

MILL HILL MAGAZINE

No. 500



MILL HILL SCHOOL MAGAZINE, SPRING 1979

EDITOR:	Martin Gafsen
HON. SECRETARY:	Tim Levine
LITERARY EDITOR:	John Winter
SENIOR EDITORS:	Bruce Kingsley Richard Tray Rufus Rottenburg Nick Chronias Robert Froomberg
ART EDITORS:	Suzie Kamasa Nathan Ng.
PHOTOGRAPHY:	Nick Litton John Mathias
JUNIOR EDITORS:	R. Perkins, T. John, G. Hillman, M. Lopez, S. Clarke, G. Rottenburg, H. Mistry, P. Parker, D. Macdonald, G. Bewsher, T. Semken, D. Rayner, S. Edwards, T. Woolf, J. Davis.

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
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Editorial

"London is the only place in which the child grows completely up into a Man". It was the aim of Mill Hill's founding fathers to place the School at a considerable distance from the flesh-pots of London. But the situation has since altered: London is within easy reach, and with it, all the vast cultural resources our metropolis has to offer in the form of theatres, art galleries, museums and concert halls. We do not, however, take anything like full advantage of our situation. Theatre trips and visits to art galleries are all too infrequent and largely dependent upon the demands of the exam syllabus. Surely, London being a world centre for music and art, outings could be arranged to several of the many things going on there?

It could be said that the student body lacks initiative, but nor do their ideas have any means of expression. The School Council, which should be the students' mouthpiece, has lately concerned itself with petty reform, and not with developing life at the School.

These improvements could, we feel, be achieved by greater co-operation and understanding between masters and the pupils who are, after all, members of the same community. Pupils should feel encouraged to offer their ideas and free to discuss them with masters, to extend the curriculum beyond the games field. Where this formula has been applied it has been successful: the Art and the Electronics Societies, and the Ciné-club are examples. These clubs contribute substantially to the life of the School and are enjoyed by all who take part, patrons and boys alike. But there is ample room for new clubs, particularly in the more cultural spheres. As a case in point, we would like to see a drama group regularly visit London theatres and bring in speakers from outside. Intellectualism of this nature should not continue to be frowned upon as "pseud"; it should be encouraged as an important part of our education.

We must ask ourselves what we expect from Mill Hill—"O" levels, 'A' levels and a place at university? This hardly constitutes the complete education, which should provide not merely the acquisition of knowledge, but the equipment to live life to the full. Mill Hill is in a unique position: it offers both the grounds of a school in the country and proximity to the capital. We must endeavour to make the best use of both worlds. University should ideally not represent such a great step up from school. A greater awareness in cultural and other fields would improve the school so that university becomes a natural progression of a well-rounded life at Mill Hill.

UNIVERSITY AWARDS

Congratulations to Paul Schwarzenberger, Ridgeway House, on the award of The Shelton Memorial Exhibition at Christchurch College, Oxford.

School NEWS

The Head Master has appointed Mr. Christopher Dean to be Housemaster of Murray, to succeed Mr. E. Winter, who retires from the House at the end of the summer term.

The Head Master has appointed Mr. R. Morgan as Housemaster of Ridgeway House, to succeed Mr. A. P. Hodgson, who leaves at the end of the summer term to take up his appointment as Headmaster of Queen's School, Taunton.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mr. and Mrs. Peskett on the birth of their daughter, Sarah Marie, on February 9th.

Chapel

The Head Master, Mr. W. A. Phimester, began and ended the term with straightforward sermons that made a good impression by their directness. Early in the term the Chaplain took boys into London at night to find out about the work of the Salvation Army, and others, who care for those who sleep out—or that other much neglected section of the population: the single, homeless men. Six boys each described what they had seen on their visits, at another evening Chapel service. Another evening Mr. Winfield, Mr. Vine, Mr. Thonemann and Mr. Champniss played music for us: this was a Lenten service and a number of boys contributed readings.

The Chaplain preached on the other Sundays of term. Also during the term:



there was a well-attended mid-day Communion for Ash Wednesday; six boys were confirmed at the Deanery Confirmation Service at St. Margaret's, Edgware on March 21st.

The very bad weather this term interfered with many things but not with any of our Sunday or week-day chapel services. We are grateful to all who took them, masters and boys, and to the organists, choir and chapel managers.

H.W.S.



~~~~~ The House Plays ~~~~~

The 10th Inter-House Drama Competition was held on February 25th. Mr. C. S. (Cliff) Baker was the adjudicator and it was a great pleasure to welcome him and his wife Jess back to the school. The competition for the first time enjoyed the benefits of our new lighting and the standard of acting and production was pleasingly high.

To Priestley fell the unenviable task of opening before an audience already much greater than usual at this stage. Their play was called "The Patient" and they began by keeping the audience waiting for ten minutes, ostensibly to cope with a technical hitch. An Agatha Christie "Whodunnit", the play is set in a modern clinic where a survivor swathed in bandages after a damaging but abortive attempt on her life is questioned about the identity of her attacker. Since, we are led to understand, she has memory and understanding but minimum movement and no speech, the questioning is carried out with the aid of an elaborate machine, with a flashing red light, unfailingly efficient and impeccable in timing, by which she is able to register a reply of "Yes," or "No." When the victim's apparent collapse puts a premature but dramatic end to the interrogation, she is then left as a decoy for the worried culprit who, after the usual red-herrings, is eventually revealed as the one least likely.

Priestley produced a highly professional set and except for two disconcerting moments when the Inspector was retreating up the centre of the stage, his back the focus of all attention, and disembodied voices left in his wake strove on either side for recognition, the grouping was good. The diction also was for the most part clear and P. Parker as the doctor carrying out the experiment exuded just the right air of professional, middle-aged confidence. The cues, however, tended to be ragged and the pace was a little too leisurely for what is after all a rather moderate play.

The Collinson production which followed was almost but not quite (I hope) a documentary, taking us through preparations and anticipations to the performance of a dance at Pill Mill School. It was written by Richard Tray who revealed not only a sharply sardonic turn of phrase at times, but also a good ear for snatches of dialogue. However, one felt that it might have been better if his narrator had been separated from the action and there was a need for a unifying thread, a concentration perhaps on one boy in particular.

The performance began with a superb mime in the washroom, in which four contrasting anticipants groomed their machismo for the evening ahead, and progressed steadily through floor-sweeping first-years to the dance itself. Presenting a dance, especially with dialogue, on the stage is a very difficult undertaking and that Collinson succeeded so well is a tribute to their enthusiastic preparation. However, although many of the audience continued to be hugely diverted by the various gyrations of apparently inexhaustible dancers as well as good lines (What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this?), in-jokes and impersonations not perhaps universally recognized, as time passed without noticeable progression, there was some lack of conviction and what Mr. Baker described as the play's lack of a central spinal column was most in evidence. Nevertheless, this was a most imaginative effort, both in writing and execution, and of course once again, in the unique Collinson tradition, the whole House was involved.

This was followed by McClure with "A Day In The Life Of Tich Oldfield," by Alan England, a lively recreation of the dreams of a schoolboy Walter Mitty. Excellently directed by Marli Frank, this was a splendid production, with a well-drilled pack of schoolchildren, in a class which becomes a trade-union meeting, a bus-trip which turns into an aeroplane hi-jacking and a

hilarious visit to the zoo involving a sportive, muscular but on the whole friendly gorilla. The play burst upon us with a talent show admirably compered by a lively and extrovert J. M. Simpson, assisted by a shapely M. Indot in charge of the clapometer. Marli Frank and John Mathias played the part of Tich's parents with homely realism and G. Coren as Tich steered a nice course between the pert and the introvert as demanded by the part. This was a well rehearsed play which might perhaps have made more use of the lighting to distinguish between dream and reality, but McClure must be warmly congratulated on a determined and very nearly successful attempt to retain the trophy they won so handsomely last year.

After the interval Ridgeway offered us "The Two Executioners" by Arrabal, which portrayed the efforts of a mother who has turned her husband over to the torturers of the secret police to proclaim her saintliness to her sons as well as herself. Unfortunately the theatre of the absurd requires that the characters, however absurd to the audience, should at least take themselves seriously and here Ridgeway, disconcerted perhaps by a less than responsible stage staff, were clearly at fault. Corinne Mellor, as the mother in a lengthy, dominating role, needs to extend the range of a voice that is sometimes lacking in colour and found difficulty in maintaining her concentration. However, she did capture something of the mother's selfish and insensitive character and R. Harkavy gave a lively, intelligent performance as her son. The play began with an effective tableau of the two executioners, expertly made-up, and some of the noises off were realistic, but the family group tended to be too static. It was a difficult play and the producer, Tanya Woolf, deserved better support, particularly in the wings.

Winterstoke's "The Little Gentleman" by Yale M. Udoff, is a satirical portrait of an American Jewish family, with Mother and Grandmother lavishing attention on an amusingly articulate and mature child, played by D. Silver, in a pram. The play presented an interesting conflict and contrast between the grandmother harking back to the old country and Mum anxious for the acceptance which the Readers' Digest culture seems to bestow ("there are nine symphonies but you don't have to play them in order") and some excellent Kitsch among the supporting props. A. Nissen enjoyed himself with a more local immigrant accent and one could not help feeling that C. Jackson, as the mother, in a difficult and less colourful part, did equally well. There were some good moments and the final tragedy was well prepared for, but it was slower than it should have been and the grouping might have been improved if the pram had been nearer the centre of the stage. Perched as it was on the extreme right, it allowed only limited variations. It was an interesting but difficult play and A. McClintock must be congratulated on a serious attempt to produce it.

Murray followed with an excellent, aggressive production of "After Magritte" by Tom Stoppard, where the questions asked by the painter on the nature of reality are comically represented in Inspector Foot's investigation and impossible reconstruction of some innocent goings-on in the rather zany household of the Harrises. The acting of all the characters, in particular P. Ruthven Murray, had depth and conviction and the play was held together by a dynamic performance by A. Fulton (as the Inspector) who, after a start arguably over-dramatic, developed through bafflement and defeat into something more subtle. The cues throughout were excellent, in fact on one or two occasions precipitate, the presentation had visual appeal, the speech was good and the play moved at a spanking pace. Credit is due to T. Levine and J. Leslau, the producers, who made an excellent choice of play and did it justice.

Burton Bank then brought the evening to a joyful conclusion with two short examples of coarse acting. Their first play, "Streuth", a burlesque of the



Winterstoke House Play

detective story, allowed M. Harris to enjoy himself immensely as an amusingly bucolic inspector, and their second "The Adulterer", a burlesque of opera, in which the adulterer, having encouraged his mistress to murder his rival, discovers that the latter is indeed his own father, was played with even greater gusto. N. Bett was a vigorous gesticulating conductor and N. Litton a robust, melodramatic hero. The actors clearly enjoyed themselves and so, I think, did many of the audience, but it was difficult to envisage either or both of these pieces as genuine competitors. This was a pity because Burton Bank is clearly unusually well off for dramatic talent and they contributed a great deal to the fun of the evening.

The Mary Adnams Trophy was won by Murray for the third time in five years and drama awards, all for acting, were made to P. Parker (Priestley), A. Nissen (Winterstoke), P. Ruthven-Murray and A. Fulton (Murray).

MUSIC

Routine lessons during the term have been frustrated more than usual by illness and the frequently appalling weather conditions. Nevertheless, work towards the Competitions went on steadily and the orchestra has rehearsed, partly with a view to next term's May concert, and partly simply sightreading other orchestral music as well. Few trebles remain from last term, and during the last month, rehearsals for the music competitions took up most of the time available. Winston Ku went in for Grade 6 in Singing and Grade 8 (Final) in Pianoforte, and we congratulate him on gaining Distinctions in both exams.

The Singing and Instrumental Ensemble Competitions were held on the last Sunday of term. The music for the Singing competitions was chosen by the Adjudicator, Mr. Donald Francke. Mr. Francke is an experienced professional singer as well as adjudicator, and his choice of songs mixed well

known songs with some less well known ones. The general standard of the solo competitions was unusually high, several houses, particularly those having a competent pianist, starting in good time and showing a high standard of preparation. It was excellent to see Unisons from all houses for the first time for some years.



The Quartets had problems in one or two cases, but some singers, not usually seen part-singing, coped bravely. There was a high number of entries for the Instrumental Ensemble, and although Murray's large group played an exciting arrangement of the Falla Fire Dance, other houses also produced some really musical ensembles with more modest resources. Mr. Francke managed the impossible in producing results which seemed convincing to all; and his amazing energy, wit, and vocal examples enlivened a sound, penetrating, and helpful adjudication.

Results:

Treble:	1. Banerjee, M; 2. J. S. Lay, P; 3. A. Sampson, M.
Soprano:	1. Alison Rabin, Mc; 2. Suzanne Kamasa, P; 3. Susie Williams, P.
Contralto:	1. Alison Rabin, Mc; 2. Susie Williams, P; 3. Tanya Woolf, R.
Alto:	1. J. G. C. Peile, P; 2. J. S. Lay, P; 3. D. J. Samuels, P.
Tenor:	1. Parker, P; 2. Petter, P; 3. Deeks, M & Wicks, R.
Baritone:	1. Parker, P; 2. Ku, P; 3. Georgiou, S.
Bass:	1. Ku, P; 2. A. Fulton, M; 3. J. S. Beck, B.

Farrow Prize—P. Parker, P.

Results of both terms' Competitions: 1. Priestley.

2. Murray

3. Ridgeway

The first Music Club Concert, by Bram Wiggins, trumpet, and Jennifer Bate, organ, was postponed owing to a heavy fall of snow during the previous night. This therefore took place on Thursday, 3rd May. The second concert was given by the Eddie Thompson Trio. Eddie Thompson, the blind pianist, is one of the best known Jazz pianists both here and in the U.S.A., and they provided a good evening's entertainment to an audience which was surprisingly not very large. The third concert was an expert performance by the Extempore String Ensemble. On a variety of instruments they improvised variations, divisions, and ornaments in the style of the period, and recreated English Renaissance music. After the concert they kindly showed and played individually on their fascinating and less usual instruments.

After the great success of *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* production, Mr. Thonemann gave us the opportunity to hear again, on its own, the music he composed for the play, as well as a talk on how he wrote the music. He discussed the main themes of the play, and six of the forms and techniques adopted in their development. Mr. Corbett kindly read extracts from the poem, and we are grateful to him and Mr. Thonemann and the six members of the school who played the illustrations.

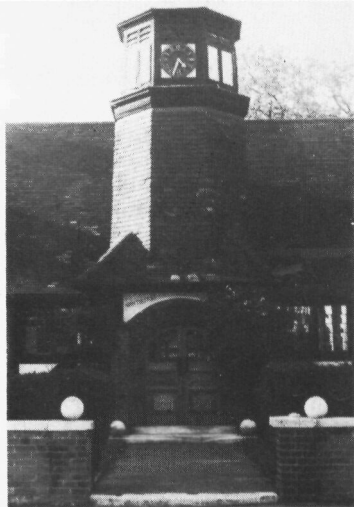
An ambitious concert was given in the Music school on March 6th to a full hall. The programme started with a performance of Telemann's concerto for

Four Violins in A, played by Rufus Rottenberg. Ashley Fulton, Mr. Winfield and Paul Ratcliffe, who has been a student teacher here this term, and who has helped in the orchestra. After this fine start the programme had a Suite for flute and guitar by Lauffensteiner, played by Mr. Vine and Mr. Thonemann as well as a world première of a work for flute and guitar by Mr. Thonemann. A Trio for flute, violin and continuo from the Musical Offering, and a work by Mozart for flute were included in the programme, as well as two harpsichord works by Handel and Bach. The concert ended with part of the Beethoven E flat violin sonata, played by Mr. Winfield and Winston Ku.

WINTERSTOKE LIBRARY

Librarian: P. H. Thonemann, Esq.
Assistant Librarian: Rupin Rajani

We have now sold or removed from the library a large number of damaged or unwanted books, which has considerably improved its appearance. The interminable job of re-cataloguing our books continues, but we shall reopen the library full time next term. Significantly, more funds have now been, and



will be, made available to us, and will enable us to proceed to the next stage, in which we aim to buy a considerable number of new books and to improve the lighting and heating. Paul Summerfield has organised a request to parents and old boys for the donation of any books to the library, for use or sale; I thank him, Rupin Rajani, David Macdonald, Hitesh Mistry and Rufus Rottenberg for their regular work in the library, Steven Goodman, Daniel Rayner and Owen Keane for additional help, and Almani Jawara for his work on Fridays. I think that we all share the desire and the intention to eventually create a library of which we can be proud.

P.H.T.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE 1979

The Inter House competition produced a most exciting final this year, McClure triumphing over Murray by the narrowest of margins with two seconds on the clock to spare.

For the fourth year Mill Hill took part in the nationwide Schools Challenge competition. Our first opponents in the London region were Highbury Grove. After a tentative start we built up a large lead and won by a sizeable margin.

The second round match against Harrow School produced an intensely exciting finish, Mill Hill winning by 500 points to 490. Forest School posed less stringent opposition in the semi-final—Mill Hill leading throughout the

contest and turning out winners by 160 points. As like last year we fell at the last fence, losing to University College School in the London final (U.C.S. 480, M.H.S. 360). Second best in London is not so bad!

My thanks to Dr. I. D. Kane who organised the house competition, drove the team to away matches and became a veritable Bamber Gascoigne in the process.

Team: D. A. J. Rayner (Capt.), B. C. Kingsley, P. Parker.
Also: R. Winter, G. Pursey.

D.A.J.R.

DENT REPORT

This year, despite the terrible weather, three groups from the Removes went up to Dent, a small village in Cumbria. Each group spent one week up there, and separate subjects were allocated for each day. In return each boy had to write up a project.

Although the weather hindered us, we still managed to complete each day's programme. On the Biology day we had to do a lot of walking. Most of the day, however, was spent around the area of Gastack Beck. Here, individuals went to "stations", which were streams. Tests and experiments were carried out on the rocks and water. We searched for vegetation and animal life.

The Geography day again required much walking. It took place at Malham Tarn. Fortunately we all managed to climb Gordale Scar without much difficulty (it is about 190 ft. high). We were given a sheet of questions to answer. As we walked on, we approached the places where we could answer these.

Perhaps the most enjoyable day was spent pot-holing. After being given a lecture at Whernside Manor Cave and Fell Centre, we went to Alum Pot cave. In the cave we had a great time; it was very cold, and the water was deep. However, we did have some help from two instructors. The deepest pool was seven feet deep into which Kelly and Sheppard promptly fell. I believe that most people got through the "dreaded" Cheese Press, which is 9.5 inches high, and fifteen feet long. We had to crawl all the way.

The sixth day was spent around the village itself. Here we had to make some drawings and answer questions about the village. The remaining day was taken up doing a very pleasant walk. I am sure that every boy, as well as

the masters, enjoyed himself. The food in Dent was great, made appropriately, by Mrs. Cook.

The people of Dent were very helpful indeed, but most of all I would like to thank the masters who arranged the trips, and those who so kindly took us.

MICHAEL JAFFER



DAVID BLACKMAN SMITH (1930-32)

In the Winter Magazine, 1977 an obituary appeared recording the death of David Smith and his interest in the School during his lifetime. In his Will, David Smith bequeathed the sum of £200 for the benefit of Dent and requested The Mill Hill School Charitable Trust Trustees to devote this amount towards the purchase of furniture, equipment or otherwise for Dent. Enquiries were made by The Trustees as to how best this Legacy could be used in accordance with the terms of the Will. They were in due course informed that The Court of Governors had decided that eight new tables were required at Dent and suggested that the bequest might be used in that way. The Trustees readily agreed and the purchase having been made, payment of the bequest has accordingly been completed. A suitable plaque recording this generous gift by an Old Millhillian, and the Governors' appreciation of it, is being placed in a suitable position in Dent.

6th Form Club

Chairman: D. Q. A. Nunn

Secretary: P. J. Rothwell

Bar Steward: M. Harris

Assistant: K. Walli

Committee:

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

I would like to welcome Michael Harris and Ken Walli to the club committee as Head Bar Steward and Assistant Bar Steward.

The club stereo has now been bought at a cost of approximately £300 and sounds far better than its predecessor. Ian Davis spent a lot of time in various hi-fi shops and I would like to thank him for all his efforts for the club over the last two terms.

A successful Sixth Form dance was held this term. The Lower Sixth organized it, and they showed that they were full of fresh ideas.

Two films were shown, to the enjoyment of everyone who watched.

Many thanks to Mr. Prosser-Harries, Mr. Moynihan, and Mr. Rees, for all their help, and the committee, which will thin out next term because of A-level pressures.

D.Q.A.N.

FRIDAY AFTERNOONS

ARMY SECTION

This was a gentle term for the Army. If we felt any guilt before Christmas at our faint-hearted decision then not to organise a Field Day for February, such feelings were blown away in the blizzards and we congratulated ourselves on our wisdom.

The weather was a constant problem as far as training was concerned—trotting about on the ice of the Buckland Pool dragging a hayraft has its

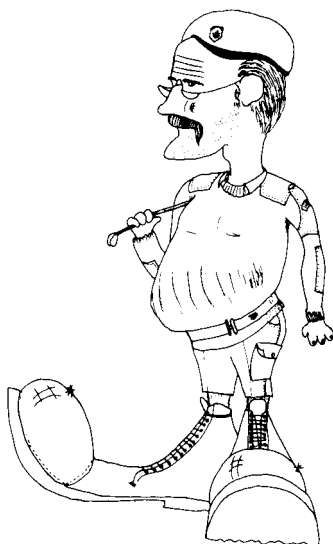
appeal, but it is not the same as paddling. The abseiling was cancelled more often than not, and though the clay pigeon shooting continued we found it something of a trial in the sleet. However, the dry skiing was often snow skiing, so that at least was a success.

We inevitably relied heavily on training indoors and were indebted to Miss Hosker for continuing her First Aid lectures despite a 'flu epidemic filling the Sanatorium with attention-seeking patients.

Mr. Jackson ran several courses in Radio work and his lectures in a warm room suddenly seemed much more interesting to many cadets than the outdoor radio exercises that followed them.

We look forward to more clement weather next term so we should be able to enjoy more Outdoor Activities—once we have the General Inspection behind us.

P.S.B.



R.A.F. SECTION

<i>C.O.:</i>	F/Lt. F. MacMahon
<i>Senior N.C.O.'s:</i>	Sgt. T. Semken
	Sgt. D. Ikin

In spite of the harsh winter, activities have been varied and numerous again this term. Most of "C" Flt. passed the Empire Test. 22 Shooting, and attempted the *abseiling*, but only half managed the Hayraft at the Buckland pool as the other half were "locked out" the week before—those who did it though had the additional bonus of witnessing the misfortune of the instructor who fell in whilst trying to clear a path through the ice! Rifle Training, Map Reading and Knots have constituted the diet of other Friday afternoons.

For "B" Flt. there was skiing at Welwyn Garden City for the first three weeks, followed by a two-week course of First Aid for which we thank the school Sister. Flight Sergeant Barrow showed a film and gave a talk on Engines during his one visit near the end of term, his other visit due at the beginning, having been prevented by impossible road conditions.

Some members of the Section are becoming quite proficient at taking the Proficiency Exams. Results last term were most disappointing, but we look forward to a better outcome from the exams taken this term, especially from those for whom it will be the fourth sitting.

F.M.

ROYAL NAVY

<i>Sub Lt.:</i>	T. W. Corbett
<i>Coxwain:</i>	S. Sterling
<i>Leading Seamen:</i>	M. J. Morton, P. C. Noakes, R. J. Perkins, A. W. Welch.

This term has seen a wide variety of activities taking place, although several were hindered by the weather.

The first-year cadets continued their basic introduction course with the Army and R.A.F. sections. The second year spent the term preparing for their Proficiency examination with C.P.O. Flower, who visited us every three weeks. Our third-year cadets have been swimming, shooting, abseiling and dry skiing.

There was no field day this term but we hope to arrange a camp for next term's field day.

This term we welcomed Sub Lt. Clark to the section and we hope he will enjoy his time with us.

Earlier on in the term Lt. Turner came up from H.M.S. Dolphin, in Portsmouth, to give us a lecture on the role of the Navy today.

With General Inspection day approaching, we are now preparing activities and demonstrations for that occasion.

S.S.

SCOUTS

With the burning down of the Scout Store during the Christmas holidays and the consequent loss of all our camping and training equipment—enough for 60 boys—we started the term under considerable difficulty. Weather and shortage of leadership have added to that.

A programme of badge training—Meteorologist, Handyman, Car Mechanic, Electronics, Observer, Civics—was launched and we hope for good results when these tests are taken early next term.

Meanwhile the Insurance Co. have honoured their liability and we shall be able to order replacement equipment. We are adapting the main Scout Hut to contain all our stores once again.

H.W.S.

SOCIAL SERVICES

Near arctic conditions and industrial disputes have done their best to curtail our activities this term, but we have managed to continue with the home visits, the importance of which has become increasingly clear in this bad weather. Many of the old folk were marooned within their houses because of the snow and ice so that a weekly visit was greatly appreciated. The work of the "task force" had to be abandoned and replaced by snow clearing although we did manage to re-decorate a bedroom and a kitchen.

We now have a considerable collection of books for Oxfam, the carrying and stacking of which has occupied some "task force" members on the worst afternoons.

The day centres were closed down owing to the ambulance drivers' strike, but Paul Kalms has continued to build and decorate the dark-room at Flightways and a very valuable project opened up at the Sacred Heart convent in Edgware which involved helping physically handicapped people to squeeze and mix the paints in an art class.

Links have been re-established with the Social Services Department through a visit to the school by Mr. Gorst, the director of Barnet Social Services. We hope the relationship will prove valuable to all concerned. Our part is a very small but a very rewarding one, in that any personal success is shared within the group and that helps to give us a common purpose and encouragement when things do not happen as quickly as we might like. We look forward to a much more productive gardening season next term having achieved a measure of mechanisation in the acquisition of two new Flymos. It surely cannot keep on snowing. Can it?

T.J.C.

SOCIETIES

BRIDGE CLUB

Patron: Dr. I. Kane

First Team: J. Demaine, T. Gordon, T. S. Levine,
J. G. Winter

"Never was so much done by so few..." This term the four hardy members of the first team accomplished a feat not completely dissimilar to the victory of the Battle of Britain, by coming third out of fourteen teams in the Daily Mail Cup Quarter-Final held at Chelsea. Our best hand was when T.S.L. and J.G.W. sitting east-west with 19 points between their hands bid and made 3 NT. At J.D. and T.G.'s table the hand was passed out, a plus to Mill Hill of 600 points or 14 IMP's. On four other hands we made similar gains. In the Semi-Final at Eton we did miserably, coming well down the order.

I would like to thank Mr. G. Holford, G. Bailey, I. Davies, J. Kirkpatrick, and P. Schwarzenberger who have played in and against the school team this term.

Thanks and congratulations to the "Doc".

T.S.L.

THE CHESS SOCIETY

Patron: G. Holford, Esq.

Captain: Rajesh Rawal

Team: T. Levine, A. Sampson, Farnell-
Watson, R. Sagall, D. Freedman

The Spring term has not been very active for the chess society. Although, last term, we did enter a London school's chess tournament, in which we were a bit unlucky in being beaten by Kingsbury Comprehensive. The results were as follows:-

Rawal drew; Levine won; Sampson won; Others lost.

The team is very keen to play a few friendly matches and we intend to do so next term. Amongst the schools we hope to play are North London Girl's School and Aldenham School. I must thank Mr. Holford for all his support in the running of the society.

R.R.

VITH FORM CONCERT SOCIETY

Patron: W. R. Winfield, Esq.

Secretary: W. L. M. Ku

Owing to a certain amount of examination pressure in both the Upper Sixth and the Lower Sixth, we were only able to have one outing this term. Nevertheless, this outing to a performance of Bizet's Carmen at the London Coliseum proved to be most enjoyable, in spite of a somewhat hurried journey to the Opera House for some of our members.

My thanks must go to Mr. Winfield for obtaining the tickets, and to Mr. Champniss for organising our transport.

W.K.

DEBATING SOCIETY

Patron: Rev. H. Starkey
Chairman: A. Kalsi
Secretary: B. Kingsley

Our congratulations to McClure House for winning the Inter-House Debate on the last day of last term. This term however, there was not a single debate in School. Nevertheless, the Society did participate in two major competitions. B. Kingsley and A. Kalsi represented the School in the Observer Magazine Debating competition, and came third out of the eight teams. The standard was high and the event was enjoyable. B. Kingsley was beyond a shadow of doubt the best speaker of the evening. His wit, humour and tactful sarcasm was remarkable.

Another team consisting of H. Mistry, S. Herrington and A. Kalsi came second in the semi-finals of the Rotary Club "Youth Speaks" Competition. The team work was noticeable but in retrospect I feel we could have done better.

I know it is customary to thank the patron of the Society for his help, but I cannot exaggerate the sincere interest Rev. Starkey shows towards the Society. If we take heed of his very honest and straightforward criticisms, we should continue to bring honour to the Society and the School.

A.K.

Electronics Society

Patron: Dr. W. D. Phillips
Secretary: I. J. Keane
Assistants: C. J. Benton, I. Myers, D. J. Pike

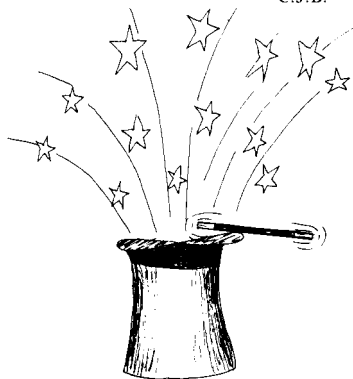
Again this term "sound to light" mania has been tearing holes in our 100 or so members' pockets, or rather their parents' pockets. During one particular day Dr. Phillips was savaged by over 30 desperate disco freaks trying to get their hands on the newly arrived R.S. order.

However, the monopoly of the sound to light is now beginning to die, and is predicted to be taken over by the flashing LED badge, designed by some of the more advanced members of the club. Other projects of a more adventurous nature this term include the R.S. digital clock module, ultrasonic controls and control panels.



Our members this term are becoming more interested in the theoretical aspects of electronics, especially those trying to figure out why the sound to lights they built don't work. During the latter part of the term Dr. Phillips received the gift of a 2 way plug adaptor, enabling members to use 3 soldering irons at the same time. This has had a dramatic effect on the rate of production in the club, bringing our turnover with R.S. Components Ltd. to about £800 this term.

C.J.B.



THE MAGIC CLUB

Patron: P. Spiers, Esq.
President: D. J. Sander
Treasurer: P. Ruthven-Murray
Chairman: A. N. Sidbury

After several highly successful terms, the performance of the Magic Club was slightly inhibited by the sad decline in the appearance of new members. Nevertheless, in addition to the club's normal activities, a special, and much appreciated show, was given at Potter's Bar for a group of children from the neighbourhood a few weeks after Christmas. The club continues to purchase new equipment regularly and there have been recent visits to magic conventions and professional shows. Next term is already looking promising, with a probable afternoon of entertainment for the Social Services and another Open Day performance, not to mention a magic project due to start next term to arouse interest amongst the younger boys. Our thanks are due to all those who helped to arrange our shows and the initial engagements, without which we would not survive. The Chairman also conveys his thanks to the other members, who maintained the club's activities in his absence.

A.N.S.

MODERN LANGUAGES SOCIETY

Patron: W. R. Winfield, Esq.
Secretary: W. J. G. Roberts

The society has had an active programme this year: there have been talks, visits to films and plays and regular showings of films by the Ciné Club. The latter, well supported again, has concentrated on films by directors involved in the French "new wave": Chabrol, Malle, Godard and Truffaut. Although opinions as to the various films have often been sharply divided, there is no doubt that Jean-Luc Godard's "Pierrot le Fou" proved one of the most controversially fascinating with its bewildering, often extemporized narrative of love, murder, torture, car chases, gangsters and loot, all woven into a highly intellectualized and occasionally incomprehensible creation of pure art. At the opposite end of the spectrum was Schlöndorff's "Die verlorene Ehre von Katharina Blum", an exciting if rather cynical film based

on Böll's Nobel prize-winning novel which tore apart the corrupt workings of the German media. Our thanks go to our projectionist, Andrew Welch, and to Monsieur Guégo and Mr. Armstrong for their informed presentation of each film.

Parties of students have been to the French and German Institutes in town to discuss Sartre and Brecht, another group attended a spirited performance by a local drama group of Molière's "Le Tartuffe", Dr. Barron, Lecturer at Royal Holloway College, introduced an excellent discussion of an Apollinaire poem, and Monsieur Guégo gave an interesting lecture with slides on his native region, Brittany.

Next term we look forward to another Godard, a poetry evening and a planned revival of "Polyglot", the society's elusive magazine—articles in any foreign language will be gratefully received by the editors. Our thanks finally to Guy Roberts, presently "Assistant" at Join-Lambert, Rouen, for his work last term as Secretary.

W.R.W.



<i>Patron:</i>	P. Spiers, Esq.
<i>Chairman:</i>	A. S. Miller
<i>Secretary:</i>	A. Scott

This term, the society seems finally to be back on its feet. A Project has been started, and we hope that the first years have benefited from this. Also, the juniors in the school have shown a new interest and the society has been quite active this term.

I would like to wish David Wild good luck in his future running of the society and to say that my reign as Chairman has been enjoyable. We owe a lot of thanks to Mr. Fontain from the Watford College of Printing who has come in and taught us the subject on Saturday mornings. We also owe much gratitude to Mr. Spiers who has been a pillar of strength to everyone.

A.S.M.

PYTHAGOREAN SOCIETY

<i>Patron:</i>	Dr. I. D. Kane
<i>Ex-member:</i>	T. Gordon
<i>Para-member:</i>	P. Schwarzenberger
<i>Pseudo-member:</i>	T. Levine
<i>Hon. member:</i>	W. Ku
<i>Non-members:</i>	J. Mathias, A. Kalsi

Our first meeting was held in Doc's room. The silence was impressive as we waited for Ajay Kalsi's well chosen words. He spoke about India's religion, caste-system and enormous size. After light refreshment we played the moo game with Winston Ku, who showed his vocal ability by mooing out into the clear, dark night. Later in the term we went to Winston's house. There we received pearls of wisdom from Mr. Dean, based on a talk about the attraction of cricket. He related many of his experiences and gave us all sound advice. We then played a Tom Lehrer record which had us all in stitches. Winston then fed us with enough spaghetti for at least three times our number. An agreeable evening came to an end studying Winston's photos and hi-fi.

Thanks and congratulations to Dr. Kane.

THE SCIENCE FICTION AND ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY

Chairman: H. K. Mistry
Secretaries: S. Herrington, D. Macdonald

This has been a fascinating term, in that for the first time ever we have been without Phil Rosenblum. Adrian Clarke has donated about thirty books to the S. F. Library, with promises of more later. Thank you!

Thanks to Sean Edwards, we can now afford to take groups of boys to various S. F. films. The outing to "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" was not very enjoyable, but, hopefully, our trip to see "The Boys From Brazil" will compensate for this.

Next term, we hope to set up a telescope in the loft of the Science Block. We might even organise some trips to places of astronomical interest.

H.K.M.

JUNIOR SCIENCE SOCIETY

Patron: P. H. Thonemann, Esq.
Secretary: Krishan Ponnampuruma
Treasurer: Lakis Georgiou

During the last two terms we have continued our Tuesday afternoon meetings (2 p.m.-4 p.m.) in the Physics Department, at which many experiments have been successfully completed. These have varied from repetitions of classroom demonstrations—often much more interesting if you do them yourself—to experiments suggested by boys, using, for example, the school's stroboscope and oscilloscopes. We even made, or rather, improvised, our own "sound to light" unit, altogether superior to those they make downstairs in the Electronics Society, of course!

P.H.T.

SENIOR SCIENCE SOCIETY

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

We have had a very dull and unlucky term as far as the society is concerned. The Faraday Lecture, which our members should have attended, was cancelled owing to industrial action taken by the organisers and we have also been refused tickets by several other establishments. Perhaps due to pressure resulting from A-level mocks and lower Sixth science examinations, our members have been reluctant to sign up to attend lectures and I sincerely hope that this situation will change in the future since I believe that these lectures are always beneficial to our scientists.

Nevertheless, I would like to thank Mr. Veal for his advice and understanding, and hope for a more enthusiastic and rewarding Summer term.

W.K.

ART SOCIETY

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

This has been a very active term: An outing to the National Gallery took place at the beginning of February which gave some of our members their first chance to see the originals of many famous paintings. A new slide-viewer, together with some slides, was purchased during the term, and I am sure that this will be most useful to our members.

A trip to Blenheim Palace has been organised for the end of term, and we also hope to make a short visit to the Picture Gallery at Christ Church, Oxford on the way back. Mr. Champniss, our Director of music, who has kindly offered to drive us to Blenheim, has obtained permission to use the organ at Blenheim Library and will therefore be giving us an organ recital which will undoubtedly enliven our outing.

Finally, I would like to thank the society members for participating in the activities and, above all, Mr. Herring for all his work and advice.

W.K.





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>	D. Blackburn, L. C. Newton, I. D. Middleton, G. Bishop, A. Anjarwalla, A. Kaenratana, S. Sterling, A. Kalsi

This term members of the house have started to get some work done because of the end of term mock examinations.

Our sporting achievements have been varied. We were just beaten in the junior cross-country final by Priestley. However, we won the intermediate final with our first two runners filling the first two places—thanks to Mark Stern and Rich Morgan. The senior final was slightly disappointing and we had to be content with fourth place. Once again the cross-country standards award is ours and credit must be given to our house managers.

The juniors excelled themselves by easily winning the junior sevens final. The seniors were not so fortunate. The house also won the junior basketball final for the first time in a number of years. The squash and hockey teams both reached the semi-finals, but were beaten.

The drama competition saw a third of the house participating and thoroughly enjoying themselves in two short plays of “coarse acting” (not as vulgar as it sounds). The audience certainly enjoyed the performance even if the adjudicator did not.

The music competition provided us with scant success this year since we lost our best musicians last year.

The result of the golf final is still unknown since our opponents have yet to pluck up sufficient courage to meet us.

I should like to thank everyone who has helped run the house, especially the masters and the house staff. I am glad that I still have a full house staff—just!

D.Q.A.N.

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>	S. F. Wernham
<i>School Prefects:</i>	D. Abdoo, B. M. Landau, P. J. Rothwell
<i>House Staff:</i>	F. C. Navarro, C. Poulengeris, N. C. Simpson, S. S. Wasani, R. L. Tray, J. R. Bowie, D. F. Wild, C. G. West, M. Shipman, C. Foulger, A. P. Nisbet, R.G. Emmott

In the field of sport Collinson has achieved much this term: the seniors have reached the final of the basketball competition after demobilising both Burton Bank and McClure. The senior cross-country final was won by Collinson, the first four runners past the post for Collinson being A. Nisbet, D. Wild, C. West and P. Omojola. The cross-country standards competition is still undecided, but we are at present lying a close second to Burton Bank, our usual rivals. Norman Simpson's senior league hockey team cruised

through to the final. His team slaughtered Ridgeway, smashed Winterstoke and annihilated School House on its way. Many congratulations to D. Wild and A. Vince who respectively won the revived senior and junior gymnastics competition.

On the more intellectual side the house general knowledge team was eliminated in the semi-final by the smallest of margins by Murray.

Another very successful house dance brought in a profit of over £60; many thanks to Richard Tray the organiser.

Richard also had a large hand in the house play, "The Dance". He wrote and co-produced it and also acted a major role. The play itself was very enjoyable to perform in and the audience loved it (well, the younger generation at least).

One addition to the house, Ben—the Franklins' new dog—has settled down fairly well this term, although his tendency to run off with Shailen Wasani's underwear has caused some frustration.

The atmosphere in Collinson has been as friendly as ever. The house has always enjoyed the reputation of being one of the friendliest. I am sure that this is chiefly the result of the attitude of the senior members of the house. Instead of *hiding away in bedsits they mix freely and sociably with the younger ones*. Hence, not only do the lower years become more co-operative, but respectful too, which is, I feel, extremely important.

Finally, I should like to thank Matron for her valuable service and Mr. Jackson who, in Mr. Armstrong's absence, has been more than willing to give Mr. Franklin extra support in the house. Special thanks to Mr. Franklin and his family who have the task of putting up with us and the occasional floods we cause.

S.F.W.

McCLURE

<i>House Master:</i>	A. Prosser-Harries, Esq.
<i>House Tutor:</i>	R. Davey, Esq.
<i>Head of House:</i>	R. A. Fox
<i>School Prefects:</i>	M. Gafsen, D. Schild
<i>House Prefects:</i>	E. Foster, M. Frank, J. Mathias, M. Rodbert, D. Rayner, J. Winter

Our Head of House, Robert Fox, has unfortunately spent much of this term ill at home with glandular fever. His efficient administration and fine leadership has been sadly missed, which is probably reflected in our modest success on the games field.

Nevertheless, success has been attained in other more intellectual spheres. Under Daniel Rayners' captaincy we deservedly won the Inter-House General Knowledge Competition. Yet again McClure produced a commendable play, under the auspices of Marli Frank, and both Grant Coren and Steve Israel merit great praise for their energetic performances. Furthermore, a host of McClure boys take a keen interest in the editing of the School Magazine. The Senior Water Polo team's victories in the pool and the dedicated cross country running of our Intermediates have ensured a necessary balance in mental and physical application.

It is, however, of greater significance that a distinct communal atmosphere is evolving within McClure. Rather than simply confining themselves to the company of those in their year, boys of all ages are now freely mixing. Consequently there is greater co-operation and everyone is striving to reach a common goal. The House Staff need no longer play a punitive role and can concentrate on encouraging participation in diverse fields of activity. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Prosser-Harries and Mr. Davey for being in this comfortable position.

M.G.

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>	L. H. Comoy; N. M. Davis; D. L. Freedman
<i>House Staff:</i>	M. J. Anderson; R. H. Brenninkmeyer; S. Brijnath; A. Fulton; R. D. Glazer; S. J. Marks; N. Ng; R. T. Semken; D. F. Young

This has been an enjoyable term with the house not quite gaining the success attained in the Spring Term over the past few years.

Our bid to win a hat-trick in the Senior house hockey was made difficult by our lack of school team members in the upper years.

After winning our first round tie comfortably we were beaten by School House in an extremely close-fought semi-final. We have probably our best representation in junior school hockey teams for a number of years and thus we have high hopes of success in the junior hockey competition.

In the cross-country, usually a Murray speciality, we had two individual victories, in the senior (L. Newman) and in the junior (Lars Smith), although the best team result was only a third place by the junior team.

The high point of the term was the inter-house drama competition. Murray won the trophy for the third time in five years. In addition Paul Ruthven-Murray and Ashley Fulton won two of the four acting awards. My thanks go to Tim Levine for all the hard work he put into producing the play, "After Magritte" by Tom Stoppard.

The inter-house general knowledge quiz almost provided the house with another success, but we were unfortunately foiled in the last seconds of the final by a McClure comeback.

There are still a number of competitions to be decided. Murray stands a good chance of victory for the second successive year in the Music competition since we are at present holding a reasonable lead.

It only remains for me to thank Mr. Winter, Mr. Corbett and the House Staff for their continued support throughout the term.

L.D.N.

PRIESTLEY

<i>House Master:</i>	H. S. Stringer, Esq.
<i>House Tutor:</i>	T. Chilton, Esq.
<i>Head of House:</i>	Joanna Shannon
<i>School Prefect:</i>	W. Ku
<i>House Staff:</i>	M. Hime, G. Ibrahim, D. Michie, H. Nash, Sara Peile, A. Sethia, M. Summers, B. Tan

It has been a busy term in Priestley with Remove boys going to Rouen and Dent and several members of the house in school teams. The house competed reasonably in most of the competitions, winning the junior squash and the junior cross-country. The lack of success of our senior teams was made up for by many good individual performances, notably Andrew Levison in the Fencing and Martin Hime's fourth place in the Senior cross-country.

The artistic side of school life has also been well supported in Priestley, with an enthusiastic effort in the House Play competition, where Paul Parker was awarded an acting prize. Parker again represented the house with Graham Pursey in the school General Knowledge team, although the house team lost to Murray, in the Inter-House competition.

We also have many entrants in the music competition who are ably coached by Winston Ku, including a virtual monopoly in the female solo competitions owing to the girls' enthusiasm!

A friendly atmosphere continues to exist in the house especially upstairs where the Lower Sixth girls have settled down very quickly. Finally I would like to thank Mr. Stringer and Mr. Chilton for their support and the house staff for their willing help.

J.M.S.

SALVETE

Suzanne Kamasa The Mount School, N.W.7.

Mark Sheppard Town and Country, and Davies's

Paul Sullivan Davies's

VALETE

Roger Phillips 1973-1979, Upper Arts VI, House Prefect, Captain of Golf, Junior Colts Rugby XV 1974, 3rd XV 1977, 2nd XI Cricket 1977, Golf Team 1974-79, 1st XI Hockey 1978.

French Fourth Form Prizes—Latin, History, English

Fifth Form Prizes, History Lower Sixth Form Prize,

Old Millhillians Lodge Prize.

Future Plans—To work abroad in Paris, and then study Law at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

Address: 80 Barnet Way, Mill Hill, London N.W.7.

RIDGEWAY

House Master:

A. P. Hodgson, Esq.

House Tutor:

P. Herring, Esq.

Head of House:

J. D. Kirkpatrick

School Prefect:

C. Lewis

House Staff:

N. Fawcett, G. R. Bailey, Yvonne Ho,

Corinne Mellor, Tanya Woolf,

P. Schwarzenberger, R. Naylor,

W. Phadoemchit, P. Zimmerman,

I. Davies, R. W. D. Grear

Despite the mounting tension and anticipation that should be apparent in the pre-examination term, Ridgeway's social life is still in full swing, especially among the upper years. One can only hope that either the work-rate increases or future results do not betray the amount of work done previously.

The degree of participation in standards competitions varied. The newcomers will probably never have heard of the swimming standards competition, such was the success of its organisation within the house. The cross-country competition was, however, better organised and consequently results were better. The seniors, with increased participation, came second in the final.

In Rugby, the sevens teams were not exactly overendowed with success: The seniors survived only one round before losing to Winterstoke, the eventual winners, and the juniors were knocked-out in their first match.

The traditionally unsuccessful Ridgeway Play went off traditionally, although it was enjoyed by the cast as well as by the audience.

Many mourn the departure of our liveliest upper sixth former, I. Davies, Esq. Many thanks to him for his great enthusiasm and help over the years in all forms of house activities.

News of Mr. Hodgson's promotion to the headmastership of Queen's, Taunton brings mixed feelings. Best wishes to him in the future are tinged with a feeling of regret that the School and Ridgeway will soon lose one of their best housemasters. The girls now seem to have settled in well, joyfully received by some and tolerated by the more chauvinistic elements in house. Female enthusiasm in some fields has been marred only by lack of facilities and possibly lack of talent. Our thanks once again go to Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson for their interests in the house, and to Matron for her capable handling of domestic crises.

J.D.K.

VALETE

I. Davies Upper Science VI, House Prefect, School Rugby teams 1974-78; Athletics Team 1974-79; Cross Country team 1974-79.

Member of photographic, electronics and senior science societies.

Plans to continue A-level studies and afterwards to study medicine at Charing Cross Hospital.

Address: P.O. Box 8488, Salmyeh, Kuwait, Arabian Gulf.

Telephone: Kuwait (Code from London 010 965) 614455.

WINTERSTOKE

House Master:

G. C. Sutcliffe, Esq.

House Tutors:

R. C. B. Clarke, Esq., J. E. Waczek, Esq.

Head of House:

I. Maciver

School Prefects:

C. S. Jackson, M. Kos, J. A. Parnes

House Prefects:

J. E. Davies, T. Goldstein, N. Joshi,

A. T. McLintock, D. L. A. Silver,

M. J. L. Tan, P. G. D. Wickman

As far as success is concerned this term has been a very mixed one. The senior part of the house has been successful, but the junior part, I feel, lacks enthusiasm and has, as a result, achieved little.

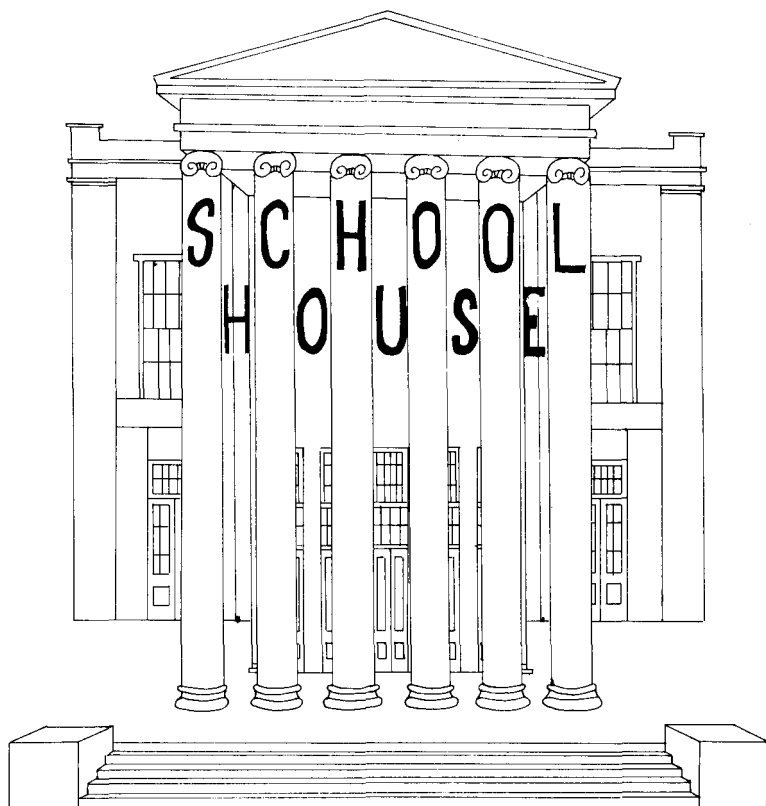
In the drama competition our performance was very commendable indeed. Chris Jackson (producer) performed a difficult role with great competence, as did Alex Nissen who was rewarded with one of the major prizes.

No outstanding results were achieved in the cross-country though the seniors, without any renowned runners, managed to come third. The senior sevens team, after a long gap of six years, finally succeeded in winning one of the major rugby competitions and owe much of their success to Mark Tan, though the whole team was excellent in defence. The junior sevens team also performed bravely and, considering their lack of knowledge as far as sevens is concerned, came close to beating a much stronger Collinson side.

With the final of the senior hockey and water-polo still to come it seems to have been quite a pleasing term. The house ensemble and choir (with the whole house participating) came 2nd and 3rd respectively. And I hope this trend of having everyone in the house choir will continue.

Finally, I would like to thank Matron for coping patiently with all the sickness in the house this term, and to Mr. Sutcliffe and Mr. Clark for their assistance.

I.M.



<i>House Master:</i>	S. M. J. Peskett, Esq.
<i>House Tutor:</i>	P. S. Bickerdike, Esq.
<i>Visiting House Tutors:</i>	L. D. Gardiner, Esq., N. Cook, Esq.
<i>Head of House:</i>	A. J. Houston
<i>School Prefect:</i>	H. A. Patel
<i>House Staff:</i>	R. Cohen, J. Demaine, M. Shariff, R. Rahim, T. Saw, A. Miller, T. Obey, A. Amazonwu

An impressive amount of effort has gone into preparing the School House Play this term. I am sure that the tremendous amount of work both on and behind the stage will be appreciated by all those who see the play.

The senior members of the house have had few notable achievements this term. They were eliminated in the first round of the sevens competition, lost in the second round of the basketball and finished last in the cross-country. However, they have reached the final of the house hockey competition and I hope that we shall be able to win it.

The juniors have put up spirited performances all round and have been unlucky not to win anything. They reached the semi-finals of the basketball, the finals of the house sevens competition and did reasonably well in the cross-country competition. I hope that they will continue to inspire the house

with their enthusiasm in future years. It is sadly evident that the enthusiasm of individuals tends to flag once they have cocooned themselves in the bedsits of the top corridor.

We welcome Mr. Cook as visiting house tutor this term. I hope that the shock of entering School House life is wearing off now. I should like to thank Mr. Peskett, Mr. Bickerdike, Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Cook for the hard work which they have put in to keep the house running smoothly. Finally I should like to thank Matron and the cleaning staff who miraculously continue to keep us in a respectable condition.

A.J.H.

Heads down!



*. . . in the
workshop*



. . . and on the quad

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* PORTICO *

IN REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

Those who have read past magazines will recognize the name "Portico" as the title of a separate literary magazine, issued in Autumn 1974. It was the result of a short-lived surge in the popularity of the magazine, but was unfortunately a financial failure. Hence there was only one issue after which interest waned for several years. The Spring 1975 issue's literary section was titled "Musas" and, printed on blue paper, it was placed at the back. Now the desire for a better magazine is on the increase and it is in the memory of these things past that we present the literary section in the following pages.

Over the last few terms there has been much complaint about the format of the magazine. "Portico" is an attempt to remedy these faults in a way which will be acceptable to all. However, if you have any constructive criticism we will be only too pleased to hear from you.

JOHN, TIM

Editor's Choice

IVORY ANGEL

*Ivory Angel
Cold as stone
Placed on a pedestal
Identity unknown
Soporific Siren
Seduction by smile
Relishing the bitter-sweet
Of duping the blind
Speak now or never
Before bliss becomes pain
Hide and seek language
Spits out your name
Or fade so demurely
Into your mystery dance
Fine epitaphs await you
In th' eternal trance
Flaunt your facility
For clumsy obscurity
Flirt not with reason
Nor artificial purity*

TONY GOLDSTEIN

THE LOCH

Writhing tendrils of mist clawed gently at the cold green expanse, casting a veil of silence under which nature cowered.

Smooth as glass stretched the lake into the mist, to the far shore and beyond, fading into the grey. Time passed unnoticed as a white orb rose over the loch, trying vainly to pierce the enveloping shroud, into which sound was swallowed as if it had never been.

Nothing stirred, or dared to break the pregnant silence.

Suddenly a small snake head broke the surface, sending ripples across the lake, breaking the mirror's smooth tranquillity and distorting the moon's reflection into myriads of flashing streaks. The head rose on a long grey neck, glistening, weaving to and fro; questing and probing into the mist.

Suddenly it froze still, unmoving for a long moment, then in a blink was gone, leaving more spreading ripples, startled by a glint of light off a pair of binoculars as a furtive watcher raised them.

A long slanting beam of pale white broke through the shifting veil, followed by the full glories of the winter moon.

The watcher turned away disgruntled. Another tale would magnify over the pints in the local tonight.

PETER BLOORE

THE RIVER

*You glance up from that green artery—
a meadow, another, ring of elms in the centre, dead,
you look more closely: there's a crow—
distractions. Your gaze sinks
to the sea of invisible faces
to the immortal flow.*

*The surface shatters like glass
as the patterns add
subdivide and multiply.
The Autumn wind gusts
lonely twig bobbles topples
russet leaf swims by.*

*You float deeper into thought,
unresolved questions. Suddenly
the sun emerges, bathing you in light.
Slipping tripping on and on
the blood of us all
provides your reply.*

*Unseeing you survey the gliding stream.
Perhaps it's darker now?
perhaps a tiny bit slow?
No—constant. It merely reflects your moods,
answers as you blankly stare.
Yes, the river knows.*

TIM LEVINE



SUNSET IN THE COUNTRY

The sun turns from yellow to orange. It twinkles and dances in the pale river. Birds cluster by a rookery, fluffing out their feathers, settling down for the night. The warm wind slowly softens and brings a sweet smell from heather and wiry gorse bushes. From somewhere inside an otter shuffles his way to a small muddy home in the river bank.

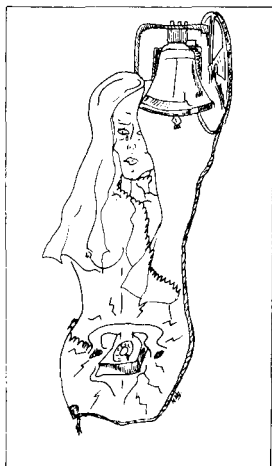
In the meadows surrounding the meandering river a scarecrow boldly stands silhouetted against the now red ball of the dying sun. The trees cast their long effortless shadows across the landscape as the sun lowers its radiant body behind the copse.

Peace and tranquillity descend on the rookery. The birds look out over the slumbering fields. The river chatters and gurgles around a coypu's dishevelled dam. The deep glow of the river slowly begins to make the array of spangled stars sparkle and gleam. A lonely owl hoots out a haunting message from a spiny tree in the copse, echoing around the quiet landscape.

Far beyond the river the inky sea can be heard lapping the shore, on the soft night breeze. Penetrating the darkness, winking on the horizon, is a lightship. The tapering reeds nearby, whisper to themselves, telling the secrets of the dusk. The breeze upsets the reflections with ripples and crests.

The moon looks caringly down at the peaceful meadows . . . drowned in sleep.

GILES PEILE



DEFENCELESS MINORITY

Unjustified pain torments the mind
 as the hungry wolves wrench at her soul . . .
 The inhibited smile conceals the destruction
 Like some piece of meat, she is attacked from all sides . . .
 Tomorrow . . . for the following months
 The consoling voice on the telephone eases the pain, but the wound is too
 deep, and tactless words like acid sting violently
 Academic schoolboys cannot comprehend the dwindling
 happiness. The supercession of dampening pain . . .
 Too full of their own need to express their superficially
 impressing ideas.
 The ecstatic sensation of perfecting art.
 She hibernates in the art studio, avariciously searches for the charcoal
 and the white chalk, and like some powerful drug becomes enraptured in
 her talent . . .
 The expression of art . . . The magic potion cures the wound
 temporarily . . . a few hours . . .
 The sonorous ringing of the school bell provokes the menacing vultures to
 emerge from their nests . . .
 The stark realization of reality shatters her dream . . .
 Silently she weeps . . .
 Once again she must face the callous mocking
 . . . the attack
 alone . . . defenceless . . .

MARIA LOPEZ

REACTION

*Why didn't you tell me
You had read my mind?
I stand naked before you
And you don't even speak.
Nothing has been lost—
Shame does not exist.
You touch a familiar soul
Which raised its smiling face, ran free.*

TANYA WOOLF

MINE

*Lots of lovely, thick, English Cheddar
And generous bracing of Branstion pickle between
Two soft, moist pieces of snow-white Sunblest.
The sandwich: exquisite blend of colour,
A beautiful, secretive form, outstretched,
There in the void.
Glistening treasure, so firm and proud, yet
Really . . . oh! so delicate and coy.
The temptation must be mine, hers the delight:*

*"Would you care
to dance?"*

PAUL RUTHVEN-MURRAY

SCOOP!

Inside the carriage there was a mood of curiosity, suggestion and anticipation of what was to come. Even Hunt began to take an interest, and he was the one man who had not been interested in someone called Lenin! We were all on our way to the Western Front, riding in a rickety old French train, pulled by two black steam engines. This was going to be the first chance the British public would have of getting up-to-date information on the boys on the Western Front.

Everyone was huddled into a compartment meant to hold six, and not the eighteen it was trying to hold now. On the window there was a large sign: "Do not lean out of the window", and underneath some joker had written: "Offenders will be fined 10/- and have their heads smashed to smithereens".

Why they had chosen a train to take us to the Front, I shall never know. Anyway, it meant an extra three hours' travelling since the Germans had destroyed so many lines. The train shook violently and some aspiring wit said that it felt as if the Germans had blown up this line already.

All the top journalists were there; Charles Lawson of the Times, Richard Burnel of the Herald, a couple of foreign journalists, mainly American, and a contingent from the Daily Telegraph, including Frank Rosenthal who had organised the trip. I was supposedly working freelance, but under contract to send my pieces to the Daily Express.

Major Danby, who was going to address us, was an old hand. He had been Press Officer during the Boer War, and had managed to keep the concentration camps secret. He stood up, realised that in such a confined space he would better be heard sitting down, and sat down again. His face was reddened by this exertion, which came as no surprise to anyone as it was well known that he was going to pop off soon.

"Gentlemen," he started, and the murmur of voices ceased. "Gentlemen, I'm afraid to say that this war is unlike any other. No longer is it young heroic men fighting enthusiastically for King and Country, but now it is much more

of a stagnant and depressing war. There are lines of trenches in which the men have to stay to keep away from the incessant artillery pounding. Between the trenches there is No-Man's Land which is covered by machine guns . . . —I am not at liberty to say any more." "Surely as there is so much artillery pounding, the terrain must be very desolate if not muddy?" Lawson asked.

Danby avoided that easily:

"I'm afraid I'm not at liberty to say."

A few people began to talk amongst themselves, but Hunt remained silent. However, his next statement shocked us all. There was uproar and people protested saying he could not do this and that they had paid to come on this trip.

"So, because of the effect on morale, if the truth about the Western Front ever got to the British Public, we have forbidden all journalists to go within fifty miles of the Western Front. This train is going on a round trip through Northern France, starting at Calais and ending ten miles up the coast at Dunkirk."

"What about the articles for our paper—or do you want us to tell the public that we were barred from seeing the Front?" asked Lockwood, one of the Daily Telegraph contingent.

"Upon arrival at Dunkirk you will be told what you should write, and may I say that it will not be a pack of lies, it will be the truth. . . —but with a lot left out." Danby ended on a note of rare humour; "Now, Gentlemen, would you go back to your own compartments—it's becoming like the Black Hole of Calcutta." Nobody laughed.

The train chuntered on through the Pas de Calais countryside. Rosenthal was sitting beside me, looking thoroughly miserable.

I felt really sorry for Rosenthal. He had been given an ultimatum by the Chief Editor of the Telegraph to come up with something really good or else receive his cards. This had been after many idiotic hunches that had never really materialised, his most famous failure being during the Russo-Japanese War. He had managed to persuade the editor to give him a front page spread giving the public the details of how Russia would easily win the war. He got the facts and figures and even a photograph of the massed Russian infantry compared to the weak Japanese army. Unfortunately for the Russians and Rosenthal, the Japanese won and Rosenthal along with the Telegraph were made laughing stocks. The train chuntered on. The landscape began to level out and I knew we were entering the coastal plain. Passing through a tunnel we found ourselves "au bord de la mer". We entered the fishing port of Dunkirk and the train started whistling and whooshing as it ground to a halt. The train stopped with such a jar that I found myself sprawling on the seat opposite me. I could feel something resting beside my leg—it was a small, battered diary which was the property of a one Laurence Manning. Private Manning had been a regular infantryman and this diary gave a day-by-day account of 1917. This was the story of the "real" war. So Major Danby had not done his job well enough. He may have been able to stop the other papers, but not me, and he would get a shock when he found out. Thanking the train for stopping with such a jar, I grabbed my bag and left the carriage in a mood that contrasted greatly with that of my associates.

"Here you are, Wilding, your circular."

"Thank you, Major," I said, and as act of defiance tore it up before his very eyes. "Oh, and Major," I shouted, going up the gangway before he could have a chance to speak, "make sure that you get tomorrow's Daily Express off a steamer. It'll slay you!"

With these words I departed from sight and mind:

What a scoop!

JOHN HODES

A MARRIED MAN

The alarm clock rang loudly, resounding in his ears like Big Ben. The sleeper, a bald man, stirred in his drunken stupor. Blindly he groped about the dresser until he finally hit the offender. It died away with a whine. Thank God for that, he thought, removing the pillow from his head.

He lay in bed for another five minutes, trying to get back to sleep. But the rude interruption of the clock and his wife's heavy grunting prevented his return to the buxom blonde he had seen on the tube the other night.

Reluctantly, he heaved himself out of bed. Sunday morning.

He crawled into the bathroom, gazed into the mirror. A pair of blood-shot eyes stared back. With his tongue hanging from his mouth and the bags round his eyes he bore a striking resemblance to a bull-dog.

His wife was still snoring as he slammed the bathroom door; then he regretted the noise he had made as it resounded ferociously inside his head.

Turning the taps on, he heard the expected groaning of the pipes and sudden surge of water burbling out (after it had overcome the usual obstacles somewhere in the plumbing). The sound of the water being forced out in spurts reminded him of an unsuccessful attempt to hold back wind at the table. He smirked at this last thought, before plunging his head into the basinful of water.



He left the bathroom—only barely revived—to be confronted by one of the most grotesque figures in creation. If the cold water had only half awakened him, this mass of quivering fat shocked the other half into reluctant consciousness. There she sat at the dressing table—her thigh enveloping the creaking stool—scraping the mud pack off her face.

“Good morning, my lovely,” he muttered.

He almost had to spit the last two words out. In fact just speaking to her required a supreme effort on his behalf. But he might as well start the day on a good note; he did not fancy a punch in the mouth so early in the morning.

“Good morning,” she replied, turning round, her eyebrows oscillating on her forehead.

My God, he thought, she did not have a hangover. Sixteen pints of stout had left no trace on this delicate creation of mother nature. Was she human? He had often asked himself that question. He had long since come to the conclusion that she was one of Satan's servants, come to punish him for lying about his age so often on the buses, back in his school days.

He recalled their first meeting at a wrestling bout. Now as he gazed at her

rippling hips and powerful second-row shoulders, he could not help wondering if she were not better suited to a career in the ring rather than her position as a spectator.

She manoeuvred her gross bulk around to face her husband.

"Don't you think it's time for breakfast, dearest?", she said, stressing the word "time". Most people might have been deceived by the sentence, thinking it was a question. He however had learnt that his adorable wife never asked questions—she gave commands.

"Certainly, my dear. I'll just go and make it."

He scurried out of the room cursing silently.

NICK CHRONIAS

DIALOGUE

Here we are then.

Mmm?

Here . . . We're here.

Where?

This is it.

Ah.

(Pause)

Well?

Well what?

So what do you think?

Oh it's great, fantastic, marvellous even.

Great, that's all I need, enthusiasm!

So what do you want me to say?

Well how about its colour for instance?

A lot of work has gone into it, you know.

I can see that; a lot of work has gone into that. It's good. It's been done well, I can see that.

You like it then?

Pardon?

You like it?

What?

This!

Oh, yes very nice. I just said so. Very nice.

Good, I'm glad you like it.

I'm glad I came to see it. Good isn't it?

Very

(Pause)

What's the time?

It's about . . .

Really? Well, must go . . . bye

Bye.

(Pause)

Here we are then.

Mmm?

Here . . . We're here . . .

CHRIS JACKSON

JOURNEY'S END

The old lady stretched out her hand, groping for her glasses on her bedside table. Clumsily she sent the picture of her husband and herself on their wedding day crashing onto the floor. The glass shattered into tiny fragments and the beautifully wrought silver frame dented in a gesture of defiance. Having found her glasses the old lady padded through the gloom to draw the curtains. The sun poured in, illuminating the dust on the mahogany wardrobe. The air was heavy with the smell of moth balls.

As she went into the kitchen a small black-and-white cat greeted her, entwining itself around her legs and crying urgently for food. She opened a can of fish and bent down stiffly to put it in a bowl. She poured the milk that had turned sour in the sun out of the window and turned on the radio. The voice of Jimmy Young disturbed the silence. Sitting down at the table she began to read the paper. The front page was devoted to the story of a young soldier murdered in Ireland. He had left behind him a wife and two young children. Try as she might, the old lady could not stop the tears coming to her eyes as she remembered how her husband had been so cruelly snatched from her during the Great War. She noticed that the date on the paper was her wedding anniversary, but she quickly forced all melancholy down, and, briskly wiping away the tears, began the washing-up.

It was Tuesday. The old lady smiled to herself as she slowly did the washing-up. Tuesday was the day her social worker called and she must do her best to make herself presentable. Looking out of the window, through the network of washing lines, the old lady could see the children playing in the playground. Some girls were skipping and a few boys were playing football. They were all happy, they were all young. The old lady was abruptly torn away from her thoughts as two boys pointed at her; one threw an orange skin up in her direction and shouted out, "Silly old witch". It was a silly, cruel thing to say and the pain caused was immeasurable.

The old lady was now turning her attention to what she would wear for the forthcoming visit of the social worker. Having finished the washing-up she left the dishes to dry in the sun and returned once more to her bedroom. Ignoring the broken glass she opened her wardrobe and chose a navy crimplene dress with a white collar. She put on this dress with slow determination and also put on a pair of matching white shoes. Sitting down at her dressing table she stared forlornly at the reflection before her. She had once been attractive, even a little vain, now not even vanity could retrieve her lost youth; she must learn to grow accustomed to old age and the pains it brought with it, despite the hardship in so doing.

It was getting late, if the grandmother clock, standing in the corner, could be believed. The old lady moved once again into the kitchen. The cat lay curled up fast asleep on the kitchen table, the sun making its fur shine like patent leather. She sat down on the rocking chair near the window and listened to Jimmy Young.

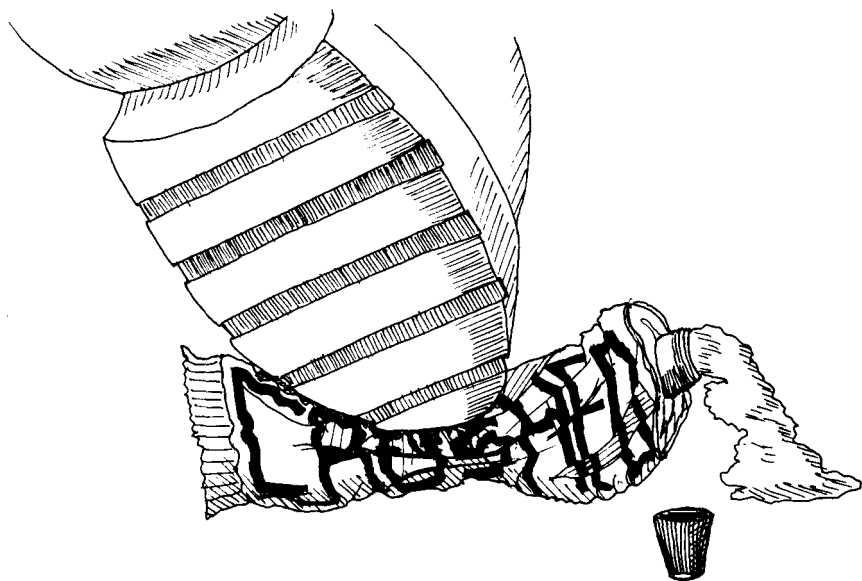
"It's a beautiful sunny Monday in London", came the voice over the radio. The old lady stiffened. If it was Monday she had been wrong; her social worker was not due until tomorrow. A wave of disappointment spread through her, and she kicked her shoe across the room, sending it hurtling against the dresser. A china tea-pot fell, smashing on the floor; the cat flinched visibly and then continued its sleep. The old woman too began to rock herself to sleep in the chair, the hot sun beating down on her head.

The afternoon turned to evening and the stars came out, and silhouetted against the window was the form of an old lady in a deep sleep.

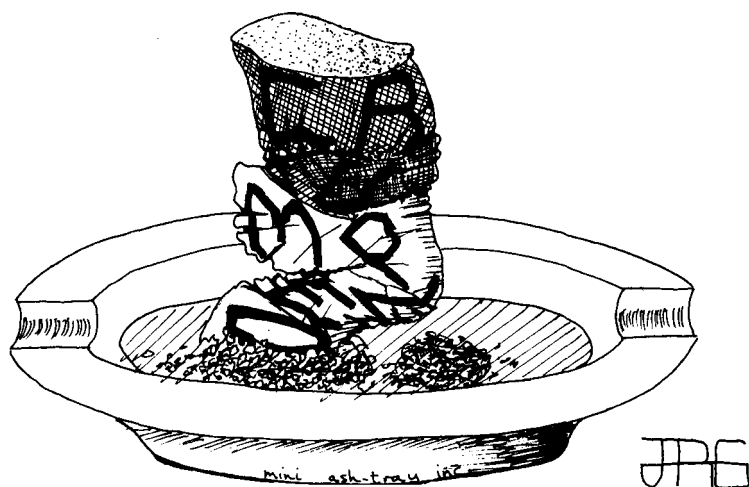
The next morning the social worker was greeted by a cat, hysterical for food. The sun had polluted the air with the smell of yesterday's cat food,

congealed in its bowl beside a broken tea-pot. Yesterday's paper fluttered in the breeze and, in a rocking chair by the window, the old lady slept on.

CORINNE MELLOR



and...



A HOUSEWIFE REMEMBERS

"Yes that's exactly it that's just what I meant—oh God—look Debbie's got nothing to do with it—I made I decided for myself. After so long together just drifting—well that's how I felt—I had to think er er about us—yes er after last Saturday yes, I felt disgusted not with you—no—don't be a chauvin—yes you are you don't know what you're like when . . . all right so it's corny yeah but er yunno *this is it*. I've had—now come on Joe—oh God what's the use—just hold on a minute: love? it's a bloody joke. OK I accept—yeah I accept that you need me but er not like that yunno not like er it sounds. C'mon you know as well—you know—you know as well as I do. Debbie was perfectly—no you don't see you're completely—selfish. How can you—see? You don't—look look listen calm calm down OK? Stop shouting—all right?—grow up this is import—no you don't. You just want someone to go with. I can see how your mind works I'm part of your plan hm? Yunno: a car, a girl, a job, money, hi-fi in that order, your five point plan for—yeah sure—OK—I see—I'm sorry—I'm *sorry*—but I'm—but—correct yeah?—Talk about self-centred? Me? Of course—sure I've got a right to do what I please. I don't have to provide you with the satisfaction of being your girl—so what if it's corny that's not what—yes why not?—why er can't I? uh? Yunno I want someone to talk to—That's it. Er you need a friend er someone to empty tell your your secrets also I don't want to be a snob but when we go to a film you won't discuss it at all anyway you don't take me to any of the good films you're not interested in music—not only that "classical rubbish" but all you like is—yeah that just about—c'moffit Joe you don't really, really. Look—Look we're not on the same lets not try to its no good for I've had enough of it would be best let's not see let's think it over for I've got to make up my it's all over between I think it would be stupid to carry on like we are let's not see I don't want I don't want I don't want oh God oh God oh God oh oh uh"hh"

At this point Helen was awoken from her day-dream by her five-year-old twin daughters running out of school. She wiped the tears from her eyes and on the way home bought two more bottles of Teachers'.

TIM LEVINE

IDENTITY

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. <i>All around
People try
To make me
Something I
Am not.</i> | 4. <i>Now you say
I already was
What you wanted
Me to be.
Was I?</i> |
| 2. <i>You once tried
To change me
But found you
Only changed
Yourself.</i> | 5. <i>I don't know.
But I am
Only how
You see me
To you.</i> |
| 3. <i>Please, I just
Want to be
Me. I don't
Know what I
Should be.</i> | |

TANYA WOOLF

WHERE IS MIDNIGHT?

*A time for fear, horror;
A meeting time for legendary satanists—
The time for the awakening of the dead.
But what else?
A lonely alley?
A dark, deserted street?
A ghost town?—
A door creaks, groans,
And falls clattering to the ground.
Shutters slam against walls;
While the wild wind whistles
Through shattered window panes,
In a broken-down shack
There is a solitary light,
Where an escaped inmate from an asylum
Makes his lonely sojourn,
Preparing a potion
To put him out of his eternal misery.
And as the bells,
In the town not less than one hundred miles afar,
Toll midnight,
The cup is drained;
And with a last, hysterical scream,
All is ended.
Midnight is a place,
A horrific place,
Where death reigns.*

PAUL PARKER

INANIMATION?

If I were a bottle, I would want.
If I were a bottle, I would want
For your lips to receive from me all I have.
All that is in me, I would give you.
And thus empty,
Among the empties would I remain.
And . . .
If I were a sheet of paper, I would want.
If I were a sheet of paper, I would want
For you to write upon me.
I would want to feel your hand on me
Drawing your folly, your dreams, your reality.
Even a simple word will do.
Then, crumpled and discarded would I lie.
And if I were something, what would I be?
Oh I know, I know I won't deceive you.
You will rediscover my true identity.
Then I'll be something only by half.
And if I were something, what could I be?

DAVE TURCHI

THE ROUTINE

The alarm rings: it's seven o'clock, time to get up, time to begin the routine.

He rolls over, pulls the blankets around him and lies there for a while. It's the same each day. A call. Out he gets, puts on his clothes. The same combination; a shirt, a tie, a matching pair of trousers and jacket. He walks over to the sink and gets out the razor; he always shaves with his clothes on. His clothes always have a spot of shaving cream on them when he walks downstairs. A person in the kitchen remarks on this; it's always the same. They sit down for the same stewed coffee, the same burnt toast. He glances at the paper and makes a remark; she doesn't reply.

He gets up, picks up the case by the front door. Goes over to the person: kisses her forehead, (no words pass between them). He's gone, walking quickly. He arrives at the station; he exchanges nods. They all have their own routines, their own patterns. They're also the same. Some have papers under their arms, some lean against the platform beams and others look to see if the train is coming. He takes his place.

The train arrives at the same time. They all get on in the same order, not noticing anyone. They sit down. He is sitting looking at the paper in front of him. They pass through some stations. People get on and off still taking the same places, still exchanging nods, sometimes even the odd word. Only the odd word, otherwise the routine will be broken. The routine *can't* be broken. He gets out at one of the stations, hands in his *ticket*. We now can't see him; the routine has swallowed him.

We wait, we see him, he looks tired. The routine overtook him for a long time. He gets on the train. He stiffens, he looks around; the man in the green suit isn't there. The routine *has* been broken. People talk to each other, the routine is failing, no one is the same. They feel it, the routine is reclaiming them. They all feel the pain, that high-pitch shriek; they stop talking. They have returned to the power of the routine, there is no escape.

He arrives home. They eat without speaking. The same room, chairs and table; nothing ever changes. They came into the routine and will never walk out of it alive; the way of escape is through death. The routine overtakes their brains and builds up a barrier. Sleep, a rest. The routine can't overtake in sleep, it has to rest and recharge itself. It will begin work tomorrow. The alarm rings; it's seven o'clock, time to



ALEX RABIN

DEATH AFTER DEATH

The long dormant vocal chords of a dark, wet, seething jungle suddenly strained and cried out to the world, unheard, from a forgotten peninsula in what used to be Asia. The endless plains of burnt non-existence had no ears to hear; the towering masses of stone, dead, and now without majesty, regarded the world blindly; empty, dried up rivers and oceans gasped silently—lifelessly.

That fundamental element of life—was gone and the silence screeched at beings that weren't there; radium seared and mutilated non-existent flesh.

Then after the passing of billions of years in a fleeting second time slowed down. In a corner of the earth—that unwanted lump of junk—a single movement rocked the universe. Greenness appeared a tiny, perfect coconut palm—fragile and pale green—sprouted among the devastated wrecks of dark burnt shapes that had once been living trees. Life had begun again. Individual bravery gave rise to a following. The painful labouring of thousands of years bore breathing, pulsating life. Standing out bravely on a dead planet, one tiny mass of land produced. Produced beings, existence, vegetable existence.

The tendency to struggle, to survive had lingered so long. From the country—bright and progressing, where we fought the jungle, the British, the Japanese, the Communists. The epicentre of destruction, the home of the psychopath and the fatal decision. Now spirit was regained in the one, bold gesture of life—life spread, and soon the dark wet seething jungle existed again.

Life after death, surely? This was the perfect solicitude of grace. No longer Man's faults; no longer mutations with roots firmly embedded in Evil; this time simple existence. Life after death—perfection.

Progress, however, is natural, an irresistible force. Life went on until, somewhere from the ruins of a sinful existence, sin was reborn, and sprang up on a sunny day, near a beach where a delicate breeze teased rustling fronds. Picturesque, beautiful perhaps, therefore corrupted. The bony fingers of vice groped blindly, grasping Life and turning its fair face to seemingly fairer pursuits.

After a while, nothing remained, but a barrenness enclosing parasitic sin. Death after Death. Do we now turn to Man?

HARRIET STACK

ARENA

The man knelt on a rock in the centre of the arena. Above him, in the dull, bronze sky, a fitful orange sun shone through swirling amber clouds.

The man was afraid.

His clothing, once the height of finery, now hung in unrecognisable tatters from his gaunt frame, his bloodshot eyes bulged unnaturally and the entire assemblage could see his blackened tongue as it flickered between his cracked lips.

All around him were banks of tiered seats in which were ensconced a multitude of hooded figures, and although he could not see their faces, he was sure that their eyes were fixed upon him. His arms were bound behind him with rope that chafed him uncomfortably; he tried to move his arms to a more comfortable position but stopped as he felt the pain of old wounds reopening. He opened his lips a fraction:

"WHY?" he croaked.

No reply.

A ripple passed through the assembled as a cowed figure mounted the steps to a huge dais; his cloak billowed in the still air.

All around the man was a sprinkling of orange granules. Smooth and round to the touch, they swirled around the man's feet as if of their own volition. He tried to open his mouth a little more; a trickle of blood dribbled down his chin. He murmured:

"WHO ARE YOU?"

No answer save an almost imperceptible quiver from the cowed figure. At this, the crowd began a subdued ululation and, with the sound, the grains around the man's feet began to jostle each other in their impatience. The man rolled his eyes in fear. The grains started to rattle against one another as the wailing of the crowd rose in pitch. As they watched, the thick carpet of granules began to rise up the man's body. Soon he was immersed to his chest in the undulating tide. The wailing of the crowd rose to a crescendo, and with it rose the tiny grains. They filled the man's mouth, ears, throat, nose, eyes, until blood began to stain the grains a deeper red. Heavings below the surface of the grains showed the last struggles of the man. Then all movement ceased; the level of the grains fell again until the rock on which the man had been kneeling was visible. A single drop of red remained, and soon this too had dried to an invisible brown under the heat of the sun. Nothing else could be seen. The calling of the multitude was silenced.

Slowly they followed the cowed figure as he stepped off the dais and walked out of the arena.

SIMON CLARKE

MISTAKE IN TIME

After months, no, years of physical training, mental preparation and fierce competition from other candidates, I had been chosen to represent the USSR in the first voyage back in time.

Now finally, my last day in this age had arrived. Like a home-made movie being quickly rewound, my whole life flashed across my mind, in more detail, it seemed, than the actual events—and soon I would travel backwards in time. This was possible owing to a recent discovery which enabled me to travel faster than the speed of light and, as Einstein predicted centuries ago, if a being travels faster than light, he must also travel backwards in time . . .

After a last look at the world in its present age, I shut the capsule-door, sealing myself into a new era, or should I say an older era? I can hear the motors being started up. Within seconds I hear a boom as I crash through the sound-barrier, and minutes later I feel a tremendous burst of light as I go through the light-barrier.

Theoretically, I am now travelling backwards in time. I find this too strange to believe at first, but within a quarter of an hour I notice that my beard has disappeared and I now have the smooth face of a young boy. My clothes become loose and baggy; I start forgetting things I have recently learnt. I find it difficult to write joining up the letters; my writing is like a child's, I am forgetting how to write at all . . .

ASHLEY FULTON



LOSING A FRIEND

Death comes to everyone—he may lead a long life, a short life, a happy life, a troubled life—but whoever he is, his fate has already been determined by the time he has come screaming and yelping into life.

The dark looming clouds obscured the sun and its last rays were extinguished.

The nurse cleaned the cold, white body and pushed it on a trolley down the ward to be stored with the other white bodies, their spirits and feelings wrung out, twisted, and hung up to dry. Through the corner of her eyes she perceived an elderly woman crying, a younger woman comforting her, and a bewildered child unable to understand the menagerie of life. The lift doors slowly separated and solemnly shut, next floor infinity!

Everything was polished white, the floors glistened, and the sheetless beds were arranged in military order. The shocking realisation of death shattered this precision as an old lady's fears were drowned in a salty sea of tears: her husband was dead!

The grandmother had lost a husband, her daughter had lost a father, and the boy, for all he understood, had lost a friend.

The rain had just finished and the puddles reflected the weary grey body of the clouds. A shrill siren sounded and soon a thousand faceless pedestrians would shatter a thousand grey mirrors, splintering gloom with its chaos.

The old lady hobbled up a path and turned a key in the lock, as she had done a thousand times before. Only the monotonous "tick-tock" of the clock penetrated the dark corners of her home. She put the kettle on in the kitchen and then stumbled across the room to the gas fire. She fumbled in the dark to strike a match, desperately seeking some illumination to be thrown on her confused thoughts. The gas fire roared as the clock pressed out its time. No light was thrown on the room, only the squeak of an old lady rocking on her chair could be heard, rocking gently forwards and backwards.

They had had good times together, walks in the park, meeting him after work, lazy afternoons in the garden; and then—their arguments—she most of all wanted him to forgive her, she had never meant some of the things she had said. Finally, his last weeks alive, cramped in a hospital bed, fearing and expecting his final destiny, the human shell of what she once knew and loved.

The piercing whistle of the kettle startled her into reality again; the house was empty and the clock had stopped swaying in its routine patterns.

The boy had cried at first, but then in time forgot; he was too young to understand how much the old man loved him, nor did he know him that well; it was more like losing a friend whom he would never see again.

His grandmother continued her life, manipulated to depression, never to see him again. Every year she burnt a candle on the anniversary of his death, until that flame dwindled, and was gradually extinguished.

I. RITCHIE

THIS IS THE PAGE YOU PROMISED TO FILL

“FACTION”

Slowly it emerged from the blackness; the little, blue planet that the Arcanes had waited fifty years to visit again after making their first contact with the inhabitants in 1980. Smoothly and gracefully the star-ship Svan slipped into orbit and a small pod detached itself from its underside, planing through the atmosphere of the life-rich planet. The Arcanes aimed for a small island in the northern hemisphere where they had first greeted the inhabitants and been shown their technology, most of it seemingly directed against their own kind.

Surprisingly, the Arcanes received no radio signals, no escort and they detected no tracking devices locked on to their craft. All sign of the modern race had seemingly vanished. Increasingly worried, the Arcanes flew low over the centres of high population. The towns appeared deserted and ruined, ugly and stark in their desolation. Vehicles lay strewn everywhere, rusting as the inexorable clawings of time ravaged the garish heaps of metal, glass and colour-monuments to Mankind.

Sharply the pod veered westwards following a course which would answer the questions of its crew and show how man had died. Below was a desolate patch of land with a huge works at its centre. A rusty sign hung away from the post of a fence: “Windscale—Keep Out”. A dead, horribly poisoned piece of land which would be unsafe for centuries. No explosion had occurred, just a leakage that had polluted the area despite earnest claims that such a thing could not happen. It had.

They flew on. Passing through yellow skies devoid of life they went south. Indiscriminate insecticides had killed *all* insects; plant life immediately had suffered and winds whipped up by interference with the climate caused by the ejection of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere had blown away the soil. Parched and starving, all life had further suffered from skin-cancer as x-rays passed through the newly-destroyed ozone layer. Further afflicted by lack of oxygen all but the most primitive forms of life had died. Chopped down forests had provided Sunday newspapers which had weighed six pounds, full of advertisements for man’s frivolities for people to throw away. Man had exchanged oxygen for river pollution and a rubbish problem.

Passing the Mediterranean whose blueness hid its deadly contents they came to the Middle East. Oil-wells. Oil-wells everywhere, their desperate scrabbings for a crude, pollutant form of energy forever stilled. So dependent on energy, man had abused his oil resources. But the sun still shone, and waves still drove against the shore, whipped up by winds that still blew.

All this was man’s monument to folly. Thinking his tiny planet’s resources infinite, he had ignored the warnings, shut his eyes to the truth. Slowly, but surely, he had strangled himself because of his wasteful, plastic, pre-packed, throw-away technology. No atomic explosions, no cataclysmic wars—just greed.

Sadly the Arcanes turned for home, their mission in vain. They had seen the signs, and where there had been beauty, there was now only desolation. Some humans had seen the warnings but it was hard to fight against the mass that wallowed in ignorance, self-interest, apathy, hypocrisy and politics. The planet’s life in return for waste. It need never have happened but it did because no-one would believe the truth. And the Earth was dead.

LUCIEN COMOY

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

*With heaving sides and bated breath,
The amber fox ran from his death.
Fear flowed from every muscle,
Startled at the slightest rustle.
His fearful eyes looked straight ahead,
For if he turned he would be dead.
The hungry hounds gained on his tail,
He slipped beneath another rail.
Saliva dripping from his tongue,
With pounding heart and aching lung,
The labouring body struggled on,
Its energy now almost gone.
The tired old fox slipped at the gate,
But by some amazing act of fate,
A rabbit changed the fatal course,
By bolting from some tangled gorse.*

GARY PURSEY

THE FAIRGROUND

*The fairground is a merry place,
Never there an unhappy face.
The maiden aunts in coffee lace
And music everywhere.
Candyfloss and Ferris wheels,
Ripping, scrumptious, greasy meals,
Empty cartons and apple peels,
And laughter everywhere.
Big dippers and ghost trains,
Too much ice cream, and then stomach pains.
And teenagers only now remain,
But still fun everywhere.*

JAMES MATTOON

THE RAIN DANCE

*The incipient globules trickle down the clear pane.
The pool, in utter suspension,
Clings to the edge of the sill;
An incessant cycle.
The succeeding beads dance wildly on the smooth surface,
Merging in unison,
Quickening the pace.
The rain beats faster,
An irregular rhythm;
The pattern on the frame changes.
The drops form a sheet,
Sliding down like warm icing,
Layer after layer
In cold pursuit.
The blurred pane clears,
The last drops ebb away,
Dribbling in isolation.
The pane shines defiantly as the sun shines through.*

SUSIE WILLIAMS



1st ELEVEN HOCKEY, 1979

*Standing: I. K. Nyamekye, R. Naylor, I. Maciver, D. P. Kelly, P. J. Rothwell, D. F. Wild, M. P. E. Webster.
Seated: C. I. Quirk, D. S. Michie, G. R. Bailey (Sec.), S. F. Wernham (captain), F. C. Navarro, M. Tan.*

HOCKEY

FIRST ELEVEN

This has been one of the more spectacular of those seasons when one spends the whole of the winter term arranging hockey fixtures, and the whole of the spring term cancelling them. Altogether, through the six school teams, 28 matches were cancelled. I suppose we were fortunate in getting 35 played, a total much greater than for some schools. At least the all-weather pitch came into its own in March, when torrential rain took over from frost and snow. The name, however, was not really appropriate in January and February. The Burton Bank side of Park was put into commission as a pitch for the first time this year, and it salvaged one or two fixtures, although I am not altogether sure that the manager of the Second XI enjoyed his experiences down there.



The First XI opened their account in a blizzard against John Cranwell's side, and a remarkable amount of hockey was achieved in appalling conditions. The next match was not played until well into February, when a rusty XI went one goal up against Bedford, only to succumb to a succession of mistakes in the second half. A useful win was achieved against Reed's, and a creditable draw at

Stowe, where Kelly made some splendid saves in goal. An average Bishop's Stortford side was there to be beaten, but we never really looked the part, losing 0-2. The next two matches showed that the first XI did have real character. The defence played superbly to hold out against Aldenham and gained a 1-0 victory, and again they competed ferociously against a strong Old Millhillians side, not really deserving to lose. Forest and Haileybury were beaten, but not really as convincingly as I would have liked. The only school of real class that we met, Felsted, ran out easy winners after the First XI had made the mistake of conceding a silly goal at the start. We did, however, compete to the end.

The defence, when it was roused, was really quite good. D. P. Kelly showed distinct promise in goal, despite the odd mistake. D. S. Michie, the side's senior professional, and D. F. Wild, its new recruit, coped very well at full-back. I. Maciver forced his way in at right-half (after three years of trying) and scored some vital goals from short corners and penalty-flicks. M. Tan, despite some positional weaknesses, was fiercely competitive in the middle, and was usually the best distributor of the ball. F. C. Navarro, at left-half, showed the most class, and began pushing up effectively behind the forwards this season. Up front, it was the same old problem of actually scoring goals. G. R. Bailey was the best player, at inside-right, and managed to contribute more tackling than last year. C. I. Quirk never really produced his best at inside-left, although the promise is still there.



F. C. Navarro showed the most class.

He suffered wretched luck in the repeat of his shoulder injury. P. J. Rothwell and R. Naylor had their moments on the wings, with Naylor developing as the more effective competitor. The captain, S. F. Wernham, at centre-forward, found all the same problems as last year, but the ball did go into the net once for him. He encouraged the side through their victories and defeats, and their determination when under pressure was in no small measure due to his spirit. S. C. Hall came in to replace Quirk and did the job that was asked of him to the best of his ability. J. J. G. Moody, I. K. Nyamekye and M. P. E. Webster all made their contributions when called into the side. M. Kos was unlucky not to get in, but he had his compensation in a successful Second XI season.

My thanks are due to the captain, and to his secretary, G. R. Bailey, for their efficiency, and also to my long-suffering colleagues and groundstaff, who had to contend with a dreadful term of weather.

Perhaps we could play indoors next year.

H.M.

Team: D. P. Kelly, D. S. Michie, D. F. Wild, I. Maciver, M. Tan, F. C. Navarro, R. Naylor, G. R. Bailey, S. F. Wernham (captain), C. I. Quirk, P. J. Rothwell.

Also played: S. C. Hall, J. J. G. Moody, I. K. Nyamekye, M. P. E. Webster.

Results:

v. John Cranwell's XI (home)	Drawn	2-2 (Webster, Bailey)
v. Bedford (home)	Lost	1-3 (Quirk)
v. Reed's School (home)	Won	2-1 (Maciver, Navarro)
v. Stowe (away)	Drawn	1-1 (Bailey)
v. Bishop's Stortford (home)	Lost	0-2
v. Aldenham (away)	Won	1-0 (Maciver)
v. Old Millhillians (home)	Lost	1-2 (Maciver)
v. Forest (home)	Won	5-1 (Maciver 3, Wernham, Webster)
v. Haileybury (away)	Won	2-0 (Bailey, Rothwell)
v. Felsted (home)	Lost	0-4

Played 10 Won 4 Drew 2 Lost 4

OXFORD SCHOOLS HOCKEY FESTIVAL

A party of twelve boys, accompanied by H.M. and T.W.C. represented the school at the Festival. The weather was mostly wet, and there was considerable difficulty for the organisers of the Festival to find pitches for all the school matches. We drove all the way to Cheltenham to play Cranleigh in the first game, and the trip was made worthwhile by an excellent win.

The following day we played badly against King's Canterbury and deserved to lose. On the last day, two games were played against strong opposition, and the team competed well to secure two draws. Despite all the difficulties, it was a thoroughly enjoyable Festival.

Results:

- M.H.S. v. Cranleigh: Won 4-2 (Wernham 2, Bailey, Maciver).
- M.H.S. v. King's Canterbury: Lost 2-3, (Maciver, Navarro).
- M.H.S. v Bangor Grammar School: Drawn 1-1, (Wernham).
- M.H.S. v. Monkton Combe: Drawn 1-1, (Maciver).

H.M.

SECOND ELEVEN

This was a most enjoyable, if somewhat disappointing, season. The least satisfactory aspect of our performances occurred on the Parks, while our best was our unbeaten away record. The team's character is exemplified by the way we fought back from 2-0 down against Felsted, and just failed to win after attacking the posts with the relish of a starving woodworm (ironically in a game that we dominated).

A review of the team should be made from the front backwards, in terms of battle honours. The forwards became a fine attacking force. Davis gets the main battle honours for his work rate, skill and his distribution of the ball, coupled with an unbounded enthusiasm. Joshi added some delightful touches and bite to the attack, and both Moody and Webster proved very effective rapiers on the wings. The bludgeon was provided, eventually, by Samuels, who was well backed up by Kos with his sorties from behind. Apart from providing cheerful leadership, Kos turned up in the most crucial places and was essential to the smooth running of the side.

The defence was anchored by Grahame, who made several fine saves. His most memorable moment came against Bedford where he opened the scoring with a fine reverse kick. Walli and Patel provided a stately right flank, with Patel proving himself as a fierce competitor. The left has the more difficult job, which Young and Drew stuck to admirably. However, our clearances were often faulty and we were too inclined to put pressure on ourselves.

That said, the team's attitude was a pleasure. They developed a pride in themselves and, above all, gave their all, as well as enjoying themselves.

After all, isn't that what sport is about?

R.C.B.C.



"It was not much fun in goal on the Parks."

The following played:

M. Kos (captain), N. Davis, D. Grahame, K. Walli, D. Young, J. Parnes, B. Patel, G. Drew, S. Dexter-Jones, C. West, J. Moody, N. Joshi, G. Samuels, M. Webster, T. McGowan.

Results:

	Played 9	Won 5	Drawn 1	Lost 3
v. Forest (home)			Won	4-0
v. Bedford (home)			Lost	1-4
v. Reed's (away)			Won	2-1
v. Stowe (home)			Lost	0-1
v. Bishop's Stortford (home)			Lost	0-1
v. Aldenham (away)			Won	3-1
v. Old Millhillians (home)			Won	4-3
v. Haileybury (away)			Won	6-0
v. Felsted (home)			Drawn	2-2

THIRD ELEVEN

Perhaps inevitably, the Third XI suffers more from such a bad winter—and the lack of experience throughout the School during the term affects later seasons too. This year there is certainly little to report except some honest endeavour on four (away) pitches in very differing conditions. Little progress was made in the skills of the game, or the tactics, naturally enough, but of the teams we met only Bishop's Stortford was markedly superior. Our sympathies go to those who had such a lean season.

S.M.J.P.
H.S.S.

The following played:

J. Parnes, M. Harris, S. Brijnath, H. Nash, J. Leslau, N. Simpson, M. Shariff, S. Dexter-Jones, F. Sartaz, A. Kalasi, M. Brady, S. Zaman, C. West, M. Shipman, R. Rajani, N. Dawson, P. Snart.

Results:

v. Bedford (away)	Lost	0-1
v. Stowe (away)	Lost	0-2
v. Bishop's Stortford (away)	Lost	0-6
v. Felsted (away)	Lost	0-2

COLTS

As is clear, the Colts did not have a good season. Absence and illness played their part, but so did slowness and a lack of ball control. Only the captain, S. C. Hall, improved (sufficiently to take him to the First XI), and I. K. Nyamekye threatened on the right-wing; but the backs were slow and the halves were unable to support the forwards. Most tried hard, but were not good enough or skilful enough to take on the better sides.

A.P.H.

Played in team: N. Mann, P. Thomas, R. Mackinder, P. Robin, T. Palo, S. D. Hall, S. C. Hall (captain), J. Graham, I. K. Nyamekye, P. Wickenden, T. A. J. Dawson, D. Penson, C. Chatzwan, J. Culverhouse, A. Davis, A. Piggot.

Results:

v. Bedford (away)	Lost	2-5
v. Reed's (away)	Lost	0-3
v. Stowe (home)	Drawn	0-0
v. Bishop's Stortford (away)	Lost	0-4
v. Aldenham (home)	Lost	0-1
v. Felsted (away)	Lost	0-5

JUNIOR COLTS

Owing to the vagaries of the weather, the team played more matches than full practice games. As a result our positional play and hitting were very poor and much needs to be done in these departments next year. Nevertheless, the team played with determination and were competitive to the final whistle. Brandt, one of the few players who could hit the ball with power, marshalled the side from full back, whilst Hall, a skilful stopper of the ball, showed courage in the middle of the field. Stern could be a goal scorer but needs self-discipline, Beeson has skill but lacks pace, Scolaro works tirelessly and Berrick, who unfortunately went to Rouen when the weather improved, could be the most interesting player of all.

T.W.C.

Players: G. Brandt (captain), R. Long, P. Parker, F. Scolaro, J. Wall, S. Harley, J. Hall, I. Kirkpatrick, N. Lillywhite, L. Smith, M. Beeson, S. Berrick, S. Hime, M. Stern.

Results:

v. Reed's	Lost	0-3
v. Stowe	Lost	1-3
v. Watford Grammar	Lost	1-2

YEARLINGS

After a very slow start due to the appalling weather, the team finally managed to get on to a pitch for their first game after having spent the first half of the term practising on the quad or in the gym. However, the weather did not dampen their enthusiasm and after much sorting out a team was formed. It was unfortunate that they had to learn to play as a team under such pressure but they rallied together and with their captain, Jeremy Hall, showing considerable skill and determination, began to look like an organised team.

In goal, Lewis showed an improvement after each game and saved the side on numerous occasions. The defence grew in composure with Sheckleton and Kirkpatrick who on many occasions made saving tackles supporting Froomberg, who asserted himself well. In midfield, Patel made some effective passes and together with Zatouroff provided support for the forwards. The front four, consisting of Borrill, Brosowsky and Pursey, ran hard and produced some promising attacks.

Although never having played together before and not being able to get in much real match practice, the team showed encouraging signs for the future. Often they found themselves playing against larger and more experienced opposition though this in many ways proved valuable experience. Given more opportunity to play as a team they have the potential to become an effective unit.

I.J.T. and B.W.

Team: R. Lewis, S. Kirkpatrick, A. Froomberg, J. Sheckleton, J. Zatouroff, J. Patel, J. Hall (captain), G. Pursey, P. Brosowsky, A. Borrill, E. Hughes.

Also played: N. Gerasimidis, J. Compston.

Results:

v. Stowe	Lost	0-8
v. Aldenham	Lost	0-4
v. Watford G.S.	Lost	1-4
v. Belmont	Drawn	0-0
v. Bedford	Drawn	0-0

BADMINTON

Patron: J. E. Waszek, Esq.
Captain: A. Miller
Secretary: C. Lewis

This term the badminton has been extremely good. The Juniors and Seniors have won every league match they played, and the Juniors reached the Middlesex Schools' Finals. However, we are sad to say that they were defeated 9-0. The Seniors also reached the Middlesex Semi-Finals and were also defeated 7-2. The Juniors have been playing extremely well and a lot of hard work has gone into their training. The Seniors have also performed admirably and as usual our thanks go to Mr. Waszek who has kept us all going. This term we also thank Mr. Turnbull who has been helping with the training. My thanks to Claire Lewis, Teik Saw and Dave Sander who are leaving this year.

A.S.M.

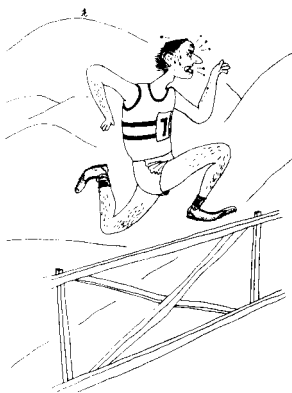
CROSS COUNTRY

An experienced Intermediate team quickly showed its strength this year, but alas, hockey (the major sport, with priority) took its toll; and it also happens that good runners are sometimes also good swimmers, fives players or squash players; anyway we were certainly not always able to field our best team. But we came first against Berkhamsted, Haileybury and Bishop's Stortford, and we finished the term with a flourish, decisively winning matches against Aldenham, U.C.S. and Caterham.

For Senior events we had some very faithful runners but none to spare, and just one ill or injured made us very weak. However, again we had a fine finish to the term and beat U.C.S. and Aldenham and Caterham all in one week!

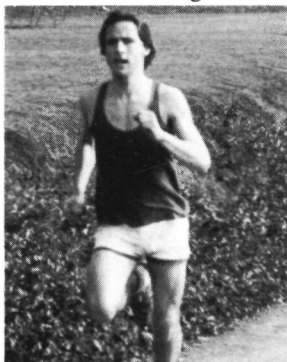
A good Junior team was forthcoming, fortunately, and they trained enthusiastically and improved steadily through the season. But here again before the end of term, hockey was depriving us of some, and rival minor sports were competing for others of our best runners.

Thanks must be expressed to Martin Hime, captain for the second year,



and to Andrew Blackburn for acting as Registrar of the Inter-House standards competition, which was won by B.B. with Collinson as runners up.

The Senior Inter-House race was won for the second year by L. Newman (M) followed by A. Nisbet (C). The Intermediate was won by M. Stern (B) closely followed by R. Morgan (B) and D. Aguilar (Mc). The Junior Race was won by L. Smith (M) with Hall (B) second and P. Brosowsky (S) third. House results are given below.



Special commendation must be made of A. Nisbet who was undoubtedly the most improved runner of the year, and who will fortunately be with us next year; to Richard Morgan for a fine sustained effort leading up to a great win at Caterham; to Peter Brosowsky and Paul Sullivan for a great contribution to the Junior team, and finally to M. Laurie for coming to the rescue at, literally, a moment's notice and cheerfully making up the numbers at an important match at Bedford where we only just lost (and the same day, at home, our under 16 team tied).

Colours were awarded as follows:

Full colours were awarded, or re-awarded to: Hime, Newman, Blackburn, Nisbet; Half-colours to: Harris, Semken, Berry, Aguilar, Morgan, Blackburn, Dalton, Brooke, Robertson; Quarter-colours to: L. Smith, Brosowsky, James, Sullivan, Miller.

House Results:

Senior Championship: 1. Collinson; 2. Ridgeway; 3. Winterstoke. Intermediate: 1. Burton Bank; 2. McClure; 3. Ridgeway. Junior: 1. Priestley; 2. Burton Bank; 3. Murray.

H.W.S.

FIVES

<i>Patron:</i>	D. Moynihan, Esq.
<i>Captain:</i>	S. J. Baldwin
<i>Secretary:</i>	G. Bailey

Unfortunately, this term many matches were cancelled owing to bad weather, ill-health, and lack of transport. The junior teams were badly affected because many of the talented players went to Rouen or Dent.

Only three matches resulted, all against superior opposition, and so all three were lost. Good individual pair performances by the Colts pair and the Junior Colts pairs made the losses more bearable.

Our thanks once again to Mr. Moynihan for his help and organisation.

The following played:

Senior:	S. J. Baldwin, G. Bailey, S. Wernham, G. Tosh, L. Newton.
Colts:	C. V. A. Nunn, M. Roberts.
J. Colts:	T. E. Palo, J. Graham, P. Parker, J. Lay, E. Rom, N. Lillywhite.
Yearlings:	C. Kent, J. Hall, M. Hughes, N. Marchetto, C. Miller, P. Summerfield.

C.V.A.N./T.E.P.

Fencing



Patron: Dr. W. Philips
Coach: Mr. T. Birch
Captain: A. W. Welch
Secretary: P. Ruthven-Murray
Armourer: R. J. Perkins

So far this year there has been much activity in the Fencing Club. In the Winter Holidays seven boys from Mill Hill fenced in the London Age Group Championships, most reaching the Quarter-finals, and two in the Semi-finals. The first match of the term was against Aldenham, and was lost because of absences due to illness among senior fencers. The next was the U.C.S. foil competition, in which K. Wiedershiem did particularly well in winning the under 14 section. A. Levison reached the semi-final of the under 16 section. The match against St. Dunstons was cancelled because of bad weather and icy roads. The next match was at King's Cross Fencing Club against Channing in the evening. This was an under 16 match which was drawn at two foils each. The younger fencers in the 3rd and 4th foils did very well in this their first school match.

However, the most pleasing thing about this term, apart from the considerable activity, has been the number of juniors who have taken up fencing. Next term we will start a new system of coaching with more emphasis on *épée* and *sabre* to help build up our strength in these weapons. My thanks to Dr. Philips for all his support and his work as chauffeur, and to Mr. Birch for his continued help and encouragement.

A. W. W.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Now that there are as many as twenty-one girls in the School it has been worthwhile to arrange separate sports activities for them. A Netball team has been formed and has even played a couple of matches of which we won one and lost the other. The Hockey did not manage to get off the ground quite as successfully as there was difficulty in filling all the positions on the field. Trampolining has been very enjoyable with no lack of enthusiasm on the part of both masters and pupils. Many of the girls participate in almost every other sport which the boys play but these are too numerous to mention. Finally, the girls would like to thank Mr. Gardiner for patiently organising and coaching them throughout the term.

Results of the two matches were:
 Mill Hill 12 City of London 1
 Mill Hill 4 City of London 22

Team: J. Ablett
 S. Williams
 M. Powell
 C. Lewis (captain)
 A. Rabin
 S. Kamasa
 M. Indot
 B. Morgan

CLARE LEWIS



GOLF

Patron: G. C. Sutcliffe, Esq.
Captain: J. A. Parnes

During the last two terms there has been a welcome enthusiasm to play golf, and the first two rounds of the house matches were completed by the end of October. However, even the hardest golfers did not venture on to the course again until the end of February, since when a dozen or so have encountered and overcome all manner of weather conditions, even snow and hail. The house final has yet to be contested, but the school team was unbeaten in the two matches played. The high spot of the term was undoubtedly the Aer Lingus Schools' Championship in which we finished 5th out of 22 schools in our qualifying round at South Herts G.C.—our highest so far. Sean O'Neill is to be congratulated on returning the 5th best gross score (79) out of the field of 66. The following day the Old Millhillians treated the team to a day out at Ashridge. In springlike weather, a very enjoyable day it was, and I should like to thank our hosts very much for their generous hospitality.

From all this, two very significant factors emerge. Firstly, the golfers are in the main very young with only three sixth formers at the moment showing any real interest. Secondly, Mr. Sutcliffe has spent a good deal of time with the players on the course, and engendered much enthusiasm in this way. I should like to thank him and Mr. Wait for helping transport the players to and from the golf club, and for their encouragement on the course.

J.A.P.

Results:

v. Aldenham (stroke play) 386-407 WON
 v. Merchant Taylor's (match play) 3-3 DRAWN

Team: J. A. Parnes*, S. J. O'Neill*, C. V. A. Nunn*, L. J. C. Potts, I. J. Stern, G. Brandt.

* Played in the Aer Lingus Schools' Championship.

MOUNTAINEERING

Patrons: N. Cook, Esq.,
G. C. Sutcliffe, Esq.
Presidents: S. J. Baldwin,
A. G. Tosh

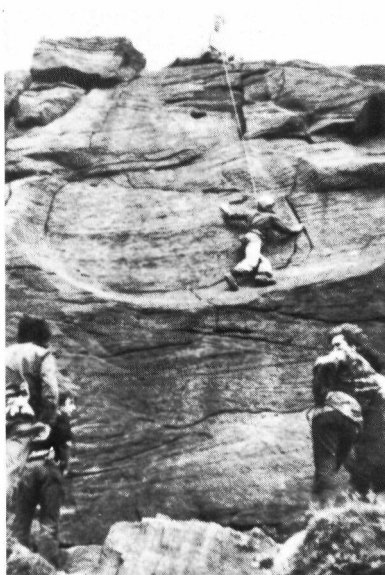
Only one Sunday trip took place this term and, because of the clashes with Dent and Rouen, that was only a morning visit to the Sobell climbing wall. By contrast, the club has undoubtedly been more active than usual on the social side.

In January, Richard Foulger (O.M.) gave a very interesting slide show of various climbing holidays but particularly of his recent visit to the Alps. This was preceded by a splendid supper at Winterstoke and we would like to thank Mrs. Sutcliffe very much indeed for that.

In March, Lt. Cdr. Tim Hallpike (O.M.) visited the school and gave a lecture about his experiences on Elephant Island in the Antarctic which he had visited with a joint services expedition. His enthusiasm together with the splendid slides, which featured much of the wild life encountered there, made this a very memorable evening for all those who attended.

At the end of the term a dance was organised by the club, any profit made being put towards the cost of any special requirements for our Pyrenean expedition in the summer. It was a very successful event and much enjoyed by everyone. We would like to thank very sincerely all the masters who gave up their Saturday evening to help us and especially to thank Mr. Cook and Mr. Sutcliffe for the interest they take in all our activities. We are looking forward to some good weather in the coming months, especially in the Lake District in April and the Pyrenees in August.

S.J.B.



SEVENS

The disappointment of the Schools' performance at the Rosslyn Park National Sevens was perhaps inevitable. The loss of some of the best rugby players to the 1st XI hockey could not be overcome.

However the Blackburn brothers and Bernard Landau never gave up and my thanks go to them and all who were involved with the team.

The house sevens proved to be a successful affair with Winterstoke winning the senior final against Collinson in a close contest and B.B. holding out against School House in the Junior Final.

J.D.R.



SQUASH

The defection of Selwyn, and Maciver's hockey commitments meant that someone had to expand to fill the number three position. Brijnath began as though he would achieve this (his was a very good win against Haileybury) but somehow lost length and momentum later in the term and Wasani learnt to struggle and produced splendid wins in the fifth against St. John's and Aldenham to twice tip the scales in our favour. Our strength, however, was at the top where Wickenden and Wheatley each played commendable squash, with commendably improved control and determination respectively. Only Harrow and Barnard Castle beat us when we were at full strength.



RESULTS:

In the Autumn term, the first five lost to Harrow and beat Stowe, The Leys, Westminster, Aldenham and Haydon School.

In the Spring term:—

	<i>1st V</i>	<i>2nd V</i>	<i>Colts</i>	<i>J. Colts</i>	<i>Yearlings</i>
M.H.S. v. The Escorts S.R.C.:	L 1-4	—	—	—	—
M.H.S. v. U.C.S.:	L 2-3	—	W 3-0	—	—
M.H.S. v. Stowe School:	W 3-2	—	L 0-2	D 1-1	L 0-3
M.H.S. v. Westminster School:	W 5-0	—	W 5-0	—	—
M.H.S. v. Haileybury College:	W 5-0	—	L 1-4	L 1-3	—
M.H.S. v. Forest School:	W 5-0	—	W 2-1	—	—
M.H.S. v Oundle School:	L 2-3	W 4-1	L 1-4	L 1-4	—
M.H.S. v. St. John's School:	W 3-2	—	L 1-4	—	—
M.H.S. v. Aldenham School:	W 3-2	—	—	—	L 1-4
M.H.S. v. Barnard Castle School:	L 0-5	—	—	—	—
M.H.S. v. Mill Hill S.R.C.:	L 1-4	—	—	—	W 4-2
M.H.S. v. Harrow School:	L 0-5	—	L 0-3	—	L 1-4
M.H.S. v Harrow School:	L 0-5	(Final of Northwood Cup)			
M.H.S. v. University College:	W 2-1	—	—	—	—
M.H.S. v. Radley School:	W 4-0	—	—	—	—

Teams:

	<i>Senior</i>	<i>Colts</i>	<i>J. Colts</i>	<i>Yearlings</i>
1.	P. H. Wickenden	I. K. Nyameke	M. Stern	J. Lay
2.	M. D. Wheatley (secretary)	S. O'Neill	P. Robin	S. Lancet
3.	S. S. Brijnath	R. Beck	P. Lalvani	A. Sampson
4.	S. S. Wasani	I. Ousey	S. Israel	N. Corry
5.	I. Maciver (captain)	S. Lewis	G. Coren	A. Ventura
6.	F. Sartaj		P. Lancer	G. Pursey

SHOOTING

<i>Patron:</i>	I. C. Brownlie, Esq.
<i>Captain:</i>	A. Harvey
<i>Hon. Sec.:</i>	S. Rabett
<i>Committee:</i>	D. Silver
	P. Zimmerman

The term started with a surprising but "honest" draw in a match against a strong O.M.'s VIII captained by N. Black; the two captains scoring possibles. However, in the next match against Harrow we did not fare so well, losing quite heavily, not because they were so much better, but mainly through lack of practice on our part.

The following weeks saw us without matches, but with plenty of much needed practice for the Country Life Competition. Once again in the competition our full potential was not realised; nevertheless we should come fairly high in the placings (D. Sander with 120 out of 125 showing the standard the rest of the team could have reached).

In the junior contingent of the club there are several "shots" to look out for in the coming years, namely C. Swinn (85 out of 95) and A. Macheath (88 out of 95) who both did well for the 2nd VIII in the Country Life Competition. The Junior League teams fared well in their divisions with the "B" team winning all of its matches so far.

In the House Competitions, Ridgeway won the Senior Shield, Burton Bank the Junior Trophy, with S. Rabett gaining the Senior Championship and Jon Beck the Junior Championship.

Next term after a well supported training camp during the Easter holiday, the team takes up residence at glorious sunny Bisley for the full bore season.

Finally, I would like to extend my thanks to Mr. Brownlie and Mr. Armstrong for their encouragement and support and my best wishes to my successor S. Rabett.

A.N.H.

Teams chosen from: A. Harvey*, S. Rabett*, D. Silver*, J. Beck*, P. Zimmerman*, S. Goodman*, A. Sethia†, S. Sethia, G. Bewsher†, A. Wyspianski, A. Myers, S. Sterling, C. Swinn, R. Morgan, A. Macheath, Jon Beck, A. Bloom, G. Rottenberg, S. Kirkpatrick, J. Llewellyn, M. Medcalf, C. Kent, D. Long.

* Full colours. † Half colours.

SWIMMING

<i>Patron:</i>	G. C. Sutcliffe, Esq.
<i>Coach:</i>	F. MacMahon, Esq.
<i>Captain of Swimming:</i>	D. F. Wild
<i>Secretary:</i>	N. A. K. Fraser
<i>Captain of Water Polo:</i>	G. A. Marks

The swimming team has made an indifferent start to the season but several individual performances have given much encouragement, especially Simon Hime's junior records in backstroke and individual medley. However, both teams were weakened through illness (the senior team particularly so through Noel Fraser's absence in France), and there is every reason to be optimistic about next term's results provided the good spirit continues, and everyone is prepared to train hard.

By contrast, the water polo teams exceeded all expectations by playing regularly during a short six week season, and performed very creditably against Otter S.C. and Haberdashers'.

The major event of the team was undoubtedly the commemoration of the opening of the indoor pool on 17th February 1879. The Otter S.C., who first swam against the school in 1925, joined the Old Millhillians and the School in a splendid gala with swimming and water polo matches followed by refreshments in the VI form centre. This completed a memorable day attended by all ages of Old Millhillians and their families.

We should like to thank both Mr. MacMahon and Mr. Sutcliffe for their hard work in keeping the teams going in spite of great pressures from other commitments. We hope we shall justify their faith in us, and reap the benefits next term.

D.F.W. and G.A.M.

Teams:

Senior: D. F. Wild, N. A. K. Fraser, J. A. Clifford, D. Graham, S. A. Hime, G. A. Marks, A. J. Pigott.

Junior: M. Bernard, T. H. Creighton, A. J. Fisher, J. R. Hashemian, R. A. Hime, P. H. Keller, I. R. M. Ousey, D. G. A. Penson, J. Rosswick, P. J. Studd, J. D. G. Snart.

In addition to the above, the following played Water Polo:

G. R. Boyd, E. J. Chanter, T. A. J. Dawson, P. W. Kingsley, S. N. H. Lewis, J. E. Pitcairn, G. B. Samuels.

Results:

		<i>Senior</i>	<i>Junior</i>
Swimming	v. Berkhamsted	Lost 30-40	Lost 21-49
	v. St. Dunstan's	Lost 30½-60½	Lost 35-65
	v. Otter S.C. and O.M.'s	Lost 75-115	Lost 61-75
Water Polo	v. Haberdashers' Aske's	Lost 4-10	Lost 0-6
	v. Berkhamsted	Won 4-1	
	v. Christ's College, Finchley	Won 9-0	Won 2-0
	v. O.S.C.	Lost 4-6	
	v. O.M.	Won 6-0	

BELMONT

33 boys set out to ski in Italy early in the New Year. 31 returned intact but two have hobbled on crutches most of this term. They all seem to have enjoyed the holiday. The accompanying members of staff had reservations about the hotel but having no hot water for several days did not, somehow, dismay the boys in quite the same way. Mr. Turnbull has already begun to make arrangements for another skiing party next year.

The skiers were short of snow in Italy until the last few days. Belmont has had more than enough of the stuff. It has been a term of frustration for our promising soccer players and for the football coaches. When there wasn't snow or ice there was a steady downpour of rain. Several matches had to be cancelled and although our teams at all age-levels remained unbeaten, it would have been more satisfying if we had completed the full fixture programme. As it was, even the excitement of the television commercial featuring Forms I and II was cooled by a piercing wind and cloying mud.

The term's appalling weather affected the Friday hockey players slightly less and in spite of the cancellation of a few matches they had enough competition—including a meritorious draw with The Fathers—to prepare them for the Prep. Schools Hockey Festival at Ramsgate at the end of term.

Some activities the weather could not get at. Mr. Jackson's marksmen did very well in the St. David's Shield. They were placed 5th out of the 33 Prep. Schools which entered this Air Rifle Competition and were top of their Division.

The Carr Reading Prizes were awarded to Arshad Ghaffar and Christopher Harrold and Shafiq Fakir's "Youth Speaks" Team proved once again that our boys can hold their own in any company when it comes to talking.

Probably the happiest moments of the whole term, however, were on the nights of the 22nd and 23rd March when, under the direction of Mr. Waite, with production and staging in the hands of Mr. Drew-Smythe, the boys presented "Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat". The verve and enthusiasm of the whole cast was a joy to see and Belmont's Chapel can seldom have heard a better sound than when the whole cast sang the last few bars of "Any Dream Will Do".

My dream is of sun filled summer days but in the meantime I would like to thank those parents who have been kind enough to write words of encouragement—despite the rise in fees—and a special thank you to the Friends of Belmont who have bought for us a mechanical roller which, during our cricket season, will be absolutely invaluable.

HOCKEY

The appalling weather conditions this term allowed little more than the occasional sortie onto pitches. However, much useful work was put in before Christmas, and consequently we were able to field a team of 11 competent hockey players in the few matches that did take place. Indeed the strength in depth was most encouraging.

The all-weather pitch has been a tremendous asset as far as developing ball control is concerned, and the individual stickwork of players such as Tulserville-Smith and Gorman has been outstanding. However, it has disguised the absolute necessity for strong accurate hitting, and the team's experience on grass pitches highlighted a weakness in this department. The build up was good, and the team passed the ball well, but lacked a forward with the confidence to take on the opposition and score goals.

In an exciting game against Watford G.S. we lost 1-2, although Hall scored a good goal. Mensah gave us a lucky win against Caldicott (1-0) with the last hit of the match and we drew with an injury stricken fathers' team (1-1). With Hall again scoring a good goal from left wing. A Prep Schools' Hockey Festival at St. Lawrence Ramsgate was enjoyed by all. The team lost 0-3 and 0-2 to St. Lawrence Junior School and Bishop's Stortford respectively but finished on a high note with a win over Gresham House (1-0) with Hall completing his hatrick for the season.

The festival emphasized clearly that we lacked the speed and sharpness onto the ball that develop from competition and match practice. However the team played with considerable enthusiasm throughout and show much promise for the future.

SHOOTING

I am delighted to announce that we were placed fifth out of thirty-three schools that took part in the St. David's Shield. We were also top of our Division. Simon Orloff was awarded a special medal by the Preparatory Schools Rifle Association.

We entered the NSRA/Eley National Postal Competition for Air Rifle. We hope that the team will get into the Second Round and go on to Bisley.

Jutes won the House competition with Angles second, third were the Saxons and fourth Danes. The best scores were 48 by Simon Orloff, and Andrew Rispole scored 47.

The following certificates were awarded:- Five second class, three first class and six marksmen.

N.L.J.

"JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT"

"Joseph" was staged in the Chapel during the penultimate week of term. At the beginning of term, it looked as if we were out of luck because Superstar Ventures were not licensing productions anywhere within a thirty mile radius of the Westminster Theatre production. However, permission was eventually granted and rehearsals started at once.

We were more than fortunate in that the poor weather, if nothing else, gave us much more time for rehearsal than might normally have been the case. We staged the full length show and both cast and chorus launched into the music with great determination. From the dramatic point of view, it was often difficult to gauge position on stage because we rehearsed in the Assembly Hall with flat floor. There were times when several brothers found themselves technically sitting on the band.

We were thrilled to enlist the talents of Mrs. Enid Lay (piano), Mr. Nicholas Cole (drums) and Miss Fiona Karet (bass). To the band, we extend our warmest thanks, as too, we thank McNicholas Cable for the stage floor and Hampstead Hi-Fi for the sound equipment.

"Joseph" was performed on Thursday and Friday, 22nd and 23rd March. One feels that Rooker Roberts and his wife, Patty would have been proud of the performances of this generation of Belmontians.

"JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT"

By Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber.

DIRECTED BY Gordon Waite.

Designed and Produced for the stage by David Drew-Smythe.

Scenic Design by Luky Trenchard.

Stage: Derek Lévíck.

CAST LIST & CHORUS

JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT CAST

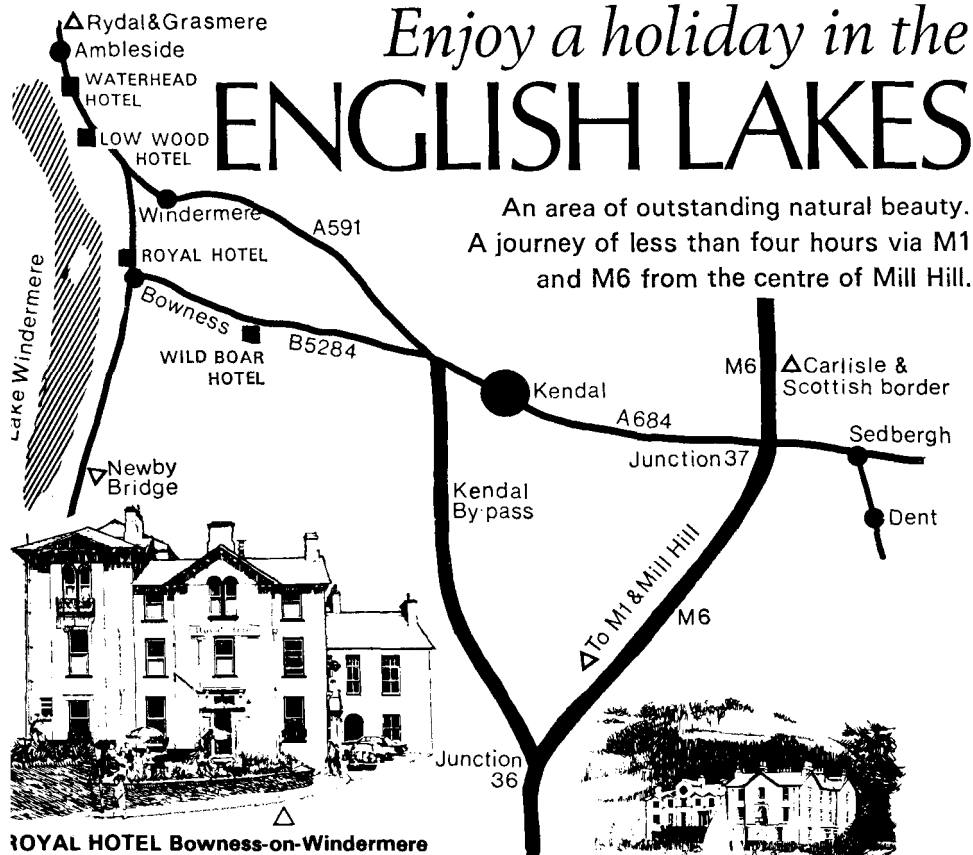
JOSEPH	Henry Bonner
THE NARRATOR	Jeremy Wicks
JACOB	Bernard Stacey
JOSEPH'S MOTHER	Darren Finlay
REUBEN	Danny Ellas
SIMEON	Peter Hall
LEVI	Nick Spong
NAPTHALI	Nicholas Frank
ISAACHAR	Julian Vogel
ASHAR	Paul Vogel
GAD	James Stephens
DAN	Charles Wilcockson
ZEBULUM	Martin Baldwin
BENJAMIN	Dan Carr
JUDAH	Andrew Burden
POTIPHAR	Shafiq Fakir
MRS. POTIPHAR	Jonathan Breaden
POTIPHAR'S USELESS SERVANT	Simon Orloff
THE BAKER	David Ruthven-Murray
THE BUTLER	Marco Paganuzzi
PHARAOH	Jonathan Welch
A LIVELY LAD	Neil Robson
GROUPIES	James Kahn, James Cooper, Jeremy Dell, Alistair Hawkins, Mark Benjamin, Robert Kanerio
ISHMAELITES	Sandeep Chatrath, Karim Hashemlan
THE CAMEL	Mark Lewis, Guy Dudding
GUARDS: Mark Lewis, Guy Dudding, Sandeep Chatrath, Karim Hashemlan.	
CAMEL: Design by Luky Trenchard and Stephen Mendel.	
PETER MENSAH	Peter Mensah

THE CHORUS: Nick Allen, Adam Barnett, John Cicale, William Creighton, Justin Green, David Hussey, Wyn Morris, Guy Pollock, Simon Gerrard, James Ridout, Neil Sutcliffe, Mark Lazarus, James Tanner, Nicholas Wood, Gorpall Mangat, Justin Dell, Patrick Kennedy, Neil Robson, Marco Paganuzzi, Jonathan Breaden.

D.D.S./G.W. '

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Copy date for the next issue is **12 July**. **Double-spaced** and **typed** contributions will be more than welcome.

GOWEN BEWSHER
Windsor 68000

EDITORIAL

Horizons—Ordinary or Advanced?

As the various educational theorists gather once again in their mystic circle to discuss the abolition of the General Certificate of Education, is it just possible that one major point escapes them?

Rather than argue that O and A levels are so academic as to be socially divisive when compared with the apparently more fundamental Certificate of Secondary Education, would it not be better if these wizards look outwards for a change?

Last year, possibly to the detriment of indigenous holders of the Advanced level, seventy British universities and colleges offered places to youngsters with no A levels at all! Instead, they accepted the IB.

The IB—short for the Geneva based *International Baccalaureate*—is recognised as an entry qualification by all British and most foreign universities. More challenging, its syllabus is even broader than that of the proposed N and F levels.

Now, as we approach the eighties and the Common Market becomes, like the Welfare State, a way of life, isn't it this type of internationally recognised accolade that our theorists should be seeking? For let us be quite brutal. We did not become a major influence in the world by pontificating on whether or not a pass in C.S.E. Maths is less socially acceptable than a pass in G.C.E. "O" level English.

Surely it is time we taught our youngsters to realise that life does not end where the Dover ferry starts.

NEW MEMBERS

By way of this 500th issue of the magazine, we welcome you all!

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46-52 DICKSON, D. Q., 63 Lampton Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.
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- 72-78 BRENNINKMEYER, S. H. M., 106 Wise Lane, Mill Hill, N.W.7.
 74-78 CAREY, C. D., 1 Boscastle Road, London NW5 1EE.
 76-78 COOKSLEY, M. D., The Greenway, Colindale, London N.W.9.
 70-75 GEWERT, D., B.Sc., (Hons), 7 Chester House, Prospect Road,
 New Barnet, Herts.
 70-75 GIBSON, D. J., 43 Chandos Avenue, Whetstone N20 9BE.
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TOWN CLUB PREMISES

Members are reminded that they can continue to use the facilities available at the National Liberal Club, 1, Whitehall Place, London S.W.1. These include the restaurant, bar, buffet and smoking room, as well as the bedrooms.

Bedroom Charges are:—

Single Room £10.00 per night.

Double Room £16.50 per night.

All rates are inclusive of continental breakfast and VAT.

PAINTING OF MILL HILL SCHOOL PORTICO

A water colour painting of the Portico has recently been commissioned, a limited edition of 850 copies numbered and stamped by the Fine Art Trade Guild are to be printed, of which 500 will be offered to Old Millhillians, parents and friends of the School. A black and white copy of the painting accompanies this statement and framed prints will be displayed at selected School and O.M. functions during the year. The other 350 copies will be sold to the Art Trade—this is a rule of the Fine Art Trade Guild.



The Artist—E. R. Sturgeon

E. R. Sturgeon was born in the Parish of Drayton in 1920. Despite his artistic promise—"I was the finest artist in the village school ... and useless at everything else!" he says—the days of the depression forced any thought of a career in that field from his mind.

However, at the end of the War, his sketches from his time of internment as a P.O.W. in Italy and Germany, caught the eye of his colonel who,

disregarding the educational officer's advice that Sturgeon should become a typewriter mechanic, managed to have him enrolled at Taunton Art College.

After college, he was employed for seven years as a general commercial artist to the local newspaper. A subsequent move to the Midlands in search of more experience and money was soon abandoned, however, when Sturgeon realised that his heart had remained in Somerset.

A new spell in his old job was prematurely brought to a halt when the paper closed down his department but the artist was not long unemployed. Relying on the many contacts he had made with the paper, he went freelance, doing such jobs as signwriting, pub signs and design work for advertisements.

Despite this flourishing business, however, Sturgeon wished to return to his own painting and quickly discovered that there existed a ready and eager market for watercolours. That was in 1967. Since then, he has exhibited at several London Galleries and held two outstandingly successful one-man shows. Many fine examples of his watercolours and oils are to be found in the homes of collectors throughout the U.S.A. while the success of his limited editions can be measured by the extremely short period of their availability.

Other details

The Publishers, Felix Rosenstiel's Widow and Son Limited (Director D. A. Roe (60-65)) have been publishing Sturgeon limited editions for several years and plan to publish four of his paintings this year. The latest, a watercolour of Castle Combe was sold out in five days and over subscribed just over nine times. Of similar size to Castle Combe each Mill Hill School Portico print (18" x 26" approximate image size) will be individually signed by the artist.

Many examples of Sturgeon's originals sell at well over £1,000. His recent limited edition prints of this size have been published at £48 plus V.A.T. Copies of Mill Hill School Portico will be available to O.M.'s, parents and friends at £30 including postage, packing and V.A.T. or £50 double mounted and framed in a 2" gold frame. Profits arising from these sales will be donated to the School. This offer will be open until November 1st 1979 after which date the Publishers will sell any balance remaining to the trade.

Cheques, made payable to "The Old Millhillians Club" should be sent to Mrs. Carter at Cleveland where a copy can also be viewed. State whether *Standard* or *Framed* print required.

THERE THE MATTER MIGHT HAVE ENDED

Last Summer I needed to check a few facts about the origin of the O.M. Club and I spent some time looking through the Magazines of 1876-1878. Having found what I was seeking I became totally fascinated by the accounts of school life that I was reading, so much so that it was hard to believe I was not living in those far-off days.

The School was going through an exciting period of its history. It had been reborn less than ten years previously, the numbers were growing year by year under the enthusiastic but strict leadership of Dr. Weymouth and there were many boys then at Mill Hill who would rise in due course to positions of eminence, both inside and outside the Club. There was George Kemp, later to play Cricket for Cambridge University and Lancashire, who would be created first Baron Rochdale after a distinguished political career. Another cricketer was S. S. Pawling who played for Middlesex and who became

Treasurer of that County's Club. There was Herbert Ward, the explorer and sculptor, and Lavington Hart who founded the Anglo-Chinese College in Tientsin with its motto "Et Virtutem et Musas", Owen Seaman who became Editor of Punch and Ernest Hampden-Cook and Herbert Marnham who would, in their different ways, be of inestimable benefit to their old School.

No less than eight boys were to become Presidents of the Old Millhillians Club that was about to be formed. These included Ryland Adkins, the brothers T. H. F. and F. D. Laphorn, Edward Powell—who was to give such a moving address at the Service of Commemoration for Sir John McClure—and R. J. Wells who would be the first Captain of the O.M.R.F.C. 1st XV.

It was the custom, a century ago, to have "An Evening's Entertainment" at the end of each term. One of these finished earlier than planned and I read that to fill in the time Dr. Murray recited a thrilling and exciting ghost story "the effect of which on our spirits was afterwards neutralized by Bunster ma., telling a droll tale which made the hall re-echo with many a peal of laughter". It seemed a good way to end such an evening.

There the matter might have ended had I not woken up in the middle of the night some time later with the name of Bunster firmly in my mind. I had never heard of him before. I wondered who he was and what happened to him in later life. The Hampden-Cook Register gave me a certain amount of information. Jose Onofre Bunster, aged 15, and his 12½ year old brother Manuel came to Mill Hill at the start of the Summer term in 1876. Their father was Don Jose Bunster, their grandfather was Grosvenor Bunster and their home was in Angol, Chile. They must have been extremely apprehensive as they made the long journey to England together although, presumably, they had friends or relatives in this country with whom they could spend their holidays. They could hardly return to Chile. Having a grandfather with the name of Grosvenor led me to suppose that they had an adequate grasp of the English language when they arrived, but why they were sent to school at Mill Hill will probably never be known.

My curiosity could only be allayed by finding out more about them so I returned to the old magazines and spent several happy hours researching their school careers. Their first term, being the Cricket term, apparently held no interest for the two young Chileans but when the winter arrived Jose had no trouble in enjoying Rugby Football, a game for which he clearly had considerable skill. His first match for the First XV was against Totteridge Park School on October 7th, 1876. He was one of ten forwards in a game which M.H.S. won by the strange-sounding score of 3 goals, 1 try, 2 punts-out and several touch-downs to nil. He didn't play against the Union Football Club on October 21st but four days later he was in the side that beat Bruce Castle (away) by 5 goals, and 1 touch-down to 1 goal. Ten days later he went with the First XV to play Grove House at Tottenham, the result being a draw in Mill Hill's favour by 2 touch-downs to nil. That was the end of Jose's Rugger that term because he didn't play against U.C.S. at Primrose Hill and he missed the match against Christ's Hospital as well as the return game against Grove House.

Little Rugger was played during the Spring Term in 1877, but Jose did get a game against Regents Park College which Mill Hill lost by a goal and a try to nil. Then followed the Cricket Season again, during which the two brothers were possibly puzzled by the enjoyment that Sidney Pawling derived from the game. All through the year Manuel Bunster had not been idle in the classroom, he won the School Form prize and was presented with Jules Verne's "Five Weeks in a Balloon". At the end of the Summer Term there was another "Evening's Entertainment", the report on which includes the charmingly worded statement that "Jo. Bunster recited a piece of his

own, very creditable to him as a foreigner”.

The winter of 1877-78 brought a change of interests. Manuel—whose 14th birthday was in December—took up Rugger and Jose, encouraged no doubt by his success as an entertainer, involved himself actively in the newly formed Debating Society. Manuel's first game for the 3rd XV was against All Souls at home, and as a member of the winning side “Bunster mi played well for Mill Hill”. The 3rd XV also beat U.C.S. when Coote, Fisher, Milne and Bunster obtained tries. A few months later the 3rd XV beat U.C.S. again, presumably because “M. Bunster, White, Scott and Morgan played with their usual excellence”.

Brother Jose played Rugger only once that winter, for the 1st XV against King's College, before deciding that public speaking held a greater attraction for him. He took an active part in a wide range of debates. He was involved in a discussion and a debate on phonetic spelling, he helped to carry the motion “That the invention of gunpowder has, on the whole, proved more useful than injurious”, he concerned himself with the system of trial by jury, and although we cannot tell which side he took, the motion “That total abstinence from the use of alcoholic liquors is desirable” was carried by 13 to 8. His big moment came when the house debated “That Thomas a Becket was more a martyr than a traitor”. The motion was proposed at length by Harold Temperley, after which his opponent, Jo. Bunster, on the other hand, narrated more briefly the events which bore upon the other side, painting Becket in blacker colours, and bringing out the darker side of his life, his boundless ambition, his stubborn obstinacy, and his treachery in accepting favours at the hand of the King of France, the enemy of England. Jose's eloquence was of no avail. The motion was carried by 12 votes to 7.

Then came their third Summer term when, although they had no interest in Cricket as such, the Bunster brothers achieved a unique double. During Sports Day on 18th May, 1878, there were two competitions for “Throwing the Cricket Ball”. The Open event was won by Jo. Bunster with a throw of 78 yards 2 feet. Second was O. Seaman, but “the wind was dead against the competitors which accounts for the short distance”. The under-15 event was won by M. Bunster with a throw of 65 yards 1 foot, and second was A. H. Ogilvie, the future Hon. Secretary of the O.M. Club.

Jose's talents did not end with the oratory, he was a gifted artist as well, and on New Foundation Day on 5th June 1878 the first prize for drawing was awarded to him, and the Guest of Honour, Mr. W. H. Wills (later Lord Winterstoke) presented him with a copy of Aaron Penley's “English School of Painting in Water Colours”. At the end of that Summer term they both left, Jose having presented to the Library Warren's “Ten Thousand a Year” and Manual, Lever's “Jack Hinton”.

Of their lives as Old Millhillians all that is known was unearthed by their contemporary, Ernest Hampden-Cook. Manual became a landowner, a bank President and a member of the Chilean Parliament. Jose was also a banker and a politician, building maybe on his debating experience acquired at Mill Hill. He was appointed Chilean Consul General for the British Empire in 1898 and concerned himself with the Chile-Argentina boundary dispute.

There the matter might have ended had I not happened to mention my researches to Allan Phimester, the Second Master at Mill Hill. Allan said that the name Bunster was an unusual one and wondered if my two brothers were related in any way to three boys called Bunster who had been at School in the 1970's. I had no idea, not knowing of the three brothers, and to seek enlightenment I consulted Audrey Jessup and Dorothy Dempsey in the School office. They turned up the records for me from which I learnt that Julian, Alvaro and Cesar Bunster had come to Mill Hill in 1971. Their father,

Alvaro Bunster had been the Chilean Ambassador to London until the overthrow of President Allende in 1973, when he lost his job and the boys were compelled to leave. The office had no address for them, only a file of correspondence with the Cambridgeshire Education Authority, to whom I wrote. My letter resulted in my being given a Cambridge telephone number which, one evening, I dialled.

Alvaro Bunster, Senior, the ex-Ambassador answered the phone and when I had explained the reason for my call he asked me if I knew the maiden name of Jose and Manuel's mother! This I did not but I told him of their father and grandfather. Alvaro Bunster then informed me that Grosvenor Bunster and his brother Humphrey had emigrated to Chile from Cornwall in 1828, that his own grandfather was Manuel Bunster, who had died in 1932, and that he, himself, had signed an arbitration agreement on the Chile-Argentina boundary question. He thought that Jose's children had gone to live in Melbourne, Australia but had no idea that his grandfather and his great-uncle had been educated at Mill Hill. He had sent his own boys there because of its high degree of religious tolerance, which meant a great deal to him. My company's Australian agents have searched the Australian telephone books but there are no Bunsters, so possibly Jose's children were daughters. There are no Bunsters now listed in the Cornwall directory.

There the matter might have ended had I not, by sheer chance, been looking through the Mill Hill Magazine of December 1939. Under the heading "Overseas Notes" there was mentioned a letter from a certain O.M. in Punta Arenas who had recently attended a dinner-party at which was present a senior Chilean naval officer, a Captain Oscar Bunster. The Old Millhillian heard his hostess complimenting the Captain on his excellent English and asking if he was of English descent. "No, I am not" he replied, "but we spoke a lot of English at home as boys; you see my father and my uncle were both educated in England and went to Mill Hill School". At this, the O.M. naturally joined the conversation and was told by Captain Bunster that his father had had artistic inclinations, having won the Art Prize whilst at School; the painting that won the prize was then hanging in Captain Bunster's dining room in the Valparaíso suburb of Vina del Mar, and Oscar's father was clearly Jose Onofre Bunster.

I do not know whether any further information will come to light, possibly not. But I like think that in the 2070's there will be a Chilean boy under the impression that he is the first Bunster ever to go to Mill Hill. How wrong he would be.

C.D.L.S.

NORTH WESTERN DINNER

On Friday 23rd February at the St. James's Club in Manchester a record number of Old Millhillians and guests sat down to enjoy the biggest and best North West Dinner in the past decade. Coincidentally an equal number of apologies for absence were received to those present, including such familiar faces as Johnny Williams, Joe Fox, and David Compston, who were all abroad, and Grahame Elliott, who was very busy with the Knutsford by-election in his capacity as Chairman of the constituency Conservative Association. In spite of these absentees twenty nine OMs joined our four guests, who were the President, the Head Master and Ted Winter and Paul Hodgson from the School. This number was largely due to extending invitations to OMs in N. Derbyshire, N. Staffs and N. Wales, and the particular efforts of John Bolton (1936-40), our untiring international liaison officer, who raised Derek Twogood (1940-45) and S. R. Woodgett (1923-26) among others. All present stood in silence for one minute at the

start of the meal in memory of Roger Phillips, whose recent sudden death had shocked and saddened many present, in particular the six Vice-Presidents of the Rugby Football Club, for which he had done so much. Following a first class dinner our President, Nat Garrett, demonstrated why he is such an excellent choice as successor to Stanley Farrow. In proposing the toast of the School he splendidly combined references to the Welsh, Scots, Irish and English, and paid tribute to the North in general and Dent in particular, and also to that hard working body of men, the School Governors. The response by Allan Phimester in his own inimitable style coupled with the toast of the Club, was both stimulating and enjoyable. We were not surprised to learn that the School was "in good heart" under his guidance, nor that the range of pupils, interests and abilities was as wide as ever. In our traditional after dinner informal discussions it was suggested by Walter Isaac (19-26) that the dinner should revert to our traditional date of mid-November, with which the majority present agreed. However, since a February date has produced the largest response, the secretary reserves the right to exercise his discretion, and would welcome comment from those unable to attend. Another significant point discussed was the vexed question of the number of excoats from School in a given term, and the problem of cost for provincial families. We had the benefit of two generations of opinion from John L. Taylor (1935-40) and his son P. L. Taylor (1967-72), and from Mike Berry (1943-47) and Simon Berry (1973-77).

Among those present were:— The President, N. C. Garrett, Esq. (19-27); The Head Master, A. Phimester, Esq., M.A., T.D.; Senior English Master, Esq., M.A.; Ridgeway House Master, P. Hodgson, Esq., M.A.; W. T. Isaac (19-26); S. C. Steele (22-28); S. R. Woodgett (23-26); A. F. Holt (24-31); C. F. Millard (26-29); H. B. Vanstone (26-29); E. V. Mellor (26-30); D. D. Matthews (26-30); M. Gerrard (25-29); A. D. Compston (27-30); C. Barlow (34-36); J. P. Bolton (36-40); J. L. Taylor (35-40); J. R. Arthur (36-41); D. F. Twogood (40-45); R. T. Hutt (43-49); M. R. W. Berry (43-47); J. Roberts (45-50); H. Syers (46-50); P. Fern (50-54); J. C. K. Elliott (50-55); D. H. Wickenden (50-55); J. Briscoe (50-56); P. J. Huston (53-58); R. L. Evans (54-59); M. Fitzpatrick (54-57); P. W. Steele (59-64); P. L. Taylor (67-72); J. Adams (68-72); S. E. M. Berry (73-77).

YACHT CLUB

We have accepted an offer for the sale of Barbarella and hope that it will go through without delay. We are on the look out for a replacement and have formed a sub-committee of Richard Dean, Mike Leon and Clive Mence to organise the purchase. We hope to be in possession of the new boat by the end of April. These are exciting times for the Yacht Club and we are looking forward to the new arrival.

The A.G.M. was held at the National Liberal Club on 27th March and we welcomed Alan Richardson and Richard Llewellyn on to the Committee. The fitting out party was held on 30th April at Nicks Restaurant, Ifield Road, Fulham, owned by Malcolm Johnson who provided a hot buffet supper. This was a great success and was enjoyed by everyone present. The Club Rally is again going to be held at Cowes with dinner at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club on 22/23 September. We are hoping for as good a turn out as last year.

The Yacht Club is 20 years old. The first meeting was held on 5th March 1959 at which Jack Benham was elected Commodore, Stanley Farrow, Vice Commodore, Kin Coombe, Hon. Secretary, Charlie Lamplugh, Hon. Treasurer, all of whom were to be elected Commodore during the years to come.

The first boat the Club was to own was Winnie, given to the Club by Stanley Farrow's father, Howard. She was a 50' ketch built by Hilards at Littlehampton in 1925. She was sold back to a syndicate of O.M.'s headed by Stanley Farrow in 1970 and is now sailed in the Mediterranean, presently being based at Corfu. In 1962 "Drongo", a folkboat, was purchased for use by the younger members of the Club. In 1966 Martlet of Mill Hill, a Westerly 25 was bought as a replacement to Drongo, who it was felt was too small for members needs at that time. In 1972 Barbarella, a Halcyon 27, was bought for the Club, and for some seasons the Club had two boats on the water. Due to lack of use it was decided to sell Martlet in 1975, and so now Barbarella is to be replaced having sailed her for seven seasons, to make way for a newer, more modern, beamier boat of about the same length.

Over the years one of the spin-offs of the Club is that O.M.'s having got their first taste of sailing with the Club, have gone on to buy their own boats, Roy Prater and Roger Wheeldon having done just this in the last year. If the Club does nothing else, it does give young O.M.'s an opportunity to learn to sail, an opportunity that they may not otherwise receive.

RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

In spite of the continued freeze up after Christmas the Club has flourished. Although six 1st XV games have been cancelled since the New Year the spirit throughout the Club has been first class with large numbers training.

The 1st XV remained unbeaten until the Wasps game. The pack strengthened by the return of Jim Kent has held the key to success. Chris Davies was selected for Middlesex and Richard Horton has played with vigour. In the backs Mike Phillips and Robin Leek have made a formidable pair in the centre.

The young "A" side has continued it's successful run winning 14 out of 18 games. The experienced "B" side have been constant in their success winning 12 out of 18 and the Extra "B" have continued to pile on the points winning 13 out of 18.

At the time of writing we are hoping for an end to the bad weather and preparing for the Easter Tour and hopefully success in the Sevens Tournaments.

The highlight of the season was undoubtedly the Centenary Dinner at the Hyde Park Hotel when Old Millhillians young and old revelled together in a celebration of past successes and future optimism.

We were all very saddened by the sudden death of Roger Phillips in January. He was a tremendous supporter of the O.M.'s throughout all their up and downs. Headstone Lane will be a sadder place without him.

CRICKET CLUB

The 19th January saw the Annual Dinner at The Cricketers Club, when some forty members and their guests enjoyed the wisdom and wit of Tim Wilkinson, Michael Tant, Allan Phimester and the President, Nat Garrett. The Secretary would report in greater detail if he could, but in any event, the evening seemed to be successful.

The Tour of Holland in July is definitely ON, as is the Sussex Tour in August.

Social events at Headstone Lane this year are:

Sat. May 19th	DISCO	8.30
Sat. June 23rd	BARBECUE	8.30
Sat. Sept. 1st	DISCO	8.30
January 1979	OMCC DINNER	(Cricketers Club).

As usual, a warm welcome awaits any Vice President who can turn up to support, whilst any players, particularly recent leavers, who feel that the exercise might do them good should contact one of the Captains, or Andy Halstead: 01-445-2730 (H).

ETON FIVES CLUB

This is a Club which has received no publicity for some years with the result that it is heavily dependent on a handful of long-standing members. Nevertheless there is a fixture list of about twenty matches covering the October to March season. We would like to hear from anyone who wishes to play on a fairly regular basis but particularly from those who were in the School team and who have left the School within the last eight years. Anyone interested please call Ian Leeming on Potters Bar 52841.

Members who have played regularly in the 1978/79 season include Andrew Summers, Ian Leeming, Graeme Warren-Thomas, Simon Warren-Thomas, Jim Black and Peter Mills.

GOLFING SOCIETY

The season has opened after a winter more suited to tobogganing than golf, resulting in a backlog of unplayed winter foursome matches, and although several have been settled by the toss of a coin, I have not yet been notified of any settled by the fastest toboggan run down the fifteenth at Hendon.

We welcome Ronnie Samuels (1945—50) as Captain this season and two new Committee Members, Nigel Maile (1968—73) and Cliff Rose (1955—59). Gordon Hawes (1941—45) originally mooted the idea of the Society entertaining the better School golfers at a joint meeting away from the School Course and after some unsuccessful attempts, Ronnie Samuels and Chris Sutcliffe, Master in charge of golf, have finally seen the first of many, we hope, such meetings off the ground. On March 24th eight old boys accompanied by Shaun O'Neill, Lawrence Potts, Jonathan Parnes, and Colin Nunn arrived at Ashridge Golf Club at mid-day, played a short loop of six holes, enjoyed a splendid lunch followed by two bottles of port—our grateful thanks to Tom Micklem (1927—36) a member of Ashridge Golf Club who came to say hello and what a magnificent way to say it—followed by a serious foursomes round of eighteen holes arranged on an inter-house basis. School House, fielding three pairs, should have done well, but Collinson represented by Alan Guthrie-Jones (1968—73) and Gordon Hawes, seconded for the afternoon from Winterstoke, took the two bottles of wine put up by a generous Captain as the prize. It was a most successful meeting.

In the Halford Hewitt this year we have drawn Stowe, who were losing finalists last year. At the time of writing the Halford Hewitt is still in the future, and this match would be a tremendous one to be won. The form of the Matchplay Tournament is to be changed this year, and instead of entering every member remotely likely to play, only those who have specifically asked and those who normally do play will be entered. Hopefully this will result in more matches played and enjoyed. The Norfolk Tour is also in the future, although at the time of reading many of you will have enjoyed a good weekend. One near catastrophe occurred when making final confirmations in February, and Luffenham Heath, where we had booked for the Friday, had had a change of Secretary. The previous one had not entered our booking on the calendar, and the new one had accepted an alternative booking. However, the correspondence was checked and the alternative Society very kindly agreed to transfer to another date.

In the last magazine issue I made my apologies for an unfortunate incident and now I make apologies for a nameless pair entered for our winter foursomes, who arranged to play Geoffrey Vero (1960–65) and Tony Smith (1960–65) at South Herts Golf Club in North London. Geoffrey travelled up from Farnborough, Surrey, picking up Tony on the way. Good time keeping is perhaps not one of the better known skills of some O.M.'s so it was with no great surprise, nor any great regret, that our would-be-golfers found themselves in the Club Bar enjoying the hospitality of the Club. However, sooner or later a match had to be won or lost and so our now anxious would-be-golfers started making enquiries and visited the practice ground. All proved fruitless, until a little hot under their golf-shirt collars, one opponent was found playing darts and it transpired that the other was still in bed, both having assumed that adverse weather would prevent play.

The dart player was informed precisely how far our would-be-golfers had travelled and the domestic arrangements that had been organised to make the date for this match; under the circumstances a walkover was claimed and given. Not to be outdone, our pair of still-would-be-golfers now drove furiously through the London traffic back to Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club for a pleasant friendly round on their own, parked their car, and as the boot was being unlocked to retrieve their bags and clubs, suddenly realized that these essential articles had been left behind in the changing rooms of South Herts Golf Club. I hope that all will soon be forgiven and forgotten and the four seen together in the company of other Old Millhillians, all complete with clubs and gear.

PERSONALIA

CLARK, C. D., A.C.G.S., B.Sc., M.I.E.E., P. Eng. (1954–59) has recently moved to Rio de Janeiro (see change of address section) as one of a group of consultants involved in the design studies for the power transmission system associated with the world's largest hydro-electric power project—Itaipu—reputed to cost over five billion dollars. He would welcome hearing from any other O.M. in the area.

DARKE, C. S. is now working for the Private Patients Plan at Tunbridge Wells.

HARPER-KING. Graham Harper-King (1933–39) one of three Liberals to survive the last borough elections in Harrogate has been nominated by the controlling Conservative group as Mayor.

SIMPSON. Nigel Simpson (1958–63) has gone to Washington D.C. to take up a diplomatic service post at the British Embassy dealing with Shipping and would dearly like to hear from O.M.'s in the area,—see change of address section.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hedgerley.
March 1979.

The Editor,
Old Millhillians Column.

NOBIS—THE STORY OF A CLUB

Dear Sir,

I have read with great interest and enjoyment the series of articles as above, and I have been amazed at the immense amount of research which must have gone into the preparation of these articles.

I was therefore more than sad that, on reading the last of the series which recently appeared, there was what appeared to be a deliberate malicious and vicious attack on this country of what appeared to be the usual Socialist nature. I quote:

“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 . . .”

Firstly Great Britain was known and recognised throughout the world as the workshop of the world and her goods of every kind, and made from every type of material, were shipped to the four corners of the earth not by any means only to her Colonies. Secondly, her Colonies could only have been, and were only acquired, by the exploration and daring of her citizens in going forth into the four corners of the world, in getting there first and retaining what they had discovered against the aggression of other nations in Western Europe.

Thirdly, whilst her own people may, in some cases, have lived in poverty nevertheless that must be relative, and I would suggest that the standard of living in this country was probably the highest in the world at that time.

It's a pity, isn't it that the last of this excellent series should have been marred by this type of political propaganda which, apart from any other consideration, is manifestly untrue?

Perhaps I may suggest that when this series appears in book form this particular part might be omitted?

I venture to suggest also that my sentiments may well be held by the vast majority of other readers of this journal.

Yours sincerely,

E. B. T. TANNER.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

16th June: OLD MILLHILLIANS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA ANNUAL DINNER in the Maple Room, Hotel Australia, 266, Collins Street, Melbourne.

27th and 28th July: OMCC v The Millers on the Park.

22nd September: OLD MILLHILLIANS YACHT CLUB RALLY. Dinner 8.00 p.m. at Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Cowes, I.O.W.

27th September: ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, National Liberal Club.

26th October: ANNUAL DINNER at The Law Society.

27th October: OLD MILLHILLIANS DAY at the School.

ENGAGEMENT

TURNBULL-WILSON. The engagement is announced between Ian Turnbull (1964-69), eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Turnbull, Longwaite, Hammes Lane, Mill Hill, London, and Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. F. Wilson, Little Morar, Kippington Road, Sevenoaks.

MARRIAGE

LEVAY—JONES on 1st December, 1978 at St. John's Church, Catford, London, Peter J. Levay (1965-69) only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Levay of Mill Hill to Maralyn Anne Jones, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Jones of Catford, London.

DEATHS

SCARR on 26th December, 1978, A. C. Scarr (1914-17) at 19, Congrave Way, Bardsey.

SELLERS on 26th March, 1979, The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederic Sellers, M.C., LL.B. (Honorary Member) at Highwood Lodge, Highwood Hill, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

WALKER in February, 1979, I. A. Walker (1936-39) of 18, Ickenham Close, Ruislip, Middlesex.

OBITUARY

ARCHIE SCARR (1914-17)

Archibald Caton Scarr, probably one of the best-known figures in Leeds Market until his retirement in 1974, has died. He was 78. He saw active service with the Royal Flying Corps during the First World War.

He became joint managing director of the famous Leeds hardware chain on the death of his uncle, Reggie Scarr. Like his famous grandfather who was Lord Mayor of Leeds in 1888, he served on Leeds City Council for ten years from 1936.

He was president of the Leeds and District Chamber of Trade during the Second World War and served as a major in Home Guard.

Since the war, he devoted all his energy to running the stores until the business was finally closed in 1974.

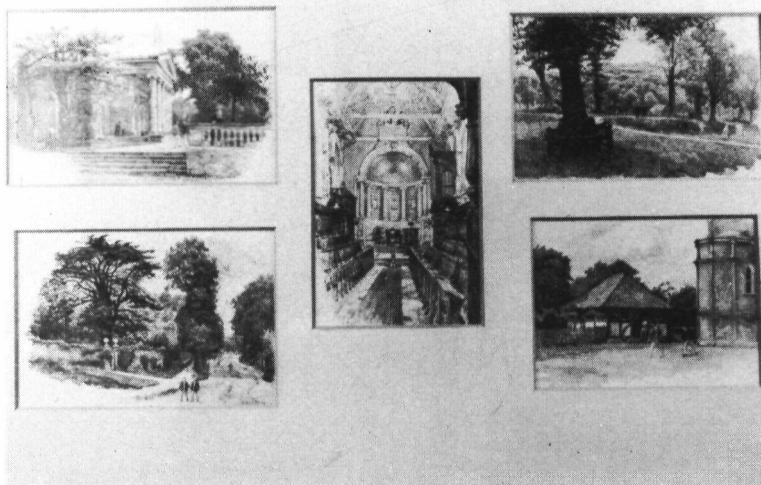
CHANGES OF ADDRESS

- 69-74 ARMSTRONG, N., 1 Elgar Close, Farnborough, Kent.
- 49-54 ARNOLD, W. R. G., 21 Rutherford Road, Cambridge CB2 2HH.
- 22-28 BAGGALEY, G. E., B.A., 4 River Road, Old Colwick, Nottingham NG4 2DW.
- 51-55 BEART, C. J. J., Highfield Farm House, 11 Abthorpe St., Fulbourn, Cambridge.
- 64-69 BEDWELL, I. C., Flat 3, 124 Gordon Road, Ealing, London W13 8PS.
- 71-76 BERRY, C. J., 300.E. 54th Street, Appt. 12.F., New York, New York 10022, U.S.A.
- 73-77 BERRY, G. L., 269 - P.H.F., Grand Central Parkway, Florapark New York 11005, U.S.A.
- 57-62 BESENT, J. I., The Warren, Loughton, Essex.
- 55-59 CLARKE, C. D., B.Sc., A.C.G.I., c/o Monasa Consultoria E. Projects, 12 Andar Centro ZC-00, Rio Janeiro 20000 R.J., Brazil.
- 55-58 COHN, M. W. H., B.Sc., Bidston, Burtons Lane, Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.
- 27-30 COOTE, A. B., 1 Moulton Lane, Boughton, Northampton.
- 48-53 CRANWELL, J. H., The Glyn Valley Hotel, Glyn Ceiriog, Llangollen, Clwyd, Wales.
- 54-59 FEAR, G. G., 67 Wise Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.
- 50-54 FERN, P. G., 9 Bollin Mews, Prestbury, Cheshire.
- 53-58 GOUDE, R. H., 24 Rowsley Road, Eastbourne, East Sussex BN20 7XS.
- 47-51 GRAHAM, J. H. M., Broadfield House, 22 Wilton Road, Beaconsfield, Bucks HP9 2DE.
- 20-28 HARWOOD, T. F., B.A., "Star Ridge", Battisford, Stowmarket, Suffolk IP14 2HG.

- 46-50 HENDERSON, M. D., 5021 Riverside Drive, Richmond, Virginia 23225, U.S.A.
- 64-69 HEYWOOD, M. E., 6 West Street, Gayles, Richmond, Yorkshire.
- 36-38 HINES, D. V., 2 Mayfield Avenue, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire CV37 6XB.
- 24-31 HOLT, A. F., Trees, Highway, Ambleside, Cumbria.
- 69-74 HUGHES, J. E. E., 29 Thornton Crescent, Heswall, Wirral, Merseyside L60 3RR.
- 66-69 HULME, H. M. W., 3 Armoured Division Engineer Regiment, B.F.P.O. 24.
- 21-27 JUKES, Rev. B. W., M.A., 3 The Cage, Tenbury Wells, Worcestershire.
- 62-67 KENNING, A. G. G., Flat 7, 147 Chesterton Road, London S.W.10.
- 26-32 KENT, Brigadier S. P. M., C.B.E., College Farm House, Upavon, Pewsey, Wilts.
- 56-61 LEE, R. A., 4A Bracken Road, Southbourne, Bournemouth, Hants.
- 65-69 LEVAY, P. J., Kelsey Road, Orpington, Kent.
- 45-48 McADAM, J. A., F.R.I.C.S., The Spinney, School Lane, Horkesley, Colchester.
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