials* have taken place every year since, though few from overseas are ever able to get to them.

Overseas membership has for many years been in the hands of John Bolton. He himself had founded both the North American and Australasian Societies, and now he set about appointing Area Secretaries and Area Correspondents in many parts of the globe including Jamaica, Costa Rica and Columbia, Bermuda, Malawi and Zambia, Singapore, Indonesia and Malaysia, Nigeria, New Zealand and Cyprus. At the Repulse Bay Hotel in Hong Kong, five Old Millhillians and their families sat down to the inaugural dinner of their Association. The oldest present was Golly Liang (1908–13), the youngest, Richard Addison (1966–71). Colin Gimson became the first Hong Kong area secretary. A year or so later, a similar dinner was organised by Walter Mills (1937–40) in Rhodesia and later still a dinner for three was held by Old Millhillians in Belgium. But while all was sweetness and light during that first of now regularly held annual dinners in Hong Kong, less pleasant things were happening in Northern Ireland where John Holmes (1963–68) was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry while serving with the Scots Guards. Sunnier climes, were the lot of Francis Wheeler (1950–55) who was appointed First Secretary and Head of Chancery at the British High Commission in New Zealand. The thought of playing cricket there might have intrigued Steve Wright who had now joined a very select band of Old Millhillians double blues by adding one for the summer game to that already gained for Soccer. John Parkhouse (1948–53) was elected Chairman of the National Association of Goldsmiths and Sir Harold Samuel (1926–29) received a life peerage for public and charitable services. All this achievement, however, was pushed into the background when, in March 1973, a shocked Club mourned the death of its beloved Bill Ramsay.

The ambassadorial qualities of Bill Ramsay for Mill Hill and the Old Millhillians Club were immense and over the days that followed, tributes

were paid to Bill by people from all over the world who had met and admired him. Known as Mr. Rugby he had been accorded the highest honours the game could find to give. His qualities were to be found in the essence of that often misused word, leadership. Great man though he was, and his greatness had spread throughout the universe, that greatness stemmed not only from what he did but much more from what he was. Bill always had time for the humble which is the real mark of a great man. It was said that he never lost a friend but went on making them to the last day of his life. His service to Mill Hill School and to the Old Millhillians Club for over fifty years similarly lay not so much in what he did by formal act but what he was by informal ability—a pillar of strength to whom all could turn for support and advice—and in all he instilled a sense of security and a sense of belonging. He was one of those very rare beings of whom it could genuinely be said one felt the better for knowing. A personal experience confirms this. At the end of the first meeting I attended of the General Court of Life Governors, it was Bill who sought *me* out. He bought me a drink and then called over Sir Dermot Boyle and effected the introductions. Within minutes I felt I was the most important person in the room! But that was Bill Ramsay. His greatness lay in his innate ability to instil pride in others. He was, as Michael Hart put it at his Memorial Service in St. Columba's Church of Scotland "the embodiment of the vigour, loyalty, tolerance and all that is best in the tradition of the School". Dickie Buckland had indeed made a wise choice when he had sought out the young former Senior Monitor fifty four years earlier. In Bill's memory, the then American Ambassador in London, Walter Annenberg, only one of thousands to fall under his spell, financed a prize to be awarded annually at Mill Hill to the boy who most clearly exemplifies Bill's ideals. What the present generation think of this is hard to say for they must necessarily suffer the deprivation of never having known Bill Ramsay, but all those who did would assure them there can be no prize on the list which should engender greater pride in the recipient.

Belmont came back into the news in 1973 when the Master, James Burnett, left to take up the Headmastership of his old school, Edinburgh Academy Junior. When Arthur Roberts had retired in 1963, Belmont had been purchased on behalf of the Main School by way of debentures redeemable at par by annual drawings up to 1990 when all the debentures will have been met. Mr. Burnett's place was taken by Mr. Peter Foster at one time headmaster of King Henry VIII Junior School, Coventry. A year later, a similar change occurred at the other end of the Ridgeway when Michael Hart tendered his resignation to the Governors so that he could eventually take up the headmastership of a European Community School in Brussels.

Michael Hart was in every sense a practical headmaster and in six years he had made a number of clear and very practical changes at Mill Hill. He had very exact ideas as to precisely how the School should be projected into the last quarter of this twentieth century and he had set about his task with a degree of vigour which had left breathless many of those in close contact with him. The Sixth Form Centre and Dent were only two of many innovations. It was Michael Hart who introduced the Queen Elizabeth's Hall Concerts and it was Michael Hart who introduced the Mill Hill French Scheme—a then entirely novel idea whereby boys are taught and sit examinations in, certain subjects, notably Geography, entirely in French. This, perhaps more than anything else, served to put Mill Hill firmly on the scholastic map during the early seventies and from it many other horizon broadening benefits accrued. Trips abroad, particularly the Exchange Visits with the Join-Lambert School in Rouen became a regular feature and the Head Master, himself, took parties of boys to Russia on two occasions. It was a vigorous administration, full of incident and full of creativity. If there is any criticism

of this period, it is perhaps that for Mill Hill if not for himself, Michael Hart left before the deliberately designed move towards more liberal attitudes on discipline, personal manners in boys and corporate spirit had been truly established as a profound and lasting alternative. In a sense, however, this criticism is partially unfair, being made as it is perhaps because of the failure of his successor always to identify and maintain the fine line he had set.

By now the *Mill Hill Magazine* had returned to its old format, primarily because of cost and the pressure asserted by the Club who bore forty per cent of that cost. A new editor was appointed and a series of profiles began to appear on Old Millhillians, among them, Sir Graham Rowlandson (1919-26), Dr. Lavington Hart (1876) and the famous pair of Sobey and Spong. Michael Crowder (1947-52) was appointed Director of Nigeria's new Centre for Cultural Studies and Geoffrey Foster (1934-37) won the Montague Island, New South Wales Yacht Race thereby establishing himself as one of Australia's leading yachtsmen. The Rugby Football Union gave £500 towards the Bill Ramsay Memorial Fund which had been set up to improve and maintain the facilities available at Headstone Lane. It was a measure of the esteem in which Bill Ramsay was held that midst the School Appeal and the Dent Appeal, the Bill Ramsay Fund all but reached its target of £10,000. Then news came through that in June 1973 the direct association with a great Mill Hill era had been ended by the death of the last surviving child of Sir John and Lady McClure. Christine McClure had died at the age of eighty. To the end she had kept the grand piano presented to her father to mark the twenty first year of his headmastership as well as his portrait painted by Frank Salisbury. Arthur Holt (1924-31) became yet another Old Millhillian to be elected President of the Liberal Party and so far as it is known, the Court of Governors was represented on the rugby field for the first time against the School when Eric Harvey (1946-51) turned out against the fifth Fifteen for the Club's Vice President's team. More ambitiously perhaps, Robin Mills was trying to make the United States Hockey team for the Pan American Games due to be held in Brazil. Nearer home, the Court had been debating on Michael Hart's successor and from an indifferent field one man showed up strongly enough to command a unanimous vote. And so it was that in September 1974, a forty four year old housemaster from Marlborough, Mr. Alan Elliott, took up his duties. He arrived at what some were predicting would be the most critical time in the School's history.

Unlike all earlier periods of distress, this one was not of the School's making. Throughout the western world a word scarcely if ever mentioned in the sixties seemed to have become the most used in the English language. Inflation. Inflation now affected everything. Food, cosmetics, petrol, capital goods, jobs and—school fees. Between May 1972 to May 1976, boarding fees at Mill Hill escalated from £780 per annum to £1614. This staggering 107 per cent was matched by almost every other similar establishment. Today, the fees exceed £2000 for a boarder. At the time, pessimists predicted that such could only mean the end of the private sector in education which had been doubly hit by the justified but crippling recommendations of the Houghton Report on teachers' salaries. The Left Wing jubilantly agreed. Boarding numbers at schools throughout Great Britain, already falling because of social change, now began to fall more rapidly as the middle classes cracked under this increasingly intolerable financial burden. For Mill Hill, the situation was aggravated even further as political pressures coupled with embarrassingly high rates increases began to force the demise of the Borough Boarding Scheme for all but those in extreme social need. In this, Mill Hill was particularly unfortunate. Way back in 1944 when it had

pioneered the then Middlesex Scheme the School had had the choice of becoming a direct grant establishment or remaining independent. Its Governors had decided on the latter. Now, as the Direct Grant system also ended, those who had opted in, thereby receiving over a period of nearly thirty years much government help for the refurbishing of buildings were able to use almost all the monies they had to raise, for the founding of scholarships with which they hoped to maintain their newly enforced independence. For Mill Hill, no such government support had been available. The price of independence since 1945 had been high but there were few who did not believe that the Court of the day had taken the right decision in 1944 when social attitudes were so different and when politics in education were constructive and exciting rather than destructive and stultifying as they are today.

Winterstoke House reached its fiftieth anniversary in 1974 and the occasion was marked by a reunion which some seventy five year old Winterstokians attended. In the magazine, Christopher Ikin (1931-39) raised the question of the School's crest as it was in the latter half of the nineteenth century. "When was it devised", he asked. "And why is it never referred to in the histories of the School?" No answers were forthcoming and the mystery remains. In that same year, Ernest Shanks Q.C. (1924-30) received a C.B.E. in the New Year's Honours List which also contained a knighthood for Dr. Ronald Gibson (1924-28) Chairman of the Council of the British Medical Association. Alford House came into the news twelve months later when its Under Sixteen Soccer Team swept all before it to become England Champions in the National Association of Boys Clubs Competition. This was proud news for it is all too easy to forget the consistent and largely unheralded efforts of a desperately small but caring band of Old Millhillians which have been carried on in Lambeth without a break since 1934. That year, however, the President of the Club, Walter Isaac, together with Alford House stalwarts like Nat Garrett (1919-27) and Treasurer, Philip Heywood (1932-36) were present at a Cheese and Wine party held to honour the remarkable achievements of two particularly devoted Old Millhillians. George Goyder (part five) had been working with Alford House for fifty years—well before the inception of the Frank Briant Memorial Council had produced the Old Millhillians' formal connection. That night Goyder shared his place of honour with Dick Walker (part five) who had completed only a mere forty years! The Old Millhillians Club did some honouring of its own as well by electing Stuart Hewson, Oscar Viney (1900-03) and Alf Hawes as honorary members in recognition of the tremendous service which all three had rendered to the Club over many years. It had already accorded the same honour to Phyl Jackson, widow of former master, Tom Jackson for her marvellous support of the Club at Headstone Lane and for the ever open door of her home to any Old Millhillian.

The Annual Dinner of 1975 saw Walter Isaac induct Eric Dangerfield as his successor. It was Dangerfield who introduced a scheme, later to bear his name, whereby young Old Millhillians and boys leaving the School could be guided into careers and where possible could be provided with contacts. This was particularly pertinent at a time when unemployment was higher than at any time since the war and under the administrative hand of Jim Beadle (1934-40) the Dangerfield Scheme got off the ground. A register of Old Millhillians was established and some success was achieved though to date the Scheme has not been fully exploited. Meanwhile on the sports field the Rugger Club got through to semi-final of the Middlesex knock-out competition while not to be outdone, the Cricket Club reached the last eight of the Kemp Cup, again, a knock-out competition which some 240 clubs

enter. Its young and talented side was providing the Club with its best season in a forty five year history. It was energetically led by Nigel Wray (1961–66) who later was to join Wulf Sobey as the only Old Millhillians to captain both the Cricket and Rugger Clubs.

The Club was beginning to realise that its Centenary Year was fast approaching and a Centenary Committee was set up under the chairmanship of Bill Galloway (1919–24) who later resigned in favour of the Centenary President. A number of ideas were discussed including holding a fete at the School but this never materialised. Elsewhere, Professor Stephen Holt (1948–54) was elected Pro Vice Chancellor of Bradford University and John Methven (1935–40) formerly Director General of Fair Trading was appointed Director General of the Confederation of British Industries. Robin Mills won a number of American Hockey caps. Joe Hume died and so did Percy Nevill (1901–04), a former Vice President of the Scout Movement and holder of the Silver Wolf. They were followed by Denis Case (1946–48), a housemaster at Wellington, Mill Hill's oldest surviving son, Theodore Thomson (1897–98), Kenneth Wilson (1905–11) a descendent of John Pye Smith and lastly but by no means least, Oscar Viney. Viney had been a staunch supporter of all things Millhillian. A past president of the Club he had been a Governor of the School for many years to which, often anonymously he had donated generous sums. During those difficult times between 1938 and 1946 Viney had proved a tower of strength though inevitably much of his effort was overshadowed by that of his life long friend, Dickie Buckland. It was not long before Viney was joined in the Obituary column of the Magazine by two great Welshmen. Judge Trevor Morgan (1907–12) and Lord Ogmores were both past Presidents of the Club.

Belmont was distinguishing itself in a number of fields at this time. Its cricket team became Middlesex Champions in the Lord's Taverners Competition and its production of *The Ballad of Salomon Pavey* hit the headlines when Belmont were invited to take it to the Fringe of the Edinburgh Festival. Success there was followed by a week at the Young Vic to mark the Queen's Silver Jubilee and eventually the play was performed on television but regrettably with only two of its original cast, neither of whom played their original parts though as a result one boy, Neil Lillywhite, went on to play in another T.V. series. Hockey, too is enjoyed at Belmont which would please John Cranwell (1948–53) for a number of years a Welsh Hockey Selector and in the Club's centenary year a junior Vice president of the Welsh Hockey Association; an honour similarly attained by Alec Ramsay in the Rugby Football Union.

With the Centenary approaching *Nobis—The Story of a Club* commenced in the Magazine. The Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell (1914–19) received a knighthood and Andrew Gellert (1966–71) won the Gold Medal of the University of London as a result of his final examinations in medicine. This must have pleased the Royal Free Hospital for it was the first time in twenty years that the medal had been awarded to one of their students. Peter Hemmings moved from Scottish Opera to the General Managership of Australian Opera which is considered to be one of the top six in the world and David Smith, together with three boys and a master celebrated the first ascent of Bowfell Buttress by climbing it again seventy five years after pioneers Charles Hargreaves (1889–1890) and Gerard West (1879–80). The Council of the Old Millhillian Club meanwhile had nominated the Centenary President for election at the Annual General Meeting. There could have been nobody who would have disputed their choice and the Council had not found itself overpressed to think of a name for there was one man whose devotion over many years to both the Club and the School more than fitted him for this signal honour. When the work of present day Old

Millhillians can be truly judged against the pattern of history the name of Stanley Farrow (1927–30) will surely rank with the greatest of them all. A Middlesex county player, Stanley was Vice Captain of the Rugger Club. He had helped to found the Swimming Club in 1932 and he was Commodore of the Yacht Club from 1959 to 1970. He was made a Governor of the School in 1951 and had been Chairman of the Court's General Purposes Committee for ten years when he was inducted as President by his predecessor, Howard Walker (part six). His concern for Mill Hill has always been profound and little could Stanley Farrow have known on that October evening in 1977 the problems that were to confront him during what rightfully should have been a serene and gracious year of office.

By now the Court of Governors had launched a further Appeal for Mill Hill and Belmont but it had done so only after much heart searching and discussion. The covenants to the previous Appeal were only just ending, financial resources of many potential subscribers were limited and moreover, the Old Millhillians had been subjected to the Bill Ramsay Appeal and in the North particularly to the Dent Appeal. Was this Appeal likely to break the camel's back? Certainly, the Northern Old Millhillians intimated that they could not support it to the full but professional advisers with knowledge of the success being achieved at other schools urged its implementation. A target of £220,000 was set, out of which the School hoped to build a new covered swimming pool in the walled garden at Belmont to replace the existing indoor pool, now almost a century old. At the outset the Appeal went well but then the Appeal Director left to take up a more permanent appointment in another field and his replacement proved disastrous. More and more the sheer administrative burden of this gigantic task began to fall on Stanley Farrow as Chairman of the Appeal Committee. Nobody could have worked harder or with more devotion and it was remarkable that in spite of all the difficulties the target was all but reached by the middle of 1978 with parents taking on the burden of the majority share traditionally reserved for Old Millhillians. In this there can be no criticism of Club members. For years and years they have given time and again and a limit had been reached particularly among that cream of the generations—those who had been at Mill Hill in the early twenties and who had thus by now reached retirement. But even if the target had been all but attained there was still a bitter blow to come. Inflation had taken its toll and the Covered Pool project, intended to be the first stage in a new sports hall complex had increased so much in estimated cost that this brave idea stayed still tantalisingly out of reach. How the results of the Appeal are to be administered is no part of this story for decisions in that respect have yet to be taken.

A number of more modest projects directly concerned with the Club's centenary did get off the ground. A centenary tie, designed by Nat Garrett to Stanley Farrow's specifications as approved by the Centenary Committee became very popular. Blue, the tie bears the Club Crest with the figures 1878–1978 underneath. Lead crystal glasses also bearing the Club crest were available for members to purchase and the Centenary Register, initially the idea of David Smith, got off the ground. With impetus from Bruce Maunder-Taylor (1959–64) the project was almost ready for the printers when Cleveland to where the Club had moved its office in 1976 became unsafe and Iris Carter had perforce to move in with the Appeal staff who were also working at full stretch. Under these intolerable pressures something had to give and it is now hoped that the Centenary Register will appear in 1979.

As the annual dates for provincial and overseas dinners came round so the Centenary Year was celebrated but the first event in which the Club as a whole participated was the Service of Thanksgiving in the School Chapel

held on a glorious day in June. The address was given by David Smith and the lessons were read by Dick Walker and Stanley Farrow who afterwards planted a magnolia tree in a quiet area of lawn hard by the Sixth Form Centre. Cricket was played against the School in the afternoon and tea was enjoyed on the lawns of Burton Bank. The Club was back at the School towards the end of July exactly one hundred years after Cunningham's letter by which time the weather had changed so that the Centenary Ball was held on a bitterly cold and windy evening. Described as the most ambitious social event ever attempted by the Club, it was attended by more than five hundred people. Its undoubted success was due entirely to the Ball Committee headed by Ray Dunsbier (1952-56) ably supported by David Petrie (1942-46), Robert Harley (1945-50) and Graham Chase (1966-72). The Committee was fortunate in harnessing the enthusiastic support of the School Bursar, Ted Webb who, through volunteers from the Common Room, organised the Firework display, and the tremendous help given by the School Caterer, Louise Symonds was also readily acknowledged by the Committee and those who attended this memorable event with its fine Tombola organised by Alan Toulson (1955-60). It took the Committee and other volunteers two days to clear up but then the School was left to the peace and tranquility of its summer holidays. Such quiet repose, however, did not last for long. A fortnight or so later the Head Master submitted his resignation to the Court for personal reasons. He was not to return again to Mill Hill in any official capacity.

It is, of course, far too soon to review the circumstances which led up to this event save to say that they involved nobody but Alan Elliott himself. What can be said, however, is that those directly concerned with this resignation—and once again the main burden fell on Stanley Farrow—were playing their part in an event as dramatic as any in the School's history. No Head Master bar Derry had served a shorter period since the New Foundation. No resignation ever, so far as it can be ascertained, had taken effect so speedily and that includes the period leading up to the collapse of the Old Foundation. History is unlikely to invest Mr. Elliott with the accolade of greatness but he will always be remembered as the man who introduced girls to the Sixth Form and for that the School may have very real cause to be grateful in the years that lie ahead.

Alan Elliott's departure brought the Court of Governors into sharp focus and there was some criticism by one or two less informed people who inferred that the Court was out of touch. In fact, nothing was less true and this is perhaps a convenient moment to dwell on a body of men whose activities are rarely if ever discussed. The Court of Governors is some twenty strong and initially can be divided into two categories. Those who are Old Millhillians and those who are not. The former hold the majority though rarely if ever is this division felt, far less is it commented upon. The non Old Millhillian Governors are invited to join the Court because of their educational, not necessarily academic, experience in a field far broader than that found at Mill Hill though one exception to this educational rule is the Conservative M.P., Dudley Smith. Non Old Millhillian Governors have a vital role to play for without them the Court would always be in danger of becoming introspective, and particularly worthy of note are Jim Pitts Tucker, himself a former headmaster, and Geoffrey Petter formerly one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.

Of the Old Millhillian Governors there are possibly three categories though many Governors fall into more than one. Firstly, there are those, distinguished in public or professional life, like Lord Salmon and Sir Graham Rowlandson who bring lustre to the Court. It should not be thought, however, that any of them, let alone these two, are mere ornaments.

Far from it. Both are assiduous attenders and both speak their mind when they feel called upon to do so. Mill Hill has long been associated with the North of England and in an attempt to keep representation up in those areas, some Governors are appointed because they come from that part of the world though they are only invited to join the Court if it is felt their services would be relevant and valuable. Two newcomers on this basis are Bill Skinner (1949-55) and Jim Roberts (part seven). Into the third and final category fall those Governors who somewhat disparagingly call themselves Drones. Comparatively local Old Millhillians, they are ones with the time, energy and devotion to spend a considerable number of hours on Mill Hill affairs and most of them serve on the Court's executive body, the General Purposes Committee of which Stanley Farrow is the Chairman. A senior member of this Committee and indeed of the Court itself, is Dick Walker, the School Treasurer. Dick has followed a distinguished line of Old Millhillians who have occupied a special pew reserved for the Treasurer in the Chapel but arguably none have been as competent as he in times when the problems of balancing a budget which exceeds a million pounds a year are acute and could be insoluble to a lesser man. Other members of this General Purposes Committee include Nat Garrett, David Smith, Eric Harvey and the author. The Head Master and the Bursar also attend as they do all full Court Meetings.

The Court meets five times a year, one of those meetings being at the School. The General Purposes Committee meets eleven times a year and all its meetings are held at Mill Hill but there are naturally many informal conversations and telephone discussions between the more formal occasions. Dick Walker, for instance is in constant touch with the Bursar. The Court is presided over by a Chairman who since the days of Nat Micklem in the forties has been chosen deliberately from outside the Old Millhillian fold. The present Chairman is the High Court Judge, Sir Alan Orr. The Court is administered by a Clerk or Secretary who presently is Gavin Turner (1950-55), a practising solicitor. Apart from the General Purposes Committee, other groups are formed from time to time and recently a Selection Committee under the Chairmanship of Geoffrey Petter was established to produce a short list of candidates for the Headmastership. A more permanent sub committee is one which directly concerns itself with Belmont. Chaired by the Vice Chairman of the Court, Michael Kempster Q.C. (1936-42). The governors are further represented by Eric Harvey on this committee which also includes Belmont parents.

The Governors operate under a policy document known as the 1869 Scheme. This Scheme which was approved by the Charity Commissioners after the collapse of the Old Foundation in 1868, also provides for the existence of the General Court of Life Governors which is presently some four hundred strong. Life Governors are elected on application provided they can meet a number of conditions. They must be Old Millhillians and have obtained a degree at a British University or have subscribed ten pounds to the School. The Life Governors meet once a year to hear a Report from the Court and to confirm proposals put to them for new School Governors. Life Governors have no rights under the Scheme in connection with the running of Mill Hill but it is they and not the Court who are solely empowered to close the School. Many School Governors are also Life Governors but such is not a prerequisite of appointment to the Court nor indeed is it necessary for the School's Trustees to be appointed from the Life Governing Body though in practise almost all of them are. These Trustees are, of course, custodians and administrators of the Trust under which the School operates and among their number can be found Eric Dangerfield, Walter Isaac, Phillip Heywood, Ray Weavers and Joe Fox. All in all,

respected and responsible bodies of men well in touch with the School, its failures and its successes.

As the summer of 1978 ended bringing to a close yet another successful season for a skilled and competent Cricket Club, so the Rugger Club started on its own Centenary Year with a Northern Tour and a match at Headstone Lane between the First Fifteen and a team composed mainly of internationals got together by Jim Roberts and Johnny Williams (part seven). Coincidentally, 1978 is not only the Rugger Club's Centenary Year, it is also the seventy fifth anniversary of its resuscitation. A number of events have been planned to mark this splendid achievement, among them a reference book of Club grounds compiled by Jim Beadle and a history of the Rugger Club edited by a non Old Millhillian, Roger Phillips. At the School, a new venture got off the ground. For more than three years, David Smith and the author had been working on a concept whereby the School's facilities, unused for a third of the year, could be made available to outsiders, money accruing from such lettings to be put towards improving and extending those facilities. It is with these aims that the Buckland Society was formed and the initial response has been encouraging. Undoubtedly, if the Society is to maintain its momentum and to succeed fully in its aims whereby the income it accrues becomes of substantial value to the School, it will require a full time experienced entrepreneur manager of the type employed by many other schools for the same purpose.

And so at last the highlight of the Centenary Year approached. All the difficulties, all the problems seemed to disappear as this magical moment came nearer and nearer. It was, of course, the Centenary Dinner held at the Dorchester and for some this was the second celebration in two evenings for a day earlier the Old Millhillian Lodge had enjoyed the fortieth anniversary of its consecration. One's mind was alive with many thoughts as one made one's way down Park Lane on that October evening. So many questions remain unanswered at this historic time as we approach the new decade of the eighties. Can Mill Hill maintain its boarding numbers in the face of ever rising costs? Indeed, can it return to the glory of a national school as in the days when parents and boys travelled more than the now normal fifty miles because they respected and valued Mill Hill's great Non Conformist traditions? What part have girls and overseas students to play? Will Sixth Form entries become increasingly important? And what of educational policies generally? Will they finally move into the industrial training arena or has the advent of the microprocessor saved them to continue to educate boys, not solely for successful careers, but as a way to find a rich and varied pattern of interests out of which the very fabric of life is made? Indeed, how will the silicone chip affect schoolmasters and the art of teaching? Will the personal touch be discarded or will it remain paramount forever in our educational system?

And what of the Old Millhillians Club itself interwoven so closely as it is with the School? Will its membership grow more concentrated in the London area as day boy numbers increase or will it go to the other extreme as overseas students take back its friendship and its ideals to their own countries? Does its future lie in Yorkshire or in the Third World? And what of Old Millhillians? Will girls attend Annual Dinners or will they form their own Club and thus keep their activities apart? How long before we have a lady president or is this move to co-education no more than a whim of the times? Who can tell? Who can answer so many questions? Yet answered they will be before long. All these points and more I reflected upon as I neared the Dorchester—and then I thought of men no longer with us but who had helped to make this evening possible and I wondered what they would have thought of it. Thomas Scrutton who rescued the School from extinction,

Herbert Ward, the explorer who at fifty six was the oldest to die through the Great War, Sydney Webb, the young missionary who sacrificed his life in the Congo, James Powell, a former treasurer and Newton Lamont, a former secretary. Jimmy McGowan and his life long friend, Dickie Buckland. Buckland's protégé Bill Ramsay and his life long friend, Will Gibbs. Lord Winterstoke and Nat Micklem and Oscar Viney. That recorder of the School's history, Norman Brett-James and Hampden-Cook, compiler of the first register. Our founders, Cunnington and Weymouth. Denys Street who never lived long enough to enjoy the Club and Eric Keiller who gave his life in High Wood on the Somme to save another. All these and so many others have played their allotted parts to the full between their entrances and their exits on our stage.

By now I had reached the warmth of the Dorchester bar. John Cranwell was there, fresh down from North Wales. So were Morus Lloyd Owen and Philip Heywood. I bumped into Howard Walker and chatted to Cyril Salmon. The barman winced as he told me the price of my round. I winced too! The cost of those three drinks would have bought three full dinner tickets in 1928! How many tickets would that amount have commanded for the first Club dinner in 1879 and indeed for that earlier dinner which Old Mill Hill Boys had enjoyed while Napoleon was retreating from Moscow in 1812? The formal greetings had begun. The Centenary President and the Acting Head Master stood side by side and suddenly one felt at home. For months discreet efforts had been made to persuade the Prince of Wales to attend but eventually his trip to Yugoslavia had prevented this. Yet somehow it did not matter. This was *our* Club and *our* Dinner. Strangers, however distinguished, would have been out of place on this night of all nights.

Dinner was announced. I sat opposite Clifford Rose (1955-59) and a youthful Eric Harvey whom I suddenly realised with no small degree of shock I had known for over thirty years. My contemporary, Paul Nickell (1949-54) had never attended a dinner before so this was a good way for him to start. In sharp contrast on the top table sat the Club's doyen, former President Roland Atchley. Spry as ever, R. W. had been at the School during its Centenary seventy one years ago and could recall Collinson House being built in 1902! He had attended both the fiftieth and the seventy fifth anniversary celebrations and that marvellous dinner of 1912 which had marked twenty one years of McClure's headmastership. Telegrams were read out from Phyl Jackson, Robert Bennett in Australia, Robin Mills in America, Hew Fraser (1933-37) in Rhodesia, and Kelly Heinrich (1926-29) in South Africa. One came from Old Millhillians in Hong Kong, another from the Singapore and Malaysia O.M.s and yet another from two Old Millhillians in Bodrum. Leslie Millard sent one and so did Frederick Sellars, Tubby Day (1919-23) and Her Majesty The Queen. David Petrie, ever watchful, ever in control of the situation, hardly seemed to eat. Petrie's work for Old Millhillian Dinners over the last few years has been quite fantastic. How lucky we are to have him. He was later presented with a set of glasses by a grateful Club to mark this service.

The busts of John Pye Smith and Samuel Favell looked down on more than three hundred of us. With an excellent meal over we came to the speeches which this year were recorded for posterity. The Centenary President rose to a tremendous ovation for not only is Stanley Farrow extremely popular but many present realised and sympathised with the tremendous problems that had beset him during his year of office. He had been a good President and an assiduous attender of events including the North American Dinner in New York. Stanley spoke of his successor, Nat Garrett and paid tribute to him for his work on behalf of the Club, the School

and Alford House. Nat was then inducted as the first President of the new century and his first formal duty was to propose the Toast of the School.

Robin Tillyard (part seven) arrived. He had travelled halfway around the world from Australia to be present at this historic occasion but his aircraft was late and he missed his food—poor reward for such a tremendous effort. Now it was the turn of the Acting Head Master. Allan Phimester, a master at Mill Hill for more than thirty years rose to speak to an audience probably half of which he himself had taught. Once again one had that strange feeling of coming home. Somehow it seemed so natural that at this dinner of all dinners, the Head Master should be a man who had served the School for so long. Allan Phimester's task was a difficult one and that he succeeded brilliantly was marked by the tremendous applause which followed his speech. Applause which lasted longer for him than anybody present could ever remember for any of his predecessors. The School might be under an interregnum but even so it could scarcely be in better hands.

Lord Salmon was the next to speak in his Toast to the guests. He recalled Sir John McClure as the man who had most influenced his life and spoke of the two former Head Masters, Roy Moore and Michael Hart who were present that evening. In reply, Roy Moore talked with affection of the School and of the standards it instilled in its boys.

With the speeches done, twenty five former Presidents were finally encouraged into some sort of order for a photograph. Sir Alan Orr chatted to Sir Dermot Boyle. Wilf Sobey chatted to Roger Spong. Old Millhillians drifted into the bar where Robert Harley had set out photographs of the Centenary Ball. A fine new painting of the School hung there. A group of young men clustered round the first girl to attend a dinner. By all accounts Jo Stanton (1976–78) thoroughly enjoyed the evening. There was laughter and the hub-bub of old friends talking together. Then suddenly, it was over. We walked out into the cold night air. It had been a pretty good evening. But then it had been a pretty good century.

The Old Millhillians Club was founded on Monday 2nd December 1878. The 2nd December 1978 was a Saturday. The First XV played Cambridge at Headstone Lane. In the West, the Bristol Dinner ended in the early hours of that day and those present celebrated their Centenary once more. On the nearest Monday—4th December—the Selection Committee met at the Park Lane Hotel to interview candidates for the Head Mastership. Three of the five on that Committee were Old Millhillians. And so it was that on these two special days, Old Millhillians practised to the full the two main objectives of their Club—friendship between men with a common bond and interest in the welfare of Mill Hill School.

The enjoyment—and the work—go on.

An extended version of "Nobis—The Story of a Club" containing many illustrations is due to be published as a book for the Annual Dinner in October 1979. Further pictures and corrections or additions to copy are welcome up to 31st March.

OLD MILLHILLIANS LODGE—40th ANNIVERSARY

On the 26th October, the night before the Old Millhillians Club celebrated its Centennial Dinner at the Dorchester, the Old Millhillians Lodge celebrated its fortieth Anniversary at Freemasons Hall followed by Dinner in the Connaught Rooms.

W.Bro. Denis Vero, P.P.S.G.D. (1930–32) was installed into the chair by W.Bro. Colin Barnes (1949–54). Amongst a number of guests the Lodge was honoured by the presence of the Grand Secretary, Rt. W.Bro. J. W. Stubbs,

P.G.J.W., who took part in the ceremony by rendering the address to the newly installed Master. W.Bro. Vero invested and installed the officers for the year and paid tribute to W.Bro. Harry Munday, L.G.R. (1928-37) who after seventeen years service as secretary of the Lodge retired from that office to which W.Bro. R. C. Hubbard (1946-51) was appointed. W.Bro. E. T. Dangerfield, P.J., G.D. (1920-24) reported that he had recently seen Mrs. Bennett, the daughter of the late W.Bro. Group Captain H. N. Hampton, L.G.R. (1912-16) who has handed to him her late father's Masonic Regalia which included a number of aprons, Jewels and other items, largely concerned with various Lodges with which W.Bro. Hampton had been connected in the Middle East during his service in the R.A.F. during the years between the wars. With Mrs. Bennett's approval these had been passed to the Masonic Museum and the Curator of the Museum has been most pleased to accept them and has suitably acknowledged Mrs. Bennett's gift.

At the subsequent dinner in reply to the Toast to Grand Lodge the Grand Secretary congratulated the Lodge on its Fortieth Anniversary, expressed his pleasure at the standard of the work and wished the Lodge well for the future. A Toast was also given to the Founders of the Lodge of which there were originally thirty two in 1938, and of which only two now remain, namely W.Bro. Stanley H. Burns, P.P.G.J.W. (1906-09) and W.Bro. E. T. Dangerfield who replied to the Toast.

Those concerned with the Old Millhillian Lodge have every reason to be pleased with the progress of the Lodge throughout its forty years and are particularly gratified by the number of younger members who are entering Freemasonry through their Old School Lodge. Any Old Millhillian interested in joining the Lodge should communicate with the Secretary, R. C. Hubbard, 47 Parkside, Mill Hill, London N.W.7. (Tel: 01-959-4454).

ALFORD HOUSE IN THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW

Alford House is one of the many clubs affiliated to the National Association of Youth Clubs. It happened that the 1978 Lord Mayor of London, Sir Kenneth Cork, is Hon Treasurer of N.A.Y.C. and so it came about that they were asked to take part in his Show. In turn they picked Alford House to be the actual participant to represent them; probably because they knew we had a very energetic leader in Mick Saunders. Anyone who knows Alford House will not expect such an event to have passed without drama. Building a float is very expensive and very time consuming. The first was covered by support from the City; the second was all hard work over many weeks.

Maximum drama arrived only days before the event when the transport arrangements broke down. Appeal was made to the Great Provider to all O.M. causes, our President, Nat Garrett and through his wide ranging contacts the situation was saved. Mick Saunders was lucky enough to get to bed at 4.00 a.m. on Thursday but on Friday night the generator needed emergency repairs at 2.00 a.m. so he had to make do with a quick bath before he and about twenty club members set off for the City to man the float. And so as the bands played and the Lord Mayor's coach moved through the crowds, Alford House on behalf of N.A.Y.C. took its place in the procession and a very good show it was.

The float showed several aspects of a club's life—sporting, social, dramatics (there was a smashing Queen Elizabeth to represent this) and a lot of movement and waving to match the whole feeling of the occasion.

A great and happy day for the club, memorable for the members who took part and those who turned out to watch it. A notable effort by the Warden and all the others who helped.

THE BRISTOL DINNER

8.00 p.m. December 1st and the South Western Dinner was in full swing at the Avon Gorge Hotel, Clifton, Bristol. Some twenty-two O.M.s gathered for a most enjoyable evening.

We were both fortunate and delighted to welcome Nat Garrett, Allan Phimester, David Smith and Stanley Farrow to our midst.

Alan Wills (1924-28) proposed the toast to the School and in doing so, reminded us of the early days, especially with some wonderful reminiscences. The response by Allan Phimester was equally interesting and was delivered in the familiar and well loved style. There followed a toast to the Club eloquently proposed by Richard Isaac (1922-28) who ably withstood some barracking from Bill Galloway (1919-24) sitting opposite. The response by our President, Nat Garrett, brought the addresses to an excellent conclusion.

Jeffrey Phillips' (1951-56) vote of thanks for the work put in by A. W. Smith (1955-59) who organised the evening was given at extremely short notice and with great aplomb and reflected well the feeling of the evening which continued with drinks, conversation and much reminiscing.

It is planned to hold a similar event next year, probably during the warmer months when it is hoped for even better attendance, particularly from the earlier generations. It would be interesting to know if O.M.s in the area would prefer a more elaborate menu and venue, bearing in mind the likely increased cost of such improvements.

THE RUGBY CLUB

This, our Centenary Season opened with a hard but enjoyable three match tour in the North with games against Morley, Otley and Preston Grasshoppers. All our hopes of winning rugby were spoilt by a large number of injuries. Our lack of success on the field was compensated by the superb hospitality of the Northern Old Millhillian's led by Joe Fox and the Walkers. Apart from arranging excellent accommodation for us in a Hall of Residence in Leeds University they also masterminded a most enjoyable dinner in the Mansion House which was attended by some seventy Old Millhillians, the Presidents of Morley and Otley Rugby Clubs and of the Yorkshire R.F.U. and Stanley Farrow, our Centenary President.

October 1st was the date of the Centenary Game with the Club 1st XV versus an Invitation XV selected by Jim Roberts and Johnny Williams. Jim captained the side which included Internationals Clive Rees, Neil Bennett, Ken Kennedy, Budge Rogers, Tony Bucknall, All Black T. G. Morrison and former School Captain Guy Roberts. After a lively open game Jim Roberts scored the final try for his side to win 31-11.

Since the Centenary Game the 1st XV has had a good run of success winning seven out of the last ten games. They have been largely inspired by the constant advice of new coach Roger Quinton-Jones. Apart from the experience of veterans Jim Kent and Dave Webster several recent school leavers have played for the 1st XV including Peter Allen, Rob Francu, and Dave Dahlson.

The whole club were delighted to hear of Tim Jones selection for the Oxford side, the first Old Millhillian rugby blue since Jim Roberts.

The 'A' XV have had an excellent start to the season with 10 victories from 12 games. Their success has been through a 15-man approach to rugby and a constant team effort inspired by captain Paul Brodie. Richard Cockburn's strong leadership of a very experienced 'B' side has produced 10 victories from 12 games. The Extra 'B' side under Clive Parker has suffered from a lack of players but has still managed to win 7 out of 10 games.

After Christmas there are several home matches where support would be welcomed.

February 17th versus U.S. Portsmouth.

March 10th versus Wasps — Buffet Lunch 12.30.

March 24th versus Glamorgan Wanderers.

It is hoped that the Centenary Dinner at the Hyde Park Hotel on Wednesday 14th March will be well supported. Finally, anyone who would like to play some rugby please phone Rob Davey 445-0522.

THE RIFLE CLUB

Tony Weavers, Gareth Jones and Dave Tinker met in July to compete for the Public Schools' Veterans Match at Bisley. Chris Briggs had taken leave of the Hong Kong Police to fly back to England for the event and arrived in true Clouseau style a day late. Neil Black is joining us from the G.C. this Autumn, and hopes to arrange a social function and a .22 match against the School VIII. We always welcome any old shooters and whippers to join our widely dispersed group.

D.T.

GOLFING SOCIETY

The season has closed with a well attended A.G.M. and dinner at which twenty nine members and five guests enjoyed each other's company at a new venue: The Lucullus Suite, Plantation House, EC3. All generally agreed that this is a substantial improvement on recent dinners.

It is worthwhile to reflect that over half of the Society members attend this dinner, and that some travel substantial distances to do so: Walter Isaac (1919-26) from Cheshire, Ian Reekie (1954-58) from Gloucestershire, Donald Reid (1919-24) from Suffolk and many others from not quite so far. Certainly it is a most worthwhile dinner.

Gordon Hawes (1941-45) in consideration of his enthusiasm and service to the Society was elected a Vice President at the A.G.M. Jack Taylor (1928-31) in his Captain's report spoke of the matches, some won, some lost but all enjoyed and welcomed the greater participation in the Society's events by younger members and recent school years. The Society's thanks were given to Tony Turnbull who has supervised school golf for a number of years and passed on to the Society a number of accomplished golfers from his care. The links between the Society and school golfers have strengthened much during his stewardship and we look forward to continued strong links now that Chris Sutcliffe is Golf Master; so long as Chris does not pass on his renowned capacity for playing so well below his handicap when matched against O.M.s we will continue in happy harmony.

One debt of apology I find I owe to Pat Russell (1957-61) who lives in Weybridge, south of London, and played in our match against the Old Haberdashers this last season at Moor Park, north of London. I offered him a late lift to a suitable station for his homeward journey and we settled on Headstone Lane. "That's all right" I said as we arrived, continuing "the gate's still open and lights on" as we parted. Apparently my tail lights were still visible as the ticket collector hoped that he wasn't expecting a train "‘Cos the last one's just gone Gov!" My apologies.

CRICKET CLUB

Although the Sussex Tour was the wettest for some years with only three matches being completed (all drawn), the season finished with some good results, the final analysis being:-

	<i>Played</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>	<i>Drawn</i>	<i>Canc.</i>
1st XI	34	13	4	17	4
2nd XI	19	6	7	6	5
3rd XI	1	1	—	—	—

The remaining results for the 1st XI from the 21st July last, are set out below. Unfortunately the 2nd XI results are not available.

An impromptu inter-club single wicket competition took place in August and the only player (Keith Armistead) who took it seriously ended up winning it!

Tim Wilkinson completed his "double", taking his 100th wicket and scoring his 1,000th run in the same match early in September. Our own playing "Wisden", Nod Saunders, confirms that this has not been done before in the Club's history and it was particularly fitting that Tim should be first, after his three year stint as Captain.

By the time of publication, the Annual Dinner will have been held on the 19th January at the Cricketers Club as will the A.G.M., put back to late February and subject to a favourable vote at this meeting, Tim Bunyard and Mike Allen will be Captains of the 1st and 2nd XIs respectively for 1979.

Mike Allen has some proposals for a week's tour in Holland in early July, principally for the 2nd XI, and the Sussex Tour will take place as usual in August. The Fixture Secretary has arranged some interesting locations for next season, and with the Committee's commitment to encourage more school leavers to come on to Headstone Lane, the general picture looks encouraging.

G.B.B.

1st XI CRICKET RESULTS FROM 21st JULY '78

Chipperfield	160-7	T. Wilkinson 4-37
Old Millhillians	148-6	A. Halstead 47
		T. Bunyard 37
	DRAWN	
Old Millhillians	92-2	P. Kirkham 36
Harrow Wanderers	D.N.B.	
	RAIN	
Millers	201-3 dec.	
Old Millhillians	202-6	T. Bunyard 54
		T. Wilkinson 44
		P. Kirkham 36
		P. Furness 34 N.O.
	WON BY 4 WICKETS	
Millers	230-5	
Old Millhillians	197-5	K. Armistead 70 N.O.
		A. Halstead 33 N.O.
		R. Naylor 30
	DRAWN	
Hornsey	160-8 dec.	C. Dean 5-47
Old Millhillians	162-8	T. Wilkinson 55
		P. Weavers 37
	WON BY 2 WICKETS	

Old Millhillians	156-9 dec.	P. Kirkham 45
Old Gaytonians	157-3	
	LOST BY 7 WICKETS	
TOUR:		
Bognor	37-0	
Old Millhillians	D.N.B.	
	RAIN	
Middleton	45-0	
Old Millhillians	D.N.B.	
	RAIN	
Storrington	181-6 dec.	P. Weavers 5-41
Old Millhillians	131-6	T. Wilkinson 40
	DRAWN	
Old Millhillians	145-9 dec.	T. Wilkinson 57
Steyning	65-7	
	DRAWN	
Worthing	143-8 dec.	
Old Millhillians	133-9	A. Halstead 41
	DRAWN	
Old Millhillians	150-10	H. Sethia 41
		C. Taylor 30
Southgate	117-10	A. Halstead 5-9
	WON BY 33 RUNS	
Old Millhillians	204-6 dec.	T. Wilkinson 101 N.O.
		A. Halstead 40
Pinner	175-8	A. Halstead 4-32
	DRAWN	
Old Millhillians	118-10	K. Armistead 35
Fencibles	119-6	T. Wilkinson 5-39
	LOST BY 4 WICKETS	
Southall	61-10	T. Wilkinson 4-21
Old Millhillians	64-2	
	WON BY 8 WICKETS	
North Mymms	60-10	T. Wilkinson 8-32
Old Millhillians	62-4	
	WON BY 6 WICKETS	
Old Millhillians	185-3 dec.	T. Wilkinson 102 N.O.
Cuffley	121-6	
	DRAWN	
Old Millhillians	131-10	K. Armistead 39 N.O.
		P. Weavers 30
Chorleywood	134-4	
	LOST BY 6 WICKETS	
Hampstead	178-8 dec.	C. Dean 6-53
Old Millhillians	146-8	T. Wilkinson 45
		P. Kirkham 33
	DRAWN	

YACHT CLUB

We held a general meeting of the Club on 18th September to decide whether to replace Barbarella with a newer boat. After discussion the motion was passed unanimously, and so now we are in the process of trying to sell her. By the time this issue is published we hope to have been successful and to be on the look-out for a replacement. The Council have agreed to lend us £3,000 towards the cost provided we can raise an equal amount from members. This seems more than possible.

We held a very successful rally at Cowes on the weekend of the 23/24th September with seven boats making the trip to Cowes. The dinner at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club was thoroughly enjoyed and attended by thirty five members and friends. Our Centenary President honoured us with his presence, and as well as Richard Dean, our Commodore being present, three past Commodores attended namely, Stanley Farrow, Charlie Lamplugh and Len Morton.

The season was successful with Barbarella well sailed until the end of September. Mike Petersen, our berthing secretary, sailed her back from Salcombe after six weeks of cruising. It was a shame that no one took advantage of the fine October weather to do some sailing and so Barbarella is now at Headstone Lane and we are keeping our fingers crossed that we will not have too much trouble in selling her, and so be able to start a new era for the Yacht Club.

PERSONALIA

BROWN. Alastair Kingsley Brown, M.B.E., M.B., F.R.C.S.E., F.R.F.P.S., has been appointed the 125th President of the Hunterian Society in London. This Society was founded in 1819, for the cultivation and promotion of the Science and Practice of Medicine, to commemorate the life and work of John Hunter, himself an immigrant from Glasgow, and considered to be the father of experimental surgery. The list of Presidents includes several distinguished men but as far as is known Alastair Kingsley Brown is the first Old Millhillian to be given this honour.

HAILEY. Bob Hailey has been playing cricket for Hertfordshire.

HALSTEAD. Peter Halstead has been playing cricket for Middlesex Second XI.

JONES. Tim Jones won an Oxford Rugby Blue when he played in the Varsity match at Twickenham last December.

LEON. Anthony Leon (1951-55) has been accorded the honour of being made President of the Congregation of Spanish and Portuguese Jews in Manchester.

TAYLOR. Graham Taylor is a member of the Great Britain Indoor Hockey squad.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

UNFAIR TO THE DEAN?

Dear Sir,

We doubt whether the author of *Nobis—The Story of a Club* is fair to M. L. Jacks in saying (part 5) "in the end he made the same basic error as Weymouth. He stayed too long" and (part 6) "if Maurice Jacks had left Mill

Hill at the beginning of the thirties rather than towards the end of them, things might have been different" (Obviously, they must have been different—it is the implication with which we are concerned).

Probably we are biased in favour of The Dean, as no doubt Millhillians in the last days of McClure are biased in his favour. We have heard, however, what a bad time the School gave The Dean in his early days and we are quite certain that he would have never created such a situation for his own successor.

Incidentally, the literary reference for T. K. Derry is Housemaster, a play (and novel) by Ian Hay in 1936, a remarkable forecast!

Yours faithfully,

G. R. HART C. W. IKIN

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

14th March: RUGBY CLUB CENTENARY DINNER at the Hyde Park Hotel.

26th May: 1960–65 QUINQUENNIAL REUNION at the School.

MARRIAGES

ADAMS—NIXON on 29th July, 1978, Simon J. Adams (1968–72) to Miss Joan Nixon at St. Andrew's Church, Lamesley, Tyne and Wear. New address: 6, Hillside, Garforth, Leeds 25.

DRISCOLL—MOON on 22nd October, 1977, Christopher J. Driscoll (1956–60) to Mrs. Angela Moon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Mercer of Chichester. New address: Mulberry Cottage, St. Peters Road, Northney, Hayling Island, Hampshire.

TURNBULL—LANG at the Old Kirk, Kilmacolm on 8th September, 1978, by the Rev. Norman Drummond, C.F., assisted by Dr. Barr, Andrew Alston Turnbull (1968–73), youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Turnbull, Mill Hill, London, to Jennifer Denholm Lang, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Lang, Muir House, Kilmacolm.

BIRTHS

DETH on 5th June, 1978, a third daughter, Emily Louise to William G. Deth (1960–64) and Mrs. Deth. A sister for Amanda and Melisa.

HEYWOOD on 11th December, 1978 to Lindsey and Michael Heywood (1961–69) of 6, West Street, Gayles, Richmond, Yorks, a son Rupert Benjamin. A grandson for Cynthia and Philip Heywood (1932–36).

MILLARD on 20th October, 1977, to Paddy and Tony Millard (1953–57) a daughter, Fiona Jane. New address: 3, Devon Crescent, Redhill RH1 6BB, Surrey.

DEATHS

ALLEN on 11th July, 1978, N. E. S. Allen, B.A., (1916–19) of the Carlton Hotel, Bournemouth, Hants.

BOOTHMAN on 6th April, 1977, E. Boothman (1912–14) of Oakwood, Pownall Avenue, Bramhall, Cheshire.

CLARK on 13th October, 1978, G. T. Clark (1933–38) of 52, Gloucester Street, Malmesbury, Wilts.

CLARKSON on 9th May, 1978, E. H. Clarkson (1917-20) of Goscote House, Brook Street, Wymeswold, Leicester.

FRUITIGER on 26th July 1978, P. G. Fruitiger (1927-31) of 15, Belsize Court, Hampstead, N.W.3.

HOPE-SIMPSON in August 1978, J. W. Hope-Simpson, B.A., M.B., B.Ch. (1911-14) of Grey Walls, Prestbury, Cheltenham, Glos.

HOWELL on 6th September, 1978, A. T. Howell, C.B.E., B.Ch. (1912-15) of 31, East Sheen Avenue, London SW14 8AR.

IVENS on 4th June, 1978, A. S. Ivens (1912-14) of Dolphin Cottage, Culver Road, Felpham, Surrey.

PIERSON on 8th June, 1978, K. S. Peirson, F.C.A. (1917-20) of 26, Thornby Avenue, Kenilworth, Warwickshire.

ROSE on 23rd July, 1978, F. W. J. Rose (1919-21) of Rough Elm, Clapton-in-Gordons, Bristol BS20 9RG at East London R.S.A.

SCOTT in September, 1978, L. H. Scott (1919-22) of 5, Victoria House, Weston Road, Bath, Somerset BA1 2XY.

SLY in June, 1978, H. S. Sly (1912-17) of Highway, Fish Hoek, Cape Province, Republic of South Africa.

WHITING on 21st October, 1978, Commander R. O. Whiting, R.N. (Retired), (1907-11) M.A., of Arundel, Sussex, brother of M. W. Whiting (1897-04).

WILSHAW in June, 1978, R. G. H. Wilshaw, M.A., B.Sc., of Mare Meadow, Mare Hill, Pulborough, Sussex.

WREN on 24th March, 1978, H. B. Wren (1907-13) of 922, Bristol Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, Warwickshire.

YOUNG on 5th September, 1978, G. L. Young (1904-06) of 41, Mitchell Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne 2, Northumberland.

L. H. SCOTT 1919-22

Leslie Scott, who died at the end of September 1978 while on holiday in Ireland, was sixteen when he entered the School and went directly into the VIth Form. He had obtained his School Certificate at Eltham College but, at that time, the College could not provide a VIth Form course in Classics and Sir John McClure was prepared to offer a scholarship to so promising a pupil.

It was not easy to be a "new bug" at sixteen (nor to succeed Ord Cunningham as Head of BB after being only a year at the School) but Leslie Scott had a robust, Ulster personality combined with a broad intelligence and a notable loquacity (which he never lost). He was a useful wing-threequarter when he arrived at Mill Hill and, for a time, it looked as though he might get into Steph Walker's side in 1919 when a shortage of wing-threes was accentuated by injuries. However, Scott's defence was not good enough and he had to wait two more years before getting his colours in Jimmy Lord's year. He was a useful sprinter and in the Athletics team for two years. In December 1921, he was awarded an Exhibition in Classics at Christ Church, Oxford where he read Greats. On coming down from Oxford, he became a schoolmaster, first at King William's College, Isle of Man, then at Leighton Park where he was Senior Classics Master for five years before becoming Headmaster of The City of Bath School in 1946. He retired in 1968. The following appreciation of his career appeared in his obituary in *The Times* of October 4th.

"His contribution to education extended far beyond local limits and his own subject. He was one of the most energetic and convinced instigators of the concept of a truly professional Teachers General Council, and he also fought keenly to promote the Agreement to Broaden the Curriculum. Leslie

Scott was also deeply concerned with improving the teaching of science in schools, and in 1965 he was invited to join Professor Neville Mott's Royal Society Committee on the teaching of science in schools as the only non-scientist member.

His enthusiasm for youth showed itself in other ways too. He served on Ruth Railton's Committee of the National Youth Orchestra from its inception—its first public performance was given at Bath in 1948—and he was also deeply involved with the Bath branch of Sir Robert Meyer's Youth and Music movement.

During an 18-year association with the National Association of Boys' Clubs, he served as a member of the Council on both the Physical Recreation and Health Committees, and he was chairman of the Somerset Association of Boys' Clubs from 1950 to 1953.

He will be remembered by countless young men, who through their schools and organisations came into contact with him, as a kind, just and humane man who, at all times, never failed to practise what he preached."

D.R.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

- 69-74 ADAMS, A. D., 10 Eastcote Drive, The Grange, Harpenden Herts.
- 69-71 ADAMS, J. B. G., 11 Heath Drive, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.
- 68-72 ADAMS, S. J., 6 Hillside, Garforth, Leeds 25.
- 56-59 ARMITAGE, A., Normanhurst, Farms Road, Guernsey, C.I.
- 70-76 BECKER, N. J. K., 164 Bramley Road, Southgate, London, N.14.
- 73-77 BERRY, G. L., 18 York Terrace West, Regents Park, London, W1 4QA.
- 48-52 BEWSHER, J. G., 31 Audley Way, Ascot, Berkshire.
- 65-70 BINDER, P. L., Sharpsbridge House, Piltown, Uckfield, East Sussex.
- 37-42 BIRD, J. D. O., M.B.E., Q.P.M., Hawthorns, Old Brompton, Chesterfield, Derbyshire.
- 57-62 BLACKMAN, C., 479A Uppingham Road, Leicester LE5 6QB.
- 64-68 BOARDMAN, G. B., The Red Cottage, Heath Cottages, Heath Road, Potters Bar, Herts.
- 60-64 BROOKE, A. L., 20 Caroline Place, London, WC 4AN.
- 29-35 BUSH, J., 23 Peckerman's Wood, London, S.E.26.
- 56-61 CARRIE, I. B., 5 Green Dragon Lane, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21.
- 28-33 CATESBY, M. W., Hardwicke, Crocle Street, Long Compton, Warwickshire.
- 65-70 CLARK, P. R., 16 Caroline Court, Bath Road, Reading, Berks.
- 22-26 COLMAN, K. R., F.C.A., Flat 3, Carbury, Fairfield Road, Meades, Eastbourne.
- 51-55 CROOK, The Rev. D. C., M.A., The Vicarage, Mary Port, Cumbria.
- Master DAVEY, R. A. E., 10 Queen's Avenue, Whetstone, N.20.
- 65-70 DEXTER, P. A., Old Hamlet, 40 Lower Road, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks.
- 56-60 DRISCOLL, C. J., A.C.A., Mulberry Cottage, St. Peters Road, Northney, Hayling Island, Hampshire.
- 27-32 DYER, A. K. R., B.A., 66 Winsford Gardens, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.
- 53-56 FARQUHAR, R. M., 17 Beadon Road, Salcombe, Devon, TQ8 8LX.
- 58-63 FOWELL, D. I., 23 Northchurch Road, London, N.1.

- 19-25 HARDIE, W. K., B.A., 14 Friary Road, London, N12 9HU.
- 48-52 HENDERSON, G. F., Tirley Garth, Tarporley, Cheshire CW6 0LZ.
- 46-50 HENDERSON, M. D., 5021, Riverside Drive, Richmond, Vancouver 23225, Canada.
- PHYL JACKSON, Mrs. T. F., Flat 10, Elizabeth Court, Theale, Reading, Berks.
- 42-45 LIVSEY, B., 361 Greens Farms Road, Greens Farms, Connecticut 06436, U.S.A.
- 61-64 LOUDON, G. C., "Eriska", 5 Ellergreen Road, Bearsden, Glasgow G61 2RJ.
- 55-60 LUNAN, M. J., 517 Willoughby House, Barbican, London, EC2Y 8BN.
- 19-23 MEEK, A. K. M., B.Sc., Awlfryn, Llewelyn Avenue, Glan Conwy LL28 5LU.
- 53-57 MILLARD, N. R. A., 3 Devon Crescent, Redhill RH1 6BB, Surrey.
- 67-72 MILLER, D. L., 14 Harriet Way, Bushey Heath, Herts, WD2 3JH.
- 53-58 MILNES, J. A., Spring Cottage, Roe End Lane, Markyate, Herts, AL3 8AQ.
- 52-57 MONO, S. H., 14 Pilgrim's Lane, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.
- 46-51 MORGAN, G. H., B.A., Shell Kosan K.K. Central, P.O. Box 1239, Tokyo.
- 27-32 MUNGAVIN, J. M., M.A., B.Ch., D.T.M. & H.(Eng.), 24 Clinton Close, Woking, Surrey.
- 67-72 MUNGAVIN, R. M., Rue Rodenbach 109, Boite 2, Brussels 1080.
- 57-62 NELSON, A. J. S., 28 Hill Lands, Dark Lane, Wargrave, Berks.
- 68-71 OCKENDON, A. C., 64A Parkhurst Road, Friern Barnet, London, N1 3EL.
- 63-67 PARKHOUSE, D. L., 25 Vanbrugh Court, Wencott Street, London, S.E.11.
- 58-62 PERKINS, J. D., The Shippen, Cattle Hill, Great Billing, Northampton.
- 43-48 PERKINS, J. G., 6 Barham Close, Weybridge, Surrey, KT13 9PR.
- 69-75 PETERS, M. D., 56 Hazel Close, Whitton, Middlesex TW2 7NR.
- 59-64 PHILLIPS, Cpt. J. M., B.A., R.A., 66 Harcourt Road, Bushey, Herts, WD2 3PE.
- 70-72 PRIESTLEY, R. G., 42 Sidney Road, London, S.W.9.
- 44-49 RAMSAY, A. W., 15, Brunswick Gardens, London, W8 4AS.
- 73-76 RAWSON, D. S., Flat 1, 52 King's Road, Richmond, Surrey.
- 66-71 REID, W. J., 8 Lyndhurst Avenue, London, N.W.7.
- 63-68 ROSS, N. K., 11 Regents Close, Radlett, Herts, WD7 7DB.
- 57-62 ROYAL, A. J., "Stonedale", Sycamore Rise, Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire.
- 50-55 SIMMONDS, M. S., Exeter House, Brent Knoll, Highbridge, Somerset.
- 14-19 SLY, J. H., 5 Wonerish Court, Wonerish, Guildford, Surrey, GU5 9PG.
- 51-56 SPONG, C. R., Stock Hall, Ulting, Essex.
- 58-61 THOMAS, M. R., J.P., Stoneacre Equestrian Centre, Thurning, Peterborough PE8 5RB.
- 56-60 TURNER, E. W., 169 Cathedral Road, Cardiff, Glamorgan.
- 59-64 TURNER, W. W., 33 Llandennis Avenue, Cardiff, Glamorgan.

