

# THE MILL HILL MAGAZINE


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Here & There : M. J. LUNAN

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## EDITORIAL

Ever since man began to live in communities, theorists have been seeking the perfect system of government, embodying the correct balance between the rights of the individual and the demands of the group. Scientists gave up looking for the philosopher's stone centuries ago, but philosophers still dream of the scientific state, so perfect that no-one will need to be good. In contrast, Ghandi, who was not merely a philosopher but also a practical idealist, believed that the ideal state of man is "Enlightened anarchy". However, a study of the history of nations, or of personal relationships, leads us to believe that "whenever two or three are gathered together", sooner or later there is anarchy: defined in the dictionary as "confusion; each man acting as a law unto himself". No system can maintain a perfect balance between the state and the citizen. Authority and the individual must eventually collide, since each will try to limit the freedom of action of the other, as far as it dares. In the course of history, every generation has its noble Caesar and its envious Cassius; but also, equally significant, its petty tyrants and its John Hampdens. All societies depend upon a dynamic balance of power between the state and the citizen, not a static balance laid down by tradition. Every rebel, except the man who hates mankind, must admit that he needs the community. Every community, except the police-state, must admit that it needs its rebels.

Inevitably, in any community that is not stagnating, there must be conflict; but if in striving together we come to a fuller understanding of each other, this cannot be a weakening influence on our solidarity against threats from outside. Let us remember, however, the words of Ghandi and settle our disputes in an enlightened manner. To disagree is human — but to debate is civilised.



*Et Virtutem Et Musas*

## School Staff

### Monitors

Senior Monitor: J. M. G. HUNT (W.).

T. D. Phillips (Wk.), A. J. Horne (Wk.), S. W. Whyte (W.), J. Culver (R.), T. G. Davies (C.), C. J. Burt (B.B.), C. J. Carter (W.), R. K. Sadler (S.), R. J. Hayman (C.), W. O. W. Roberts (Wk.), A. K. Toulson (W.), D. C. J. Lee (Wk.).

### School Prefects

M. P. Petersen (M.), P. W. Hancock (Wk.), J. R. Butler (R.), J. G. Hanchet (B.B.), M. R. Williams (S.), A. S. C. Air (Wk.), R. S. Burns (B.B.), J. S. Abbott (C.), R. J. D. Boon (M.), R. A. Furness (C.), P. D. James (S.), D. J. G. Moore (M.), A. G. Walsh Atkins (W.), N. Baker (B.B.), A. A. J. Browne (R.), G. le M. Campbell (R.), A. J. H. Shaw (R.).

### Games Committee

The Head Master (Chairman), A. Robertson, Esq., O. J. Wait, Esq., T. D. Phillips (Hon. Sec.), J. M. G. Hunt, A. J. Horne, S. W. Whyte, M. R. Williams, M. P. Petersen, J. Culver, C. J. Burt, A. Liaquat Ali Khan.

### Salvete

*Burton Bank:* R. N. Barton, R. J. Holloway, M. D. Jenkins, D. G. Jones, R. H. King, R. N. Lloyd, L. J. Lowenthal, T. M. Rees-Roberts, H. W. Starkey, P. R. Wakenham.

*Collinson:* A. J. Anderson, P. J. Atkinson, L. D. H. Barker, A. M. Berrill, A. J. Bloom, T. M. Cox, C. R. Darke, T. P. W. Dowlen, S. C. Ellis, D. S. Haigh, J. B. Lloyd, G. W. Robinson, A. C. Roney, J. P. Vincett.

*Murray:* A. J. Butcher, D. R. Crafts, R. T. Dawson, A. Finer, M. K. Hill, J. M. Hostler, D. H. Koetser, R. G. Otter, D. L. Pelham.

*Ridgeway:* R. C. Beavis, R. Culver, G. S. G. Gill, P. A. Jenkins, R. D. Lethbridge, R. D. Linsell, R. J. Newsholme, A. R. Noakes, J. A. E. Proctor, R. P. Thompson, H. R. Walton, P. R. M. Westoby, H. R. Woodhouse, D. I. D. Yule.

*School House:* S. B. Becks, J. W. B. Black, A. M. Buchanan, P. J. Carter, R. G. Chapman, P. M. Clarke, R. D. Gillett, S. Gilston, P. W. Hannan, P. R. Hunt, A. L. Kidd, P. K. M. Longley, N. E. Marnham, R. D. Nathan, R. A. M. Old, A. T. Patteson, D. A. Roe, J. A. Shellim, C. M. Taylor, R. C. Trewin, G. O. Vero, C. J. Wright.

*Winterstoke:* J. Armitage, N. R. Avery, A. L. Brooke, R. H. Dawson, P. R. Douglas-Jones, T. J. Fanstone, N. H. Johnstone, K. C. Melbourn, R. G. Osborne, G. J. Owen, P. C. Richards, M. H. Sykes, D. J. Valentine, N. H. Waite, A. D. Wills.

### Valete

J. M. G. HUNT (1955-60); Weymouth; Upper Medical VI; Senior Monitor, Sept. 1959; Head of House; Games Committee; Headmaster's Prize for reading in chapel, 1960; 3rd XV 1958-59 (Capt. 1959); Athletics team 1958-9-60 (Vice-Capt. 1960); Christian Fellowship (Committee); Science Society (Hon. Sec.); Innominate Society; Under-Officer in Army/C.C.F., Drum Major; Studying Dental Surgery at Guy's Hospital; Westlands, Museum Road, Torquay, Devon.

T. D. PHILLIPS (1954-60); Winterstoke; Upper Medical VI; Monitor, July 1959; Head of House; Games Committee (Hon. Sec.); Executive Committee; IVB Form Prize, 1955; Hamilton Bailey Memorial V Form Prize, 1957; Fielding Prize, 1960; 1st XV 1959; 1st XI Hockey 1958-9-60 (Sel. Com. 1959, Capt. 1960, Awarded Presentation Scarf 1960); 1st XI Cricket 1958-9-60 (Capt. 1960); Tennis Team 1955-6-7-8-60 (Hon. Sec. 1958, Capt. 1959-60), Member of winning pair in Thomas Bowl 1955, 1957, Capt. of winning Youll Cup team 1958; Squash Team 1956-7-8-9-60 (Hon. Sec. 1958-9, Capt. 1959-60), Public Schools' Champion 1959-60, Junior Champion 1957-8; Junior Fives Team 1957; Singlehanded IX 1959; Science Society; Innominate Society; Choral Society; Sgt. in C.D./C.C.F.; Reading Zoology at Merton College, Oxford; Tomlin, Milesplit Hill, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

A. J. HORNE (1954-60); Winterstoke; Upper Modern Language VI; Monitor, July 1959; Games Committee; Executive Committee; David Needham Memorial Prize for Modern Languages 1960; 1st XV 1958-9 (Sel. Com. 1959); Seven's Team 1959; Colts XI Cricket 1957; Swimming VIII 1957-8-9-60 (Hon. Sec. 1958, Capt. 1959-60); Modern Language Society; Sgt. in Army/C.C.F.; Reading Law at Keble College, Oxford; Cleveland, The Ridgeway, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

S. W. WHYTE (1955-60); Weymouth; Upper Science VI; Monitor, July 1959; Games Committee; Executive Committee (Hon. Sec.); 1st XV 1957-8-9 (Hon. Sec. 1959); Seven's Team 1959; 1st XI Hockey 1958-9; 2nd XI Cricket 1958-9; Gym VIII 1957-8-9-60 (Hon. Sec. 1959, Capt. 1960), Junior Champion 1956-7, Senior Champion 1958, 1960; Athletics Team 1958-9-60; Singlehanded IX 1958-9-60 (Hon. Sec. 1960); Science Society (Hon. Treasurer); Geographical Society; Choral Society; R.S.M. in Army/C.C.F.; Student Apprenticeship in Smith's Motor Accessories Division; 104 Wolmer Gardens, Edgware, Middx.

J. CULVER (1955-60); Ridgeway; Upper Medical VI; Monitor, Dec. 1959; Head of House; Games Committee; Executive Committee; Upper VI Chemistry Prize 1959; 1st XV 1959; Science Society Innominate Society; C.S.M. in Arduous Training Coy./C.C.F.; Entering Royal Veterinary College, London University; Barrsbrook, Guildford Road, Chertsey, Surrey.

T. G. DAVIES (1954-60); Collinson; Upper Classical VI; Monitor, Dec. 1959; Head of House; 2nd XI Cricket 1958-9; 2nd XI Hockey 1959-60; Singlehanded IX 1959 (Manager); Interpretes (Scriba); Cadet in R.A.F./C.C.F.; Seeking entrance to University; Homefield, Barrow Gurney, Nr. Bristol, Somerset.

C. J. CARTER (1955-60); Weymouth; Upper Classical VI and Upper Modern Subjects VI; Monitor, March 1960; 2nd XI Hockey 1960 (Capt.); Shooting VIII 1959-60; Interpretes; Cosmos; Witan; Interim; Choral Society; Sgt. in R.E./C.C.F.; Entering articles for Chartered Accountancy; 19 Chester Road, Chigwell, Essex.

R. K. SADLER (1955-60); Scrutton; Upper Medical VI; Monitor, March 1960; Head of House; Games Committee; 2nd XV 1958-9; Swimming VIII 1958; Natural History Society (3rd Member); Science Society; Innominate Society; Sgt. in R.A.F./C.C.F.; Flying Scholarship 1959; Studying at Royal London Dental Hospital; 5 Eastholm, Hampstead Garden Suburb, London, N.W.11.

A. K. TOULSON (1955-60); Weymouth; Upper Modern Subjects VI; Monitor, March 1960; Upper VI History Prize 1960; 2nd XV 1958-9; 2nd XI Hockey 1960; 3rd XI Cricket 1960 (Capt.); Athletics Team 1959-60; Witan (Prolocutor); Interim; Phoebean Group; Playreading Society; Choral Society; Magazine Committee; C-Sgt. in Arduous Training Coy./C.C.F.; Reading Law at King's College, London; 11A Richmond Road, Ealing, W.5.

M. P. PETERSEN (1955-60); Murray; Lower Modern Subjects VI; School Prefect, July 1959; Head of House; Games Committee; Executive Committee; 3rd XV 1959; Athletics Team 1959-60; Witan, Geographical Society; Natural History Society; Lance-Bombardier in R.A./C.C.F.; Short Service Commission in the Army; 15 Kings Drive, Edgware, Middx.

P. W. HANCOCK (1955-60); Winterstoke; Upper Modern Subjects VI; School Prefect, July 1959; Executive Committee; Alan Timpson Prize for Carpentry 1958 and 1960; 3rd XV 1958-59; 2nd XI Hockey 1959-60; Athletics Team 1958-9-60 (Hon. Sec. 1959, Capt. 1960); 303 Shooting VIII 1960; Geographical Society (Hon. Sec.); Interim; Science Society; Sgt. in R.A.F., C.D. and Sharpshooters/C.C.F.; Entering Surveying; 24 Millway, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7.

J. R. BUTLER (1955-60); Ridgeway; Upper Modern Language VI and Upper Modern Subjects VI; School Prefect, Dec. 1959; Open Essay Prize 1960; Ford Trust Scholarship 1960; Cross-Country VIII 1959-60 (Hon. Sec. 1960); Athletics Team 1959-60; Junior Chess Team 1956-7; Modern Language Society; Witam; Interim; Patrol Leader/Scouts; Reading Psychology at Nottingham University; 1 Monkswell Court, Colney Hatch Lane, Muswell Hill, N.10.

A. S. C. AIR (1955-60); Winterstoke; Upper Modern Subjects VI; School Prefect, Feb. 1960; 1st XV 1958-9; 3rd XI Cricket 1958-9-60; Junior Athletics Team 1957; Interim; Sgt. in Army/C.C.F.; Entering the Bowater Paper Corporation Ltd.; Cumnor House School, 168 Pampisford Road, S. Croydon, Surrey.

A. G. WALSH-ATKINS (1955-60); Weymouth; Upper Mathematical VI; School Prefect, March 1960; English Electric University Scholarship 1960; Parkyn Prize for Mathematics 1960; Science Society (Committee); Pythagoreans (Committee); Geographical Society; Playreading Society; Cpl. in R.E./C.C.F.; Reading Engineering at Balliol College, Oxford; 32 East End Road, Finchley, London, N.3.

H. H. ANDREWS (1955-60); Burton Bank; Upper Modern Language VI; House Prefect; 2nd XV 1959; 2nd XI Cricket 1960; 3rd XI Hockey 1960; Squash Team 1959-60; Fives Team 1959; Table Tennis Club (Vice-President); Playreading Society; Modern Language Society; Entering Shell; 101 Harley House, Marylebone Road, N.W.1.

R. G. ANGEL (1955-60); Winterstoke; Upper Modern Subjects VI; Interpreter; Witam; Interim; Geographical Society; Cpl. in Army/C.C.F.; Seeking Entrance to University; 15 Park View, Hatch End, Pinner, Middx.

T. E. BOYER (1956-60); Burton Bank; Language V; Natural History Society; Cadet in C.D./C.C.F.; Entering Retail Distribution Trade with Benthalls Ltd., Kingston; 37 Manor Road, Ashford, Kent.

S. Y. CHINYOY (1955-60); Weymouth; Upper Modern Subjects VI; House Prefect; Colts Hockey 1957; Junior Boxing Team 1956-7; Witam; Geographical Society; Society of Philatelists; Sgt. in Army/C.C.F.; Seeking Entrance to Harvard or Yale University; c/o B. R. Goodfellow, Parsonage House, Helions Bumpstead, near Haverhill, W. Suffolk, or 18 Mary Road, near Bath Island, Karachi 4, Pakistan.

N. B. DAVID (1955-60); Scrutton; Upper Modern Language VI; House Prefect; Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg (Cofiadur); Printing Society (Chairman); Necromancers Society (Hon. Treasurer); Phoebean Group; Modern Language Society; Geographical Society; Choral Society; Cpl. in Signals/C.C.F.; Importing Timber; Lawrenny, Mill Road, Llanishen, Cardiff.

A. J. DAVIDSON (1955-60); Winterstoke; Lower Science VI; Golf Team 1959-60; Athletics Team 1959-60; Cross-Country Team 1960, Champion 1960; Science Society; Leading Cadet in R.A.F./C.C.F.; Continuing Studies; Brook Cottage, Ninhams Wood, Farnborough, Kent.

P. R. DORKEN (1955-60); Collinson; Upper Medical VI; Chapel Manager; Science Society; Innominate Society; Cpl. in Signals/C.C.F.; Reading Medicine at Birmingham University; 24 Amesbury Road, Moseley, Birmingham, 13.

C. J. DRISCOLL (1956-60); Collinson; Science V; Sailing Team 1960; Geographical Society; Natural History Society; Senior Cadet in R.A.F./C.C.F.; Entering Accountancy; Long View, Sandy Point, Hayling Island, Hants., or 31 Riverdale Gardens, Twickenham, Middx.

G. C. DYFNALLT (1955-60); Burton Bank; Upper Modern Subjects VI; House Prefect; 1st XI Hockey 1960; 3rd XI Cricket 1959-60; Colts XV 1957; Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg (Cadeirydd); Travel Club (Hon. Sec.); Journalism; The Poplars, Mardy, Abergavenny, Monmouth.

B. D. EDMOND (1956-60); Burton Bank; Science V; Interim; Cosmos (Joint Founder Member); Natural History Society (Hon. Treasurer); Magical Society (President); Chapel Manager; Cpl. in Army/C.C.F.; Studying at Harrow Technical College with a view to entering Dental School; 19 The Paddocks, Wembley Park, Middx.

D. R. E. EDWARDS (1955-60); Murray; General V; House Prefect; 4th XV 1959; Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg; Choir; Lance-Bombardier in R.A./C.C.F.; Entering Accountancy; 54 Southover, Woodside Park, London, N.12.

M. A. EDWARDS (1955-60); Scrutton; Upper Mathematical VI; Cpl. in R.A.F./C.C.F.; Flying Scholarship; Studying at Imperial College, London; 88 Uxbridge Road, Rickmansworth, Herts.

R. D. EHRLICH (1955-60); Collinson; Upper Modern Subjects VI; House Prefect; 1st XV 1959; Golf Team 1957-8-9-60 (Hon. Sec. 1960); Fives Team 1959-60; Athletics Team 1959-60; Geographical Society; Art Society; Sgt. in Army/C.C.F.; Reading Business Administration at the Wharton School of Business and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania; "Windy Gates", 31 Sauncey Avenue, Harpenden, Herts.

J. F. ELKINS (1955-60); Weymouth; General V; Ousey Handwriting Prize 1956; Major Hobbies Prize 1957, Minor 1960; 3rd XV 1959-60; 3rd XI Cricket 1960; Natural History Society; Art Society; Sgt. in Army/C.C.F.; Entering Southern Rhodesian Police Force; "Marycote", 3 Hill Rise, Ruislip, Middx.

I. FORREST HAY (1955-60); Burton Bank; Upper Medical VI; House Prefect; Chapel Manager; Christian Fellowship (Hon. Sec.); Science Society; Geographical Society; Innominate Society; Choral Society; Sgt. in Army/C.C.F.; Reading Medicine in Birmingham University; 61 Wake Green, Moseley, Birmingham, 13.

R. S. GRIMSDELL (1957-60); Winterstoke; Lower Science VI; IVC Form Prize 1957; Boxing Team; 1960; Junior Swimming VIII 1957-8-9; Science Society; Lance-Cpl. in Arduous Training Coy./C.C.F.; Entering Welbeck College prior to Sandhurst; "Garth", Barnet Road, Arkley, Herts.

F. HADI (1955-60); Winterstoke; Upper Modern Language VI; IVa Form Prize 1956; 2nd XI Cricket 1958-9-60; 2nd XI Hockey 1959-60; Junior Squash Team 1958; Modern Language Society; Bombardier in R.A./C.C.F.; Reading Economics at University; 18 Sheridan Garden, Kenton, Harrow, Middx., or "Farooq Manzil", Main Road, Block 4, Nazimabad, Karachi, W. Pakistan.

B. HAMPSON (1957-60); Weymouth; General V; 3rd XV 1959; 1st XI Cricket 1960; Cadet in Arduous Training Coy./C.C.F.; Caloundra, Ridge Park, Bramhall, Cheshire.

J. MCK. HARBRON (1956-60); Ridgeway; Language V; Athletics Team 1960; Cadet in Army/C.C.F.; Continuing Studies at Bournemouth Municipal College, South Lea, Purbeck Road, Barton-on-Sea, New Milton, Hants.

A. H. T. HARRIS (1956-60); Scrutton; General V; Printing Society (Hon. Sec.); Cadet in Arduous Training Coy./C.C.F.; Entering Articles with a Solicitor; 19 Pennine Drive, Hendon Way, N.W.7.

G. R. M. HENDERSON (1955-60); Weymouth; Upper Science VI; Hobbies Committee (Hon. Sec.); Major Hobbies Prize 1959; Junior Boxing Team 1957; Science Society; Natural History Society; Fred Society; Photographic Society (Hon. Member); Choir; Stage and Cinema Committee; P/L in Scouts; Entering Accountancy; "Highfields", Headless Cross, Redditch, Worcs.

S. P. HONEYBONE (1955-60); Weymouth; Upper Modern Language VI; IVB Form Prize 1956; Remove A 1957; 2nd XI Cricket 1960; Boxing Team 1959; Geographical Society; Choir; Modern Language Society; P/L in Scouts; Entering University or Commercial Finance; 350 Great West Road, Heston, Middx.

H. M. HOWARD (1956-60); Ridgeway; Upper Classical VI; Stopford Brook Prize for Painting 1958-9-60; Richard Lister Franks Music Prize 1960; Interim; Interpretes; Art Society (Committee); Cosmos; Stage Designer; Seeking entrance to Slade School of Fine Art; Henlow Vicarage, Beds.

G. L. HOWELL (1955-60); Collinson; Upper Modern Subjects VI; Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg (Ysgrifennydd); Geographical Society; Reading Law at University College, Aberystwyth; "Y Bwthyn"; 17 Heol-y-Bryn, Rhiwbina, near Cardiff, Glamorgan.

M. J. G. JAMES (1954-60); Collinson; Upper Medical VI; House Prefect; Richard Lister Franks Music Prize 1955; Junior Music Prize for Singing 1955; Shooting VIII 1960; Innominate Society; Science Society; Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg; Choir; Cpl. in Sharpshooters/C.C.F.; Reading Medicine at London Hospital; 68 Manor Vale, Boston Manor Road, Brentford, Middx.

R. W. A. JONES (1956-60); Weymouth; General V; Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg (Trysorydd); Natural History Society; Cadet in Army/C.C.F.; Entering Articles for Chartered Accountancy; Tudor House, 57 Llyswen Road, Cyncoed, Cardiff.

J. G. JOWETT (1955-60); Scrutton; Upper Modern Subjects VI; 92 Boulevard de Saint Cloud, Garches, Seine et Oise, France.

P. S. KERR (1955-60); Winterstoke; Lower Modern Subjects VI; Richard Lister Franks Music Prize 1960; Geographical Society; Art Society (Treasurer); P/L in Scouts; Entering the B.B.C. as a trainee Film Editor; 34 Oakfield Court, Haslemere Road, Crouch End, N.8.

K. A. KHALEELI (1955-60); Burton Bank; General V; 2nd XV 1959; 2nd XI Hockey 1960; Junior Boxing Team 1955-6-7; Cpl. in Army/C.C.F.; Entering Articles for Chartered Accountancy; "Orchard House", 3 Grange Road, Barnes, Surrey.

C. A. B. KNOTT (1956-60); Collinson; Language V; 2nd XV 1959; Colts Hockey XI 1958; Junior Athletics Team 1957; Gunner in R.A./C.C.F.; Entering the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales; "Fairfield", 26 The Ridgeway, Rothley, Leicester.

C. LAWRENCE (1955-60); Murray; Upper Modern Language VI; Chess Team 1959-60; Modern Language Society; Cpl. in Army/C.C.F.; Seeking Entrance to University; "Copped Close", Totteridge Lane, London, N.20.

A. B. LAWSON (1957-60); Weymouth; Bench; Richard Lister Franks Music Prize 1960; Senior Scout; Continuing studies; The Cottage, Burton-on-the-Wolds, near Loughborough, Leicester.

A. A. LEVY (1955-60); Murray; Upper Modern Language VI; Modern Language Society; Lance-Cpl. in Army/C.C.F.; Seeking entrance to Christ's College, Cambridge; accepted by the Humboldt Gymnasium, Düsseldorf; 30 Dalkeith Grove, Stanmore, Middx.

A. LIAQUAT ALI KHAN (1954-60); Collinson; Upper Modern Subjects VI; House Prefect; Games Committee; Executive Committee; Richard Lister Franks Music Prize 1956; Ousey Handwriting Prize 1956; 2nd XI Hockey 1958; 2nd XI Cricket 1957-8-9; Fives Team 1957-8-9-60 (Hon. Sec. 1958-9, Capt. 1960); Singlehanded IX 1960; Shooting VIII 1960; Geographical Society (Third Member); Art Society; Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg; Choral Society; Sgt. in Sharpshooters/C.C.F.; Reading Law at King's College, London; 285 Sheen Lane, S.W.14; or c/o The Embassy of Pakistan, Plain 1813, No. 3, The Hague, Netherlands; or Quaid-i-Millat House, Bath Island, No. 3, Karachi, W. Pakistan.

R. G. LLOYD (1956-60); Collinson; General V; Christian Fellowship; Y Gymdeithas Gymraeg; Gunner in R.A./C.C.F.; Farming; Ty Mawr, Holyhead, Anglesey, Wales.

M. J. LUNAN (1955-60); Burton Bank; Upper Mathematical VI; Public Schools Debating Association (Secretary); Science V Form Prize 1957; Lower VI Maths 1958; Upper VI Maths 1959; Parkyn Prize for Mathematics 1960; 1st XI Scorer 1958-9-60; Interim (Secretary); Playreading Society (President); Pythagoreans (Secretary); Choir; Dramatic Society; Phoebean Group; Cosmos; Geographical Society; Science Society; Sgt. in Army/C.C.F.; Reading Mechanical Sciences at Peterhouse, Cambridge; 11 Branscombe Gardens, Winchmore Hill, N.21.

H. R. M. MACDONALD (1956-60); Winterstoke; Upper Classical VI; Library Committee; Language V Form Prize 1957; Lower Classics Prize 1958; McGowan Essay Prize 1958; Richard Lister Franks Music Prizes 1958-9; Upper VI Classics Prize 1959; Isabel Hector Fleming Prize for Classics 1960; McClure Music Prize 1960; Interpreter (Hegemon); Interim (ex-Chairman); Choir; Dramatic Society; Cosmos; Christian Fellowship (Committee); Senior Scout; Reading Classics and Law at Caius College, Cambridge; 72 Barton Road, Cambridge.

T. R. V. MAY (1956-60); Ridgeway; Upper Mathematical VI; Swimming VIII 1957-8-9-60 (Hon. Sec. 1959, Vice-Capt. 1960); Science Society; Pythagoreans; Cadet in Arduous Training Coy./C.C.F.; 49 Warwick Road, Coulsdon, Surrey.

G. E. NOSWORTHY (1956-60); Ridgeway; Upper Modern Language VI; Modern Language Society; Cadet in R.A. and Band; Studying to become a Solicitor; 128 Hale Lane, Edgware, Middx.

A. G. PETERS (1955-60); Scrutton; Upper Science VI; House Prefect; Remove C Form Prize 1957; Science Society; Geographical Society; Sgt. in Army/C.C.F.; Continuing Studies with Smith's Motor Accessories; 12 The Crescent, Ripon, Yorkshire.

R. C. M. PIERCY (1956-60); Weymouth; General V; Hobbies Committee; Assistant Manager of Life-Saving; Swimming VIII 1957-8-9-60; Stage and Cinema Committee; Signaller in R.C.S./C.C.F.; Studying Agricultural Valuation in Scotland and then at College of Estate Management, London University; Pound House, Totteridge, N.20.

R. A. PRICE (1956-60); Ridgeway; Language V; 4th XV 1959; Cadet in Army/C.C.F.; Studying law in London; 1122 Bessonnete Avenue, Houston 5, Texas, U.S.A.

K. C. REAVELL (1955-60); Collinson; Upper Science VI; Fred Society; Science Society; Flight Sgt. in R.A.F./C.C.F.; Broomhayes, Belstead Road, Ipswich, Suffolk.

I. P. ROBERTSON (1956-60); Winterstoke; General V; Leading Cadet in R.A.F./C.C.F.; Box 778, Awali, Bahrein Island, Persian Gulf.

S. P. ROBINSON (1955-60); Winterstoke; Upper Science VI; House Prefect; Upper VI Maths for Science Prize 1960; 4th XV 1958-9; Geographical Society; Choral Society; Modern Language Society; Science Society; P/L and Secretary of Scouts; Reading Engineering at Wadham College, Oxford; 62 Oakwood House, Southgate, N.14.

R. A. A. RYAN (1956-60); Collinson; General V; 4th XV 1959; Natural History Society; Gunner in R.A./C.C.F.; Studying Hotel Management in Switzerland; The Cottage, Ashby St. Ledgers, near Rugby, Warwicks.

C. H. SAFFERY (1956-60); Murray; Science VI; Choral Society; Leading Cadet in R.A.F./C.C.F.; 10 Croft Close, Mill Hill, N.W.7.

P. J. SAVORY (1955-60); Ridgeway; Upper Science VI; Sargood Shooting Cup 1957; Science Society; Fred Society; Sgt. in C.D./C.C.F.; Entering Commerce; 149 Park Street Lane, near St. Albans, Herts.

K. S. SMITH (1955-60); Scrutton; Upper Science VI; Hobbies Committee; Syke's Bequest Prize 1959; Cross-Country VIII 1960; Natural History Society (Hon. Sec.); Science Society; Speleological Group (Founder); Lance-Cpl. in Arduous Training Coy./C.C.F.; Seeking Entrance to University; 92A High Street, Potters Bar, Middx.

A. C. T. SOMOGYI (1956-60); Ridgeway; Upper Science VI; Richard Lister Franks Music Prize 1959; Chess Team 1959-60; Science Society; Fred Society; Lance-Cpl. in Army/C.C.F.; Reading Chemical Engineering at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, London; 32 Heath Drive, London, N.W.3.

C. R. SOTNICK (1955-60); Winterstoke; Upper Medical VI; House Prefect; Richard Lister Franks Music Prize 1959-60; 1st XV 1959; Choir; Innominate Society (Hon. Sec.); Science Society; Queen's Scout; Reading Dentistry at University; 20 Craneswater Park, Southsea, Hants.

C. G. A. STEELE (1956-60); Ridgeway; Lower Modern Subjects VI; Golf Team 1957-8-9-60; Witan; Interim; Phoebean Group; Cpl. in Army/C.C.F.; Continuing Education; 98 Burdon Lane, Cheam, Surrey.

M. A. SUTTON (1955-60); Ridgeway; Upper Science VI; House Prefect; Executive Committee; Open Exhibition in Natural Sciences, Oriel College, Oxford; Senior Reading and Speech Prize 1959; Marnham Essay Prize 1960; Arthur Jubber Memorial Prize 1960; Boxing Team 1959; Chess Team 1957-8-9-60 (Secretary 1959-60); Magazine Committee (Chairman); Interim (Chairman); Fred Society (Recorder); Phoebean Group; Dramatic Society; Cpl. in R.A.F./C.C.F.; Reading for the Honour School of Chemistry at Oriel College, Oxford; 234 Diamedes Avenue, Town Lane, Stanwell, Middx.

B. TAYLOR (1955-60); Collinson; Upper Medical VI; Upper VI Biology Prize 1959; Cross-Country Team 1958; Science Society; Geographical Society; Innominate Society; Lance-Cpl. in Signals/C.C.F.; Entering Industrial Virology; 203 Harlesden Road, Willesden, N.W.10.

J. C. TCHIGHIANOFF (1956-60); Collinson; Upper Modern Language VI; Modern Language Society; Magical Society (Hon. Member); Cadet in Army/C.C.F.; Entering Commerce; 37 Connaught Way, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

G. M. B. THEAKER (1956-60); Scrutton; Upper Medical VI; Viticultural Society (President); 9 Avondale Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex.

R. R. TRINDER (1956-60); Scrutton; Science V; Golf Team 1959-60; Aquarist Club (Hon. Treas.); Cadet in Army/C.C.F.; Continuing Studies; "Winchmorton", Batchworth Hill, Rickmansworth, Herts.

A. C. R. WILSON (1956-60); Ridgeway; Language V; Swimming VIII 1958-9-60 (Hon. Sec. 1960); Cadet in Army/C.C.F.; The Villa, Tean, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

P. T. D. WINOCOUR (1955-60); Burton Bank; Lower Modern Subjects VI; House Prefect; 3rd XV 1959; 1st XI Hockey 1960; Entering Articles with a Solicitor; "The Gables", 37 Vicarage Gardens, Scunthorpe, Lincs.

A. T. WRIGGLESWORTH (1955-60); Winterstoke; Upper Medical VI; 2nd XI Hockey 1959-60; 3rd XI Cricket 1959; 4th XV 1959; Squash Team 1959-60; Tennis Team 1960; Interim; Innominate Society; Science Society; Geographical Society; 109 Old Park Ridings, Grange Park, N.21.

## **Major Norman George Brett-James, M.A., B.LITT., F.S.A.**

The Editor has asked me to write something about Norman Brett-James who died at his home in Mill Hill on 2nd May 1960. He was born in 1879 at Margate, son of the Rev. J. G. James, a Congregational minister. When I entered Mill Hill School in 1896 as a small boy of thirteen, he was already becoming an important person; and when he left the School two years later this magazine printed the following summary of his doings to date: "N. G. B. James; Sixth Form; Monitor, September 1895; Senior Monitor, September 1896; First XV Colours, 1896-7; Captain of Football, 1897-8; Second XI Colours, 1897; Captain of Second XI, 1898; Member of Committees of Games, Scriptorium, Natural History, Debating and Dramatic Societies; Business Manager of the Magazine, 1895; General Editor, 1896; Higher Certificate 1896-7; Exhibition at Lincoln College, Oxford, 1898." To this impressive list I can add that he won the gruelling Cross-Country run in 1898 and that he collected a whole shelf of prizes for school work.

Yet in 1896 he was known as "James Minor", being junior by a year to R. A. Scott-James, who was "James Major". There was a wide gulf between "James Minor" in the Sixth and me in the Upper Third; but nevertheless he was always a good friend to me, and I gratefully recall many helpful kindnesses all through his later life. His remarkable versatility and industry continued after he left the School, to which he returned

as assistant master in 1902. He subsequently became a housemaster and remained on the staff until his retirement in 1930. In due course he was elected President of the Old Millhillians' Club.

In 1907 he published his *History of Mill Hill School*, which he had started compiling while still a pupil there. His *Life of Peter Collinson* (1925) was a natural sequel to it, as was a second book about the School, *Mill Hill*, published by Blackie (1938). Other works included his scholarly volume on *The Growth of Stuart London* (1936), *Middlesex* (1951), *The Story of Hendon* (1931) and several minor publications on local history. He founded the Mill Hill Historical Society in 1929; and began the "Thirty Club" in which members of the School teaching staff joined us yokels of the village for monthly discussions, he being the leading spirit, organiser and chronicler of our meetings. All through his life, Mill Hill School continued to be one of his major interests, and by his death it has lost a devoted friend.

M.B.

## World Refugee Year

The school's target of £200 was easily surpassed during Foundation Weekend, thanks to the generosity of parents and Old Millhillians who contributed to collection boxes in the Refugee Hut, organised by the Reverend H. W. Starkey and the Scouts, and bought the Printing Society's leaflets. Earlier in the term the Burton Bank funfair raised £10: an individual who allowed wet sponges to be thrown at him from a range of ten yards, was largely responsible for this success.

Although the target had been achieved by half-term, this did not prevent the continuation of the school's effort: Collinson made a profit of almost £20 on their barbecue, 300 hot-dogs disappearing in half an hour.

The fund reached £250 after this effort. We hope to learn more about the boy for whose training we have thus paid, later in the year.

## Chapel

Preachers on Sunday mornings this term have been :

- MAY 1 The Head Master.  
„ 8 Rev. John Martin, M.A., General Secretary, S.C.M.  
„ 15 The Chaplain.  
„ 22 Rev. Maurice Wheatley, A.K.C., Youth Secretary, S.P.G.  
„ 29 Rev. R. L. Child, M.A., formerly Principal, Regents Park College, Oxford.
- JUNE 5 The Chaplain.  
„ 12 The Head Master.  
„ 26 The Chaplain.
- JULY 3 Rev. Dr. George Caird, Mansfield College, Oxford.  
„ 10 Rev. W. W. Simpson, Secretary of Council of Christians and Jews.  
„ 17 Rev. Dr. S. Maurice Watts, Union Church, Mill Hill.  
„ 24 The Head Master.

## The Library

In addition to the customary society meetings held in the Library and reported elsewhere in the Magazine, a Brains Trust was organised and Fifth- and Sixth-formers given the opportunity of hearing topical questions discussed from a basically christian viewpoint. The well-balanced panel consisted of a parson, barrister, accountant and schoolmaster and dealt with the topics relevantly and conclusively. It was generally agreed that a similar meeting should be arranged in the near future.

The library has been supplemented by several new books of which the following are representative: CLASSICAL SECTION: "The Great Invasion", by Leonard Cottrell and "The Study of Greek Inscriptions", by A. G. Woodhead. HISTORY SECTION: "The First World War", by Cyril Falls; "That Great Lucifer", by M. Irwin; "The Second Empire", by G. P. Gooch, and "Introduction to Eighteenth Century France", by J. Lough. RELIGIOUS SECTION: "Letters and Papers from Prison", by Dietrich Bonhoeffer and "The Imitation of Christ", by Thomas A'Kempis. FICTION: "Mother of the Magnificent", by Mary Bosanquet; "The Leopard", by Guiseppi di Lampedusa, and "Exodus, a Novel of Israel", by Leon Uris. Other notable additions include: "The Man who is France", by Brig. Stanley Clark; "If this is a Man", by Primo Levi (Trans. S. Woolf); "Common Sense about the Arab World", by E. Childers; "Paris", by John Russell; "World Without End", by Roger Pilkington, and "Abbé Pierre and the Ragpickers", by Boris Simon. Two copies of the "Colonial Development Corporation, Report and Accounts" have kindly been presented by Lord Ogmores.

## Dr. A. H. Morley

Dr. Morley ends his thirty one years as School Doctor this term and so, inevitably, we shall see less of one who has been a very real part of the lives of many generations of boys at the School. They will remember his quietness, which is so reassuring in times of illness or accident, his wisdom and his unvarying good humour. They will remember, too, his sympathy with their schoolboy ambitions, his love of School games and his absorbing interest in anything to do with Mill Hill. His love of the School comes only second, perhaps is even equal to his devotion to his Hospital, the London, of whose great contributions to medical science he is so proud and whose rugger he follows so devotedly.

Many of us who are proud to claim his friendship and owe much to his professional skill and constancy, think of him as a fine example of the family doctor, a man with the wisdom as well as the humility of long experience, a man whose character and faith is a strong support in times of trouble. His special interests in medicine, his happy laughter, his deep seriousness when that was called for, his quick, bustling walk, all are part of the man whose daily visits we shall miss.

The Court of Governors have, as a mark of their appreciation, made him Honorary Physician to the School, and this, together with the visits he will certainly make to Top Field in the winter terms will maintain his association with us. We all wish him many years of retirement, in which to enjoy happiness in the affection of his family and his many friends.

R.M.

## The Academic Staff — July 1960

### *Head Master:*

R. MOORE, M.A., Fellow of King's College, London.

### *Second Master:*

J. P. MORRISON, M.A., J.P.

### *Assistant Masters:*

L. R. BEE, M.A.  
P. J. MCALLISTER, M.A.  
D. M. HALL, M.A., F.Z.S., House Master of Collinson.  
C. M. T. BOWRING, T.D., M.A., House Master of School House.  
H. E. RICKS, M.A., LL.B., F.R.G.S., House Master of Murray.  
F. CRONHEIM, Ph.D.  
E. P. STANHAM, M.A., House Master of Burton Bank.  
W. A. PHIMESTER, T.D., M.A., House Master of Winterstoke.  
M. W. F. BROWN, M.A., House Master of Ridgeway.  
J. A. TURNBULL, T.D., B.Sc., A.R.I.C.  
C. S. BAKER, Art Teacher's Diploma.  
A. H. VINE, M.A.  
A. ROBERTSON, Dip. Phys. Ed.  
R. N. EXTON, M.A.  
E. WINTER, M.A.  
O. J. WAIT, M.A.  
W. N. GALLAGHER, M.A.  
A. P. HODGSON, B.A.  
J. A. BARSBY, B.A.  
D. A. MILLER, M.A., A.R.I.C.  
R. P. BURN, B.A.  
S. J. BARLOW, A.R.A.M., A.R.C.O. (Chm.).  
B. F. C. SENNITT, B.A.  
REV. H. W. STARKEY, M.A.  
A. PROSSER-HARRIES, B.Sc.  
C. P. WORMELL, B.A.  
G. C. SUTCLIFFE, B.A.  
H. S. STRINGER, M.A.  
F. J. BUDDEN, B.Sc., A.K.C.  
T. A. MASON, M.A.  
G. N. LEAH, B.A.  
D. M. FRANKLIN, Dip. Phys. Ed.

### *Additional Music Masters:*

F. H. STAMPER, F.R.C.O.  
E. C. BENTON, A.R.C.M.

### *Master of the Junior School (Belmont):*

A. G. R. ROBERTS, M.A.

R. P. BURN, ESQ., B.A., is leaving for the mission field, and J. DOCKING, ESQ., B.A., who has spent a year with us, is returning to Australia.

## September 1960

MR. TURNBULL will become House Master of Collinson.

K. ADAMS, ESQ., M.A., will be joining the Staff.

## Here and There

Since this is the term in which the gentlemen of Oxford and Cambridge hold the annual enquiry into the extent of our knowledge, it seems only fitting that we should pay tribute to all those who, wittingly or otherwise, made our task somewhat easier. Thanks, then, to the invigilator who read "Physics" for "Elementary Maths"; to another who strove so valiantly to keep awake during an evening "A" level; and to all those who had the presence of mind to tiptoe in order not to disturb those candidates who were asleep, or even possibly thinking. It is during the aftermath of examinations that some of us contract midsummer madness: a Kulturkampf has reared its head among the senior scientists and mathematicians. Literature, they complain, is being forced upon them and they must tear themselves away from the exotic realms of Pythagoras and Avogadro in order to bow to the command of Calliope. They deem it unjust that their arts contemporaries should not be made to study calculus or relativity, but one might perhaps quote to them the parable of the beam and the mote. They might take consolation from the ignorance of a certain renowned group of English scholars who discussed at some length Eugène O'Neill's next play, little suspecting that since 1953 he has been incapable of doing very much in that line or in any other. It is reported that another of the same band could not believe that the character he had seen portrayed in "Ross" could possibly have written "Sons and Lovers".

An anonymous study, we hear, played "We shall all go together when we go" at the time when one sect thought that we might. While the ink of Tom Lehrer's name is yet undried, mention might be made of the recent pigeon epidemic. It was indeed unfortunate that this gentleman with his passionate penchant for poisoning them could not have been among us, for one of these ostensibly harmless birds recently terrorised the main dining hall by its very presence, but the school prefect whom it had chosen for its victim remained calm and unperturbed throughout the raid and emerged unscathed afterwards. Another of the same species found its way into a dormitory where it proceeded to make itself at home until chased out by an irate matron.

The much-publicised wedding gave scope for Mill Hill once again to prove itself a breeding ground of gentlemen. Some of our number spent the day energetically propelling themselves up and down the Thames, and had such a strenuous afternoon that they could barely stagger back. Another, less active, group, passed long hours watching the labours of a pavement artist or remembering for future use the methods employed by a busking Houdini whose pitch was next to that of the budding Picasso. Some were not content with this pursuit and for them there were twenty-four signs in the Zodiac. As the unwelcome hour of readmission drew closer, we were seen to be dragging ourselves unwillingly, as someone has previously observed, to school.

The pavilion, overlooking the First XI square, has seen and heard much that amused it this term. It has heard one sorry batsman apologise profusely for his first fifty on home soil; it has heard the plaintive cries of one who found himself redundant; and, had we been playing at home, it would have heard the exultant cries of the leg-spinner to whom fell the great trophy of the year. Like its big brother at Lord's, it has seen dragging and throwing, but no-one has been caught practising these heinous sins, which is unfortunate since one tall and weighty bowler against whom we have been called to bat on more than one occasion often seems to have his leading foot about that much in front of the batsman's crease. Perhaps he has not heard the line

"... What destruction he hath wrought upon the earth".

It has seen one of its upstairs tenants don a white coat and sally forth on to the field of combat. This ex-scorer, confounded no doubt by two consecutive dismissals, neither of which were his doing, sustained an appeal

for L.B.W. against a Third XI batsman, convinced that he had been caught at the wicket, much to the batsman's annoyance — for he was not out at all — the scorer's bewilderment and the bowler's delight. It has also suffered the little children to come unto it bearing their offerings of corps uniforms.

Our khaki Friday afternoons this term have taken on a new interest — for some. They have had the opportunity of expressing their views to those to whom they have always wanted to express them. They have been lectured in psychology during the sacred period set aside for the study of maiming. It is reported that this daring experiment did not succeed, since all but three of the squad disappeared in a trance. It was this same corporal who ordered his men to touch a peripatetic plenipotentiary who, we hear, quelled the attack with the accustomed crushing look and with unaccustomed speed. The Arduous Training Company were scattered on Field Day to bring back, among other things, a fossil, a Brighton deck-chair ticket, an Oxford library book, a Southend pier ticket and an exotic fruit. Had they but thought before rushing off, they could have found most of what they wanted Here, and would not therefore have had to spend two days hunting There.

The militia suffered a moral defeat at the hands of a party of leavers who were waiting for the coach to take them back after visiting the O.M.s' club. While doing nothing more than standing on the pavement outside Horse Guards they were advised to go, in the idiom of Bernard Shaw, "aundred yawds that wy or that wy". The arrival on the scene of a sort of sergeant served to tempt the party into the inner sanctum, into which the militia retired, not to reappear. Much, has perforce, been left unsaid. We are only able to mention *en passant* the extrovert who sent a telegram comprising two twenty-six letter words purporting to be in a foreign language. He justified its existence to the suspicious operator by quoting as a precedent Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndroddwlllantysiliogogoch. We may only skip over the cows gathered round a certain master's doorstep one Sunday morning for community hymn-singing. We must, however, commiserate with the monitor whose tea was forcibly interrupted by the mere formality of grace. We would further like to raise a piteous plea for a place in which the editors may hold their meetings. Their last, held in the monitors' common room, was interrupted by a little whyte bull who wished to gore someone. No sooner had they settled down than a mouse appeared which, after a hectic chase, vanished through the hole in the wall whence it had come. Perhaps they should migrate to a more sequestered place next term.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## Cambridge Letter

Dear Sir,

The success of the Cambridge dinner can be judged from the rather muddled memories of your last term's correspondent. He made certain inaccurate statements in the Lent term's letter which must be corrected. Mr. Morrison's contemporary was a most distinguished gentleman by the name of Henn, not Heim; they were together at St. Catharine's, not Cajus; and it was Keith Macdonald who quoted poetry, not Keith Armistead.

But what of this term? Another generation of O.M.s has processed through the Senate House in B.A. hoods and bands, and scattered itself all over the country, nay, all over the world. Cambridge life however is continuous. We shall be replaced by others, who will work towards their own goals and who will make their own unique contribution to college and university life.

Alan Bain as Editor and Bill Skinner as Assistant Editor have just completed a most successful year with "Light Blue"—the magazine of Cambridge University sport. Alan hopes to be a father shortly, as does Alan Kendell. Keith Armistead (yes, Armistead, not Macdonald) still plays cricket, whilst the other Keith, in his year's presidency of the University Mountaineering club has spent most of his weekends "on the Mountains".

George (né Roger) Graham is most frightfully busy ("can't spare a moment, old chap"), and was seen during May Week wearing a large badge with "C.U.C.A. chief steward" written on it. Edward Fiddy and Bob Davidson are trying to sell Edward's old Citroen (they allow American tourists to sit in it and be photographed at \$1.50 a time). Brian Higginson spends most evenings in the bar which boasts the prettiest barmaid in Cambridge.

David Blackman is an officer of the Labour Club and is carrying all before him academically. Simon Barber rowed in the Jesus 1st May boat—a notable achievement at a college with the highest rowing traditions "David Webster has cast thought of rugger aside and is working." (I quote verbatim.)

Whilst many other Cambridge O.M.s must have done much of interest, in this term of hibernation their activities have not reached the ears of your correspondent—apologies to them all.

Yours etc.,

CANTAB.

## Belmont Letter

Dear Sir,

We are coming to the end of a pleasant school year, and the general feeling of success becomes materialised as soon as we start searching around for statistics. To take the events of the Summer Term chronologically, there were the Sports which Mr. Alston ran as smoothly as ever. Brooke was just right with his start in the "A" 100 yards, and ran down wind in such an inspired way that three stop watches agreed on 10.8 seconds, a

most creditable new record, as, needless, to say, there were no pursuers breathing down his neck. Brooke also won the Beattie sprint trophy and was "A" champion. Other champions were : "B"—Young, "C"—Seifert, "D"—Burns, and "E" Winter. Seifert and Burns both broke the 220 yards record in their division. The Angles won the House Competition. The Rev. A. C. Bridge presented the prizes and made a most successful speech.

Then came Scholarship results: first, Sedley's Exhibition at Westminster, then Oppenheimer's £100 Art Scholarship at Bryanston, and finally our largest bag ever of Mill Hill Scholarships—Lowenthal, Barker and Hostler, and Exhibitions for Johnstone, Brooke and Franks. This is the best year we have had academically, as the C.E. marks were also the highest we have had.

Our cricket side has been unbeaten. Fanstone's wicket-keeping has been exceptionally good; he had 22 victims (20 stumped), mostly off Grimsdick and Fletcher. Carris was the best bat. The Angles won the House Shield.

The Gym team is the best we have ever had, Fanstone being exceptionally good; with Jenkins, Grimsdick, Fletcher, Rudd and Whyte, he led a fine display squad which gave its annual demonstration before the Head Master on July 17th. Fanstone was awarded the Olsen Cup for the best all-rounder at work and games. (He was top of the C.E. list).

We celebrated our Scholarships with a visit to Whipsnade which was partly but not wholly spoilt by rain.

Mr. Alston had to put on "Lady Precious Stream" indoors owing to probable bad weather. We are most grateful to the Head Master for his generous loan of the Large and stage, and to all the back stage boffins who gave us such help and support. The production—particularly on Thursday night—was smooth and polished, and did Mr. Alston great credit. The costumes and make-up were of a particularly high standard. Mrs. Clark sent over many costumes and properties direct from Hong Kong, while Mrs. Gunn, Mrs. Rees-Roberts and Mrs. Brown brought professional skill to the make-up. Sedley was a most moving Precious Stream, Starkey a fine hero, Oppenheimer, with his attractive voice, an impressive Prime Minister; the actress judges awarded first prize for acting to Hostler, as the mother, and second medal to Gillett for his guardian of the third pass.

The Swimming Sports were admirably run by Mr. Gee. Jenkins was outstanding, and it was fitting that his mother, as Head Boy's mother, presented the prizes. The Angles won the Championship, as well as the Relay and the Water Polo.

Mr. Tiley took a party of boys round the Picasso Exhibition and himself prepared a well presented show of work done by Oppenheimer and others, in the gym. There was an effective collection of clay models and pottery, the latter produced by Mrs. Sturgess's group.

Altogether we have enjoyed one of our better terms.

Yours etc.,

BELMONTIAN

## The Queenswood Dance

The Queenswood Dance was once again a success, and the atmosphere throughout warm and gay. Perhaps some were a little wary as thirty-one elegant young ladies trooped from the coach, and proceeded to fill their cloakroom, with bellicose shouts, but any uneasiness was promptly destroyed by a Paul Jones. This is not to deny that there were embarrassments and faux pas. One master was asked if he was the head boy and another whether he did well in the A levels. To make matters worse one of the older boys, looking even older in his Moss Bros. evening dress and oriental haircut was asked what he taught.

The interval arrived and an opportunity was presented for showing our guests some of the results of the Appeal Fund: the Art Block, the organ or the filter plant in the Buckland. The weather was not perfect for evening tours, but by dodging the raindrops most returned unscathed. The second half was as enjoyable as the first, and the time for Queenswood to depart came all too soon.

Everyone will have his own particular memories, but some pictures will remain in every mind: the small well-furnished band determined to satisfy every request; Mr. Ricks running around with sprigs of holly before the dance, his glorious polka which left us all standing, and his constant smile; the excellent refreshments which thoroughly compensated for the shortage of cider (by accident — or design?); the elimination dance decided by rolling oranges and won by the only man in an ordinary suit; the descent of balloons from the ceiling to add a punch to Auld Lang Syne, and the generous communal spirit shown by everyone which alone ensured success.

### **“Et Virtutem”**

In 1958, a book of essays on Mill Hill was published under the title of “Et Virtutem”. It was not intended to replace the standard history of the School by the late Mr. N. G. Brett-James, but rather to highlight certain crucial periods of the School's story, and to tell something of a few of the most distinguished men who have been connected with the School. It was printed in a limited edition of five hundred copies on goat-skin parchment, and with many half-tone plates, and the price has now been reduced from one guinea to twelve and six. Copies may be obtained by request from Mr. G. F. Timpson, Maidenhill House, Stonehouse, Gloucestershire. All proceeds will go to the Appeal Fund.

This book has much to say of many great men whose names cannot even be mentioned here; but perhaps the most vividly described character is Herbert Ward, artist, writer, and Empire-Builder, who emigrated to New Zealand at fifteen, after one year at Mill Hill, returned to Britain as an A.B. on a windjammer, via Cape Horn, and was soon out in the Congo as an administrator . . . aged nineteen. . . .

The student of tradition will find much has changed over the years. What would the secretary of cross-country say to a race organised on Alice in Wonderland lines with prizes for everybody? Perhaps the managers of single-handed would consider the re-introduction of an inter-dormitory league? Yet it is hard to believe that the essential nature of the boy has changed in the one hundred and fifty years since the School was founded. “Plus ça change. . . .”

The Old Millhillian will find this book a source of never-ending pleasure. To the younger Millhillian, it mirrors the ever-changing, ever-recurring pattern of triumph and tragedy, disaster and delight, which makes up School life.

### **Bare Knees Blues**

Dear Sir,

History illustrates the evolution of man's cultural and moral make-up, it describes the change that has been taking place from the original hairy primate and scantily-clad caveman to the civilised and exquisitely attired homo sapiens. Carefully and intelligently man has curbed all fanatical and useless instincts as regards his method of covering his body until we now have a sane and moderate style of clothing, smart yet utilitarian. He has managed to protect practically all his surface area from the blasts of wind and rain and the scorching rays of the sun; in fact he has almost reached the ultimate in sensible wear (for such anachronisms as the tie and the shoelace are on the way out).

But as we ruminate, content with our progress, suddenly all our beliefs and aspirations are shattered. For on Friday afternoons we are plunged centuries backwards by hordes of retrogressive youths, who undo in one fell swoop all the laborious forces of civilisation, which have evolved that most superb of garments, the long trouser. Our minds cry out in agony and our souls revolt within us. Yet take courage, brethren; we must rise to protect ourselves from the barbarian short trouser brigades wielding their deadly staves; we must arm ourselves with modesty and reason lest the alien and insurgent forces bring about the downfall of our civilisation. Action . . . !

Yours militant,

PANTALOON

### **The Editor's Table**

The Editor gratefully acknowledges receipt of all our usual contemporaries.

R. S. BURNS, of Burton Bank House, Wills Grove, Mill Hill, London, N. W. 7, will edit the next issue of the magazine.

# FOUNDATION DAY - Friday 10th June 1960

Speeches began with the Bidding Prayer by the Chaplain, the Rev. H. W. Starkey, and the Chairman, the Right Hon. Lord Justice Sellers, then welcomed all those who were assembled both within and without the Large. In speaking of the guest of honour, Mr. M. L. Jacks, he said that if the School is regarded as something other than a collection of bricks and mortar, then Mr. Jacks was a part of the fabric of the School. He spoke of the distinguished service to the School of this former Head Master, before he went to the Department of Education in Oxford, from which he had recently retired.

Sir Frederic went on to welcome Alderman Joyce, the retiring Chairman of the Middlesex County Council and said how gratified the School was that the County Council and their representatives on the Governing Body took such a great interest in its affairs. He also welcomed two new Governors, Mr. J. Laphorn, who was present, and Sir Cyril Salmon who was unable to be present, both Old Boys of the School, and went on to speak of other Governors who had resigned to make way for younger men.

The Chairman then spoke of the very great loss that the School had suffered by the death of Mrs. Moore; her quiet, gracious spirit would live on.

He continued at some length about Mr. N. Brett James, saying that there could of necessity be no one who had been associated with the School for so long. He covered nearly half of the School's history in his connection with the School. He came as a student as far back as 1894. He was here for 4 years, and after a four years' absence he came back as a master from 1902 until 1939, during which time he was a House Master of Ridgeway House. He was a historian of the School and a historian of the district. There could be few who had had wider interests and belonged to a greater number of societies, and the School would like to record its great appreciation of a most valuable life which was lived to its full maturity and gave its service to the School and to many interests in the locality. Sir Frederic spoke also of Colonel Lamont who had passed away so suddenly and unexpectedly. His devotion to the School was very great; he was a distinguished soldier, who took a keen interest in all the activities of the School and especially in the Cadet Force.

The Chairman said that one of the happiest features of this day was the success of the Appeal Fund which had been launched in 1957 on the occasion of the 150th Anniversary of the School. Then an appeal for money was made; today some of the results of the money so generously provided could be seen. A great deal of thought had been given as to how the money should be utilised, and the decision to provide an Art School had resulted in the building which we saw today. The School was indebted to the skill of the architect, Major K. Dalglish and was most appreciative not only of the design of the building but for the relative economy with which it was accomplished. A gap in the School's equipment had been filled by the provision of this building for art and metal work. The Appeal Fund had been greatly indebted to Lord Ogmores for his work as Chairman, and latterly to Colonel Viney.

The Chairman then called on the Head Master to give his report.

## Head Master's Report Foundation Day 1960

This is the tenth Foundation Day at which I have been privileged to present a report. You will, therefore, I hope forgive me if I begin with a short personal reference. These years have been for me years of ever increasing affection for this community of which you and I are members.

I have tried — and shall continue to try — to serve Mill Hill as well as in me lies, and in my life here the brightest thing has been the kindness and friendship, the growing friendship, which you all have shown to my family and to me.

Our distinguished visitor today —and how wrong that word “visitor” is — had this same experience of friendship and affection through seventeen years and is now a part of the life of Mill Hill and of its distinguished history. It would, I know you agree, be an impertinence “to welcome” Mr. and Mrs. Jacks today; I hope they feel that they are back in their own home, among those who have looked forward with eager pleasure to seeing them again. But this does not diminish in any way our gratitude to Mr. Jacks for accepting our invitation. It falls to few men to have two complete careers: one, shall I say, in the practice of education and one in the theory; pure and applied pedagogics, and I leave you to decide which is which. It falls to still fewer men to adorn both careers with distinction. No one could be more welcome here today.

Looking back over my past reports I find that I have, year by year, compared them to humble and familiar household exercises, and I allowed myself last year to vent my spleen on that useful but unattractive thing, the shepherd's pie, recalling as it does in a dull and confused way things that once were fresh and exciting. Perhaps I was unfair. Perhaps a Head Master's report is just an omnium gatherum — latin for rag-bag — from which he draws the more attractive samples. And the task is made none the easier as I stand beside my predecessor who knows just how it is done, all the problems involved, and who can easily supply all that is left unsaid.

One of the problems is that I find I am reporting continuously on work, games and activities in terms of figures, statistics, and suggesting that the larger the numbers, the bigger the buildings, the better the school. This is, of course, false. It vies in childishness with modern international diplomacy which seems to consist of the repetition of the school-boyish statement “My rocket's bigger than yours, and it goes faster and it makes a louder bang”.

Our advanced level rocket was the biggest ever this year, with a hundred candidates, and the results were good. This does emphasise that advanced work is the normal, not the abnormal, end of a boy's school career and shows, too, how important it is that a boy should enter the School with a good stock of knowledge and ready to go ahead the moment he arrives here. And this leads me to comment with great pleasure on the scholarship results from Belmont and to offer our congratulations to the Master of Belmont and his staff. Four scholarships and three exhibitions were won by boys from Belmont and we look forward to seeing them have excellent careers here. We were pleased, too, that Hillenbrand and Sutton broke new ground for us with awards in English at Trinity, Cambridge, and Natural Sciences at Oriel, Oxford. One special distinction I must mention: D. J. Blackman, Scholar of Trinity, won the Craven Scholarship at Cambridge, the outstanding classical prize there. This is the first time, I believe, that a member of the School has won this.

The results in work are tied up with the problem of university entry and because so many of you as parents are anxious about this, let me say at once that it is growing ever more difficult. You know this, but I wonder whether you understand how difficult. I heard from King's College, Cambridge, the other day that for entry in 1961 they have 500 candidates for 40 scholarships and 45 commoner places. Please remember, too, that we are as anxious as you are that your son should gain entry to a university, if he is worth it. More and more boys will go to provincial universities, and indeed will be fortunate to gain places in them, and I do ask you to abandon the now outmoded attitude, embodied in the too often heard statement “Oxford, Cambridge or nothing”.

I would remind you, too, that unless your son is a first-class scholar, his chances of entry to a university are strongly affected by his record in games and in the general life of the School. No college wants, and we shall

not commend to any college, a boy who has shown himself to be self-seeking and self-centred or one who in his life here has proved himself unreliable and lacking in a real sense of responsibility to the community. We do not make a god of games nor do we value the pushful and assertive type who must for ever be bossing his fellows or running every activity in which he takes part. But we do look to every boy to give of his best of all his gifts, in return for the vast privileges he enjoys here.

One or two points, then, about games. In last year's wonderful summer, the XI enjoyed a good season, playing attractive cricket in weather that made even modern first-class cricket attractive. There were two special events. We entertained here a Canadian representative side and during the holiday the XI made a tour in Holland. This was most successful from every point of view and we are most grateful to our Dutch hosts for their generous hospitality. The XV, too, had a good season and they too went abroad. They were invited to play Belfast Academical Institution in a match to celebrate the start of their 150th year, and the result, in which we lost an exciting game 6-3 in the last few minutes, was perhaps in the circumstances fitting. Hockey continues its winning way. We only lost one school match, and at the Oxford Hockey Festival, to which we were again invited we won all our matches.

But there are many activities, as well as games, through which a boy may add to his enjoyment of life here and develop and use his gifts in the School's service. Music is strong, with the high choral standards to which we are used and an orchestra growing in numbers and competence. The Chapel Choir had the distinction a few weeks ago of singing the two Festival services of Praise and Thanksgiving in St. Paul's Cathedral and won high praise. Drama flourishes and we have enjoyed this year both the School production of "Thor, with Angels" and the School House essay in unfamiliar crime in "Arsenic and Old Lace". One more thing I will mention. At the request of the School a special effort for World Refugee Year is being made and we aim to raise £200 very shortly, to train and equip for useful life one young man in a training centre in Austria: many boys have worked with enthusiasm for the success of this venture and I am grateful to them.

To my colleagues, whose ideas, energy and unending work lie behind all this full life here I can only say, thank you. But I believe you share my gratitude and you know that in no school could your sons be better served. Mr. Docking returns to Australia all too soon after a year which we hope he will remember with pleasure; we certainly shall. A first-class schoolmaster and a man whose quiet friendliness captivated us from the start, he has made a very real place for himself here. And we shall look forward to Mr. Exton resuming his place here in September. We say goodbye at the end of this term to Mr. Burn who is leaving to train for missionary work in India. We have come to value his many abilities and his happy enthusiasm and we shall miss him very much. We wish him and Mrs. Burn god speed in their new and important work. There is one internal change about which I must speak. Mr. Hall is leaving Collinson House at the end of this term on the completion of his period of office as House Master there. To him and to Mrs. Hall we are grateful for many years of devoted work. Mr. Hall has carried a heavy load as Director of Science and House Master and many generations of boys are indebted to him for wise guidance as well as for the teaching of an able scientist. We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull will be very happy in their new home and with their new responsibilities at Collinson.

One big break there is going to be at the end of this term: Dr. Morley is resigning from his position as Senior School Doctor. He has been with us since 1921 and many generations of boys, masters and their families have come to value his skill, patience and careful judgment. More than that, those of us who are privileged to know him as a friend know him for what he is, a faithful Christian, on whose constancy and integrity we can always depend. We are not saying goodbye, for we know he will not say goodbye to Mill Hill; we just wish him happiness in years of greater leisure than he has enjoyed in the past.

One other friend I must mention. At Christmas, Mr. Lack left the office after a hundred terms of faithful service. He too, is a man of steady unwavering loyalty, whose knowledge of Old Boys and their doings was unrivalled. He will, we hope, enjoy many years of happy retirement.

The only other change next year concerns myself. The Governors have most generously granted me leave of absence for the Spring and Summer Terms of 1961 and I am going to Berkeley University, California, in January to take a visiting lectureship in English, which I have been offered. I believe the new experiences will be of great value to me, and thus to the School, and I shall hope to resume here in September 1961 with new, but not too transatlantic, vigour and as little influenced as possible by a foreign tongue. During my absence Mr. Morrison will be Acting Head Master and I know you will give him the same support and co-operation that you give to me.

I have pulled a good many oddments out of the bag and there are many more there: they are just samples of the complex fabric of the life of this small community. We hope that it is a reasonably balanced life, a life of opportunity as well as instruction, a life in which he who wills can put into the common pool his gifts, great or small, and have them recognised and encouraged. Above all I hope that we can learn here something of the art of living together and living fully: trite as this may be it is nevertheless the aim of all education and all living. For faith can be born here, faith in men and in God, which can provide sure ground for our feet when the dark times come, and a straight highway through the years of happiness which in boyhood lie ahead.

For we never forget that these short five years are a prelude to manhood and that the Old Boys of this School are an intimate part of our life here. Their success is the success of the family and what better week can a School enjoy than one we had this year, which began on the Saturday with Roberts' international cap against Wales and was followed on Tuesday by Blackman's Craven Scholarship? And as I meet Old Boys all over the country I am ever reassured that they have learned here something of service, something of the art of living, which makes them valued members of society. Each succeeding year brings a President of the Old Millhillians Club who in his own way typifies these qualities; and none better than J. E. Benham whom we welcome both as President and Governor.

I end with a brief word about the Art School to be formally opened this afternoon. It is perhaps a fit summary of all I have tried to say. It exists because of the generosity of Old Boys, parents and friends of the School, and is a symbol of their loyalty and their unity; it fills a big gap in the facilities of the School. Above all it demonstrates the Governors' determination that education here shall be as wide and as full as possible. Hand and eye, emotion and a sense of beauty are as essential to living as academic disciplines are to the mind. Arts and skills will be begun and learned, I hope, in this fine new building and will go on with many into adult life to provide endless pleasure. And so our first exhibition is of work by both present and Old Boys. I hope you will enjoy this exhibition and many other things on this Foundation Day.

Mr. M. L. Jacks presented the Prizes and then addressed the School.

Mr. Jacks began his speech by thanking the Chairman and the Head Master for their very generous welcome. He went on to say that he enjoyed giving away prizes, and that in this instance he had a special interest because the Stopford Brooke Prize for Art which he had just presented had been founded by his mother in memory of her father. He added that he thought one of the best things he could wish boys who were now in the School was that when they leave they might feel about Mill Hill as he did — the same sense of affection, the same sense of obligation and gratitude, the same happy memories and the same pleasure at every opportunity of coming back. He thought that would be a very important element in their lives.

A Foundation Day speech was not easy to make. The mixed audience consisted of four sections. There were the Governors, the Head Master and his staff, the parents and the boys, and it was his experience as a

schoolmaster that all these sections were interested in different things and liked being talked to in different ways. The Governors were interested in how to control the Head Master and the Head Master in how to control the Governors. The staff and parents were probably interested in how to control the boys and the boys in how to control the staff and parents, and all these four sections liked being talked to and themselves to talk in different ways.

Mr. Jacks then said that he thought on Foundation Day the speaker ought to make a speech about foundations, which he was now going to do. He went on, "I want to take this subject particularly because of two things which are specially needed in the world today. There is, first, the belief of our fathers which has been the background of the life of this School for the last 150 years, the belief in human values, so that at the end of his time here a boy may expect to leave school as a complete person with all his human values developed to their best, so that when he gets out into the world he will be able to make a human contribution to the life which awaits him. That has always been characteristic of the Mill Hill way of looking at things, and this School has always believed that to foster these and to develop and raise them to their highest pitch is one of the fine things in education. That is one foundation belief, and the other is the belief that the individual, and the respect for the individual counts. Whatever his gifts, whether they are great or small, whether they are intellectual or physical or artistic, musical or cultural, whatever they are, they are respected, and a boy is given a chance of making the most of them. That is not true of all schools but it always has been true of this School, and it was very near and dear to the hearts of those who founded this School. Each boy is encouraged to make his individual contribution to the place and it is particularly important to do this. As we all know, this is a machine age, and machines do for us far more than they have ever done before in the history of mankind. The Americans have now invented a machine which will translate from English to Latin, French, German or whatever you want. Machines do all sorts of things for us but they cannot do anything that is really important. A machine cannot laugh and it cannot cry; it has no sense of humour. It cannot be unselfish; it cannot perform an act of self-sacrifice; it cannot sympathise; it cannot create any kind of beauty. It is true that a machine cannot do anything that makes life worth living. All those things have to be done by human beings and it is for that reason that those human values of which I have been speaking are so important today if we are going to make anything of this machine world, if we are going to find in it a life that is worth living.

The other reason is that this is an age of mass production. We don't only mass produce things, like cars and washing machines and "fridges", we also tend to mass produce ideas. Unless we are very careful we take our ideas mass produced over the radio, and we are tending to mass produce people. Mr. Jacks went on to say that he often thought of those boys and girls who go to those enormous comprehensive schools containing about 2,000; in reality those schools are nothing more than mass production education factories. "The answer to mass production of that kind and mechanisation which threatens us, is the individual, and he is the only answer. The man who is not afraid to be himself, to strike out on his own life with the courage to be different, to think his own thoughts and to follow his own interests and make his own contribution to the life of the community in his own way. This is the kind of individual that this School exists to produce, and of course he must always respect the individuality in others.

"In this School we try through our history and through our foundation to make a contribution which is of immense importance to the life of the community today. Sometimes this age is spoken of as a brave new world. You are all familiar with the phrase—a brave new world, but science and technology can never make a brave new world. It is not their business. They might make a new world, but not a brave world. It can only be made by human beings, each one at his individual best, and so I would like to leave these thoughts behind upon our foundations on this Foundation Day."

The Senior Monitor, J. M. G. Hunt, thanked Mr. Jacks for presenting the Prizes and for his address to the School; then the Governors and members of the Committee of the Appeal Fund moved to the Art School where Mr. Jacks unveiled the simple plaque which records that the building was the gift of the Old Millhillians and friends of the School.

Parents and visitors were invited to the various exhibitions and to tea. A swimming display was held in the Buckland Pool, followed by the C.C.F. Band Tattoo and a Gym Display on the Fishing Net.

## PRIZE LIST 1960

### SPECIAL PRIZES

#### Prizes "*Honoris Causa*"

Exhibition in English, Trinity College, Cambridge	R. Hillenbrand
Exhibition in Natural Sciences, Oriel College, Oxford, ... ..	M. A. Sutton
State Scholarships	
Classics (in absentia) ... ..	J. L. Brockington
Natural Sciences (in absentia) ... ..	C. D. Clarke
Modern Languages and English ... ..	R. Hillenbrand
Arthur Jubber Memorial Prize ... ..	M. A. Sutton
Walter Knox Prize for Chemistry (in absentia) ...	C. D. Clarke
	J. G. H. Stuckey
Isabel Hector Fleming Prizes	
(History and English) ... ..	R. S. Burns
(Classics) ... ..	H. R. M. Macdonald
David Needham Memorial Prizes	
(Modern Languages) ... ..	A. J. Horne
Parkyn Prizes for Mathematics ... ..	M. J. Lunan
	A. G. Walsh Atkins
Stopford Brook Prizes for Art	
(Painting) ... ..	H. M. Howard
Pearse Prizes for Art	
Fifths ... ..	R. J. Butcher
General Fifth ... ..	J. D. Hack
Bench ... ..	N. H. Harbin
	B. H. Seifert
Removes ... ..	R. A. Lidwell
	S. D. Rees-Roberts
	J. D. Butler
	D. M. Smith
	C. T. B. Allen
Fourths ... ..	P. K. Skaife d'Ingerthorpe
McClure Music Prizes	
(Organ) ... ..	C. Blackman
(General Musical Activities (in absentia) ) ...	H. M. Saunders
	H. R. M. Macdonald
Richard Lister Franks Music Prizes	
(awarded on the results of the Music Competition)	
R. W. G. Allison, S. P. Broido, H. M. Howard, P. B. Jacobs, F. A. Johnstone, P. S. Kerr, A. B. Lawson, J. A. Noakes, J. W. Phillips, J. S. Pierce-Butler, P. Reik, I. N. Robins, P. J. Russell, C. R. Sotnick.	
Junior Music Prizes	
(Singing) ... ..	R. E. Cowan
(General Musical Activities) ... ..	P. S. Wigglesworth
Old Millhillians Literary Prize ... ..	R. S. Burns
	J. S. Abbott

# Essay Prizes

Open	...	...	...	...	...	...	J. R. Butler
Marnham	...	...	...	...	...	...	M. A. Sutton
McGowan (Junior)	...	...	...	...	...	...	D. R. B. Montgomery

# Hamilton Bailey Memorial Prizes

(Bowling)	...	...	...	...	...	...	To be awarded
(Fifth Form)	...	...	...	...	...	...	J. A. F. Galbraith
							P. A. D. Clarke
							J. A. Dean

Head Master's Prize for Reading in Chapel	...	...	J. M. G. Hunt
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# Reading and Speech Prizes

(Senior)	...	...	...	...	...	...	R. S. Burns
							J. D. Judelson
(Junior)	...	...	...	...	...	...	D. F. Barnes
							I. J. Mackenzie

# French Reading and Speech Prize

(Senior)	...	...	...	...	...	...	J. S. Abbott
(Junior)	...	...	...	...	...	...	No award

# Ousey Handwriting Prizes

(Senior)	...	...	...	...	...	...	R. J. Hayman
(Junior)	...	...	...	...	...	...	D. F. Barnes

Gilbert Buchanan Prize for Hobbies	...	...	...	Photographic Society
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Alan Timpson Prize (for Carpentry)	...	...	...	P. W. Hancock
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Hobbies Cup	...	...	...	...	...	Printing Society
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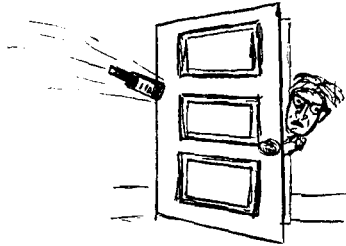
# SUBJECT PRIZES

Sixths	Upper	Classics	N. Burggy
			M. J. Addison
		Mathematics and Physics	M. A. Edwards
		Modern Languages	D. C. J. Lee
		History (in absentia)	P. J. Fox
		Science and Mathematics	A. K. Toulson
			S. P. Broide
			B. Chalmers
		Science	S. R. Bloom
		Mathematics for Science	S. P. Robinson
Sixths	Lower	Classics	I. N. Robins
		Mathematics	N. L. Pilkington
			P. H. Graves
		Modern Languages	A. C. Denham
			B. J. Jenkins
			N. J. Wyndham
		Chemistry	J. D. Evans
		Chemistry and Biology	F. J. Borchardt
		Physics and Mathematics	J. C. Holt
			R. A. Latner

# FORM PRIZES

Fifths	Language	R. D. Horne and C. D. Shaw
	Science	W. F. Ball and D. B. Carter
	General	R. Thorpe and J. D. Hack
Bench		A. G. B. Wilson
Removes	A	J. C. Cheshire
	B	D. H. Balmforth
	C	M. W. J. Stirling
	D	J. A. Davis
Fourths	A	J. E. Farmer
	B	K. M. Gregory

# LITERARY



## Abandon Hope All Ye...

Yeah.

Come in.

Are you deaf?

No, I haven't got any beans (what a lie). Try next door.

Come in.

No, I don't know where he is (and I don't care, what's more).

Come in.

What do you want candles for anyway?

Oh.

Enter then the gates with praise come ye with joy his courts  
unto sing laud and praise his name always for it is  
seemly so to do.

I haven't done Chemistry for three years and I don't intend  
starting now.

Who's there, i' th' name of Beelzebub?

No, I haven't got any milk bottles.

Who's there, i' th' other devil's name?

I SAID COME IN.

Good evening, sir.

MIKE

## The Investigator

The world had become perfect. There was no disease, no poverty, no war: concentration camps and refugees had become subjects to read about in history books and to tell one's children as bedtime stories. Where lush equatorial forests had once sweated under the sun there now stretched healthy expanses of wheat, maize and rice. Marshes were sailing-lakes; deserts were flower-gardens; glaciers were reservoirs; and mountain-tops were holiday resorts. At the North and South Poles grew orange and cherry trees.

And amongst the fair fields, the orchards, the parks and the lakes there stood fine, well-organised cities. These had no jerry-built slums, no sooty factories, no slimy canals, no foul-smelling gasworks surrounded by drab terrace-cottages. Skyscrapers like royal palaces towered to the clouds. Airy, spacious houses with trim gardens lined broad suburban avenues. In each building electricity, heat and light were circulated from nuclear-power stations. For entertainment and leisure there were concert-halls with perfect acoustics, cinemas with three-dimensional screens, and floodlit sports stadiums which held hundreds of thousands of spectators. There were plush theatres, fashionable clubs and lavish restaurants. There were hospitals and homes for the sick and unwanted, recreation centres for the young and social clubs for the old. There were schools, colleges and universities with proficient teachers and modern equipment. There were museums, art-galleries, reading-rooms and libraries stocked with the knowledge, the inventions and the masterpieces of the centuries.

And beneath the open cities were underground cities—those of the business world, immense networks of aerated offices, factories and garages. Here the natural resources of the Earth were transformed and moulded into beautiful and efficient tools for the use of mankind. And under this world was that of the mines and the railways: incessant loads of raw materials were hauled up safe, clean shafts; whilst the railways crossed under continents and continued below oceans, showing submarine splendours to travellers through transparent walls. The roads wound through tunnels under mountains and emerged to cross rivers by concrete fly-overs and steel bridges, and along them glided glossy, streamlined cars. Meanwhile silent aircraft flashed through the clouds; and in the universe beyond the stratosphere, rockets and satellites created new moons, visited new planets and harnessed new suns.

The Earth has never been more beautiful. The birds sang sweet dawn-choruses in the orchards; the breezes played in the corn; sunsets gilded the shimmering lakes; crisp snows capped the mountains; and lovers kissed on bridges under the twinkling stars. Babies were born healthy, grew up to be tall, handsome men and women, and lived to a ripe old age.

Yet men had not found happiness or wisdom or God. Though the world was fair, Death still cast its eternal shadows, and beyond the last star in the universe there still lurked the eternal question: "Why am I alive?". The scientists could explain many things: they could tell how the solar system was part of a vaster system of stars; they could tell where the centre of the universe was; they could tell how matter had originated from wavelengths, how life had sprung from matter, and how man had evolved from the amoeba; and they could explain every function, action and reaction of man's body and mind. Yet for all their knowledge they could give no better purpose or reason for existence than could a newly born baby. The depths of the oceans, the centre of the Earth, and the farthest star were as familiar as the poplars in the city avenues; but still men had not discovered the secret of life. Perhaps a few in the course of the centuries had known: Buddha, Socrates, Christ, Blake, Goethe, Mohammed, Leonardo, Shakespeare, Confucius—but even these had been unable to communicate their wisdom to their fellows or to succeeding generations except in brilliant momentary flashes. It was true that any man and woman could glimpse life's quintessence by transcending their own personalities in the act of love; but love grew old and the body decayed—and Death ended all.

Thus in their search for wisdom, happiness and God, men had found only knowledge. And although the knowledge accumulated with the dust of the centuries in books and museums, it did not grow in the brains or the souls of men. Since the world was now physically perfect knowledge could no longer be an end in itself. Unless the secrets could be found and the question "Why?" could be answered, the ordered perfection of the Earth was no better, and perhaps worse, than the wildness of ancient jungles and the horror of ancient wars; for at least those had the illusion of nobility and the magic of vigour. Already men were growing restless, apathetic and miserable in the sterility of perfection. If no revelation of God occurred, men would soon become machines, life chemistry, and the universe chaos.

Accordingly the leaders of the Earth met in secret and after many days' discussion and argument, they decided that they would send a chosen man into the vacancy beyond the last star to investigate the existence of God. If his answer was negative, they would destroy the Earth and every resemblance of life with the hydrogen-bombs which had not been used for centuries.

Thus the Investigator was to bear the meaning of the universe and the cares of the world on his shoulders.

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He sat on the bench near the edge of the water and thought about things. On the other side of the park, where the lake narrowed and the willows hung down over the banks, was the flower-garden and the Japanese bridge. He remembered how he used to stand there on moonlit nights and gaze at the reflection of the neighbouring skyscrapers in the upside-down mirror of the water. It was terrifying to see those great concrete blocks stretching downwards into emptiness, like sinister devils' fingers pointing into the black abyss of hell. For the sky above was a friendly void, and the skyscrapers pointing upwards were sinewy Jacobs' Ladders from whose tops one could reach one's hands to the stars with the comforting knowledge that one's feet were as secure as rocks. Yet the void below was not friendly: it seemed to defy gravity and threaten the solid foundations of the earth. He remembered that tomorrow he might be in either void, in heaven or in hell, for tomorrow he was the Investigator.

But tonight he was just an ordinary fellow sitting on a bench in the park. He had been drawn to it irresistibly, magnetically. For when a man faces a danger whose size and nature are so great that he dare not imagine it, he takes a last look at the world he is leaving behind and draws strength from it, just as a baby sucks milk from its mother's breast and a soldier embraces his sweetheart. The park was both serene mother and radiant lover to him. The masculine, over-reaching skyscrapers had no place here, and even their long shadows could not destroy the peace of the park. For the grass was as green as it had ever been; the wind still rushed with wanton whispers through the trees; and the swans on the lake still arched their graceful necks as they had done before man had ever built a mud hut, let alone a skyscraper, and as they would do until the end of the world. The park was assured but not arrogant, comforting but not complacent, pure but not sterile. Here remained one corner of the vast and busy city where one could still laugh without having to explain why. Here one could still sing tuneless, half-formed songs inside one's head which had nothing to do with loudspeakers or televisions. One could almost forget the skyscrapers, and one could rediscover that ecstatic shiver of the spine which civilisation had almost deadened because it had no practical purpose. The park did not exist for a practical purpose: it existed for the sheer joy, the melancholy, the glory and the gaiety of existence, and that was the be-all and end-all, and that was why he loved it as a son and a lover.

"Mother-sweetheart," he thought, "tomorrow I am the Investigator, and I must leave you."

He shivered — not through cold, but through fear. Could he not stay secure here in this park? Could he not merge with the trees and the grass or escape into the water? It seemed that he had lived every vital moment of his life in the park. When he was a baby his nurse had wheeled his pram along these gritty footpaths. It was on these lawns that he had tottered his first infant steps, and as an ink-smeared schoolboy he had played football in its mud with its friends. A few years later he would wander to this bench to do his homework in the evening light until he could no longer distinguish the tiny black print from the whiteness of the page. He had discovered poetry and discovered himself when reading Keats and Donne and Marlowe on this bench. Then as a student he had gone for walks with various girls and they had stood on the bridge and thrown coins over their shoulders into the water and made wishes. He had done that many times — everybody had done it. He wondered how many of his coins lay at the bottom of the lake.

But that seemed a long time ago. Tonight the sight of two lovers on that same bridge only brought a smile to his face — the smile of one who had felt as they did and could remember, but who could never feel it again. Tonight these experiences were so far away that they hardly belonged to him any more, as if it had been somebody else who had stood in his stead on the bridge and had read poetry on this bench.

Suddenly he realised with a pang that the park was no longer part of his world and could never again give him security or warmth. Because tomorrow he was to face the fearful unknown of the universe, the park was too small, too innocent, and too pure to be real for him. He was now part of the skyscraper world, striving to know "Why?". The park represented a fragment of his past, like those lovers embracing on the bridge. Oh God! He wished he could be on that bridge now, with nothing between him and his dreams but the ripples of the water, the swaying of the willows, the gentle breeze through his untidy hair and the soft sweet kiss of a girl.

But it was useless to think of such things now, for tomorrow the world faced catastrophe or revelation according to his experiences. The weight was more than he could bear. He should never have driven here tonight to all these dead memories. He should have taken some pills and gone to bed early and slept twelve whole hours. That was what he would do now. He would drive back to the bungalow near the site and get some sleep and try to forget about it . . . put it off as long as possible. What was it Donne had said?

"What if this present were the world's last night?"

He shuddered, pulled his jacket collar closer around his ears, sank his hands deep in his pockets and walked to his car.

\* \* \*

The morning passed very slowly. But for one or two hints, and his own mounting sensations of tension and foreboding, it might have been quite an ordinary day. Even the weather was indifferent: a few lazy clouds ambled across a pale sky. Those around him did not seem to share the feeling of electric hollowness which made the pulse of his blood sound like drumbeats in his ears. They went about their business efficiently and quietly. Did they not realise that today the lives of millions and their own rested on him? Or did they not know the purpose of his mission? Yet they seemed to be too efficient and too relaxed, as though they were consciously trying to be calm in his presence. It was easy enough for them: they were not going up in the rocket. The paradox was that they were involved as much as he was, but only he realised it. And again he felt afraid. Supposing something went wrong? The past six months had been spent in testing and retesting. He had been inoculated and examined by doctors; he had

checked the precautions and routines with each specialist engineer, each head of each department, and each mechanic. The machinery was flawless. It had been constructed by the best engineers and had been surveyed by teams of scientists. He had made sure of every minor detail. No. Nothing could go wrong.

The last official meeting was held two hours before the take-off. He sat amidst the leaders of the world and the presidents of the nations with glazed eyes and an inattentive mind. The world-president addressed his words to him, with his voice strained with emotion and his creased face heaving. . . .

" . . . We wish you safety and success. You have already proved yourself to be a man of outstanding character, ability and learning. You have worked under great stress with the knowledge of the task before you for the last six months, and I hope and pray that you will not break now under the superhuman strain. How you will find God, we cannot tell you, for we are but materially perfect machines. My son, the blessings of mankind go with you, for on you rests the fate of millions. God, if there is one, bless you. . . ."

He saw that the president's eyes were full of tears, and realised that the last words had been sobbed rather than spoken. He sat down and gazed in front of him, like one hypnotised. Though he had been afraid before, he now knew the deepest terror of all: that of the realisation of his own utter aloneness. It was a terror which raised him far above his own mortality, for his death seemed unimportant, almost irrelevant, compared with the past, the present and the future of humanity. By one word he could make meaningless the lives of countless centuries. Although God's existence was doubtful, his own and the world's were sure. How could he even pretend to himself that the skyscrapers or the bench by the lake were fantasies created by a trick of airy nothing? Though life was not all joy and ecstasy, he had known inexplicable moments of love which came like the Revelation, and infused his whole being with a pure white heat. Could he doubt the reality of these? Perhaps if he did not find God he would lie. But no, he could not lie, though he were to endure an eternity of hell-fire for telling the truth.

The president was offering him his hand. He took it without looking. His features were immovable and vacant, but inside his body there seemed to be a universe of tears. He shook hands with each of them, one by one, and when they had all left he still sat looking into the nothingness which would soon envelop him. Then he fell on his knees and prayed.

\* \* \*

Finally all was ready. Dressed in his plastic suit he went out on to the launching tarmac. He had almost expected to be greeted by crowds of newspaper-reporters and well-wishers, and he was half-disappointed, half-relieved to see no-one but the ground-engineers, a few officials and the president. Somebody took his photograph on the steps of the tower to the rocket, and he climbed into the compartment with his teeth gritted and his fists tightly clenched. He was determined not to break now. He heard the airtight doors close behind him as he installed himself in the seat where he was to wait those few terrible minutes before take-off and before the mechanical, toneless order over the intercom: "Take your sleeping-draught". Through the transparent observation panel beneath him he could see the last mechanics scurrying for shelter. As far as they were concerned this was just another routine mission.

The whole affair was so grotesque that it seemed impossible yet so horribly true that it terrified him. He was a mortal, fallible man. How then could he have the arrogance to investigate the existence of a being who was both immortal and infallible, as though he were a high-court judge and God a guilty prisoner? And how would he know God if he saw him? What did he look like? Supposing he was invisible? Supposing he made a mistake?

"— Three minutes to zero hour. Secure your apparatus." The pencil-shaped rocket was gradually pivoting from the horizontal to the vertical position.

... Yet he could not make a mistake. God would reveal himself to him as he had done centuries ago to Christ. Perhaps Christ knew the secret and perhaps he would never find it out. Perhaps the progress of science in which he had once believed so ardently was not real progress. Perhaps Christ was nearer to immortality and the secrets of life and death in his world of disease and filth and pain and war than the most brilliant scientist today.

"— One minute to zero hour."

He looked out of the observation panel and saw the nose of the rocket pointed at the skies. In a minute's time he would take his sleeping-draught and when he awoke he would be in the heavens. If only it were a poison-draught to send him to sleep for ever! Now the clouds had disappeared, leaving the sky a bright, happy blue. Down there they would be smoking cigarettes and staring out of the windows at the beautiful giant pencil. They would not think of it as a monster carrying one helpless man to the stars, but as a finely-perfected machine which made a terrific noise and then grew smaller and smaller as it went higher and higher and then disappeared altogether.

"Zero hour. Drink your draught. The blessings of mankind go with you."

He reached blindly for the flask and choked down the liquid. Instantaneously he fell asleep, and the doors of the universe were opened to him.

\* \* \*

He awoke slowly, not fully realising where he was. His mind still contained confused sleep images of upside-down skyscrapers, crazy bridges and immense lakes. Then he looked out of the observation panel and saw the majesty of the star-pricked blackness all around him like an eternal cloak of velvet studded with diamonds. He gasped. Never before had he seen so many stars, and now some of them had become larger and more golden, so that they were no longer just cold, mysterious stars but reassuring, radiating suns. He stood up and walked around the small compartment. Then with more confidence he took his bearings from the complicated mass of needles and dials on the board, which showed him that he was already millions of miles away from the solar system and from any other living thing. He was alone in a pressureless void; yet how magnificent were the stars, and how puny he was in their presence! Could he really believe that this inexpressible splendour had not been created by an eternal wonderful being, and was instead quite purposeless, a chaos of nothing?

Suddenly the confidence drained out of him and he remembered his mission, which in the first breathtaking sight of the stars he had forgotten. Waves of apathy washed through him. Who was God? What was God? How was he to find him? Even now, in the middle of the universe he was no wiser than he had been as a boy in the park. And again all the old questions, the doubts and the fears crowded and pulsed on his brain, each one as heavy as a clamp of iron and all concentrated on one small point, twisting and spiralling relentlessly into the innermost recesses of his being. He was alone, investigating God. He had no-one to turn to, no-one to answer his insistent questions. Supposing God did not exist? Supposing God did exist and he made a mistake? Would God let him make a mistake and what would happen to them on earth if he did? Could he not kill himself and let the world continue in its ignorance as before? No, that was no use: they would only send another poor fool up into the sky who would suffer the same torments and who would not find anything either. And was it God tormenting him or his own damnable incapacity? Had he sinned, and was this his punishment; or had he been chosen to atone for the sins of the whole arrogant world, like Christ? Could he not return to

Earth and tell lies, saying that he had found God? But he would not know how to pretend or what to say, and they would never believe him. They would expect him to be different in some way, to have a circle of white light about his head, to be aflame with love, to have the burning, tender eyes of a Christ or a Buddha. Oh, he knew now that he had no such eyes or light or love! He knew that he had not even a glimmer of such divinity in him, and that he was unclean, stupid, arrogant, blind and ignorant.

His inner fury ebbed away, leaving him with a core of calm, bitter certainty. For he knew now deep inside him that neither he nor any other man could ever hope to investigate God, and that the world was mad to think he could. Somewhere along the line of History mankind had gone wrong. The perfection of science and the balance and order which it had brought to the earth were meaningless. With a resigned serenity stronger than any passion, he realised that his life, and those of all the millions of men on earth were insane. The universe itself was foul and dirty because men did not know how to live.

But he knew also that if he returned to the earth and told them that the striving of the centuries had been a backslide into folly and ignorance instead of a progress to enlightenment, they would either laugh at him or sympathetically put him in an asylum, saying that he had gone mad under the strain and loneliness. But he knew that he was not mad: never before had his vision been so brilliantly clear. It was the world which was mad, not he. And what of God: was he mad too? Surely if God existed as the one all-powerful, eternal being, who was the embodiment of love and the creator of the universe, he would not have designed life as a crazy hoax, a futile illusion? Bitterly he knew the answer, and he could have cried in his certainty. There was no God.

He looked out of the observation panel. He had now passed the last star and was in the emptiness beyond. No deep cave could have been blacker than the blackness of that nothingness; but inside him it was blacker still.

And he saw the future of mankind stretching incessantly into the blackness like a never-finished skyscraper. It was empty and hollow, and the bricks were lifeless. How could he alter this certain degeneration? He felt like a prophet whom nobody would listen to. How could he correct the balance and make men sane? If the world was mad now, it had certainly never been any better in the past; and even if it were desirable to turn back the centuries to the savage, animal state of disease and war, it was impossible. Was there no solution?

Then in a blinding flash he knew what he must do. The sweat trickled down his forehead and lined his cheeks. He felt himself go ghostly cold, and he buried his face in his hands as if to hide from the magnitude of his thoughts. But they were inescapable. There was only one thing he could do, and it was not a cowardly retreat from an eternal invincible power: it was a final conquest over the futility and the fraud of human existence, the supreme affirmation of his strength.

He stood up and switched on the intercom. His voice was hollow and expressionless as he spoke into it:

"Hell Earth, Hello Earth."

"Hello rocket, Hello rocket. Receiving you loud and clear," answered an excited, schoolboyish voice. It was the first contact he had made since he left the Earth, but it had no effect on him.

"I wish to speak to the President. Tell him that I am in the blackness beyond the last star."

Within seconds he was speaking to the World President. Still his voice was hard and merciless, although deep inside him there was the tenderness and humility of a crucified Christ claiming to be the son of God.

He heard the anxious, questioning voice of the President — "Hello rocket, Hello rocket. . . ."

"Listen to me," he interrupted. "Listen carefully, for I shall not be speaking to you again. I am in the blackness beyond the last star and I have searched the universe. There is no God. Life is futile and the world is fit for nothing but destruction."

He switched off the intercom before a reply was possible and gazed unseeingly into the surrounding blackness. He was no longer afraid or lonely, but his face had the calm, inhuman assurance of a man who has transcended humanity and has determined to die.

\* \* \*

Thunder reverberated across the sky. The sun was obscured by mushrooms of dust and smoke which rose higher than the clouds. Fires leapt and raged over continents and hot tidal waves engulfed the oceans. Mountains yawned and slipped into lakes. Skyscrapers, bridges, houses, cinemas, sports stadiums, museums, shops, schools, colleges, hospitals and gardening huts toppled and burned and fell into chasms and crevasses. The belly of the Earth split open and vomited mines, railways and factories to the surface. Terrified children crouched weeping by their dead parents. Burnt, disfigured men and women ran screaming through the ruins, tripping over rubble and corpses and falling into fires and under collapsed buildings.

And when the thunder subsided and the smoke cleared there was nothing left but a deadly calm over a bare, level ruin. No birds sang in orchards; no breezes played in the corn; no snow-capped mountains; and no lovers kissed on bridges. There was no-one on Earth to see the sunsets or the stars.

\* \* \*

The Investigator turned from the observation panel and took a vial from his pocket. He opened it and took out two pills.

"And this is the be-all and end-all," he thought. "So be it. Amen."

But he did not swallow the pills, for he was thrown senseless to the floor.

A million roaring thunderbolts shook the heavens and across the blackness there flashed white light. All around the rocket the universe pulsed and one by one the sun, the moon and the planets dissolved into thin nothingness. The thunder became a voice and the voice cried in anguish, "I am wilder than fire and stiller than rock. I am life and death and hate and love within you."

Then all around the rocket became black and still again.

\* \* \*

He woke up and looked down at his body and saw that he was naked. He felt his chest and there seemed to be a gap between his ribs as if one was missing. He looked around him and saw that he was in a garden, sitting on a bench opposite a lake. On the other side of the lake, where some willows hung down over the banks, was a flower-garden and a miniature bridge. On the bridge was standing a beautiful woman who beckoned to him. He felt himself drawn towards her, and they stood on the bridge and kissed each other. He did not know why, but he had a strange feeling that he had been here before. He was happy.

R.S.B.

## Impressions of Ireland

Blue hills, the rippling heather  
Blurring their black slopes.  
Rain.  
Wind whistling in the power lines.  
Cows.  
Castles that will see out time,  
And barrows that have seen it in.  
Abbeys.  
Stony beaches, and an angry sea.  
Shipyards.  
Narrow roads, high-hedged; and  
Ancient churches, yards grass-grown.  
Coracles.  
Crofts, rough-thatched and windowless.  
Peat-bogs.  
Great cities; modern airports;  
Donkeys; horses and their carts.  
The races.  
Universities; and old men who cannot read.  
Guinness.  
A changing land, yet never changing;  
An old-fashioned, mellow land:  
Ireland.

J.D.H.

## The Volcano

The sun beat down from the polished sky on the dust-caked palms of the island, and the old petrified lava streams quivered and cracked under the onslaught of heat. The still air foreboded disaster.

The volcano god began to awaken; he started to growl low warnings, spitting hissing lumps of sulphur into the air. Yellow smoke curled increasingly upwards into the dancing air. The rumblings became louder, punctuated by vicious crashes; and the tremors became more violent, shaking the roots of the volcano and making an uneasy swell in the sea around the waiting island.

Suddenly the volcano erupted with a shattering roar that ripped across the scarlet sky. Incandescent rivers of lava belched forth from the bowels of the island god and poured down the slopes. The liquid hurtled high into the air, driven by the blind, senseless malice of the super-heated earth, which heaved and cracked under the strain until the volcano itself split asunder down the northern face. The murderous liquid issued from the furnace in a crescendo of sound, blazing, irrepressible, crushing everything in its path. . . .

And now the eruption is over. It is raining softly on the delicate palm-fronds, and a slight breeze is carrying wisps of smoke from the cleft volcano, far out, over the smooth azure sea.

R.H.F.

## Death in the Shadows

The air of evening rests silent on the woods. Below, in the choking writhing undergrowth, Life lies still. But above, in the gnat-clouded pine-tops, Fate broods, savage and watchful. The insect-crawling bark is rustling with death. . . . Night falls welcome on the waiting eyes.

The wind shrieks high through the darkening needles. Feathers puff in a blowy gust. In the shadows beneath, flitting through the green, Life skulks frenzied, fearing many foes. The eyes scan down, cutting the darkness. Hackles stiffen. The wind, silenced, waits.

Something is moving down there. Can't you see it?  
Something is moving through the long, straggling green,  
Brushing past the spear-grass, rustling in the clover,  
Something very small, but it still can be seen.  
Fate sees it, as he floats down from the dark, claws poised, eyes burning.

The air of evening rests silent on the woods, unless you caught the tiny cry of Life dying, the infinitesimal squeal, as loud as it was small, heard only by the all-smothering grass. Or the strong beat of powerful wings. Fate glides back to brood upon his perch. A crimson breath of death shivers the pine-needles. The gnat-clouds are wafted away on an evening breeze.

J.S.A.

## Blue Note

Man, do you feel  
Power, do you feel  
Despair, as the man with the horn  
Pours out his heart and leaves it torn  
On the barbs of his pulsating lament?  
He knows, the world knows  
That Death is near,  
And still he blows, blows  
To dissolve Fear in acrid heat.  
And then he must return  
To the Gallion, back  
To John and Mac  
And old Jim Crow.  
Can we wonder he's a viper  
To escape to a world of  
Snow and Golden Tea?  
"But if you're black, brother  
Git back, git back  
GIT BACK".  
Bill and Johnny saw  
That all was sad and poor.  
And they went back,  
Back to the Red Onion and Gravier Street,  
Where all the folks meet;  
(But not now, not now);  
New Orleans, Land of my Dreams  
(Not now, not now).  
And Bill and Johnny  
Blew all the bitterness from their hearts  
And went way out  
Of the Gallion of Life.

N.B.D.

## The Execution

I have just seen death. His heaving frame was silhouetted by the light from a nearby tavern. I looked closely to view the body slowly swaying in the breeze. The face was caressed by the leaves of an overhanging bough as though in sympathy. The victim's countenance was serene and calm, as if death had been a welcome release from the world with its vicissitudes and transiency. And I meditated on Death and Life.

Life is full of fleeting pleasures, of great suffering, of tender joys and of frequent tragedy. Life can at times be unbearable and sometimes ecstasy. Often the feelings of pure joy and great pain are similar. And life is worth living, for people cling to it desperately. I was taught that Man is king, that there is no God but only an image of God made by Man for himself. Yet what point is there in life without an after life, a belief in something greater than oneself, above mundane events, the petty jealousies, the greed and arrogance of man? When I wake in the morning and breathe in the fresh morning air, I feel that something must be behind this scheme of things. The world seems full of joy and vitality: then I feel that there must be a God. Therefore death must be the consummation of life, for in it one transcends life and the rule and ruin of ambition. One must rejoice in death and accept it with calm confidence.

My thoughts naturally wandered back to the swinging body through which life flooded no more. The leaves continued to caress his face like a mother who is carefully fondling her child. Suddenly my dreaming was shattered by the slam of a closing book. The priest had finished at last. Thank God for that!

"Come on you, over here."

I faced my execution resolutely. . . . Death where is thy sting, Grave where is thy victory? I walked over and placed my head in the welcome noose and rejoiced in God and Death.

And the trumpet sounded and he passed over on the other side.

C.J.B.

## The Bullet

He picked the rifle up from the bed and left the camp. It was a short walk to the copse, and within a few minutes he was out of sight amongst the trees. He put his hand into the pocket of his denim slacks and felt the cartridge that he had stolen the previous day on the firing range. He stopped beneath an oak tree, put down the rifle and took out the cartridge. It lay in the palm of his hand, brutal and expressionless. One little corpuscle of war, he mused.

He loaded the rifle slowly and carefully. He had cleaned it before he had left the camp, and the mechanism was smooth with oil. All he had to do was to put it to his head and pull the trigger.

In his mouth the muzzle tasted of oil and cordite. The pace seemed faster now. Would it be instantaneous? He swallowed the foul taste and prepared himself for the final silent blast in his head.

The soft yielding of the first pressure, then the hard resistance of the second. Then oblivion.

He pulled the trigger with his thumb. It gave easily through both pressures and nothing happened. He began to laugh, nervously, uproariously. The safety catch was on! The dropped rifle lay mutely by. He stopped and collected himself. Shakily he stood up and ejected the cartridge. It lay on the grass, glinting dully in the sun.

He did not retrieve it, but thrust it violently point downwards into the earth until it was far out of sight. He then shouldered the rifle and made back for the camp. He thankfully entered the empty tent, replaced the rifle on the bed, and staggered off to be violently sick. Fool, he thought, what a mess you've made of it!

But in an arms factory in a foreign country another cartridge rolled off the production line, destined for the use of another army, and for him. And in the hands of an enemy marksman there would be no reprieve. Suicide or murder, what difference did it make?

A.D.C.A.

## Aldermaston Prayer

First there came God  
Creator of man  
Creator of the bomb.

What is our course, O God?  
Death in crossfire, unhelping, unhelped,  
Death in fallout — neutral, inevitable,  
Ultimate death in God;  
The olive branch in our hands,  
And the dove still on our heads?  
O Lord, which should we choose,  
The Eagle, The Bear  
Or the Halcyon,  
The Hammer or the Stars?

Men can take away my life, O Lord,  
But not my love for thee.

God, help us.

K.W.

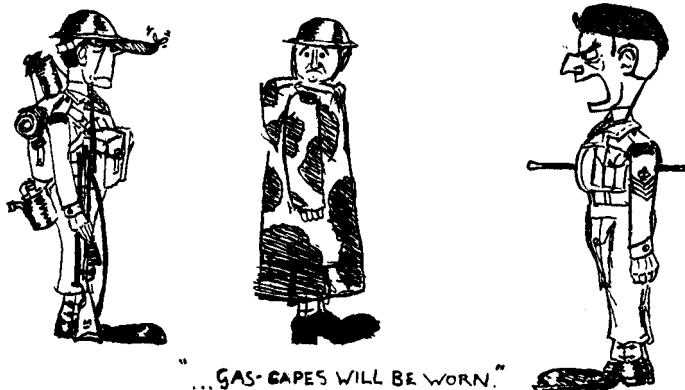
## A Letter

*(Addressed to a certain peer who recently made a speech in a debate in the House of Lords on the Hydrogen Bomb. He asserted that he would prefer the whole world to be destroyed rather than be compelled to surrender to a way of life which he abhorred.)*

Dear Sir,  
Although I would say much, I yet prefer  
To make my speeches honey-sweet and short.  
Long-winded stuff betrays a lack of thought —  
As you well know from sitting through debates;  
In Winter, when no speech the cold abates;  
And thus it was that cold December day:  
Your toes were numb, your mind was far away,  
Dreaming of home, and steaks, and gin, and bed;  
On your back-bench you suddenly saw red.  
It does get chilly in the House of Lords.  
Your peers, it seems, prefer to mince their words  
In platitudes, unlike their Commons friends  
(On whom, for shame, the government depends).  
And when alas! your fated chilblains fell  
With pains as searing as the fires of Hell,  
Hot mountain springs welled up within your brain,  
O'erflowing eloquence, begat by pain.  
At the first chance you rose, with vehement cries,  
Your two arms raised to plague the dismal skies,  
And spake thus: " My Lords, I'm cold! You all know  
Chilblain agonies; well, I've got 'em! Let's go  
Home! I HAD RATHER ALL OF US WERE DEAD  
THAN CONQUERED — but I'd rather be in bed!"

Unhappy warrior! Bootless your fights,  
 Because your fellows, unmoved by the rights  
 Or wrongs of your oration, or the cold,  
 Were fast asleep. Alas! I fear your speech  
 Was truly made of all the things they teach  
 To simple kids like me, who know the rules  
 Of games with oblong balls for happy fools;  
 Her sea-power dead, Britannia's tool,  
 You product of the English public-school!  
 Had you been born in days of yore  
 When England needed gentlemen for war,  
 And when with dreary peace our lords got bored,  
 They ran to foreign lands, and played, and warred —  
 Oh! then you would have found your ideal state.  
 I fear that you were born a little late.

ENOBARBUS



## Conversation over a teapot

The Shape was nonplussed. He was right; he knew he was right. This was just one of those things over which the K was being his usual maddening self.

"Look here," he said, "it doesn't matter."

The K smiled his bland annoying smile.

"Of-course it matters, you are just being your usual, argumentative, petty self."

The Shape's brow darkened. This clearly could not be tolerated from a lesser mortal. He endeavoured to control himself.

"What does it matter," he hissed, "if you mix tea with milk or milk with tea?"

The K was becoming annoyed.

"If you put the tea in first, you pernicious ape, the tea-leaves come to the top."

The Shape sensed the K's annoyance and was pleased.

"That," he said coldly, "depends on the size of the leaves."

"All right," screamed the K, "all right, I'll prove it. Get me the tea!"

The tea pot made its usual tardy progress down the table, closely followed by the milk.

The K poured the tea carefully into a cup and then, in breathless expectation, added the milk.

A single, small, bewildered tea-leaf danced forlornly for a moment on the surface and then disappeared into the depths of the cup.

"There!" said the Shape, overjoyed.

"What do you mean?" retorted the K, "I did not stipulate whether it would come to the top and stay there or come to the top and sink."

The Shape saw red. This was deliberate evasion of apology. He groped blindly for his fork and lunged desperately across the table, upsetting his cup in the process. The K had no difficulty in avoiding this inexperienced onslaught, and the Shape sank back to his bench.

"There!" said the K, pointing triumphantly to the bedraggled mess on the table, "I said they come to the top."

R.G.M.-A.

## Power

I sit in state upon a throne,  
Covered in gold, inlaid with precious stone.  
I lie upon a feather bed  
That would have graced a hero's head.  
I sup meat, delicacy and game  
That would have put the gods' best feast to shame.  
My legions guard the world with iron hand  
They conquer and subdue at my command;  
Feared, powerful yet undefeated,  
They bow before the throne where I am seated;  
And as the world moves on, rumbles, grinds and chatters —  
I am the only one, the only thing, the only man that matters.

Light dazzled my eyes as the sun peeped over the sill  
And I stirred, yawned and turned over . . . tired still.

C.J.N.

## poem

penguin-suited yellow-jersey, why do you  
sneer down at me from your lofty peak?  
i know i am nothing — insignificant —  
undesirable — useless — powerless to  
say or do what i feel.  
why am i subjugated,  
made feel small  
in front of my friends  
my more than friends?  
what is it that makes you and your fellows  
better than me and mine;  
were you born under a different star,  
created in a different womb,  
formed for a predestined destiny?  
why do you hold sway over me?  
i am human; i breathe the same air  
as you; i eat the same food; i  
walk the same paths and think the same thoughts.  
why then, you who are omniscient,  
do you tread me underfoot as though i were nothing?  
can i not feel the same pain at frustration?  
do i not feel failure as bitterly as you?  
help me, then. make me feel wanted.

archy

## The Fox and the Crow : A Fable Retold

One fine afternoon, a fox was trotting down a forest path when he noticed a crow, perched on an overhanging tree-limb. In his beak the crow held a piece of paper which, on closer inspection, the fox saw to be a cheque; so, being a wise guy, he stopped and called to the crow:

"Hey there! Aren't you Davy Croakit, sensational new star of Obscurity Records Inc.?"

The crow nodded, taking care not to open his beak.

"Why, fancy that! I'm a great fan of yours. May I say how honoured I am to meet you face to face?"

(This was a considerable distortion of the truth. The fox had often remarked that the crow's voice, on all his discs, sounded like a worn-out hacksaw blade calling to its mate.)

"Gee," continued the fox, "I'd be really grateful if you could do your latest number for me."

The crow was so flattered that he immediately obliged; but of course, as soon as he opened his beak the cheque fluttered to the ground. The fox picked it up and trotted on his way, leaving the crow, who always sang with his eyes closed, to waste his sweetness on the desert air.

JIM

## The Fall of an Egg

The ovoid came down like a bomb in the night,  
And its beautiful shell was a glistening white:  
The lion on its side like a cat in the dark —  
And "large" in big letters stood under this mark.

Like the moon in its splendour the egg was first seen,  
Like a pear before ripeness, but white and not green,  
Like a sunset in August, spread out on the floor  
Was how the egg looked when the egg was no more.

J.C.C.

## Hay Fever

(with apologies to John Masefield)

I must down to the chemist again, with streaming nose and eye,  
And all I ask is a quiet nose, and a sheet to wipe it by;  
No sneeze's kick, no nose's song, no wild atishoo,  
And no grey mist on my spectacles, through the rent Scott's Tissue.

I must down to the chemist again; for the call of my running nose  
Is a wild call and a wet call for the cure that nobody knows.  
For my nose, it leads me the life of a dog; 'tis as wet as a storming day  
With the flung spray and the blown spume, and the Kleenex blown away.

I must down to the chemist again, Oh nose, oh curse of my life!  
If the chemist fails shall I have recourse to the butcher's whetted knife?  
Yet all I ask is a good tip from a kindly fellow sneezer,  
Who has haply seen on the I.T.V. a miraculous patent easer.

VIC

## Allergy in a Country Churchyard

*(A replay to Hay Fever by one of the editorial slaves who came across that composition blushing unseen like a desert-rose amongst the rejected manuscripts, empty match-boxes, toffec-papers, ancient calendars and burnt-out joss-sticks which litter the corners of the hackroom. The apologies already made to John Masefield are sympathetically repeated, whilst new ones are offered to Thomas Gray. Vic gets no apologies: it serves him right!)*

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
The lowing herd winds slowly through the trees,  
The wind brings up the scent of new-mown hay;  
I leave the world to darkness — and to sneeze.

Let not Ambition mock my hapless toil,  
Or sneer at me, who bear unceasing blows;  
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile  
The short and simple annals of my nose.

Large was my suffering, so I made a bid  
To terminate this cursed cold for sure;  
I gave the chemist all I had — a quid:  
I gained from him — 'twas all I asked — a cure.

TROG

## To the Cuckoo

Cuckoo, you have betrayed me with your song,  
Poisoned the morning air with sorrow-seeds;  
My love lies dead beneath the grass: the daffodils  
Are flowering bedded under widows' weeds.

How shall I face the day now, since my eyes  
Are blinded by the loss of her, my sight?  
For I saw nothing till I saw through her,  
And now she's dead, the morning's turned to night.

And when the cuckoo cries to me to laugh,  
Forget, accept, and find another nest,  
I am struck dumb with grief; for though the day lives on  
It's dead in me, since she is laid to rest.

So traitor, sing your morning-hymn, I know you lie;  
And let me lie in mourning on her bed, to die.

ALEX.

## Swansong

The morning star hangs forlorn;  
Dark fades fast away;  
Night of its diamonds is shorn  
By the harsh light of day.

While shutters barred night from the sleeping,  
A young girl lay still;  
Gone youth's lightness, born on a tide of weeping.  
Love lives to kill.

Gone her expectant gaze to the stars,  
Eyes blurred with tears;  
Man is animal, love leaves scars,  
Leaves her old beyond years.

The green of the grass is mirrored in dew,  
Like a field in Spring;  
But here is the grass crushed, dull lies the dew,  
And no birds sing.

In vain the sun with stroking fingers  
Brushes a night's sighs  
From lips where the ache of joy still lingers;  
Sorrow stirs in her eyes.

Down Life's river floats a cygnet soul,  
Life-blood clouding the clear water;  
Dying as in passing to a swan made whole,  
An earthly death for heaven's daughter.

From the first tentative kiss,  
The bridge of sighs;  
If this is love in all its bliss,  
In parting breathe no sighs.

D.J.S.

## Faint Heart

It was evening when we said goodbye,  
Evening, and the bright ruin of the day,  
Crumpled and torn like a wrecked aeroplane, lay  
Across the western boundary of the sky.

First victory is always and was ever best,  
Others — though greater — never quite the same;  
But if our skill-less strivings at the game  
Fail, then the first defeat comes bitterest.

And so she took her leave of me, and I  
Knew I had missed my chance, and watched the day  
Collapse in a crumpled ruin at my feet, because I could not say  
“ I love you ” under that blood-red evening sky.

M.A.S.

## Love

Love is a many-splendoured thing. Corny. Love is commercialised. True.  
Well, then, what is it?

Love, replied the genius, was once a beautiful emotion.

Not any more.

It is the feeling of obligation to the family — automatic.

It is the love of man and wife; the consummation of a ring of gold.

It is also a communion between two, but not these same two.

This love is unconditional, unfettered by sex, unconcerned with sex;

It gives to mere humans something new, something to remember

With tears and a feeling of complete bliss. It is more, much more

Than the nuptial; it is wholeness, union, communion.

But it is quote vile unquote.

It is quote unnatural unquote.

It is quote queer unquote.

Is it, asked the boy?

The genius started into the distance and paused for a very long time.

No

He said.

If the love spoils, it is bad.

If it improves, gives and takes, creates even a second of happiness,

It is worth a world to save. Boy, he said,

Go and find love, and when you have found it — keep it.

Keep it sacred to you and to the one who shares it with you. Tongues will  
wag.

Ignore them. People will sneer as they have sneered for centuries.

Pray for them. They have not tasted love.

DAVID

## An Old Lorry Driver Reflects

I suppose that in my own way I have always been a bit of a thinker. I have plenty of time for thinking when I am at the wheel of my lorry, with a long, empty road in front and a load of sand or coal behind me. But I do not pretend to be a cultured man: my education began with my father's slipper and has not ended yet. For I have found that in the knowledge of men who have read and studied there is often less true understanding of life than there is in the most ignorant newspaper seller who has stood on the same street corner for twenty years. True education comes from the vivid experience of living and ends only with death: the man who lives locked away in his library leads a second-hand existence, as if he had pawned his jewels for a ticket or sold his lands for the satisfaction of gazing at a bank-note.

So now I am old: I suppose I am therefore entitled to become a pedant and expound my theories of existence to the unwilling ears of young men who are too proud and too busy living to care for the advice of a doddering old fool like me. To them life is an eternal carnival, and it is better that way. I too was like them once: I can remember my first childish thrill of seeing the sunset transforming the squalid roofs into ruddy fields; I have wandered along slushy pavements whilst the snows still blanketed the shop-shutters and fat, rosy-cheeked mothers bustled in queues for their Christmas turkeys; I have been swept away in the whirl of skirts and fine youthful legs in the rhythm of the dance-floors; and I have sat drugged, smoking with silly girls in corners of cheap cafés while crazy records played incessantly. I have been to parties and funfairs and sea-side resorts and dirty, friendly boarding-houses. I have seen the peaceful sleep of death on my father's face; and I have sweated lice-ridden in stinking trenches whilst bombs burst amongst my friends around me.

But I do not regret the loss of youth, for to mourn what is dead and irretrievable is futile. It is just as much an admission of failure as to hope for the rewards and fulfilments which one has not found in this life in the sickly promise of an after-life. But do not think that I have ever desired to reform or to teach. Reformers and teachers are either driven insane by their beliefs or become martyred to them; and nobody causes more bloodshed than a martyr, just as nobody listens to an old man. I have known many people: I have hated some and loved others and been indifferent to most. I have known misery and sorrow and hatred and gladness. What I have learnt I cannot communicate, for my soul is virgin in spite of the corruption and decay of my body. What I say applies only to me: I neither know nor care whether it applies to any-one else. This is not conceit or selfishness, but honesty; and naked truth is more humble than any false charity. All the poetry in the world cannot describe the glory of the setting sun to a blind man; only life, not words, can teach — each man must live his own.

For life is a long lorry drive. Your road may be a rocky, crooked mountain path, or a soft suburban avenue; a slum street crowded with smoky houses on each side, or a country lane over hills and through woods; a broad causeway spanned by fly-overs and tunnels, or a primitive village high street. Your lorry may call you on long or short journeys: you may drive at a crazy speed and end in a road crash, or you may proceed slowly, clinging to the shadow of the pavement; you may travel along straight, narrow, crooked or zig-zag paths. And you will find that every man has his own lorry, and every man obeys its call. It will allow a man no rest, no pause, but will impel him to drive on and take the wheel strongly in both hands, so that the journey is never completed except by the suddenness of death.

And I have obeyed my lorry like all the rest, for it is a part of me. But I have found that though you must spend your whole life moving; the journey always leads you to a place which cannot be found, the entrance

to the narrow road of paradise. There is movement but no progress, progression but no advancement. But do not think that I am a pessimist: my belief in the never-endingness of life's journey is the secret of optimism. For if there were a final goal to look back on, the journey would become no more than a shadowed, sterile memory. The only perfection is death, since it leaves nothing to achieve. If the goal is reached, there can be no hope or faith or joy or despair, and without these there can be no life. You can reach forward and clutch but you can never grasp. Yet despite tyranny or brainwashing, men will never stop hoping and clutching. In this there is a sort of heroic nobility, like that of a blind painter. And the fact that no man is perfect only makes it more noble — so noble that it would put the greatness of any perfect and all-powerful God to shame.

And now the wheel is in my hands and my eyes are firmly fixed on the road ahead. It is too late for regrets now, for there is nothing of value which lasts, and repetition only stales and decays. I do not wish to look back on the things I have not done or have failed to do. If I was offered the chance to live my life again I would refuse it: to accept would be an insult to the one I have led. And in this knowledge I am now content to die whenever death takes me, old and yet unfettered, happy and yet unsatisfied, dying and yet travelling in hope still.

DICK

## The End

Each shallow breath he drew was life itself;  
Though knowing he would never live,  
Each time life reached his body,  
Inwardly, he smiled . . .  
Being Triumphant.

Under his perspiring brow the dim light flickered:  
In these last hours he felt Him near.  
Hoping to see the Promised Land,  
Inwardly, he prayed . . .  
Being Hopeful.

Each shallow breath he drew was shorter;  
Though believing he would live again,  
When life passed his body by,  
Inwardly, he cried . . .  
Being Defeated.

P.P.T.D.



## Ambition 1

When Thomas Jefferson drew up the American Declaration of Independence, he stated that all men were "... endowed with certain inalienable rights . . . among these . . . life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness". Yet the right to pursue happiness does not automatically bestow the right to possess it. The truth is that we are never consciously happy. We are often too busy with external events to realise that we are miserable, or we may escape for a little while from this dull, prosaic world through illusion or imagination; but in the end we must always come back to the unpleasant and unchangeable realities of life.

There are two keys to true happiness: inner peace and external occupation. Peace, not the peace of silence but of true harmony: occupation, not necessarily with great and momentous issues, but with something that satisfies the soul—yet never completely satisfies it. The man who is completely satisfied and has no ambition has nothing to hope for and might as well be dead.

M.A.S.

## Ambition 2

I wanna be a top hipsprung crooner, daddy-o, a real cool giberoo hepster. I'm gonna sing to the world, man; and when I do it's just gonna be the craziest thing since the beat generation. I will howl me no square ditties like that guy Caruso and the rest of the squaresville crowd, but keen cultured jazz. I can play me crazy humding rock on my guitar with my friend Bret on the drums: he does 480 beats to the minute when sober and 503 after a coupla coke'n vodka cocktails.

When I sing I will go all incoherent and make my lips quiver like a white hot maestro, and on the stage I'll have luminous socks, the snazziest green pin-jeans, a pink and orange satin shirt, a smooth python-skin belt, and of course my Italian winkle-picker suedes which are so pointed that I have to climb the stairs sideways. My first hit will be my own brain-storm: I'm gonna call it "Satellite Rock". It will start real slow with a growling guitar, then it'll put on a ripple and go so fast that my burners will be lighted and my flaps ready to bend, and I'll clay up the fradges in a frenzy of near-hoocha discords. When I have my golden disc I will buy me an electric guitar which will give me cool shocks on low C. This will make my blue-dyed hair stand up and jive, which will be my gimmick.

I will buy me a house with pink polythene floors and black bamboo walls. The bath will be guitar shaped and will run hot soda and cool cola. I will have a cream-and-purple Cadillac and three supercharged Jags. I will give all my spare mazooma to the World Refugees. They must feel the lowest not being able to dig modern Hipsville or eat triple layer hamburgers with onions. I had made up my mind to marry Brigitte Bardot, she bugs me; but I guess I'll have to think of some other chick now.

R.H.F.

## Ambition 3

What am I to do with my life? There is only one satisfying ideal: to build a better world, to fight pain and hunger. For I feel bound to pass on all the health and hope which are mine without asking. Like a flower in a sheltered corner, growing up in knowledge only of its own well-being and the care of the gardener's hand—what did I know of suffering? And slowly realising, what can I do to help until I am strong in body and trained to overcome nature's evils? I must train. The problem is to find the way in which my talents are suited to the best service. Although it is essential to recognise the talent, it seems unconstructive to change one's

studies to suit a varying whim: better to keep a main subject as a foundation, and explore new regions of the mind in one's spare time. Such a rock subject is science, which in every field brings benefit to mankind. Engineering is the basis of industrialisation which is so necessary in backward countries.

I would like to study chemical engineering at Cambridge or Oxford, mainly because these universities bring youth together in a communal life where they can mutually stimulate and encourage. The academic standards are high, and the student is given a historical perspective of his subject which has been developed through the centuries by men who have lived perhaps in his own room. I want to feel that I have met Newton, and shaken hands with those others who have built our Western Civilisation, so that I can carry their works and hopes into other lands.

After graduating I will look for service where it seems most needful: maybe as an Indian government scientist, maybe as a mining technician in the Congo. But I shall always be ready to answer a call to administration or art. Indeed, a scientific knowledge is valuable to an industrial manager, a writer, or a politician.

S.P.B.

### Ambition 4

I do not recognise the landscape as it passes me,  
For I am like a bewildered thrush that has flown through an open window.  
My starting point I know as little as I know the end,  
My progress is less than a memory.

At first my Odyssey seemed straightforward enough,  
Although its paths were devious;  
But suddenly in the ground on which I trod  
A thousand cracks appeared,  
As on an ice-floe disbanding in transit.

And will tomorrow be as perilous as yesterday?  
I ask the purpose of this spasmodic progression,  
This expedition to uncharted regions.  
Perhaps frustrated, it culminates in deeper sorrow;  
Is it inevitably meaningless?

I wait the end of endless bewilderment,  
The cool reviving river. Unenlightened  
I wait. To such a person what is achievement?  
Am I frightened of what the future holds in store for you and me,  
Something we do not know yet? Unenlightened  
I wait experience of reality. . . .

Dreamcrossed in twilight I am still waiting. . . .

R.G.A.

### Ambition 5

I am determined to find the greatest scope for my limited abilities and lazy nature. I refuse to get up every day to rush for a train, and then spend hours in a stiff white collar in a drab, unhealthy office block; and I do not want to deal with machines, myself a machine. I want a career which is alive and human. A solicitor? No, that would never do. I would probably find myself defending some company's interests in a dull industrial dispute. Moreover I would be condemned to the same orthodox dress and dismal surroundings day in, day out; and I would have too much work to do, a slave to my ambition.

Only one profession combines responsibility, variety, satisfaction and ease. Here I would live on the spot and dress as I wished (within reason). I would be free every day from the early afternoon, and have four months' holiday a year. A library, swimming-pool, gymnasium, chapel and games fields would always be at my disposal. Better still, I would easily slip into a charming, close-knit community which has every bar-tender for miles

around owing a debt of gratitude. Here personality could compensate for modest brainpower and commonsense for average ability. Here countless opportunities would arise for imparting knowledge and moulding strong and upright characters, worthy citizens (and how grave the failing should they be neglected!). Here the fruit of success would be the satisfaction obtained from seeing boy grow to man, mature, wise and courageous; and to feel that you have helped with the transition. I want to teach.

A.K.T.

## Ambition 6

The great day is here at last! I rummage under the begonia's pot and I find the key to the medicine cupboard. I unlock the medicine cupboard and take out my banker's receipt — this is how my mind works. Down to the central bank.

Here in a vast subterranean cavern I rent half a cubic foot of air space in which I have placed a strong-box containing my worldly goods. I have not seen inside this box for 365 days, and time has mellowed my memory. From what I remember, a year ago there were 500 Premium Bonds, two diamond necklaces left me by an aged relative, (probably by two aged relatives, now that I come to think of it) £5,000 in ones, and stock amounting to about £2,000. My breath is coming in jerks, and my fingers can hardly wait to run through the coin that they remember is there. I get the triple keys from the troglodyte and with a sigh of anticipation I throw open the lid.

My jaw falls a full foot. Gone are the notes, the gems, the bullion; in their place (and, what's more, stealing stealthily back from my subconscious) are four 100-piastre bills, at least three issues out of date, a very large and very Victorian pendant fashioned from solid pewter studded with microscopic granules of glass, my last will and testament, and five Premium Bonds. Sadly I shovel the contents (and "shovel" is doing my ego a kindness) back into the half cubic foot. How empty it looks! Sadly I return my keys to their keeper. How condescendingly he looks down at me! How obscene I feel for wasting such a busy man's time!

I return the medicine chest key to the begonia's care. I turn up my diary to remind myself not to bother the bank again next year, only to find an identical entry to that which I was about to make already there. Ambition (and memory) should be made of sterner stuff.

M.J.L.

## Ambition 7

A massive giant of six foot two,  
A stout Colossus dressed in blue —  
Upholder of the nation's law  
Is constable One-five-three-four.  
Whenever I am asked the way  
"First right, then left," that's what I say . . .  
And then I run with lightning feet  
To nab him in the one-way street.  
When all is quiet I disappear  
Into the pub to have a beer,  
But never after half-past three,  
For then I make the sergeant's tea;  
And if I work with zest and drive,  
I might become One-five-three-five.

C.R.S.

## Ambition 8

The house lies thirty miles west of Ben Kimbul, one of the first of the estates which have sprung up all over the Sahara. These estates were built as the result of the introduction of pocket reactors, which made cheap power readily available for drilling both oil and water for the production of electricity. Around these estates, large agricultural centres have risen. These centres are manned by the Arabs and are supervised by experts from many countries. Plans have been laid for the further extension of these agricultural areas: these are based on work I carried out at the French Desert Research Station at Ben Abbes some twenty years ago.

The dreams of many men are now being made realities. The desert is slowly bearing fruit. It will be several generations before the whole Sahara is cultivated, but a start has been made and other countries are following suit. The Israelis originally led the way as great pioneers: they succeeded where others had failed mainly because they worked harder and faster. In all the Mediterranean countries there is a move to reduce the area of the marginal wastes. Not only in this happening in the Near East, but the great wastes of Australia, America and Russia are also under development.

In the districts where the desert has been cultivated it is now possible to grow two or three crops in the year, whereas it used to be impossible to grow more than one. However great care has to be taken to ensure that the soil balance is not destroyed. My colleagues and I are organising the Sahara area. We have a continuous stream of visitors from these different countries to study our methods, which are a development of those used by the Israelis.

We hope that by increasing the natural productivity of the world we may decrease the possibility of war: for people with full stomachs are not interested in the affairs of others since their own state is satisfactory. Thus a world without the threat of war hanging over its head like the sword of Damocles will be able to devote its attention to peace, unity and the elimination of poverty, hunger, disease and illiteracy.

G.leM.C.

## Ambition 9

My first love is the great river of time,  
Whose windings to me are metre and rhyme,  
Whose waters carry me towards the inevitable eclipse,  
To caress the silver moon and kiss her lips.

Beneath the smooth waters gliding by, I see  
That face I call the other me,  
A reflection that the waters bend and mould  
To warn me of the dangers of ambition,  
Of giving myself to gain a little gold  
And a sentence of worry with no hope of remission;  
False pleasures that attract the greedy young,  
False praises to a jarring rhythm sung.

As I watch the sunset reach across the sky,  
Whose golden tint pervades my sigh,  
Whose soft cloud echoes the evening lullaby —  
“But”, the undertones whisper, “is this one colossal lie?”

D.J.S.

## Ambition 10

If the thing from outer space were to watch human families milling around the shops on a Saturday afternoon, he could hardly be less puzzled than an Englishman watching the rites in an Oriental temple. In both cases unfamiliarity with the proceedings would make it impossible for the stranger to find any order in what he was watching. For order in events and the understanding of them are the results solely of man's knowledge and rationality which give order to a scheme of things basically disorganised.

Without men, life can be but a chain of accidents without reality or connection. Man supplies the link between the actions by his existence. He has a capacity to link facts which is so embedded in his nature and diffused throughout his personality that he cannot understand disorganisation and chaos as simple and real quantities: it is only through laborious speculations that he can grasp their meaning. Chaos is elusive and uncertain: men give logical explanations for their illogical actions, and so persist in them that no amount of argument with people who see the truth can change their minds. But we attribute such irrationalities as these to psychopaths or lunatics, not to sane men. Yet since we are all subject to this sort of falsehood, and distort facts and enforce a false logic in trivialities, surely in the greater problems of existence — even in life itself — we do the same.

I think that we do: I believe that life itself is a series of disorderly, random incidents. American scientists have composed music by flicking ink at score sheets and giving time to the notes according to the distance between them. Similarly with our lives: we attempt to fit a framework to a system which can have no unity.

Why do we do this? Why do we have ambitions and seek success? Our ambitions are less than straws in the wind: they are irrelevancies. They will serve only to soothe us with a dream of life as a logical progression and not to guide us through it. In fact I believe that if we could adopt the perfect code, as yet undiscovered, which would give us a signpost at every turning, our existence would not run any more smoothly or be any more sane than if we were unguided.

For no-one can improve on absence or the void: the mathematician may multiply zero by infinity and will find the answer still zero; and though he may write it as  $0 \times \infty$ , and consider it as a very large number of very small things, the result can only be nought. So with Life; our dazzled eye conceives of a design where there is nothing, and thus our minds are calmed and mental illness is prevented. But it for us to consider all the facts: each one of us sees existence through his own quite isolated vision, and therefore objective truths such as design are fallacious. Ambition is a drug, it comes. . . .

“ . . . when early force is spent

When we find no longer all things possible.

Ambition comes behind and unobservable.”

Ambition is an armour protecting the heart from the blights of failure: as such perhaps it is necessary. But however deeply we may be sunk in our illusion we must realise its purpose as a medicine and not bow to it as a god. Let ambitions be short, not penetrating too far into the future, and let us be happy, capable of appreciating beauty, like children indulging in delight with free, unordered minds.

J.A.L.

# HOUSE NOTES

## Burton Bank

Head of House: C. J. BURT.

*School Prefects:* J. G. Hanchet, R. S. Burns, N. Baker.

*House Prefects:* I. Forrest-Hay, P. T. D. Winocour, P. C. Walker, G. C. Dyfnallt, H. H. Andrews.

The examinations are really over, the former tense atmosphere slowly lifts from the house and the grim sullen faces return to their normal air of indifference to the world. Nevertheless, we raised a considerable amount for World Refugee Year. The climax of our efforts came with a rather rustic though enjoyable Funfair. It gave due licence to the destructive streak in human nature; tin-cans and skittles were there to be knocked down and a courageous though rather myopic volunteer became the target for a sponge throwing contest. He explained afterwards that it was his bathnight anyway. It is fortunate that we have no patents pending; we can reassure imitative houses that no proceedings will be taken.

The staff have adopted the honourable game of croquet with enthusiasm and are progressing fast—possibly too fast for three windows by the lawn were mysteriously broken one afternoon.

The Junior House cricket team won the trophy without conceding a match, but the Senior team lost to Winterstoke in the semi-final after a forceful win over Weymouth. The crowning success, though, has been that the League Cup remains in the house for the seventh year.

In order to attempt to brighten the house, and to give liberty to those individuals who wish to create (they should never be suppressed), a study decorating competition has been arranged. It has produced some rather interesting results. . . .

C.J.B.

## Collinson

Head of House: T. G. DAVIES.

*Monitor:* R. J. Hayman.

*School Prefects:* J. S. Abbott, R. A. Furness.

*House Prefects:* R. D. Ehrlich, A. Liaquat Ali Khan, M. J. G. James, M. J. Darke.

Who says that bugs from the hedges spoil the studies lawn? Who says that they ought to be exterminated? One corpulent but highly particular gentleman even forsook his tea to spend an extra half-hour asleep with them.

Study two window, although on the small side, must have some peculiar attraction: even V.I.Ps. seem to prefer it to the main door as a means of exit.

Should the house demand that announcements be made in Welsh? For that matter even in Urdu, Swahili, Arabic, Gaelic . . . but now we come to it, why not American?

Perhaps it was religious fervour of some sort that caused a junior to set his eyes on monopolising a table in the Common-room on July 14th.

We are much indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Hall for the use of their lawn for a barbecue, open to the school, which was held in aid of World Refugee Year. It is enough to say that we sold three hundred hot-dogs in the first thirty minutes, enabling us to treble the donation of our kind sponsor Mr. Turnbull. We also thank Mrs. Hitching (of Tuck Shop fame) for all the help she gave us.

At the end of this term Mr. and Mrs. Hall are leaving Collinson after being here for fifteen years: very many people owe them a very great deal. We wish them every happiness and the best of luck in the future. Moreover we say goodbye to Mrs. Sinkinson, our matron; her efficiency will never be forgotten; nor will the house seem quite the same without her.

However, we welcome Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull next term, I know they will find Collinsonians co-operative in every way and that they will enjoy their new position.

T.G.D.

## Murray

Head of House: M. P. PETERSEN.

*School Prefects:* R. J. D. Boone, D. J. G. Moore.

*House Prefects:* S. R. Bloom, M. J. Addison, M. R. Mann.

In one of the Chinese State examinations of 1882 it is recorded that in one province, only one hundred and twenty were successful out of thirty five thousand candidates. Is it surprising that our intellectuals appeared nervous and irritable? The mists of gloom and despair enshrouded even the most intelligent when they learnt that the great Einstein failed an entrance examination to University.

It is possible that this worrying fact affected our sporting efforts, for our cricket results were disappointing although greater hopes of success are held out in Athletics. Enthusiasm for this was whipped up by vituperative harangues, and Murray is still wondering whether *discoi* is the correct plural of *discus*!

After the recent spying allegations certain members of the house learnt with indignation and horror that a tape-recorder had inadvertently preserved a conversation of doubtful merit for posterity. Reports that this accidental masterpiece is to be broadcast at the end of term party, have led the authors to walk around in an introverted state amounting to terror.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Docking for the interest he has taken in the house, and hope he has enjoyed his stay among us. We hope to welcome back Mr. Exton with boomerangs and platypuses.

M.P.P.

## Ridgeway

Head of House: J. CULVER.

*School Prefects:* J. R. Butler, A. A. J. Browne, G. le M. Campbell, A. J. H. Shaw.

*House Prefects:* S. D. Jenkins, A. H. Fletcher, M. A. Sutton, N. Burggy.

In previous years it had almost become a tradition to begin our Summer House Notes by apologising for regaining the Newcastle Shield and announcing the latest addition to the family of the house cat. This term we must break with tradition on both points. However, rumour has it that some members of the house were actually seen working this term — surely this is the only explanation for the twenty-five prizes we carried off on Foundation Day.

Our Senior cricket team fought hard and almost achieved great things, failing by only twenty runs to win the well contested final with Winterstoke. In the Junior cricket the enthusiasm of some members of the side was not shared by the others. Results were disappointing. In the athletics competition a last minute turn-out almost doubled the number of standards, but we were unable to rise above third place in the Senior and Under Fourteen-and-a-half divisions and remained last in the Junior. With only one member of the Athletics Team under our roof our prospects of success on Sports Day are small. In the Senior Swimming with bonus points already for three records, we have high hopes of winning.

Next year the House will celebrate its Fiftieth Anniversary. Those of us who are leaving wish our successors the best of luck: we hope that they may achieve a greater measure of material success without destroying that spirit which typifies Ridgeway.

J.C.

## Scrutton

Head of House: R. K. SADLER.

*School Prefects:* M. R. Williams, P. D. James.

*House Prefects:* P. R. Holmes, A. G. Peters, N. B. David, S. P. Broido.

Those Senior members of the house who founded the now famous Bath-club, suddenly decided to limit their activities and reform. So they are now the Bathing Society and wish to be known as that. As half-term approached strain began to wreak havoc among certain members of the house, one of whom swore that walking eased the tension of the day's work. His attempt to do one hundred and fifty lengths of his dormitory failed narrowly when a pedaphobic prefect called a halt to his monotonous plod after one hundred and twenty seven; however, we have high hopes in the mile-walk on sports day. Others found the sounds of motor racing soothed them; the sounds of an Isle of Man T.T. race fairly shook the foundations. Whether it was the roar of motor-bikes in the corridor or the demise of his own gramophone which caused our harassed tutor to confiscate the offending loudspeaker we do not know, but now only the painful laments of the pop singers echo round the building.

Obviously the smell of cordite, the hot range and the effects of half-term proved too much for the lungs of our shooting team and they did not do well in the competition. Cricket has proved a mixed success this term; the Juniors tied for second place in the league while our Seniors, using what little talent they had, won the plate competition. The Juniors took to the water as well and brought us our first trophy this term by winning the swimming.

Those of us who are leaving wish those who are staying on a good year.  
R.K.S.

## Weymouth

Head of House: J. M. G. HUNT.

*Monitors:* S. W. Whyte, C. J. Carter, A. K. Toulson.

*School Prefect:* A. G. Walsh-Atkins.

*House Prefects:* S. Y. Chinoy, R. A. M. Wade.

When someone wrote "it is like a saucepan of milk heated over a slow flame", he was not thinking of the summer term, but his description was unwittingly exact. We return to the fray relaxed, inspired perhaps by the fresh and delicate beauty of the newly born world of nature, but generally sobered by the thought of thirteen weeks of confinement and of the exams near the end. As the weeks slip by, the spirit of acceptance yields to a more critical outlook, tempers are frayed, emotions pent-up, and passions burn . . . the milk begins to bubble. . . . Soon many are striving to dispel their frustration and claustrophobia, but in vain; and the milk starts to rise, determined to escape from its metal prison. Suddenly it is all over . . . the milk has overflowed.

The Newcastle Competition fell early in the term and was met with little enthusiasm or resentment as in the Senior House Cricket where we found neither the confidence nor the skill to muster more than a few runs. Even the plight of the refugees failed to arouse us from our apathy or sobriety as the case may be. In the Lady Resident's quarter alone was there any fire and that was met with nothing but cold water.

In the long summer days many began to feel listless and escape was sought. Some chose to swim in the Buckland Pool; others went farther afield. The shrewdest found sufficient refuge in the idiom:

"Early to bed, early to rise  
Makes a boy, healthy, wealthy and wise."

More than a few, it was good to see, found their route led to Fishing Net where they amassed a number of Athletics Standards.

This leads to the exciting but — as we have been warned — dangerous final fortnight of term. The climax should be reached on the Sports Day when with luck to supplement our athletic ability, we could make a clean sweep of the trophies. But some of course think this is outside their field and believe a climax can only be achieved by throwing caution to the winds, but even here apathy is forced to yield to urgency and determination. Shortly the seething body boils over to disperse, and bathos follows. The freedom many have waited for seems nothing when acquired in abundance.

A.K.T.

## Winterstoke

Head of House: T. D. PHILLIPS.

*Monitors:* A. J. Horne, W. O. W. Roberts, D. C. J. Lee.

*School Prefects:* P. W. Hancock, A. S. C. Air.

*House Prefects:* C. R. Sotnick, S. P. Robinson.

As I write two members of the house are attempting to pick up billiard balls from the floor in their mouths whilst they are still seated in their chairs. We have not lost our spirit of enterprise.

The ghost of Wimbledon is haunting the house. The alien walking down the study corridor would find his path impeded by laundry baskets and tennis balls; these are the implements of Winterstoke tennis.

We welcome Mrs. Gelattly this term and recent Winterstokians will be glad to hear that we have won the Newcastle.

During examinations one is prone to build castles in the air: some of us are more practical than that . . . and build them with sand during revision periods.

My indefatigable friends are still trying to pick up their billiard balls.

A.J.H., J.A.L.

# SOCIETIES

## DEBATING — INTERIM

Chairman: M. A. SUTTON.

Aquarian: D. C. J. LEE.

Secretary: M. J. LUNAN.

Fourth Member: R. S. BURNS.



To the Extrovert we are an introverted bunch of manic depressives. To the Introvert the Interim comprises a gaggle of extroverts whose sole function in life is self-audiophony. To try to please both these gentlemen and the other thirty-one members we employed ourselves in drafting a constitution. We have had one already it is true, but its last known address was the Underground Lost Property, 222, Baker Street, whence it ruled the society efficiently enough, though it was felt that a new one would do the job even better. How extraordinary that a society which professes debating as its sole aim should take so long to arrive at conclusions already made for it! Have we been reading Parkinson?

"This house would ban the Bomb" saw Messrs. Lee, Broido, Toulson, and Hancock at the table. From the proposer we heard of the protest march of beatniks and fellow-travellers from Aldermaston to Trafalgar Square, and of his Pauline conversion.

The opposer placed several cogent reasons for keeping the bomb, and was deceived into thinking that the house would listen to logic. Our resident cynic strove to demolish all the foundations upon which the House had made its mind, and observed that the matter was one of Hobson's Choice. He neglected to say which way Hobson was going to vote. The Chairman took pigs as his parallel and quoted Tom Lehrer on simultaneous combustion.

R. S. Burns, in a good speech, gave the essence of the problem. We must base our views on expediency and not on morality, for it was useless in a world like this to discuss high-flown arguments which could not be put into practice. It was expedient for us to keep the bomb as a deterrent, and therefore it must be kept. R. D. Horne sagely pointed out that to all intents and purposes we had not got the bomb anyway, since we relied on Uncle Sam to deliver it. Another gentleman told such a moving story that his neighbour (the peripatetic Celt) was moved to tears. His recovery was prompt and the other's point was made.



When a division was made the motion was defeated by 24 votes to 17 with 2 abstentions. At a business meeting following elections brought our numbers to thirty-three, the highest for four years.

A Junior Debate was held on the motion "That too much time and money was being wasted on the preservation of wild life." Apart from two or three good speeches the meeting was a flop. Perhaps if a limit of two—or even one—speeches were imposed on everybody, more care would be taken to make them—or it—of better quality than that to which we have been used.



The second debate of term was on the motion that "The Public House has done more for Britain than the Public School". The chairman and the secretary sang their swan-songs from the opposite sides of the table which was chaired by the Aquarian. The case for the proposition was based on the freedom of speech and action and on the different social classes one could meet in a pub. The opposition preached the lasting benefits of the school, and mentioned the five different peaks which could be scaled within its walls. From the floor we heard of drunken sailors and of the Golf Hotel, Crail, of housemasters and of the traffic problem. We were regaled with the experiences of those bordering on those bordering on drunkenness, and someone shrewdly observed that most people who went to one inhabited the other. J. A. Lubbock rose claiming that he would be the last to down the Public Schools. He spoke of the two inter-related customs which prevailed in all Public Schools and conspired to ruin them. He levelled criticism at much that was in authority, as did his successor who expressed dislike, on behalf of his contemporaries, of the Aquarian's trousers. For the summing-up little printable was said which had not been hinted at already. At the division, the motion was defeated by twenty-five votes to seven with eleven abstentions.



Perhaps it is time to give a brief summary of our activities over the past three years. Chairmen have come and gone, the standards have waned and waxed, but the Interim has continued. Such motions as "The individual should defer to the needs of the community" and "This House would fight for Queen and Country" were soundly defeated. We have decided that we do not like our colonial Empire, and Puritanism was rejected by 3 to 1 with 3 undecided.

Richard Burns and David Lee are chairman and secretary for next term; on behalf of the Candid Mikes I wish the society and them the best for the Future.

M.J.L.

## MODERN LANGUAGE SOCIETY

Secretary : D. C. J. LEE.

During the year our record library has expanded and early in June we met to hear "Les Femmes Savantes." To extend our interests beyond the strictly linguistic we have been to see the Picasso exhibition at the Tate Gallery, and "The Gazebo" at the Savoy theatre provided a pleasant evening's entertainment. Since last September our horizons have broadened; visiting speakers have covered German education and French literature and tried to cover French politics as well. As yet the only internal lecture we have heard was from Mr. Mason who spoke on his visit to Russia, but next term we hope that members of the society will follow his example in delivering their own papers. For their help during 1960 we are indebted as always to Mr. Brown, our Patron, and to Mr. Mason who joined us this year and who has taken a keen interest in the affairs of the society.

D.C.J.L.

## THE INNOMINATE SOCIETY

Secretary: C. R. SOINICK.

The overworked society officials find examinations an invaluable excuse for preparing few meetings during the summer. We have met once to read Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton." With Graham Campbell well suited to the title role, we 'kicked off' on a play which grew so riotously entertaining that our patron was moved to throw his book high into the air.

We were very lucky to obtain seats for "The Gazebo," a comedy-thriller with Ian Carmichael in the main part. It was a most suitable end for the first year of a new society. I wish it the best for future years.

C.R.S.

## INTERPRETES

Hegemon : H. R. M. MACDONALD.

Scriba : T. G. DAVIES.

We have heard a most informative and well written paper by I. N. Robins on "Greek Education." He is to be congratulated on his never-failing resourcefulness in answering even the most irrelevant of questions. Finally we must thank Mr. Barsby for offering to take us to the theatre after the examinations.

H.R.M.M.

## NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

Secretary: K. S. SMITH.

Treasurer: B. D. EDMOND.

Third Member : R. K. SADLER.

"Summer comes with flower and bee" and a large number of boys find renewed interest in Natural History. Unfortunately foot and mouth disease in the vicinity of Totteridge has prevented us from catching the usual number of grasshoppers.

We have visited Whipsnade Zoo and the ornithologists among us have been watching the birds at Barne Elms. Box Hill, Surrey, was the site of a weekend camp: the flora alone would have been enough to keep us there and with the pond-life and geological specimens the expedition proved a naturalist's feast.

Part of the society's large collection of bird's eggs and butterflies were exhibited on Foundation Day together with a display showing the activity on the weekend camps.

A new venture, a junior camp, proved to be most successful. It was held in a chalk pit near Luton. Many fossils were found in addition to several butterflies.

Lastly we must thank Mr. Sennitt, our president, for all the hard work he has done for the society.

K.S.S.

## PHOEBAN GROUP

Secretary : R. S. BURNS.

Third Member : J. S. ABBOTT.

Since the reformation of the society suddenly last summer, we have had a series of well-balanced and varied lectures both from outside speakers and from members. Whilst the spontaneous and chatty talks of the former have given us an amusing and personal insight into the people who breathe behind the printed page and the actor's make-up; the latter have been no less amusing and perhaps more rewarding. The general discussion which follows the delivering of a paper usually proves beneficial to all concerned, whilst the experience gained by the writer is invaluable, although it involves much hard work.

N. B. David's paper on "Eugene O'Neill" served as an excellent contrast to that given last term by J. S. Abbott on "Tennessee Williams." Mr. David gave us a witty and opinionated commentary on the life and works of this great, sporadic, and immoderate playwright. The fact that his arguments were so forcefully put over was evidence that his views were very much his own; and this is a virtue which is worth something, for many of us are so frightened of our own opinions that we dare not express them without quoting from Nietzsche, Bertrand Russell, J. P. Sartre, Confucius or some equally weighty authority.

M. A. Sutton's paper was on a completely different but equally interesting subject. He spoke on "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," which, he explained, was not a single, unified work but a collection of poetic fragments jotted down by this famous Persian astronomer of the eleventh century, and made universally famous by the translations, some eight hundred years later, of Edward Fitzgerald. Mr. Sutton's paper was a most scholarly piece of writing, strengthened rather than weakened by his occasional interruptions to elucidate points of difficulty and interest. He attempted to trace a thematic unity in the imagery and philosophy of the "Rubaiyat," and yet he did not bore the society with the over-technical analyses which some schools consider to be the be all and end all of literary criticism. The paper ended aptly on the lively closing stanza of the collection :

"And when thyself with shining foot shall pass  
Among the guests star-scatter'd on the grass,  
And in thy joyous errand reach the spot  
Where I made one — turn down an empty glass."

Finally the committee would like to thank all those who have taken an interest in the reformed society especially Mr. Winter and those who have given papers.

R.S.B.

## PYTHAGOREANS

President : R. P. BURN, ESQ.

Secretary : M. J. LUNAN.

Third Member : A. C. WALSH ATKINS.

At the end of last term we had a paper from J. A. Lubbock not, as previously recorded on Art Criticism, but on "F. E. Smith — First Earl of Birkenhead." It was apparent from the start that F.E. was someone out of the ordinary. He was a man of amazing capability in almost any field to which he cared to turn; and his career on the Woolsack was a fitting climax to a full life. The speaker showed a great interest in his subject and we are grateful to him, as indeed we are to all those who contribute to our meetings.

"The Long and the Short and the Tall," the recent stage success, occupied an informal meeting. It was unfortunate that there was not quite enough time to finish and as a result the tragedy of the last pages was destroyed.

There followed a fortnight later a paper by the secretary on "Beethoven" — lavishly illustrated by gramophone records. The Scherzo from the Choral Symphony was to be the climax of the evening, but the needle every now and then sensing the atmosphere of what it was playing, jumped for joy and caused us to miss large chunks. But it was the "Eroica" which was the most popular . . . could it have been because nobody succeeded in beating the time?

H. D. Walker enlightened us about "Colour Television" explaining the different methods of receiving the picture from the camera . . . we now understand why the manufacturers are so cautious in marketing this apparently high-yielding development. The speaker's diagrams made what was undoubtedly a complicated process seem very simple, and we can honestly say that we learnt a great deal on this topical subject.

On the night before the examinations, we held a discussion on the lines of "Any Questions." Home Rule for Wales, the means test on State Scholarships, love and Victor Gollancz's teaching methods supplied us with our fuel.

M.J.L.

### SCIENCE SOCIETY

Secretary : J. M. G. HUNT.

Treasurer : S. W. WHYTE.

Third Member : A. G. WALSH ATKINS.

The thirty members who have laid aside their books have seen a film entitled "High Speed Flight" and heard a lecture on computers.

The film dealt with the problems of subsonic — transonic ; and super-sonic flight and how they are overcome.

Dr. Pinkerton of Leo Computers Ltd. delivered a most interesting and informative lecture on "Electronic Computers." We now know in outline at least, how these complicated machines of the modern age can think faster and react more quickly than the human mind.

Lastly it is encouraging to think that some members now know how those "twenty-foot-by-ten-foot large, six-wheeler, scarlet, diesel-engined, ninety-seven-horsepower London Transport omnibuses" are made at the A.E.C. works in Southall.

J.M.G.H.

### PLAYREADING SOCIETY

President : E. WINTER, ESQ.

Secretary : M. J. LUNAN.

Third Member : R. S. BURNS.

Sheriff's "Journey's End" dealt with a situation between a young captain (21) and a young lieutenant (18) posted to his command during the first war. These two had been very friendly while at school together and the play told of the relationship between them in the trenches. Stanhope, the captain, was an inveterate drinker and was worried by what Raleigh might say about this in his letters home. The two men appeared to dislike each other, but when the younger one was seriously wounded the love between them became apparent. Raleigh's death at the final curtain was the tragic consummation of an excellent story. It is inevitable in a play of this sort that parallels be drawn, and much thought was invoked by the reading.

Our second play—Hall's "The Long and the Short and the Tall" was unfortunately billed on the same night as the heatwave. Those few who did attend enjoyed a good play which presented a totally different aspect of war from that in the previous one. Not only was there the common enemy—"the yellow peril"—but also the petty loathings between the men themselves, the bullyings, the tauntings, the things we do that make us human and inhuman at the same time—all these were present. Whining Winnie Whitaker and his bartered collection of Japanese equipment, Evans with his bints with lace and black hats, Bamforth and his surprising compassion for the Japanese prisoner: these were all real personalities.

Two plays such as these were tough meat for a playreading group, and I feel that we acquitted ourselves honourably. Sometime later we hope to read Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma" but the date is one between the horns of which we are well and truly stuck.

M.J.L.

## Y GYMDEITHAS GYMRAEG

Cadeirydd: G. C. DYFNALLT.

Ysgrifennydd: G. LL. HOWELL.

Mr. WYNFORD VAUGHAN THOMAS of the B.B.C. spoke to us about a walk he had made with a friend, Perry Williams, along the watershed of Wales. Starting at Port Talbot he went to Merthyr Tydfil, crossed the Bracon Beacons and finished near Rhyl in north Wales.

For our second meeting we moved from the geographical to the political issues: the Rt. Hon. LORD BRECON, Minister for Welsh Affairs, gave us an excellent talk on current topics in the country. He touched humorously on that sore point of all Mill-Hill Welsh, Home Rule, before he answered questions on that and many other subjects.

Culture came last in the order of events. Mr. ALAN PRYCE JONES concluded a successful series of lectures with a talk on "The NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD and GORSEDD," illustrating it with a film of the one held in 1958.

G.L.L.H.

## THE WITAN

Prolocutor: A. K. TOULSON.

Secretary: R. S. BURNS.

R. G. Angel's paper on "Karl Marx" wisely avoided an investigation into the rights and wrongs of Communism and was confined to the life of this temperamental egotist—his education in Berlin, friendship with Engels, escape to Britain in 1849 and continual poverty in London where he wrote "Das Kapital." Mr. Angel concluded by observing how Marx died in obscurity, an ironical end for a brilliant and determined man.

D. R. B. Montgomery chose a more romantic topic: "Cortés and the return of Quetzalcoatl." Cortés was born in Spain, but soon sailed to the New World, where in 1519 he commanded the expedition against the Mexicans on which his fame rests. His success, we were told, was largely the result of an amazing coincidence in the resemblance both he and his expedition bore to the anticipated return of a fearful god, Quetzalcoatl. The Emperor, Montezuma, surrendered the capital without a struggle, but a conspiracy forced Cortés to beat a hasty retreat across the lake surrounding the city. Undaunted, he attacked and captured it after a bloody battle which decimated his force.

Both these papers were fervent and well-balanced, and helped to consolidate our knowledge.

After the examinations we paid a visit to "Ross" at the Haymarket Theatre. The torment of Lawrence's mind was well portrayed by Alec Guinness, and the drama, the depth of insight, humour, and spectacular presentation appealed to all. It was a most enjoyable end to a good term's activities.

A.K.T.

To: the Social Editor.

From: The FRED Society.

Sir,

This term, as heretofore, the Freds prefer to revel in obscurity. However, we indignantly deny the allegations made by last term's Social Editor. Our aim is to help to close the gap between the so-called "Two Cultures." Since our foundation, just over a year ago, we feel that we have gone almost halfway towards this end; that is by making the scientist aware that there is a wider world beyond the walls of the Lab. We are still awaiting a response from the other side of the quadrangle. D. J. Warner was originally responsible for society's inauguration; D. A. Miller, Esq., was, and still is, an indispensable accessory after the fact. M. A. (have culture—will travel) Sutton, has organized the meetings, and, it is rumoured, keeps the minutes—somewhere. Those of us who are now leaving the ranks sincerely hope that the society will continue in its inimitable fashion under the influence of its new officials and the industrious patronage of Mr. Miller.

FRED.

## CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Secretary: I. FORREST-HAY.

In spite of midsummer apathy we have tried with success two of the ideas mentioned in the last report. On the Wednesday following Founder's Day we held an Any Questions session in the Library with the Rev. P. H. Figgis, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Conningsley on the panel and the Rev. H. W. Starkey in the chair. Judging by the eighty people present it appeared an evening well spent.

We have started a Junior Bible-study group and have had large attendances. Messrs. Sennitt and Leah have helped us a great deal in connection with this and the Senior group; they have our sincere thanks.

I.F.H.

## Hobbies

The summer appears to be too hot for hobbies, and only the artist-colony has really done any work, however even though the TRAVEL CLUB have recently lost their guiding hand they are still able to show films, whereas the YOUNG FARMERS, having suffered a similar loss, were only able to mutter "ducks . . . drainpipes . . . kicked him out . . ." when I tried to obtain a report. The ANGLERS were more talkative and I was able to learn from one despondent introvert that he had caught only two pounds of fish while in the same time a cultured egghead caught sixteen.

The Freudian artist I met was returning from his West-end paint suppliers with gallons of linseed oil and pounds of paint. "It's for a mural sixteen feet long that the School of M\*ch\*\*l H\*w\*rd is painting. The Magazine? Well we've had a fab exhibition and went sketching at Ashbridge Park. We have tried to sell some pictures to a London gallery but a be-fezzed monster mucked that up. Oh yes we've been to the Tate and . . .". But I had already joined his frame-maker in the CARPENTRY CLUB. There they turn out canoes and table lamps side by side with coffee-tables and loudspeakers which is more than a rather lethargic PRINTING SOCIETY have done this term. It appears that they are only beginning to realize that Freedom of Speech and a Monitor's common-room next door are incompatible . . . even walls have ears. Over in the Science block I spoke to a darkroom addict who blinked at me and said something about photographing crystals and electric sparks before the bright light proved too much for him and he returned to his haunt. The MOTOR CAR and CYCLE CLUB have only watched films since May; yet they refuse to be left out. When I spoke to their President he mumbled something about nothing and then turned round and ran. It seems that he had just returned from the Belgium Grand Prix.

Finally we come to the COOL FOUR, who have not yet performed but are promising something for the last night. With the addition of a new treble line they have now become the COOL EIGHT.

# MUSIC

## "ELIJAH"

If "Elijah" were the work chosen for Foundation Weekend, much would depend, it was realised, upon the stamina of the singer in the name role. Much would depend, too, upon the drive of the chorus, for the chorus which flags under pressure is not ready for so demanding a work. Mendelssohn's orchestration, moreover, is exacting, and requires good technique. After much thought by the members of the Music Department, "Elijah" was finally chosen.

From the outset the Choral Society sang with tremendous fire. The trebles, well led by K. A. V. Cartwright and P. S. Wrigglesworth, were expected to surpass those of last year (who were fully equal to "Messiah.") One of the distinguished musicians present described them as "marvellous, with beautiful tone . . . and those high notes!"

Part of their success was due to the fact that they sang from memory. They were unquestionably a splendid top to the chorus. As last year the tenors and basses seemed a little on the light side, but they sang excellently. Not every alto knew his part from memory, but the majority were heroes. The blend was very good, overtopped by a brilliant treble tone. The "fiery, fiery horses" chorus went along with a rare power; and in the taxing final chorus Mr. Barlow drove as never before; and the result was tremendously powerful and exciting. The angels sang "Lift thine eyes to the Hills" from the corridor outside the Large with such effect that the Large became possessed with the acoustics of its corridors!

The orchestra set the standard in an arresting and dramatic overture. The intonation was good throughout and the attack was first-class. D. F. Hugill was a tower of strength at the first desk, as indeed he had been at all the rehearsals, while all the boys playing in their first concert made a notable contribution.

P. S. Kerr deserves every credit for his imaginative handling of the main part. Arriving late on the musical scene, Kerr splendidly realized Elijah's towering rage with Ahab; his taunting of Baal's priests; his sense of failure and, at the end, his confidence in the strength of the Lord. Kerr's voice is as yet of moderate power and pleasant tone. His enunciation was first class. R. A. M. Wade proved a most sympathetic Obadiah. His singing has gained in stature and confidence since last year and shows considerable promise. R. E. Cowan also with experience of last year, sang his recitatives intelligently and his "O rest in the Lord" was a thing of beauty.

The additional full rehearsal before the actual dress-rehearsal paid dividends and our thanks are due to our orchestral friends who again helped us. The organ lent massive support.

The whole enterprise was an example of magnificent teamwork.

C.M.

## THE CHOIR

The report on the performance of "Elijah" at the Founder's Day concert appears elsewhere; therefore, we pass to the Chapel Services. The hymns especially have really "gone with a swing" this term. Led by an ever increasing treble line, the school has responded to the frantic pace of Chapel singing, even at times to the extent of drowning its "prime mover."

The choir has finally adjusted itself to the effects of the Winterstoke basses who joined last term, and is now holding itself in readiness for the beginning of next. We lose much of the tenor and bass lines at the end of each year, and we gain a new treble line which must undergo a rigorous process of Choir training before it can serve any useful purpose. However we hope by Christmas to be able to boast a truly fine Choir, one not only competent but enthusiastic throughout.

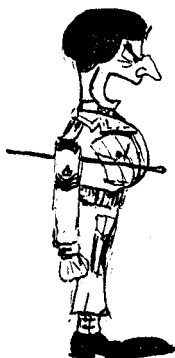
J.G.H.

## THE SCHOOL CHOIR AT ST. PAUL'S

The school choir were honoured when asked to sing at the two services in St. Paul's Cathedral on May 10th and 11th, the second of which was attended by the Princess Royal. The occasion was the commemoration of the seventieth anniversary of the Mothers' Union in the Diocese of London.

After the service the Lord Bishop of London thanked the Director of Music for the choir's singing, and the Dean and Chapter sent a special message expressing the hope that we would sing many more services in the Cathedral. The choir coped successfully with the vast space and echo. As the Sacrist of the Cathedral wrote later: "The choir did their part magnificently."

S.J.B.



### C.C.F.

The commencement of the term saw a new version of an Annual Inspection with twenty-five pounder guns firing salvoes and R.E. troops blowing up obstacles on the Fishing Net. (I get the impression that nothing less than this will suffice in future.) The set pieces were controlled in part by a Royal Signals section who, not the most regimental in discipline, made up for this by clever improvisation of equipment and stern devotion to duty.

Field Day found some members of the Arduous Training Company as far north as Newcastle, while some had penetrated deep into the heart of Wales. The remainder of the company were dropped by an anonymous looking van at intervals along the North Circular road with instructions to obtain among other things, a ticket from Southend Pier. One hundred and fifty cadets including the victorious Sharpshooters spent the day on Rainham Ranges firing a .303 classification course. It is encouraging to note the improvement in the standards of marksmanship.

The junior sections of the Continent carried out a map-reading scheme near Ivinghoe and this year, even the most raw recruit, was able to take part.

In the evening about one hundred and fifty cadets attended the Royal Tournament.

The terms finished with the Map-reading section of the Newcastle competition. It was won by Winterstoke even though one of their teams did not return 'till half past six that evening!

C.S.B.

## R.A.F. SECTION

We spent Field Day at R.A.F. Wattisham, Suffolk, the home of "Treble One" squadron. Although the weather conditions prevented flying, a film about the famous "Black Arrows" made a good substitute. Following this we went round the hangars and were allowed to inspect the Hunter cockpits. We also saw some of the Javelin Mark "8's" of 41 squadron which had returned earlier that day from a fighter mobility exercise in Malta.

S. D. Wand is to be congratulated on the award of a flying scholarship. He will do his training in Tiger Moths from White Waltham. In addition he has been awarded a place in a 'Star Camp' at R.A.F. Syerston; this involves training in Jet Provosts.

Many cadets are attending the camp at the Bomber Command base at Upwood. This will be in the week following the end of term.

K.C.R.

## THE BAND

Drum Major: J. M. G. HUNT. Leading Drummer: P. P. T. DAVIES.  
Leading Bugler: I. FORREST-HAY.

We awoke from our customary hibernation to find that in only two weeks we were to lead the British Legion's parade at Golders Green. Somehow we found the time for practice, and although our marching speed was rather too much for the column of veterans we made a good performance.

### FOUNDATION DAY and the GENERAL INSPECTION

found us executing intricate but effective movements. At the TOC H fete at Belmont we raised and lowered the colours at the opening and closing ceremonies and gave a display of counter-marching, wheeling, circling and crossing. Comment seemed generally favourable and we are proud to have been invited to this public occasion.

We have a young and enthusiastic band which, if it remains together, should become the best we have seen for some years.

J.M.G.H.

## The Scout Group

Summer term is always the most interesting for Scouts. This is partly because all the skills learnt earlier in the year can be applied on expeditions and at camps; and partly because, for those scouts who have worked hard, the basic course may be supplemented by the more detailed Badge Courses.

Both the Senior Troop of 25 Scouts and the Junior of 40 had a good year. For the Seniors this culminated in Sotnick and D. A. B. Brown qualifying for the Queen's Scout Badge, and in the Juniors Fitzjohn and M. Walker gained the Scout Cord.

The Senior week-end camp was a lively affair, with an exercise over a wide area of Sussex, involving skilled observation, the use of compass and stars, and giving ample opportunity for the combative instinct! There were various other interesting senior Patrol expeditions during the term.

Junior week-end camp was at Phasels Wood, Hertfordshire, and Summer Camp was on Holne Moor, the eastern edge of Dartmoor.

The most regrettable feature of this report must be the statement that Mr. R. P. Burn, Assistant Scoutmaster, is no longer with us. He did a great deal for the troop and we are most grateful. We hope to keep in touch with him and his family when they go to serve in the Church in S. India after further training at Chislehurst.

H.W.S.

# SPORTS

## CRICKET

*Captain :* T. D. PHILLIPS.

*Hon. Sec.:* R. A. FURNESS.

### Match Summary, Season 1960

			P	W	D	L
First XI	...	...	13	3	7	3
Second XI	...	...	11	6	3	2
Third XI	...	...	8	4	1	3
Colts	...	...	10	2	4	4
Junior Colts	...	...	7	1	1	5

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponent</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Result</i>
FIRST ELEVEN					
May 7	Hampstead	...	H 114-7	175-6*	Drawn
14	St. Paul's	...	H 81-2	80	Won
21	Highgate	...	H 89-9	136	Drawn
24	Cranleigh	...	A 181-7*	119-4	Drawn
28	Dulwich	...	A 134	182-7*	Lost
31	Aldenhams	...	A 194-3*	94-9	Drawn
June 4	Merchant Taylors'	...	H 161-4	160	Won
11	Incogniti	...	H 38	39-5	Lost
11	Old Millhillians	...	H 137	140-7	Lost
14	Felsted	...	H 117-5	116	Won
21	M.C.C.	...	H 192-6	220-4*	Drawn
28	The Masters	...	H 160-7*	150-7	Drawn
July 2	The Leys	...	A 190-8*	180-4	Drawn

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponent</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Result</i>
SECOND ELEVEN					
Apr. 30	Old Millhillians	...	H 173-7*	92-9	Drawn
May 14	St. Paul's	...	A 78	100-9*	Lost
21	Highgate	...	A 57-8	55	Won
28	Dulwich	...	H 112	146-7*	Lost
31	Aldenhams	...	H 144-7*	75-8	Drawn
June 4	Merchant Taylors'	...	A 158-7*	57	Won
7	Harrow	...	H 78-6	147-9*	Drawn
11	Old Millhillians	...	H 131-7	127-6*	Won
14	Felsted	...	A 147	109	Won
25	Flycatchers	...	H 94-9	92	Won
July 2	The Leys	...	H 130	102	Won

<i>Date</i>	<i>Opponent</i>	<i>Ground</i>	<i>For</i>	<i>Against</i>	<i>Result</i>
Third Eleven					
May 14	St. Paul's	...	A 75-9	177-6*	Drawn
21	Highgate	...	H 28-3	27	Won
28	Dulwich	...	A 45	138	Lost
31	Aldenhams	...	A 182-6*	38	Won
June 4	Merchant Taylors'	...	A 162-2	157-5*	Won
11	Old Millhillians	...	H 143	146-6	Lost
14	Felsted	...	A 99	82	Won
25	Harrow School Clubs	H	71	118-8*	Lost

Date	Opponent	Ground	For	Against	Result
<i>Colts</i>					
May 14	St. Paul's ... ..	A	73-8	112	Drawn
21	Highgate ... ..	H	42-8	105-9*	Drawn
28	Dulwich ... ..	A	47	147-6*	Lost
31	Aldenharn ... ..	H	111-9	108	Won
June 4	Merchant Taylors' ...	H	95-8	94-9	Won
7	Harrow ... ..	A	83	86-2	Lost
11	Old Millhillians ...	H	152-8	160	Drawn
14	Felsted ... ..	H	82	83-2	Lost
25	Lon. Fed. Boys' Clubs	H	47	95-8*	Lost
July 2	The Leys ... ..	A	73-8	182-5*	Drawn
<i>Junior Colts</i>					
May 14	St. Paul's ... ..	H	40-8	93	Drawn
21	Highgate ... ..	A	54	115	Lost
28	Dulwich ... ..	H	33	155-5*	Lost
June 4	Merchant Taylors' ...	A	52	56-5	Lost
7	Harrow ... ..	A	39	169-7*	Lost
14	Felsted ... ..	A	34	124	Lost
July 2	The Leys ... ..	A	93	66	Won

## Match Reports

1st XI. v. HAMPSTEAD C.C.

*At Home. May 7*

The first game of the season was played in sweltering conditions on a hard wicket. Hampstead won the toss and elected to bat. Three wickets fell quickly in the first six overs, but the team failed to seize the opportunity, and Bishop and Wreghitt pulled their side together with a stand of 98. The Mill Hill fielding was of a high standard, and the batsmen had to fight hard to penetrate it. Hampstead declared at 175-6, leaving Mill Hill only 130 minutes to make the runs.

Mill Hill opened well, and Furness, who had scored a three to fine-leg off the first ball of the innings, was batting confidently until he was beaten in front of his wicket by Phillips. Neither Campbell nor Burggy had the opportunity of settling in, and although Phillips did some hard hitting, Armistead and Hadi, each playing in his first game, had to save the day.

Hadi, after a couple of chances to the slips, was eventually snapped up by the wicket-keeper. Westoby went quickly, and interest was now centred on whether Armistead could reach his half-century before stumps were drawn; but a thumping hook struck an unfortunate fielder, and could only yield a single.

The game was an encouraging start to the season, particularly from the fielding point of view; but there was room for improvement in the batting and bowling.

### HAMPSTEAD C.C.

Rushton, b Davies .....	4
Massey, b Abbott .....	0
Bishop, st. Phillips b Crafts ...	41
Deubelbeiss, lbw b Davies .....	0
Wreghitt, c Furness b Westoby	61
Phillips, not out .....	37
Terrell, run out .....	22
Rose, not out .....	4
Terras	
Jenkins	
Tallon	
Did not bat.	

Extras 6

Total (6 wkts. dec.) 175

### MILL HILL

Furness, lbw b Phillips .....	13
Burt, b Jenkins .....	5
Campbell, b Jenkins .....	4
Armistead, not out .....	48
Burggy, b Terras .....	7
Phillips, c Phillips b Terras .....	10
Hadi, c Rushton b Jenkins .....	20
Westoby, c Jenkins b Terras ...	2
Crafts, not out .....	1
Davies	
Abbott	
Did not bat.	

Extras 4

Total (7 wkts.) 114

Bowling: Abbott 8-1-20-1  
 Davies 12.2-2-45-2  
 Armistead 3-0-14-0  
 Westoby 7-0-40-1  
 Crafts 9-0-50-1

Bowling: Jenkins 8-4-20-3  
 Phillips 8-1-15-1  
 Terras 14-2-38-3  
 Terrell 10-4-19-0  
 Tallon 4-0-18-0

# MATCH DRAWN

## 1st XI. v. ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

*At Home. May 14*

Phillips lost the toss—a good one to lose—and St. Paul's went in to bat on a green wicket that was still firm despite a cloudburst the previous morning. Wade gained confidence after a lucky wicket, and Davies, varying his pace with a well-concealed slower delivery, soon had the batsmen troubled by his swing. Hillier held two good gully catches and St. Paul's were in a bad way at 33-5, but struggled to 48 by lunch. Immediately afterwards Davies gained two lbw decisions, which put St. Paul's in a difficult plight at 59-7. The highlight of Mill Hill's fine performance in the field was undoubtedly Phillips' spectacular dive to leg to dismiss Roast, and soon afterwards Armistead took the final wicket with a yorker.

Furness and Hillier were able to pierce the field freely and maintained a good scoring rate. Furness, although struck smartly in the ribs by a sharply rising ball, scored readily on the leg side until he fell victim to Groves' leg-trap. Hillier continued cautiously, but after offering a difficult chance in the same place was caught in the slips again off Groves. Campbell, who was tied down effectively by Groves' leg-stump attack, was joined after tea by Armistead, and by 4.45 the St. Paul's total was passed with flying colours. A fine all-round performance had brought Mill Hill victory by 8 wickets.

ST. PAUL'S  
 Razzell, c Hillier b Wade ..... 7  
 East, c Phillips b Wade ..... 8  
 Berry, b Davies ..... 5  
 Emami, lbw b Davies ..... 28  
 Commings, b Davies ..... 0  
 Bance, c Hillier b Armistead ... 2  
 Simmons, lbw b Davies ..... 5  
 Crichton, c Campbell b Davies 19  
 Roast, c Phillips b Armistead ... 2  
 Groves, b Armistead ..... 0  
 Morris, not out ..... 2

Extras 2

Total 80

MILL HILL  
 Furness, c Bance b Groves ..... 23  
 Hillier, c Roast b Groves ..... 36  
 Campbell, not out ..... 13  
 Armistead, not out ..... 3  
 Burt  
 Phillips  
 Hadi  
 Westoby  
 Crafts  
 Davies  
 Wade  
 Did not bat.

Extras 6

Total (2 wks.) 81

Bowling: Davies 16-6-37-5  
 Wade 7-2-19-2  
 Armistead 9.3-2-22-3  
 Crafts 1-1-0-0

Bowling: Crichton 14-3-25-0  
 Bance 4-1-9-0  
 Groves 14-6-29-2  
 Razzell 5-1-12-0

## MILL HILL WON BY 8 WKTS.

## 1st XI. v. HIGHGATE SCHOOL

*At Home. May 21*

This was a disappointing performance after our fine display against St. Paul's. At one stage the match seemed to be in the bag, with the team fielding as well as could be expected on a slippery outfield. Then, just as it seemed that Highgate would not reach the hundred mark, their seventh wicket pair added 53 invaluable runs. A dropped sitter and several other missed chances indicated only too clearly the deterioration of the fielding. The drying wicket caused the occasional ball to jump sharply, and this brought about the dismissal of Dennis, just as the situation was beginning to look really serious. The Highgate innings then folded up, and we were left good time in which to make the necessary 137 runs.

Once again the openers seemed to be going well, but Furness was bowled trying, unaccountably, to cut a straight ball. Hillier, Campbell and Burt all fell to catches behind the wicket while playing the same stroke, which was subsequently officially banned until August. Armistead, with a classic off-drive, was the only batsman who stayed long enough to get to grips with the bowling, which was rendered difficult by the drying wicket. Phillips played the ball on to his stumps, and Westoby skied his second ball to mid-off. A rising ball dismissed Armistead, caught behind the wicket; and Davies, having driven Saunders to the off boundary, was caught at slip. Crafts batted cautiously, and he played out the last twenty minutes in mounting tension with a battered Abbott, who managed to restrain his usual tendency to hang his bat out to dry.

This was a game best forgotten, except for the lesson in slip-catching by our opponents. Twice victory eluded our grasp — once through careless fielding, and once through the inability of our batsmen to concentrate.

HIGHGATE	MILL HILL
Sherwin, b Davies ..... 29	Furness, b Laub ..... 7
Ellis, b Abbott ..... 7	Hillier, c MacGregor b Laub ... 16
MacGregor, lbw b Davies ..... 4	Campbell, c Saunders b Laub ... 12
Attwell, c Hillier b Crafts ..... 5	Armistead,
Dennis, c Hillier b Abbott ..... 26	c MacGregor b Saunders 22
Cox, c Armistead b Crafts ..... 17	Burt, c MacGregor b Laub ..... 1
Spooner, c Burt b Davies ..... 0	Hadi, b Saunders ..... 9
Sutton, b Abbott ..... 33	Phillips, b Cansick ..... 0
Saunders, not out ..... 5	Westoby, c Sherwin b Cansick 0
Laub, st Phillips b Crafts ..... 1	Crafts, not out ..... 7
Cansick, b Crafts ..... 5	Davies, c Attwell b Saunders ... 4
Extras 4	Abbott, not out ..... 4
Total 136	Extras 7
Bowling: Davies 17-2-53-3	Total (9 wkts.) 89
Abbott 14-3-20-3	Bowling: Sutton 11-1-30-0
Armistead 1-1-0-0-	Laub 15-4-28-4
Crafts 14.5-1-40-4	Saunders 15-6-17-3
Westoby 3-0-19-0	Cansick 4-0-6-2
	Spooner 1-0-1-0

#### MATCH DRAWN.

#### 1st XI. v. CRANLEIGH SCHOOL

*At Cranleigh. May 24*

Phillips lost the toss for the fourth consecutive time, and we were fortunate to be inserted on an easy wicket in scorching sunshine. The Cranleigh opening bowlers tied Hillier and Furness down at first, and runs came very slowly. The first wicket fell at 30, when Hillier played the ball into the leg-trap. Campbell joined Furness to give his best display of the season thus far; the calling was good, and the batsmen took many quick runs to fielders trying to save the single. After a lively innings Campbell was bowled, trying to force the pace, and Armistead at once followed him, bowled playing back to a half-volley. By lunch, Furness and Burt had brought the score to a promising 76 for 3. After the interval they went for the runs, but Burt was caught at the wicket for 13; Hadi went quickly; but Phillips, with an eye on the clock, soon was scoring freely. Furness now reached his half-century but was out shortly afterwards, making the score 131 for 6. Westoby joined the cavaliering Phillips, and both batsmen opened their shoulders. When Westoby was bowled for 20, they had added 44 runs in half as many minutes. Phillips declared at 3.30. 5 short of his fifty leaving Cranleigh 2½ hours to make 182.

In the third over two Cranleigh wickets fell — the second to a jewel of a catch on the leg side by Phillips, and the tea score of 25 for 2 was

encouraging. But Mackenzie and Latham had other ideas, and it was soon apparent that they intended to take no risks. The bowling kept the batsmen on the defensive, and it was well supported by lively fielding; the throwing of Westoby and Davies was again first class. However, the batsmen could never be lured from their shell, although after the dismissal of Mackenzie and Latham, Venning enlivened the closing minutes with a hard-hitting 36.

MILL HILL	
Furness, b Hobbin .....	54
Hillier, c Whalley b Hobbin ...	11
Campbell, b Hobbin .....	27
Armistead, b Hobbin .....	0
Burt, c Blackwell b Mackenzie	13
Hadi, b Latham .....	0
Phillips, not out .....	45
Westoby, b Hobbin .....	20
Crafts, not out .....	3
Davies	
Abbott	

Did not bat.

Extras 8

Total (7 wks. dec.) 181

Bowling: Latham 16-4-38-1
Mackenzie 18-7-39-1
Mackay 7-1-38-0
Hobbin 18-5-35-5
Hill 6-1-24-0

CRANLEIGH	
Mackenzie, b Crafts .....	25
Mason, b Abbott .....	1
Mackay, c Phillips .....	0
Latham, c Hadi b Abbott .....	31
Hobbin, not out .....	16
Venning, not out .....	36

Extras 10

Total (4 wks.) 119

Bowling: Abbott 15-4-33-3
Davies 12-2-23-0
Crafts 16-7-33-1
Westoby 7-2-9-0
Armistead 3-0-11-0

MATCH DRAWN.

# 1st XI. v. DULWICH COLLEGE

*At Dulwich. May 28*

We always have an extra incentive to beat Dulwich, because it is Mr. Wait's old school. On this occasion we failed, but not for want of trying. Our bowlers bowled well, but without luck, and Dulwich were well placed at lunch with 93 for 1 on the board. Afterwards, however, our luck changed, and Davies and Armistead were able to keep the runs down and capture some valuable wickets as well. After Whitmarsh-Knight had pushed the score on more quickly, Dulwich made a sporting declaration, leaving us 165 minutes to make 183.

We opened well, and were well up with the clock at tea. But both the openers were out forcing the pace soon after the interval. Campbell looked uncomfortable, and went quickly; but now Phillips took charge, and despatched the ball to all corners of the field and once through the pavilion window. When he was caught at six o'clock after scoring 56 in 44 minutes, we still needed 60 runs, but our last five wickets succumbed feebly to some fine leg-break bowling by the Dulwich captain.

Our sole consolation in defeat was that while Phillips was at the wicket, we caused considerable apprehension in the enemy camp that we were going to repeat our remarkable victory of last year, and at least we provided an exciting finish.

DULWICH	
Amlot, c Hillier b Crafts .....	43
Young, b Armistead .....	15
Cooper, st Phillips b Crafts ...	45
Lewis, lbw b Davies .....	1
Dobson, run out .....	3
McKeen, b Davies .....	20
Whitmarsh-Knight, J., c Hillier, b Davies	4

MILL HILL	
Furness, c Amlot b Kirkman ...	14
Hillier, c W-Knight b Kirkman	26
Campbell, lbw b Kirkman .....	4
Armistead, c-b Kirkman .....	9
Phillips, c Thompson b Kirkman	56
Burt, lbw b Kirkman .....	9
Hadi, not out .....	8
Westoby, c Young b W-Knight	0

Whitmarsh-Knight, D., not out 36  
 Thompson, not out ..... 9.  
 Kirkman  
 George  
 Did not bat.

Crafts, lbw b W-Knight..... 0  
 Davies, c Lewis b Kirkman ..... 6  
 Wade, lbw b Kirkman ..... 0

Extras 6

Extras 2

Total (7 wks. dec.) 182

Total 134

Bowling: Davies 24-7-40-3  
 Wade 10-1-35-0  
 Armistead 13-6-21-1  
 Crafts 21-4-80-2

Bowling: Thompson 7-2-15-0  
 J. W-Knight 16-1-50-2  
 Kirkman 17-4-50-8  
 George 7-0-8-0

MILL HILL LOST BY 48 RUNS.

# 1st XI. v. ALDENHAM SCHOOL

*At Aldenham. May 31*

Phillips at last won the toss, and we went in to bat on a hard wicket. Furness was soon bowled, making a careless shot, but Hillier and Armistead batted beautifully. When Armistead went, after a delightful innings of 43, Phillips promoted himself to take advantage of an excellent start. Still in the swashbuckling mood in which he had played against Cranleigh and Dulwich, he was able to declare after scoring 61 out of 110 made in 66 minutes. The running between wickets had been particularly good, and Hillier, with 88 not out, had played an ideal supporting innings.

By tea-time, four Aldenham batsmen were back in the pavilion with only 13 on the board; afterwards, excellent bowling on the plumb wicket brought them to 55 for 8 with over an hour to go; but a ninth wicket stand resisted all the arrows in the Mill Hill quiver until 40 minutes from the close. The last wicket pair proved even more stubborn and, encouraged by two dropped catches, they resolutely played out time.

This was 99 per cent. of a very good performance; but after an outstanding display with the bat and in the field, we let the game literally slip through our fingers in the final minutes.

## MILL HILL

Furness, b King ..... 1  
 Hillier, not out ..... 88  
 Armistead, c-b Trip ..... 43  
 Phillips, c King b Wright ..... 61  
 Campbell  
 Burt  
 Burggy  
 Westoby  
 Crafts  
 Davies  
 Wade  
 Did not bat.

Extras 1

Total (3 wks. dec.) 194

Bowling: King 13-3-28-1  
 Bett 19-2-39-0  
 Tripp 16-1-51-1  
 Wright 10-1-28-1  
 West 8-0-23-0  
 Grahame 5-0-24-0

## ALDENHAM

Henderson, b Davies ..... 7  
 West, run out ..... 0  
 Wright, b Wade ..... 4  
 King, b Davies ..... 1  
 Grahame, c Burt b Davies ..... 9  
 Lever, b Davies ..... 4  
 Davidson, run out ..... 7  
 Garwood, b Crafts ..... 10  
 Harford, b Crafts ..... 17  
 Bett, not out ..... 9  
 Tripp, not out ..... 22

Extras 4

Total (9 wks.) 94

Bowling: Davies 25-10-39-4  
 Wade 13-4-13-1  
 Crafts 14-7-34-2  
 Armistead 2-0-3-0  
 Westoby 1-1-0-0

MATCH DRAWN.

# 1st XI. v. MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL

*At Home. June 4*

The game got off to a late start on a wicket as hard as concrete, but Armistead, opening the bowling for the first time, took three quick wickets and at lunch the Merchant Taylors' score stood at 13 for 3. After the

interval, however, Crowther began to get hold of the bowling, and the score moved more quickly, although Kitchin alone was able to support him. Campbell took a diving catch at mid-off to dismiss Crowther for an excellent 87, and Burt made a running catch at mid-on look deceptively easy to end the innings.

Furness had scored only 2 when he was caught off bat and pad at short-leg, and with the score at 27 Hillier was caught in the slips. Armistead, making good use of his feet and driving well, batted fluently and scored freely. Campbell, who took longer to settle in, carved out a cautious 50 before he too fell to the Gammie-Kitchin combination. Phillips, in his usual form, scored a lively 40 not out in a few minutes, to steer the ship safely into port with 20 minutes to spare.

A competent all-round performance brought us a comfortable and convincing victory.

MERCHANT TAYLORS'		MILL HILL	
Cameron, b Armistead .....	0	Furness, c Cameron b Miller ...	2
Baker, c Davies b Armistead ...	3	Hillier, c Baker b Gibbs .....	16
Crowther, c Campbell b Davies	87	Armistead, st Kitchin b Gammie	41
Campbell, b Armistead .....	0	Campbell, st Kitchin b Gammie	50
Ormsen, c Burggy b Davies ...	14	Phillips, not out .....	40
Bulgin, b Crafts .....	11	Burt, not out .....	1
Johnson, st Phillips b Crafts ...	3	Burggy	
Kitchin, c Burggy b Armistead	27	Hadi	
Gibbs, st Phillips b Crafts .....	5	Westoby	
Miller, c Burt b Crafts .....	3	Crafts	
Gammie, not out .....	0	Davies	
		Did not bat.	

Extras 7

Extras 11

Total 160

Total (4 wks.) 161

Bowling: Davies 19-3-65-2  
Armistead 15-5-40-4  
Crafts 11.1-2-48-4

Bowling: Campbell 5-1-21-0  
Miller 12-3-36-1  
Gibbs 11-4-34-1  
Gammie 12.1-2-39-2  
Baker 13-3-17-0  
Johnson 1-0-3-0

MILL HILL WON BY 6 WKTS.

# 1st XI. v. INCOGNITI

*At Home. June 7*

Phillips won the toss and elected to bat, but it soon became apparent that the swinging ball would be very difficult to play. Furness was stumped over-balancing on the forward shot, and almost immediately Armistead made the same mistake. Battcock, bowling into the wind, was moving the ball extremely effectively, and at lunch the score was 19 for 7, of which Hillier, the only batsman capable of resisting, had made 15. Despite brief efforts by the tail-enders, we could only muster 38. None of our batsmen, except Hillier, ever made a start against a skilful seam attack.

The Incogniti opening pair put on 22, but Davies and Armistead, moving the new ball in the air and off the wicket, retrieved some of our losses by taking 5 wickets before our meagre total was passed.

Our batsmen were simply unable to cope with some high-class bowling, but it speaks much for the spirit and determination of the team that even with so few runs to bowl at, they refused to give in without a struggle.

MILL HILL		INCOGNITI	
Furness, st Hambling b Battcock	1	Tolhurst, lbw b Davies .....	9
Hillier, b Craft .....	15	Waites, b Davies .....	14
Armistead,		Joyce, not out .....	10
st Hambling b Battcock	0	Sagar, b Davies .....	2
Campbell,		Gover, b Armistead .....	0
c Hambling b Battcock	0	Brown, b Armistead .....	1
Burt, run out .....	3	Holliday, not out .....	2

Burggy, b Battcock .....	0	Hambling	
Phillips, c Gover b Battcock ...	0	Hubbard	
Westoby, c Hambling b Craft ...	6	Craft	
Crafts, not out .....	6	Battcock	
Davies, st Hambling b Battcock	7	Did not bat.	
Abbott, c Tolhurst b Battcock	0		
Extras	0		Extras 1
Total	38	Total (5 wkts.)	39
Bowling: Battcock 15-11-8-7		Bowling: Davies 7.3-1-17-3	
Craft 14-3-30-2		Armistead 7-0-21-2	
MILL HILL LOST BY 5 WKTS.			

# 1st XI. v. OLD MILLHILLIANS

*At Home. June 11*

This should be the festival match of the season, and this year the closing minutes certainly had the qualities of an ideal finish.

When play started at noon, the pitch was saturated, but below the surface the ground was surprisingly firm. Furness was quickly caught at the wicket off a thin edge, but Hillier and Armistead batted steadily until lunch, when the score was 46 for 1. Armistead went immediately play was resumed, and Campbell's stay was brief and shaky. The ball was shooting and jumping sharply as the pitch dried, and the batsmen were finding their task increasingly difficult. Phillips joined Hillier, who was batting steadily, and even he was tied down more than usual by the tight field placing. When Phillips was caught at 115 by his opposite number at mid-off, the last five wickets could add only 22 runs. Westoby was predictably lbw, Drake was caught low at mid-wicket off a thumping blow, and then Hillier failed for the second time to reach his fifty in the Old Boys match, being caught at slip for 47. Davies and Abbott shared the doubtful distinction of having the briefest innings of the day.

Old Millhillians started well, and the opening pair put on 30 before Abbott found Fitzgerald's edge. Shortly afterwards, Bunyard slashed at a ball outside his off stump, and Westoby, at cover, caught him at arm's length. Saunders mistimed Crafts, to be caught at mid-wicket, and a lifting ball had Hemmings snapped up at silly mid-off. Wilkinson and Corby settled in, and although the latter enjoyed some incredible luck — fortune favours the bold — they put on 73 for the fifth wicket. Wilkinson was finally run out and Corby was bowled by Davies, with 21 runs required in 11 minutes. Old Millhillians needed 8 off the last over, and it was not until the last ball that a fine cover drive clinched the issue.

## MILL HILL

Furness, c Frayling b Wills .....	2
Hillier, c Fitzgerald b Corby ...	47
Armistead, c Dean b Fitzgerald	25
Campbell, b Dean .....	12
Burggy, b Dean .....	0
Phillips,	
c Wilkinson b Fitzgerald	34
Westoby, lbw b Corby .....	11
Drake, c Bunyard b Fitzgerald	0
Davies, b Fitzgerald .....	0
Crafts, not out .....	0
Abbott, b Corby .....	0
Extras	6
Total	137

## OLD MILLHILLIANS

Fitzgerald, c Phillips b Abbott	11
Saunders, c Drake b Crafts ...	24
Bunyard, c Westoby b Abbott	2
Wilkinson, run out .....	36
Hemmings, c Westoby b Abbott	0
Corby, b Davies .....	41
Goldman, c Phillips b Davies ...	6
Frayling, not out .....	5
Harley, not out .....	10
Wills	
Dean	
Did not bat.	
Extras	5
Total (7 wkts.)	140

Bowling: Wills 3-0-12-1  
 Dean 20-9-32-2  
 Fitzgerald 16-2-52-4  
 Saunders 2-1-2-0  
 Hemmings 5-1-14-0  
 Corby 6.5-1-19-3

Bowling: Davies 9-1-31-2  
 Armistead 10-2-27-0  
 Abbott 11-1-47-3  
 Crafts 9-1-30-1

MILL HILL LOST BY 3 WKTS.

# 1st XI. v. FELSTED SCHOOL

*At Home. June 14*

The game was played in warm sunshine, despite surrounding banks of black cloud and distant rumblings of thunder. The Felsted captain elected to bat on a moist wicket, and very quickly regretted his decision: good bowling by Davies and Armistead sent three batsmen back to the pavilion with only 17 runs on the board. By lunch, Everett and Luckin had pushed this up to 40 for 3, but Luckin fell shortly after play was resumed. Westoby struck a length as soon as he came on, and at one stage had an analysis of 2 for 2. The last three batsmen, however, led by Arnold, added 41 runs.

Burggy, opening in place of Furness, and Hillier scored 30 without loss before tea. Both batsmen were showing more confidence, and Hillier seemed more willing to hit the ball hard. Armistead again played some beautiful strokes all round the wicket, but the scoring rate gradually dwindled in the face of steady bowling. Phillips scored two fours in four balls, but gently lobbed the fifth to mid-off. Furness batted with greater determination at number 6, and Dyer, a Junior Colt playing in his first match, saw us past the Felsted total with only ten minutes to go.

Felsted could console themselves on losing their unbeaten record against schools with the reflection that they had restricted our scoring rate to just over two runs an over.

## FELSTED

Kimber, b Davies .....	4
Everett, run out .....	29
Hunter, c Hillier b Davies .....	4
Dunn, c Westoby b Armistead .....	4
Luckin, c Phillips b Davies .....	11
Christy, b Westoby .....	7
Lawson, c Burggy b Westoby ..	12
Ekins, c Burt b Davies .....	5
Arnold, c Westoby b Abbott ...	21
Harvey, c Phillips b Westoby ...	10
Clover, not out .....	4
Extras .....	5

Total 116

Bowling: Davies 21-3-44-4  
 Armistead 12-6-11-1  
 Abbott 9-0-26-1  
 Crafts 1-0-2-0  
 Westoby 10.5-4-28-3

## MILL HILL

Burggy, c Harvey b Ekins .....	34
Hillier, run out .....	27
Armistead, c-b Arnold .....	26
Burt, lbw b Christy .....	4
Phillips, c Ekins b Arnold .....	8
Furness, not out .....	10
Dyer, not out .....	6
Westoby	
Davies	
Crafts	
Abbott	
Did not bat.	

Extras 2

Total (5 wkts.) 117

Bowling: Ekins 12-1-27-1  
 Clover 13-3-22-0  
 Christy 11.5-5-23-1  
 Arnold 14-4-36-2  
 Harvey 3-0-7-0

MILL HILL WON BY 5 WKTS.

# 1st XI. v. M.C.C.

*At Home. June 21*

Once again this proved to be a most enjoyable fixture against a formidable M.C.C. side led by Mr. E. W. Swanton, and containing an English Test player two Blues and four others who had played in first-class cricket. M.C.C. won the toss and batted on a perfect wicket. When they declared at 3.15 they had scored 220 in 180 minutes; but for a good all-round fielding performance they would have made many more.

Mr. Wait immediately revealed those extra yards of speed hitherto held in reserve, and Burggy was caught behind the wicket in his second over.

Hillier and Armistead bravely survived, and eventually guided the missiles and put on 125, the seasons best stand for any wicket. When Hillier was out for a chanceless 63, during which he passed the previous post-war record aggregate for a season, Phillips came in and both batsmen scored freely. Armistead was finally caught at mid-on after at last reaching the fifty which he had often deserved in the past, and Phillips, who had for some time threatened to win a remarkable victory for Mill Hill, was caught at slip off a desperate late cut. At the close our once handsome total of 180 for 2 had been mutilated to a less creditable 192 for 6, but we had lost nearly all our wickets in a gallant attempt at victory.

M.C.C.	
Townsend, b Campbell b Davies	13
Mocatta, b Crafts	59
White, c Crafts b Armistead	60
Valentine, retired hurt	14
Morris, not out	46
Wilkinson, c Davies b Westoby	5
Dobson	18
Melluish	
Hunt	
Wait	
Swanton	
Wills	

Did not bat.

Extras 5

Total (4 wks. dec.) 220

Bowling: Davies	7-1-29-1
Armistead	14-1-53-1
Crafts	13-0-65-1
Wade	5-0-28-0
Westoby	8-0-40-1

#### MILL HILL

Burggy, c Melluish b Wait	0
Hillier, run out	63
Armistead, c Dobson b White	70
Phillips, c Hunt b Wills	43
Westoby, lbw b White	1
Campbell, run out	1
Furness, not out	2
Dyer, not out	3
Crafts	
Davies	
Wade	
Did not bat.	

Extras 9

Total (6 wks.) 192

Bowling: Wait	14-5-32-1
Wills	12-4-24-1
Morris	12-1-58-0
Mocatta	4-0-17-0
Swanton	4-0-8-0
White	14-2-44-2

MATCH DRAWN.

#### 1st XI. v. THE MASTERS

*At Home. June 28*

Phillips, on winning the toss, unprecedentedly elected to bat, thereby scoring in oneupmanship, though reducing his chances of winning the game. The game was notable for the outstanding innings of Hillier and Mr. Hodgson. Hillier was the only batsman who was really able to get to grips with The Masters' bowling, and his 84 not out was one of his best knocks of the season.

The Masters were left 140 minutes to score 161 runs, and despite initial setbacks, Messrs. Hodgson and Barsby showed that they had no intention of playing for a draw. Mr. Hodgson's innings was aggressive from the first ball, when he struck Crafts for six, to the last, when he was bowled by Hampson. Mr. Barsby's innings was a careful, but invaluable one, for it was largely due to him that The Masters reached their large total without losing more wickets. As it was, they just failed to beat the clock, and play closed with honours even.

#### MILL HILL

Burggy, c Franklin b Robertson	27
Hillier, not out	84
Armistead, b Prosser-Harries	7
Phillips, c Hodgson b Franklin	13
Campbell, c Franklin b Knott	5
Westoby, b Franklin	12
Furness, run out	1
Dyer, b Wait	1
Crafts	
Davies	

#### THE MASTERS

Robertson, b Davies	4
Docking, lbw b Davies	0
Barsby, st Phillips b Crafts	38
Prosser-Harries,	
c Westoby b Crafts	0
Hodgson, b Hampson	74
Franklin, b Davies	13
Stringer, run out	2
Turnbull, not out	5
Gallagher, not out	6

Hampson  
Did not bat.

Knott  
Wait  
Did not bat.

Extras 10

Extras 8

Total (7 wks. dec.) 160

Total (7 wks.) 150

Bowling: Wait 7.4-5-7-1  
Prosser-Harries 9-2-25-1  
Franklin 11-0-32-2  
Knott 15-0-67-1  
Robertson 8-1-19-1

Bowling: Davies 17-5-44-3  
Armistead 8-3-16-0  
Crafts 4-0-30-2  
Westoby 5-1-26-0  
Hampson 6-0-26-1

MATCH DRAWN.

# 1st XI. v. THE LEYS SCHOOL

*At Cambridge. July 2*

Mill Hill won the toss and Hillier and Burggy started well with some hard hitting. The promising lunch score of 80 for 2 was improved by Phillips and Armistead in the afternoon, and Furness also made a useful contribution, before the declaration at 190 for 8.

The Leys started well, but after both openers fell together, and Munjee skied Crafts to be caught by an exultant Phillips, Dash and Matthews were constrained to concentrate on defence. In the hope of inducing the batsmen to make mistakes, Phillips now offered them runs from the slow bowlers, an invitation which was gratefully accepted. Three difficult chances went to grass, and at six o'clock our generosity had to be called to a halt. The opening bowlers returned and successfully prevented The Leys from reaching the target. An intelligent and controlled effort to overcome the difficulties of bowling on a perfect wicket had been to no avail.

## MILL HILL

Burggy, c Munjee b Cook ..... 42  
Hillier, c Matthews b Munjee ... 31  
Armistead, c Metcalfe b Cook 20  
Campbell, lbw b Lousada ..... 9  
Phillips, c Walton b Munjee ... 42  
Furness, not out ..... 27  
Dyer, lbw b Lousada ..... 0  
Westoby, c G-Brown b Munjee 6  
Davies, st Metcalfe b Munjee ... 0  
Crafts, not out ..... 9  
Hampson, did not bat

Extras 4

Total (8 wks. dec.) 190

Bowling: Lousada 21-7-39-2  
Cook 10-2-21-2  
Dash 10-4-25-0  
Walton 6-1-18-0  
Munjee 20-1-83-4

## THE LEYS

Walton, c Westoby b Crafts ... 37  
Hartley, c - b Westoby ..... 30  
Munjee, c Phillips b Crafts ... 0  
Dash, not out ..... 48  
Matthews, c Armistead b Davies 53  
Lousada, not out ..... 4  
Graham-Brown  
Holmes  
Metcalfe  
Hunter  
Cook  
Did not bat.

Extras 4

Total (4 wks.) 180

Bowling: Davies 13-2-31-1  
Armistead 15-3-47-0  
Hampson 4-0-18-0  
Crafts 15-1-55-2  
Westoby 9-2-21-1

MATCH DRAWN.

## 1st XI Characters

T. D. PHILLIPS (1958-9-60) Captain, 1960.

He consistently showed himself an exceptional captain, to whom the happiness and success of the team were very largely due. His intuitive grasp of strategy and tactics resulted in virtually faultless handling of the team in the field. His batting abilities were this year harnessed by that touch of application which improved his results out of all knowledge; and, resuming the gloves after an interval of two seasons, he proved to be quite the best wicket-keeper of recent years, and deservedly won the Fielding Prize.

His departure will leave at least as large a gap in the cricket world as in the several other games he has professed to take more seriously.

R. A. FURNESS (1959-60) Hon. Secretary, 1960.

A cheerful and loyal vice-captain. Starting the season as an opening batsman, he had little success apart from a fifty at Cranleigh, but began to regain form after dropping down to number 6, and contributed some useful innings in the latter part of the season. His fielding and throwing were outstanding in a team of good fielders. His secretarial work was quite faultlessly efficient.

O.J.W.

N. D. W. ARMISTEAD (1960).

Although he is still a Colt, he has opened the bowling admirably, and going in to bat at first drop he has played many splendid innings. A reliable fielder.

N. BURGAY (1960).

Coming into the side late in the season, he contributed several substantial opening partnerships, but he often took time to settle down into his own inimitable style of batting.

G. M. CAMPBELL (1959-60).

He possessed many fine strokes, but nevertheless had a rather unlucky and disappointing season. He was always an extremely enthusiastic fielder.

J. K. CRAFTS (1950-60).

He proved a very useful leg-break bowler and took many wickets. He usually managed to remain not out at the end of our innings, but there is room for improvement in his fielding.

P. P. T. DAVIES (1960).

He has bowled very well for the greater part of the season, taking the most wickets, despite the fact that this was his first season as an opening bowler. He has fielded well in the covers.

A. W. DYER.

Although only a Junior Colt, he was brought into the side for the last four matches, but he never really had a chance to show his capabilities. A good fielder in any position.

B. HAMPSON.

He came into the side at the end of the season as a medium-pace change bowler, and did all that was asked of him.

R. T. HILLIER (1959-60).

This season he has scored more runs than any Mill Hill batsman since the war, but his rate of scoring was often rather slow. He proved himself once again to be an excellent close fielder.

G. J. M. WESTOBY (1959-60).

This year he was unfortunate, as far as his batting was concerned, in that his lusty swings did not connect very often. His bowling improved considerably during the latter part of the season, and he was an outstanding cover fielder.

T.D.P., R.A.F.

## Retrospect

There are three main ingredients for a successful school cricket team: keenness and skill in the field; batsmen who can score quickly; and one lethal bowler. On the first count this year's team was well above average. Led and inspired by Phillips, whose wicket-keeping, after a two years' lay-off, was of the highest class—his catching and stumping were often brilliant, and he let only 38 byes in 13 matches—the whole team consistently displayed a slickness and aggression in the field which was never rivalled by any of its opponents. Indeed, more than one likely candidate for a place in the side was rejected because he did not measure up to the standards required in this department. Hillier's catches in his suicidally unique gulley position, the throwing of Westoby and Davies from cover and mid-wicket, and the energy of Furness, Burggy and Campbell in the deep, were all outstanding.

The batting bore a marked resemblance to the curate's egg. Hillier was solidity personified as an opener, and scored far more runs than anyone since the war. Phillips at last discovered that fours, if not sixes, could be scored along the ground, and he alone could, and frequently did, dominate any attack which opposed him. He, too, passed the previous best aggregate and throughout the season runs came at the rate of one a minute off his own bat. Armistead, with no little skill and, which is even more important, remarkable powers of concentration and determination, also scored over 300 runs. The other batsmen, however, could rarely support these three. Furness was clearly unhappy as an opener, but later regained confidence in the middle of the order. As his replacement, Burggy, after an abysmal start, finished strongly. Campbell had a disappointing season in which his undoubted talents were often unkindly nipped in the bud. And the last batting place was eventually filled by Dyer, as an investment for the future, though in each of his first two innings he successfully survived a critical situation.

The batting as a whole was somewhat above average, but the overriding fault was the inability of anyone save Phillips to dominate even the weakest bowling. Only twice did the team average 3 runs an over; their overall average for the season was 2.5, as against 3.0 by their opponents. Only twice did they score faster, and only twice did they bowl more overs than the other side. As a result, they were never able to give the bowlers an even break.

Of the bowlers, Davies, left arm over the wicket, medium fast, bowled consistently well and, in fact, took more wickets than anyone since the war. Armistead eventually shared the new ball with him and showed promise and occasional fulfilment, though much was demanded of him in view of his important batting position. Three bowlers vied for the third seamer's place, and the problem was not definitely resolved before the season ended. With the seam bowlers dominating the attack, the two spinners lacked the regular work which is essential for a slow bowler to achieve and maintain top form. Crafts with leg-breaks and Westoby, off-breaks, both bowled well at times, but neither was favoured by events.

The scarcity of long-hops delivered by any of the bowlers was a feature of this season's attack, in marked contrast to those of previous years; but the absence of a bowler who could guarantee to dismiss 9, 10, Jack, cost the team success in some critical situations.

In the matches against other schools, three comfortable victories were gained over St. Paul's, Merchant Taylors', and Felsted. We were beaten by Dulwich for the first time in 13 years in an exciting finish; and of the draws, one was very much in our favour, one was equally against us, and the other two were indecisive. Of the Club matches, Hampstead were held to a draw after an unambitious declaration; a batting disaster against Incogniti was in some measure redeemed by a commendably spirited reply; Old Millhillians were given a good run for their money; the Masters match was unusually indecisive; and perhaps the best performance of the season was fittingly produced for a strong M.C.C. side.

But with all the faults which were evident to the hypercritical eye, one had the feeling that this was a good side, which might, perhaps, have reasonably been represented by an even better record. Certainly, as a team, they surpassed any of recent years, and they always appeared to be enjoying themselves.

A series of close finishes distinguished the Second Eleven's season, which ended with a climactic hat-trick by Drake in the last over to beat The Leys. Drake and Hampson both bowled well throughout the season, and the latter was rewarded with a place in the First Eleven. The batting never quite matched the bowling in consistency, but Andrews and Mills each contributed some excellent innings. Boon was an efficient captain, and deserves credit for helping to maintain the enthusiasm and happy atmosphere which always surrounded the team in a successful season.

The chief characteristic of the Third Eleven was its unreliability — the standard of performance was rarely the same in successive matches. Yet, though without the talent of last year's side, they won four convincing victories and enjoyed themselves in doing so.

The Colts were a weak side both in batting and bowling, and usually found themselves on the defensive or trying to bat out time. With Dyer as captain, their resources were very well manipulated and, with the help of some good ground fielding, the side was generally in the game, if not very confidently.

Once again the Junior Colts comprised boys who lacked knowledge of the fundamental principles of the game. Although, therefore, very much in the learning stage, they responded keenly and should be better equipped for next season.

The Senior House matches this year reverted to a knock-out competition, which was won by Winterstoke after an exciting Final with Ridgeway. The Plate competition for first-round losers was won by Scrutton. Burton Bank beat all the other Houses in the Junior House matches and, losing only three times in the House leagues, maintained their traditional supremacy.

Finally, a well-earned but all too rarely given word of praise and gratitude to those Masters who, through the season, give skilled and willing supervision to the lower School teams. Our lease-lend present from Australia, Mr. Docking, stepped into Mr. Exton's shoes to direct the Second Eleven from a different angle, but with similar results. Messrs. Barsby and Stringer produced the bricks for the Third Eleven with their customary magical élan. Mr. Hodgson with the Colts, and Mr. Robertson with the Junior Colts, assisted respectively by Mr. Prosser-Harries and Mr. Franklin, had little talent at their disposal, which meant that they had to work all the harder; but they have the consolation, albeit vicarious, of knowing that the fruits of their labours will be seen in the senior teams of the next few years. Mill Hill is uniquely fortunate in having so many able and enthusiastic cricketers to coach its teams; their efforts may not always be rewarded by results, but they are always deeply appreciated by all their teams and not least by—

O.J.W.

# 1st XL. AVERAGES

## BATTING:

	<i>Inns.</i>	<i>N.O.</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>H.S.</i>	<i>Ave.</i>
R. T. Hillier .....	12	2	460	88*	46.00
T. D. Phillips .....	12	2	352	61	35.20
N. D. W. Armistead .....	13	2	314	70	28.55
J. K. Crafts .....	7	6	26	9*	26.00
N. Burggy .....	7	0	110	42	15.71
R. A. Furness .....	13	3	157	54	15.70
G. M. Campbell .....	11	1	137	50	13.70
G. J. M. Westoby .....	9	0	58	20	6.44
A. W. Dyer .....	4	2	10	6*	5.00
P. P. T. Davies .....	5	0	17	7	3.40

B. Hampson played in 2 games but did not bat.

ALSO BATTED: F. Hadi, 20, 9, 0, 8\*; C. J. Burt, 5, 1, 13, 9, 1\*, 3, 4;  
J. S. Abbott, 4\*, 0, 0; R. A. M. Wade, 0; G. L. Drake, 0.

## BOWLING:

	<i>Overs</i>	<i>Maidens</i>	<i>Runs</i>	<i>Wkts.</i>	<i>Avg.</i>
P. P. T. Davies .....	199.5	43	498	33	15.09
J. K. Crafts .....	128	23	468	20	23.40
N. D. W. Armistead .....	112.3	29	286	12	23.83
G. J. M. Westoby .....	50.5	10	183	6	30.50
B. Hampson .....	10	0	44	1	44.00

ALSO BOWLED:

J. S. Abbott .....	57	9	146	11	13.27
R. A. M. Wade .....	35	7	95	3	31.67

## School Teams

### First XI

✓ T. D. Phillips (Capt.)
✓ R. A. Furness
(Hon. Sec.)
✓ N. D. W. Armistead
✓ N. Burggy
✓ G. M. Campbell
✓ J. K. Crafts
✓ P. P. T. Davies
✓ R. T. Hillier
✓ G. J. M. Westoby
*A. W. Dyer
✓ B. Hampson

### Second XI

✓ J. S. Abbott
✓ H. H. Andrews
✓ R. J. D. Boon (Capt.)
✓ C. J. Burt
✓ G. L. Drake
✓ F. Hadi
✓ S. P. Honeybone
✓ J. Lovett
✓ R. D. Mills
✓ R. A. M. Wade
✓ B. L. Evans

### Third XI

✓ A. S. C. Air
✓ D. J. Bevington
✓ P. A. D. Clarke
✓ A. J. S. Nelson
✓ R. S. Palmer
✓ A. K. Toulson (Capt.)
M. P. Archer
P. S. J. G. Brandon
G. C. Dyfnallt
J. F. Elkins
R. S. Harris
A. G. G. Henshaw
A. D. Hopkins
A. S. Mortimer
G. J. Palmer

### Colts

C. Blackman
J. A. Dean
K. Hadi
J. L. Howe
P. G. B. Johnston
J. R. McAllister
R. R. Neale (Capt.)
P. J. Russell
R. M. Silk
R. M. Scott
D. B. Stewart
D. J. M. Winter

### Junior Colts

C. J. B. Allen
E. J. Black
J. A. Cuckney
P. E. Fingland
J. F. Gray
A. R. B. Hall
T. R. Hallpike
A. A. Khaleeli
A. W. M. Mills
P. D. Nicholas
H. D. Rees
S. Smith
C. A. Ward
R. F. Wyatt (Capt.)

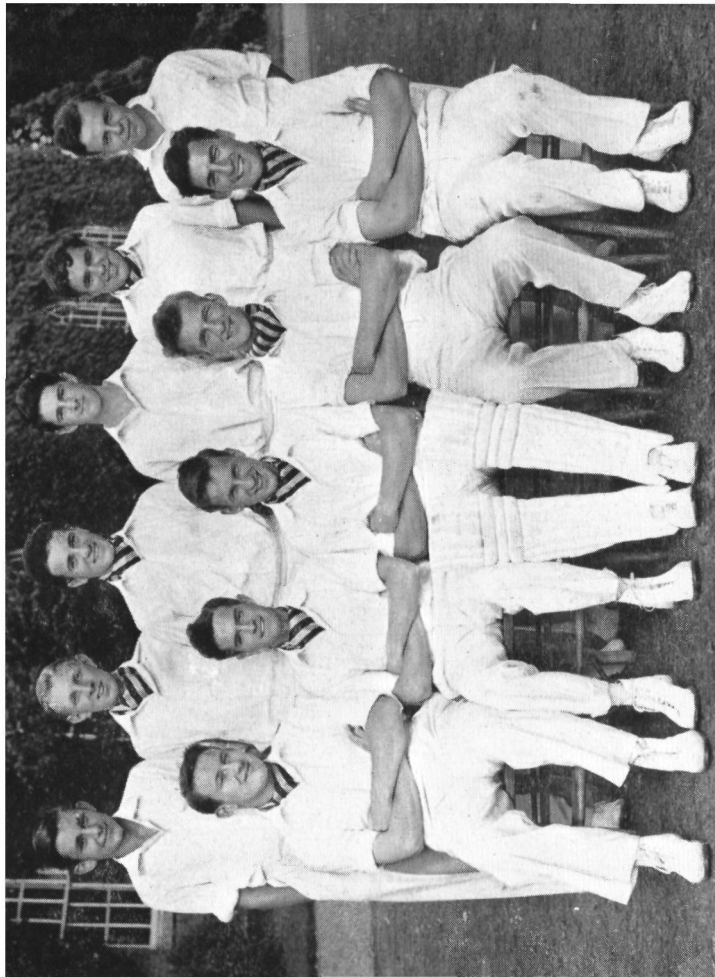
Those above the triple line regain or are awarded 1st XI Colours.

Those above the double line regain or are awarded 2nd XI Colours.

Those above the single line are awarded 3rd XI Colours.

\*Awarded Colts Cap only.

1st XI CRICKET JULY 1960

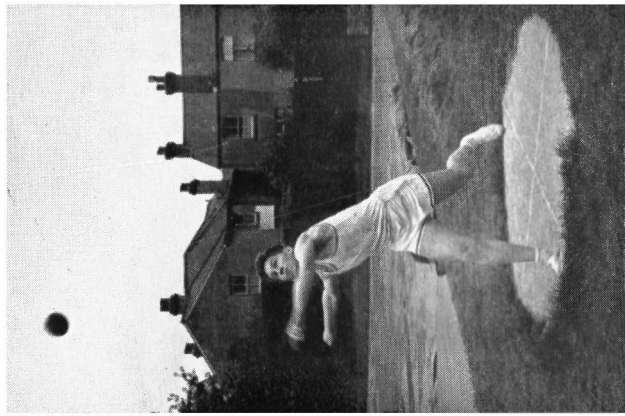
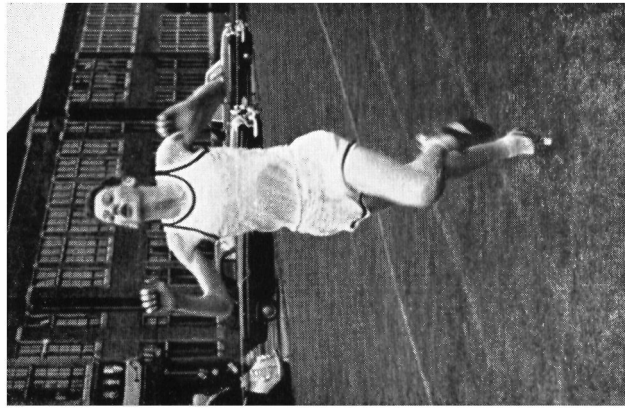


*Back row:* A. W. Dyer, J. K. Crafts, P. P. T. Davies, B. Hampson, G. J. M. Westoby, N. Burggy.  
*Front row:* N. D. W. Armistead, R. A. Furness, T. D. Phillips (Capt.), R. T. Hillier, G. M. Campbell.

# THE MONITORS JUNE 1960

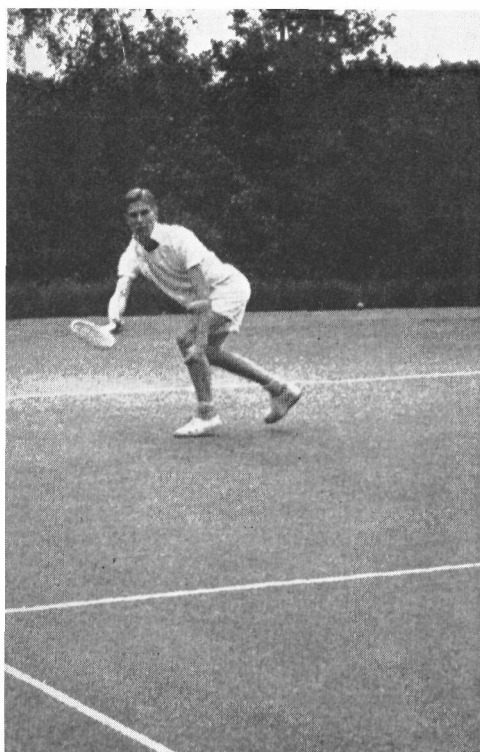


*Back row:* W. O. W. Roberts, C. J. Burt, A. K. Toulson, R. K. Sadler, R. J. Hayman, C. J. Carter.  
*Front row:* T. G. Davies, A. J. Horne, J. M. G. Hunt, The Headmaster, T. D. Phillips, S. W. Whyte, J. Culver.



ATHLETICS V. QUEEN ELIZABETH'S, BARNET, MONDAY, JULY 28TH.

*(Photographs by R. F. Olsen)*



# MINOR SPORTS

## Tennis

Captain: T. D. PHILLIPS.

Hon. Sec.: M. J. D DARKE.

With four members of last year's team remaining, hopes of a good season were high. At the time of writing, the team as a whole remains undefeated, and is expected to do well in the Youll Cup. The first pair, Phillips and Davies, have played consistently well, and have yet to meet superior opposition. The second pair, Darke and Holmes, met almost unvaried success, but were inclined to be erratic. The third pair has matured as it has gained experience, and should do well next year. Once again the team as a whole has been handicapped by the persistent clashing of tennis and cricket arrangements, which rendered regular practices on a team basis almost impossible, and must surely diminish any prospects of success in the Youll Cup.

Winterstoke retained the Senior trophy, and Burton Bank won the Junior competition.

### HOUSE COMPETITIONS:

#### SENIOR:

MURRAY WEYMOUTH	}	WEYMOUTH	}	WINTERSTOKE	}	WINTERSTOKE
BURTON BANK WINTERSTOKE		WINTERSTOKE				
COLLINSON RIDGEWAY	}	COLLINSON	}	COLLINSON		
		SCRUTTON				

#### JUNIOR:

SCRUTTON	}	BURTON BANK	}	BURTON BANK	}	BURTON BANK
BURTON BANK						
MURRAY	}	WEYMOUTH	}			
WEYMOUTH						
COLLINSON	}	WINTERSTOKE	}	RIDGEWAY		
WINTERSTOKE		RIDGEWAY				

### MATCH RESULTS:

#### SENIOR:

- v. Aldenham, Won.
  - v. Old Millhillians, Won.
  - v. The Leys, Won.
  - v. Westminster, Won.
  - v. P.S.O.B., Won.
- (Matches against Felsted and Berkhamsted were abandoned.)

#### JUNIOR:

- v. City of London, Lost.

## MAKE-UPS

### SENIOR :

- |   |                                   |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| ✓ | 1. T. D. Phillips, Capt., 1959-60 |
| ✓ | 2. M. J. Darke, Hon. Sec., 1960   |
| ✓ | P. P. T. Davies                   |
| ✓ | 4. P. R. Holmes                   |
| ✓ | 5. A. T. Wrigglesworth            |
|   | 6. J. R. McAllister               |
|   | 7. A. W. Dyer                     |

Those above the double line regain or are awarded full colours.

Those above the single line regain or are awarded half colours.

Those below the single line are awarded vests.

### JUNIOR :

J. R. McAllister, A. W. Dyer, R. M. Silk and D. I. Fowell represented the Junior team.

## Swimming

Captain: A. J. HORNE.

Hon. Sec.: A. C. R. WILSON.

Vice-Captain: T. R. V. MAY.

The Senior Team has again enjoyed a successful season, overwhelming all school opposition. Much of the credit for this record belongs to R. P. Burn, Esq., and G. C. Sutcliffe, Esq., who have worked hard to organise the training on an efficient basis. Each individual acquitted himself well, but one, T. R. V. May, deserves special mention. His Freestyle and Butterfly swimming were superb, and, as always, formed the foundation of the team's success.

By comparison, the Juniors have had a poor season. Nevertheless, they are still young and should improve considerably if they continue to train. D. M. Smith and P. D. Briggs, in the Breast-stroke and Diving respectively, were consistently good. However, the Freestyle swimming was not sufficiently fast to overcome opposition.

I should like to extend my own thanks to R. P. Burn, Esq., for his help in the last three seasons, and I wish my successor all good luck.

A.J.H.

## MATCH RESULTS

	SENIOR VII	JUNIOR VIII
v. Otter S.C.	Lost	—
v. Highgate	Won	Lost
v. Aldenham	Won	Won
v. The Leys	Won	Lost
v. Whitgift	Won	Lost
v. Harrow	Won	—
v. Wellington	Won	—
v. St. Paul's	Won	—
v. Eastbourne	Won	Lost
v. Felsted	Won	Lost

## MAKE-UPS

### SENIOR :

1. ✓ A. J. Horne, Capt., 1959-60
- ✓ T. R. V. May, Vice-Capt., 1960
3. ✓ A. C. R. Wilson, Hon. Sec., 1960
4. ✓ R. C. M. Piercy
5. ✓ M. P. Archer
6. ✓ R. A. Lee

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7. ✓ R. S. Burns
8. ✓ N. Baker
- ✓ J. A. F. Galbraith

### JUNIOR :

1. D. M. Smith
2. P. D. Briggs
3. J. D. Butler
- ✓ V. A. S. Kitching
5. R. L. Peat
- ✓ K. Wallace

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7. D. C. Williams
8. G. du P. Gillett

F. A. Johnstone, S. D. H. Jones and R. D. T. Knott also represented the Junior team.

Those above the double line regain or are awarded full colours.

Those above the single line are awarded half colours.

Those above the dotted line regain or are awarded Senior VIII trunks.

## Swimming Sports

\* Senior 220 yds. Freestyle. 1. May (R.), 2 mins. 26.6 secs.; 2. Baker (B.B.); 3. Wilson (R.).

\* Senior 100 yds. Backstroke. 1. Piercy (W.), 73.2 secs.; 2. Wilson (R.); 3. Sutton (R.).

\* Senior 50 yds. Butterfly. 1. May (R.), 30.2 secs.; 2. Piercy (W.); 3. Wilson (R.).

Senior 100 yds. Freestyle. 1. May (R.), 57 secs.; 2. Archer (Sc.); 3. Baker (B.B.).

Senior 100 yds. Breaststroke. 1. Piercy (W.), 80 secs.; 2. Burns (B.B.); 3. Sutton (R.).

Senior Diving. 1. Lee (Wk.); 2. Horne (Wk.); 3. May (R.).

Senior 100 yds. Medley. 1. May (R.), 72.6 secs.; 2. Piercy (W.); 3. Wilson (R.).

Senior 50 yds. Freestyle. 1. Archer (Sc.), 28.7 secs.; 2. Galbraith (W.); 3. Baker (B.B.).

Senior Relay. 1. Ridgeway, 76.6 secs.; 2. Winterstoke; 3. Burton Bank.  
Result of the Senior Competition: 1. Ridgeway; 2. Weymouth; 3. Burton Bank.

\* Junior 50 yds. Butterfly. 1. Smith (R.), 40.5 secs.; 2. Briggs (R.).

Junior 50 yds. Freestyle. 1. Butler (Wk.), 31.2 secs.; 2. Williams (Sc.); 3. Smith (R.).

Junior 50 yds. Breaststroke. 1. Smith (R.), 37 secs.; 2. Knights (Sc.); 3. Roberts (R.).

Junior 100 yds. Freestyle. 1. Kitching (C.), 72 secs.; 2. Butler (Wk.); 3. Williams (Sc.).

Junior Diving. 1. Briggs (R.); 2. Westbury-Jones (Sc.); 3. Peat (C.).

Junior 50 yds. Backstroke. 1. Wallace (Sc.), 35.8 secs.; 2. Rowe (B.B.); 3. Butler (Wk.).

Junior 100 yds. Medley. 1. Smith (R.), 83.6 secs.; 2. Wallace (Sc.); 3. Knights (Sc.).

Junior Relay. 1. Collinson, 78.7 secs.; 2. Scrutton; 3. Burton Bank.

Result of the Junior Competition: 1. Scrutton; 2. Ridgeway; 3. Winterstoke.

\* Denotes events held prior to Sports Day.

## Shooting

Captain: A. C. DENHAM.

Hon. Sec.: R. THORN.

The team started the full-bore shooting season most creditably by winning the Middlesex Challenge Shield from Highgate, the holders for eight consecutive years, beating them by two points and Harrow by one. D. J. Sebire produced the fine score of 95 out of a possible 100 to win the medal for the highest individual score in the competition.

In the Senior Shooting Competition, the Carson Shield was won by Winterstoke and R. V. Petersen won the Brice Cup. The rules of the competition have recently been revised, but although this caused scores to be lower this year, it should serve to raise the standard of markmanship throughout the school in the long run.

For the first time since before the war, a team was sent to Bisley to compete for the Ashburton Challenge Shield. The team stayed at Bisley for three days, shooting in practices, individual competitions, the Public Schools' Snap-Shooting Competition and the Ashburton Challenge Shield competition itself. The Snap-Shooting was unfortunately fired under the worst conditions yet encountered by the team, and we came only 35th out of the 44 schools competing. However A. C. Denham did manage to hit the new figure target ten times, and record a total of 42 out of a possible 50. The scores in the Ashburton Shield were: Senior, 200 yards: 236; 500 yards; 252. This gave us a total of 488 out of a possible 560. The Cadet pair scored 112 out of a possible 140. The team was placed 78th, with the 28th best score.

As can be seen, the scores at 200 yards were disappointing, but it is to the credit of the team that they managed to pull themselves together at the 500-yard shooting point, and produce a good average. Both M. J. G. James (34), and D. J. Sebire (35), scored the highest totals ever recorded by the team out of a "possible" of 35. In the Individual competitions the following won prizes: S. P. Broido, in the Snap-Shooting event; D. J. Sebire, 2nd in the 900-yards competition, and in the Wellington and Iveagh Aggregate; A. C. Denham, in the Snap-Shooting Competition, the Gale and Polden Piston event and the Clay Pigeon Shooting Competition (placed 4th).

The school's performance in what is the most important schools' rifle competition of the year, was, therefore a creditable one. The team is particularly indebted to Major Baker for the enjoyable stay at Bisley; his pleasant organisation of the difficult three-day meeting was largely responsible for the team's good performance. We must also express our appreciation of his friendly goading to S.S.I. Maloney, for his encouragement brought out our best shooting displays. Above all we are deeply grateful to those who gave us the opportunity of entering for the Ashburton competition.

A.C.D.

#### SCORES IN THE ASHBURTON CHALLENGE SHIELD:

(Scores for 200 and 500 yards)

A. C. Denham 28, 32—60; G. J. Dettmer 24, 32—56; P. W. Hancock 32, 31—63; C. B. Herrmann 31, 31—62; M. J. G. James 30, 34—64; D. C. J. Lee 29, 28—57; R. V. Petersen 31, 29—60; D. J. Sebire 31, 35—66. Total: 448, 78th. [Winners: Allhallows, 524.]

Cadet Pair: L. J. Cartwright 27, 27—54; M. J. Wade 28, 30—58.

#### COLOURS:

D. J. Sebire was awarded full colours.

M. J. G. James was awarded half-colours.

## Golf Club

Hon. Sec.: R. D. EHRLICH.

This term we have been fortunate in playing three matches, against Latymer Upper, the Old Millhillians and Merchant Taylors'. In the match against Latymer Upper, at Finchley, we won 3-0, playing foursomes. The Old Millhillians beat us 3½-½, but the third and fourth pairs lost only at the eighteenth. We are very grateful to the Old Millhillians for providing us with this fixture.

We played Merchant Taylors' at Sandy Lodge, but only our first and last singles players won their games, and the match was lost 4-2.

We entered the London Schools Challenge Cup, sponsored by the Golf Foundation, and the whole team derived great pleasure from the competition. I feel sure that we benefited a great deal from the afternoon's golf.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Turnbull, a fine golfer himself, who has done so much for golf in the school, and also to Mr. Dalby of the Finchley Golf Club, who has been giving us some very useful lessons.

Team : R. D. Ehrlich, R. Trinder, E. W. Turner, C. A. G. Steele, P. Reik, T. Hunter.

R.D.E.

## Athletics

Captain: P. W. HANCOCK.

Hon. Sec.: C. B. STEVENS.

Vice-Captain: J. M. G. HUNT.

We again started the season early, with a match against the City of London. Running on their home track, the City of London excelled themselves, and Hunt was our only winner. Our field event competitors, however, retrieved our losses and thanks to Jacobs' and Phillips' high jumping, Mortimer's shot putting and Boon's reliable discus throwing, the match was won. Lack of practice prevented the Juniors from recording a similarly successful performance, but Armistead and Woodroffe ran well and both had good times.

At Barnet, in our second match, the Senior team gave a much better all-round performance, and we only narrowly lost a hard-fought match against Queen Elizabeth's best team for several years. Davidson ran a very fine mile, and Hunt's times in winning both the 220 and 440 were notably good. In the Junior match against a weak Barnet team, we succeeded in winning all the track events, including the hurdles. Armistead and Davies shared 4 victories between them, and must be largely credited with the team's success.

For the season's most important match, the Triangular, we were the guests of Felsted. Despite the bad track conditions, our runners did extremely well. Performances particularly worthy of mention are those of Hunt in the 220 and 440 again, and the sprinting of Boon and Stevens. Addison ran well to come second in the 880, and Davidson, well supported by Butler and Harbron, won the mile yet again. This time, however, the field event results were poor, with Jacobs our only winner. In the Junior match, this year at Aldenham, we were heavily defeated by Felsted, and pipped for third place by our hosts. Woodroffe gained his third consecutive victory in the 440, and Genden set up a good time in the 880. Our only other notable performer was Nicholas, who threw the javelin 143 feet, 25 feet further than his nearest rival.

Looking at the season as a whole, one feels that the Senior team was a good one, and that the two defeats sustained detract from a record that against less powerful opposition would have been a good one.

The Junior team lacked good "second-strings," and suffered badly when the few outstanding performers were not available.

P.W.H.

## Mill Hill v City of London

### SENIOR :

100 yds. 1. C.L., 10.4 secs.; 2. C.L.; 3. Boon; 4. Beasley.

220 yds. 1. C.L., 23.2 secs.; 2. Hunt; 3. C.L.; 4. Boon.

440 yds. 1. Hunt, 53.1 secs.; 2. C.L.; 3. Stevens; 4. C.L.

880 yds. 1. C.L., 2 mins. 4 secs.; 2. Davidson; 3. Addison; 4. C.L.

Mile. 1. C.L., 4 mins. 39.2 secs.; 2. C.L.; 3. Harbron; 4. Butler.

High Jump. 1. (equal) Jacobs, Phillips, 5 ft. 5½ ins.; 3. C.L.; 4. C.L.

Long Jump. 1. Phillips, 20 ft.; 2. Hunt; 3. C.L.; 4. C.L.

Discus. 1. Boon, 123 ft. 1½ ins.; 2. Ehrlich; 3. C.L.; 4. C.L.

Shot. 1. Mortimer, 42 ft. 3 ¼ ins.; 2. Stanhope; 3. C.L.; 4. C.L.

Javelin. 1. C.L., 145 ft. 11 ins.; 2. Wade; 3. C.L.; 4. Petersen.

Relay. 1. Mill Hill, 46.9 secs.; 2. City of London.

Result: Mill Hill, 64½ points; City of London, 53½ points.

### JUNIOR :

100 yds. 1. C.L., 11 secs.; 2. Armistead; 3. Dean; 4. C.L.

220 yds. 1. C.L., 24.4 secs.; 2. Armistead; 3. Dean; 4. C.L.

440 yds. 1. Woodroffe, 58.7 secs.; 2. C.L.; 3. C.L.; 4. Seifert.  
 880 yds. 1. C.L., 2 mins. 17.3 secs.; 2. Genden; 3. Addison; 4. C.L.  
 High Jump. 1. (equal) Gray, Jacobs, 4 ft. 8 ins.; 3. C.L.; 4. C.L.  
 Long Jump. 1. Nicholas, 17 ft. 8½ ins.; 2. Jacobs; 3. C.L.; 4. C.L.  
 Discus. 1. C.L., 128 ft. 3 ins.; 2. C.L.; 3. Addison; 4. Winter.  
 Shot. 1. C.L., 37 ft. 7½ ins.; 2. Dean; 3. C.L.; 4. Addison.  
 Javelin. 1. C.L., 121 ft. 2 ins.; 2. C.L.; 3. Silk; 4. Brown.  
 Relay. 1. City of London, 48.3 secs.; 2. Mill Hill, 48.8 secs.  
 Result: City of London, 58 points; Mill Hill, 49 points.

## Mill Hill v Queen Elizabeth's School, Barnet

### SENIOR:

Low Hurdles. 1. Hancock, 26 secs.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Stevens.  
 High Hurdles. 1. Q.E.B., 16.6 secs.; 2. Phillips; 3. Hancock; 4. Q.E.B.  
 Long Jump. 1. Phillips, 20 ft. 6 ins.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Whyte; 4. Q.E.B.  
 High Jump. 1. Q.E.B., 6 ft. 0¼ ins.; 2. Jacobs; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Phillips.  
 Weight. 1. Q.E.B., 45 ft. 2¼ ins.; 2. Stanhope; 3. Mortimer; 4. Q.E.B.  
 Javelin. 1. Drake, 148 ft. 1 in.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Wade; 4. Q.E.B.  
 Discus. 1. Q.E.B., 128 ft. 3 ins.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Boon; 4. Drake.  
 100 yds. 1. Q.E.B., 10.5 secs.; 2. Boon; 3. Stevens; 4. Q.E.B.  
 220 yds. 1. Hunt, 23.6 secs.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Boon; 4. Q.E.B.  
 440 yds. 1. Hunt, 52.6 secs.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Beasley.  
 880 yds. 1. Q.E.B., 2 mins. 5.5 secs.; 2. Addison; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Toulson.  
 Mile. 1. Davidson, 4 mins. 39.2 secs.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Harbron.  
 Relay. 1. Q.E.B., 46 secs.; 2. M.H.S., 47.8 secs.  
 Result: Queen Elizabeth's, 40 points; Mill Hill, 36 points.

### JUNIOR:

Low Hurdles. 1. Davies, 27.3 secs.; 2. Gillett; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Q.E.B.  
 High Hurdles. 1. Armistead, 16.5 secs.; 2. Nicholas; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Q.E.B.  
 Long Jump. 1. Q.E.B., 17 ft. 7½ ins.; 2. Nicholas; 3. Jacobs; 4. Q.E.B.  
 High Jump. 1. Johnston, 5 ft. 4 ins.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Gray; 4. Q.E.B.  
 Weight. 1. Q.E.B., 38 ft. 1½ ins.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Addison; 4. Silk.  
 Javelin. 1. Q.E.B., 145 ft. 6 ins.; 2. Nicholas; 3. Addison; 4. Q.E.B.  
 Discus. 1. Q.E.B., 148 ft. 6 ins.; 2. Addison; 3. Winter; 4. Q.E.B.  
 100 yds. 1. Davies, 10.9 secs.; 2. Seifert; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Q.E.B.  
 220 yds. 1. Armistead, 25.4 secs.; 2. Jacobs; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Q.E.B.  
 440 yds. 1. Woodroffe, 58.5 secs.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Seifert; 4. Q.E.B.  
 880 yds. 1. Addison, 2 mins. 19.9 secs.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. Q.E.B.; 4. Hallpike.  
 Mile. 1. Genden, 5 mins. 12 secs.; 2. Q.E.B.; 3. West; 4. Q.E.B.  
 Relay. 1. Q.E.B., 50.5 secs.; 2. M.H.S., 50.6 secs.  
 Result: Mill Hill, 46 points; Queen Elizabeth's, 30 points.

## Triangular Match

### Mill Hill v Felsted v Aldenham

#### SENIOR (At Felsted):

100 yds. 1. F., 10.5 secs.; 2. Boon, 10.5 secs.; 3. F.; 4. Stevens.  
 220 yds. 1. Hunt, 23.9 secs.; 2. Boon; 3. F.; 4. F.  
 440 yds. 1. Hunt, 52.5 secs.; 2. F.; 3. F.; 4. A.  
 880 yds. 1. F., 2 mins. 9.1 secs.; 2. Addison, 2 mins. 9.1 secs.; 3. F.; 4. A.  
 Mile. 1. Davidson, 4 mins. 41.2 secs.; 2. F.; 3. Butler; 4. Harbron.  
 High Jump. 1. Jacobs, 5 ft. 6¼ ins.; 2. A.; 3. Phillips; 4. F.  
 Long Jump. 1. F., 19 ft. 9½ ins.; 2. F.; 3. Whyte; 4. Phillips.  
 Discus. 1. A.; 2. F.; 3. A.; 4. Drake.  
 Shot. 1. F., 41 ft. 7 ins.; 2. Mortimer; 3. A.; 4. Stanhope.  
 Javelin. 1. F., 160 ft. 1 in.; 2. Drake; 3. F.; 4. Wade.  
 Low Hurdles. 1. Hancock, 16.7 secs.; 2. A.; 3. Phillips; 4. F.  
 High Hurdles. 1. F., 25.2 secs.; 2. F.; 3. Stevens; 4. A.  
 Result: 1. Felsted, 91 points; 2. Mill Hill, 86 points.; 3. Aldenham, 27 points.

#### JUNIOR (At Aldenham):

100 yds. 1. F.; 2. Davies; 3. F.; 4. Seifert.  
220 yds. 1. F., 25.6 secs.; 2. Jacobs; 3. A.; 4. F.  
440 yds. 1. Woodroffe, 56.9 secs.; 2. F.; 3. A.; 4. F.  
880 yds. 1. Genden, 2 mins. 15.5 secs.; 2. F.; 3. A.; 4. Addison.  
High Jump. 1. F., 5 ft. 2 ins.; 2. A.; 3. F.; 4. Johnston.  
Long Jump. 1. F.; 2. F.; 3. A.; 4. Harbin.  
Discus. 1. F., 118 ft. 4 ins.; 2. A.; 3. F.; 4. A.  
Shot. 1. F.; 2. F.; 3. Allison; 4. A.  
Javelin. 1. Nicholas, 143 ft. 9 ins.; 2. F.; 3. A.; 4. F.  
High Hurdles. 1. A., 14.6 secs.; 2. F.; 3. F.; 4. A.  
Low Hurdles. 1. A.; 2. F.; 3. F.; 4. A.  
Result: 1. Fested, 96 points; 2. Aldenham, 47 points; 3. Mill Hill, 44 points.

#### SCHOOL SPORTS

This year's Sports Day was an unusually quiet one, for the House competition was already virtually decided. Weymouth beat Murray into second place in both the Junior and Senior competitions. There were two records: in the Senior Pentathlon Mortimer surpassed the old record by 212 points, and in the High Jump, Jacobs raised the record height to 5 feet 8½ inches. Both these events were decided before Sports Day.

The outstanding performances of the Senior competition were those of Hunt who won both the 220 and 440 races, and that of Davidson who won the mile in the fastest time done on Park, leaving all opposition standing.

Woodroffe kept his unbeaten record intact when he won the Junior 440, and Genden won an exciting 880 from Addison.

Nicholas won the under-14½ sprints in good times, and dominated the competition. Burton Bank emerged easy winners thanks to his and Gray's good all-round athletics.

Mrs. Burn awarded the trophies. Hunt was awarded the Senior Individual Cup, and Woodroffe the Junior.

#### SENIOR:

100 yds. 1. Boon (M.), 10.6 secs.; 2. Stevens (B.B.); 3. Whyte (W.).  
220 yds. 1. Hunt (W.), 23.5 secs.; 2. Boon (M.); 3. Beasley (M.).  
440 yds. 1. Hunt (W.), 51.9 secs.; 2. Cargill (M.); 3. Carter (W.).  
880 yds. 1. Davidson (Wk.), 2 mins. 5.8 secs.; 2. Hunt (W.); 3. Toulson (W.).  
Mile. 1. Davidson (Wk.), 4 mins. 37.6 secs.; 2. Harbron, (R.); 3. Butler (R.).  
200 yds. Hurdles. 1. Stevens (B.B.), 25.9 secs.; 2. Hancock (Wk.); 3. Phillips (W.).  
120 yds. Hurdles. 1. Hancock (Wk.), 17.3 secs.; 2. Jenkins (R.).  
Pentathlon. 1. Mortimer (B.B.); 2. Petersen (M.); 3. Phillips (W.).  
High Jump. 1. Jacobs (C.), 5 ft. 8½ ins.; 2. Toulson (W.); 3. Phillips (W.).  
Javelin. 1. Wade (W.), 156 ft. 1½ ins.; 2. Drake (R.); 3. Petersen (M.).  
Long Jump. 1. Phillips, 20 ft. 10½ ins.; 2. Whyte (W.); 3. Beasley (M.).  
Discus. 1. Drake (R.), 123 ft. 6 ins.; 2. Mortimer (B.B.); 3. Boon (M.).  
Shot. 1. Mortimer (B.B.), 42 ft. 4 ¼ ins.; 2. Stanhope (W.); 3. Ehrlich (C.).  
4 x 440 Relay. 1. Murray, 3 mins. 41.8 secs.; 2. Weymouth.  
4 x 110 Relay. 1. Murray, 47.5 secs.; 2. Burton Bank; 3. Ridgeway.  
Result: 1. Weymouth; 2. Murray; 3. Ridgeway; 4. Burton Bank; 5. Winterstoke; 6. Collinson; 7. Scrutton.

#### JUNIOR:

100 yds. 1. Davies (B.B.), 11.6 secs.; 2. Seifert (M.); 3. Swanne (M.).  
220 yds. 1. Silk (W.), 25.3 secs.; 2. Jacobs (C.); 3. Woodroffe (W.).  
440 yds. 1. Woodroffe (W.), 57.1 secs.; 2. Genden (W.); 3. Perkins (W.).  
880 yds. 1. Genden (W.), 2 mins. 21.2 secs.; 2. Addison (M.); 3. Perkins (W.).

Mile. 1. Genden (W.), 5 mins. 18.5 secs.; 2. Addison (M.); 3. West (M.).  
 120 yds. Hurdles. 1. Armistead (S.), 15.8 secs.; 2. Gillett (R.).  
 200 yds. Hurdles. 1. Armistead (S.), 26.9 secs.; 2. Gillett (R.); 3. Jacobs (C.).  
 Pentathlon. 1. Silk (W.); 2. Armistead (S.); 3. Addison (M.).  
 High Jump. 1. Johnston (Wk.), 5 ft. 2 ins.; 2. Wyndham (M.); 3. Armistead, (S.).  
 Javelin. 1. Montgomery (B.B.), 129 ft. 9 ins.; 2. Addison (M.); 3. Silk (W.).  
 Long Jump. 1. Jacobs (C.), 18 ft. 9½ ins.; 2. Harbin (B.B.); 3. Johnston (Wk.).  
 Discus. 1. Addison (M.), 111 ft. 11 ins.; 2. Winter (W.); 3. King.  
 Shot. 1. Silk (W.), 33 ft. 5 ins.; 2. Armistead (S.).  
 4 x 440 Relay. 1. Weymouth, 4 mins. 2 secs.; 2. Murray.  
 4 x 110 Relay. 1. Burton Bank, 50.3 secs.; 2. Weymouth; 3. Collinson.  
 Result: 1. Weymouth; 2. Murray; 3. Burton Bank; 4. Scrutton; 5. Collinson; 6. Winterstoke; 7. Ridgeway.

#### UNDER 14½:

100 yds. 1. Nicholas (B.B.), 11.8 secs.; 2. Robinson (Wk.); 3. Jones (W.).  
 220 yds. 1. Nicholas (B.B.), 26.8 secs.; 2. Hallpike (R.); 3. Robinson (Wk.).  
 880 yds. 1. Brown (B.B.), 2 mins. 26.2 secs.; 2. Hallpike (R.); 3. Gray (B.B.).  
 75 yds. Hurdles. 1. Hall (S.), 12 secs.; 2. Ward (M.); 3. Gray (B.B.).  
 High Jump. 1. Gray (B.B.), 4 ft. 8½ ins.; 2. Wyatt; 3. Jones; 4. Brown.  
 Long Jump. 1. Nicholas (B.B.), 17 ft. 4 ins.; 2. Wyatt (S.); 3. Allen (R.).

#### MAKE-UPS

##### SENIOR:

✓ P. W. Hancock, Capt.  
 ✓ J. M. G. Hunt, Vice-Capt.  
 ✓ C. B. Stevens, Hon. Sec.  
 ✓ R. J. D. Boon  
 ✓ A. J. Davidson  
 ✓ J. A. Jacobs  
 ✓ J. W. Phillips  


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 ✓ M. J. Addison  
 ✓ J. R. Butler  
 ✓ G. L. Drake  
 ✓ J. M. Harbron  
 ✓ A. S. Mortimer  
 ✓ S. W. Whyte  


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 A. L. Stanhope  
 A. K. Toulson  
 R. A. M. Wade

##### JUNIOR:

J. P. G. Addison, Capt.  
 N. D. W. Armistead  
 P. P. T. Davies  
 S. B. Genden  
 P. B. Jacobs  
 P. D. Nicholas

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Those above the triple line regain or are awarded full colours.

Those above the double line regain or are awarded half colours.

Those above the single line regain or are awarded vests.

M. A. Beasley, J. A. Cargill, R. D. Ehrlich, M. P. Petersen and A. J. Shaw also represented the Senior team.

The following also represented the Junior team:

R. W. G. Allison, E. G. Brown, J. A. Dean, G. du P. Gillett, J. F. Gray, N. H. Harbin, T. R. Hallpike, P. G. B. Johnston, D. R. B. Montgomery, J. D. Perkins, B. H. Seifert, R. M. Silk, D. J. M. Winter.

## Holiday Sport

"A" XI v. V.R.A. Cricket Club, Amsterdam: At Home, July 27.

MILL HILL		V.R.A.	
Burggy, b Spits .....	6	van der Stad, b Abbott .....	9
Hillier, c Spits, F. b Spits, N. ....	4	Olthof, b Abbott .....	2
Campbell, b Spits .....	20	Worles, .....	
Burt, c Weerts b Spits .....	8	st. Honeybone b Westoby .....	31
Furness, lbw Spits .....	14	Spits, N. c Westoby b Wade ...	0
Westoby, b Worles .....	32	Zweerts, b Westoby .....	7
Drake, b Spits .....	7	Spits, F. c Hillier b Westoby ...	0
Crafts, c Kummer b Spits .....	7	Beyer, c Westoby b Abbott .....	14
Honeybone, b Spits .....	3	Klijn, b Abbott .....	7
Wade, not out .....	1	Kummer, run out .....	1
Abbott, lbw Spits .....	0	Treffers, c Burt b Westoby .....	0
		Vermeulen, not out .....	2
	Extras 11		Extras 3
Total	113	Total	76

Bowling: Spits 19.2-3-43-9  
 Norles 12-4-39-1  
 Kummer 4-0-16-0  
 van der Stad 7-5-4-0

Bowling: Abbott 18-9-16-4  
 Wade 15-5-26-1  
 Crafts 3-2-2-0  
 Westoby 10.4-3-28-4

WON BY 37 RUNS.

"A" XI v. TRINITY COLLEGE, GLENALMOND At Home August 4

GLENALMOND		MILL HILL	
Gunnery, c Hillier b Crafts ...	8	Burggy, b Bull .....	28
MacDonald, c Crafts b Westoby	69	Hillier, c MacDonald b Moody	11
Hardy, c Dyer b Drake .....	4	A. R. Dyer, b Bull .....	35
McViker, c Dyer b Crafts .....	107	Campbell, lbw Bull .....	0
Hampshire, c and b Crafts .....	20	Phillips, c MacDonald .....	
Fairbairn, not out .....	29	b Fairbairn .....	1
Murray, b Westoby .....	1	Westoby, b Fairbairn .....	1
Kennedy, c Hillier b Westoby	2	Drake, c Hampshire b Desmond	26
Bull, b Westoby .....	0	Andrews, c McVicker b Bull...	0
Moody, not out .....	17	Furness, not out .....	14
Desmond, did not bat		A. W. Dyer, b Bull .....	1
		Crafts, lbw Bull .....	0
	Extras 4		Extras 6
Total (8 wks. dec)	261	Total	123

Bowling: Hillier 9-0-38-0  
 Andrews 3-1-12-0  
 Crafts 22-3-105-3  
 Westoby 11-2-67-4  
 Drake 6-1-35-1

Bowling: Moody 8-2-13-1  
 Desmond 11-2-23-1  
 Bull 11.2-3-27-6  
 Fairbairn 8-0-45-2  
 MacDonald 2-1-6-0  
 Hardy 3-2-3-0

MILL HILL LOST BY 138 RUNS.

HOCKEY—R. J. D. Boon played on the right wing for the Welsh School-boys' Hockey XI against the Irish Schoolboys at Dublin, and against the English Schoolboys at Cardiff during the Easter holidays.

SQUASH—T. D. Phillips reached the semi-finals of the Drysdale Cup Squash Tournament at the R. A. C. Partnered by R. J. Hayman, he reached the semi-final of the Lonsdale Cup doubles competition.

CHESS—J. K. Ayre was runner-up in the Hertfordshire Junior Chess Championship.

# OLD MILLHILLIANS' COLUMN

Items for insertion in the Old Millhillians' Column should be addressed to:—The Editor, Old Millhillians' Column, Old Millhillians' Club, 4 Whitehall Court, London, S.W.1, and will be acknowledged.

## Births

**GUNDRY:** On 19th January, 1960, to Peggy and Inglis Gundry (1918-23), a daughter.

**KINGSLEY BROWN:** On 25th May, 1960, at the Westminster Hospital, to Hilary (née Sears), wife of Alistair Kingsley Brown, M.B.E., M.B., F.R.C.S. (1928-35), daughter of the late John Edward Sears (1895-02) and sister of Geoffrey W. Sears (1936-41), a daughter.

**MACNAIR:** On 10th May, 1960, at the Middlesex Hospital, to Jenny (née Phare) and Captain Irvine Macnair, R.A.M.C. (1946-51), a daughter, Karen.

**POOLE:** On 14th May, 1960, at Bushey Maternity Hospital, to Ann (née Longstaff) and Anthony Poole (1942-46), a son, Timothy Bruce.

**TEMBLETT:** On 15th April, 1960, at Watford, Herts., to Rita (née Smith), wife of R. E. Temblett (1946-51), a daughter, Nichola Jane.

**WARREN:** On 16th May, 1960, at Barnet, Herts., to Muriel, wife of Thornton A. Warren, F.I.A. (1922-28), a son, Christopher Thornton.

## Marriages

**PRITCHARD-WILLIAMS:** On 5th December, 1959, at Disgwylfa Methodist Chapel, Gaerwen, Anglesey, Alon Pritchard (1947-51), son of Mr. D.Ll. and Mrs. Pritchard of Bron Llwyn, Menai Bridge, to Greta Williams, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams of Saw Mills House, Gaerwen. Present among the guests were Peter Humphreys (1947-52) and Allan Wood (1946-50).

**ROSSINGTON-WALKER:** On the 4th June, 1960, at St. Mary's Church, Axminster, Richard A. Rossington (1946-51) to Janet, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Walker of Axminster. (New address:—29 Selva Lane, Mill Hill, N.W.7.)

## Engagement

**ALLAN-OSTERWALDER:** The engagement is announced between Terrance Allan (1945-49), younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Allan of 39a Topsfield Parade, London, N.8, and Marianne, daughter of Herr and Frau M. Osterwalder of St. Johannstrasse 18, Frauenfeld, Switzerland.

## Deaths

**BRETT-JAMES:** On 24th May, 1960, N. G. Brett-James, M.A., B.Litt., F.S.A. (1894-98: Master, 1902-39), at his home at Mill Hill, aged 80.

**DUNNING:** On 16th March, 1960, H. C. Dunning (1900-03), of Arnold Court, Leeds, Maidstone, Kent.

**HENDERSON:** On 25th June, 1960, Lt.-Colonel A. D. Henderson (1905-09), very suddenly at his home in London. (Obituary follows.)

**SAUNDERS:** On 23rd April, 1960, George F. Saunders, F.C.A., J.P. (1918-20), at his home in Hoylake, Cheshire, aged 56. (Obituary follows.)

**THORNELOE:** On 18th May, 1960, T. B. C. Thorneloe (1909-11), of Meadow Close, Cropston, Leics., after a long illness. (Obituary follows.)

**WATTERS:** On 20th June, 1960, B. D. H. Watters, M.Sc. (1908-13), of Starvenden Cottage, Pluckley, Ashford, Kent, aged 65.

**WILLS:** On 24th May, 1960, Henry William Seccombe Wills (1892-94), of Bristol. (Obituary follows.)

## Obituaries

Lt.-Colonel A. D. HENDERSON (1905-09): The news of the sudden death of Douglas Henderson at his home on 25th June, 1960, came as a great shock to his many friends. He had attended the Annual Meeting of the Life Governors of the School at Whitehall Court on the previous day and had appeared in good health.

At School Henderson was a Monitor and a swimmer of repute. He subsequently played Rugby Football for the Old Boys and was awarded his Middlesex cap. During the first World War he served with the London Scottish and later in the Hampshire Regiment, attaining the rank of Captain and being mentioned in despatches. He saw seven years' service in the second World War when he became Lieut.-Colonel, Royal Engineers (Movement Control) and A.Q.M.G. at the War Office, and later acted as Liaison Officer to the British Military Mission in Washington and 21 Army Group in Germany.

Henderson was well known in the City, being Chairman of the merchant firm of Caird, Chandler & Co., Ltd. He was a Member of the Council of the London Chamber of Commerce, and Chairman of the South Africa Section.

During recent years Henderson gave unstinted support to the Moral Rearmament Movement, in which he was very active. A most loyal Old Boy, he was a familiar figure at the Annual Dinner each year and at other Old Millhillian functions. He leaves a widow and two sons, M. D. Henderson (1946-50) and G. F. Henderson (1948-52).

G. F. SAUNDERS, F.C.A., J.P. (1918-20): One of Merseyside's leading accountants and senior partner in Harmwood, Banner, Lewis and Mounsey of Liverpool, G. F. Saunders died suddenly at his home at Hoylake on 23rd April, 1960.

Saunders was President of the Liverpool Society of Chartered Accountants in 1949 and had been a member of the Council of the Institute of Chartered Accountants for several years, on which he had served with two other Old Millhillians, Col. R. P. Winter, M.C., T.D. (1910-14) and G. P. Morgan-Jones, M.A. (1925-27). He was Chairman of the Council's Taxation and Research Committee and the Parliamentary and Law Committee.

A Justice of the Peace for Liverpool, Saunders was also a Director of the Liverpool Grain Storage and Transit Co., Ltd. He was honorary treasurer of the Liverpool Branch of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, a member of the Council, a trustee and past chairman of the Birkenhead Invalid Children's Association, and a past president of the Birkenhead Amateur Dramatic Society.

In 1956 Saunders was appointed by Her Majesty's Government to serve as a member of a commission to enquire into banking affairs in Eastern Nigeria. Saunders leaves a widow, two sons and a daughter.

T. B. C. THORNELOE (1909-11), who died on 18th May, 1960, at the age of 65 after a long illness, was the eldest of four brothers who were at Mill Hill. He was for 43 years Managing Director of the Leicester clothing manufacturers, Thorneloe & Clarkson, Ltd., and a past chairman of the Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers' Federation of Great Britain.

Thorneloe had been President of Westleigh (Leicester) Rugby Football Club, Honorary Treasurer of the Leicester and County Cricket Club, and a member of Leicestershire Gentlemen C.C. and Leicester Ivanhoe C.C.

He was formerly chairman of the South East Leicester Conservative Association and was a Freemason.

HENRY WILLIAM SECCOMBE WILLS (1824-94): Son of Sir Frank William Wills, F.R.I.B.A., sometime Lord Mayor of Bristol and a member of the well-known tobacco family, H. W. S. Wills, who died on 24th May, 1960, was a Monitor and in the VI Form at School. He was in the XI and the XV, of which he was captain, and gained a presentation cap. He had practised as an architect in Bristol.

## Personalia

J. W. BOARDMAN, J.P. (1909-13) has been appointed a Deputy Lieutenant of the County of Essex.

G. P. KENDALL (1930-33) has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the City of Leicester.

G. W. KIRK (1921-24) is leaving the British Embassy at the Hague on his appointment as Ambassador to El Salvador, and his new address will be:—British Embassy, 13A Avenida Norte, San Salvador, El Salvador.

Colonel A. E. MARNHAM, M.C., T.D., D.L., J.P. (1905-09) has been elected President of the British Legion in the Royal County of Berkshire.

F. R. MARSTON, A.C.A. (1948-53) received a National Service commission in the R.A.E.C. in January, 1960, and is now stationed in the Dhekelia Area in Cyprus. He would be delighted to meet any Old Millhillians visiting the island.

D. D. MATTHEWS, M.A., D.Eng., M.Sc., A.M.I.C.E., F.I.S.E. (1926-30): Prior to the 3-day conference in Manchester recently of the Royal Institute of British Architects, two Manchester lecturers in architecture were asked by the Architects' Journal to list, for a special conference issue, the ten best post-war buildings conference architects might visit. Included in the ten was one factory building, that of Matthews and Mumby, Ltd., the pre-stressed concrete engineers, of which Dr. Matthews is Chairman. Dr. Matthews played a considerable part in the design of the buildings, which are said to embody "bold use of the latest techniques" and demonstrate very clearly that modern industrial buildings can be aesthetically pleasing in appearance.

E. J. NEWMAN, M.A. (1929-34) has been appointed President of the Birmingham and District Society of Chartered Accountants, having been a committee member of the Society since 1952 and Hon. Secretary in 1957 and 1958. In 1954-55 he was President of the Birmingham and District Chartered Accountants' Students' Society, and for ten years after the war organised lectures for articled clerks. From 1947 to 1953 he was a part-time lecturer in accounting at Birmingham University, and he was also the last President of the Birmingham Library before it was amalgamated with the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

R. B. RAPP (1920-25), of Wellington, is now Chief Accountant in New Zealand for the Cunard Group.

F. B. E. SAKSENA (1951-52) has completed his studies at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, and has had conferred on him the degrees of M.C., C.M. He is now attached to the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal. Saksena founded the Chess Club at Queen's in 1958 and was president for the first two years, during which time his team won the Queen's Cup at the 1959 inter-collegiate tournaments.

A. F. STEELE, M.B.E., C.C. (1910-13), who has been a member of the Court of Common Council of the City of London for the Ward of Cripplegate Within since 1951, has been elected Master of the Worshipful Company of Solicitors of the City of London, which is the Livery Company representing the profession in the City. In that capacity he is attending the annual convention of the American Bar Association in Washington at the end of August, and the convention of the Canadian Bar Association in Ottawa early in September.

Sir RONALD F. WALKER (1894-96) has been elected to the specially created office of Honorary Life President of the Yorkshire Area Liberal Federation, in appreciation of his services to the Federation over many years. He is Chairman of Messrs. James Walker & Sons, Ltd., of Mirfield, Dewsbury and Witney (Oxon.).

I. MCA. WATTS, T.D. (1919-23) was elected a Fellow of the Institute of Chartered Shipbrokers in December, 1959, having previously been elected an Associate. He is also a Member of the Institute of Fuel.

## Forthcoming Events

**OLD MILLHILLIANS' NORTH AMERICAN ASSOCIATION:** The Ninth Annual Dinner will take place on Saturday, 8th October, 1960, at the Princeton Club, 39 East 39th Street, New York City, the reception to be held at Apt. 4B, 305 Lexington Avenue, New York City, at 6.15 p.m. for dinner at 7.30 p.m. The guest of Honour will be Mr. Robert Cecil, C.M.G., Director-General of British Information Services. The charge is \$5.00 and any Old Millhillian who is interested in attending is asked to communicate with:—E. H. Thackrah, 1382 First Avenue, New York City 21, New York, U.S.A.

**OLD MILLHILLIANS' ANNUAL DINNER:** This, the Club's main function of the year, will be held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London, W.1, on Friday, 28th October, 1960. Full details will be circulated to all Members at a later date.

**OLD BOYS' DAY AT THE SCHOOL** will, as usual, take place on Saturday, 29th October, 1960—the day following the Annual Dinner.

## President Nominate, 1960-61

At a meeting of the Council of the Old Millhillians' Club held on 5th July, 1960, Ord. A Cunningham (1916-20) was unanimously nominated as President of the Club for the year 1960-61.

## Subsidiary Club Reports

### RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB

Our Cricket team has played and won two matches—against the Old Merchant Taylors' and the School! Our hero has been Ken Hinckley-Smith, who scored 49 not out and 104 not out, and as usual we saw a selection of bowling which ranged from the fast to the fantastic.

John Williams has been elected Captain for the coming season, with Rodney Haynes as Vice-Captain and Alan Bonner as 3rd member. Ray Hubbard and Kin Coombe are to captain the "A" and "B" XV's respectively.

### CRICKET CLUB

The results to date for the 1960 Season are as follows:—

1st XI			
Apr. 30	U.C.S. Old Boys ... 114	O.M.'s .....	115-9 Won (A. J. Hemmings, 5-19) (M. W. Corby, 43)
May 7	Old Lyonians ..... 203-2	O.M.'s .....	153-9 Drawn (D. V. Saunders, 36* A. J. Hemmings, 47)
	14 Northwood ..... 123	O.M.'s .....	107-8 Drawn
	21 Hampstead ..... 116-6	O.M.'s .....	157-7 dec. Drawn (A. Wilkinson, 53* D. V. Saunders, 31)
	28 Old Cholmeleians ... 130	O.M.'s .....	133-3 Won (M. Roberts, 4-24) (R. Harley, 54)
June 4	Chorley Wood ..... 153	O.M.'s .....	127-8 Drawn (J. H. Cranwell, 6-37) (A. Wilkinson, 33)
	11 The School ..... 137	O.M.'s .....	140-7 Won (M. W. Corby, 41)
	18 Old Haberdashers ... 84	O.M.'s .....	50 Lost
	25 Totteridge ..... 66	O.M.'s .....	68-4 Won (A. J. Ferryman, 3-14 J. H. Cranwell, 4-20)

July	2	Wimbledon .....	79	O.M.'s .....	193-8 dec. Won
		(A. J. Ferryman, 4-16)		(D. V. Saunders, 59 A. Wilkinson, 44)	
	9	Old Dunstonians ...	119	O.M.'s .....	Rain Aban.
		(A. J. Ferryman, 4-20)			
	16	Old Alleynians .....	69	O.M.'s .....	70-5 Won
		(A. J. Ferryman, 6-17 J. H. Cranwell, 4-30)			
			2nd XI		
Apr.	30	The School .....	173-7	O.M.'s .....	92-9 Drawn
May	7	Old Lyonians .....	64-7	O.M.'s .....	62 Lost
		(E. S. Harvey, 4-14)			
	14	Northwood .....	162-6	O.M.'s .....	40 Lost
	28	Old Cholmeleians ...	75	O.M.'s .....	152-5 dec. Won
		(J. H. Cranwell, 5-26 R. Hanson, 4-14)		(M. W. Catesby, 48 J. McAdam, 57)	
June	4	Chorley Wood .....	59	O.M.'s .....	62-3 Won
		(T. Elkins, 9-22)		(M. W. Catesby, 50*)	
	11	The School .....	131	O.M.'s .....	126-6 Drawn
		(J. H. Cranwell, 6-34)		(M. Armistead, 42* M. W. Catesby, 42*)	
	18	Old Haberdashers ...	50	O.M.'s .....	131-4 Won
		(J. H. Cranwell, 4-18 E. Harvey, 4-12)		(C. D. L. Smith, 86 M. W. Catesby, 42*)	
	25	Totteridge .....	168-8	O.M.'s .....	57 Lost
July	2	Mill Hill Village ...	183-9	O.M.'s .....	178 Lost
		(J. H. Cranwell, 5-80)		(R. L. Weavers, 63)	
	9	Old Dunstonians ...	Rain		Scratched
	16	Old Alleynians 140-8 dec.		O.M.'s .....	34 Lost
		*Indicates	not out		

## GOLFING SOCIETY

The events since March have been that we lost to Cranleigh in the first round of the Brent Knoll Tournament at Burnham and Berrow; but we beat both the R.A.F. and Sherborne at skittles the same evening.

In the Halford Hewitt we lost to Cheltenham in the first round, but since then we have beaten the Old Alleynians, the Old Malvernians and the Old Cholmeleians. We also beat the School.

Seventeen attended the Spring Meeting at Puttenham, when the prize-winners were D. G. Petts, M. S. Gedye and T. E. R. Micklem.

We entered the Putting Competition at Royal Wimbledon, but did not qualify for the final day.

We beat Hurstpierpoint in the first round of the Mellin Silver 2-1, but lost to Cranleigh in the next. This is the first year of a competition among the second 16 Schools to enter for the Halford Hewitt Tournament at Deal. This originated in 1924, when we put in a side, but the tournament did not go to Deal until the following year and we did not compete again until 1930. Each side consists of six players over 50. We have plenty of these, and hope that the Autumn Meeting at Liphook, on October 8th and 9th, will attract some younger players as well.

## OLD MILLHILLIAN LODGE

The Lodge was consecrated on 13th October, 1938, and to mark its Twenty-first Anniversary a donation of Ten Guineas was made to each of the four Masonic charities.

R. A. Rossington (1946-51) was Initiated at the meeting held on 26th April, 1960, and was given a warm welcome into the Old Millhillian Lodge.

W.Bro. W. Peter Wood, the Senior Warden of the Lodge, has been unanimously elected Master for the ensuing year and will be Installed on 27th October. He will have the pleasure of Initiating another Candidate during his year of office.

We recently had the pleasure of welcoming as a visitor Bro. Hill, the senior Medical Officer at School, who, in the absence of Bro. Exton, gave us news of life and activity at Mill Hill.

The Secretary of the Lodge, W.Bro. E. C. Emerson, 81 Knatchbull Road, S.E.5, will be pleased to hear from any Old Millhillian or master at the School who is interested in the Old Millhillian Lodge. Meetings are held at Freemasons Hall, Great Queen Street, W.C.2, on the fourth Thursday in October, January, April and June.

## **SQUASH RACQUETS CLUB**

In the final of the Old Millhillians' Squash Tournament, M. W. Corby beat M. P. Elles-Hill by three games to one. The winner holds the Silver Salver for one year.

## **TENNIS CLUB**

A young team drawn from those who have left Mill Hill since 1954 was selected to play the School on Old Boys' Day, but was defeated by five matches to four. Holden and Weir won three, Fraser and Stern lost three, and Bean and Carpenter won one and lost two.

In the D'Abernon Cup competition we beat one of the 1959 semi-finalists, the Old Whitgiftians, by five matches to one in the 2nd round, after being presented with a walk-over by the Old Shirburnians in the 1st. The next match, which is the quarter-final, is against the holders, the U.C.S. Old Boys. The Cup Team has been B. Palmer and T. C. Jenner, R. L. Grimsdell and P. M. Johns, and G. W. Grey and D. G. Jenner.

Any Old Millhillian who is interested in playing should contact the Hon. Secretary, J. B. Visser, 47 Southway, N.20 (Telephone: Hillside 8949).

## **SWIMMING CLUB**

We are pleased to announce the rebirth of the Swimming Club, which, halted by the war, has not until recently begun to find its feet again. We have taken part in two matches this year, one against the Old Chigwellians which we won easily, and one against the Old Cholmeleians, who just beat us by one point.

We hope to arrange five or more matches before the end of the year and shall be very glad to hear from any O.M. who would like to swim. Please contact the new Secretary, R. E. Furlong, either c/o the Club or at 41 Court Road, Eltham, S.E.9.

It is hoped that there will be a good response, as we are looking forward to rebuilding an active and go-ahead Club.

## **YACHT CLUB**

In the last issue of the Magazine we promised to report the results of our Easter endeavours, and now have to record with regret that "Winnie" did not reach Torquay. A brave effort was made on the Thursday night prior to Good Friday, "Winnie" sailing from Poole only to be driven back with the crew suffering from "frostbite"! One crew member was heard to say, "What the . . . ! We're supposed to be doing this for fun!" However, the crew thoroughly enjoyed the Rugby Club tour, arriving in Torquay by the more usual method of the motor car much to the amusement of members of the R.F.C., who by this time were enjoying the tour in the traditional manner. (As a humble member of the crew, may one remind our skipper that, although Red to Red and Green to Green are good rules when at sea, they don't apply to red farm tractors ashore—nor, may one add, should he expect an M.G. Magnette to float better than "Winnie"!)

After Easter "Winnie" settled down to her normal routine of weekend cruising, and members have made full use of her excellent facilities. The weather has not been as kind as would be liked, but perhaps it is more normal than the wonderful summer last year.

Once again several members have been ocean racing, and it has been very pleasant to meet Allan and Derek McLennan in their steel sloop "Toledo." This yacht, designed by Buchanan, should have a great future in ocean racing, and we certainly wish them the best of luck. We should also like to congratulate Keith Wrigton on his win in his "Dragon" a short while ago. Unfortunately he keeps her on the East Coast, but perhaps one of these days we may see her competing at Cowes.

We are continually hearing of Old Millhillians who sail and who own yachts but who, as yet, have not joined the O.M.Y.C. May we draw their attention to our Associate Membership, subscription £3? We need their support if this new venture is to succeed and prosper, thus meeting the ever growing demands of O.M.'s who wish to sail.

As last year, "Winnie" will be at Cowes during Cowes Week, and subsequently some members will be spending their holidays on board, cruising in the Channel Islands.

Finally, the Secretary would be pleased to hear from any O.M.'s who would like to join the Yacht Club under any of the three categories of membership. These are as follows:—

Full Member	...	...	Subscription £20
Associate Member	...	"	£3
Cadet Member	...	"	£1 (Age limit 30)

Please contact:—J. K. Coombe, 23b Launceston Place, Kensington, W.8. or c/o the Old Millhillians' Club, 4 Whitehall Court, S.W.1.

## ALFORD HOUSE CLUB

Lambeth

There was plenty going on at the Club during the summer, including the annual highlight of the visit to the School in July, which was much enjoyed by members. At the same time emphasis has been directed towards the coming season, when the Warden hopes to make a serious start on work for Duke of Edinburgh awards and also to achieve a good contribution to the National Club Week at the end of October when members raise funds for their Club and for the national organisations. Outside offers of clothing for a jumble sale or unused goods of any type for a Club stall in the Lambeth Walk street market would be very welcome.

It is appropriate on this occasion to refer to the letter which is being sent out from the Club to ask for additional annual subscriptions. It is a long time since any such appeal was made generally, and it is sincerely hoped that the response will help to secure the position for the future, which will otherwise be most difficult. The Club and its governing body are most grateful to the President of the Old Millhillians Club for sponsoring this important approach for support.

## To Old Boys of Collinson House

5 Winterstoke Gardens,  
Mill Hill,  
N.W.7.

Dear Old Collinsonians,

Unfortunately no record is available of the names of those of you who contributed to the beautiful silver salver which Tim Davies presented to my wife and myself at the end of term. This, therefore, is the only means whereby we can express our thanks to you for your kindness. We do appreciate it very much.

It will be a big wrench leaving the House after fifteen years, but we shall still hope to keep in touch with its past members. I am sorry not to be able to write to you all individually.

Yours very sincerely,  
(Signed) Donald Hall.