

# MILL HILL SCHOOL MAGAZINE



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## *Editorial Team*

*Editors: Helen Murray Scott and David Faik*

*Art Editor: Makiko Hara*

*Sports Editors: Tricia Lamb and Toby Sheldon*

*Societies: Daniel Feller*

*Typists (with many thanks): Mrs. M. Bowden  
and Mrs. S. Harding*

*Cover Design for Autumn 1988: Lisa Gunning*

## *Acknowledgements . . .*

- . . . to all those who managed to get their contributions in on time  
(and to those who didn't).*
- . . . to Lisa Gunning for kindly designing the front cover of this  
magazine at such short notice;*
- . . . to Mr. McKie for generously giving up his time to write an  
article at very short notice;*
- . . . to Mr. Bewsher for all his co-operation and help over the  
years;*
- . . . and lastly to Mr. Stringer who was always there to offer help  
and make sure that the editors did things right. The magazine  
will be sad to lose both him, and his experience. Congratulations  
must go to Mr. McKie who replaces him not only in the  
magazine, but as head of the English Department as well.*



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## EDITORIAL

At the time of writing this editorial, the magazine is not even half finished. The worst is yet to come as both the proof reading and paste-up must still be done, and because of this, we really have no idea as to how it will turn out.

By the time it is distributed, many people will have put in their hard work to make this magazine as successful as possible. Of course, some articles will not have the desired effect, which is to interest or entertain (or both), but we hope that there is something here to please everyone, from the fourth formers at school to the Old Millhillians throughout the world.

**Helen Murray Scott & David Faik**

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Editors,

I wanted to congratulate you both on a most excellent production in the latest edition of the Magazine. I read it with more than my usual interest and found it lively and extremely well presented.

I particularly liked the treatment of sports which gave a clear record of how the teams got on and a general commentary on the way the season went instead of a blow by blow account of the matches.

I read it from cover to cover and enjoyed it all. It is streets ahead of the Magazines of earlier days.

So thank you for all the work that you and your staff must have put into it.

**Yours gratefully,  
John McGavin (1924-29)**

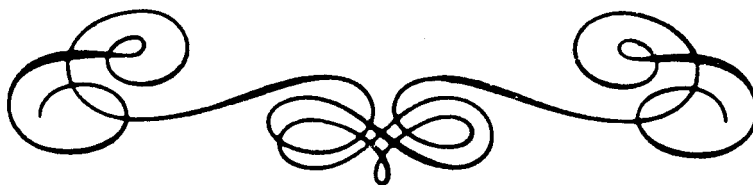
*The Editors are always glad to receive letters from the readers — particularly when they are like the above.*

Dear Editors,

As I shall be handing over the supervision of the Magazine to Mr McKie after this issue, I should like to take the opportunity of signing off with a thank you to the Editors, Art Editors and other Magazine Staff with whom I have worked since 1983.

Mr Winter, the Head of English who supervised our Magazine for many years before me, built up the Magazine steadily over that time and instilled the tradition of the editors being very largely responsible for the production, proof-reading, paste-up etc. In following him, I have found the task of running the Magazine demanding, occasionally frustrating, but in general rewarding; and I think that within the limits of its function it is a good publication. I am very grateful for my association with it, and with Mr Bewsher who does so much to help its production, and in particular with the editors who have been so hard-working and pleasant to work with — not least the present team.

**Yours,  
Tim Stringer**







**Monitors 1987-1988**

*Paul East, Charles Green, Julian Pollock,  
Ian Holmes, Julia Connolly, James Fox, Noyan Nihat, Andrew Howes.*

# SCHOOL NEWS

## COURT OF GOVERNORS

**Chairman:** Professor Sir Cyril Philips, MA, PhD, D.Litt.

**Hon. Treasurer:** The Hon. Roy Constantine, FCA

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R. L. Stewart Esq., MA

T. D. Walker Esq., MBE, FCA

The Rev. M. D. Whitehorn, MA

## TEACHING STAFF

**HEAD MASTER:** A. C. Graham

**SECOND MASTER:** G. C. Sutcliffe (Mathematics)

### ASSISTANT MASTERS

**Director of Studies (Science):** C. A. J. Veal (Physics)

**Director of Studies (Art):** W. R. Winfield (French)

### *English*

- † H. S. Stringer
- \* T. W. Corbett
- S. G. Appleton
- P. de G. McKie
- A. N. Carr
- C. H. Warwick

### *Mathematics*

- \* C. Dean
- \* P. S. Bickerdike
- I. D. Kane, PhD
- † A. C. Gaylor
- A. H. Slade
- G. Doherty

### *Modern Languages*

- † A. H. Armstrong
- \* P. R. Bowden
- † M. J. L. Pulham, PhD
- N. S. Patterson
- Mrs U. Pulham
- Miss H. C. King
- D. N. Bowers

### *Sciences*

- † J. C. Brownlie
- T. H. Jackson
- † P. H. Thonemann
- \* T. J. Chilton
- † B. J. Dickson
- † P. E. R. Badger
- † T. T. Dingle
- R. N. Waters
- Mrs P. M. Mills
- R. Ede
- A. J. Misiura

### *Geography*

- † A. Prosser-Harries
- \* D. R. Woodrow
- \* R. J. Denning

### *History and Politics*

- † J. Gloster Wyatt
- \* H. Morgan
- J. D. Rees
- M. C. Rady, PhD
- R. L. Axworthy

### *Classics*

- † S. T. Plummer
- A. N. Carr

### *Economics and Business Studies*

- \* C. R. Kelly
- † B. R. Martin
- J. R. Hurley
- R. S. Williams
- M. Northen
- Mrs S. Misiura

### *Music*

- † A. B. Champriss
- S. N. Hillier

### *Art and Pottery*

- † P. W. Herring
- Mrs J. Haig

### *Design Technology*

H. Barnes

### *Physical Education*

- † J. D. Rees
- A. H. Slade

- \* Housemaster
- † Director



## COMMON ROOM NOTES

### WELCOME TO:

**Mr Harry Barnes** (Design Technology)  
**Mr Andrew Misiura** (Biology and Chemistry)  
**Mrs Shashi Misiura** (Econ. and Business Studies)  
**Mr Mark Northen** (Econ. and Business Studies)  
**Mr Christopher Warwick** (English)  
and to the **Rev. Simon Ellis** as Chaplain.

### ALSO TEMPORARILY:

**Mr David Bowers**  
(returning to the Modern Languages Dept.)  
**Mr Charles Davies** (German)  
**Mr James Rowe** (Physics)  
**Mlle. Fatima Benamira** (French assistante)  
**Señorita Angela Bosch** (Spanish lectrora)

### WELCOME ALSO TO:

**Mrs Penny Hill** (Accountant in the Bursarial Dept.)

★ ★ ★

We are very sorry to report the serious illnesses this term of **Mr John Veal** and **Dr Mick Pulham**, which has meant their absence. **Mr Rowe** and **Mr Davies** have been at the School in their stead.

★ ★ ★

We regret to record the death in July of **Mr John Morrison**, former Second Master, Housemaster of Ridgeway and Head of Classics. Tributes appear at the end of these notes.

★ ★ ★

### CONGRATULATIONS TO:

**Mr Roger Ede**, on his marriage in August to Miss Michelle McCabe; and also to **Mr Barry Martin** and **Fiona**, on the birth of their son, Andrew James, in September; and to **Mr David Hughes** and **Christine**, on the birth of their son William in October.

★ ★ ★

## NEWS OF FORMER PUPILS

**Simon Jenkins** (R60) writes for the *Sunday Times* and is heavily involved with developing the new literary section of the paper; he was due to talk in Current Affairs this term.

**Michael Crozier** (M66) is now executive editor for design and pictures on *The Independent*, after work with *The Telegraph* and *The Times*. He has written "The Making of the Independent" published by Gordon Fraser, and now has two sons at the School.

**Nicholas Wood** (Mc84): B.Sc. (2.1) in Physics with Laser Physics at the Univ. College of Swansea.

**Kathryn Hampton** (SH87) is now at Huddersfield reading French and English.

**Alexander Quinn** (C87) is at Manchester Poly. — business studies.

**Sally Turner** (SH87) is at Newcastle reading English.

**Simon Noel** (SH87) is at Bradford — chemistry.

**Lucien Comoy** (M78) is working for Sotheby's in Monaco and now engaged.

**David Semken** (M74) is making boats, including Richard Branson's "Atlantic Challenger".

**J. R. Reatchlous** (SH67) was married in September.

**Richard Threlfall** (P87) is reading Electrical Engineering at Oxford Poly.

**Jasper Britten** (BB82) has now finished his back-stage job at the Old Vic Theatre and is newsreading for the Overseas Service of the B.B.C.

The Head Master attended a ceremony in October at the Malaysian Embassy, when **Fariza Shukur** (now at Newnham, Cambridge) was given one of three 1988 'Sir Arnold Hall Awards' for students in U.K. Sixth Forms.

### STOP PRESS

We very much regret to report the death of **Alison Hampton** (SH85) in a motorway car crash at the end of October.

We deeply regret to announce the death on 12 November 1988, of **Mr John Veal**, Director of Studies (Science).

## OTHER DEGREES RECENTLY ATTAINED

**Andrew Froomberg** — Combined Arts Class 2 Hons. at Durham (1987).

**Philip Keller** — Economics, 2, 1 at Durham (1987).

**Saul Wynne** — 2, 2 in Creative Arts at Trent Polytechnic, Nottingham (1987).

**R. K. Patni** — 2, 2 B.Sc. at Univ. College, Cardiff (1987).

**Shirley Musry** — 1st in B.Sc. (Econ.) at the London School of Economics (1987).

**Simon Orloff** — 2, 1 in Electronics at UMIST (1987).

**Aly Lakani** — 2nd in Politics, Economics and Law at Buckingham (1987).

**Nicholas Clark** — 2, 1 in Physiology and Biochemistry at Reading (1988).

**Nicholas Rabin** — 2nd in Engineering and Management at Durham (1988).

**Ikeokwu Ukachi-Lois** — 2nd in Economics at Ealing College (1988).

**Ranjit Virik** — 3rd in Law at Birmingham (1988).

## JOHN MORRISON (died July, 1988)



*J. P. Morrison.*

Some 25 years ago John Morrison retired from Mill Hill as Second Master. A tribute to his work at Mill Hill School was paid by the then Headmaster, Roy Moore, in the Magazine issue July 1963:

"To say that Mr Morrison has been a master at Mill Hill since 1925 means less than to say that none of us at the School now remembers a time when he was not here—not here to advise, support and guide us. Many a young master will remember with gratitude some quiet piece of advice; many a boy some word of encouragement or rebuke which was just what was needed to help him through a difficulty. And I remember my debt to him during the past twelve years, since I saw his burly form coming to meet me on the platform at Euston when I first came to Mill Hill. He has been for me much more than a senior colleague, much more than a Second Master.

"We today think of Mr Morrison as a senior master, ever present, ever ready to serve the School, moving quietly and steadily about, always watchful for the interests of the School, great or small. An earlier generation knew him as an officer of the Corps, as an active and skilful games player, as a zealous House Tutor and a first class House Master. His memory of boys, their characters, backgrounds and achievements is remarkable and I have often marvelled at the vivid and accurate picture which I have been given of some boy who left perhaps thirty years ago.

"Mr Morrison has served the School in many capacities. During the troubled and difficult period of our return from St. Bees he was Bursar, and he tackled the multitude of detailed problems with wisdom and efficiency. For the greater part of 1961 he was Acting Head Master. Throughout his career, however, Classics

have been his first and great love. To his own studies, as to his teaching, he brought patient, thorough scholarship, as well as a deep love not only for the beauty and precision of language but for the eternal truths the ancient languages express. He built here a Classical Department which has won respect at the Universities and among the schools. Among his pupils is a long line of scholars, as well as a far greater company of boys who have learned from him an integrity of mind which is greater than scholarship.

"It is impossible to pay adequate tribute to a career in the space of a page. I can only say on behalf of hundreds of men, young and old, on behalf of the School and myself, thank you to one who has served faithfully and well."

John continued to be a part of the Mill Hill scene returning at frequent intervals to teach Classics both at Belmont and the main School when needed. Classics remained the basis of later years; indeed the most gratifying part of his retirement was when he was invited by his old College, St. Catherine's, to supervise the work of undergraduates. One Old Millhillian found was to be tutored by his ex-teacher!

Another major interest was his work as a Magistrate in the Gore Division where his analytical powers were put to good use.

He was a man of many interests which seldom emerged. To see him persuade a robin to eat cheese from his hand indicated not only his love of birds but also his infinite patience.

In his later years he enjoyed his work in the garden and greenhouse. Although to begin with no gardener, it was not long before he had acquired a considerable knowledge of those aspects which interested him.

Another interest was his family connection with the manufacture of clocks.

He was essentially an academic and was very disturbed by the decline in the domination of Classics. Nevertheless many who had no interest in the classics found 'Moggie' a stimulating teacher.

It was typical of his sense of humour and patience that he named his retirement home, for which he had a long wait, after the then Minister of Housing, Keith Joseph.

His wife, Kay, who supported him so splendidly, died shortly after they left Mill Hill and he did not long survive her.

**Alan Phimester**

### **J.P.M. – A REMINISCENCE**

There must be many colleagues and pupils of John Morrison who have special memories. One of mine is of working for him when he was Acting Head Master and he had asked me to organise a formal School Dance — a far cry from the modern free-for-alls, with a squad of dinner-jacketed boys and some fairly carefully-screened guests from local girls' schools. As Acting Head he was a marvellous delegator. I made my arrangements and as the time of the dance approached, he sent for me and simply asked, 'What have you arranged, and what help do you need from me?'. It was in those days so encouraging to a young master to feel that one really was in charge.



When the Drapers' Cottages were being built on what had been School land, the Buckland Swimming Pool suffered from the incursions at night of local youths bent on vandalism and sometimes a nocturnal swim. J.P.M., Prosser-Harries and I, armed with one stick between us, went down one night to meet the invaders, and lurked in the shadows as the gang approached. (J.P.M. had already gently requested an identified O.M. and his lady friend to leave the pool as, he warned them, the police were on the way.) Heads bobbed towards us up the hill approaching the boundary fence. They were like Red Indians and seemed innumerable. Waiting until the leader placed his hand on the fence, J.P.M. stepped forward out of the trees and said very quietly but with all the firmness of the London Magistracy that the raiders should go; it was to my relief at least that the leader turned without a word and his followers streamed back after him to Hammers Lane, where one group of police had arrived to check their motor-bikes and them; the other police squad were rather late coming from behind us and the pool in case our rescue might be necessary, but we had survived and J.P.M. was as always polite in his thanks to the constabulary. He murmured something to the effect that he would see Superintendent — in Court Two next day and would express his appreciation: blue-uniformed chests swelled in the dark.

One day J.P.M. was highly indignant that his newspaper had spelt 'LIKABLE' with an 'e' in the middle: 'LIKEABLE'. I was a junior master but in the English department; it was early in the day and I couldn't be sure. So I remembered to check later, and I told him: 'By the way,' I said diffidently, 'I've checked that word in the dictionary, and it says that either spelling is possible.' J.P.M.'s eyebrows went up in disbelief: 'What dictionary?' he demanded, and I told him it was the Oxford. 'Ah!' he sighed, as only a Cambridge man could.

**H.S.S.**



*Extract from a letter written by the Headmaster, Mr A. J. Rooker Roberts, to the parents of Hamilton Bailey who was tragically killed at the end of the Summer Term 1943.*

"When Hamilton was entered for Mill Hill, it was natural that I should place him in Ridgeway House on account of his connection with Mr Ricks who lived there and helped Mr Morrison, the Housemaster. It was a fortunate choice, for it meant that Hamilton was in direct contact with two men than whom we had none finer on the staff. Mr Ricks you know: Mr Morrison you have met. My regard for him is my regard for a man whose daily life is in complete accord with his deep religious principles and high ideals. He is a man who wins the instant regard and respect of his boys by his genuineness and his manhood. I mention this because it is right that you should know the influences which bore upon Hamilton during his school career. You must have been well aware of his loyalty to his House. The House deserved his loyalty. It comprised quite naturally a high proportion of the leaders of the school. They were the fruition of Mr Morrison's work —perhaps the inevitable result of his influence.

Newton Abbot, Devon  
July 1988

Very Dear Sonia,

You and I know how deeply indebted M.H.S. was to John Morrison, in his prime. Like those in Galatians ii.9 who "seemed to be pillars", he and Macalister were just *that* when I took on the School in 1944. Indeed, I found in J.P.M. the perfect "Second Master" and it wasn't long before The Court of Governors accepted my strong recommendation that this new position should be formally recognised, with John Morrison as its first representative.

He had such sound and reliable judgement, and was hugely experienced in what a school of Mill Hill's tradition and status stood for.

Sorry about the uncertain parallelism of the lines of my letter: I'm half-blind nowadays.

Yours as always  
John  
**Dr. J. S. Whale**

This hitherto unpublished article was written many years ago by John Morrison and will doubtless fascinate the readers.

## **DID ANEURIN BEVAN INCUBATE THE N.H.S.?**

I have used  
N.H.S. Doctor  
for the Greek  
DEMOSIOS  
which means  
PUBLIC.  
DEMOS as in  
DEMOCRAT

496 BC

495 BC

Clear cases of  
brain drain

494 BC

Brutal form of  
brain drain

Democedes  
preceded the  
Hippocratic  
oath by more  
than 50 years

450-420 BC

B.B. Rogers' note on the above reads as follows: Date 1912

388 BC

Plutus line  
400-406

Extract from  
Rogers' Note

Many politicians seem to believe that the N.H.S. was invented by Lord Beveridge and to be unaware that there was a N.H.S. in Greece before 500 BC.

This service lasted for over 150 years and suffered many of the vicissitudes that have befallen our service. There exists no one complete account of the Green service and information has to be gleaned from widely scattered passages in different writers. The following is an abridged account, rearranged in chronological order, of the story of Democedes. The full version is found in Herodotus III 129-134. This abridgement is based on A. D. Godley's translation.

"This is how Democedes came from Croton (a Greek city in South Italy). He was troubled with an ill-tempered father and left Croton and came to the Island of Aegina. Settled there, he excelled all other physicians. In his second year the Aeginetans paid him a talent to be their N.H.S. physician. In the next year the Athenians hired him for 1½ talents to join their N.H.S. In the next year Polycrates, the ruler of the island of Samos offered him two talents for the same service.

Hence he came to Samos. In this year Samos was captured by the Persians, and Democedes was taken prisoner to Susa.

"Here it happened that Darius, king of the Persians, while hunting, twisted his foot in dismounting from his horse, so violently that the ball of the ankle joint was dislocated. Darius called in first his Egyptian physicians who by using excessive force did but make the hurt worse. On the eighth day Darius was in evil case. Someone suggested he called in Democedes. Democedes applied Greek remedies and used gentleness instead of force, and Darius soon recovered. He rewarded Democedes richly and gave him a pair of golden fetters thereby indicating that he would not let him return to Greece. Soon after, Atossa the wife of Darius, found a swelling growing on her breast, which broke and spread further. As long as it was a small matter she said nothing but hid it for shame. But soon, growing worse, she showed it to Democedes. He promised to cure her but made her swear to requite him by granting whatever he asked, saying he would ask nothing shameful. His remedies were successful and Atossa promised to help him plot his return to Greece. Their plot was successful and Democedes returned to Croton."

From 450-420 Athens was flourishing and had a very large imperial revenue from her Treasury at Delos. Hence came her outlay on costly buildings and statues in the city and on the Acropolis, e.g. the Parthenon. During this period the N.H.S. appeared to flourish. In 425 the top N.H.S. physician was Pittalos.

We find reference in Aristophanes' "Acharnians" (1027-1032). Two farmers are talking:

A. Please rub some Peace-ointment, do, on my eyes.

B. But, my poor fool I am not a N.H.S. doctor.

A. Please give me some.

B. Away, off you go to Pittalos' clinic.

"In ancient Greece the state itself was accustomed to retain certain physicians who kept, as it were, a public dispensary and took no fee from patients. Perhaps the most notable instance of the custom is afforded by Democedes of Croton who was engaged as a public physician in successive years at an ever-increasing salary by Aegina, Athens and Samos.

Dodwell travelling in Greece at the beginning of the 19th century found the same custom still prevailing." N.B. There was a private fee-paying section of the community as well as the N.H.S. See not in Starkie's edition of the play, "The Acharnians", line 1030.

Athens was in dire financial straits and so we find in Aristophanes' "Plutus" (Ploutos), Plutus, the god of wealth is blind and does not know what he is doing with his money. Aristophanes seems to complain of the present distribution of wealth, that it falls to the undeserving, and he lamented now the old times when better men prospered or, lamented possibly that the bureaucrats and entrepreneurs had too much and the real creators too little. Aristophanes' real aim is not clear, but certainly the N.H.S. was now in dire trouble.

A. We must restore the sight

B. Whose sight?

A. The sight of wealth

B. Is he really blind?

A. He really is.

B. Had we not better call a doctor in?

A. There is not a doctor now in all the town. There are no fees therefore there is no skill.

Athens found herself unable to pay large salaries to her N.H.S. doctors who were consequently wiled away, as Democedes had been 150 years before by more generous offers from wealthier states.

So few of our politicians seem to realise the possibility or even the probability that there is nothing new under the sun — only what has been forgotten.



# FOUNDATION DAY, JULY 1988

*In the absence through illness of the Chairman of the Court of Governors, Professor Sir Cyril Philips, the proceedings were opened by the acting chairman, Mr Jim Roberts.*

*The Guest of Honour was the Reverend Canon George Tolley, Ph.D., D.Sc., D.Univ., F.R.S.C.*

## THE HEAD MASTER'S REPORT

Dr Tolley, M. le Directeur, Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen,

The other day I received from an organisation which has little knowledge and less understanding of independent schools the draft of what they propose to publish about Mill Hill School in their next edition. Much was complimentary, some was even accurate. The phrase which rang most true to me was the quotation of something I said to the interviewer a couple of years ago: "Education is about setting the right expectations". I meant it then; I mean it still — and I mean it in application to parents and Governors as well as to pupils and staff. This year in presenting my annual report, I shall eschew any chronicle of events or record of achievements. For these you can refer to the School Magazine, the latest handsome edition of which was received yesterday.

Although aware that such a review normally reckons to make mention of all those achievements and achievers that deserve it, I shall for once break my own rule in the matter: I believe this year precedence should be taken by another theme. I am calling it Raising the Standard. None of you is likely to be surprised at this, given my earlier self-quotation; many of you may feel secure in anticipating how I am going to develop the theme; but only one of you has reason to know how far I shall take it in order to reach my appointed conclusion.

First, let me claim that, in one sense of the theme's ambiguity, the standard has already been raised over the last decade — and I say this in tribute to the collective efforts of my colleagues on the teaching, pastoral and administrative staff. Parents are naturally concerned in the first place with academic results; and the lines trend overall upwards through the eighties in A level points, entry to higher education, O level statistics and Sixth Form entry. The fact that we gained more successes at Oxbridge in 1987, and failed more 13+ candidates in 1988, than in any year since I assumed responsibility for the School merely caps the general point at its top and bottom ends.

This is only one aspect of the School's performance; and complacency is far from being our attitude; we must take account of the perceptions of the market, the range and rate of current changes in secondary education, and of certain persistent weaknesses evident among a number of our pupils. To take the latter first; too few (particularly of the Lower Sixth) sustain a consistently high level of study: they perceive A levels as being relatively remote and are often indecently exposed by the end-of-year examinations. At lower levels, it is clear

to teachers that parents find it disturbingly hard to bring up their children in a positive habit of reading; whatever the attractions **and** benefits of information technology and televueing may be, there is **no** substitute for familiarity, and curiosity, with the printed word; only this can generate knowledge and stimulate imagination, judgement and communication.

How many parents still devote the necessary time to bedtime stories with their younger children — and to open-ended dialogue on topics of lasting value with their adolescent offspring? We do not complain at having to compensate for domestic neglect; but please do not complain on your side if we sometimes register this neglect.

There are other failings common among pupils which we are frequently campaigning about, with consistent determination but less success: the toleration of litter, and in this I include an astonishing propensity for leaving valuable textbooks and irreplaceable notebooks lying around; language which is bad in the sense either of being unacceptably crude, or of being crudely imprecise; irresponsibility in meeting commitments whether in overlooking deadlines or interpreting obligations as options. We really are failing our customers in preparing their children for the realities of adult life when we compromise our routines — and examples — in such areas. Above all, I am disturbed by the proportion of pupils, overwhelmingly day-boys, who seem to regard it as our responsibility to timetable all their free time with an imposed schedule of activities and show little responsibility on their own account to take advantage of the massive range of facilities and opportunities available to them. It is with sadness as well as conviction that I have arranged a fuller and tighter schedule of extra-curricular activities from next term; for example, the liberty implied by Tuesdays being Minor Sports day has been totally revised on account of the unacceptable liberties taken by too many pupils.

On the whole, however, one can be encouraged: the climate of pupils' attitudes has generally improved over the last decade in terms of awareness and participation, sense of purpose and a sense of community. Again, setting the right expectations is the key to this; and the leadership evident among Housemasters, activity-leaders and School Staff is absolutely vital. The School is also a more tolerant and supportive society than I observed on my arrival; and a series of excellent Senior Monitors has had a good deal to do with this. I wish to pay particular tribute to James Fox, not only for his legendary efficiency and initiative but also for his humane regime; this can be well illustrated by an anecdote that may provoke a few blushes — and astonishment among those who remember the days of fagging and corporal punishment administered by senior pupils.

I had, last November, an urgent message for the Senior Monitor — in School House, above my study; taking it out into the Octagon, I met a new-boy who looked completely nonplussed when asked, two months after his arrival in School House, to go up to the Senior Monitor's room. I could only assume that in all that time

he had remained unaware of even the most important facts of life in a structured community. Then his face lit up with the kind of trusting confidence that makes discipline more difficult as well as kinder: "The Senior Monitor? Oh, you mean James."

This tells us a good deal about the quality of life here, and it matches the comment made last year by the Deputy Head of London's biggest prep-school, namely that Mill Hill is the happiest and friendliest school of the large range which it is his business to be acquainted with. I am left wondering, and worrying, whether he also means "the most relaxed"; but I prefer to dwell on that other phrase, "the quality of life". Ten years ago the School was distinctly down-at-heel. Since then there have been huge improvements in facilities and decor; and credit for this must be given particularly to two gentlemen — and I use the word advisedly — who have given spectacularly effective service to the School behind the scenes. One is Jim Fernhead, the Estates Bursar, who has master-minded a vital range of modernisation in recent years, not least at Belmont; the other is Dick Walker, who has been a Governor of the School and its Honorary Treasurer for over thirty years. It is with the greatest appreciation, and affection, that I ask him to come closer and receive this token of the School's gratitude for the selfless and incomparable voluntary work he has done for so long to maintain the financial health of the School and to make possible so much of what I am referring to in my report today.

There is no doubt about our physical environment having been improved during the 1980s. For this first year of G.C.S.E. I reckon to have been of prime importance the regrouping and upgrading of classrooms throughout the Arts facilities. Nor must we overlook the renovation of the Large, the installation of the Archimedes network in the Script, and the satellite-reception systems in the Science and Modern Language blocks, while looking forward to enhancements scheduled for the next few weeks: the heart of the Biology block is about to be rebuilt, external elevations round the Quad are following the decoration of the Music School, and the first stage will soon be completed for transforming the wood-craft rooms of the Art block into our new C.D.T. centre.

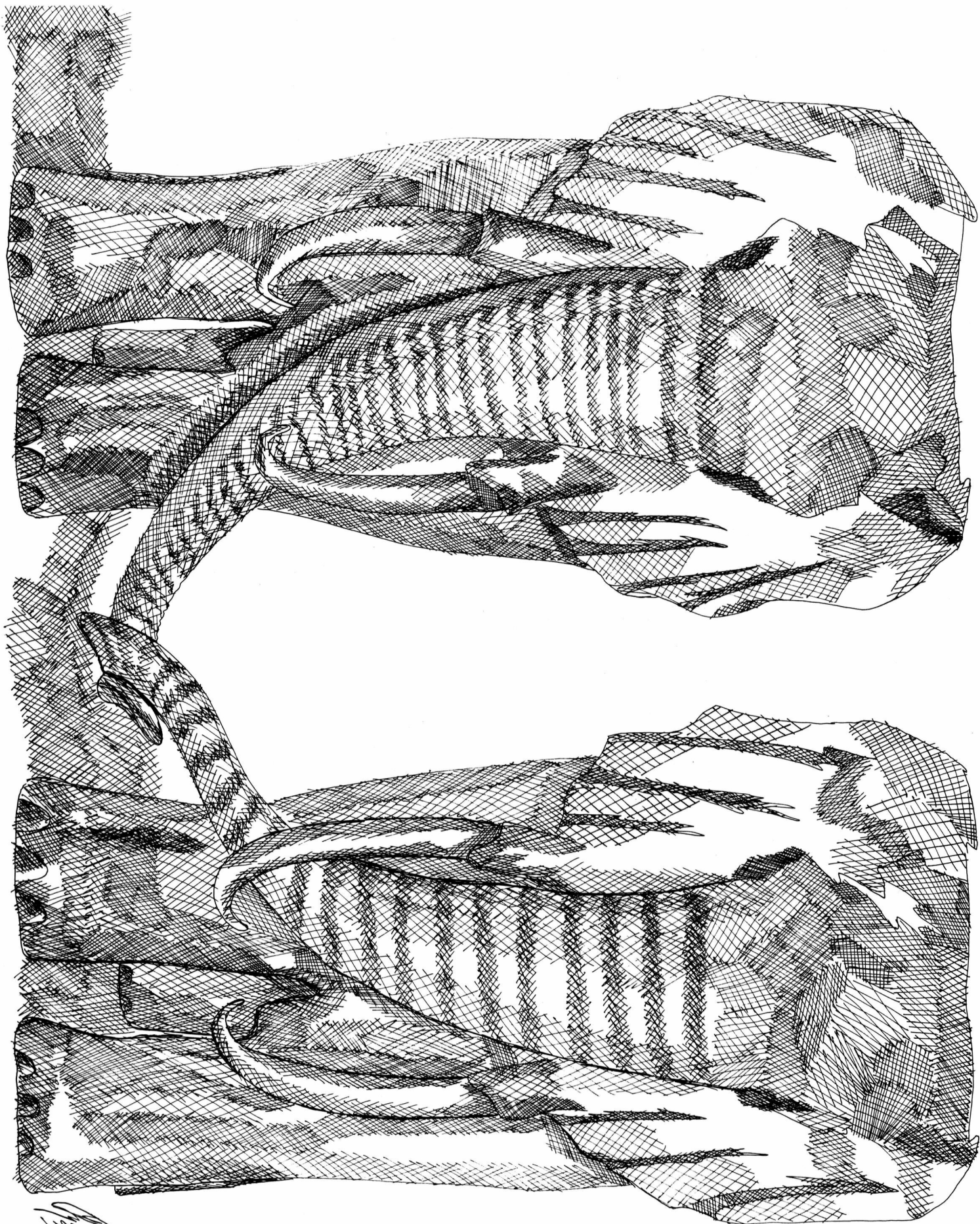
The next stage of modernisation includes the provision, by this time next year, of a truly all-weather Hockey-pitch and the conversion of accommodation near the car-park into an extra Day-House to ease the congestion in the present three. Even earlier than then, new equipment and expertise will be in place for developing and teaching innovative courses in management-skills and Information Technology-with-Business Studies. I am particularly pleased to report that these initiatives represent the first steps towards the realisation of our projected Management Centre: members of the Steering Committee for this project have worked hard over this academic year; the specification and architect's drawings have been accepted internally and are now ready for external presentation. This development heralds a fresh sense of the phrase "Raising the Standard": the School's flag will be flying higher, with an educationally pace-making emblem blazoned on it; indeed we consider this project to be of national importance, as does the Government's independent

small business adviser and, I do not doubt, our Guest of Honour.

The year 1992 has been impressed on our collective consciousness as the date when Europe comes of age as a political and economic unit. I take a more personal view of it as well since I am due to retire four years from today. I make no bones about the fact that there are certain things which I wish to see achieved by then at Mill Hill; and the establishment of the Management Centre on a self-funding basis comparable to the Mill Hill School Enterprises Company set up in 1983, is foremost among them. Another is the realisation of ambitions inherent in Trevor Chilton's admirable lecture this term to the Sixth Form, entitled Making the Most of Collinson: it is wonderful that the School enjoys grounds so close to London that offer a ratio of five pupils per acre; but it is a long time since we did enough to nurture and replace the legacy of trees that has come down to us over more than two centuries. There is an obligation as well as an opportunity here. A parallel legacy, for pastoral culture, stems from the School's foundation as the Protestant Dissenters grammar-school; and we look forward to the spiritual and broadly ecumenical leadership of Simon Ellis, who takes up his appointment as Minister of Mill Hill East and Chaplain to the School just when the first G.C.S.E. results are expected — which is an irony for our first-ever non-teaching Chaplain.

1992 has, as a European milestone, an even more topical significance for Mill Hill: it will remind us of the pioneering role that the School has fulfilled in the teaching and application of Modern Languages. Although the midwives of G.C.S.E. have anaesthetised (temporarily, as we hope) our courses of History and Geography in French, the exchanges with schools at Agen, Bouaye and Goslar thrive, and affect a considerable number of pupils. They are complementary and supplementary to our most happy exchange with the Institution Join-Lambert at Rouen, which successfully changed gear to the Fourth Form last year and which this year celebrates its twentieth anniversary. We are delighted to have here with us today a representative group of our colleagues from Rouen, including André Carron who has been "in on the act" since its inception and Monsieur Jean-Claude Paré, the Directeur of Join-Lambert, whom I am now inviting to step up to the microphone and offer you a few words to mark this memorable occasion.

It is fitting that the School's "jumelage" with Join-Lambert should be given prominence in this exceptional fashion; I am proud to tell you also that a Baker's dozen of our pupils have been invited to take part in a week's colloquium, during this Autumn half-term, with nominated schools from France, Holland and Luxembourg, at the European study-centre Alden Biesen. Further, there is open to us, thanks to my thirty-year-long link with, and my wife's recent visit to, West Berlin, the possibility of taking there, in July 1989, next term's production by Nigel Patterson and Simon Hillier, of **Guys and Dolls**. Such privileges extend most excitingly the continental bridgehead we have for so long enjoyed at Rouen; in terms of Raising the Standard, they represent further escutcheons on the School's banner. Those of you who, just over a year ago, were interested enough to participate in the evening conference about



1937

the potential Tanner Benefaction will be particularly pleased to hear that the benefactor has, with only minor qualifications, agreed all our collective suggestions and initiatives; indeed, the School's Solicitor has since done excellent work, so that ratification of the complicated Trust Deed by the Charity Commission was received two days ago. This promises in due time to enhance significantly areas of the School's educational and pastoral activities which bear both on the "quality of life" and also "Raising the Standard".

Before revealing the principal aspect as I see it, of that last slogan, I must first make a couple of points about today. First, why I decided to move back Foundation Day from the Saturday of half term to the last day of the School year — or, if some of you so regard it, the first day of the holidays. The improved climate of collective pride supports my view that a fitting climax to School careers can only be held at the very end of the academic year, together with the Leavers Ball and (this year) the imminent departure of the World Rugby Tour party; to them we wish every fortune and diplomatic success in Singapore, Australia, Fiji, Hawaii, Los Angeles and Denver — and indeed Gatwick. They are conscious of their responsibilities in bearing the banner of Mill Hill School.

Secondly, I wish to record our hearty thanks to those who are leaving the School for all that they have contributed to it in their time here. I naturally cannot cite all the 126 pupils who already feel themselves to be Old Millhillians. I sincerely hope that they will wish to associate with the School, in a spirit of loyalty, interest and gratitude, in the years to come. I am however delighted to offer to the Senior Monitor the opportunity of speaking today's last formal words and to congratulate him heartily on the Ramsay Award: he embodies its terms outstandingly well. We also thank for their various and positive contributions several most valued members of the academic Staff who are leaving us: Charles Duckworth, who must be special because he arrived at Mill Hill with me in 1979 and indeed he is, for the unusual range of his skills; Andrew Rattue and, if I may so call her "Sarah" Hardcastle, who are moving together to another neighbouring establishment; Michael Raybould, Brent Wolf and Michael Muir, our itinerate Australasians; and Derek Hender, who has made a skilful bridge between our traditional woodwork and incipient design-realisation. Andrew has been here only three years but has made a tremendous personal impact, by his youthful vigour and maturity of skills, in the classroom and the Careers Department, with dramatic productions, the Cross-country Team and the Sixth Form Club. These are "up front" activities; Jennifer Faulkner leaves our Science Lab staff after fifteen years cheerful and increasingly skilled service; and one does not have to be a science teacher to realise how vital her contribution has been. We wish them the very best of fortune in their new endeavours and life-styles and trust that they will wish to requite the loyalty and affection which we feel for them.

We have now come to the moment which you have all been waiting for, when the Guest of Honour and Chief Speaker rises to our occasion. It is crucial to your understanding of my invitation to him to address us today, with Mrs Tolley as our other honoured guest, that

I now finally explain my slogan: Raising the Standard. It is the title of the report recently issued by **Industry Matters**: this is the successor to Industry Year 1986, and Dr Tolley is Chairman of the Education-Industry Forum which produced it. Much of my report today is relevant to that authoritative post and his other functions as Chief Officer of the Manpower Services Commission's Review of Vocational Qualifications, Companion of the British Institute of Management, member of the Council of the Association of Colleges of Further and Higher Education, of the Continuing Education Committee for Business and Technical Education, of the Council of the Policy Studies Institute, and of the Directors of the Polytechnics. He is absolutely at the forefront of thinking for the nation's educational development; and at a time when G.C.S.E. has established itself and provoked the need for radical change in courses qualifying for entry to higher and secondary education, it is an exceptional honour for us that he should be here to comment on our initiatives, to address an audience which is among the most entrepreneurial in the country, and to place in perspective those aspects of modern education which Mill Hill has been making every effort to develop. These include (I quote from an article he wrote in *The Times* this term), "the qualities and skills that have to do with decision-making, problem-solving, communication; the ability to work in and lead a team; the ability to learn and to adapt . . . and, increasingly, to be enterprising, which means putting all those qualities and skills to work, with personal desire to achieve personal goals in situations of considered risk". Everything which I have said today and which we, on the basis of our nonconformist tradition and open society, set out to do, enables me with the greatest pleasure, confidence and expectation to introduce to you Dr. Tolley.

*The Senior Monitor, James Fox, then thanked Monsieur Paré for donating a tree and thanked the Guest of Honour, Dr. Tolley, for giving his address and he also had this to say.*

"It is of course a great honour to be appointed Senior Monitor, but on a personal level it is particularly gratifying to be able to represent and uphold the family name. I mentioned the word family for in this hall today, as a collective group we make up three generations worth who have at some time attended Mill Hill, which in itself is an achievement, but more importantly an indication of the continued and growing success of the school.

"I have received much advice from all quarters as to the content, duration and so on of my speech particularly from the pupils for example pleading with me to be 'brief', to getting me to confess all my past 'rebellious deeds' or to telling and I quote 'an unfunny joke to get the old fogies going'. I am sorry, therefore, if I am disappointing anyone, but today allows me the opportunity to give some advice particularly to the non-prize winners. I always recall never receiving a prize and the seemingly bottomless words of encouragement from the Head Master something to the effect of 'try again next year', which always seemed to add insult to injury, but now I too am going to say it, don't give up, keep trying and with perseverance eventually you will succeed.



"This brings me to my last point, namely that I most certainly would not be standing here in one piece if it were not for the tremendous and continued support throughout the year of the School Staff. I have often felt in the past that they never seemed to get the credit which they deserved, for I hope in some ways at least we are

leaving Mill Hill a slightly better place than we found it — long may this continue.

"My closing remarks are of course to our Guest of Honour; we are all aware that you are still a very busy man and we are indebted to you for coming here today. Dr. Tolley, thank you very much."



## PRIZE LIST 1988

### NAMED PRIZES

|  |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| <b>Ramsay Award</b> .....  | J. C. J. Fox        |
| <b>Hamilton Bailey Memorial Prize</b> .....  | S. M. P. Mortali    |
|  | I. C. Onyejiaka     |
| <b>Martin Woolf Memorial Prize</b> .....   | K. Kato             |
| <b>Head Master's Prize and Upper Sixth Form Prize for Biology</b> .....                | P. Achan            |
| <b>Head Master's Prize</b> .....   | J. H. Pollock       |
| <b>Winfrey Sixth Form History Scholarship and Fifth Form Prize for Geography</b> ..... | J. Campbell Collins |
| <b>Old Millhillians' Lodge Prize for Ancient History and Politics</b> .....            | F. Economakis       |
| <b>Old Millhillians' Literary Prizes</b>   |                     |
| Prose .....  | S. Gaete            |
| Verse and Fifth Form Prizes for English and History .....                              | J. H. Baker         |
| Verse .....  | S. N. Lee           |
| Junior Verse .....   | J. R. Mizon         |
| <b>Parkyn Prize for Mathematics</b> .....  | R. Makhija          |
| <b>David Needham Prize for Business Studies, French and Human Biology</b> .....        | S. Mohamed          |
| <b>Edward Sheffield Prize for Classics</b> .....                                       | S. Salaheddin       |
| <b>Isabel Hector Fleming Prize for Business Studies and Geography</b> .....            | D. L. Simmons       |

### History Essay Prizes

|               |                   |
|---------------|-------------------|
| Marnham ..... | S. E. M. Wakeling |
| McGowan ..... | E. S. Davis       |

### Arthur Jubber Memorial Prize for Science

F. Shukur

### Walter Knox Prize for Chemistry and Upper Sixth Form Prize for Mathematics

J. N. Goodman

### Gregory Prize for Chemistry

S. L. Wijayatilleke

### McClure Music Prize and Upper Sixth Form Prize for Biology

P. J. R. Albert

### Syer Prizes for Strings

|              |                |
|--------------|----------------|
| Senior ..... | J. H. Burden   |
|              | P. A. Seaton   |
| Junior ..... | D. M. J. Kraft |
|              | R. W. Mays     |

### Richard Lister Franks Music Prizes

Senior ..... T. J. Seaton |

### Junior and Fifth Form Prizes for English, French, History in French, Latin and Physics

T. J. Kenefick

### Charles Farrow Prize for Singing

M. K. W. Johnston

### Stopford Brook Prize for Art

T. Beuthin

### Pearse Prizes for Art

|              |              |
|--------------|--------------|
| Senior ..... | D. I. Stuart |
| Junior ..... | S. N. Lee    |

### Lanford Prize for Design

M. J. Mindel



## SUBJECT PRIZES

### Fourth

|                             |                  |
|-----------------------------|------------------|
| Art .....                   | A. Fiandaca      |
| Biology .....               | C. L. L. Mortali |
| Chemistry .....             | D. S. Gardiner   |
| Classical Studies .....     | G. S. Bamert     |
| Electronics .....           | R. Shah          |
| English .....               | D. B. Leventhal  |
| French .....                | E. A. Standing   |
| Geography .....             | O. F. Wright     |
| German & Latin .....        | V. Sivasanker    |
| History .....               | N. R. Wakeling   |
| Mathematics & Physics ..... | K. H-K Wong      |
| Spanish .....               | J. A. Goldsobel  |

### Removes

|                            |                   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Biology .....              | R. C. Sarma       |
| Chemistry .....            | A. K. A. Malde    |
| Classical Studies .....    | A. Christodoulou  |
|                            | G. J. A. Admis    |
| Computer Programming ..... | Z. Ball           |
| Computer Studies .....     | S. S. Y. Chan     |
| English .....              | S. Gaete          |
|                            | S. N. Lee         |
| French .....               | G. R. Fernando    |
|                            | N. Naqui          |
| Geography .....            | A. K. A. Malde    |
| German .....               | A. D. Karkera     |
|                            | R. C. Sarma       |
| History .....              | A. K. A. Malde    |
| History in French .....    | A. D. Karkera     |
|                            | R. C. Sarma       |
| Latin .....                | S. E. M. Wakeling |
| Mathematics .....          | D. Tang           |
| Physics .....              | A. K. A. Malde    |

### Fifth

|                         |                 |
|-------------------------|-----------------|
| Art .....               | C. P. R. Lawton |
| Biology .....           | R. Moosavi      |
| Chemistry .....         | J. N. Shah      |
| Classical Studies ..... | Y. Enoki        |
| Economics .....         | F. Gulmohamed   |
|                         | S. B. Mehta     |
| French .....            | V. K. Thakur    |
| German .....            | M. S. Daruwalla |
| Mathematics .....       | A. S. Choudhuri |

### Lower Sixth

|                                   |                |
|-----------------------------------|----------------|
| Biology .....                     | A. F. Rothwell |
| Business Studies .....            | N. J. Bolter   |
|                                   | H. L. Nice     |
|                                   | D. J. Owen     |
|                                   | A. J. Simpson  |
| Chemistry .....                   | M. Gudka       |
| Computer Studies .....            | S. B. Abdullah |
| Economics .....                   | S. B. Abdullah |
|                                   | M. R. Jacobson |
| English .....                     | T. Beuthin     |
|                                   | V. C. Byrne    |
|                                   | C. M. Camden   |
|                                   | T. J. Seaton   |
| French .....                      | S. Salaheddin  |
|                                   | W. Yazbek      |
| Geography .....                   | C. M. Camden   |
| German .....                      | S. Salaheddin  |
| History .....                     | J. E. Carswell |
| Human Biology .....               | T. Aspinall    |
| Mathematics & Further Maths ..... | M. O. C. Potel |
| Mathematics .....                 | M. Gudka       |
| Physics .....                     | J. E. Carswell |
| Politics .....                    | S. Mehra       |
| Spanish .....                     | V. C. Byrne    |

### Upper Sixth

|                             |                 |
|-----------------------------|-----------------|
| Chemistry & Economics ..... | S. Shah         |
| Economics .....             | M. H. Lakhany   |
| English .....               | K. Nayagam      |
|                             | C. Rice         |
|                             | J. E. Connolly  |
| French .....                | R. Philip       |
| German .....                | T. A. A. Shaikh |
| History .....               | J. M. Levy      |
|                             | B. M. Ruxton    |
| Physics .....               | A. Nahum        |
|                             | E. R. Shahmoon  |
| Spanish .....               | S. Bourne       |

“... but Boy George is very different — uuhhm, I mean  
Lloyd George ...” **J.G.W.**

## MILL HILL CHOSEN TO PILOT NEW “A” LEVEL

The Business Studies Department is extremely pleased to announce that it has been selected as one of fifty schools around the country, and the only independent school, to pilot a new “A” level in Business and Information Technology. The immediate result of this is that the department has received delivery of twelve 20 MB hard disc IBM compatible computers and state of the art software in:

- (i) An integrated package for wordprocessing, databases, spreadsheets and communications
- (ii) Desk Top Publishing
- (iii) A computer accounting package.

It is felt by the department that the printers could be improved and so they intend to approach industry for help in the purchase of laser printers and a scanner, the hope being that these will eventually be used to help produce the school magazine.

Another development is the introduction of information technology training for all fourth years in the school, together with access to IT for all pupils. In this way it is hoped that project work for G.C.S.E. and “A” levels can be greatly enhanced.

**M.N.**

# VALETE 1988

Clinton Chan  
Jason Dawson  
Elliot Hamilton  
Julian Mann  
Scott Lopa  
Samir Patel  
Jason Scannell  
Michaela Wulff  
Pramod Achan  
Adeniyi Adegboyega  
Peter Albert  
Simeon Allan  
Ahmed Alvi  
Umar Alvi  
Emma Angell  
Hideki Arichi  
Noor Azizan  
Russell Baum  
Simon Beard  
Chantal Beierling  
Raymond Bell  
Khaled Bin Ali  
Patrick Bose  
Susana Bourne  
James Carpenter  
Mark Charad  
George Christodoulou  
Julia Connolly  
Jonathan Cooper  
Richard Danks  
Nigel Davis  
Khalid Dawas  
Alexander Dell  
Julian de Metz  
Tarquin Dimsey  
Tarquin Dinsdale

Kevin Doherty  
Edward Donald  
Christopher Doukaki  
Robert Duncan  
Paul East  
Felix Economakis  
Anthony Fernandes  
Francesco Ferrari  
Marco Ferrari  
Nicholas Fine  
Claude Forde  
James A. Fox  
James C. Fox  
Steven Foy  
Oliver Freedman  
Philip Godfrey  
James Goodman  
Daniel Graff  
Adam Green  
Charles Green  
Clive Greenhough  
John Hawker  
Ian Holmes  
Andrew Howes  
Alexander Ingham  
Stuart Irvine  
Pia Irwin  
Brian Jones  
Larissa Jourdan  
Raj Karia  
Ajay Kejriwal  
Nicholas Keller  
Benedict Kent  
Anita Kooner  
Mehboob Lakhany  
Christopher Lawton

Jeremy Leeor  
David Leventhal  
James Levy  
Huw Llewelyn  
Anoop Maini  
Christian Maiss  
Ravi Makhija  
Espen Malmberg  
Cyrus Maneksha  
Adrian Mather  
Mohammed Mattar  
Andrew McKelvie  
Darshan Mistry  
Gautam Mistry  
Jonathan Mylniec  
Sikin Mohamed  
Sassan Mokhtarzadeh  
Mary Moore  
John Morgan  
Mohamed Murad  
Anthony Nahum  
Stephen Nash  
Kamraj Nayagam  
Newlin Mazaraki  
Noyan Nihat  
Soydan Nihat  
Graham O'Connell  
Rebecca Philip  
Dominic Phillips  
George Podoski  
Julian Pollock  
Todd Quattromini  
Oliver Rabin  
Arshad Rahman  
Jeremy Raphael  
Paula Reeve

Richard Regen  
Cyrena Rice  
Emma Richardson  
Jonathan Roback  
Guy Roberts  
Alexia Roe  
Ian Rosner  
Jason Rumana  
Belinda Ruxton  
Sarah Rymer  
Jonathan Sands  
Marcus Sanford-Casey  
Neel Shah  
Sanjeev Shah  
Ronnie Shahmoon  
Tahir Shaikh  
Vivek Sharma  
Max Shone  
Fariza Shukur  
Michael Simmonds  
Debra Simmons  
Joanne Skates  
Julian Smith  
James Soames  
Jonathan Solomons  
Marc Sonnenthal  
Daniel Stuart  
Fleur Suster  
Surindha Talwatte  
Theron Tan  
Kate Vandermeer  
Matthew Vincent  
Edward Welikala  
Osmund Welikala



*"How many times have I told you to GET OFF THE GRASS!"*

## WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

The following is the most up-to-date list possible of last term's leavers; Mr Sutcliffe or Mr Stringer at the School will be glad to receive further information from these or others.

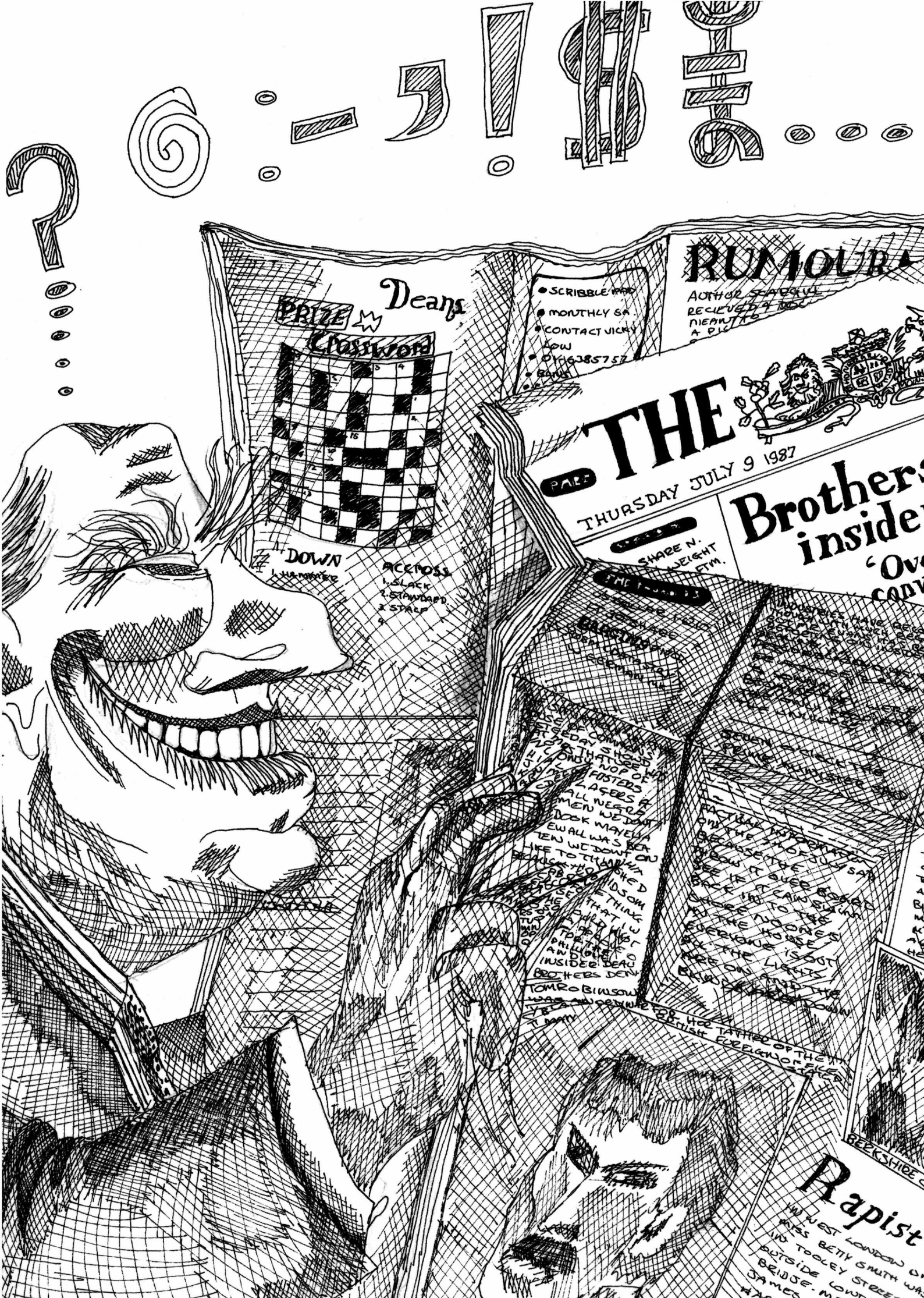
|                          |   |
|--------------------------|---|
| <b>ACHAN, Pramod</b>     | Barts — medicine  |
| <b>ALBERT, Peter</b>     | Royal Free Hospital —<br>medicine                                     |
| <b>ALLAN, Simeon</b>     | Nottingham Univ.  |
| <b>ARICHI, Hideki</b>    | City Univ. — Engineering  |
| <b>CONNOLLY, Julia</b>   | Edinburgh Univ. — English   |
| <b>COOPER, Jonathan</b>  | Poly.   |
| <b>DAWAS, Khalid</b>     | St. John's Cambridge —<br>Natural Sciences                            |
| <b>DELL, Alexander</b>   | Leicester Univ. — Law   |
| <b>DE METZ, Julian</b>   | Manchester Univ. —<br>Architecture                                    |
| <b>FERRARI, Marco</b>    | Warwick Univ.   |
| <b>FORDE, Claude</b>     | King's College London —<br>Economics and politics                     |
| <b>FOX, James A.</b>     | Wales Poly, Cardiff —<br>Estate management                            |
| <b>FOX, James C.</b>     | One year Army — then<br>Reading Univ.                                 |
| <b>GOODMAN, James</b>    | Magdalene College<br>Cambridge —<br>Chem. Engineering                 |
| <b>GREEN, Adam</b>       | School-leaver year at Orley<br>Farm School, then<br>Loughborough      |
| <b>HAMILTON, Elliott</b> | Leicester Univ. — French  |
| <b>HAWKER, John</b>      | Brooklands Coll. —<br>Business studies                                |
| <b>INGHAM, Alexander</b> | Univ. of Kent   |
| <b>IRWIN, Pia</b>        | Lloyds Insurance  |
| <b>JONES, Brian</b>      | Thames Poly.  |
| <b>KELLER, Nicholas</b>  | Durham Univ. —<br>Economics   |
| <b>KOONER, Anita</b>     | City Univ. —<br>Business studies                                      |
| <b>LAKHANY, Mehboob</b>  | Re-applying for law at univ.  |
| <b>LEEOR, Jeremy</b>     | Liverpool Univ. — German  |
| <b>LEVY, James</b>       | Manchester Univ. —<br>History and philosophy                          |
| <b>LLEWELYN, Huw</b>     | Sunderland Poly. —<br>Management                                      |
| <b>MAINI, Anoop</b>      | King's London — Dentistry   |
| <b>MAKHIJA, Ravi</b>     | Imperial College —<br>Engineering                                     |
| <b>MANEKSHA, Cyrus</b>   | Durham Univ. —<br>Geography   |
| <b>MATHER, Adrian</b>    | Middlesex Poly.   |
| <b>McKELVIE, Andrew</b>  | Tile Hill College —<br>Management                                     |
| <b>MISTRY, Darshan</b>   | Min. of Defence at<br>Farnborough<br>(sponsorship) then<br>Bath Univ. |
| <b>MOHAMED, Sikin</b>    | St. Catharine's<br>Cambridge — Law                                    |
| <b>MOORE, Mary</b>       | Durham Univ. —<br>Geography   |

|                           |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| <b>NAHUM, Anthony</b>     | Trinity, Oxford  |
| <b>NAYAGAM, Kamraj</b>    | Trinity, Cambridge —<br>English                          |
| <b>O'CONNELL, Graham</b>  | King's London  |
| <b>PHILIP, Rebecca</b>    | Nottingham Univ. —<br>French                             |
| <b>PODOSKI, George</b>    | Art college  |
| <b>POLLOCK, Julian</b>    | Durham Univ. — Politics<br>and philosophy                |
| <b>RAPHAEL, Jeremy</b>    | Leeds Univ. — Mechanical<br>Engineering                  |
| <b>REGEN, Richard</b>     | Trent Poly. — Surveying                                  |
| <b>RICE, Cyrena</b>       | Re-applying for University                               |
| <b>RICHARDSON, Emma</b>   | Oxford Poly.   |
| <b>ROE, Alexia</b>        | Regents Park College<br>Oxford — Theology                |
| <b>RUXTON, Belinda</b>    | Bath Univ. — International<br>studies                    |
| <b>RYMER, Sarah</b>       | Re-applying for univ.                                    |
| <b>SHAH, Sanjeev</b>      | Gonville and Caius,<br>Cambridge — Economics             |
| <b>SHAHMOON, Ronnie</b>   | Imperial College, London                                 |
| <b>SHAIKH, Tahir</b>      | Bristol Univ. —<br>French and German                     |
| <b>SHUKUR, Fariza</b>     | Newnham, Cambridge —<br>Maths or Computer<br>studies     |
| <b>SIMMONS, Debra</b>     | Oxford Poly. —<br>Business studies                       |
| <b>SKATES, Joanne</b>     | St. Godricks Secretarial<br>(January)                    |
| <b>SOAMES, James</b>      | Manchester Univ.   |
| <b>TALWATTE, Surindha</b> | Imperial College, London —<br>Civil engineering          |
| <b>WELIKALA, Osmund</b>   | Nottingham Univ. —<br>Ancient history and<br>archaeology |

## ABROAD

|                           |                                     |
|---------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| <b>BIN ALI, Khaled</b>    | Hong Kong                           |
| <b>CHAN, Clinton</b>      | School-leaver exchange,             |
| <b>FERNANDES, Anthony</b> | Newington College,<br>Sydney        |
| <b>KARIA, Raj</b>         | Golden Gate Univ.,<br>San Francisco |
| <b>LEVENTHAL, David</b>   | U.S.A.                              |
| <b>LOPA, Scott</b>        | Australia                           |
| <b>MAISS, Christian</b>   | Germany                             |
| <b>MYLNIEC, Jonathan</b>  | U.S.A.                              |
| <b>TAN, Theron</b>        | Army in Singapore                   |
| <b>WELIKALA, Edward</b>   | British School in Paris             |

"Ten au pairs — six French, one German, and four Italians"  
**A.P.H.**





# SOCIETIES

## THE SOCRATICS

What is the Socratics?

A discussion society.

Who attends?

Anywhere between a dozen and fifteen sixth formers.

Where is it held?

In Mr. Gloster-Wyatt's home.

The Socratics meets three times in the Winter term and two times in each of the other terms. Thus as we hit the printing presses there has only been the first of our seven meetings to report.

Never-the-less that meeting promised well for the remainder and is a typical example of the society's deliberations. The topic for discussion was "Is God Good?". David Faik presented the introductory paper, which was distinguished for philosophical rigour and intellectual austerity. He outlined the different conceptions of God, the personal God in the Christian, Jewish and Islamic traditions, the dualistic view of a balanced conflicting Good and Evil, and finally the all encompassing pantheistic view, seeing God as the sum total of everything.

The discussion centred primarily on the personal concept of God with which most of us were more familiar. We skirted the problem of evil, injustice and cruelty but found ourselves drawn into the paradox or contradiction (I'm not going to be drawn into taking sides!) of determination and free-will as we tried to account for the former. Timothy Seaton eloquently advocated the Christian position and Khalid Murgian the Islamic, but those of an agnostic temper seemed the more numerous.

"The longest way round is the shortest way home" appeared to be the dictum of such philosophical debate and many interesting tangents were followed and explored and Mr McKie's firm but fair chairing was often needed to focus the lively debate.

Topics that have been broached recently have included the sincerity of God, flower beds and the morality of Scientific Progress.

It was nice to see the seasoned members from last year's Lower Sixth again at the fore, but the contributions of Timothy Kenefick, John Baker and Noah Kasrawy all served to provide evidence that they will no doubt aid the lively debates of the society during the next two years.

Thanks must go to all the members of staff who have attended our meetings both this term and last: Mr Gloster-Wyatt, our host, for his generous hospitality, to Mr Thoneman for his original and thought-provoking contributions, to Mr Axworthy for always throwing a "spanner into the works" when we think we have hit upon a solution to right the world, to Mrs Mills for her insight and last but by no means least to Mr McKie for his adept and invaluable service as chairman.

**Ian Teacher**

"The play Macbeth probably wasn't written by Macbeth himself"

**T.W.C.**

## THE WEYMOUTH SOCIETY

To those for whom the name Weymouth conjures up images of bath chairs and beach nuts, it is probably not inappropriate that the summer season is one of the Society's quietest.

Despite this we took ourselves to Hatfield House where we enjoyed a charming tour by Mrs Jennie Dean, who the previous Thursday had introduced this historical treasure-house. Peter Herring's impressively mature production of *Waiting for Godot* offered some of the finest acting seen at Mill Hill for several years. Congratulations to him and his cast of Sixth Formers. Standards of excellence previously achieved were maintained in the spiritual and gastronomic delights of our Summer Celebration which now seems to be a permanent feature.

I was personally saddened to lose Andrew Rattue from our planning committee and trust he will return on occasions from the other place. I am immensely grateful to those colleagues, parents and friends whose loyalty and practical help increase yearly.

**A.H.A.**

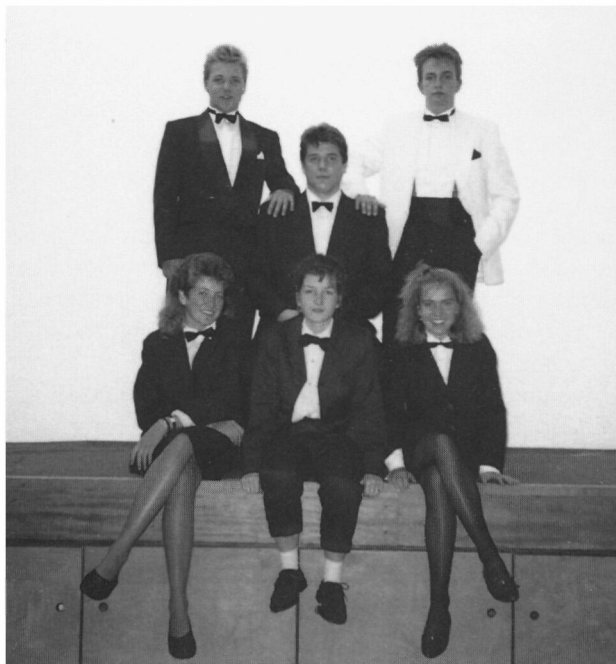


*Stuart Mays dressing for the Leaver's Ball.*



## THE SIXTH FORM CLUB

*Patron:* R. Ede, Esq.  
*Chairman:* Oliver Madge  
*Committee:* Veronica Byrne  
Peter Kornitzky  
Edward Latter  
Helene Nice  
James Robinson  
Fleur Rothwell



Despite the relatively few successes marked by the S.F.C. last year, the committee certainly did a brilliant job in ensuring they went out with a bang! The end of term Pyjama Party held outside the Sixth Form Centre was attended by almost all the Sixth Formers. There was a barbeque set up outside with a bar and a disco inside. The majority of people turned up in all sorts of entertaining night attire and caused a few laughs, not to mention shocks (the likes of Paula Reeve who must get quite chilly at night, to say the least!).

After such a rewarding event, the new committee had a hard act to follow, but by the obvious success of our opening disco we hope we are in for a favourable year amongst ALL Sixth Formers (and that includes day pupils!). So no more excuses of work or dinner with the grandparents when the Sixth Form Centre is available with good music from a variety of DJ's, food and even the opportunity to get to talk to those people you've never had the courage to talk to before!

There are various events planned for forthcoming Sundays and perhaps even a dance on Bonfire Night. All of this would be impossible without the advice and guidance of Mr Ede and Miss King, to whom we are all extremely grateful, the other committee members who have had to endure endless meetings already and to the masters who are willing to supervise Sixth Formers for a few hours on a Sunday evening when I'm sure they have a lot more interesting things to do! And, of course, our thanks go to all the Sixth Formers who make the effort to attend these evenings and make them all the more enjoyable.

**Oliver Madge and Helene Nice**

## COMPUTER SOCIETY

*Officers:*  
*Patron:* B. J. Dickson, Esq.  
*Chairman:* N. Kasrawy  
*Secretary:* M. Mindel  
*Network Manager:* M. Iacovou

We have been more an ongoing happening than a formal society this term, with new pupils discovering the Script and familiar faces recurring. Gestetner has of course been well in evidence writing network utilities and getting tickets to computer shows, and there has to be some truth in the rumour that he was given a Master of his own behind the printers. Mindel has also cunningly arranged his own terminal by locking his new combination interactive phone-in game/software library into a glass-topped box attached to the only in coming phone line; and we grieve at the loss of Tate, who appears to have defected with his CAD program to the colour plotter in the Design and Technology room. Deyong keeps suggesting a new project for himself every day, and Chan still writes one up every other day. Meadows is celebrating his runner-up award in the Lanford Prize last year, by composing on the word processor yet another chapter in the lives of his characters. Rockman has obviously spent the summer rehearsing management techniques as he now has a team of four programmers drawing sprites and composing music for a film; and as we go to press, the best solo sprite film is Wakeling's, with Richards and Winiarski close behind. We welcome Watkins as a new user of the Music Editor, even if we have to set a guard to stop him from treating the keyboard like a concert grand at fortissimo time. Hats off to Mrs Mills and the brave girls who take over the network on Fridays and congratulations to Nigel Bolter and Fleur Rothwell in the Upper Sixth for supervising afternoon sessions.

Congratulations also to Nawwar Kasrawy and Michael Iacovou for their successful resurrection of the Fileserver at the start of term, and their efforts at trapping the bugs that had crept in over the holidays. Seifert's scrolling network menu looks most attractive; and as ever, we thank Mrs Trinnaman for her superhuman efforts in keeping the hardware on line.

**B.J.D.**

## THE CHESS CLUB

*Patron:* P. E. R. Badger, Esq.  
*Captain:* J. Fox  
*Secretary:* R. Sainani

As always, the Summer term was quiet on the chess front. However, it was a successful year for the serious in the Harts League with the U16's coming first, and the U19's in second position. The juniors did not do as well, coming in 5th.

Again we all thank Mr Badger for his undying support, giving up his free afternoons to teach, coach, control and never getting angry.

**R. Sainani**

## THE FOOD COMMITTEE

During the past year the Food Committee was relatively inactive, with the only meeting of any note being towards the end of the Summer term. It was at this point, as I'm sure everyone will agree, that the general consensus was that the quality of the food had reached its lowest point since the catering firm presently used by the school first started with us. I doubt if anyone has forgotten the endless rows of "veal" cutlets, the smouldering piles of hash browns and the barren wastes of the vegetable crumble. After lengthy discussions, the basic problem seemed to be the size of their annual budget which meant they could only serve relatively small portions and provide a rather unimaginative selection of meals.

The committee members left that meeting in the Large

believing that the Autumn term would see a renewed effort on the caterer's part to provide us with acceptable meals. However, I was not surprised when it became necessary to call an emergency meeting early this term. Yet once again the same topics were discussed and the same promises were made to cease churning out great vats of curry and even more piles of the infamous hash browns. Whatever the outcome of our efforts though, I can certainly promise a more active Food Committee for this academic year and I hope that by the time you get to read this, there will have been a noticeable change in the quality of the food that we have to eat for most of the year.

**Jason Briggs**



*School Food — side effects?*

## SAILING AND WINDSURFING CLUB

Last Summer term proved to be a far better one for the Club than the previous few years have been, due to the fine weather. We went down to the "Welsh Harp" nearly every Tuesday and people either sailed in our 14 foot CCF Bosuns or on our ten windsurfs, and some rode around in our new rescue boat. Attendance was not as good as it has been in previous years, but I am sure that it will pick up next summer.

Unfortunately we were unable to organise any matches against other schools but hopefully we will have more luck next summer.

Thanks go to Mr Dingle who gave up his Tuesday afternoons to take us down there.

**Justin Levinson**

## SCHOOL COUNCIL

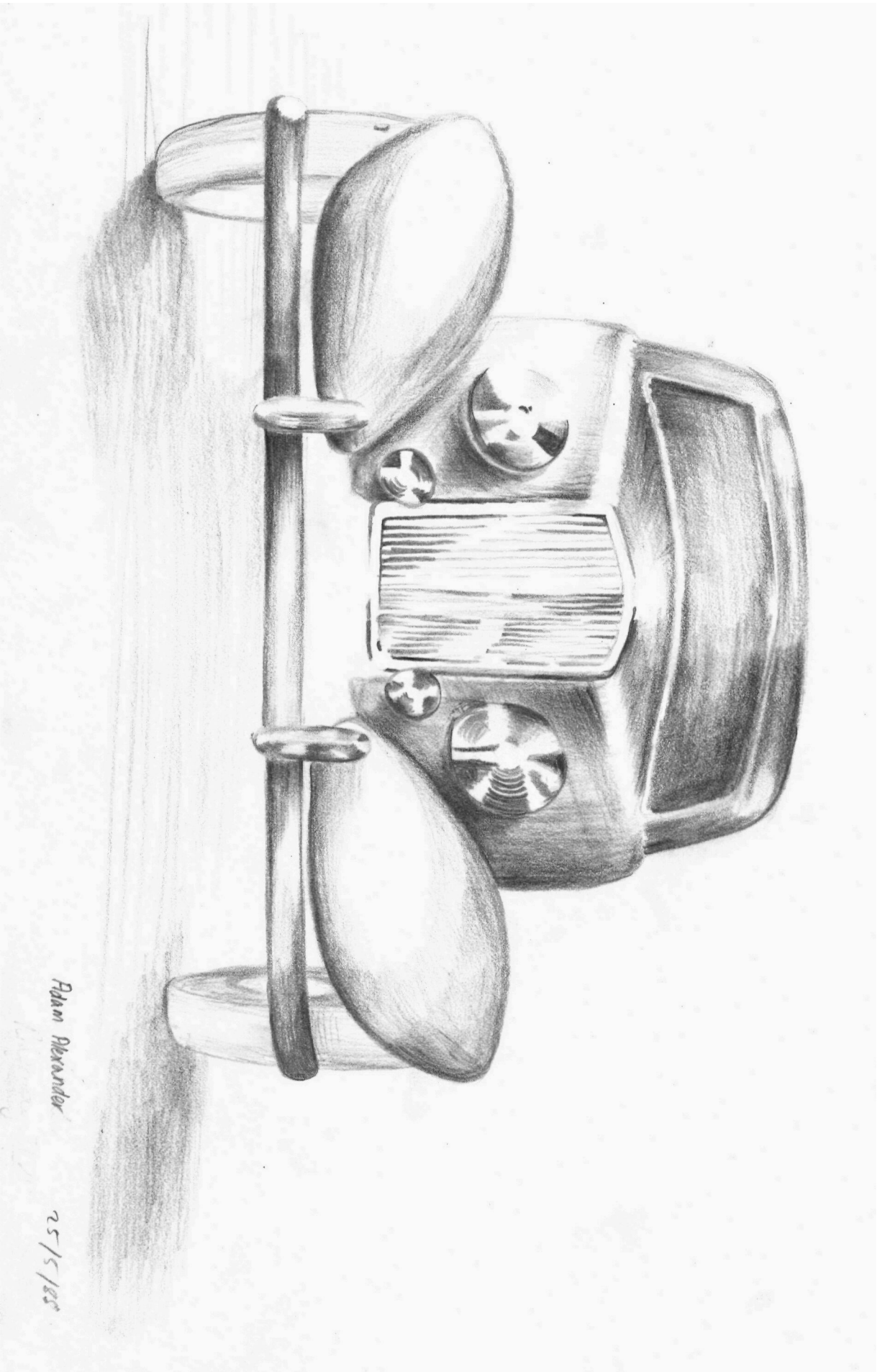
Now that Jamie Hartman is no longer secretary of the School Council we will never again be subjected to his witticisms in the review of the School Council, hilarious though they were. Instead, we can examine the operations of the Council when reading this paragraph without our sides splitting, or tears of laughter running down our faces!

The Council has achieved more over the past few years than ever before: for example the tuck shop; the sixth form club and the soft pink toilet paper in Winterstoke — we even have a regular attendance of well over three every other Tuesday in the Winterstoke Library.

However, we must not rest on our laurels, but instead soldier on to fight for a wider selection of sweets in the tuck shop, for the right to stand at whichever bus stop we like when going home, and to change the rough pieces of toilet paper in this world into soft, strong and very very long pieces. Let's keep up the good work.

**Daniel Feller**

**General Secretary of the School Council**



# HOUSES

## BURTON BANK

|                               |  |
|-------------------------------|--|
| <b>House master:</b>          | R. J. Denning Esq.   |
| <b>House Tutor:</b>           | R. L. Axworthy   |
| <b>Visiting House Tutors:</b> | G. Docherty Esq.,<br>R. S. Williams Esq.,<br>M. Northern Esq.  |
| <b>Matron:</b>                | Mrs. S. Broughton  |
| <b>Head of House:</b>         | G. N. Mortimer   |
| <b>School Staff:</b>          | J. Handforth   |
| <b>House Staff:</b>           | S. B. Abdullah,<br>A. M. Y. Ahmad,<br>F. M. Bunyard,<br>L. V. Butler,<br>C. M. Camden, M. Hara,<br>A. Malavasi,<br>D. V. Manglani, F. Ng |

In recent months Burton Bank has been about as successful as winning trophies as England have been at winning cricket or rugby matches. However, being a Scotsman the latter certainly doesn't depress me and neither, for that matter, does the former. For although the trophies aren't coming in at a fast rate, the supply of fresh new blood certainly is. Indeed there is a distinct aura of confidence in Burton Bank nowadays and I'm not talking about Louis Bloom and his various 'women'. No, Burton Bank is on its way back to the top where it belongs, and this year will be the start of the comeback.

Last term, the 'summer' term, as the humorists like to call it, saw the fifth form and the upper sixth get their heads down for their respective exams and what a good job they did! Special congratulations must go to Cyrena Rice, Ravi Makhija and Khalid Dawas. On a much sadder note, last term saw the departure of Clive Greenhough leaving open the prized title of 'person who gives Mr Axworthy most hassle'. I'm pleased to say that this mantle has been more than adequately filled by not only Gerald Green, but also that man Bloom again.

The annual Newcastle competition saw Burton Bank, brilliantly led by Justin 'these boots are a disgrace' Handforth, finish in the middle order, despite missing several key members due to exams.

On the sporting front, Burton Bank were robbed of the annual glory on the Sports Day Field due to bad weather; but congratulations to Alex Pope, Daryl Swift, Ahmed Beydoun and Frank Ng, all of whom represented the school athletic team.

Eighteen members of the house represented the school in cricket at various levels, but unfortunately we met Ridgeway in the semi-final of the cricket and two hours later rather regretted that we ever had.

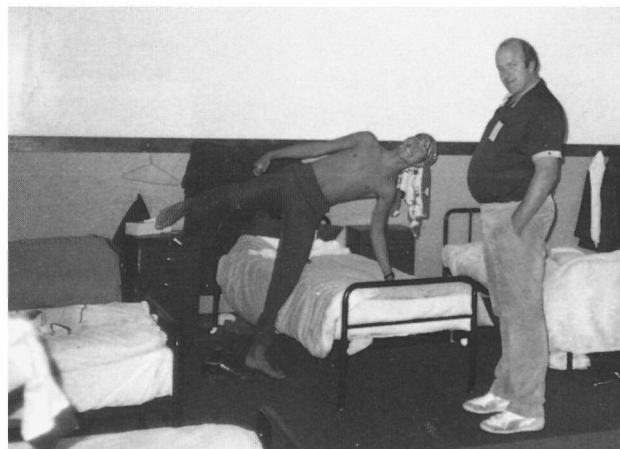
Despite our lack of success it's not winning that counts, it's enjoyment, as you English should know more than most, and Burton Bank have certainly enjoyed the last twelve months. Mr Denning and his wife have made BB look and feel like a new house. I look forward to the next year and all it holds. As well as Mr and Mrs Denning I'd also like to thank Matron for looking after us all and for putting up with the severe mess I have a tendency to

make wherever I go. Also to Mr Williams, our visiting house tutor, whose jokes make Bob Monkhouse look positively hilarious. And of course to dear old Mr Axworthy, always there to lend a helping hand, and always there to confiscate my water pistol. Finally a warm welcome to our two visiting tutors Mr Northern and Mr Doherty — a Scotsman I do declare; HOORAY!!

**Gavin Mortimer**

## SALVETE

|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| <b>Lower VI:</b> | S. K. Mortimer,<br>S. A. Phillips,<br>A. B. Richardson,<br>R. Riding,<br>M. Smith   |
| <b>IV Form:</b>  | S. R. Amunugama,<br>M. R. Arnold,<br>B. W. Cyzer,<br>D. L. Greenhough,<br>C. F. Leslie,<br>V. Mehra,<br>J. H. Morgan,<br>K. B. Patel,<br>H. D. Salinger |



*"Noticed anything suspicious yet, sir?"*



*"The next one who makes me speak will get 400 lines!"*

**T.W.C.**



## COLLINSON

|                              |                     |
|------------------------------|---------------------|
| <b>House Master:</b>         | T. J. Chilton, Esq. |
| <b>Resident House Tutor:</b> | R. McDuff, Esq.     |
| <b>Visiting Tutor:</b>       | A. N. Carr, Esq.    |
| <b>Matron:</b>               | Mrs L. Whittaker    |
| <b>Head of House:</b>        | J. F. M. Knowland   |
| <b>School Staff:</b>         | N. W. Smart         |
| <b>House Staff:</b>          | J. M. Levinson      |
|                              | G. Loverdos         |
|                              | A. P. Storbeck      |
|                              | P. R. Wilson        |
|                              | W. A. Yasbeck       |

During the summer break, the long-awaited refurbishing of the house took place and the improved amenities are much appreciated by everyone.

The usual Collinson keenness was not quite up to its normal standard this summer, which was probably due to the amount of time consumed in revising for exams. But this lack of interest was more than justified by the very satisfactory results achieved by the "A" level entrants (especially K. Nayagam who was a successful Oxbridge candidate).

The Newcastle shield was being polished yet again by our fourth formers for the third consecutive year and this victory was led by the old man himself, Noyan Nihat. Other houses take note: it is this kind of team-spirit which always brings success.

Even with Old Bellamy Forde's incredible bowling, success eluded us from reaching the inter-house cricket finals, but in fine tradition we fought until the end. We came fourth in swimming and athletic standards which was very disappointing compared with the high standard Collinson has usually set in the past.

Congratulations to Nigel Smart being made school prefect; George Loverdos for achieving full athletics colours; and let us never forget the amazing Philip Wilson who has motivated the whole house to a higher level of success.

This term we welcome Mr R. McDuff as our new resident tutor who I am sure will be very helpful to Mr Chilton in the running of the house and also to Mr A. N. Carr who will be our new visiting house tutor.

Finally, for their indispensable help, I must thank with our deepest gratitude, Mr and Mrs Chilton and our matron (Mrs L. Whittaker) whose vital continuous care and support has become a necessity for our survival; and I can safely add that with the start of the autumn term, Collinson's future looks set to be just as successful as it has always been.

**Justin Knowland**

## SALVETE

|                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| <b>Lower VI:</b> | V. Ramanchan        |
|                  | R. Ahluwalia        |
| <b>IV Form:</b>  | J. J. P. Betteridge |
|                  | B. B. Eagleton      |
|                  | H. Furnuchi         |
|                  | G. Lipton           |
|                  | A. A. Majekodummi   |
|                  | D. B. Martin        |
|                  | E. O. Smith         |

## McCLURE

|                       |                        |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| <b>House Master:</b>  | C. R. Kelly, Esq.      |
| <b>Tutors:</b>        | J. D. Rees, Esq.       |
|                       | J. Gloster-Wyatt, Esq. |
| <b>Head of House:</b> | E. M. Latter           |
| <b>School Staff:</b>  | J. A. Hartman,         |
|                       | D. A. Mercer,          |
|                       | J. H. C. Richardson,   |
|                       | A. J. Simpson          |
| <b>House Staff:</b>   | M. Frankel,            |
|                       | S. M. Mays,            |
|                       | A. Palaniappan,        |
|                       | N. C. Wasserman        |

Unfairly described by my colleagues as "a man of many, but carefully chose words", I feel it my duty to scotch this vicious rumour, and now attempt to compose a report of finesse and much character.

Having had much success in previous years, McClure chose the summer term of '88 to be one of its more moderate terms. However, enthusiasm was excellent, personified by the more than substantial presence of Chris Kelly.

The will to compete, however, was outweighed by the lack of ability. When it came to the major sport of cricket, we only managed to provide one player to the first XI, namely Edward Latter, but we also had several representatives in the Colts, Junior Colts and Yearlings XI's. Apart from this, we did manage to lend our skilful ability to other areas such as swimming, badminton and chess.

The house managed to do moderately well in several competitions, winning the badminton competition; well done to Marcus Weston and Elliot Greene. Some success was also gained in the swimming pool with some quite outstanding performances from John Dedman.

As usual McClure managed to turn out a more than adequate Newcastle squad, and thanks must go to Marcus Weston for persisting with his effort.

Congratulations must also go to Mark Charad, Matthew Frankel, Elliot Hamilton, Andrew Howes, Edward Latter, David Mercer, John Morgan and Jason Richardson in being selected to represent the school at rugby in the "Round the World Tour" which took place last summer.

Congratulations are also due to James Hartman, who has been selected to be Chairman of the School Council. Well done Jamie, and good luck.

On the academic front, I am happy to announce several commendable achievements, concerning the recent public examinations.

The summer term is of course always dominated by exams and intensive study, and in general it appeared that the fifth and sixth forms both coped very well, the former group in reaching the current Lower Sixth, and the latter in gaining many University places, with a high standard of A-grades. I would especially like to congratulate James Goodman on his success in reaching Magdalene College (Cambridge) to read Engineering. I wish James and any others who have left McClure every success for the future. As I draw to a close, I would like to thank C. Kelly, Esq. on behalf of the house for his hard work and perseverance, and for always being there when he's needed. I am sure that many would join with me in



thanking him and wishing that he continues his great effort. However, J. Gloster-Wyatt, Esq. and J. D. Rees, Esq. must not be forgotten, for they are the right and left hand men of Mr Kelly, and are of vital importance for the smooth running of the house.

Finally I would like to thank Andrew Howes and Co, for keeping the atmosphere in McClure one of enjoyment, enthusiasm and friendliness throughout the year.

**Edward Latter**

## SALVETE

**Lower VI:** J. R. Azern  
P. A. A. H. Bolkiah  
S. L. Dawson  
M. Hindocha  
N. K. Schnieder  
L. Taylor  
V. M. Weinreich

**IV Form:** S. C. Adler  
P. A. Brady  
M. J. Burton  
G. N. G. Campbell  
D. S. Conway  
L. A. Cook  
R. E. Graham-Leigh  
A. J. Gregory  
K. Khimasia  
C. F. T. Lewis  
N. W. Mailer  
C. O. McDonald  
A. M. Mindel  
M. A. H. Panes  
T. W. Peart  
M. R. Redbart  
J. N. Seifert  
A. N. Snijder  
M. A. Virani  
F. Yagishita

## MURRAY

**House master:** C. Dean Esq.  
**Tutors:** T. T. Dingle, Esq.,  
P. de G. McKie, Esq.,  
D. S. Hughes  
J. Robinson

**Head of House:** J. C. Barr, N. J. Boulter,  
**House Staff:** M. A. Choudhury,  
D. Christodoulou,  
D. R. Gabbay,  
S. M. Gooding, M. Gudka,  
A. Madhvani,  
M. P. Mehta,  
B. B. M. Mono,  
S. P. Morgan,  
J. Pike, C. D. Rustin,  
M. Wadhwani

The Summer term witnessed a strong Ridgeway house achieve the triple by snatching victory from us in the cricket. It must be said that it was not won with as much

ease as the rugby and the hockey. Murray House contested them with vigour, and with no member higher than the 3rd XI, this is as sure an example as any of pure guts and determination. And when the fanfares of the Ridgeways and Collinsons soften, the Murray men will lick their eager lips and set out to win the three major events this year; which certainly looks a strong possibility. Last term saw the junior part of the house grow from strength to strength, with the likes of Nick Propper and Jeremy Church, who have both recently returned from the Rugby World Tour. We have seen successes for the juniors in the junior league cricket where we were the runners up. John Barr and his squash team deserves praise; squash is and has been a sport dominated by Murray for as long as this Mill Hillian has been at the school. This term is no exception and sees Murray members filling all five places of the first team. I, as head of house, intend to sit back this term and reap the profits of an ever strengthening sports house; our trophy cabinet needs filling with more than its present crisp packets and sweet wrappers, and I know it will be (and I am told that I am always right).

Thank you to Mr Dean for his continued support as housemaster and thank you to his deputies, Messrs McKie, Hughes and the ever glowing Mr Dingle.

**James Robinson**

## SALVETE

**IV Form:** P. F. Baum,  
A. S. Bernstein,  
C. Birch,  
R. T. Church,  
N. G. S. Cooper,  
A. R. Crozier,  
N. J. Frost,  
J. G. A. Green,  
S. K. Hardman,  
L. G. F. Isaac,  
N. Kamath,  
M. D. L. Mark,  
J. D. B. Mark,  
R. T. Overall,  
A. Shah,  
M. A. C. Simmonds,  
R. P. Stevens,  
B. Sullivan,  
S. A. Tarrant



“Listen with your ears and not with your eyes” **T.W.C.**

## PRIESTLEY

### Housemaster:

### Tutors:

### Head of House:

### School Staff:

### House Staff:

P. S. Bickerdike Esq.  
A. H. Armstrong Esq.  
Dr M. Rady  
S. F. H. Ismail  
J. H. Bohn, J. Carswell  
M. Johnston, N. J. Kenefick  
C. Alexandrou, D. Feller  
S. Marcou, S. Mehra  
D. Regen, I. Teacher

The sound of leather on willow, the screams of joy at the end of the public examination period, the stamping of corps. boots on the quad and the almost incessant pattering of rain, ceasing occasionally to allow the concentrated sun-bathing sessions of the lower VI formers down by the Buckland pool to take place — such were the joys of the recent Summer term at Mill Hill.

During the term, Priestley, which now contains one sixth of the population of the school, had its fair share of glory, with the odd victory on the sports field and the usual high standards in both A-levels and GCSEs.

In the Newcastle competition, Priestley achieved an unusually high position for Turn Out, but as ever, we were outclassed in the drill by strong boarding house squads.

Although we took part in the inter-house swimming competition with the will to win, we were not quite able to. As for the athletic standards, well if you do not win it, your position is not really that important, and no, we did not quite come first!

The involvement of Priestley boys in the game of cricket at inter-school level was most encouraging. Six members of the house represented the 1st XI at one time or another during the season and there are a few younger players in the house who show great potential.

The Fourth Form Plate for cricket was convincingly won by a strong Priestley side who dominated the final against Murray House. A particular mention must go to D. Kraft for his fine performance in the match.

The senior house cricket was not so successful. If eleven players had managed to turn up, maybe we would have stood a fair chance as we were favourites for the competition. Murray House went on to defeat our nine players and so made it to the final.

Congratulations are in order for the many who confirmed Priestley's superiority in the academic field. T. Kenefick and A. Ismail surpassed even the high standards of Priestley House by achieving at least ten A grades in their GCSEs. The A-level results were also very good for the majority. S. Shah and A. Nahum were both accepted to Oxford and Cambridge respectively and R. Shamoon achieved four A's at A-level and two 1's at S-level.

I would like to thank Messrs Bickerdike, Rady, Armstrong and Martin who have all given me sound advice and encouragement when it has been most needed.

If one comment maybe made about the future, Priestley is most determined not to let certain houses (especially big white ones) run away with all the sporting glory this year!

**Shamique Ismail**

## SALVETE:

### Lower VI:

### IV Form:

|               |                  |
|---------------|------------------|
| R. Amin       |                  |
| S. Gormley    |                  |
| S. Malhotra.  |                  |
| M. A. Adil    | S. V. Harvey     |
| S. R. Baim    | P. G. Holladay   |
| J. E. Banes   | G. D. Life       |
| A. S Bloom    | R. P. Malik      |
| F. H. C. Chan | J. R. L. Orchard |
| L. M. Collins | J. Romeu         |
| X. Dalal      | J. R. B. Scott   |
| M. H. Dickman | J. A. Spalter    |
| A. Gaete      | L. E. Stone      |
| P. J. Gormley | S. Wise.         |



*"What do you want?"*

## RIDGEWAY

### House Master:

### House Tutor:

### Visiting Tutors:

### Matron:

### Head of House:

### School Staff:

### House Staff:

H. Morgan, Esq.  
A. Friend, Esq.  
P. W. Herring, Esq.  
Dr I. D. Kane  
S. T. Plummer, Esq.  
B. R. Martin, Esq.  
P. Wyer, Esq.  
Mrs E. Richards  
O. M. P. Madge  
S. H. Sheldon  
A. E. G. Isseyegh  
A. G. Alexander  
T. Aspinall  
A. F. Cope  
M. Kantaria  
A. C. Mackenzie  
R. Meneghini  
G. J. Mitchell-Heggs  
K. M. Murgian  
M. Betancour-Borgoyne  
D. J. Hope  
S. N. S. Pallawela  
M. J. Phillips  
S. Roberts

With a new academic year beginning and the cobwebs being brushed out of the way, we are all settling down to a year that will hopefully be as successful as last year, both on and off the sports field.

With the end of the summer term, we saw Mr Plummer pack his bags and move to his new house. We all wish him well and look forward to seeing him when he is on duty in house. With one going, one must come, and our “Auzzie” has moved in to stay. Yes, Andy Friend is our new resident tutor, and his “funny” (?) Australian jokes will, I am sure, keep the house in a happy mood.

Congratulations are particularly in order for two members of the house. The first, P. Achan, last year’s head of house, who has gained a place at Bart’s Medical College. The second is T (UJ-DJ) Thakur who obtained 10 “A” grades and 1 “B” grade in his GCSE’s. Also congratulations must be given to last years Ridgeway Upper Sixth who only failed two A levels between them.

We also did well on the sports field. For the first time as long as some of us can remember, we won the “triple crown” of the senior major inter-house events. This year we overcame a plucky Murray house side in the cricket final to complete the hat-trick. Unfortunately Sports Day was called off this year due to bad weather, so the house did not get a chance to perform their various, and no doubt excellent, athletic abilities. (But we already hold the trophy, so it’s not that bad.) Looking forward, hopefully, we will bring back the senior house rugby shield for the fifth time in succession, and off the pitch hold on to the senior house debating trophy. Good luck to all the house in whichever competition they are taking part, and as long as the renowned Ridgeway House spirit is kept alive, no one will mind the eventual result. (But winning is more enjoyable!)

As usual our thanks must be given to those who help make everything run smoothly, namely our visiting tutors Messrs Kane, Herring, Plummer, Wyer and Martin (whose wife has just had another baby — many congratulations to them both). Matron as usual has been a tower of strength with the intake of the new boys and with nursing all of our different injuries with her delicious toffee apples. Many thanks to her. I must also, of course, thank the house staff for all of their support and help with the day-to-day running of the house.

Finally to Mr and Mrs Morgan, who always seem to make the change between the end of one year and the beginning of the next seem very smooth. Mr Morgan, as usual, is still ensuring that the house runs smoothly and that we are kept in order when needed. My thanks to them both for their support.

**Oliver Madge**

## SALVETE

**Lower VI:** A. Sheldon  
R. Khubchandani  
D. Dimicelli  
A. Povey  
L. Gardiner  
C. Tan  
A. Dennison  
**IV Form:** S. Ahsan  
A. Corre  
T. Delman  
J. Hope  
P. Kinghorn  
A. Och  
A. Suchde  
**Removes:** V. Pateras

## SCHOOL HOUSE

**House Master:** P. R. Bowden, Esq.  
**Visiting Tutors:** S. G. Appleton, Esq.  
S. N. Hillier, Esq.  
J. R. Hurley, Esq.  
A. J. Misiura, Esq.  
Miss C. Sutcliffe  
**Matron:** S. Salaheddin  
**Head of School:** P. T. Korniczky  
**Head of House:** J. A. Briggs  
**School Staff:** H. A. E. Murray Scott  
T. Beuthin,  
K. J. Dahanayake,  
D. O. Faik,  
M. C. P. Hermsen,  
A. N. Kariya,  
H. F. Khreino,  
O. O. Ojukwo,  
A. F. Rothwell,  
J. R. Shone

The summer term saw School House play an active role in many aspects of school life. As usual we lost almost everything on the sporting front and I must commend our swimming team for coming tenth in the annual competition! Congratulations also go to the cricket team who managed to stay in the competition for four hours beating the previous record! However we did win the coveted shield for the Standards Competition for the second year running, which had little to do with the death threats aimed at all those who weren’t out scoring points for us on their free afternoons. I must thank S. Salaheddin for the organisation behind our comfortable victory, and C. Geha who achieved an all-time high of points in the intermediate age group. It was a shame that School House could not demonstrate its athletic prowess on the sadly rained off sports day.

School House gave a good account by being well represented in other areas of school activities, notably in Mr Herring’s play, “Waiting for Godot”, an excellent production where J. Briggs and D. Faik demonstrated some great acting and I look forward to seeing them in “Guys and Dolls”.

On the parade ground we came a commendable second behind the much stricter Collinson “regime”. Many thanks to all who took part and to the girls who ironed the uniforms like good girls should. It was a real team effort, to use apt cliché. It is also noteworthy that both the magazine editors are from our house. Even more importantly the head of school is to be found among our rank for the second year running, well done S. Salaheddin! We all wish him the best of luck in his new position. In the light of all this it would seem that School House is producing a new breed of wonder-people, perhaps a reflection of our housemaster, now in his fourth year?

We have, in School House, suffered several sad losses. The loss of Mr Appleton as a resident tutor (though he still comes in) is great, his presence was much a part of house atmosphere and he helped greatly in the School House Annual Play, not to mention the “chinky run” twice a week and the house bank. We have also lost two of our cleaners, June and Lee, who always did a

wonderful job. I only hope that "Tesco's" will appreciate them as much as we have. We have gained a new matron, who we hope will stay longer than the previous five, and visiting tutors Messrs Hillier and Misiura.

I would finally like to thank my supportive house staff, and in particular Jason Briggs for aiding me in the writing of this report.

**Peter Korniczky**

## SALVETE

**Lower VI:** C. Benson  
A. B. Champis  
S. Gupta  
P. A. Holmes  
K. A. Scott  
N. J. Watkiss  
**V Form:** N. R. Roe  
**IV Form:** S. C. Arnold  
J. Azouri  
C. L. Beuthin  
T. M. F. Harris  
C. Y. G. Lee  
A. G. J. Lovejoy  
D. S. Sheldon  
H. Takahashaki



*Senior Monitor, James Fox, remembered "at ease".*

## ST BEES

**House Master:**  
**Visiting Tutors:**  
**Head of House:**  
**House Staff:**

Dr Woodrow  
Miss H. King, Mrs Mills  
Veronica Byrne  
A. E. Johansen,  
S. Stone, H. Nice,  
T. Lamb, S. Gunay,  
Z. Kenworthy, E. Goodall

We begin this year on a high note after receiving the A level results of our leavers from last term. They were the first members of St Bees and they have done us proud. Each girl passed all her A levels, with 13 grade A's being achieved between seven girls. Congratulations and good luck to all of them, they will be a hard act to follow. A warm welcome is extended to those six new LVI girls who have joined us this year. One of them, Lisa Gunning, has already made an impact with her drawing for the cover of this magazine. I would also like to welcome a new addition to the UVI, Shirley Polack.

As a small house, and an all girls one at that, it is difficult to excel in all major activities and competitions within the school, but we do our best. In the summer play three of us worked backstage in the production of "Round and Round the Garden". The tennis team consisted of a number of St Bees, including the captain Emma Richardson. Academically, as you know, we have been very successful. This year we have an Oxbridge candidate, Suhan Gunay, who hopes to follow in the footsteps of Sikin Mohamed and Fariza Sakur who have gone to Cambridge this autumn. A successful year ended with a successful hog, which we pride ourselves on, as our speciality. Everything was great and all who came enjoyed it. Looking forward to this year, St Bees hope to carry on the successes and maintain a high standard within the school. We are expecting great things from all those in the hockey team, which is the majority of St Bees. In debating, house plays and other such things, we have talent to stand up with the best of the boys.

Within the house, we enjoy a pleasant and warm atmosphere, as those people (including those few brave boys) who come here know. None of this would be possible without the constant guidance and efforts of our housemaster Mr Woodrow. He has been a constant support, with his wife's help, to us all, and has definitely learned a lot from his experiences! We are all very grateful.

**Veronica Byrne**

## SALVETE

T. Ariffin  
A. Briggs  
E. Beard  
L. Gunning  
L. Perker  
S. Polack  
M. Saari-Ibrahim  
Y. Sakuma

"What kind of a woman is Macbeth?" **T.W.C.**

# WINTERSTOKE

**Housemaster:**  
**Resident Tutor:**  
**Visiting Tutors:**

T. W. Corbett Esq.  
C. H. Warwick Esq.  
A. H. Slade Esq.  
R. F. T. Ede Esq.  
H. Barnes Esq.  
Mrs J. Turner  
E. R. Marchand  
P. Ram, T. Seaton, S. Tan  
A. Clarke, D. Mattiucci  
S. Mistry, D. Owen  
N. Penny, E. Song

**Matron::**  
**Head of House:**  
**School Staff:**  
**House Staff:**

Winterstoke House has grown up. I say this for two reasons. Firstly, having spoken to senior members of other houses, their impressions of Winterstoke have changed for the better; secondly, after spending four years in Winterstoke I can definitely notice the difference between 1984/5 and 1988/9. Instead of having, as in previous years, a dubious reputation for being the place to get away from it all, we are now gaining deserved respect.

This change in attitude is clearly demonstrated by considering the numbers of A-grades at O-level for the past two years — fifty A-grades were achieved in the summers of 1987 and 1988. A considerable number of these were contributed by three persons in particular — the Seaton brothers and S. Tan. T. Seaton and S. Tan are now Oxbridge candidates and will no doubt achieve their goal.

Academic achievement is not the only area where Winterstoke have improved. On the sports front we are beginning to excel in several fields. We were fortunate

enough to supply half of the senior school swimming team and therefore, it cannot be surprising to hear that we managed to defeat the other houses in the inter-house swimming competition. Track and field have also improved — Winterstoke were placed second in the athletics standards competition.

To other things. Despite not fulfilling their true potential on the day, the Newcastle squad performed with enthusiasm and commitment. Eu Gin Song deserves commendation for his leadership and for giving up his time to train the squad.

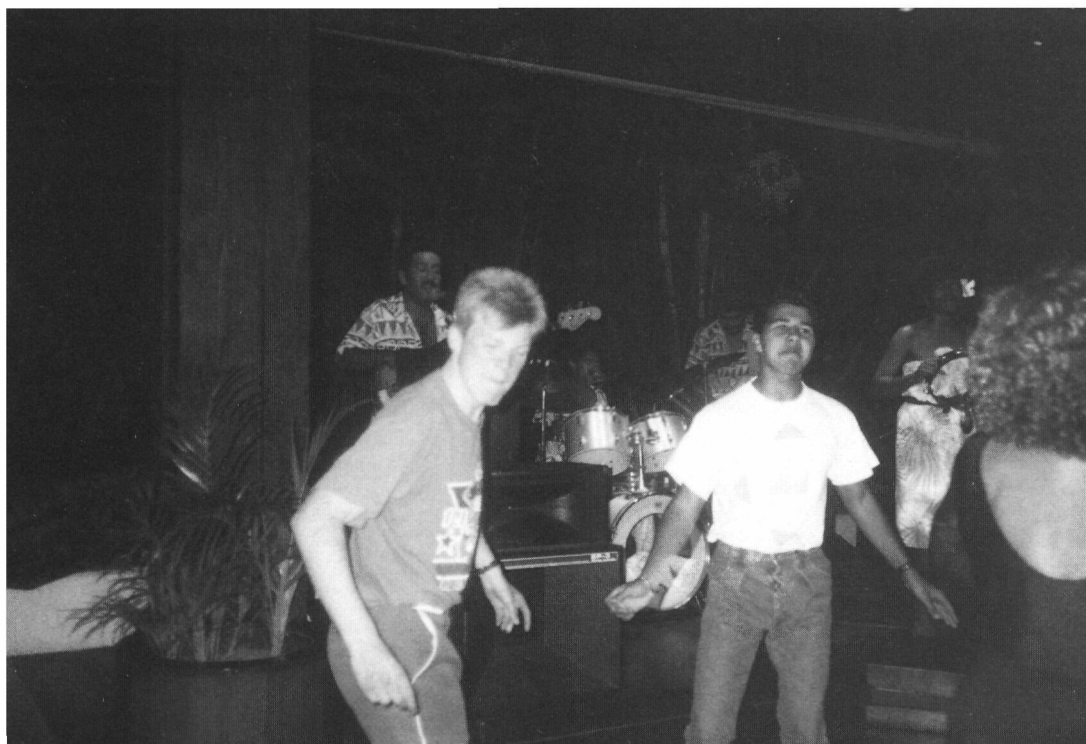
In the house itself we are happy to record the marriage of Mr Ede, our previous resident house tutor, to who we all owe a great deal.

After only a short time of being head of house, I can thoroughly appreciate the amount of organisation that goes on behind the scenes in a boarding house. I am therefore immensely grateful to Mr and Mrs Corbett, our matron, Mrs Turner and our recently appointed resident house tutor, Mr Warwick for their hard work, support and tolerance.

**Eric Marchand**

## SALVETE:

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| <b>Lower VI:</b> | M. Khakhria      |
| <b>Removes:</b>  | S. M. Patel      |
| <b>IV Form:</b>  | J. D. Goni       |
|                  | J. P. Gomella    |
|                  | S. T. Loughlin   |
|                  | O. C. Shah       |
|                  | J. True          |
|                  | J. R. Virasinghe |
|                  | S. W. Yap        |
|                  | J. Telfer        |



*How to dance like a monitor.*



# FRIDAY AFTERNOONS

## DUKE OF EDINBURGH

After a year in which the field weekends emphasised survival and initiative rather than the traditional campcraft and navigation, a gallant band gathered on the quad at the start of the Summer holiday, equipped with the best of lightweight tents and Scandinavian mountain stoves, festooned with map-cases and compasses, and burdened mightily with four times the legal limit of pot-noodle and Mars Bars.

Cooking and tent tests completed — apart from two rashers of blackened bacon that at first refused to fry, and then rejected all attempts at scraping their charred remains from the pan (“What do you expect when a Jew cooks bacon?” quoth a wit from East of Suez) — base camp was moved to Victoria coach station, there to seek and board the Penzance overnight coach. Two hours had been allowed for this operation: after forty minutes, the sweeper patrol discovered that the main party had struggled against all odds to reach the Medical Research bus stop, and tired but elated, were determined to share their journey with the 240 bus to Mill Hill East. History and the Noble Parent who saw us on to the Cornwall coach relates that all went well from then on, apart from the snoring Chandaria on the coach, a cause more of jealousy than annoyance.

Dawn in Truro brought triumph for the negotiating powers of Mindel, who persuaded the coach driver to risk dismissal by setting down passengers at the Blackwater roundabout, for their carefully planned familiarisation hike to Jolly’s Bottom Farm. Nobody seemed to mind, let alone notice, that the party was dropped at Chacewater, some ten miles from the roundabout, and still managed to arrive at the farm in record time for lunch and a training hike. Eight out of ten checkpoints were found and marked, so each group was keen to set out on the test expedition along the coastal footpath. Only Hussain was reluctant to leave a new friend: when we arrived at the farm, he had found the water supply guarded by Sam the fiercest watchdog in the Duchy, carefully trained to bark, slaver and leap six feet in the air at the end of his chain. Within two minutes of soft talk, the dog was back to being a cuddly puppy, rolling over to have his tummy rubbed.

And so to the coastal footpath: both groups planned ambitious distances, found the campsites betimes (in spite of one amazingly late departure), and reached all but one checkpoint: a strong offshore wind on the clifftops seemed a greater danger than the fast cars on the parallel A40 two miles inland. Six group-days of walking, four nights under canvas with all supplies carried; in all fifty miles covered, including much of the North Cornish coastline from Hayle to Padstow: a commendable effort in achieving personal best by both regular Friday afternooners and visitors.

**Group Five:** Chandaria; Herrington; Karkera; Kim; Mindel.

**Group Seven:** Fernando; Hussain; Mays; Mitter; Patel; Razak; Somaiya.

**B. J. D.**

## COMMUNITY SERVICES

Community Services has been gradually drifting away from what we would imagine it to be. Although it does still deal with “old people”, going round to have a chat to them, generally helping around the house and garden and so on, more emphasis is being put on other areas such as helping out at neighbouring primary schools or centres for the handicapped. School members also attend PHAB (Physically Handicapped and Able Bodied People) meetings. This means that Mill Hill School pupils are meeting and being able to help a wider spectrum of the community.

The high point of last term for both the participants and recipients of the Social Services, was an outing to Eastbourne. Despite the force 10 gale blowing, a good time was had by all. One member even managed to brave the cold sea and go for a quick paddle!

This term, due to its great success over the past years, the annual Old People’s Party is being repeated as is the Carol Singing which managed to raise £80 last year.

I would especially like to thank Messrs Woodrow, Armstrong and Chilton for their continued help, support and organisation.

**Philip Wilson**

## ROYAL NAVY

The highlight of the Summer Term was the “Annual General Inspection” which was carried out by Captain Wright (RN), who is connected with our affiliated base — HMS Dolphin. This proved to be a most impressive event as, not only did we, the Naval section, manage to win from our ranks the ‘Best Cadet Award’, we also saw Coxswain Simmonds win the award for ‘Best Word of Command’ in the Newcastle Drill competition. We spent the afternoon of the AGI down at the “Welsh Harp Reservoir” and the display activities were enjoyed despite the necessary military influences.

Our field weekend took us to one of the best camps we have had in a long while, with a wide range of activities including canoeing and submarine simulation. There were also many unorganised activities which I don’t have space to relate!

This term has seen the start of our new “Cadre course” which will train some of our fifth form to NCO level. The programme generally has included its typically wide-ranging group of activities and is off to a good start this term.

Thanks must go to last year’s two heads of Navy, under-officers Foy and Hawker, who tried very hard, and some would even say succeeded in maintaining the illusion of military efficiency. Thanks also to all the NCO’s who have worked hard to make sure everyone has a good time and to our two Officers Lieutenant Dingle and Sub-Lieutenant Slade who always put in a great deal of time and hard work into the section, not forgetting our visiting instructor, CPO Pease, who also deserves our thanks.

**Coxswain Levinson**

## ARMY

— THIS IS BASE, SEND MESSAGE — OVER!

— MESSAGE READS AS FOLLOWS:

Last term we saw the usual “Annual General Inspection” in the “unusual” adverse weather conditions, testing not only the AI’s abilities to combat heat but their wet weather skills as well! The AI’s and first year’s displays were attended by Naval Officers, who seemed to know only slightly less about the “L98A1” (NB — not the SA80 as rumoured) than our cadets.

The First Year’s carried out their anti-ambush manoeuvre with their usual vigour coupled with a dose of confusion, all amidst a small fireworks display. The AI team completed their exercise to astound crowds of millions!!!

After a long awaited arrival, the Cadet GP Rifle has arrived. The knowledgeable have praised the weapon but first years tend to be put off by its “Toys R Us” appearance. As to the long obsolete pre-WWII .303 Lee Enfields, we wish them all the best for their future (in remote areas of Afghanistan!)

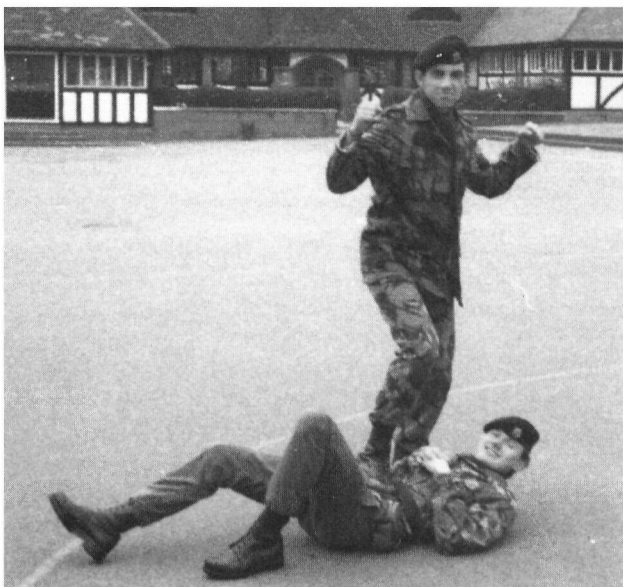
We have seen the loss of a large number of SENIOR (CITIZEN) NCO’s, leaving us with holes that are difficult to fill. (Application Forms available from Major Bickerdike.)

However, over the summer the high attendance rate at the Leek Camp and Germany (NB — see other articles), have returned us a large number of “highly skilled” and keen L/Cpl’s — so the future looks promising.

This year, as usual in the season, the Army opens its loving arms and points the finger that “MHS CCF NEEDS YOU!” at the new First Years, who seems to have responded poorly to the plea, preferring the Navy’s “soft touch”.

Our thanks as always, go out to all masters “involved” in the Corp, who make it (IM)possible to run Friday afternoons. We look forward to the “artic cadre” at Bisley this year, giving first years a good but cold welcome to MHS CCF.

**— THIS IS C/Sgt MADGE AND  
S/Sgt ISSEYEGH — OVER AND OUT!**



*“Self Defence”: Soydan Nihat triumphs over  
“J.C.J.” Fox (Senior Monitor).*

## CCF 1988 – LEEK CAMP

Remind me never again to go on a corps camp 6 hours after the Leavers’ Ball finished. The three senior NCO’s were a little worse for wear. We were absolutely exhausted and to begin the week like this was not a good idea.

A fairly uneventful coach trip was made more interesting by an enormous coach driver, who looked like a vastly overweight teddy bear. He consumed vast quantities of Players Weights and hamburgers. Whether the antiquated coach or its driver were going to make the 200 miles appeared doubtful. Someone muttered the dulcet tones of “Elvis is Dead” behind him.

Fortunately, after three years at the same camp, the NCO’s appeared to know more about it than did most others, including Lt Axworthy who we hope enjoyed his first week corps camp, made far more enjoyable by the gin and tonic consumed in extraordinary quantities in the Officers’ Mess.

Without much success did I rally the cadets’ and my own enthusiasm for the swimming test at the canoeing day. The arthritic toenail ruse failed again. The climbing was equally enjoyable, made more so by Soydan’s attempts at impressing the girl cadets by falling so spectacularly off the cliff. Nice try, but congratulations must go to U. O. Noyan Nihat who landed a fine catch L/Cpl Briggs. I can’t spell her first name, it sounds a bit Russian.

A day at Alton Towers provided a welcome respite from the rigours at corps camp — a pleasant enough day was enjoyed by all.

Mill Hill performed admirably in both the March and Shoot and Assault Course competitions. Coming first in the former, yet due to incredibly poor weather fared less well in the latter. Congratulations must be awarded to many who put in brave efforts and also to those who overcame various phobias to complete the course.

Some of the more athletic were proven to be remarkably and unexpectedly unfit while others proved their doctors and Chief Medical Officers all wrong performing truly amazingly.

The military exercise day proves often the most exciting part of the camp, during which one gets to fire blanks and things. However, this year we were glad to become enemy and Noyan made full use of his opportunity to drive the ambulance. It takes a brave man to sit next to him. Fortunately I was well supplied for the short journey.

We will be forever in debt to Nigel Bolter for his plane spotting skills and for filling us in on the strings and initials which the army depends upon so heavily. If you have no idea what “20 B + H and ½ an IPA” means, I’m sure he’ll lend a hand.

I would also like to say a thank you to a remarkably co-operative 5th form who though not really interested in L98’s (over to Nigel) performed well.

And last, but not least, to clarify any rumours previously unclear, Noyan’s exploits behind the shooting range were carefully monitored by myself, and Corporal Kent as delegated by C/Sgt Fox. A badly chosen night in many ways and by the time we finally got to bed, most of us had headaches.

— And now Germany!

**Matthew Vincent**

## CCF GERMANY

The contingent appeared to consist mainly of people who would have preferred the rigours of living in good old war torn Golders Green than in a front line army barracks. However, they soon saw sense and endeavoured to have as good a time as the army would permit.

We went expecting to be thrown from helicopters and able to drive tanks. However, soon after our arrival, it became clear that we were being launched upon a recruitment programme. More a case of **when** we were joining the army and not **if**. God help us when U. O. Nihat **is** enlisted and God help the enemy when newly promoted Sgt Isseyagh joins up!

On the coach trip out James was very concerned that no one was to be shy and calls for "be mellow" echoed round the corridors in times of stress.

The senior NCO's were invited to the Regulars' disco, dressed rather more as if we were off to lunch with ACO. We didn't really fit in with the C&A suits and white socked attire of the regulars.

Over the week we invited the 3<sup>rd</sup> Royal Anglian Infantry Regiment, at which Aston inquired was the 84 MM Mortar on display in the latest style. Not really hip hop enough for him.

Due to regularly late breakfasts at the Officers' Mess, our men at the front (PSB and RLA) were regrettably unable to attend the early morning PT sessions. Bombardier Axworthy took a slightly more active role in the night exercise than Battery Commander Bick, however, both did their bit in maintaining morale, especially on the arrival of decidedly dodgy "A" level results.



*Alpha Section, Germany.*

The officer in charge of us, Lt Bonnell, treated us to a visit to the local swimming pool. Theo expressed his concern a little too loudly that the place wasn't going to be full of Nazis, though the number of Goering look-alikes in the changing rooms provided some cause for concern. Even so, you really can't take him anywhere. In the pool itself a certain cadet from Ridgeway made far too many trips to the nude sauna than were good for him. This, too much weed and too little work, are worrying trends in Ridgeway these days. *Oberleutnant* pool attendants weren't impressed by our overbearing dominance of the slide tubes and our persistent attempts at getting 20 in one tube at a time, meaning all of us, not just Olly, Madge and Noyan together.

At the fitness tests in the mornings, the lungs and liver club battled against collapsing lungs and chest cramp brought on by the exercise imposed upon them by the black PT instructor who considered Noyan to be one of his brudders. "You're the first black boss man I've ever seen." A statement which brought a mixed reaction from the cadets and Noyan himself.

Fears for our security were unfounded, in fact we were more concerned as to when Cadet Singh was going to finally get in the bath.

We are grateful to Lt Bonnell for his guidance over the week and to his NCO, Bdr Smith, who ensured the week ran smoothly. We were repeatedly assured over the week that the Bdr was a "Full Screw", no, not an erotic cocktail but a Corporal.

J. C. J.'s military knowledge had obviously been furthered by the visit. This was highlighted by such comments from him as "there's a soldier".

And now for the inevitable thank you's to Lt Axworthy, Lt Bonnell and Major Bickerdike. I would also like to thank on behalf of Mill Hill CCF Uncle Noyan, who has maintained a wary eye over the corps during the last year. Also to J. C. J. Fox, a superb Head of School and a very competent senior NCO.

We may all leave in the knowledge that those remaining behind will continue to raise the standards built up over the last 4 years.

Thanks for a lot of good memories.

**Mathew Vincent**

# SCHOOL TRIPS

## ANNIVERSARY TRIP TO ROUEN

First the good bits. Catching the 23.00 hr ferry, and then having a Campari and soda in the ship's bar at 0.15 hr. Meeting A.H.A., the marvellously friendly French staff, and the very civilised M.H.S pupils, who greeted us with cheerful handshakes in convincing French style; and who had either taken a three week course in Method Acting or were pleased to see us. Using my son's new automatic camera, borrowed for the trip, made photography the briefest possible interruption. Croissants and jam on Saturday morning in the Malandain's kitchen, with coffee in a great bowl. Being shown round the old city by one of that rare breed — an interesting guide, mother of a pupil at Join-Lambert; no tedious litany of names and dates, but instead — simultaneously translated by W.R.W — a succession of stories and observations: the little Flemish windmills carved into the stone arch below Le Gros Horloge by homesick stonemasons: Gothic philosophy, expressed in the lines of the cathedral sweeping heavenwards, contrasted with down-to-earth humanistic Romanesque, expressed in the firm horizontals of the town house which faces the cathedral across the square; the bricked-in windows on the left tower where the ambitious builders lost their nerve; the confident open windows on the later right tower; and the succession of cherubs in increasing stages of undress on the facade of the town house — our guide told us that the architect, aware of the delicate sensibilities of his fellow citizens, fitted each one after the worthy burghers had had time to get used to the previous one.

Enjoying a magnificent dinner on Friday evening — the most artistically presented food I have ever seen, served in a private upstairs room; on the next day having a delicious lunch overlooking a bend in the Seine, upstream of Rouen. Having the beautifully decorated Pan-pipes made by French pupils explained to me by the music teacher during the Fete. Then being summoned by the chef from under the trees in the Quad, an hour before the *al fresco* "English Dinner", to two huge steel vats in the kitchen, in order to check the true ethnic flavour of the mint sauce and the "creme Anglais". And marvelling at the patience, calmness, and good humour, of A.H.A.

Now the less good bits. Seeing five firemen, in yellow overalls and helmets, board our underground train at Tufnell Park: knowing that we should feel reassured, not alarmed: feeling alarmed: the train heading off towards Kentish Town, then stopping in the tunnel; a long pause; doors banging; the engines stopping; the main lights going out, leaving only emergency lights at the end of the carriage; the smell of burning — was it only our imagination? Sitting in silence — except for H.M. who suggested community singing. It was a low point; we would miss our connection at Waterloo; in fact, we were going to die — preferably before the community singing started.

Many hours later, on board the car ferry realising, as we returned from the bar at 0.30 hr, that being woken at 6.00 hr French time was going to be 5.00 hr British time. And later discovering that this was irrelevant, since our "de luxe reclining seats" guaranteed sleeplessness.

Realising in Le Havre that M.J.L.P. was leading us with great athleticism on a marathon unguided tour of the totally unattractive area which lies between — or roughly between — the docks and the railway station. After our fine welcome in Rouen, discovering that I had frittered away more than £10 of A.H.A.'s money on fice ice creams for myself and the pupils who were showing me the city.

Gradually realising that my "family" were not going to speak a word of English to me; wishing that I had mastered French sufficiently beyond "buying a postcard" to have the conversation with Mme Carron at Friday's dinner that our common interests obviously implied. Walking around many parts of the Institution Join-Lambert; surely they could take more care of their environment? A.C.G. realising that he was never going to be given a chance to deliver the speech that he had prepared. G.C.S. starring in the French Mill Hill School video, characteristically posting a vast heap of coloured memoranda into staff pigeon-holes. Being driven out of town to lunch by Christian David, an experience only slightly more terrifying than being driven back to town by his sister. Losing H.M. in the Supermarché for half an hour. (While he explored one level of the car park, an interesting discussion about Madame Bovary took place — on a higher level, naturally). All of us arriving at Alain's flat after dinner; the house dark, no-one around; someone eventually discovering that the door was open; the group entering, mounting the dark stairs to the empty flat; then sitting for an hour, with no sign of a drink — or even of the host — staring mournfully at a tray of empty glasses.

The French ferry returned us to England on a calm, sunny day. Impossible to imagine why anyone would consider travelling in a tunnel. There was hardly any detectable change in the horizontal level of the wine in the glasses in the restaurant, though the vertical level reduced at the usual speed. The soft curves of the Seven Sisters (Note the capitals, three of us were married — and "seven" would have been overdoing it a bit, anyway. Come to think of it, see also "Madame Bovary" above) were lit by the afternoon sun. As we leaned on the ship's rail was it the view, or the wine, that made us dreamily discuss what we might do when we retired: or was it the growing probability that we could be fired for gross extravagance and dereliction of duty when we got back to school?

Away went P.H.T.'s striped shirt and beret to the bottom of the drawer, never to be seen again.

**N.B.** There has not been space in this brief article to describe any of the hard work done. Our stay was, of course, very professionally demanding. We were looking after the boys, taking lessons, discussing comparative educational theory with the Directeur; you don't really think that I was serious about those long meals, do you? There was hardly time to grab a sandwich, what with the marking we took with us and . . . (O.K. Relax. Remember that the Headmaster was there as well. Ed.)

**Philip Thonemann**



## ROUEN 1988 – A Pupil's Eye View

By 6.15 am all were seated aboard the coach, Admin taken care of, farewells farewelled, and the coach moved off from the Ridgeway, Destination: Victoria Station. Keeping up with Mr Armstrong's Olympic pace was a problem for many people . . . most people . . . and was first encountered at Victoria.

After a "successful" journey by rail and sea we reached our objective. On arriving at Rouen station we made for the lobby . . . and there they all were . . . the families gathered together; one by one we were called forward.

All our families turned out, however, to be welcoming and hospitable though surprisingly SOME of us never really got to grips with recognising them. (Ref. — Joseph's accidentally getting into the cars of other parents after School!)

Join-Lambert's site was smaller than our own, being crowded in a town, but had some 1,200 pupils! A typical day's timetable consisted of four lessons before lunch and an afternoon outing into the town. This is not to mention Greg's, Oliver's and Mark's (in)famous "extensive evening mystery tour" of the Rouen suburbs. In fact it's probably better if we don't!

In Paris, moving faster than the Metro (i.e. behind AHA) we visited all the important sights. We also went on a "bateau-mouche" to see Paris from the Seine.

In Arromanches-les-Bains we visited the intriguing Second World War landing beaches on a beautiful sunny day. At a museum there we were given a brief résumé and shown a film of the events on 6th June, 1944. Then after discovering a vast American War Cemetery at Coleville, we viewed the Bayeux Tapestry, its Latin commentary translated by our resident classicist Sandeep.

Towards the end of our stay a "fete" took place to celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of the Mill Hill/Join-Lambert exchange. During this, a demonstration was given by some selected, but embarrassed Millhillians of our School uniform and games kit. A video film of our School grounds and buildings, and of the French pupils' 1988 stay in Mill Hill, was also featured. A supposedly "English Meal" was provided — which everyone enjoyed (including — of course — the all-important apple pie and custard!)

Time flew — as it does when one has fun — and soon we were on our way home. Our thanks to Mr Armstrong for enduring three weeks with us and to everybody concerned with organising this memorable exchange.

**Eric Standing, Guy Potel**

## MILL HILL – JOIN-LAMBERT: TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Early in 1968 Monsieur André Carron, teacher of English at the Institution Join-Lambert, a private boys secondary school in the heart of Rouen, finally obtained permission from the French educational *administration* to set up an exchange during term with an equivalent English school. By a happy series of coincidences, M. Carron was already in touch with Mill Hill and in particular with the then Director of Modern Languages, Mr Michael Brown. So was born a link which during the next twenty years

was to bring together countless pupils, teachers, families and friends in a mutual sharing of their respective cultures and ideas. Together the two schools have lived through exciting times which themselves mirror the growing realisation of the dream of the *entente cordiale*. At the time of our first exchange De Gaulle was still in power and what now seems to us to have been an extraordinarily anachronistic veto still overshadowed the two countries. At the other end of the spectrum, today we look forward with excitement to the open market of 1992 and to the Channel tunnel promised soon after. In between we have seen Heath, Wilson, Callaghan, Pompidou and Giscard d'Estaing come and go. The stability of the real friendship which has grown so demonstrably between Mill Hill and Join-Lambert has survived all external winds of change.

Much of that stability has come from a reluctance on both sides to depart from the good practice which has established itself over the years. Although the exchange has evolved in many ways, the basic formula for success has changed only little. Indeed, a Millhillian who had gone to Rouen in the late 60s would doubtless have felt equally at home with this year's Fourth Form visit. Essential to the formula is the near-simultaneous exchange of about 25 pupils who spend three weeks living with a family, attending school and discovering the new country through guided visits with the teachers. In addition to this major event of the year, Mill Hill sends to Rouen an annual *Assistant* (normally someone who has just taken A levels and waiting for a year before taking up a university place) who helps teach English to small groups. Join-Lambert also brings groups of about fifty girls and boys to spend four days in London during the holidays. They are accommodated in some of our boarding houses and often eat in the dining hall. There are the regular visits made by teachers, linguists or other specialists, and more occasionally *visites royales* involving the two headmasters and their families. Belmont too has entered the exchange. Over the past five years they have sent parties of about twenty boys for long weekend visits. Thus the two schools have contacts at all levels allowing invaluable insight into the way our continental partners live.

To mark this year's special anniversary, the Head Master and Mrs Graham together with six colleagues from the Common Room spent a most enjoyable weekend in Rouen during the period of the main in June. Mr Thonemann has written in greater detail elsewhere of this visit. Suffice it to say that we were honoured to be the guests of Monsieur le Directeur at the *Fête de Join-Lambert* which highlights a different country each year. This time it was the turn of Britain and in particular of Mill Hill. There were special exhibitions and a grand buffet supper out in the courtyard of the school.

At the end of the summer term, there was a similar-sized party in England consisting of the Directeur, Monsieur Paré together with his wife, Monsieur Carron and Monsieur David through whose hands every exchange has passed to date and four colleagues who have played an important role in helping our pupils in Rouen, Monsieur Malandain, Monsieur Systemans, Mademoiselle Rioult and Monsieur Legay. On Friday, 1st July they were guests of honour at a dinner given on

board H.M.S. Belfast to which were invited many former teachers and Old MillHillians representing past involvement with Rouen. The day after, the French joined the School in celebration of our own Foundation Day. Monsieur Paré spoke from the rostrum (and in French, surely another “first” for Mill Hill), recalling part of the history of the exchange and offering to Mill Hill a tree to be planted as a permanent and growing symbol of our common friendship.

Shortly after the beginning of this term, in September, it was announced in France that Monsieur André Carron was to be decorated with the *palmes académiques*. This distinguished award is given for outstanding service to French education. We congratulate Monsieur Carron, *doyen* of our exchange, on his award and thank him and all his colleagues most sincerely for all the care and commitment they have manifested over the past twenty years to maintain the special relationship that exists between Mill Hill and the Institution Join-Lambert.

**W.R.W.**

## DESTINATION DUNKIRK OR IS IT DUNKERQUE?



The date is 5th October and out of the early morning mist emerge twelve figures and a “mini-bus” (if that’s what you call it) — the Mill Hill School Upper Sixth Geography field study group are assembling for their first mission.

The objective was to discover if there was actually life beyond the Sixth Form Centre and the Bull & Bush, hopefully finding something in DUNKIRK! As our predecessors have unfortunately discovered the only snag in this expedition is that you have to drag yourself out of your terribly comfortable and warm bed to turn up in front of school at 6.00 in the morning. But for Mr Badger and the French Assistant Fatima, we had all managed to arrive on time and it was now that the drama started.

“Got your passport Matt?” came the cry from within the group. “Damn (well, something like that) I knew there was something. Wait ’ere while I run over to Ridgeway to get it.” So our departure from school was delayed while we waited for Mr Badger, Fatima and now Matty Philips. Stage two now loomed ahead — how are

we going to get 15 people in the mini-bus? Easy, we squash in, don’t we? It’s not that we are not used to this emulation of a sardine can because the minor sports teams are often compressed for journeys to matches but these don’t take two and a half hours! So with A.P.H. at the wheel we were off to reconquer France. Life was going smoothly until I looked at my watch and then looked at the road sign — we had to be at Ramsgate ferry port by 8.30: it was 8.05 and we still had 16 miles to go; terrible thoughts flashed across my mind, like we might miss the damn ferry and have to go back to school, heaven forbid, and due to equal proportions of nifty wheel/accelerator work and some divine intervention we got to the quayside at 8.28. Now we were all sure we had our passports it was time to pass them to the front of the bus and of course the inevitable “ooh, weren’t you cute when you were young?” and numerous other giggling fits erupted on the vision of everyone’s photos. Justin Handforth was rather reluctant to let us see his “mug shot” and most of us realised why once we had hijacked the offending article during its passage to the front of the vehicle.

The next vehicle we were to experience was the “Viking 2” of Sally Lines but it emerged that this method of transport was to be more of a handful for some of us than was the mini-bus. After getting our bearings on board i.e. where was the bar, duty free shop and the toilets, we were ready to pose for that immortal school trip tradition — the group photo! Picture after picture was taken on camera after camera and finally when it was all over we dispersed around the ship to do what we had to do, whatever that was. Personally, I preferred to stay up on deck and bring new life into my lungs with the fresh sea air, which is miles better than that carbon monoxide soup we get in London. Within an hour most of the groups had managed to find out that they were not as good as sailors as they had imagined — Justin and Mat Frankel looked decidedly sick. On approaching the French coast the wind picked up and the rain came down and a new sport was discovered by Helen Murray-Scott — wind levitation. The aim of the game was to remain upright while being subjected to a gale force wind. I think I can safely say that Helen got the Gold in what could prove to be an interesting Olympic sport. France was in sight and we were approaching fast.

A.P.H. pointed out certain landmarks as we approached the docking pier and then a mad dash was made for the bus which was deep in the bowels of our vessel. The next highlight came when we discovered that despite Pross having taken previous groups to Dunkirk his knowledge of French road mannerisms was lacking. We tried to guess what the friendly French lorry driver tried to tell us but we couldn’t seem to find a suitable English translation! Our first stop in this foreign land was the town centre of Dunkirk where we were to have our midday meal. “Où est le McDonalds?” was a frequently used phrase but to no avail. So we resorted to Fatima finding us a roadside cafe where “frites” and “les hamburgers” were purchased for extortionate prices, but were welcomed never the less. Afterwards, a few of the girls practised their French when they went to get some info on the port. We headed off into the distance to have a look at the harbour area.

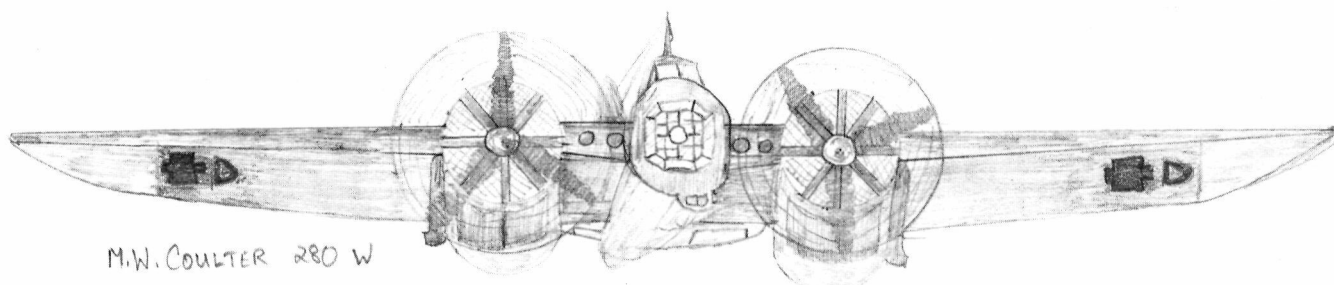
The first smell of the docks that we received was that of sulphur which was billowing out in vast clouds from the steel plant. From there we had a look at the grain silos and chemical tanks and then it was the point where Mr Badger came into his own — a chemical plant loomed up on the horizon. Our trusty Chemistry master explained in great detail (or so it seemed to us non-chemists) the process whereby petrol comes from crude oil and how “cats are cracked”. Wow, what a speech! Luckily for Matthew and Tricia he didn’t ask too many questions.

By now it was 3 o’clock and so after a brief look around the rest of the port and its exhibition centre we headed for THE HYPERMARKET! We had two hours of buying loadsa drink and eating loadsa pizza. We had to wrench ourselves from this heaven by 6.00 but then it was onto the boat for yet more joviality in the bar! Matt Philips, Stu

Mays and myself found ourselves glued to a classic arcade game, “Double Dragon”. Thankfully the return crossing was not too rough, well, put it like this, our beers didn’t seem to move much! Numerous topics popped up in our conversation in the bar of which some emerged to be quite amusing in one way or another.

Ramsgate was reached at about 10.30 and while waiting in the mini-bus before going through customs we all rearranged our purchases so that we could get all our stuff through and be within our limits at the same time — God knows what I was allocated by Mr Prosser-Harries! On the return journey to Mill Hill virtually everyone fell asleep and we got back to our respective houses at just about 1.30 on Thursday morning, the bad news was that we all had school in six hours time!

**Yet another N. J. BOULTER production!**



## SWANAGE TRIP

On Sunday the 19th of June the LV1th Biology set off from School after meeting in the Biology Labs. Two cars and a minibus had been loaded with every conceivable piece of equipment that might be of use (and much else besides!). After a late start the cortege rolled out of School heading south.

The minibus only managed to reach 100 mph but Roger “Aardvark” Ede seemed determined to break the land speed record “en route”. The obsession increased in Swanage when he found the less weighed down minibus could be quite fun driven at high speed on two wheels: unfortunately sick bags were never provided. R.E. was only to be surpassed by Mr Dingle in his Renault 11 turbo (sunroof open, Beach Boys tapes, surf boards . . . What a poser!).

We arrived at Durlston Road Castle Pub (nicely arranged, T.T.D.!) early Sunday evening and as on most others, set to work sampling the local beers and ciders. Pool seemed to become the great attraction and a pool competition was organised only to be won by the Landlord who had been in practice all year it seemed. That evening Douglas and T.T.D. showed a keen interest for Marine Biology by stripping down to their boxer shorts and going for a swim. All of which was captured by “Aardvark” on video.

On Monday morning we were straight to work, examining rock pools for eight hours! The main distraction was R.E. who seemed to pop up with the video cameras at the most embarrassing moments (i.e. when that jellyfish turned out to be a plastic bag), R.E. was to be nominated for an Oscar for his filming of “Wildlife” on the trip.

Tuesday was T.J.C.’s day — the main objective being to see how wet you could get whilst counting every barnacle on the south coast of Britain. Ditto Wednesday, except that the afternoon was devoted to beach cricket, but R.E. had cold feet, saying that he needed some more shots of the environment, not at all what he actually focussed on!

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday were assigned as fishing trips, all of us taking turns. On the first trip, the masters and girls (Tricia and Fleur) went. Tricia succeeded in catching two mackerel and R.E. caught a third in his trousers (unconventional fishing). The prize for the biggest fish went to Tim Horsefield with an 11 pound whiting.

On Thursday “Spotty” Hughes joined us on a nudist beach and gave us a long monologue on climate and vegetation in a style unique to a true Welshman. Meanwhile with the sun hot enough to fry an egg, Fleur and Tricia tested the theory on the heads of R.E. and T.J.C. who for an unknown reason did not find the hairful of slowly frying albumen as comic as the rest of us.

Then before finally heading back to sunny Mill Hill on Friday night R.E. gave us a final talk on “Halophytes” (plants from salty environments) and it was quite evident that he had known nothing about the topic until a couple of hours beforehand — well, we all learnt something which was, after all, the idea.

I would like to thank R.E., T.J.C., S.H. and of course T.T.D. on behalf of us all for organising this hard-working but very enjoyable week. I hope many more years of Lower Sixth Biologists will benefit from this trip. I certainly did.

**Malcolm Johnston**

# WORLD TOUR 1988



## WORLD TOUR RUGBY TEAM

To take thirty seven boys around the world on a Rugby tour was a remarkably ambitious undertaking, fortunately, the venture was a great success, the party enjoyed a quite magnificent trip. During the course of the tour, Mill Hill became the first School to tour Australia for a second time, and the first English School to play Rugby in Colorado. We travelled some 30,000 miles, stayed in eleven places, played fixtures against nine schools, and perhaps the most important of all, renewed old friendships, and made many new friends around the world.

Our first flight was to Singapore, where we spent two nights, primarily breaking the journey, but also training hard in the tropical heat. In fact, the squad trained at 6 a.m. on both mornings at the Singapore Cricket Club ground. Each session commenced in darkness, but, as dawn broke over the magnificent Pedang our activities were on show to the curious local populace as they hurried to work. The steamy day time hours were spent enjoying the shopping paradise that Singapore is, interspersed with the inevitable visits to the few remaining Chinese quarters and to Raffles Hotel for tea in the Tiffin Room. The Staff in the party enjoyed a delightful lunch at the Singapore Cricket Club with Jo Grimberg, a distinguished Old Millhillian who is currently a High Court Judge in Singapore.

We flew overnight to Perth, where on arrival, our priority was not only to train and practise hard, but to become accustomed as quickly as possible to the very different laws that Schoolboy Rugby Union is played in Australia. Our hosts were Wesley College, who have played cricket at Mill Hill twice, and is the School that Roger Denning exchanged to from The Leys. In the matches, the 1st XV won comfortably against a Wesley Old Boy Under 20 XV, and the Under 17's drew with the Wesley 1st XV. As we had trailed 3-16 at half time, this was a very creditable result showing some of the team spirit that manifested itself more and more as the tour progressed.

The long flight from Perth to Sydney gave the boys some understanding of the sheer size of Australia. Our first hosts in Sydney were of course Newington College. Mill Hill has had links with Newington since 1982 when we first played them on Top Field. The School now enjoys a close relationship with Newington, Chris Kelly exchanged with Peter Robertson for a year, several Newingtonians have acted as Assistant Masters at Mill Hill during their "year off" before University, and Anthony Fernandes will be the second Millhillian to spend a year "down under" assisting at Newington.

The First XV produced their best performance of the tour against Newington, only losing the game 6 points to 3 by conceding a soft try in the last few minutes. This was an excellent performance, the Newington XV were in mid-season having just returned from a successful tour of Queensland, whereas, for our boys it was the first real game for them since Christmas. In the opening minutes our tight head prop was carried off, and Nick Keller, a flanker, was forced to play in the front row for the rest of the game. All of the boys played above themselves, and it was heart-breaking that such commitment was not rewarded with a victory. Several Old Millhillians were at the game, and later that evening the tour Captain, Julian Pollock and the members of Staff attended the annual Australian Old Millhillian's Dinner, which had been organised to co-incide with our visit. John Hopkins took the chair at a memorable Dinner held in the Union Club in Sydney, amongst others present were those stalwart supporters of all things Millhillian, Robin Tillyard, Bob Bennett, George Weyland and Philip Spencer.

Our second host in Sydney was the Scots College, Bellevue Hill, which is another Great Public School in Sydney, and was where John Hurley taught before he came to Mill Hill. On the pitch they dominated the game early on, and went into a run-away lead, but to our credit, we held them after twenty-five minutes until the dying moments of injury time, undoubtedly, the injuries sustained against Newington and sheer fatigue contributed to our performance, the score-line however failed to reflect the closeness of the game. The Junior XV struggled against both of the Sydney Schools, partly



because they were still becoming organised as a team, but also because of the strength of Rugby in the GPS Schools, it should be remembered that both these Schools have over 1,000 boys attending them.

Our stay in Sydney was particularly memorable, not only because of the great natural beauty of the harbour, and many other tourist attractions, but also because the boys were extremely well looked after by their billets at Newington and Scots. This was a great feature of the tour, wherever we stayed the boys were hosted extremely well, this of course makes such tours very enjoyable and contributes greatly to the educational experience of travelling.

From Sydney we travelled across the magnificent Blue Mountain Range to our next hosts, Kinross-Wallaroi College at Orange. This was the only opportunity for the party to stay in rural Australia, it was very pleasant to have a short break from the bustle of the big cities. On the pitch, the Junior XV enjoyed an excellent morale building victory, whereas the First XV lost a game they should have won. We were all bitterly disappointed that the Firsts had been unable to produce their best.

After returning to Sydney for one more night, we flew up to Brisbane and started our stay on the Gold Coast at Surfers Paradise. Although the weather had been mild in Sydney, it was very pleasant to experience real warmth in the Sunshine State. We trained hard on both mornings and then adjourned to the beach, disappointingly the sea was as calm as a mill pond, and so the boys missed out on their one real opportunity to enjoy proper surf. From Surfers we moved to our Brisbane billets who were

*Under 17's v.  
Ipswich Grammar School.*



*1st XV v.  
Townsville Grammar School.*

Ipswich Grammar School, the oldest Boarding School in Queensland, situated just outside of Brisbane itself. En route we enjoyed a fascinating day at Expo 88, this remarkable extravaganza of international pavilions, outstanding entertainment and sheer excitement has transformed Brisbane from an ordinary town into a modern exhilarating city in Australia's bicentenary year.

Unfortunately, from our point of view Ipswich proved to be an outstandingly strong rugby playing School. In the last ten years they have doubled the School population to over 1,000 and offered a series of Sporting Scholarships. Both of our sides were heavily defeated, the Firsts severely depleted by injury, managed to hold them out until half time, but after the interval the flood gates opened. The Ipswich First XV was the strongest, fittest, and most efficient Schoolboy unit that I have seen.

Our next destination was Townsville in tropical Northern Queensland, this stop-over proved to be one of the most memorable of the tour, the party enjoyed an excursion to the Great Barrier Reef, which included the unexpected bonus of a very stormy return journey to the coast. We then stayed on Magnetic Island for two nights, enjoying the very warm (30 degrees centigrade) winter sunshine. We continued to train hard and were determined to perform better against Townsville Grammar School.

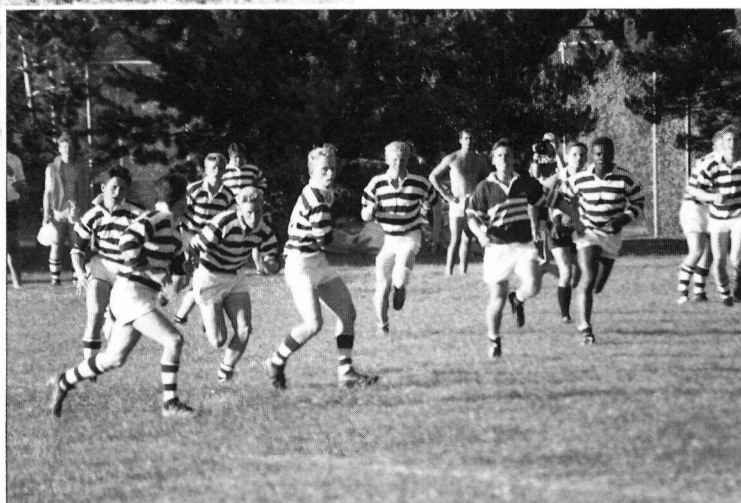
As it turned out the Junior XV played with great determination, and won a tight game, the performance of the back row was particularly outstanding. Unfortunately, although the First XV played with great commitment in the last quarter of their game, the current Australian Schools scrum half playing for Townsville had already created sufficient scoring opportunities for our efforts to be in vain.

The party was not looking forward to leaving the glories of tropical Queensland for the chillier climes expected in Melbourne, in fact, the weather in Melbourne was remarkably mild, and we thoroughly enjoyed staying in Australia's second largest city, and at long last, playing in conditions that resembled English ones. A highlight of our stay was a tour of the magnificent Melbourne Cricket Ground's Pavilion, Museum and Sporting Hall of Fame. We managed to win both our games in close contests, the First XV's win was particularly meritorious in that we defeated the Victorian State side. Our fixture co-incided with the Prime Minister's visit to Melbourne, Dennis Thatcher sent his best wishes for a successful outcome, and made every attempt to meet us, but unfortunately, we were unable to link up, however, the news of our victories was relayed to him at his hotel. It was good to see Richard Bean (OM) on the touchline at St. Kevins, he had also watched us at Newington, Robin Tillyard continued the remarkable Old Millhillian hospitality by inviting the Staff to dinner at the historic Melbourne Club.

This concluded the Australian part of the tour, as we flew to Fiji many of our party resolved to return "down under" in the not too distant future. The feature of our short stay in Fiji was the contrast between the quite palatial facilities and beauty of the Regent of Fiji, and the poverty at the Ratu Navula High School. We changed in a classroom, a branch was used as a cross bar, and the School possessed



*Under 17's v.  
Denver High School.*



*Under 17's v.*

one rugby ball! That said however, their love of rugby and natural skills and athleticism enabled them to produce two very close results. The Junior XV continued their winning ways, whilst the First XV went down by the odd score having played with great determination, but were finally thwarted by the quite extraordinary interpretation of the laws by the local referee. After the game, both sides gathered on the grass and we took part in a traditional Fijian ceremony which involved plenty of chanting, singing, clapping and shaking of hands, but the highlight, particularly for the onlookers, was the ceremonial drinking of an unusual liquid made from the cava plant. We had presented the opposition with some of the appropriate roots before the game, as instructed by our Fijian liaison man, these roots were then used in the preparation of a muddy-looking liquid which resembled stale dish-water, which much to everyones amusement was presented to the tour Manager, who had to drink it down in one gulp for fear of causing grave offence!

Our final flight with Quantas involved crossing the international date line, therefore we enjoyed two days for the price of one! we played our matches in Fiji, boarded an aircraft in Nadi, flew for sixteen hours, arrived in Los Angeles, checked into our hotel, and still had time for supper, all on the same day! The stopover in L.A. was greatly enjoyed as we spent all of our time in Disneyland and at the Universal Studios. We then flew on to our last destination, Denver, Colorado. Unfortunately, one of our party, John Barr, became quite ill in L.A., and David Woodrow was forced to stay on with him when the rest of us departed for Denver. Eventually, they both caught up in time for our fixture in Denver, and were able to travel home with the main party.

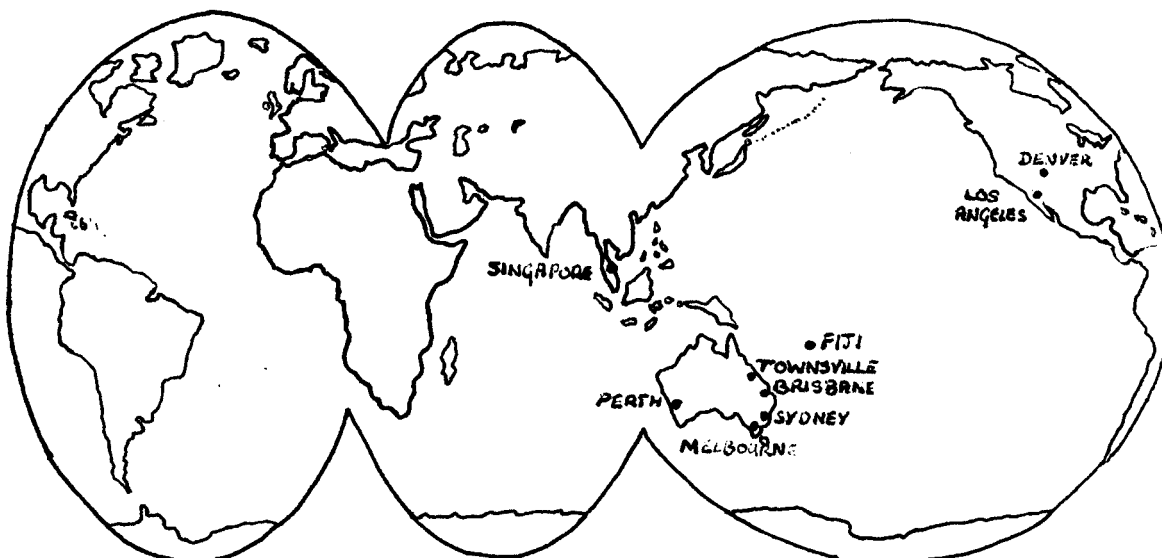
In Denver, the boys had a marvellous time, mostly staying with the boys that we had entertained in March. Many friendships were renewed, not least of which with Peter Shafroth, who taught at Mill Hill in 1983/4. Peter and his friends ensured that we had a great time in Denver, our match had created considerable excitement, we appeared on the Channel 9 News, the President of the U.S. Rugby Union attended the game, and an excellent reception was held afterwards. There is no doubt that the American Rugby Fraternity were delighted that an English School had stopped over in Colorado. We won both of the matches very comfortably, scoring plenty of tries, despite the heat (90 degrees F) and the lack of oxygen in the Mile High City!

When the party returned to Gatwick after our five and a half week trip, many of us were tired, and perhaps unable to appreciate just quite what we had experienced, it is only once you have returned to your routine existence that one appreciates fully the quality of the experience we had been fortunate to enjoy. The travel, sight-seeing, meeting with people, and sheer pleasure of such a trip goes without saying. It is very important however, that some of the facets of the tour are underlined.

On the playing front, the First XV were unlucky with injury, but produced individually, the best rugby of their lives. Julian Pollock the tour Captain was outstanding on and off the field, and in particular the way he played despite a severe knee injury, was a shining example to the rest of the party. It is impossible to describe each player's performance suffice it to say, that amongst those leaving the School, Irvine, Keller, Greenhough, Howes and Smith were consistently outstanding in the pack, and Ingham, Green, Holmes, Ferrari and Hamilton all played well in the backs. Undoubtedly, the greatest plus of the tour was the improvement made by those boys returning to School this year. David Mercer emerged as a natural Captain of the First XV for this season, Mortimer, Madge and Handforth all played well for the Senior side, and in the Junior team several players progressed significantly, notably, Propper, Onyejiaka, Isseyegh, Richardson, Barr, Manzi and Latter. Partly because of the laws in Australia which de-power the scrum and encourage instant ball from rucks and mauls, we adopted a very open running style of play, which involved quick transfer of the ball in mid-field, quick rucking, and instant support. I hope that the levels of fitness and skill that were required to play this type of game can be sustained during our domestic season, the Under 17 XV won their last four games in a row, hopefully, those results will encourage them to play with comparable commitment and will to win for the First XV this year.

Wherever we went it was very pleasing to receive glowing praise for the behaviour of our boys, at each port of call hosting parents went out of their way to tell me how much they had enjoyed our players' company. The tour went without any hitches of any significance, the boys were excellent ambassadors for the School, their parents, and for rugby. We look forward to reciprocating the hospitality we received by continuing to entertain visiting schools from around the world at Mill Hill. Finally, I should like to thank all those people who made the tour possible, either through financial assistance, hours of hard work, or simply enthusiastic support. In particular, our thanks go to the members of the Rugby Social Club Committee who have done so much over the last six years to make these ventures possible, and I should wish to extend my personal thanks to Tony Slade, Dai Rees, and David Woodrow for helping to make the tour such a success, as well as being such pleasant companions on the trip.

**G.R.K.**



## THE RESULTS

### 1st XV v. Wesley College Old Boys

*Tries:* Charod, Ferrari F. (2), Keller

*Cons:* Hamilton 3

*Pens:* Hamilton 1 25-9 W

### U17's v. Wesley College 1st XV

*Tries:* Wanendeya (2)

*Cons:* Propper 1

*Pens:* Propper 2 16-16 D

### 1st XV v. Newington College

*Pen:* Hamilton 3-6 L

### U17's v. Newington College

*Pen:* Propper 3-26 L

### 1st XV v. Scotts College 0-33 L

### U17's v. Scotts College

*Pen:* Propper 2 6-20 L

### 1st XV v. Kinross Wolaroi

*Tries:* Mortimer

*Cons:* Hamilton

*Pen:* Hamilton 9-16 L

### U17's v. Kinross Wolaroi

*Tries:* Mortimer (2), Propper (2)

*Cons:* Propper 3

*Pens:* Propper 2 28-0 W

### 1st XV v. Ipswich Grammar School

0-57 L

### U17's v. Ipswich Grammar School

0-22 L

### 1st XV v. Townsville Grammar School

*Tries:* A. Green, Keller

*Cons:* Propper 2

12-29 L

### U17's v. Townsville Grammar School

*Tries:* G. Greene, S. Roberts

8-0 W

### 1st XV v. Victoria State XV

*Pens:* Ingham 2

6-0 W

### U17's v. St. Kevins College 1st XV

*Tries:* Mercer, Barr

8-4 W

### 1st XV v. Ratu Navula High School

*Tries:* Handforth, Hilms

*Cons:* Ingham

10-16 L

### U17's v. Ratu Navula High School

*Pens:* Propper 2

6-4 W

### 1st XV v. Colorado State Select

*Tries:* F. Ferrari (2), M. Ferrari, Ingham, Keller, Hamilton

*Cons:* Hamilton 4

*Pens:* Hamilton 2

38-4 W

### U17's v. Denver Select XV

*Tries:* Onyejiaka (2), Manzi, Mortimer

*Cons:* Propper 2

*Pens:* Propper 2

26-4 W

### 1st XV

Played 9, Won 3, Drawn 0, Lost 6  
Points For 103; Points Against 170

### U17's

Played 9, Won 5, Drawn 1, Lost 3  
Points For 101; Points Against 96



## WORLD RUGBY TOUR 1988

It was the morn of July the 5th and we knew that finally the long awaited day had come and we were about to embark on the adventure of a lifetime. Our first itinerant stop was in sunny Singapore where we got our first taste of the tropical climes in store for us as we stepped out into the marvellous Changi Airport. The combination of high temperature and humidity forced us to train at 5.30 am. This did not go down well with "the lads"! (as you can no doubt imagine).

After two mornings of this tough regime we flew on to Australia and began doing what this tour was really all about: Playing Rugby. The rugby was hard, a reflection of the enthusiasm and suicidal commitment of the Australian sportsmen, and was in some cases reflected by decisive losses.

"Oz", being such a vast country, offered much variety of lifestyle and (yes!) culture; I am sure all those on tour

will have vivid memories of the Melbourn Metro, cosmopolitan Orange!, the Great Barrier Reef, Surfers Paradise and Sydney night life.

Fiji was a great contrast to Australia, and perhaps if I describe the pitch you will see why. The posts were made from bamboo poles and the touch line was a row of small coloured natives who sat cross-legged, and one of our opponents played only wearing socks. (Needless to say he was quick around the base of the scrum!)

In some ways we were glad to reach the U.S. as after a hard tour the home stretch seemed in sight. Every member of the tour will keep memories of this trip with him for life, I think I can safely say, which makes the job of giving thanks all the more important. Thanks are extended to all who have helped make possible our tour successful especially Mr Kelly on the organisational front and for his dedication to rugby at Mill Hill, Mr Dingle for his fund raising, and the Smiths and Hubbards who gave so much time and effort.

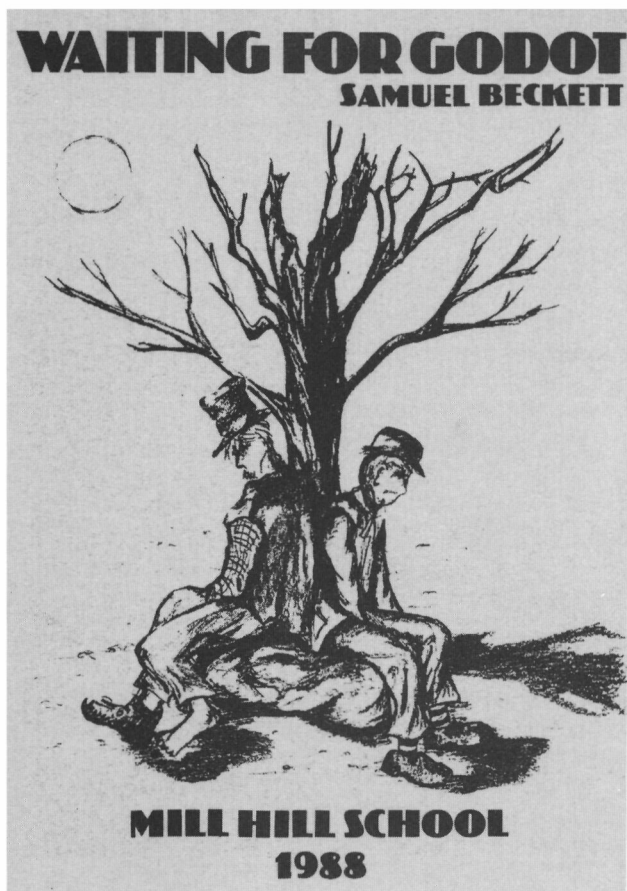
**Peter Korniczky**



# DRAMA

## WAITING FOR GODOT

Directed by Mr. Peter Herring



Those of us who have spent time studying "Waiting for Godot" — and it is a set text for "A" Level French this year — have become dab hands at talking and writing about it. With the dexterity and the garrulousness of Paul Daniels, we juggle the intellectual terms, speaking of it as a "seminal" work, as allegorical, symbolic, Christian, anti-Christian, atheist, existentialist, absurdist, a modern morality play and heaven knows what else. Godot's identity, frustratingly elusive, is discussed and sought after with all the earnestness of mountaineers plodding after the Yeti, and the more categorical among the critics have seen in him the incarnation of everyone from God to General de Gaulle. Estragon and Vladimir, we assert confidently, are (and who could possibly doubt it?) the two aspects of each of us, the animal and the spiritual, while in Pozzo and Lucky we see the essential decadence and corruption of a master-slave relationship. Well, maybe . . . but what Peter Herring's production in the VIth Form Centre brought home so forcefully was that "Waiting for Godot" is first and foremost a play, belonging, not in the lecture hall or the classroom, but in the theatre, for it is warm and real, concrete and not abstract, and, in its impact and appeal, emotional and not rational, and often very funny to boot.

There was a strong reminder of all this in the foyer, for the display that had been mounted showed how

influential on Beckett were such figures as Buster Keaton, and revealed his love of the whole music-hall tradition. This was a fascinating collection of photographs, comments, designs and reviews, and it whetted the appetite in a most stimulating manner.

If "Godot" is to succeed on stage, then, in my view, particular attention needs to be given to three aspects of the play: characterisation, pace and movement, and the essentially physical quality of the action. (The play is, after all, cluttered with objects, from boots and turnips, to whips, hats and a suitcase full of sand.) In all three areas, this production was quite unusually accomplished.

Toby Sheldon's Vladimir was dignified, dapper, and full of manic energy. Meticulous, fastidious (How, though, had he managed to retain such knife-edge creases in his trousers?) he was understandably put out at Estragon's sardonic reference to his unbuttoned fly. Here indeed was the man who declared, in irritated self-reproof, that one should "never neglect the little things of life". This actor revealed, too, both in his walk, hands plunged deep into pockets, and in his facial expression, the extent of the physical pain to which he was subject. However, for Vladimir, the physical pain, for all that it prevents both sleep and laughter, pales alongside the spiritual and intellectual agony of uncertainty: he is a man desperately in search of truth, yet constantly disappointed, and Toby Sheldon could, I felt, have given us more indication of the essential nightmare that persistently haunts him. At the end of his great speech in Act II, where he suddenly apprehends the truth, the cry "I can't go on!" should be agonising to hear, but equally as searing should be the horrified realisation "What have I said?" Never mind, though: this was an impressive performance, which combined genuine feeling and thoughtfulness with assured technique.



*Estragon (Jason Briggs), Vladimir (Toby Sheldon),  
Boy (Steven Lee)*



*The Cast and Crew of "Waiting for Godot".*

Jason Briggs' Estragon was no less striking. He found a splendid gravelly voice to match a hang-dog expression, and coupled world-weariness with a nice line in biting sarcasm. ("I find this really most extraordinarily interesting" was beautifully turned and timed.) Beneath his distraught air — or is the amnesia genuine? — Estragon is sharply intelligent, and this actor conveyed well the shafts of insight, while, at the same time, frequently touching us with his bursts of anger and sudden "cris de coeur": the naked simplicity of his childlike statement "I'm unhappy" was genuinely moving and created a moment of real pathos.

If Estragon and Vladimir contrasted nicely with one another, they were in turn excellently set off by Pozzo and Lucky. There was something chillingly menacing in David Faik's Pozzo, soft-toned — how rarely is the real-life bully or tyrant a ranting loud-mouth! — and well-groomed; here was a man overblown with vanity, who looked in command, but who was also histrionic, constantly in search of a public, and prone to bouts of maudlin self-pity. There should, perhaps, have been lengthier pauses, so as to ram home these contrasts, but David Faik nevertheless brought over well the unpredictability of the man. Whether or not he is Godot must remain a mystery; to this writer, however, he became, in his tragic-comic posturing, a kind of latter-day Nero.

The part of Lucky must, at first glance, seem a very thankless one to an actor. For most of the time no more than a modern equivalent of a Shakespearian spearholder, when he does spring into vocal life, he spouts apparent nonsense, only to subside once more into silence and inaction. Yet how misconceived such a view is Julian Mann showed in a performance full of bravura. Wild-eyed and hunted, mistrustful and almost incapable of stillness, he was physically compelling long before his extraordinary utterance. And when he did come to "think", we were treated to some rare insights. The famous speech was handled as though it were a piece of music, with carefully judged pauses, rallentandos, sudden accelerations, and they revealed well the struggle for reason; the sad disintegration of meaning, and, as the familiar incantations of sporting and commercial terms tumbled over each other, the ease with which we allow cliché to take over. As a total piece of acting, I found it a "tour de force".

These four thoughtful performances were admirably supported at the end of each act by Steven Lee's Boy, hesitant, timid, rightly puzzled, essentially enigmatic, and proof once more that you do not need to count the lines before you can derive — and provide — satisfaction as an actor.

To heighten the acting, we were given a delightfully atmospheric country road, with strategically placed

rocks and a strangely eerie sky: it was just the right sort of set, providing mood and context, but never intrusive, and it was evenly, if perhaps a little dully, lit. Indeed, the design generally was impressive and, in addition to the programme, this writer will treasure the poster, a lovely blend of warmth and understanding. Thank you, Ben Taggart!

For all the accomplishment of the performances and the designers, however, we must not forget that a stage production is normally more than the sum of its parts, and this one was no exception. How good, after all these years, to see Peter Herring wrench the demon from his soul (Goethe called it “das Dämon”, a kind of daemonic driving force) and finally lay the spirit of Godot! He did this by breathing life into the play in such a way as to stop us worrying about its possibly profound significance, while at the same time allowing us to imbibe it, despite ourselves. Yes, I had quibbles: why did the carrot remain uneaten, why were the rocks (particularly the one stage left) so little used, why did Lucky begin “thinking” by addressing his thoughts to Vladimir and Estragon, why did these two sometimes appear to see us and take us into their confidence by speaking “out front”, when everything in the script indicates that we are no more than ectoplasm — “that bog”, “charming prospects” — and why were so many silences curtailed when they needed to be lengthened? (Even in the classroom, silence can produce tension; how much more so in the theatre!) But no matter: here was a beautifully orchestrated production, with quite splendid cueing (and how well I know the hours of rehearsal that go into achieving such quick-fire repartee!), lovely variation of pace, comic invention, lyricism, and an unbroken concentration on the work as a piece of *theatre*.



*Lucky (Julian Mann) and Pozzo (David Faik).*

“Waiting for Godot” has been described as “a lucid testimony of nothingness” which must surely be the remark of an academic! I prefer to think of Estragon and Vladimir alone on that country road, desperately filling in time, and thus their lives. At one point, they get launched on a series of mutual insults, and reach a climax in the exchange when Estragon, with a kind of punch to the solar plexus, cries out ferociously “Critic”, at which the hapless Vladimir crumples. I know full well the risks I have run, therefore, but I remain happy to stand and be counted. This was a fine production of a masterly play, and I am grateful to Peter and everyone else involved for giving me the opportunity to see it again. I know I was not alone in my delight.

**Norman Isaacs**  
**Director of Modern Languages,**  
**King's College School, Wimbledon**

## **THE SUMMER PLAY: ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN**

### **DIRECTED BY MR RATTUE & MR SIMON APPLETON**

For the second successive year, pupils and teachers combined their efforts and talents to produce an open-air play at the end of the Summer Term. Brave indeed in the British climate; during the first two nights it may have seemed rash, for the cast was compelled to transfer to the Sixth-Form Centre. And yet . . . the Buckland Garden: what a delightful setting for a play itself set in a garden! At the third attempt the intention was justified as we sat down to watch the first act in the golden glow of early evening, and then the second with the lights up before it fell quite dark.

The play, Ayckbourn's **Round and Round the Garden** was a wise choice. It is a “well made play”, and if there is no sure receipt for success in comedy, Ayckbourn found one here, as so often elsewhere, that is all-but-sure. Norman, the source of all the mischief of the play, is both married to Ruth and the aspiring lover of Annie (unwillingly chaste) and Sarah (boringly married). Annie tries to arrange for herself a less than respectable weekend with Norman, but the situation is complicated by the presence of Reg, a lounge-bar bore and his wife Sarah. The plot runs as smoothly as teutonic

engineering, but far more lightly, through its clashes of character and mistaken situations to the ironic denouement. “Someone's sure to be the sufferer by a joke”, wrote Hazlitt, and in this play it is Norman, who, finally deserted by all the other characters, cries indignantly: “I only wanted to make you happy”. Certainly a success, the dew is on the thorn.

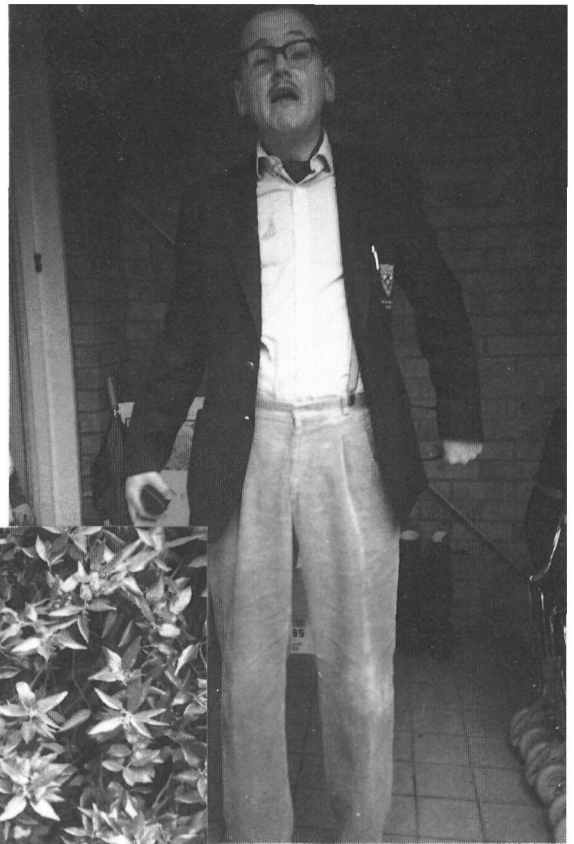
I have already noted that the cast and production team were composed of teachers and pupils as they had been for last year's production of **The Importance of Being Earnest**. It is this joint effort combined with the outdoor situation that has created the special character of the summer play and induces one to express the hope that such productions may continue. The experience of the adults breathes confidence into the pupils and tempers their extravagance.

Messrs Rattue and Appleton, respectively the director and producer, made some happy choices in their casting. Mr Patterson's Reg sketched the middle-aged character's desire for excitement and his pusillanimity in pursuit of it; frequently this was communicated by little more than a modulated gesture or nuance of voice. His





*Annie (Tamsin Aspinall)*



*Reg (Nigel Patterson)*



*Norman (Steven Lee)*

*Sarah (Myra Hardcastle)*

*Ruth (Helen Murray Scott)*





wife, Sarah (life imitates art), was played by Mrs Hardcastle. It was a pleasure to have the opportunity to see Mrs Hardcastle act before her departure from Mill Hill, which she did, as she did everything for the School, with great energy and good will.

Steven Lee played the egregious Norman. As a member of the Removes, Stephen was the youngest in the cast, but his role required him to display a prodigious variety of moods. At times words and phrases did not sit well upon his lips, but he relished the anarchic force of Norman's character and must take credit for some of the funniest moments of the evening.

Helen Murray-Scott was his razor-tongued wife, Ruth. She caught the tone of ennui at her husband's adolescent behaviour, and of amused contempt at the fumbling incompetence of Tom's dutiful pass at her. Helen had played a hard-faced woman on other occasions: Clea in **Black Comedy** and Frosine in **The Miser**, and once again her achievement in the present play was characterised by ease and assurance.

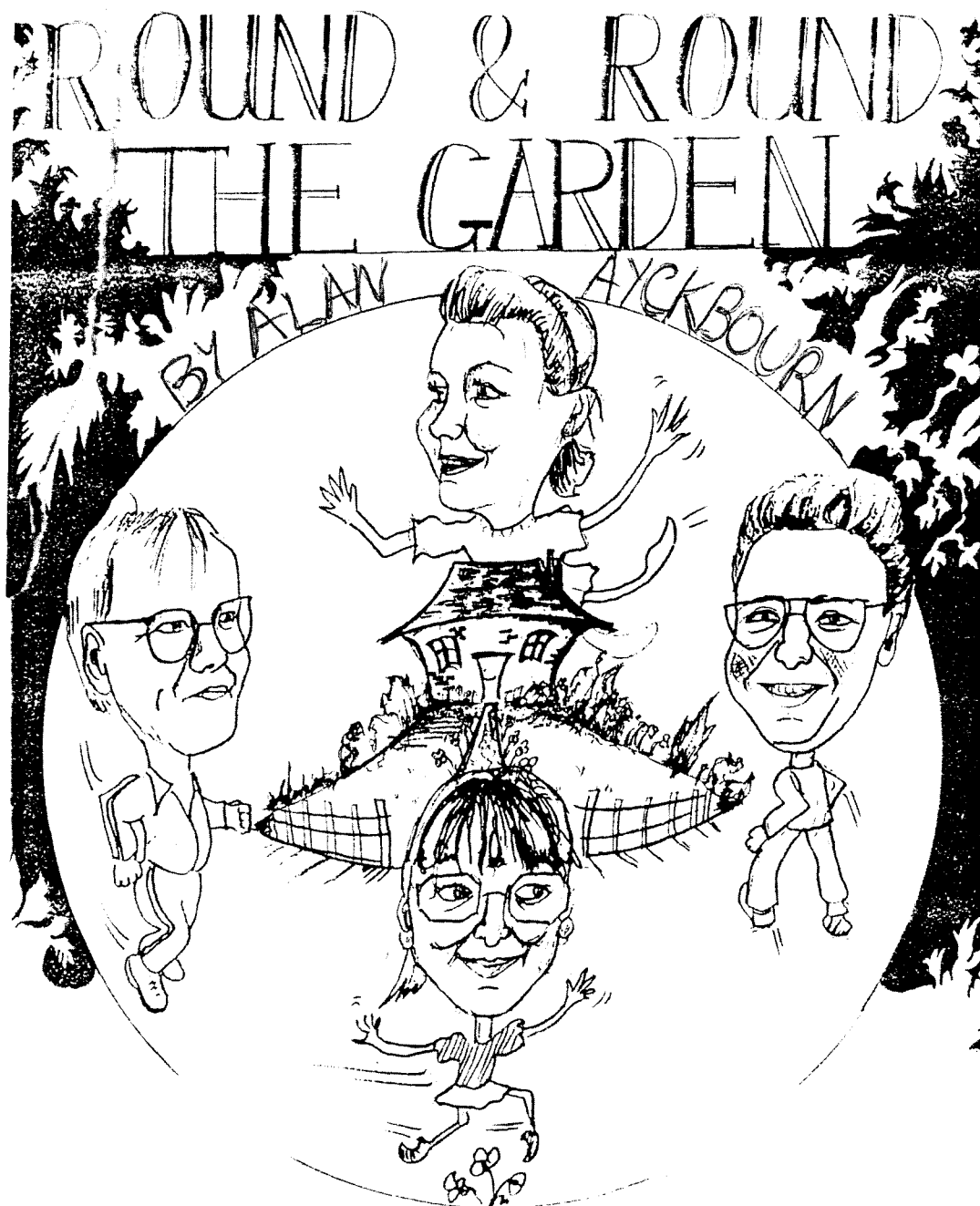
Robert Ioannou's Tom was a most charming

performance. The character was at one and the same time so sympathetic and so inept. Robert's timing avoided all those unwelcome pauses and hurried silences of school productions, as did Tamsin Aspinall's portrayal of Annie. Tamsin's success was to combine a homeliness as comfortable as a woolly cardigan with coy sensuality.

It would not do to omit mention of Mr Stringer's cameo role as the drunken gardener; few members of the cast obtained more laughter without the aid of speech. I hope that this may not prove to be his swan-song to Mill Hill drama.

It was, alas, the swan-song of Mr Rattue, the director, if not of the producer, Mr Appleton. Both deserve great credit for the production and, indeed, for establishing a play as an event of the Summer Term which one awaits with eager anticipation. "Tis a good thing to laugh at any rate," said John Dryden, "and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness." Many congratulations to all who undertook the production to create for three evenings such laughter and such happiness.

**P. de G. McK**



# MUSIC

## CHAPEL CHOIR

The Chapel Choir has sung anthems throughout the year (at the ghastly hour of 8.30 am), and this has added variety to the Services, and the standard has been attractive generally. For The Fauré Requiem in March and the Vivaldi in October, additional numbers of pupils and parents have swollen the Chapel Choir into more like Choral Society numbers.

The old (1907) Steinway piano in the Large was about to be restored mainly by the generosity of the Luckin bequest, but when more closely looked at by technicians was found to have deteriorated beyond repair. By the time these words appear it is possible that a new medium-sized concert-grand will have arrived.

## CHOIR

The recent reviewer of the performance of Messiah regretted the modest size of the audience. It is not so many years since the Summer Concert was given to two fairly full houses on successive nights.

It can hardly be said that standards are in any way less good. They are probably higher in most ways than at any previous time. The orchestra is larger, and there are more of our invaluable girls in the Choir. There are endless distractions, of course, and it would be unfair to name them. Course work and exams make life difficult;

yet both Summer concerts were highly creditable — to the performers in particular!

Perhaps one must get used to the fact that all concerts now are of interest only to a minority at Mill Hill, apart mainly from the parents of those taking part, and the performers themselves.

I hope it will not be seen as arrogance if it is suggested that if more people made the effort to come they might find a good deal of talent, pleasure, interest, and, even, fun in the School's music.

Why not try a concert?

## CONCERTS

There has been a wide range of concerts as usual since the last magazine.

At the beginning of the Summer Term, Janet Reed, our cello teacher, kindly brought a quartet of players and a nicely varied programme. Particular interest centred round her own solo Schumann, and this and the other solo items were admirable.

The Staff concert in Chapel was worthy of a South Bank audience, fully professional in planning and execution.

The School Concert in May was attractively varied

and of a remarkably high standard, Choir, Orchestras, and Band being assured and cohesive. Mr Hillier dextrously played Walter Leigh's neo-Classic concerto, and both pupil soloists, with Miss Reed, gave highly skilled performances.

The end of term Informal Concert in June gave the platform to a number of the most skilled pupils, the music ranging from xylophone to two violins. It was also a farewell to Mr Crosby, who is moving on from Belmont, and who accompanied a beautiful performance by Mr Thonemann of Schubert's D major Sonata.

## CONCERT IN THE MUSIC SCHOOL: IN MAY

### The Aries Ensemble

Jeffrey Zook, flute  
Janet Reed, cello  
Richard Koster, violin  
Andrew Rapps, piano

### Trio No 3 in G major

Haydn

### Fantasie-Stücke

Cello and Piano

Schumann

### Bachianas Brasileiras No 6

Flute and Cello

Villa Lobos

### Chaconne, from Partita No 2 in D minor

J S Bach

Solo Violin

### Introduction and variations on a Theme of Weber

Flute and Piano

Kuhlau

### Trio No 1 in C major

Haydn

## CONCERT IN CHAPEL IN MAY

### Prelude for Organ

Frank Bridge

### Voluntary in E minor, Op 7, No 7

John Stanley

### Duo for Violin and Viola

Skalkottas

### Grand Duo for Violin and Viola, Op 69, No 2

Pleyel

### Choral Dorian Litanies

Jehan Alain

WILLIAM WINFIELD, violin

PHILIP THONEMANN, viola

ALFRED CHAMPNISS, organ & harpsichord

### Toccata in F major

J S Bach

### Sonata in B minor, for violin and harpsichord

J S Bach

# SCHOOL CONCERT IN THE LARGE: IN MAY

**Crystal March** *Bob Lowden*  
**Four Songs and Dances (Dioclesian)** *Purcell, arr*  
 The Band, conducted by Simon Hillier  
**Italian Dance** *Madeleine Dring*  
 Robert Ioannou, oboe  
**Brightly Dawns our Wedding Day (Mikado)** *Sullivan*  
 The Choir  
**Sonata in G minor** *Handel*  
**for two Cellos and Chamber Orchestra**  
 Jonathan Burden and Janet Reed

**Chaconne in G Minor for Chamber Orchestra** *Purcell*  
**Concertino for Piano and Strings (1934)** *Walter Leigh*  
 Soloist: Simon Hillier  
**Langdon Overture (1970)** *Llilon Hughes-Jones*  
**Little Suite No 2 (1963)** *Malcolm Arnold*  
 Overture — Ballade — Dance  
 The Orchestra, led by Peter Albert, conducted by Alfred Champriss

## INFORMAL SUMMER CONCERT IN THE MUSIC SCHOOL: IN JUNE

**Preludio, Adagio and Gavotte** *Matteis*  
 David Kraft, violin  
**Slow movement of Sonata Pathétique** *Beethoven*  
 Elliott Davis  
**Grand Duo Concertante (Rondo)** *Weber*  
 Timothy Seaton, clarinet  
 Simon Hillier, piano  
**Mazurka in A minor** *Chopin*  
 Anna Henshaw  
**Dance Espagnole** *de Falla*  
 Peter Albert, violin

**Serenade** *Poulenc*  
 Jonathan Burden, cello  
**Allegro & Minuet and Trio for 2 violins** *Pleyel*  
 Malcolm Johnston and Philip Seaton  
**The Great Gate of Kiev** *Mussorgsky*  
 Peter Albert, piano  
**On Another Track** *Jack Simpson*  
 Peter Weitz, xylophone  
**Violin Sonata in D, Op 121** *Schumann*  
 Philip Thonemann, violin  
 Paul Crosby, piano



*The Leaver's Ball, 1988.*

# MINOR SPORTS

## ATHLETICS

*Masters in Charge:* **J. D. Rees**  
**D. R. Woodrow**  
*Captain:* **T. H. Sheldon**

The season got away to a surprisingly encouraging start, which immediately demonstrated the capabilities of most of the athletes. This year everyone seemed to devote considerably more effort than in previous years. Training, although only two or three times a week, consisted of the correct numbers attending, always working hard for each session. This obviously paid off, as there were many previously unexpected results. For instance G. Loverdos threw an astonishing 31.20m (discus) at the Barnet Championships to give him a second place. G. Mortimer achieved encouraging times in nearly every meeting and he managed a P.B. of 1.59.6 (800m). A school record is by no means beyond reach! (P. Hillenbrand 1.59.5, 1957).

Congratulations must go to M. Wanendeya, who broke the intermediate 100m hurdles record with a time of 15.1 and in my opinion proved himself to be the most improved athlete of the season.

The highlight of the term had to be the success of the Intermediate 4 x 100m relay team, who won the Achilles relay as well as very narrowly coming second, representing Barnet, at the Middlesex Championships.

The prospects for next year appear to be bright, with a very strong intermediate team moving up to senior level. However, even with ten people selected to participate in the Barnet team, the problem is the content of quality in our team. With only 22% of the school playing competitive cricket there should be a much wider range of talent in the squad. Perhaps next year athletics will be considered as important as the School's other traditional summer sport, cricket.

Owing to adverse weather conditions the School Sports Day had to be cancelled.

Finally a special thanks must go to Mr Rees and Mr Woodrow who devoted much of their time to administration and coaching.

**Full colours:** G. Mortimer, G. Loverdos

**Half colours:** A. Green, H. Llewelyn, J. Knowland, F. Ng, 4 x 100m team (Wanendeya, Manzi, Lawton, Fowewe).

**Toby Sheldon**  
*Minor Sports Editor*

## FENCING

Yet again, the fencing club has enjoyed a successful year under the careful guidance of Professor Williams. Although the number of new members was disappointingly small, the fencing club continued to flourish throughout the year. School matches began early in the Autumn term, following the appointment of M. Kantaria as Captain. For the third consecutive year, the fencing team remained undefeated except by an adult club, with a strong team achieving some excellent results:

|    |                           |            |
|----|---------------------------|------------|
| v. | <b>U.S.S.</b>             | won 6 - 0  |
| v. | <b>Berkhamstead</b>       | won 4 - 2  |
| v. | <b>Berkhamstead Girls</b> | won 3 - 1  |
| v. | <b>Queenswood</b>         | won 3 - 1  |
| v. | <b>Wycombe Abbey</b>      | won 4 - 0  |
| v. | <b>King's Cross</b>       | lost 2 - 3 |

During the Spring term, fencers from Mill Hill competed very successfully in four inter-school competitions: The Mill Hill School Sabre tournament, the Berkhamstead Epée and Kendo tournaments, and the U.C.S. Foil tournament. The combined results of these four events determined the outcome of the Master at Arms competition, which was won by M. Kantaria.

The School Championships were held half way through the Summer Term, with the following results:

|                 |             |
|-----------------|-------------|
| <b>U18 Foil</b> | M. Simmonds |
| <b>U16 Foil</b> | S. Beard    |
| <b>U14 Foil</b> | D. Gardiner |

|                           |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| <b>Epée</b>               | D. Mistry   |
| <b>Sabre</b>              | T. Kenefick |
| <b>Master at Arms:</b>    |             |
| <b>Senior</b>             | D. Mistry   |
| <b>Junior</b>             | T. Kenefick |
| <b>House Competition:</b> | Priestley   |

Sadly, we must bid farewell to several fencers who have contributed greatly to the fencing club: M. Simmonds (ex-Captain), D. Mistry (ex-Secretary) and R. Danks.

I would particularly like to thank Mr Patterson, the patron of the club, for his organisation and support throughout the year, and the Headmaster, who presented the prizes at the Mill Hill Sabre tournament and at the School Championships. I would also like to thank the armourer, N. Cockburn, and Professor Williams, who has striven to improve the standards of fencing in the club. Unfortunately, due to a family move, Professor Williams is unable to return to Mill Hill in September to teach the fencing club, which he himself has built up over several years into an enjoyable and successful organisation. He will be missed greatly by all the fencers, who wish him all the best for the future. Let us hope that a worthy successor can be found, so that the fencing club can continue to flourish.

**T. Kenefick**  
*Fencing Secretary*



# SHOOTING REPORT

The shooting activities this term involved 20 members and the weekly trips down to Bisley. Despite rain, the term began very well, with W. Day-Lewis and J. Leslie coming sixth out of a number of Public schools in the London and Middlesex competition, and achieving a respectable standard in the Surrey and Sussex Rifle Association Meetings. The highlight of the shooting calendar, however, was the "Ashburton Shield" in which many members proved their aptitude, encouraged by a particular high team spirit of which the results were a reflection. N. Weisfeld achieved the coveted cadet 100 badge for full bore shooting. L. Bloom also gained 4th place out of 2,000 cadets, and N. Smart placed 18th, stayed on with R. Danks for the Queens Prize and both did exceptionally well.

This term we moved on to .22 rifles and new appointments of J. Leslie as Captain and N. Weisfeld as Secretary. In our first match, against Harrow, we won the Pairs competition but lost the Eight. The most notable event of the term so far has been the participation in the BSSRA national competition, with Smart, Weisfeld, Butler, Alexander and Day-Lewis comprising the since affectionately termed "A" Team! Congratulations to them for their remarkable achievement of 1st place in their League Table, defeating both Epsom and Sherbourne.

Finally, I would like to thank N. Smart, our eminent Captain, for his dedication over the past two years, with thanks also to Mr Axworthy and Mr Brownlie for their unfailing support and encouragement.

**James Leslie**

## KARATE

"Karate", as the Japanese would say, is a sport for all and we take pride in the fact that more girls are joining the club.

Sadly, Dr Pulham was taken ill this term and thus has not been able to coach us, but we welcome, and at the same time say goodbye, to Steve who temporarily, but excellently, filled in for Dr Pulham during his illness. This substitution has benefitted us as it means that we have now experienced a different style of instruction.

Unfortunately, we were unable to compete in the first ever inter-school match (against Westminster) but we hope to be able to do so next time.

Congratulations to all those who passed the recent gradings, and we wish all the best to Dr Pulham and look forward to seeing him again when he has fully recovered. Many thanks to all the new and, of course, regular students.

**Chris Alexandrou**

## GOLF

*Captain:* **Y. Enoki**  
*Patron:* **G. C. Sutcliffe**

The earlier start to the Autumn Term (this year 31st August) has enabled us to have several fixtures and in addition to the Championship games, we have played Highgate, Felsted and the Old Millhillians.

Although we have not won any of the matches played, there are this year many keen **young** golfers and we look forward to some successes next summer.

**Golf Foundation Schools' Qualifying Round  
(at South Herts) - 11th (16 schools)**

**Hill Samuel Schools' Foursomes - First Round  
v. Latymer Upper (at Hendon) LOST 0 - 3**

The following have played this term: Y. Enoki; J. Bohn; D. Mercer; M. Feldman; T. Kenefick; S. Reilly; J. True.  
**G.C.S.**

"HELLO



BOYS"

# GIRLS' SPORTS

Girls' sports at Mill Hill School have continued to expand and improve, especially with the introduction of hockey as the major sport this September, with a coach. Much thanks and appreciation goes to Miss King, who has put in a lot of time and effort to keep practices going and arrange matches, making sports more enjoyable and maintaining the opportunity for girls to have a choice. We look forward to a good season this term especially after an 18-3 victory against Westminster on the netball courts!

**Tricia Lamb**  
*Girls' Sports Editor*

## TENNIS

The tennis season for girls was enjoyable. On Thursday afternoons the team consisting of six girls, aided by Miss King and our UVI Captain, Emma Richardson, attended practices. As a result of exams and other commitments we only managed one match, which was against Westminster, for all three pairs. We didn't do very well, but it was an enjoyable afternoon. Skills were improved and everyone benefited.

**Veronica Byrne**

## CRICKET

This summer term, girls cricket was re-started, coached by the eminent and infamous Tony Lock.

Even though there was an enthusiastic response originally, only about nine girls managed to turn up on the first day, but we were enthusiastic and we greatly enjoyed ourselves. The "team" gradually diminished to eight (few of these were original members) and under the influence of our substantial coach, were taught to bowl in the approximate direction of the batsman, bat well and ignore comments from our male "supporters"!

Unfortunately our one "test" match had to be cancelled, so we never quite got the chance to try out our newly acquired skills. Hopefully this will not be so next summer.

Thanks must go to Tony Lock who gave up his free day to coach us — we look forward to having not only his knowledge of cricket, but also his highly amusing company, next summer. Thank you also to the team who each contributed much to the Tuesday afternoon lessons.

**Helen Murray Scott & Fleur Rothwell**

### Team:

Helen Murray Scott (Captain); Fleur Rothwell (Vice Captain); Fiona Bunyard; Anjal Kariya; Zoe Kenworthy; Lara Marcou; Rina Meneghini; Suzie Stone.

## KARATE

Monday and Wednesday afternoons gave the bravest of us girls the opportunity to try their luck amongst the boys, four of which became black belts in the course of the year. Only two girls turned up to represent the female sector of Mill Hill School. These were Makiko Hara and myself.

The lessons were vigorous and tough, but with Dr. Pulham's skill and teaching, improvements were achieved all round. With no competitions last year, we hope to welcome some this year, in which we hope the two new girls who have recently joined the club, will compete. To conclude, I would like to wish everyone in the club "Good Luck" and many thanks to Dr. Pulham, who we hope will soon return to teach us again, and for putting in so much time and effort.

**Anna-Elizabeth Johansen**

## ROUNDERS

This saw the first introduction of girls playing their main sport on top field, which was a major achievement in itself. Practices resumed on Monday and Thursday afternoon, with enough people playing to form two teams. Due to the clash with tennis, though, only three matches managed to be played, two of these being with both of the teams. Results were a bit disappointing, with one victory and a couple of draws, but a lot of enjoyment was expressed from playing the sport. We hope to see it carry on next summer as successfully as it did last year.

**Tricia Lamb**

## SWIMMING

Wednesday afternoons gave the girls an opportunity to go swimming supervised by Miss King and on some occasions by Valerie (the French Assistant). There was no programme which we were supposed to follow and only very rarely did we have competitions amongst each other. Everybody just simply swam their planned amount of lengths, splashed around and had fun or got the marvellous opportunity to improve their French in the pool! Unfortunately, we never managed to get enough girls together to set up a swimming team in order to compete against other schools. Hopefully, we will have more success this year.

One thing that has become very popular is swimming at 7 o'clock in the morning. The few lengths every morning before attending lessons is the best way ever to fully wake and start a long day.

So, to all you lazy Millhillians who fall asleep in first lesson, come along and see for yourselves!

Don't worry about drowning. Andy will be there, too.

**Zoe M. Kenworthy**



# MAJOR SPORTS

## CRICKET



### 1st XI 1988

*J. Carswell, A. Ismail, G. A. R. Lock, N. Propper, G. Brock, S. Mortali,  
A. McKelvie, I. Holmes, C. Forde, P. Achan, A. Dell, J. Bohn, J. Handforth.*

**Captain:** P. Achan

**Secretary:** E. M. Latter

After the good times of 1987, the 1988 season was very dismal by comparison. The 1st XI were unable to post a victory against another school and suffered more defeats than has been registered for many years. Elsewhere few victories were recorded by junior XIs and so it must be recognised that Mill Hill cricket is going through something of a lean period. Reasons for this state of affairs are not difficult to find. Mill Hill boys probably play less cricket than their peers in similar schools. It is not just that our cricket facilities, although very attractive, are few in number and likely to decrease still further as the prospect of a plastic hockey pitch on Memorial Field looms menacingly on the horizon, or that the shorter Summer Term and increasing demands of external exams restrict playing opportunities. Rather it is the knowledge that a decreasing number of boys have played much cricket before entering Mill Hill, either at their previous school or in their back garden with father bowling, or look to play cricket with adult clubs during the long summer vacation. Therefore many useful games players have to be taught the basics of the game after they arrive here and their active season is restricted to 8 or 9 weeks if the weather is co-operative.

It is against this back cloth that our cricket coaches do

their difficult job. And a fine job they do. With boys of moderate ability and little natural "feel" for the game much patience and liberal quantities of good humour are needed in both nets and post match conferences. The fact that some coaches feel the need to present their cricket reports in an off beat way indicate their true feelings! Some reports do not appear at all!

And yet the situation is not all doom and despair. A lot of cricket **is** played where and when possible. If the quality is often missing the enthusiasm is certainly not. Nets are well attended and are superbly run by those in charge.

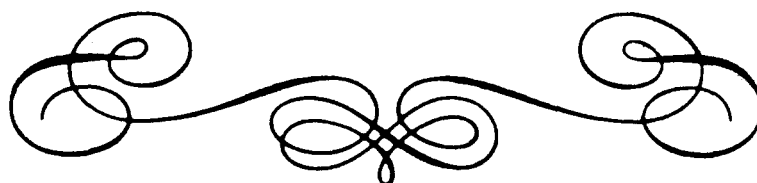
Tony Lock did an excellent job with the 1st XI that lost match after match, although often in tight and exciting finishes, and yet maintained its enthusiasm so that a distinct improvement was measurable by the end of the season in individual performances if not in actual match results. Achan found the tasks of captaincy difficult to master although his skills in this capacity improved as the season progressed and by the finish he had a reasonable grasp of the essentials of tactics. However, more significant was the effect on his own game which never reached the impressive highs of 1987 although he will have gained great satisfaction from his fine innings against Norwich School. Dell and Bohn were the most successful batsmen although it was a disappointment

that neither were able to transfer frequent good starts into the major and dominating innings that are required to win matches. However, having said that, we would have been in a very sorry mess without them. On numerous occasions they gave us a good start and made batting look reasonably comfortable. Dell had the pleasure of finding his true form towards the end of term and Bohn has another season in which to show us what he can do. Forde had a fine season as our spearhead although his wicket taking ability deserted him as the "A" levels approached. He has developed into a genuinely quick away swing bowler who frequently kept us in the hunt when our batsmen had failed to give him and his bowling partners a decent target to defend. Latter and Brock formed a useful spin combination and between them bowled a lot of overs. They will do so again in 1989 when I hope that they will learn how to bowl 6 good balls an over rather than 3 or 4. Both are very enthusiastic cricketers and will be important figures in 1989. Propper was the baby of the side in the sense that he was a Junior Colt but his natural confidence, physical size and excellent eye for a ball meant that he soon became a key figure. Both his wicket keeping and his batting improved

considerably during the season after an understandably shaky start and he will undoubtedly be a key figure over the next 3 years. Of the lesser lights, Mortali demonstrated his ability to occupy the crease and to play the straightest of bats. His time will come as anyone who has read a biography of Geoffrey Boycott will know! McKelvie came into the side rather late in the day and quickly began to show the selectors the error of their ways by providing some of the late middle order back bone that had previously been missing. Of the others, Handforth, Jacobsen, Ismail and Holmes all had their moments but could not find the consistency that we needed.

Hopefully things will improve in future seasons. There **are** talented players in the school at all levels with the Yearlings group showing particular promise. That we convert talent and promise into a standard of performance good enough to win matches is crucial so that the hard work put in by colleagues in coaching, by the ground staff in maintaining our attractive squares and nets, by Gardener Merchant in providing endless meals and by the players themselves will be rewarded.

**R. J. D.**



## 1ST XI RESULTS

**Old Millhillians C.C.** on the Park, 23rd April. Drawn.

**Old Millhillians C.C.** 235-7 dec. Robin 132; Forde 3-73.

**Mill Hill** 174-6. Bohn 54, Jacobson 49 no.

**Aldenham School** at Aldenham, 30th April. Lost by 96 runs.

**Aldenham** 129. Handworth 5-40, Latter 3-27.

**Mill Hill** 33.

129 seemed to be a very achievable target after a fine debut from Handworth bowling his away swing to good effect on a very wet wicket. However within the space of 18 overs Jahangir, who was later to play for England Schools, dismissed Mill Hill for one of the lowest totals on record. Fine quick bowling and a drying wicket were contributory factors but the lack of fight showed by the middle and late order was a portent of things to come. A disastrous start!

**Stowe School** at Stowe, 7th May. Lost by 3 wickets.

**Mill Hill** 167. Forde 38, Holmes 30.

**Stowe** 170-7. Latter 3-32, Brock 3-42.

In this match it was steady spin bowling rather than speed that exposed the frailty of the Mill Hill batting. 7 wickets fell before 100 was posted on the scoreboard but stout defence from Holmes and sensible hitting from Forde and Latter produced a more respectable score that at one time seemed possible. Probably this was a game that should have been saved for Stowe's batsmen did not seem at ease against the spin bowling of Latter and Brock. In the end Stowe just got home in a tight and exciting finish. Disappointing but an improvement on the previous week!

**Oundle School** on The Park, 14th May. Lost by 2 wickets.

**Mill Hill** 81. Bohn 31, Dell 28.

**Oundle** 83-8. Forde 5-27.

65 for the loss of Obaidullah at 1.00 p.m.; 81 all out at 2.45 p.m.! Thus was established a pattern of batting that was to bedevil us for several matches. Bohn and Dell managed to make batting look very straight forward, one of them would make a mistake and lose his wicket, wickets would then start to fall at a rate only exceeded by England and only fine bowling by Forde would keep us in the hunt, but in a tight finish the honours would go to the opposition. We had our stars but what we lacked was a supporting cast.



**University College School** on The Park, 21st May. Drawn.

**Mill Hill** 156-8 dec. Dell 44, Jacobson 26 no.

University College School 108-7. Handforth 3-27.

Another dreadful batting performance in wet conditions saw Mill Hill decline to 90 for the loss of 6 wickets before a recovery was effected by Dell, Jacobson and Forde. However this took so long that Tea was taken at the end of the Mill Hill innings and the bowlers were left with insufficient time to bowl out U.C.S. although the small matter of 3 dropped catches in 3 deliveries from Forde did nothing for Mill Hill's chances of victory or the bowler's composure.

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**Dulwich College** at Dulwich, 28th May. Lost by 3 wickets.

**Mill Hill** 114. Bohn 37.

**Dulwich** 118-7, Forde 4-24.

Very much the same sad story as against Oundle. 60 for the loss of Mortali at 12.30 p.m., 114 all out at 2.50 p.m. Bohn and Dell again looked very secure and scored their runs at a healthy rate but, once removed, their successors made batting look a very hazardous business. Only McKelvie, playing his first game of the season showed any confidence. Once again Forde bowled superbly to keep the opposition batsmen in check and produce another tight finish. I had a closer view of this contest than expected for I found myself wearing the umpire's coat for much of the day. Lock, on the other hand, spent the day in the company of Trevor Bailey who happened to be present at the match. Dulwich had chosen this occasion to celebrate the 50th anniversary of the 1938 invicti XI of which Bailey was a young member. So quite a crowd of Old Alleynians gathered to watch the events described above. At the end of the match they were very kind to this depressed master i/c cricket by describing how they had thrashed the 1938 Mill Hill XI. They did too! I've seen the statistics of the match!

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**Highgate School** on The Park, 11th June. Drawn.

**Mill Hill** 97. Dell 37.

**Highgate** 73-7. Latter 3-11. Brock 3-14.

Inclement weather prevented play until after lunch and created very wet and difficult conditions for batting. Nevertheless the Mill Hill batting disasters continued. This time Dell held the innings together but could not prevent the last 6 wickets from falling for only 20 runs. However Highgate fared even worse against good bowling from Latter and Brock and we were left with the clear feeling that this was a contest that we could have won given a full day's play.

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**St. Paul's School** on The Park, 18th June. Lost by 5 wickets.

**Mill Hill** 156-9 dec.

**St. Paul's** 157-5.

This was a very poor match from Mill Hill's point of view and was quite possibly the worst performance of the season. 9 of the Mill Hill batsmen managed to reach double figures but none were able to go on and make the big score that would give the home side the advantage. Instead runs were scored at such a slow rate that again Tea was taken at the end of the Mill Hill innings. St. Paul's found little to discomfort them in a lack lustre Mill Hill attack and comfortably achieved their target in the single session given them.

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**Old Millhillians C.C.** on The Park, 26th June. Lost by 81 runs.

**Old Millhillians C.C.** 202-6 dec. Robin 60, Hartman 50 no, Tutty 35, Roberts 31.

**Mill Hill** 121. Armistead 3-25, Hartman 3-29.

This match was played against the Old Millhillians as distinct from the Old Millhillians Cricket Club. Now that the club is an open one there are several good and loyal members who are not able to play in this match due to the poor quality of their education. This problem was solved by inviting the O.M.C.C. to open the School's season by playing a pipe warmer in April. Thus non Millhillians could experience what they had missed in their youth by having to learn their cricket at such out posts as Clifton, Pocklington and the wind swept back waters of New Zealand. The different personnel and the very different playing conditions made little impact on Robin who dominated both matches with his adventurous batting. Hartman too had an excellent match and reminded us, perhaps too painfully, of the difference between the 1987 and 1988 XIs. It was just as well that Braham and Younger were absent!

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**King's School**, Paramatta, Australia on The Park, 27th June. Lost by 7 wickets.

Mill Hill 113. Forde 33.

**King's** 117-3.

Another dreadful batting collapse, with only Forde looking dominant, prevented us from testing our guests from Australia in what must have been very foreign conditions for them. An intriguing feature of this match was the fact that both umpires were distinguished former test playing spinners. Lock we know about but who was the Australian leg spinner who now teaches at King's Paramatta?

**Merchant Taylors' School** on the Park, 29th June. Lost by 2 wickets.

**Mill Hill** 224-9 dec. Dell 74, Propper 59, McKelvie 43.

**Merchant Taylors'** 228-8. Latter 3-87, Brock 3-82.

Another defeat but this time in a match that produced some excellent cricket from both sides. In the end some mature hitting from the batsmen of Merchant Taylors' proved too good for our rather wayward slow bowlers and indifferent fielding. Nevertheless there were some high points for Mill Hill. Dell batted extremely well for his 74 and Propper at last confirmed his immense promise with a fine knock of 59. All this produced another exciting and tight finish with the opposition again taking the match honours.

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**M.C.C.** on The Park, 1st July. Won by 6 wickets.

**M.C.C.** 185-6 dec. Brock 3-66.

**Mill Hill** 190-4. Dell 78, Achan 43, Proper 27 no.

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**Norwich School** at Norwich, 4th July. Abandoned as a Draw. Rain.

**Mill Hill** 231-7 dec. Achan 74, Forde 52.

**Norwich** 88-4. Rain.

At last the captain got amongst the runs and led the side to a strong position against the host school in the Norwich Festival. Achan and Forde put on 100 runs for the fifth wicket with some splendid batting. A heavy rain shower during the change of innings made batting much more difficult and our prospects of a victory looked good until further rain ended proceedings.

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**Plymouth College** at Norwich, 5th July. Abandoned. Rain.

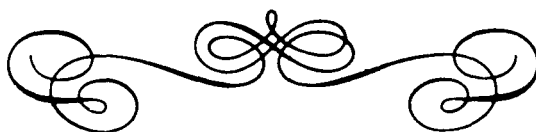
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**Warwick School** at Norwich, 6th July. Abandoned as a Draw. Rain.

**Mill Hill** 55-3. Dell 26 no. Rain.

A damp ending to a disappointing season.

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## 1st XI AVERAGES

| Batting          | Innings | Not out | Runs | Highest Score | Average |
|------------------|---------|---------|------|---------------|---------|
| *A. P. Dell      | 13      | 0       | 439  | 78            | 36.6    |
| A. J. McKelvie   | 7       | 2       | 114  | 43            | 22.8    |
| M. R. Jacobson   | 9       | 3       | 116  | 49 no         | 19.3    |
| G. E. S. Brock   | 10      | 5       | 83   | 33            | 16.6    |
| *J. H. Bohn      | 14      | 0       | 226  | 54            | 16.1    |
| *C. B. Forde     | 12      | 1       | 172  | 52            | 15.6    |
| *P. Achan        | 14      | 0       | 215  | 74            | 15.3    |
| N. C. Propper    | 14      | 2       | 180  | 59            | 15.0    |
| I. M. Holmes     | 09      | 0       | 82   | 30            | 9.1     |
| *E. M. Latter    | 10      | 4       | 55   | 26            | 9.2     |
| S. M. P. Mortali | 12      | 0       | 67   | 16            | 5.6     |

**Also batted:** M. S. Daruwalla 1-1-3-3-3; J. Handforth 4-2-0no-0-0; A. Obaidullah 3-0-7-4-2.3; A. Ismail 3-1-19-14-9.5; N. Naqui 1-0-3-0-3; H. Llewellyn 1-0-0-0-0.

| Bowling        | Overs | Maidens | Runs | Wickets | Average |
|----------------|-------|---------|------|---------|---------|
| J. Handforth   | 75    | 19      | 166  | 11      | 15.1    |
| G. E. S. Brock | 123   | 23      | 396  | 20      | 19.8    |
| *C. B. Forde   | 143   | 33      | 397  | 20      | 19.9    |
| *P. Achan      | 73    | 15      | 235  | 10      | 23.5    |
| *E. M. Latter  | 157   | 31      | 534  | 21      | 25.4    |

**Also bowled:** I. M. Holmes 3-1-11-1-11; A. Ismail 5-2-13-0-0; H. Llewellyn 2-0-9-0-0; S. M. P. Mortali 1-0-2-0-0.

\*denotes colour

## 2nd XI

In recognition of the tricentenary of John Bunyan's death, here is an adaptation loosely based on Hymn No. 302:

1. Who would true valour see  
Let him come hither  
Forget about the Stowe result  
Blame it on the weather.  
There's no discouragement  
the Umpire's always bent  
Some skill we will invent  
To win the next one.
2. Who is so fat and round  
Tells dirty stories  
Olly Madge will leap and bound  
His strength the more is  
No bouncer can him fright  
He'll with a giant (jumbo scooped out bat) fight  
To be a hero.
3. Huw Llewellyn nor Charles Green  
Can blame the wicket  
They know they at the end  
Will play and miss it  
Then Obo flies away  
He'll fear not what men say  
He'll labour night and day (well — a couple of extra nets anyway)  
To join the 1st team.

This extremely pleasant and sporting team played every match in the best possible spirit under the able leadership of Huw Llewellyn despite coming up against three of the best 2nd XI squads we have seen in recent years, namely Stowe, Dulwich and Merchant Taylors'. They have made a wholehearted commitment to each game and can be proud of their performance overall.

In depth analysis is not boring to the reader, but incapable of doing justice. The outstanding wicket-keeping of Charles Green however must not pass without mention.

**T. J. C.**

**2nd XI players:** Llewelyn (Capt), Shah, Obaidullah, McKelvie, Ismail, Carpenter, Levy, Madge, Ram, Green (Wicket Keeper), Clarke, Handworth.

### Results

|  |             |
|--|-------------|
| <b>Aldenhams</b>                       | Match drawn |
| Mill Hill 143. McKelvie 56.            |             |
| Aldenhams 95 for 7. Llewelyn 5 for 20. |             |

|                |            |
|----------------|------------|
| <b>Stowe</b>   | Match lost |
| Stowe 160.     |            |
| Mill Hill 108. |            |

|   |           |
|---|-----------|
| <b>UCS</b>                                      | Match won |
| Mill Hill 188 for 6 dec. Ismail 64, McKelvie 79 |           |
| UCS 75. Llewelyn 7 for 26                       |           |

|                |            |
|----------------|------------|
| <b>Dulwich</b> | Match lost |
| Dulwich 187-6. |            |
| Mill Hill 54.  |            |

|                                  |           |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| <b>Highgate</b>                  | Match won |
| Highgate 45. Handforth 5 for 20. |           |
| Mill Hill 49-3.                  |           |

|                  |            |
|------------------|------------|
| <b>St. Pauls</b> | Match lost |
| Mill Hill 114.   |            |
| St. Pauls 116-3. |            |

|  |            |
|--|------------|
| <b>Old Millhillians</b>                      | Match lost |
| Old Millhillians C.C. 90. Llewelyn 5 for 28. |            |
| Mill Hill 84.                                |            |

|                              |            |
|------------------------------|------------|
| <b>Merchant Taylors'</b>     | Match lost |
| Mill Hill 128. Handforth 44. |            |
| Merchant Taylors' 132-4.     |            |

## 3rd XI

Played: 9      Won: 2      Drawn: 2      Lost: 5

The above figures may not seem too flattering but this season the 3rd XI were sadly lacking in one of the things that can really alter the course of a cricket match — luck! With only a small amount of luck the results from the 9 matches played could have read “won 5 and lost 2”. Of the first 5 matches of the season 3 were lost and 2 were drawn, but of the draws with extra time both Stowe and U.C.S. would have been defeated. Our first win came eventually against Highgate where we scored easily the 93 runs required to win with 7 wickets in hand.

The most enjoyable match of the season was against the Old Millhillians. Having been set a score of 180 to win it was always going to be a close finish. In the end we lost by 3 wickets. The season ended on a high note when a strong Merchant Taylor's side was just beaten by the odd wicket

in an excellent contest.

Once again Robinson captained the side very well. He was by far the most talented player in the XI scoring a total of 210 runs and taking 27 wickets. The best individual contribution from a player in a match came from Hartman who took 8 wickets and scored 64 runs againsts Merchant Taylors.

Next year the main core of the team will be unchanged although I am sure that Robinson will be playing at a higher level and therefore will be sorely missed. Thanks as always to Messrs Kelly, Axworthy, Stringer and Kane at least one of whom was always at every match.

Those who played regularly were: Robinson (Capt), Hartman, Mortimer, Barr, Salaheddin, Bloom, Mather, Kantaria, Shetty, Ingham, Feldman, Petropoulos.

**A. Mather**

## Colts XI

While sifting through the debris of the past season, the Mill Hill cricket correspondent remembers and ponders a number of important issues.

Early season practice was full of optimistic anticipation — a new management had been appointed and a squad of international stars secured. A first innings total of 50 against Stowe came, therefore, as something of a disappointment and inevitably the team crashed to its first defeat.

Against Oundle a new opening partnership was established between the captain, Seaton (known affectionately as “Geoffrey” by team-mates and opposition alike) and our own Italian blonde bombshell, Quattromini. They proved to be a secure pairing in terms of crease occupation throughout the season, but rarely did they find their application matched by those that followed. Despite a total of 115, including a breezy 23 by Carson, and some excellent bowling a last over defeat resulted; but things were getting better.

The game with Berkhamstead enabled us to gain our only championship point of the season thanks to good knocks by Makhecha and Gulmohamed. Dulwich the following Saturday inflicted another defeat despite an undefeated two hour innings of immense concentration by Seaton and spirited attack by Gulmohamed. The loss of our last six wickets for 20 runs was, perhaps, significant.

Secret meetings and undisclosed inducements now finally seduced the dashing André Ismail to join Kerry Denning’s Circus. The retention of Mortali and the re-contracting of Brock by the aforementioned entrepreneur were further blows. Luck was indeed lacking at this time, for Daruwalla’s sensitivity to cricket fields was confirmed and he was withdrawn by his agent for the foreseeable future.

Formerly unknown players (Barr, Petropoulos, Smellie and Feldman) struggling for recognition in the relative obscurity of the 3rd XI were now employed, but team morale was low and the coach and selector retired to Dent to consider his position. The appointment of a caretaker manager (P. R. Bowden Esq.) for the Highgate game seemed only to exacerbate the situation (defeat by 87 runs) and an urgent call to Cumbria reinstated the former management on a two match basis.

A number of vital questions now had to be considered:

Would Seaton risk an attacking shot?

Would Leslie turn a ball?

Could Nihat play an innings of more than three deliveries?

Would Carson agree with an umpire’s decision?

Could the team hold more catches than they dropped?

and Would Adegboyega finally accept the terms of his contract and make himself available for selection?

In a defeat by 7 wickets against St. Paul’s all of these questions were answered; Seaton was caught behind for 0 groping outside the off stump; Leslie took 0 for 21; Nihat made 0 off three balls; Carson was out LBW (playing a ball “a yard down the legside”); we caught nothing and dropped six and the elusive Adegboyega was inevitably unavailable.

And so to Merchant Taylors, where at last the portents seemed good; Daruwalla was de-sensitised, Nihat couldn’t

be contacted, Leslie bowled spin and Makhecha took 5 for 27 in an opposition total of 105. Sadly we made just 37 of which Makhecha and Extras were the major contributors.

Despite the failures and the occasional débâcle several players did have their moments and should enjoy successful cricket in other arenas. The captain’s performance stands above criticism and his competence and confidence increased throughout the season. Only the future of the management seems in doubt; tight lipped and unavailable for comment, can we assume that the knives are out and that decisions have already been taken? Watch the tabloid press for further exclusive revelations!

**R. E.**

### Results

|                           |                 |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| ▼ <b>Stowe</b>            | Lost by 6 wkts  |
| ▼ <b>Oundle</b>           | Lost by 2 wkts  |
| ▼ <b>Berkhamsted</b>      | Drew            |
| ▼ <b>Dulwich</b>          | Lost by 63 runs |
| ▼ <b>Highgate</b>         | Lost by 87 runs |
| ▼ <b>St. Pauls</b>        | Lost by 7 wkts  |
| ▼ <b>Merchant Taylors</b> | Lost by 68 runs |



### Junior Colts “B” XI

This squad must rate as the most enthusiastic that I have ever been involved with. Unfortunately, their enthusiasm was not rewarded with wins. However, they did make noteworthy progress, in particular Pyett’s batting and off spin bowling, Allen’s batting, Green’s accuracy in his bowling, and Joseph and David in their shared role of wicket keeper. Promise was also shown by Mays, Adil and Anaman.

### Results

|   |            |
|---|------------|
| <b>Stowe</b><br>Mill Hill 28.<br>Stowe 29-0.  | Match lost |
| <b>Dulwich</b><br>Dulwich 229-9 dec.<br>Mill Hill 96. Mays 22.                      | Match lost |
| <b>St. Paul’s</b><br>St. Paul’s 192-2 dec.<br>Mill Hill 145. Pyett 92.              | Match lost |
| <b>Merchant Taylors</b><br>Merchant Taylors 167-7 dec. Pyett 4-30.<br>Mill Hill 63. | Match lost |

**Squad:** J. Allen (Capt), J. Pyett, K. Patel, R. Mays, R. Adil, K. Bentsi-Enchill, N. Davis, P. Anaman, N. Green, J. Salinger, A. Mitter.

**P.E.R.B.**



## Yearlings XI

The name "Yearlings" is one that conjures images of great optimism. This year the name is very appropriate. These Yearlings were a side of immense promise, indeed they ARE a side of immense promise. They promised to perform well all season, in fact, on occasion, they even threatened to "produce the goods". In the final analysis, results were poor. This does not alter my conviction that they will serve Mill Hill cricket well over the next four seasons. It is their promise I want to concentrate on in this report.

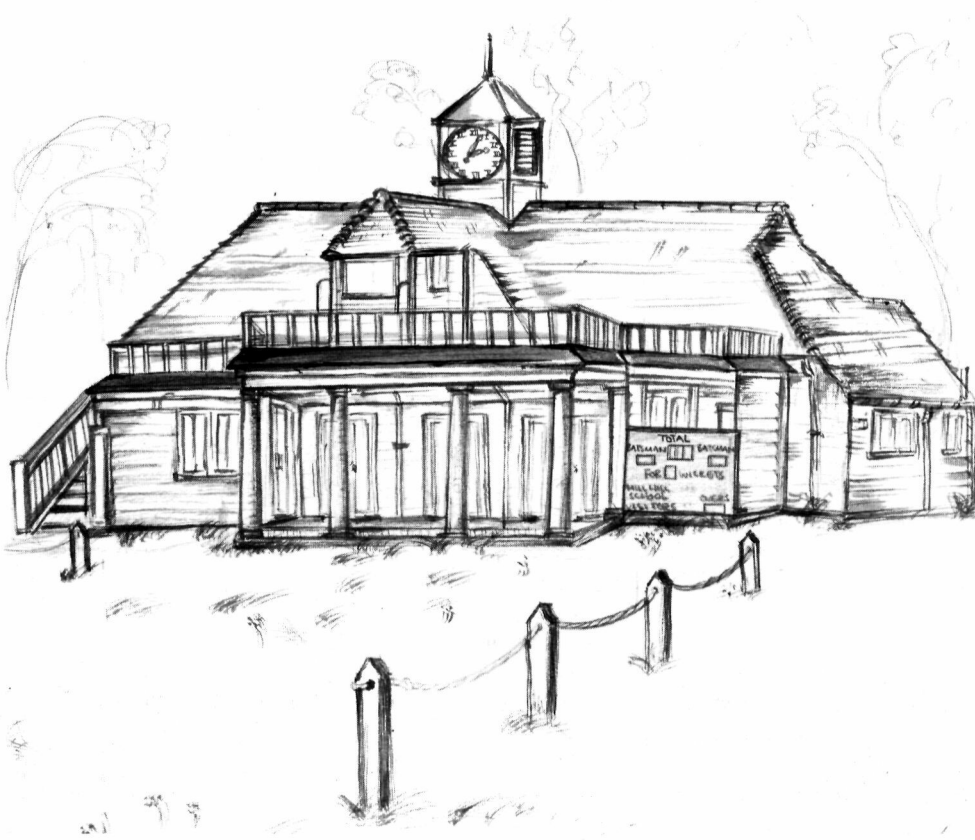
From the general to the more specific. Firstly, the fielding was enthusiastic and of a very high quality. Some of the catches held were extraordinary! Concentration for lads of this age is frequently a problem most evident in the field, this was not so for the Yearlings. They all have reasonable arms and throw "properly". I am certain this will remain a feature of their game. The batting was solid but at times too negative. They must learn to build upon sound defence. They certainly have the ability to make large scores in coming seasons providing they learn when to force the pace. The bowling is an area of great optimism. It is a well balanced attack and I am sure they will reap the benefits of this season's contact with our cricket professional, Tony Lock. Our fast bowlers are pacey, our medium pacers accurate and our spinners turn the ball. More experience can only improve them. I am sure they will develop into a very competitive attack in years to come.

I would like to single out some individuals who have done well this season and who typify the age-group as a whole. Jack Brown had a good season with the bat. He frequently top scored and was always committed to remaining at the crease. He batted slowly but towards the end of the season was consciously attempting to

score more quickly. His final innings of the season was a 50 dominated by boundaries. Jack also fielded well and took 2 or 3 outstanding catches. I am sure he will produce many good efforts for Mill Hill in the next few seasons. Corrado Mortali batted well but without much confidence. He must believe he is a good batsman if he is to score the runs his ability indicates he should. His captaincy was adequate but lacking purpose. A player of great promise. Mark Gugenheim is a strong boy who bowls quite straight but he must work harder. He will only serve the school's cricket in coming seasons if he maintains his strength and pace. He is also a positive attacking bat and I am sure he will develop into a good allrounder. Daniel Raymond, although not as physically commanding as Mark, also batted positively and is potentially a match winner with his accurate and aggressive off-spinners. Experience (and a few more inches) can only improve him! Justin Barriball played a couple of hard hitting and technically sound innings during the season, but he must learn to be more selective of which balls to hit and which to defend. His mystery spinners are also potentially very exciting for seasons to come. Alex Pope, winner of the award for the most improved player, had a fine season. His level of enthusiasm in nets was tremendous and his tenacity in matches unquestionable. He improved immeasurably during the season and I am sure he will continue to do so in future seasons. Andrea Fiandaca bowled well and his captaincy improved throughout the second half of the season. I am sure he will make a very good skipper in 1989 and beyond.

To my mind the future of Mill Hill cricket into the '90s is assured!

**J. R. H.**



# ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS

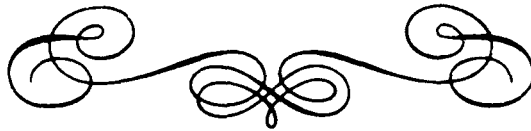


# OLD MILLHILLIANS' LITERARY PRIZE FOR 1987

**The Committee awarded prizes for 1987 as follows:**

**Prose:** Sebastian Gaete, for "The World of God" and "The Last Day"; **Poetry:** John Baker, for "Hibernia" and Steven Lee for "Dystopia"; **Junior Poetry Award:** John Mizon, for "Ten Little Businessmen".

The Committee was encouraged by the greater number of poetry contributions to the Magazine last year, but a little disappointed that there was less prose than usual. The awards for 1988 will be decided after the publication of this issue.



## The Sky is the Limit

It was a cold, grey, rainy day, as Jack Ryan arrived at Washington's Dulles International Airport. He walked towards the terminal, and the closer he got, the worse the nightmares became, for in his mind, he was replaying the events of that fateful night over the Marine Officer Training School in Quantico, Virginia. He was 23 years old, and has just graduated. He was on a night exercise mission, in a helicopter, and the only thing that concerned him was successfully completing the exercise. But then suddenly, it was as if his whole world had been torn upside down. He heard a cracking sound alone, followed by an explosion and the helicopter just fell right out of the sky, tumbling and turning as it hurtled towards the ground. A few seconds later the 'copter smashed into the ground, and the fuel tank promptly exploded. Fortunately, paramedics were at the scene almost instantly and Ryan was spared a horrific death at the hands of the fire, only to learn he might be crippled for the rest of his life. Fortunately again, his legs were saved by the marine surgeons, as were most of the scars. The accident, quite obviously, marked the end of his career in the Marines, but there were no physical signs of his experience. But the removal of the mental scars was not so easy. To this day, every time Ryan prepared to board an aircraft, he re-lived the agony of those traumatic moments, and barely managed to avoid passing out. Suddenly, he awoke from his day dream and found himself at the front of the queue for the check-in counter. Check-in and immigration procedures completed, he proceeded to the gate, and, his mind floating back to 1962, he boarded the plane bound for London. The flight was uneventful enough, but Ryan never came within a light year of even shutting his eyes for an instant, so aware was he of the fact that he was floating 30,000 ft. in the air. Next to him a fellow passenger had noticed his disquiet, and enquiring as to the reason, was told by Ryan that he was terrified of airplanes because of a previous traumatic experience during a crash. The man felt pity for Ryan and tried to comfort him, but suddenly, as Ryan's imagination replayed that exact moment, a rather similar, but louder, explosion occurred and was accompanied by screams, not of three marines, but of 450 people aboard a full jumbo jet. Ryan never realised what had happened, because he was pulverised in a split second. His last thought, "nightmare over".

**Noah Kasrawy**

## Commuting

by an Old Millhillian

This train is decidedly unhealthy, it groans more often than Dot Cotton and Arthur Scargill do put together. The substantial lady sitting next to me is desperate to have all the elbow room. She's on her way to work, I expect, cleaning lavatories at Notting Hill Gate station.

Looking round suggests to me that I'm in a United Nations summit meeting, whilst the man from the Post Office surreptitiously hides his Royal Mail lapel badge, that took an all out strike to determine which lapel it should be attached to.

Don't you just love the "Towards Tomorrow's Underground Stations", very classily decorated with wall to wall carpets and flock wallpaper? Many, however, leave a lot to be desired.

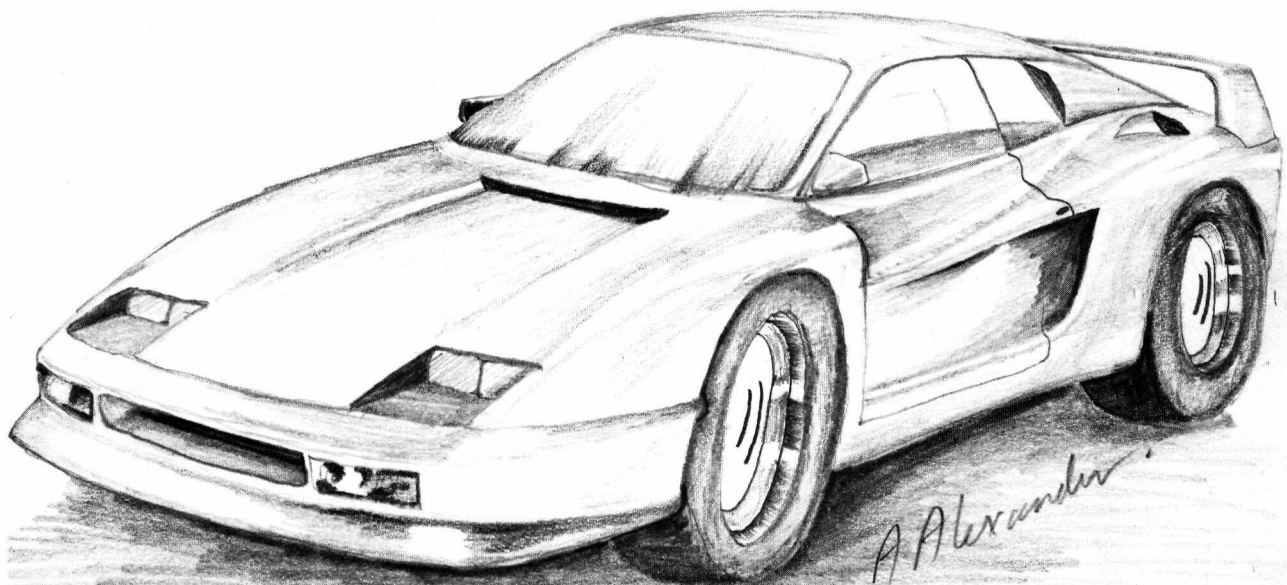
Not another vegetable listening to Michael Jackson at 450 decibels? "Deaf?" Yes, as a post I should imagine, like the driver of the train four carriages down. Is every song really the same? Or has someone forgotten to change the drum machine over between each track?

Oh, God, the guy opposite is having a heart attack, that will spoil his weekend something rotten.

Ah, makes a nice change, the escalator handrail moves at the same speed as the steps this morning. I don't really think packed lunch boxes with matching cups containing vodka and orange suit the middle class executives. If they like them, why should we worry? Again the train is full of Japs, doesn't anyone remember the Burma Road, or is it just me? Oh, no it's the Divvy from the "Northern Line Control Room". Where, I hear you cry. "At Euston", we are reminded.

Good grief, if it's not someone stuck in the Pay As You Enter khazi at Stockwell. It's a broken down lift at Chalk Farm. So what, no one lives in Chalk Farm anyway, and how that causes a delay at Ongar one really can't tell, but it has done, and so you are stuck on the platform for another 15 minutes, with the vending machine, trying to retrieve your Vending Size Dairy Milk Chocolate Bar. Then there's the L.R.T. notices, saying "What's wrong with the electronic indicators", or "Sorry if you've been troubled by the work being done at this station". What work? Rarely a soul in sight. And some brainless moron with half an 'O' level writes "yeah, . . . . hurry up 'cos we're getting well . . . . with waiting." I'll leave the . . . . to your imagination!

**Matthew Vincent**



26/8/88 AGA

## THE DRINK – a story with a twist –

At last! Clutching my lemonade in a pint glass, I squeezed next to a friend who managed to snatch a chair and so I flopped down into my half of the chair, very relieved.

“Well,” I said, “that took me twenty eight minutes exactly.”

“All for a glass of lemonade,” smirked my (so-called) friend, Charles.

“Yes. It’s easier to get hold of directory enquiries,” I said, my voice laced with sarcasm. “This was a good idea of yours. What was it you said? A quiet drink to commiserate over our exam results. Weren’t they your exact words, Eh? The word ‘quiet’ obviously doesn’t exist in your vocabulary, Charles,” I remarked, casting my eye around the bar.

“If I tell you, you could not keep your eyes open for more than ten seconds without doing yourself an injury, you’ll get an idea of the atmosphere of the place. In fact, if you managed to get from the bar to your chair (if it hadn’t been taken while you were getting your drink) and only managing to spill three or four beers around you, knock a couple of bowls of peanuts over and jog a couple of gentlemen whilst in the middle of a critical dart game, you’re doing pretty well.”

Just for a moment it did cross my mind what I was doing here, sitting on half a chair, breathing in carbon monoxide by the gulpful. A greenhouse on a warm summer’s day sound refreshingly cool, I thought to myself.

I took a sip of my lemonade (my well-earned lemonade).

“Damn!”

“I beg your pardon?” said Charles.

“Double Damn!”

“Are you feeling all right?” he said.

I then let forth a string of foul-mouthed obscenities which

cannot, of course, be repeated here, but suffice to say Charles and a couple of nosey-parkers listening in blanched just ever so slightly.

I stood up (knocking over a table while doing so) and made towards the bar. (Ever heard of the phrase ‘red rags to a bull?’)

“Here beginneth the onslaught,” I thought to myself. I started pushing my way forward (and switched on my stop watch at the same time). In certain situations, one must be diplomatically ruthless. This was one such situation. I politely barged my way past two leggy blondes with long noses and skirts the width of a normal sized bandage. My next conquests (slightly more difficult) were two ‘habitues’ conversing with a piece of fluff selling her wares with great gusto, including visual aids. I raised my eyebrows.

It was too late to turn back. I was caught in a human wave, continuously moving along sweaty rows of animals enjoying themselves. My head felt light and my hair was soaked. My lemonade had long since gone, but I was still left with the glass (thank God for small mercies) and my breath came in short gasps. The figure of a bartender seemed to loom closer, then further away, then closer again. I looked at my watch. It said thirty-two minutes forty-seven seconds. My heart thudded and I wondered how much more I could possibly take. Then all of a sudden I was clear. Never have I experienced such elation.

I reached for the bar and clung on for dear life.

“Can I help you, sir?” inquired the bartender who also had his eye on one of the leggy blondes who had by some incredible chance reached the bar at the same time as me.

I gave him my most ingratiating smile and through grated teeth, I said to the bartender.

“You forgot to put a twist of lemon in my drink.”

**Robert Ioannou**



## Grunto

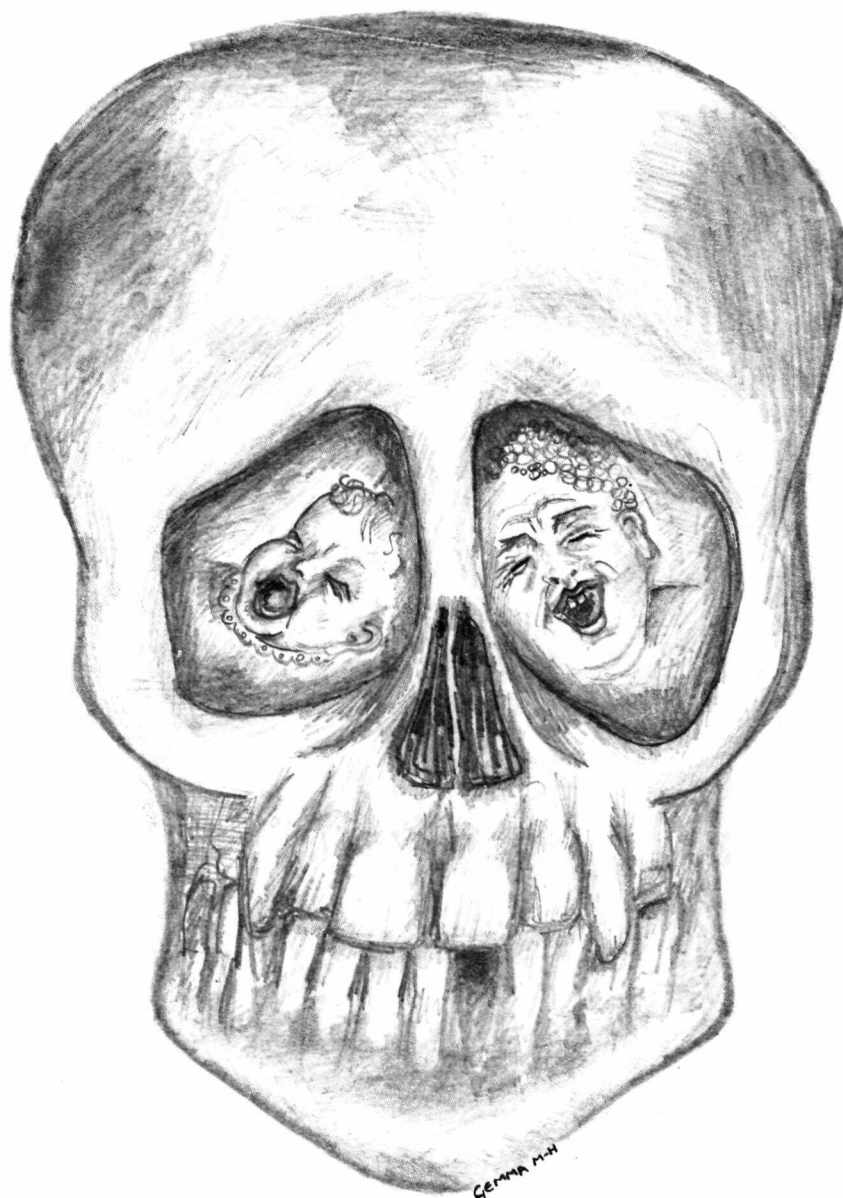
I know a guy with real short hair  
An' man, that's so uncool.  
This skinhead's name is "Grunto"  
He's the toughest dude in school!  
He said one day "I'll get ya!"  
An' chased me through the Park . . .  
Where I fell down a wishin' well  
The place was cold and dark!  
The skinhead shook his fist at me  
An' yelled "Come out and fight!"  
I wished I was a dragon then,  
To give that slob a fright!  
My wish came true an' in a FLASH  
I breathed Hot Flamin' Breath.  
I chased that skinhead down the street  
An' scared him half to death!  
Grunto is a choirboy now  
He wouldn't hurt a fly  
He learnt his lesson very well  
An' only me know why!

**John Mizon**

## Happy Anniversary

Sky like black silk speckled with silver dust  
Neon-lit metropolis sprawling across the river  
He stopped the car in a back street  
Inky gash between empty warehouses  
Walked swiftly between rusty hulks of dustbins  
Walls smeared with ancient graffiti  
Into the dazzling bustle  
Faces briefly caught in lurid shades  
White track of headlights across his vision  
Past cinemas and shuttered shops  
Black-clad policemen and ragged tramps  
Broken streetlamps and leather clad youths  
Above, a grinning moon  
Below, the detritus of society  
Old newspapers, sweet wrappers  
Endless litter  
After an eternity or an instant  
He spots her  
Standing awkwardly on a street corner  
Nervous smile  
"New to the job", obviously  
Words exchanged, conspiratorial whispers  
Drowned out by blaring music  
Money drawn from a pocket  
Queen Elizabeth II stares sightlessly up at heaven  
Nods  
They move off together, down the alley  
Sounds die away into silence  
Echoing footsteps  
Well-manicured hand reaches across the void  
Slamming her against the wall  
Glint of moonlight on cold steel  
"Happy Anniversary, darling"  
Scarlet slash  
Muffled scream, turning to bubbling moan  
Sagging, lifeless mass sliding down soulless concrete  
A smile like that on a calf's skull  
Low chuckle, as he kneels beside the body  
Bloodstained paper, crumpled beside the obscene remains  
Two words, scrawled mockingly against the white —  
Jack's Back.

**John Baker**



## Black Candles

A pen scratching across white paper  
A hand turning a silver key  
A burning spear rising from a dusty cornfield  
A helicopter landing on a flat green lawn  
A black heaven filled with glittering fireflies  
A roar of gunfire at Checkpoint Charlie  
A tank driving through the streets of Jerusalem  
A haggard man in a darkened bunker  
A light in the dark of Siberia  
A dam exploding in Colorado  
A pillar of over a silent city  
A black flock of bombers over the cold ocean  
A mountain crumbling into dust  
An ocean turning to black sludge  
The Stillness of an eternity  
The stench of burning on the black night air.

**John H. Baker**



## Another Stupid Quiz

"Yes, it's another one of those awful quiz things, written by some moron who has nothing better to do with his spare time," I hear you cry. Well, you're absolutely right; but the quiz must be updated every year to cope with the changes in Mill Hill Society. Ready? Right:

1. What accent do you speak with?
  - (a) A fake American accent.
  - (b) You don't have an accent, unless you're in the Bunker, in which case you scream in cockney.
  - (c) You don't have an accent — you find speaking a waste of time.
  - (d) An upper class Home Counties accent.
  - (e) You don't have an accent — full stop.
2. What is your favourite sentence?
  - (a) "Yo man I bin diggin that chick for centuries!"
  - (b) "Adrian, here's the 50p I owe you."
  - (c) "Go away, Nick."
  - (d) "Stuart, I thought you said I could trust him."
  - (e) "Is anyone coming to the Marnham?"
3. When you have a free period, do you:
  - (a) Dream about your next pair of Chinos?
  - (b) Dream about Mustaf the Molester? (Ed. From that infamous haven known as the "Wimpy")
  - (c) Dream about playing for England?
  - (d) Dream about being slim?
  - (e) Doesn't apply — you're in the Fourth Form?
4. Who is your favourite teacher?
  - (a) Mr Graham — after all, he did make you school staff.
  - (b) Mr Morgan — after all, he did let you off 22 times.
  - (c) Mr Kelly — after all, he did help you to get in the firsts.
  - (d) Mr Thompson — after all, he was so handsome.
  - (e) Your housemaster, after all.
5. On your free afternoons, do you:
  - (a) Put on your school staff clothing and "sniff" around the new lower VIth females?
  - (b) Get chased down to the Wimpy from Lodges by the Burnt Oak Posse, scrounge 30p off someone you hardly know, and spend the next four hours flicking ash into your cold greasy tea and talking about the one time you actually did have a good weekend?
  - (c) Strut across Top Field looking miserable?
  - (d) Do something interesting with Mr Dixon's new Archimedes computers?
6. Do teachers often say to you:
  - (a) "Congratulations, you've made school staff?"
  - (b) "Congratulations, you've made it 23 — I'd expel you and that weed just to keep my carpets clean?"
  - (c) "Good try, boyo?"
  - (d) "What's the matter?"
  - (e) "Who are you?"
7. What do you actually do on Saturday night?
  - (a) Boogie on down at Stringfellows, looking for a new "woman"?
  - (b) Lie in the gutter, lose all your money, and spend the early hours mugging and/or scrounging off tramps?
  - (c) Drink?
  - (d) Sit in a corner at an exclusive social function, hoping someone will make a pass at you — and then turn them down?
  - (e) Stay at home?
8. Someone offers you a . . . . . Do you:
  - (a) Tell them that 40% of passive smokers contract lung cancer before the age of 93?
  - (b) Take it, then sell it and ask for another one?
  - (c) Eat it?
  - (d) Cover the end with lipstick, then pass out?
  - (e) Scream?

## Answers

### Mostly A:

A Void: If you're not head of house, then you DAMN well ought to be.

### Mostly B:

A Dreg of Society: You may be called a no-hoper or a pimple on the posterior of life, but you'll scrounge that million one day!

### Mostly C:

A Lad: What more need be said? The backbone of M.H.S.R.F.S.C.!

### Mostly D:

A Maneater: Oh, here she comes. You'd better watch out!

### Mostly E:

A Nobody: Bet you feel cool! Don't worry, you'll be corrupted one day.

**Adam Lemon**



*"That's where they are!"*

## The Director

The director had had enough. Twelve weeks of work had taken their toll, and he was through. If anything went wrong now, he thought, it wasn't his fault. He was that type of person anyway. He had worked his hardest, given his all and now wanted nothing to do with any of it. Two things consoled him: his bottle of whisky and his memory of the perfect dress rehearsal of two days ago. His only problem was trying to forget about his own obsession with bad luck, and his confidence that nothing would go as planned or rehearsed. Still, it wasn't his fault, was it?

Suddenly, the director began to become restless; he had just thought of something else that might not be right. He got up and ran, as fast as his paunch would allow, to the sound room. He checked everything, until nothing further could be checked. He breathed a sigh of relief and went back downstairs. He glanced, as he passed it, at a notice for the play:-

"DIRECTED BY JOHN JACKSON"

was printed in huge letters at the bottom, and he smiled with egoistic pleasure. He knew that if this worked, it was HIS play. And if it didn't? Well, it wasn't his fault, was it? Fate had done its damndest to ruin the production, but he had fought against it bravely and thought that he had won. He re-entered through the side door, because the first few seats were being warmed by the audience. He gave himself an inner pat on the back, because he knew that tonight, the first night, was a sell-out. He went backstage to check the cast then took his place at the side of the orchestral pit, whence he would come to retrieve his glory at the end, if all went well. He chattered quietly to himself, reassuring himself again and again that all would be well. He glanced across at the auditorium. It was packed. Row after row of happy theatre-goers waiting to see his latest, and supposedly greatest production yet. He glanced at the orchestra, checked that no one was absent, then settled down to his seat, ready for the grand opening. He glanced at his script a few times, then put it down and sat back on his comfortable chair.

From his convenient spot the young man could see the director completely, without himself being seen. This was as he had planned, because it would never do to let the director in on what was going on. He held in one hand a little fuse, in the other a cheque for thirteen hundred pounds signed by A. Joker. The music started, but the lights did not come up. I wonder why, the young man thought, as he put the fuse in the bin and looked down at the director.

**Justin Allen**



## Trees

Green as you are, you stand tall,  
Strong as you are, you stand straight.  
You are green in spring and summer.  
You're brown in Autumn and yet you shed leaves  
But you know best, you are strong  
You move as the wind, you breathe as fish  
But you know best, you break in a gale  
But rise again to give life to animals.  
You gladly share your previous branches with things less  
grand than you  
But you know best, standing out in the bitterness of the rain  
Yet it keeps you alive, you could be an oak, beech or apple  
You would bear your fruit as proud as a peacock  
You are hacked down by men, tortured by children  
But you know best. You are the kings of the forest and the  
gods of the world.

**Addam Corre (IV Form)**

## A Crisis

Dawn was approaching  
The sun was  
Visible in the horizon  
All were at sea  
Casting nets and  
Awaiting for a good  
Harvest of their efforts.

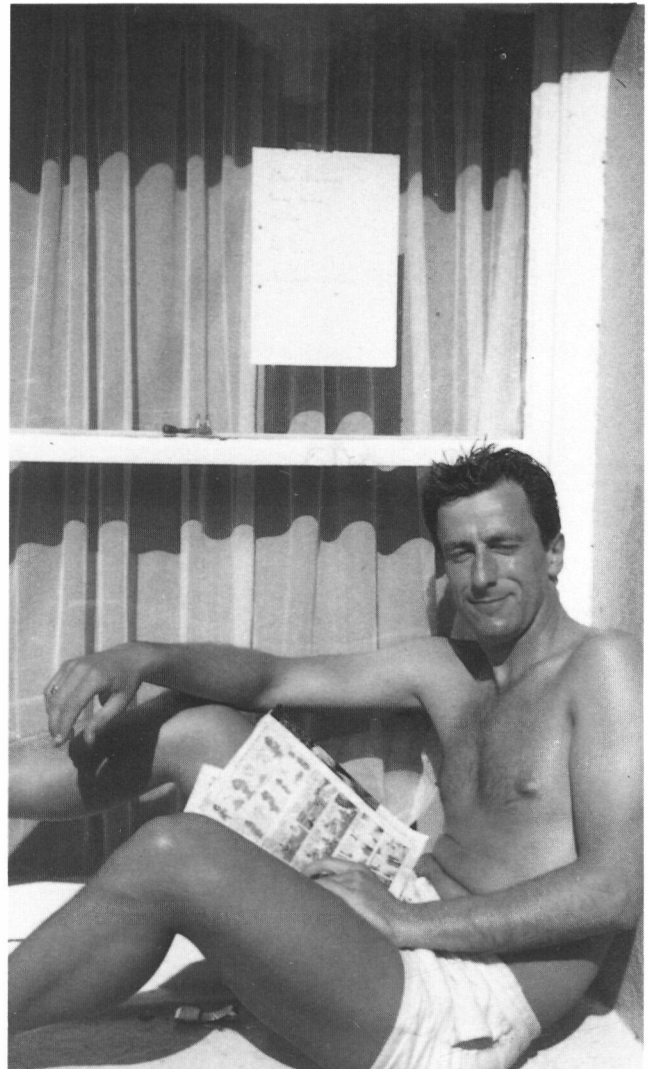
The sea was still  
The tide was down  
The stillness only lasted for a while  
As violence was swelling up from the ground.

And as I watched  
The tide rose higher  
The sea swirled faster  
And my heartbeat thumped harder.

Now the sea was in a rage  
It sent sprays as high as towering mountains  
Its waves swept everything that was in its way  
And all but the massive rocks were swept away.

The sea was now calm again  
Its life was now back once again  
Peace and serenity  
Pervades the atmosphere.

**Benjamin Ng**



*"MALE PROSTITUTE. Price Negotiable, All Positions.  
(On Sign)."*

## Margery Ingram

Margery Ingram awoke to the clatter of dishes and a radio blaring from downstairs. Precisely five minutes later at seven thirty, the radio, alarm and teasmid spewed forth a sound which made her brain quake inside its skull and soon she began to hear the steam hiss as the water boiled in the perspex jug. She rolled over onto her other side and pulled the covers up over her head to muffle the sounds of anarchy outside her cosy, crumpled, world of bed linen. As she shifted over, she stretched her arm out and felt the other side of the bed, only to find an empty space. As she lay there she wondered why she was so surprised at this non-discovery as it was something which happened every morning.

At seven forty-five she re-awoke, to find that as every morning, the water which had once spat and hissed in the jug was now lukewarm. She sat up and stared into space feeling the usual hopelessness. Waking up was always such an anti-climax as soon as one was conscious to the extent to realise there was nothing but the routine day to look forward to.

As every morning, this was as far as her thoughts were ever allowed to wander, until her peace was shattered. There was a thundering on her bedroom door and shouts of "Mummy! Mummy! Time to get up!" That was James, the Ingram's first child; born exactly when expected, almost to the hour, weighing exactly seven pounds, eight years ago.

A few moments later the door handle slowly turned and it was pushed open, rather tentatively at first and then once the little face had made sure it wasn't going to see something it shouldn't, the door swung open wide and banged against the wall leaving the hundredth dent in it. Sarah shuffled in looking pale, her eyes heavy-lidded and sleep still encrusted on the lashes. She was the younger of the two children, five years old and had just started "Big School". She stood dozily in the centre of the room and said "Lazy Mummy. Time to plait my hair."

Lazy Mummy obeyed and patted her covers as a signal for Sarah to come and sit there. She padded across the thick carpet, barefoot, and the fibres of wool tickled between her toes. She turned her back to Lazy Mummy and hauled herself onto the bed. Her hair was still in tatts at the back, where she had slept on it. Margery Ingram set to the meticulous task of combing the hair without pulling. She combed the tangles, holding the clumps of hair at the top so as to take the pressure of the pull off the sensitive, young scalp. Once she had finished carefully entwining the skeins of silky tresses, she secured the plait with a rubber band. She gently patted Sarah's bottom, as if to say "run along". Sarah reached up and patted the back of her head to feel the plait and at the same time succeeded in pulling out several wisps from the intricate weave and then without a word ran down the stairs.

Margery Ingram gave a lethargic sigh, swung her legs inelegantly onto the soft carpet and rather gingerly stood up. She flung on her bath robe over her winciette nightgown and hobbled down the stairs. She stopped at the front door and waited for the rabble to burst forth from the kitchen. The first out was Sarah, ever efficient and the eternal stickler for time. She said goodbye to her mother and then went outside to the 'E' registered Ford Sierra company car. Then came James, the image of his father, shoelaces undone, tie crooked, dangling a coat from his left hand, his hair uncombed sticking up in tufts. He shambled out to the car. Closely following out of the kitchen was Jeff Ingram. His coat in one hand, a mug of coffee in the other and a piece of soggy, marmalade toast hanging from between his teeth, looking like some kind of suburban casanova. Margery Ingram took the piece of toast from her husband, sticking her fingers with marmalade. Jeff Ingram pecked her on the cheek, grabbed the toast and ran out of the door, the coat flapping and dripping coffee down the path.

"There was about as much passion in that as in a handshake between business parties," thought Margery Ingram, then realising that that was probably all she was — a business partner in the family trade.

Margery Ingram shut the front door, turned and stood in trepidation as to what she would find on the other side of the kitchen door. She was soon to discover, as she hedgingly opened it. World War Three in the kitchen. The radio had been

left on, blaring inane nonsense of pop songs about love and suchlike. The sideboard was scattered with dirty pots and pans, the towels and tissues, crumbs and clingfilm. Grated cheese was squashed on the bread board and onto the floor by the heavy boot of a sandwich making soldier. The dog had upturned the waste bin and had left the floor dotted with empty cans, selected wrappers and had even mortally wounded a browning banana skin by sucking it to death.

The kitchen table seemed to be the focal point of the war zone. There were bowls of half eaten "they're so chocolatey, they even turn the milk brown" Coco Pops and soggy Cornflakes. The tea pot had dribbled and left a trail, joining the dots from cup to cup. The unopened post was lying in a globule of marmalade, which had also managed to leave a sticky splodge on the half-finished crossword puzzle. Somewhere underneath the debris lay Margery Ingram's women's magazines. One had a picture of Anne Diamond on the front with her baby, which made Margery Ingram feel quite nauseous so early in the morning. The other had Gloria Hunniford on the cover with the headline "How to put the passion back into your marriage" printed across her face. "That's a joke," thought Margery Ingram, as she turned to page seven and began to read:-

1. Wear sexy underwear and act like a teenager who has just discovered love.
2. Be ready to listen to and reassure your man that he is the hunkiest, most handsome man in the universe."

Margery Ingram, with a sudden flash of anger, threw the magazine across the room, giving a squeal of frustration. She stood up and ran up the stairs, her dressing gown belt catching on the bannister and ripping the belt hooks off as she pulled away. At the top of the stairs she reached the cupboard on the landing, opened it and wrenched out a suitcase . . .





Jeff Ingram had had a fairly average day at work; his secretary, as she did every day, had continued her seduction of the married man. She would sit taking notes, crossing and uncrossing her legs and wetting her lips leaving them glistening over the cheap red lipstick. He had left work early and collected the children from school. They were in the back of the car quarrelling over who was going to eat the last blue Smartie (Jeff Ingram would only buy one packet of sweets, just so as not to spill them and Margery couldn't complain that it would ruin their appetite).

As the car crunched into Acacia Close a large cloud of black smoke billowed across the windscreen and Jeff Ingram could hardly see where he was driving. "That'll be that bloody Morris family and their bonfires. I shall go and complain this time and if it doesn't stop I'll go to the Council. There, now that'll stop him for sure," he thought and a wicked smile twitched on his mouth, despite the fact that it was doubtful the threat of the Council would stop the Morris family at all.

Jeff Ingram kept driving in a leisurely manner, quietly pondering on the fact that if he did respond to his secretary's seduction, Margery would never find out and even if she did, it wouldn't matter because she wouldn't do anything. His thoughts were suddenly shattered by a sight which was by no means pleasing. Ahead of him the road was blocked with police cars and a crowd of people and then, as he passed the tree which was obscuring his view, he saw the rest.

There were two fire engines. Jeff Ingram's face dropped; he could feel all the blood rushing and pumping around his body as his heart beat quickened and the adrenalin gushed. His brain was buzzing with so many thoughts, the dominant one being "this is my house".

And indeed it was his house. It stood like a black decayed tooth in between a set of perfect white ones. It was gutted, the upstairs windows were empty eye sockets in a brainless skull.

He screeched to a halt, got out of the car and stood staring in disbelief. Suddenly he screamed "Margery" running across the pavement, through the flowerbed and across the lawn. "Margery! What have you done to my house?" He stumbled across the garden in front of the corpse-like building, tearing his



*"I'm a little tea-pot . . ."*

hair out and raging about a frigid bitch and insurance.

By this time the children had got out of the car. Sarah was crying and calling for Mummy. James had climbed onto the fire engine and was about to climb up the ladder, until he was captured by a large being wearing a yellow, what looked like a baby's playsuit and a mask. James began to scream, obviously to be rescued by his brave and all powerful father.

Now we draw our attention to something which had previously gone unnoticed. On the pavement sitting on a suitcase was Margery Ingram, but it was not the Margery Ingram who had been married to Jeff Ingram for twelve years. This Margery Ingram did not look efficient and hard working and responsible. This Margery Ingram was wearing black tights and a short black dress, her hair was puffed up into a kind of bouffant. Her eyes were plastered with thick, black make-up and her lips cherry red and glimmering with lip gloss in the weak Autumn light.

She was sitting staring into space, but not hopelessly; she had a strange smile on her face, not a smile which one would smile when greeting someone, it was as though she was smiling to herself, at her own private thoughts. Jeff Ingram noticed Margery Ingram sitting on the suitcase. He ran over, shouting her name and stood looking down at her, his eyes wide and wild with anger, foaming at the mouth, like a rabid dog. "Margery," he said through clenched teeth, "what have you done to my house?"

Slowly Margery Ingram looked up at her husband, still smiling weakly, she looked like a child in awe of her teacher. She slowly opened her hands, which had been clenched around something, to reveal a box of Sainsbury's household matches and said rather dreamily, "It was the easiest part, lighting the match," and then looked into space again, as though she was far away from Acacia Close, her cold husband, her disrespectful and ungrateful children. Margery Ingram, the saint of the liberated woman, had escaped.

**Madelaine Smith**



## My Journey to School

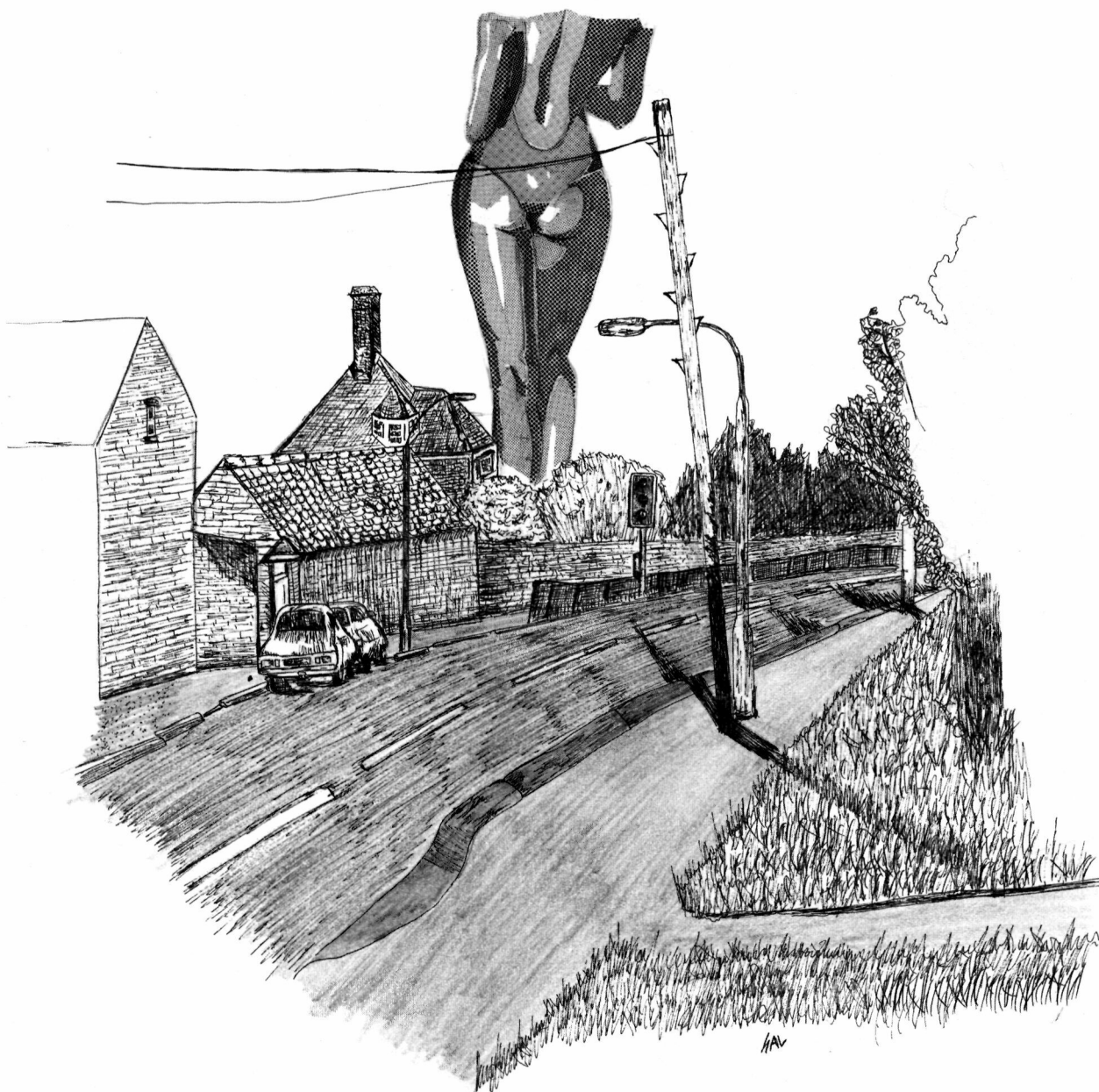
After putting my books neatly in my rucksack I embarked on what would be a perilously dangerous journey to school. I checked my tie in the mirror and then slipped my rucksack on my back. I left the warmth and comfort of my bedroom and entered the vicious world of jungles, deserts, dinosaurs, lizards, monkeys and crocodiles. I flipped my collars up and quickly jogged past the quiet room, the toilets and monsters' caves. I then quickly turned right narrowly missing a hundred foot drop. Ding Ding! "Oh no!" I thought to myself, "that's the first bell." I then descended the primitive staircase cut into the rock. When I reached the bottom a boulder began rolling at me. I quickly jumped back on to the first step. When that had passed I reached into my rucksack and pulled out my whip and my hat, which I put onto my head. Holding the whip in my hand I walked out into the jungle. The Indians had come out to greet me! I did a few cracks on my whip which soon dispersed them. I then broke into a jog. I was soon confronted by a deep ravine. But to my luck there were overhanging trees so I quickly swung over. I was now in the territory of the dinosaurs — I had to be careful. Soon I came to a cave which I entered. To my amazement it was empty! I had forgotten it was Sunday. There was no School!

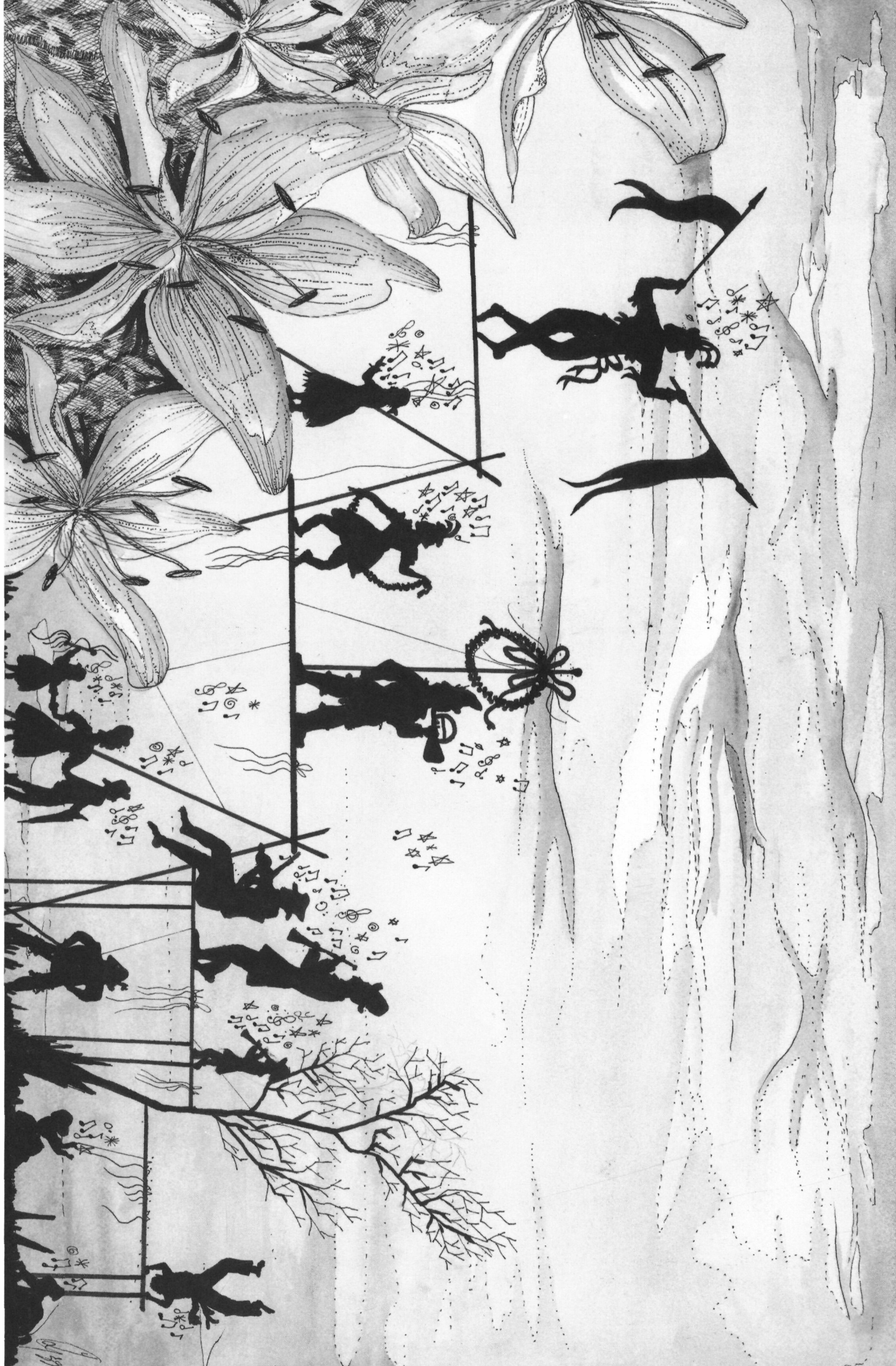
**Conan Sturdy**

## Suicide

As I stepped out I knew what was to come of me,  
As I looked around the cold winter's night, I felt bitter inside,  
As I heard the sounds of hell, I walked forward.  
My life flashed through my veins,  
My heart tightened and my lungs expanded,  
My eyes closed and my bosom tingled,  
I walked in a desperate attempt to hinder the pains longer.  
I wept for I could not hold my tears nor conceal my  
weakness any more.  
I dropped lower and lower, I fell lower and lower, I sank  
lower and lower.  
My legs weak, I let out a yell, it was a long drop to the  
ground.  
My mouth stiffened and I felt as if I were in space,  
It was only seconds till my bell rang, it was like the place  
where I was going, purgatory.  
It could have have been a far better place that I was going.  
I felt the shudder of the pavement beneath my feet.  
I felt the pain and the anger, I had just killed my innocent  
heart and soul.

**Addam Corre (IV Form)**





# OLD MILLHILLIANS

CLEVELAND, THE RIDGEWAY, MILL HILL, LONDON NW7 1QX

Telephone 01-959 0816

Assistant Secretary: Mrs. Janet Scott

## 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.

*This editorial was first published in this column in 1979! Nothing changes except for circumstance!*

## THE NEW PRESIDENT

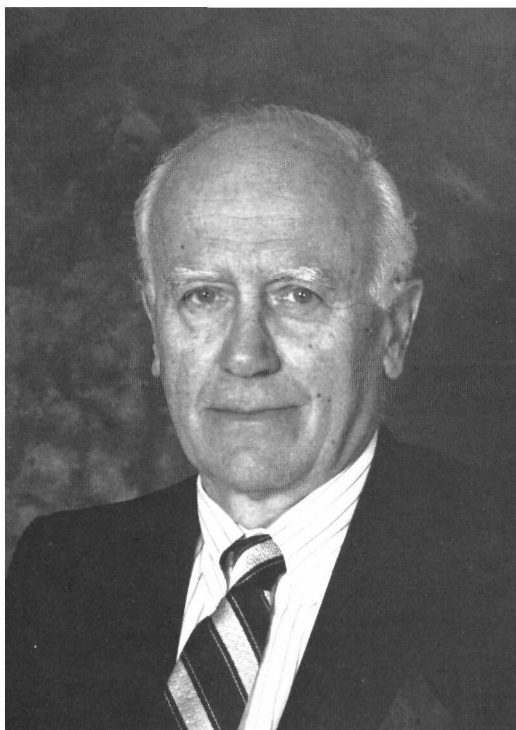
John Bolton was at Mill Hill from 1936 until 1940 and he is therefore the first President to have experienced the delights and discomforts of St. Bees.

Before he entered Weymouth, John had been educated in Florence and the international stamp which has been the hall mark of his career is already well in evidence. He has in fact lived in England, Canada, Australia, Italy and Rumania.

His service in the Royal Navy, during which he served in both destroyers and submarines, was inaugurated when, after a cheerful lunch at Whitehall Court, he and another old Millhillian went directly across Whitehall to the Admiralty. There they were admitted immediately to the presence of an Admiral who set them a course for the nearest recruiting office!

John's business interests have always lain overseas and he has specialised in promoting the export of machine tools to all parts of the world. This dedication has taken him to over fifty countries in all continents and has enabled him to lay the foundations of a number of overseas Old Millhillian associations, notably his personal forming of both the North American and Australian offshoots.

John claims that, as a result the Club has the strongest old boy/girl association in the world.



He married Mary in 1952 and has son Peter and a daughter Daphne. Peter himself is an active Old Millhillian and John hopes that his grandson will follow this family tradition.

John played rugby for the OMRFC after the war and has the enviable distinction of being taken off to hospital, (where he remained for three months) by two future Presidents of the Rugby Football Union, Bill Ramsay and Will Gibbs.

He is a life governor of the School and has been a member of the OM Council for many years. His enthusiasm for all things Old Millhillian ensures that his year of office will be an active and lively one. He plans to visit the Far East, Australasia, North America and the

Continent during 1988/89 and he will be a particularly welcome guest in his Presidential year at the annual dinner of the many OM associations which he has done so much to promote and foster.

We wish him every success and happiness in the forthcoming year.

**D. B. D.**

The **copy date** for the **next issue** is **1st May, 1989**. Typed and double-spaced contributions together with photographs are more than welcome.

**For further details  
contact Gowen Bewsher on  
Windsor (0753) 868000.**



# A YEAR OF INITIATIVES

***The Report presented by the Hon. Secretary of the Club, Roddy Braithwaite, to the A.G.M. at The Naval and Military Club on Wednesday, October 5th, 1988.***

**John Morrison**

In the days when dons could afford to be eccentric, as opposed to worrying whether their job would continue to exist, a well-known Fellow of my own college was asked 'What did he think of the Modern Undergraduate?'. "That's nonsense," he replied, "There is no such thing." In the same way, there is really no such thing as the Old Millhillian Year; each of us experience it differently.

## **The O.M. Year**

There is undoubtedly a Presidential Year, and the Honorary Secretary's fleeting appearance before you today gives us all the chance to pay some tribute to that greatly valued role. There is clearly an Assistant Secretary's Year, during which our noble Janet Scott, with the help up until last Friday of Iris Carter, has coped with the foibles, preferences, vacillations and enterprises that make up this unique world of ours.

There is very clearly a vital Honorary Treasurer's year, and I am sure we are all aware of the input that Philip Heywood has made to our well being this past year. He has not merely kept us on the straight and narrow, but has taken a major part in ensuring that there actually will be a straight and narrow path of viability for the club to walk on in the years ahead.

There is also a year as seen through the eyes of each of the many Secretaries of the Club as they conduct their popular activities from Hong Kong to Headstone Lane. And there is a kind of Double Year for the Head Master and the Second Master and their colleagues, as they continue to take an important part in O.M.C. affairs, over and above the task of running the very institution without which none of this would have either meaning or a future. Some, of course, would see that as a fitting historical quid-pro-quo for the similarly double life which generations of Old Millhillians have led, giving time and effort to the good of the School, alongside their own careers.

## **Achievements**

So, what to pick out from this wide canvas? Someone once pointed out to the late and somewhat loquacious Senator Hubert Humphrey that in order for speeches to attain to the level of the eternal, they did not also have to be everlasting; having presented my new-boy's report last year, I know I shall gravely disappoint many of you by not covering at length and in depth all the various issues that I believe continue to face the club! Our underlying tasks are still, as I see it, those as set out excellently by Gowen Bewsher in the December 1987 issue of the Magazine.

Instead of going over that familiar ground again, let me rather look at some of those things which we have actually done together to help address them. In all of these achievements, your President, David D'Eath, diligently backed-up by your Executive team, has been active and imaginative, with support behind the scenes, (and sometimes well in front of them) by an 'eminence', if that is the right collective noun, of former Presidents.

Before that, however, I would like to say a personal word on what was certainly to me the most poignant of the deaths of this past year, that of John Morrison, to many of us the epitome of the rounded educator and a bulwark of the School and Club. There will be other opportunities to pay tribute, but those of us who managed to attend his funeral up at Amersham in July felt privileged to have that opportunity of rendering our respects, both individually and on behalf of the wide group of O.M.s who knew and loved him. Mrs Whale wrote back to me saying how much Dr Whale, the Head Master of that day, owed to him "both in personal friendship and complete academic support". Someone wrote in the book of remembrance the line "Eheu, fugaces labuntur anni" which I understand means "Alas, how the fleeting years slip by": that train of thought must have been in many of our minds.

## **Focus on the Future**

I like to think that the great Mog would have been especially pleased, albeit no doubt a little puzzled as well, at the spirit and style of the new generations of younger men and women who are now making their presence felt as members of the Mill Hill community, and whom we here must always keep firmly in our sights.

During this past year we as a Club have done four things which help to maintain that focus on the future: First, the inauguration, with the guidance and energy of Clare Watkiss, Beth Morgan and other ladies, of a new tradition, The Old Millhiliennes' Christmas Cocktail Party at the Law Society (to be held again this year, on December 20th). Second, the bringing onto the Council of two more of our younger members — a cherished aim of your Chairman — in the persons of Sally Jourdan and Peter Bolton; third, an imaginative welding of embryonic as well as seasoned Engineers, under Alan Woollaston's careful touch, at the Engineers' Dinner in April, — and I dare to predict that there are some practitioners of that vital, undervalued craft coming forward that are worthy of what I might call the Goyder/Jack Dinsdale line; and fourthly, just the start of a process of tying-in with the Head Master's "Sanson" scheme, whereby each Leaving Group is helped to co-ordinate its contacts through the medium of two informally nominated people; this year's two, James Fox and Alexia Roe, were among the nearly one hundred Leavers at the annual gathering at Headstone Lane in April, itself one of the most encouraging and lively get-togethers for some time. The idea is that we of the Club then have a point of resource within each new generation as it moves out into the world of work; we hope that thereby each younger group will, through us, be encouraged to organise itself to attend one of two of the annual functions, especially the Annual Dinner.

## **Annual Dinner of the O.M.C.**

This year's Annual Dinner will be held in these same prestigious surroundings of the "In and Out" later this



month. We hope that the repositioning of this our major annual event will rekindle the interest of OMs young and old to attend, over and above the other dinners that rightly and happily take place through the year.

### **A Message for O.M.s Overseas**

It should not be seen just as the 'London' dinner; if anything, it is really the central point in the diary of the international network which this Club of ours truly represents: it would also be good if those many O.M.s living or working abroad, when thinking about a return visit to the Motherland, could choose to time their trip for the end of October, and come and meet up again with those of us who've opted to stay back at the ranch, 'looking after the family silver', as the late Harold Macmillan might have put it. David Petrie, who continues to master-mind this affair with great professionalism, would, I know, join me in commending this thought to our Overseas Liaison Officer, David Compston, for onward transmission 'down under', 'out East' and across the transatlantic river.

### **The new O.M.s Day: June 25th**

Alternatively, they could combine such a trip with Wimbledon, and with the the Middlesex Benefit Match, itself now firmly established annually at Headstone Lane, thanks to the O.M. Cricket Club's imaginative enterprise; they could thus join us for what we can now declare to be the new O.M.s Day, the last Sunday in June, following the cricket week: (N.B. for your diary —June 25th, 1989).

### **Headstone Lane**

What else should we recall? Your Chairman has rightly mentioned elsewhere the progress made at Headstone Lane. All I can add to the many tributes to David Rodda is that, thanks to a personal guided tour by him, whilst Mike Gatting and Co. were giving the O.M.C.C. team some 'catching practice' (as I understand it), I now at last think I now the inner secrets of the science of drainage; an aspect of my education which had been sadly difficient, despite (or possibly because of) the inordinate time devoted to it at every Executive Meeting I have ever been to. Let's hope we're nearly at the end of this worthy tunnel, or should I say pipeline.

### **The President**

Of our President' tireless journeyings (often graced by his wife Mary), David D'Eath, with typical modesty, has asked me to be sparing. I will bow, as ever, to his wishes, other than to mention that he will have attended no less than 44 O.M.C. events by the end of his Presidency, and, like his predecessors, has contributed enormously to the reputation of the Club, to the esteem in which the Presidency is held, and to the relationship with the School and the M.C.R.

Thank-you, David, and through you, to Mary too, for your genial year of of office, and for that which is yet to come, including the starting of the Fun-run this Sunday! I am not quite clear whether you will actually be finishing it as well!

### **The President's Lady**

I'll add one thought of my own: I do wish that by this year of grace (or perhaps I should rather say, by this year of our Fergie and our Beatrice), we in the O.M.C. could have found some way, some formula, for also officially including the President's lady in at least some of our more formal functions!

### **Club's Activities**

The postal strike has clearly had an inhibiting effect on that well-known and pronounced characteristic of all representatives of the Club's subsidiary activities, namely to rush to put pen to paper at the slightest excuse. Thus I must precis the news that only reached me today. The Rugger Club has asked me at least to pass on the news that there are still 7 home ground rugger-playing Saturdays before Christmas, and that if each of us just selected one or two of them at which to go along and cheer, that would be appreciated. Andy assured us all at the main O.M. Council meeting (held in the Spring and, thanks to Nat Garrett's generous hospitality, at Lillywhites that the Rugger Club has turned the corner, and that our presence on the touchline would be very much in order.

The Cricket Club enjoyed probably its most successful season ever. The 1st and 2nd XIs were champions and runners-up respectively of their divisions in the Herts Competition. Paul Robin and one of our Antipodeans, Peter Cowan, both notched over 1,000 runs and formed the basis of our batting.

The XI was enthusiastically led by Nigel Wray, and John Brady's 2nd XI enjoyed similar success. The sun smiled on the Cricket Week and Sussex Tour, completed undefeated with good wins at Worthing and Preston Nomads.

The Golfing Society are near the close of a successful year, and were top qualifiers in their region of the Grafton Morrish.

At the Masonic Lodge preparations are going well for their 50th Anniversary meeting on 13th October.

Alford House has had their first major refit since their occupation in 1950 and they are indebted to those who responded so generously to the Centenary Appeal and made it all possible.

### **St. Bees 1939-89**

Ladies and Gentlemen, enough from me. A busy year and an active one. Next year will mark a further anniversary, that of 1939 and of the outbreak of that war which not only changed the world in general but also, among other things, revealed to the Millhillian world that St. Bees was not in fact a canonised apiarist, but a small town north of Watford, full of western promise. The O.M.C. will be devising at least one appropriate event to register both these anniversaries. The official Newsletter will in due course reveal more, but I have it on the authority of the David Smith and Michael Berry combined meterological and gastronomic forecasting service that October 1989 will be a very good time to revisit, or even visit, St. Bees.

Thank you for listening.

## EAST ANGLIAN DINNER

8th JULY, 1988

A grey sky did not prevent eighteen of us gathering in the beautiful quadrangle of Corpus Christi for another of our annual gatherings. The President and the Head Master were amongst the diners. We all enjoyed an excellent meal in the old panelled dining-room with its college silver and the old portraits watching us from the walls.

After the delicacies and the very tasty wines produced by the College Catering Manager, it was time for a review by the President who then gave the toast to the Club. The Head Master gave a summary of current events at the School.

After discussion across the table the Head Master was asked if he could tell us about the idea of developing the Commercial Studies facilities at the School. Everyone was very interested to hear that there may be a possibility of providing the best commercial training available in a U.K. public school. It was pointed out that if any OM can offer positions in their companies for two or three weeks this will assist with the ideas being planned.

Colin Barnes spoke of the willingness of medical consultancies to participate in the programme of work opportunities.

It was midnight when the candles were blown out. Those attending were: the President and his son Peter, the Head Master, A. Bonner, G. Dean, T. Rothery, C. Knights, A. Williams, R. Borgartz, P. Jackson, R. Cowan and guest, R. Harley, C. Barnes, H. Wilkinson, G. Westoby, S. Hibberdine and T. Bell.

## NEW FOREST DINNER

The annual New Forest dinner took place at the Lyndhurst Park Hotel, Lyndhurst on Friday, 7th October. Tony Phillips (48-51) welcomed the President David D'Eath, and Roddy Braithwaite. He also thanked David Weait (48-53) for taking the chair in his absence last year only regretting that he had not been voted out of it permanently in his absence!

Theo Wild (29-36) proposed the toast to, and the President replied on behalf of, the School and talked about the highlights of his year in office.

After an excellent dinner and an unsuccessful attempt to gatecrash a solo's weekend party in the main restaurant we returned to the cocktail bar. The stamina and exuberance of Harold Parkhouse (20-24) deserves the highest commendation. At midnight he was still in great spirits with only his chauffeur, John Hillier (48-53) and John Todd (32-36); who was staying in the hotel; remaining to keep him company.

Others present were: David Wild (75-80), John Hewson (46-50), Chris Driscoll (56-60), Ian Pointing (45-48), Walter Long (34-38), Gowen Bewsher (48-52), Noel Ayliffe Jones (45-47), David Simpson (30-33). Next years dinner will be on Friday, 6th October, 1989.

A. T. P.

## DEATHS

**FLEMING** on 18th May, 1988. M. H. V. Fleming (18-23) of 24 St. John's Road, Bungay, Suffolk.

**HASLAM** in May, 1988. E. C. Haslam (23-27) of The Green, Wark, Hexham, Northumberland.

**WEBB** on 23rd April, 1988. B. G. C. Webb (35-39) of Wildwood Lodge, North End, Hampstead, NW3.

## AUSTRALASIA DINNER

At last year's Dinner, in Adelaide, John Ousey accepted the invitation to Chair the 27th Annual Dinner, in Melbourne. However, since the Dinner was held on 15th July, later in the year than normal, and in Sydney, to coincide with the visit of the School Rugby Tour, John was unable to take the Chair as he had planned to go overseas as this time.

John Hopkins (61-66) presided over this year's Dinner, held in the elegant surroundings at the Union Club in Sydney. This was the second occasion that the Dinner had been held in Sydney to coincide with the visit of the touring School Rugby Team.

There was a good "turn out", with 16 present, including four of the accompanying Masters from the School (Chris Kelly, David Rees, Tony Slade and David Woodrow), together with Julian Pollock, Captain of the "Martlets" Team. We welcomed two new members, Peter Robertson, a Master from Newington College who had taught at Mill Hill on exchange with Chris Kelly in 1985/6 and Alan Mills (59-64) who arrived from UK earlier in the year. We were pleased to have Richard Bean (50-56) and Richard Rossington (46-51) with us again, both of whom had travelled up from Victoria. The other interstate visitors were Robin Tillyard (48-52) and Bob Bennett (41-44). Greetings were received from the President of the Club, David D'Eath (34-39), himself a member of the Australian Association, and from Alastair Graham, the Head Master, through Chris Kelly. Greetings were also received from Phil Walker, a member of our association and former President of the Parent Club, and Stephen Clark (57-62), who is presently overseas. Marcus Clinton drove the four Masters to the Dinner, but unfortunately was unable to stay as he was leaving that evening for a long planned holiday.

Lindi and John Hopkins hosted a very enjoyable informal luncheon the following day at their home in Rose Bay. By coincidence the Kiwis and Aussies were playing a Rugby Test Match that afternoon which was watched by the gathering with enthusiasm.

The next Annual Dinner is to be held in Melbourne on the Friday evening of the Queen's Birthday weekend (9th June, 1989), and we understand that John Bolton (36-40), a member of our association, and who will be President of the Parent Club in that year, has every intention of joining us.

Old Millhillians planning to visit Australia are encouraged to contact the Joint Area Secretaries, Robin Tillyard and Bob Bennett.

## LIVERYMENS ASSOCIATION

Eighteen members of the O.M. Liverymens Association were present at the luncheon held at Armoury House on Wednesday, 22nd June. The Master of the Association, Eric Dangerfield, was in the chair, and it was agreed that next year's function should be a dinner to be held during the summer. It was also agreed unanimously that David Piercy be Master-elect to take over in 1989 at the expiry of the present Master's two years in office.

It was stated by one of those present that he was proud to be an Old Millhillian and he was proud to be a Liveryman of a City company; when the two are put together, he felt, the occasion was quite unique.

C.D.L.S.

# THE COLLINSON HOUSE PALINDROME



The third Collinson House December 1956 Roll Call dinner took place at the Royal Automobile Club on the 8th August, 1988 at 8.00 p.m. It followed on from the previous two palindromic dinners of 6.6.66 and 7.7.77. There were thirty former incumbents who attended — the highest number to date. Careful forward planning of domestic and business commitments helped to provide a truly international flavour with Akber Liaquat Alikhan coming from Pakistan, Gareth Howell from Bangkok, Richard Hazeltine from the Sudan, Peter Armitage from

Riyadh and Peter Eckersley from Paris. Sadly Donald Hall, the Housemaster of Collinson House in 1956 was unable to be present but best wishes were extended to him and Enid by the group.

Ray Dunsbier, Head of House at the time, presided over numerous spontaneous speeches and he requested that all present should pencil 9.9.99 in their diaries. However in view of advancing years, there was a general consensus that it would be sensible to convert the occasion into an annual event thereafter!

**R.D.**

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## HONG KONG DINNER

The visit of the Old Millhillians Club's roving ambassador (or Overseas Liaison Officer, his official title), David Compston, provided Hong Kong Old Millhillians with a welcome excuse for a dinner party at the end of April. Sadly though we could only achieve a 50 per cent turnout for the men, and even less for the ladies. Graham Harris, normally our marshal on these occasions, was on leave from his post with the prosecutions section of the government's legal department, and Ronnie Andjel, real estate wheeler and dealer, pleaded a prior engagement. Swiss banker Tony Smith could hardly absent himself from the ceremony marking a personal award at the Royal Hong Kong Golf Club. Robert Ng, quite a public person anyway as a property magnate, but even more so since the reports of his having guaranteed over £50 million for the Hong Kong index futures exchange, was at the RSPCA ball, which in addition to Robert, also featured Julio Iglesias. Not-so-public Idan Offer was off on a business trip. Last-minute emergencies prevented the attendance of newly-appointed district court judge Kim Longley and commercial crime-buster Jeremy Howard.

But appeal court judge Michael Kempster made it (without Sheila who was attending the advent of another grandchild in Hawaii), and so did Richard Addison, whose parents, hitherto faithful attenders, we miss, following their retirement from this barren rock. Solicitor

Richard Claypole (sans spouse, nursing a newborn daughter) and Chris Newell from the special duties unit of the attorney-general's chambers also took part. So did merchant banker Jeremy Cadbury (with his lady Nydia) and motor vehicle merchant Ian Skeggs (with Anne). David Pyott also made it, but without wife Patty who was in the USA. As a last-minute strengthening of the distaff side (though Anne and Nydia would have been quite capable of keeping us in order without help) we recruited Radio Television Hong Kong's Woman of the Year and Readers' Digest Hero (sic) of Asia Mrs Jenny Parr, founder of and fund-raiser for the Hong Kong Kidney Patients' Trust Fund. When Hong Kong Millhillians need to raise funds, we now know where to go.

While writing, there are two other Millhillians who should be mentioned. One is Donald Wise, a distinguished journalist who most recently was a senior member of the editorial staff of the highly successful *Far Eastern Economic Review*. Unaccountably he has never been on our list. He now spends his time in three countries and was clearly in one of the other two when we tried to rope him in for the April dinner. The other OM was Nevill Chesney, also a journalist, who had worked on a number of publications out here, and also for the BBC. Sadly Nevill died in 1985 and none of us realised at the time that he was an Old Millhillian.

## 1933 AND ALL THAT!

The 1933/34 Entry, having enjoyed a 50th Anniversary Reunion Dinner in 1983, held a 55th Anniversary Reunion Luncheon at Ye Olde Cock Tavern in Fleet Street on 5th October, 1988.

18 “entrants”, of whom 14 attended the 1983 dinner and 4 “new” (older?) faces, attended, and David D’Eath, this year’s President, was a guest.

There were no speeches, but we drank a toast to The School and there was much noisy reminiscing.

Those attending were: Eric Carr, Hilary Carter, Bill Cottier, Roy Dexter, David Dowlen, Maurice Gabriel, Alfred Goldman, Graham Harper King, Philip Heywood, Douglas Ismay, Bill Jack, Theo Marx, Colin Murray, Bob Pakeman, Bernard Storr, Sam Studd, Theo Wild and Norman Yates.

It was a happy occasion and there was even some brave talk of a 60th anniversary reunion — if any of us are still alive!

**P. E. H.**

## YORKSHIRE DINNER

Bravely held on Friday, 13th May, 1988, at the Mansion Hotel, Leeds, the Yorkshire dinner was set against the unfulfilled expectation of a summer. Fortunately, the assembled members had the pleasure of the company of a number of special guests, who had ventured north of Watford. In particular, our President, David D’Eath and the Head Master spoke on widely ranging topics helping to strengthen the links with the Club and the School. The second master, Chris Sutcliffe was, once again, most welcome and it was with great pleasure that we enjoyed the company of the past President, Alastair Kingsley-Brown. Roddy Braithwaite also ventured north to what I hope will be a regular event for him and all our other friends.

As seems customary, this was an opportunity for old friends to meet and formalities were kept brief to allow for the exchange of news in the bar.

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## MEMORIES OF THE OVAL BALL

*David Marks (1943-48), coincidentally the first boy the Editor of this Column met on his first day at Mill Hill, (in a restaurant with respective mothers in tow prior to actual arrival for David’s last term), has sent in this article from Mpika in Zambia. It should bring back many memories indeed.*

I suppose it was watching the video “One Hundred Great Tries” that brought back all those memories. Memories of overcast skies, muddy fields and Sunday morning bruises. At school I scraped into the Second XV and did eventually play for Winterstoke. But it was only after I left school and started to play for pleasure rather than because I had to, that my hugely unspectacular Rugby career began.

In those days I turned out for the “A” XV and I’m not averse to admitting that the OMRFC only ran to two teams. To me fellow players seemed like giants but forty years later, I can’t seem to remember too many names. Gus Sears, ‘Sheenie’ Grey, Charlie Borrett, Len Morton, Kin Coombe and a seemingly endless selection of Toogoods come to mind. One of my more pleasant memories is of playing with George McNeil. He was so very encouraging, nonchalant, easy-going and a tremendous strength in trouble.

A match against the Saracens with their John Mark, the man who carried the Olympic Torch in 1948, streaking down the wing. I suppose I had my moments but what my Rugby lacked in quality it certainly made up for in quantity. I remember being the oldest playing member eventually — I played at gradually reducing levels from the age of 18 until my early forties.

One classic year I even found myself in the first XV with the legendary John Williams as my scrum-half. It was during a home game, either against Metropolitan Police or perhaps Nottingham, that there was a scrum right on their line. “I will run horizontally past you and put the ball in your hands. All you have to do is take a step forward and place the ball over their line”. John flashed past me from the base of the scrum like a scalded cat and placed the ball expertly into my hands. I fumbled and the ball dropped to the ground. Such exalted moments are

not easily forgotten.

Driving to Aldershot in Bill Ramsay’s Rolls to play Aldershot Services, we found John Williams’ twin brothers ranged against us — luckily I can’t remember the score although with Jim Roberts on our wing it might have been favourable.

Eventually I settled into the “B” and there spent happy years under the gentle chiding of ‘Pluggie’ Lamplugh and others. My scrum-half was usually Eric Harvey but there was always the risk that he would be promoted upwards — his playing ability was too good for a “B” side. Certainly he made me, his fly-half, look a great deal better than I actually was.

In the late 50s I made the mistake of playing Rugby in India and played for the Bombay Gymkhana Club in the All-India Rugby Tournament held that year in Madras. Hard grounds, septic earth, grazes which never healed and painful grass burns are my main memories of that episode. But during the first practice turn-out before the tournament started, I noticed another OM shirt on the other side of the ground. It turned out to be John Humphries and I think he was playing for one of the Calcutta teams. In the event he won the tournament single-handed as the team he was playing for won the final by two penalty goals both of which he kicked. I have neither seen nor heard of him since.

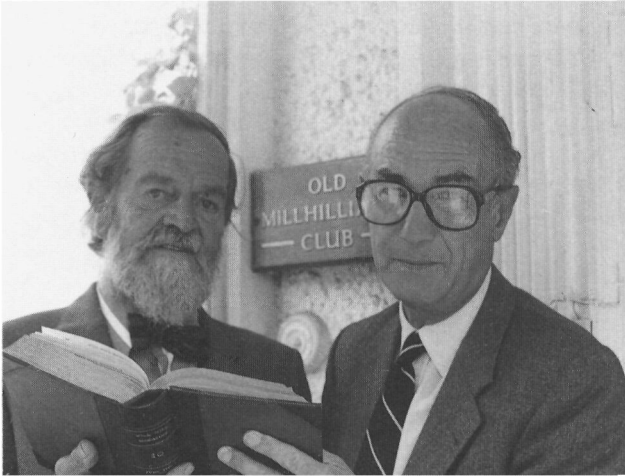
I played with the Spongs — father and son — not at the same time of course. I can remember Roger sliding his barrel-like form through the thinnest of gaps. The Grimsdells, Phil Baines, Jim Beadle, two more Borretts, Jim Patterson, John Purkis, ‘Gas’ Stannard, Denis Thatcher refereeing — where are they all? Well, I know where Denis Thatcher is.

It was all a very long time ago but it was great fun and that’s what it’s all about.



## FIFTY YEARS ON . . .

Fifty years — almost to the day — after leaving the School, two Old Millhillians visited their old haunts: William J. Owen (previously Oppenheim) 36-38 and E. Anthony Barker 34-38, both of Collinson House. They were met by Chris Sutcliffe at the School on July 20th, 1988. Bill Owen presented a biography of early 19th century O.M. Henry Shaw to the School library. He had discovered the book at the Missouri Botanical Garden, St. Louis, while doing research on Shaw the month before. After a brief stop at the Old Millhillians office, the two continued on to Belmont where they lunched with Susan and Gordon C. Smith, whom Owen had entertained in San Francisco a year earlier.



Friends at School, Barker and Owen had lost touch with one another during World War II. Owen had taken up residence in San Francisco, while Barker had become a mission doctor in Zululand. Both, however, had maintained contact with their Collinson housemaster,

Alan D. Whitehorn, who in the sixties told Owen of a book Barker had written about his Zululand experiences. Owen promptly located this volume in the San Francisco Public Library, and succeeded in resuming communications with his friend.

William Owen was back in England during the war, as an American Army officer, and visited the School and the Old Millhillians Club, then at Whitehall Court, where he stumbled on his former fag, Peter Solomon. Owen did not return to England until 1976 when he, Anthony Barker, and fellow Collinsonian William S. Hamilton, F.R.C.P., jointly paid a nostalgic visit to the School.

Anthony Barker, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., spent the war as a surgeon in the Merchant Navy, and then devoted 30 years to the Zulus in South Africa, organising and running a hospital and health service. He was awarded the C.B.E. for his services on his return to England, and then spent 10 years as a consultant at St. George's Hospital, London. Since his "retirement" he has been working in a township in Johannesburg, and this summer he and his wife Margaret raised £10,000 for a health centre there by taking a tandem ride from Yugoslavia via the Dolomites and the Alps to Austria, Germany and Luxembourg — a total of 1,200 miles, including six mountain passes.

William Owen has been a member of the Old Millhillians Club since leaving the School, and Anthony Barker has recently re-joined, since he is now back in this country permanently.

The photograph shows them looking at the bound copy of the 1938 School Magazine at the Old Millhillians Club, where they are pictured: Anthony Barker as Brutus in the 1938 School production of "Julius Caesar", and William Owen in the 1st Hockey XI.

**J. S.**

## GOLFING SOCIETY

The Society had an excellent Spring Meeting at Frilford Heath having a full complement of 32 players allocated to us by the Club.

A highly creditable result was achieved in the regional qualifying meeting at Addingham in the Grafton Morrish Cup. This, of course, is a foursomes scratch event for Old Boys' Clubs. The Society's team were the highest qualifying scorers and go through to the finals at Hunstanton in good heart. All three pairs played brilliantly especially the first pair. Those taking part were: Patrick Russell (57-62) and Michael Peterson (40-43); Gary Brandt (77-82) and Colin Nunn (75-81); Derek Sigley (52-55) and Alan Guthrie-Jones (68-73).

The Society is meeting with a good response to its proposed Tour in South West Ireland from 11th to 14th May, 1989. All Old Millhillians are welcome to join the Society and participate in this Tour which has been arranged as a special 'package'. There are a limited number of places available and the Committee are taking them on a first come, first served basis. For particulars please write to the Committee member in charge of the Tour, Tom Hignett at Round Bush, Aldenham, Watford, Herts WD2 8BQ.

**P. W.**

## FUN RUN

**Sunday, 9th October, 1988**

Every year we have staged this event it has been dry for the actual run. This year was a close thing. Having rained all night it finally stopped deluging at 1.30 p.m. in time for the start at 2 p.m., and the sun came out. The ground was surprisingly firm under foot, thanks to the new drainage system which is now in place. Entries were 400, down on last year's 500, which was a disappointment, although the event attracted more sponsorship than in previous years.

The winners of the 10 mile run were jointly Mike Green and Nigel Flint of Old Gaytonians A.C. in 54.36 minutes and the first lady was Tanya Ball of London Olympiads in 59.26 minutes. The first team was Dunstable Road Runners. In the 5.4 mile fun run, Francis Cooney of Serpentine A.C. was first in 28.40 minutes and Deborah Heath of London Olympiads was the first lady in a time of 32.31 minutes. The leading team was Hillingdon 3 Stars. The President of the Club, David D'Eath started the run and presented the prizes. I would like to thank all those who gave up their time to help and made the event run so smoothly.

**M. L.**

## RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

I can at last report on a substantial improvement in the playing strength of the Club. The 1st XV captained by David Coakley, assisted by Simon Englander and Barry Calvert, is moulding a team of older experienced players like Robin Leach with those who have left the School in recent years such as John Gally, Phil Amlott, Colin Younger and Nick Keller. Ian Maciver, who has taken over the 'A' XV, has put in a considerable amount of effort in producing a XV of which the club can be proud, and can be a back-up for the 1st XV. Leading players in this team consist of Charles Kent, Nick Mann and Windsor Roberts to name but a few. The 'B' XV now enjoys a blend of young and old and is under the management of John Castledene and David Lloyd. The Ex 'B' XV, captained by Roger McDuff of Belmont, consists of mainly those who have left in the last two years with one or two old stalwarts such as Bill Maunder Taylor and Bob Rudd. All these teams are winning matches and enjoying their rugby, which is something which has not happened for at least five years. Of course this does not happen without a lot of effort being put into the club not only by those involved at Headstone Lane, but also by the School. Here of course, Chris Kelly, master i/c rugby is most supportive, along with the other rugby masters.

Jim Kent's Colts XV in the holidays is the first introduction that most school boys get to the O.M.s. If we keep this flow of talent interested, introduce them into the club's teams and keep in touch with them through their further education, we shall very shortly be back in our place as one of the leading old boys' sides.

The work on the ground has now been finished with the completion of its drainage. We now have again a very fine club house with two pitches second to none and at long last a rising standard of rugby of which O.M.s and the School can be proud. If there are any O.M.s who would like to contribute to the cost of this work, please contact me. I am really appealing to those who have yet to contribute.

As many of you will know the OM RFC has been an open club for some years now, and I am often asked what ratio of Old Millhillians play in the sides. I can report that happily it is surprisingly high and in fact over 80% of those playing in the sides at present went to Mill Hill or Belmont or are Masters at one or other of the two schools. It is the rugger club's intention to maintain an OM content of at least 75%; a minimum which is currently surpassed quite well because recruitment from the School is on the up.

**Mike Leon**

|        | Played | Won | Lost |
|--------|--------|-----|------|
| 1st XV | 32     | 8   | 24   |



Back row: P. Phillips, C. Younger, R. V. Steed, K. Gillett, N. Edwards, N. Vakilvick, R. Leach, J. Burnham, S. Bull, M. Bainbridge. Front row: M. Wait, R. Haw, J. Rosenkranz, R. Corbridge (Capt), D. Coakley, B. Gillett, M. Mortimer.

## CRICKET CLUB

The Club enjoyed probably its most successful season ever. Having entered league cricket with some reservations four years ago, the move has raised the standard of our cricket and, if this season is indicative, has appealed to both recent MHS leavers as well as more senior members, several of which, having experienced the game with better-known clubs, returned to the fold. The 1st and 2nd XIs were champions and runners-up respectively of their divisions in the Herts Competition. Since both also ended up in the prize-money for faster scoring rates, that must bear testament to some positive cricket.

Paul Robin and one of our Antipodeans, Peter Cowan, both notched over 1,000 runs and formed the basis of our batting. With a solid middle order and 'tail', the side was seldom bowled out. Indeed, the Captain wasn't required to bat until late June and he had to organise the Cricket Week to do that! John Hurley's strike bowling was ably backed up by some of his recent charges — Ben Hartman, Oni Akpofure and Bellamy Forde, with Mark Low and Ian MacIver adding the spin. The XI was enthusiastically led by Nigel Wray whose record, league apart, included victories over Hampstead, South Woodford and, after a break of about twenty years, our old friends O.M.T. Our sole appearance in the Bertie Joel Cup resulted in an exciting finish against North Middlesex, last year's winners, going out through losing more wickets with the scores level after the allotted overs.

John Brady's 2nd XI enjoyed similar success. Several senior players from previous 1st sides added experience to the flair and athleticism of the younger members of whom Windsor Roberts, Charlie Low, Mike Peskin, Prem Achan and Elliott Hamilton made significant contributions. If there was a problem it was that not being able to give those available as many games as they would have liked. Efforts are being made during the winter to remedy this through more Sunday games and/or starting a 3rd XI on a regular basis.

This year the sun smiled on us for the Cricket Week and Sussex Tour. The first culminated in Mike Gatting's Benefit game which ended in a tie. With most of Derbyshire CCC present there seemed to be enough

professionals for a county game. The more memorable moments centred around the bowling of "Whispering Death", the legendary Michael Holding. Photographs and a brief report appear elsewhere. Roland Butcher (Middx & England) has confirmed a benefit game with us for Friday, June 30th next summer. He will also guest at the Annual Dinner on Friday, 27th January next at The Cock Tavern, EC4. (Bookings through Phil Ridout on 01-449 2472 (H)).



*Paul Robin shows Mike Gatting how the reverse sweep should be played!*

The Sussex Tour was completed undefeated with good wins at Worthing and Preston Nomads where one can experience the best tea on the 'away' circuit, courtesy of the Nolan family. The President drove over to watch a couple of games but, through dubious map reading, watched several more in which the OMs were not playing! His interest throughout the year was greatly appreciated.

Off the pitch, post-match barbecues were held on the balcony by the groundsman and his wife, Terry and Joanne Pattison. Mid-week lettings were organised and catered for by Harleys and Ridouts whilst Bill and Gwen Ashworth were much appreciated fixtures behind the bar. All considered, a happy and rewarding summer. For the statisticians, the record reads:

|               | Played  | Won    | Lost   | Drawn    | Aban/Canc  |
|---------------|---------|--------|--------|----------|------------|
| <b>1st XI</b> | 46 (37) | 25 (7) | 8 (15) | 13* (15) | 1/6 (4/11) |
| <b>2nd XI</b> | 23 (23) | 14 (8) | 7 (7)  | 2 (8)    | 1/8 (3/9)  |
| <b>3rd XI</b> | 1       | 1      |        |          |            |

\*includes one match tied. (1987 results in brackets).

For those who want to follow the Club's league progress during the season, results appear in the Sunday Telegraph.

**G. B. B.**





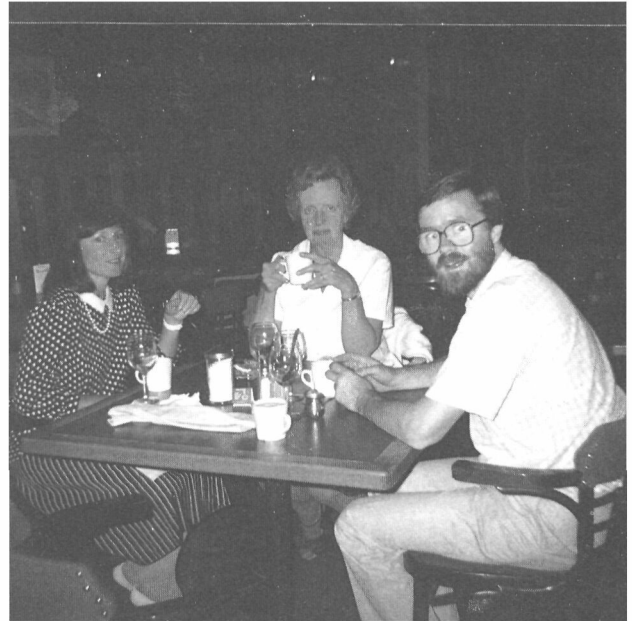
## THERE AND HEREAFTER

The list of boys who attended Wilf Sobey's Preparatory School, Kingsfield, was by no means a comprehensive one as this list now furnished by others would suggest. In fact, Kingsfield acted as a good feeder school for Mill Hill during those halcyon years of the Sobey regime and included apart from those mentioned in the last issue, Paul and Simon Scammell, David (not Michael) and Peter Hancock, Richard Cook, Stuart Fowler, John and Adrian Armitage, David Chamberlain, David Guthrie-Jones, Richard Jackson, Timothy Poole, Nicholas Saunderson, Piers Thurston, David Webster, Richard West and Nicholas Wyndham. I am grateful to Mary Sobey for putting the record straight.

H. A. R. Barnett pointed out that there were some errors in the obituary of his brother, K. M. A. K.M.A. retired from Hong Kong in 1971 not 1961 and went to Malawi in 1975 not 1965. Our apologies for these errors which appear to have occurred at manuscript stage.

How nice to see such encouraging reports from both the cricket and rugger clubs this year. After all the furore and difficulties at Headstone Lane it seems that both the social and the sporting sides are now picking up on a ground which is obviously greatly improved. Congratulations must be in order to all those who worked wo hard as well as the grateful thanks of present generations of Old Millhillians who enjoy so much all that Headstone Lane has to offer. Doubtless, future generations will take it all for granted but those too in all probability will produce their own devoted band who will keep the good work going.

Alastair Kingsley Brown reports that he has just returned from an excellent and extensive visit to the United States of America and Canada. He and his wife had lunch with Derek Twogood (40-45), B.B. and his wife in New York, stayed with John L. Briggs (30-34), Collinson and his wife



*Giles Twogood with his wife Vivien and Hilary Kingsley-Brown.*

in their home in Greenwich, Connecticut, and had dinner with Giles Twogood (64-66), B. B. and his wife in Calgary. They are all in excellent form and wish to be remembered to all who know them. Derek Twogood is spending a three year term as President of Courtaulds, U.S., John Briggs is firmly established in Connecticut and is now retired, and Giles Twogood is a Chartered Accountant in Calgary, though he does not know how long he will be staying there.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The Editor  
OM Column

Mill Hill  
October 1988

Dear Sir,

On Thursday 13th October the Old Millhillian Lodge celebrated its 50th Anniversary having been consecrated on Thursday 13th October 1938.

No doubt the Secretary of the Lodge will submit a full report of the function for inclusion in the next magazine but as the only surviving founder member I would like to congratulate all concerned for carrying out the work with the greatest dignity and perfection.

It is, I imagine unusual, if not unique, for a founder member of a Lodge still to be alive and able to be present at the ceremony celebrating its golden jubilee, and this was a very great occasion for me personally. It was a wonderful evening and in all my Masonic experience I have never attended a meeting of such happiness and harmony — with Mill Hill School as the background which brought us all together.

Yours truly,  
Eric Dangerfield



*Just so Old Millhillians in far flung parts know what they look like, we publish a picture of The Power House, left to right: Council Chairman, Stuart Hibberdine, Assistant Secretary, Janet Scott and Honorary Secretary, Roddy Braithwaite. A trio of talent indeed!*



## THE WAY WE WERE

The 1919 photograph of Belmont has produced a wave of nostalgia from a number of people most notable of whom must be Rona Bagnal nee Roberts who reports that the name of the Matron was Miss F. W. Penn who came from Nottingham. Meanwhile Nat Garret has also identified the boys either side of him as D. W. Jackson, and F. J. McEwen while the pupil between Clements and Hill is believed to be H. V. Scott. All were new boys in September, 1919. And Lewis Wild (1923-30) informs us that the Master seated between Mrs Roberts and Matron was R. J. Mowll.

A letter from G.T. Auty to David Smith with the photograph published below/above will set in train a number of emotions for many Old Millhillians. It seems that A. J. Rooker Roberts told F. W. H. Auty, his friend from School, that numbers were very low at St. Bees and that he was very worried. So F.W.H.A. started his own drive for new pupils around the Leeds area and the new boys had an informal evening on the Kirkstal Ground of the Headingley RUFC when this photograph was taken. Present were F.W.H.A., Howard Walker, G.T. Auty and a number of other people particularly one older Old Millhillian whose name has escaped G.T.A. although he knew him well when he was playing at Headingley. For once this is not a test. The answers are not known in advance and we would really be most grateful if Old Millhillians could tell us the names of these boys. We believe we know two of them (one was tragically killed on his first day) but the others are complete blanks and it would be great if we could fill in the names of this photograph which is now over 45 years old.



*Roland Stanger sent this photograph which he took in 1921 of Sir John and Lady McClure; a particularly interesting shot because not many of Lady McClure have survived. Does anybody recall the name of the dog?*

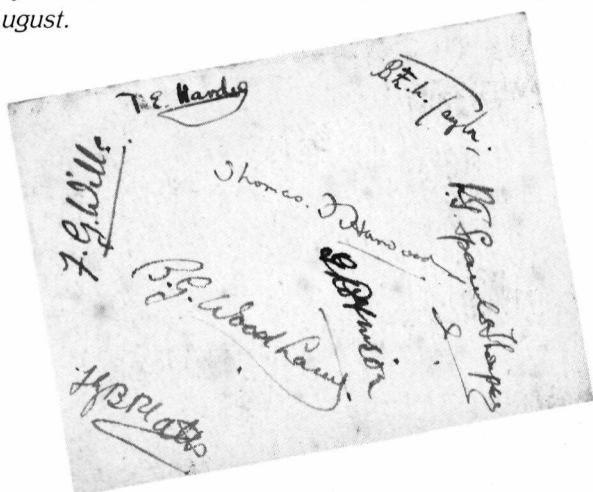


Bryan Woodhaus mentions that the obituary on E. G. Taylor who was a master at Mill Hill from 1928 to 1945 has brought back memories to him. Woodhaus who entered Weymouth in 1927 recalls in particular an end of term "dormy gutt". After waiting until midnight the arrival of their guests was the signal to start. The Loyal Toast was drunk and as it was the dormitory door slowly opened and there stood Mr Taylor. Nobody moved. Silence. After what seemed an age, Woodhaus reported that the words "how picturesque" were uttered by Mr Taylor who then withdrew. Mr Taylor failed to report the matter to higher authorities. Bryan Woodhaus feels that both the menu and the photograph are relevant and so both are reproduced here. This is a lovely and typical story of a good school master who knew when discretion was the better part of officiousness. But perhaps most touching of all is the drinking of the Loyal Toast. How well this compares with the last OM dinner when the Loyal Toast was taken early because some younger Old Millhillians did not even know that you could not smoke before it happened. Times change. And some might say so do standards.

*Reprinted from The Times. The Times of the 19th August.*



*The year is 1928! Left to right: Bryan Woodhaus, J. G. B. Platts, R. J. S. Thompson, T. E. Hardie, Thomas F. Harwood, G. R. Robinson, B. E. L. Taylor and F. G. Wills.*



Roy Mills has written to say he recognises Michael Ydlibi and his sister Haznieth in the Manchester dinner picture together with Ian Hampson in the smaller picture. Peter Dronsfield is third from the right on the far side of the front table. This does not quite tie up with David Coulson's memory but there is no dispute that the OM's (plus a sister) were there.



*Dudley Tennant has unearthed this photograph he took in 1917 of the School's 1st XV which contains some famous names including back row left to right: Wright, L. W. Butcher, Anton, Sly, Edwards, Duetslemet, Furlong. Front row: W. C. Ramsay, Micky McLennan, R. H. Dummet (Capt), Eric Burns, Buckley and seated on ground: Owen Jones, Will Gibbs and Joe Morris.*

## SUCH MEN ARE THESE

It was mid-summer 1948 when six members of Winterstoke, believing they might never meet again after completing their final term at school, decided to mark the occasion of their parting in a special way. Accordingly, three Canadian canoes were hired and three two-man crews spent the first week of their holidays paddling the Thames between Reading and Oxford (return)—subject to the odd diversion . . . shades of Jerome K. Jerome indeed.

So successful was the expedition that a similar exercise was undertaken a couple of years later (on the Severn) and, at the ten-year stage, even wives and offspring were persuaded to risk a whole day's training (in punts) on the Thames.

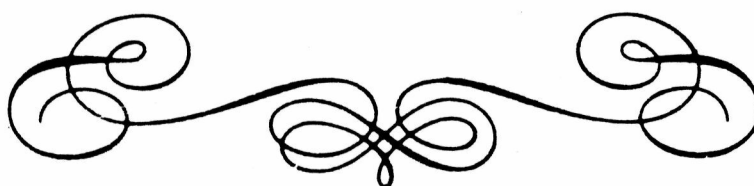
Even more remarkable, however, was the rendezvous centred on The Wild Boar at Crook, near Windermere, during the week-end of the 1st October this year. Not only was each one of the original Winterstoke sextet present for the occasion, but so were some of the

participants from the intermediate meetings and, of course, their partners. So, for such an auspicious occasion, who better to be invited to preside over the Saturday evening than that well-known Ridgeway mainstay Michael R. W. Berry! (He who happens also to be owner of that group of hotels which is often advertised in your magazine). Indeed, the party numbered seventeen at dinner that evening.

Needless to say, there was many a yarn spun and, although the week-end had been billed as "non athletic", with such an adventurous crew it was hardly surprising that the elements were braved — sometime on board ship, steam train and even a little (gentle) fell-walking.

Second childhood? Not quite perhaps, though we did visit Pooh's Den before returning to those out-posts of the globe as far apart as Southampton and Zambia.

Personalia: M. R. W. Berry, D. I. Marks, C. G. Owen, D. C. Rigby, R. Samuels, A. R. Stanley, B. R. Swinn, C. Teale and I. White.



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# OBITUARIES

W. H. SOBEY, M.A. (1918-24)

Old Millhillians will have learned with much regret of the death of Wilfred Henry Sobey on the 27th February, 1988 at the age of 82.

His career at Mill Hill was quite outstanding — Senior Monitor (Priestley) September 1923. Three years Captain 1st XV. Presentation Cap 1922. Three years Captain 1st XI. Fielding Sash 1924. 1st XI Hockey, Captain 1923. Athletic Team 1922-24. Three years Fives Captain. Tennis VI 1924. Serjeant O.T.C.

In 1924 he went up to St. John's College, Cambridge where he later took his M.A. degree. He was a certainty for a Hockey Blue, but opted for Rugby. He gained his Rugger Blue playing scrum half in 1925-6 when Cambridge scored 17 tries in two games. (Lord Wakefield wrote "how his fly halves must have loved him!").

In 1927 Wilf toured the Argentine with the team which

by the Blitz. It was a very difficult time for Wilf and Mary with the air raids and the boys having to go down the cellars. Mary has said that Wilf shed two stones in six weeks!

Wilf was a born teacher, good with boys of all interests and abilities, but he had in particular the ability to encourage and bring on the less able and the timid. He was a gentle, unselfish and modest man of warm sympathy, tact and wit, qualities which endeared him to his many friends and to generations of pupils and their parents. Kingsfield was a perfect example of what can be achieved when the right man sets up and runs an enterprise in his own way. It was his life's work and well he did it. He was Headmaster of Kingsfield for 30 happy years. Wilf could not have attained such success without Mary's encouragement and hard work. Mary says "That is nonsense. Wilf ran the school entirely in his own way.



*The immortal Pair. Wilf Sobey (left) with Roger Spong visiting Belmont in the '70's.*

won all its matches. Later he was to play for the Barbarians, London Counties and Hampshire. Meanwhile in the company of Robert Spong he won his first caps playing against Scotland, Wales and France in 1930. In the same year he was badly injured at the outset of the tour to Australia and New Zealand. He missed the 1931 season but returned in 1932 to play against South Africa and Wales. He and Roger Spong achieved an almost legendary reputation as a very fine half-back pair. It is almost certain that if Wilf had not had a serious injury in 1933 in a club match, he would have been picked to be captain of England. By this time Wilf had joined Belmont as a master under Arthur J. Rooker Roberts. His old friend, Harry Milner-Gulland, who was also on the staff, in a warm tribute to Wilf, speaks of him as a good, but kind disciplinarian. After 12 years he left to take over Kingsfield School, Oxhey, Hertfordshire in 1940. Term started at the same time as the Battle of Britain, followed

All I did was to organise the catering and the office and help with the plays. No occupation could be more rewarding than to share in the life of a prep. school, especially one with such a headmaster."

After his retirement to Wimbledon he coached boys for King's College School and continued to do so until he was over 80.

Wilf was born in Mexico on the 1st April, 1905, the son of a silver miner who was so successful that he was able to retire to England when he was 44.

One brother G. A. (1922-8) is living in Yorkshire and the late F. T. Sobey, C.B.E., M.C., was President of the Old Millhillians in 1957.

Wilf's son, Tim, an O.M. (1953-58) has two daughters, and his own daughter, Christina has a son.

It was a privilege to have been in Wilf's presence and to have known this kind and generous friendship.

**"Whaley"**



## M. CROWDER (1947-52)

Professor Michael Crowder, the historian of Africa and university administrator, died August 14 at the age of 54.

Although Crowder's exceptional ability to see the colonial episode in Africa from angles earned him the disapproval of some scholars of the "red and rabid" persuasion, through his encouragement of younger West African historians, and through his own research, he can now be seen as one of the pioneers in that remarkable revolution known as "The Decolonization of African History".

During the last years of his life Crowder was simultaneously Director of the Institute of Black Studies at Amherst and visiting professor at the Institute of Commonwealth Studies.

A Londoner, after an education at Mill Hill School, Crowder did the National Service of those days, the latter part of it in Nigeria, and was duly "bitten by the Nigerian bug".

He returned to England to study at Oxford, where he got a first. But he spent most of his time scheming about how to get back across the Sahara. He managed this even before the end of his course, making use of a friendly publisher's commission to spend his two long vacations wandering the length and breadth of West Africa.

After Oxford he returned to the continent to become editor of *Nigeria* magazine — at that time a rather light periodical which he upgraded to a serious journal.

Crowder's talents as an organizer and inspirer of others soon came to the attention of Professor Kenneth Dike, who in 1962 asked him to take up an appointment as secretary of the newly-founded Institute of African Studies at the University of Ibadan.

From this post, he went on to a series of appointments in which, as director, he either created or reshaped inter-disciplinary research institutes for the study of Africa history and culture.

These appointments took him, first to Fourah Bay in Sierra Leone, then successively to the universities of Ife, Kano, Zaria and Lagos in Nigeria. In all of these, he built up a tradition of research and scholarship.

After 20 years in Nigeria — and after a short stint as editor of *History Today* — Crowder became Professor of History in the University of Botswana, where he revived his department.

The current edition of his *Story of Nigeria* remains the best general history of that country; his *Senegal* (1962) introduced Anglophone historians to what, was the largely mysterious world of Franco-phone West Africa.

His *West Africa Under Colonial Rule* (1968) presented a brilliant overview of a fascinating period of West African history, and also elaborated his earlier explorations of the influence of the differing ideas and attitudes of the metropolitan powers on their respective colonial policies and institutions. The book has become a classic.

Crowder was no wishy-washy white liberal so often found amongst Westerners in his field. Crowder was a man of loves and hates, both intense. As a result, he left behind a host of devoted friends, and quite a few implacable enemies.

But the proportion of friends to enemies is just the same north as it is south of the Sahara. His reputation is assured among the historians of Africa; but he has left a great empty gap in the lives of his friends.

*Condensed from The Times, 19th August, 1988.*

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## The Right Honourable LORD WADE MA LL.B (1918-20)

Lord Wade, the Liberal peer who persistently campaigned for a Bill of Rights and, as Donald Wade, was MP for Huddersfield West from 1950 to 1964, died on November 6th at the age of 84.

Wade was a lifelong and active Liberal who, had his party's fate during the 1950s and 1960s been better, would undoubtedly have achieved much greater prominence in politics and national affairs. As it was he served the cause to which he was so devotedly attached through all its vicissitudes.

Donald William Wade was born at Ilkley, Yorkshire, on June 16th, 1904, and early in life suffered from poliomyelitis. He was educated at Mill Hill School before going to Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he got his MA and LL.B degrees.

He was admitted solicitor in 1929 and practised in Leeds as a member of a leading commercial firm, of which his father was a principal.

As a young man Wade did much voluntary work for the Liberal Party, both in the North and nationally, attracting large audiences to his meetings. He achieved political notoriety in 1950 by capturing the West Division of Huddersfield from Labour with a majority of nearly 7,000 and retaining it a year later — and, indeed, until 1964.

In Parliament Wade became known for his interest in constitutional matters — especially where the issues of liberty of the subject became involved — and in questions affecting capital and labour. Both at

Westminster and in the country he was an outspoken supporter of co-partnership in industry, as well as an unrepentant defender of free trade.

He was Liberal Whip in the Commons from 1956 to 1962 and Deputy Leader from 1962 to 1964.

In the 1964 general election he lost his seat to Labour and later that year he was created a Life Peer. He was interested in the whole field of human rights around the world and in the Lords he made four attempts to have enacted a Bill of Rights which would have made the European Convention on Human Rights a part of English law.

Wade was president of the Liberal Party in 1967-1968 and in the latter year chaired a commission which carried out an ideological review to update the party's policies.

In its turbulent periods Wade was a steadying influence in the party and by the 1970s he had become one of the Liberal Party's most respected elder statesmen.

His book *Our Aim and Purpose*, published in 1961, was an outline of fundamental Liberal philosophy and values which proved to be useful and more relevant than ever in the birth pangs of the new Liberal alliance.

Wade was a Liberal of the old school; his age had prevented him from taking an active part in its more recent affairs, other than becoming a member of the new party.

He is survived by his wife Ellenora Beatrice, two sons and two daughters.

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