

VOL. XVII.

JULY 1945



THE
LEIGHTONIAN

A LIST OF THE FALLEN

| | | | | | | |
|------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| D. G. Goodwin (1931-1935) | - | - | - | - | - | 1940 |
| J. N. Kennedy (1932-1934) | - | - | - | - | - | 1940 |
| J. F. Armitage (1933-1935) | - | - | - | - | - | 1941 |
| W. W. Burgon (1932-1934) | - | - | - | - | - | 1941 |
| D. S. Crichton (1920-1924) | - | - | - | - | - | 1941 |
| G. G. Isaacs (1934-1938) | - | - | - | - | - | 1941 |
| R. M. Minchin (1933-1936) | - | - | - | - | - | 1941 |
| D. N. P. Roger (1937-1939) | - | - | - | - | - | 1941 |
| P. H. Basson (1928-1930) | - | - | - | - | - | 1942 |
| P. C. Beale (1921-1926) | - | - | - | - | - | 1942 |
| G. W. M. Duncan (1935-1939) | - | - | - | - | - | 1942 |
| D. Kemsley (1918-1922) | - | - | - | - | - | 1942 |
| A. B. Mann (1955-1940) | - | - | - | - | - | 1942 |
| D. G. T. Richard (1933-1937) | - | - | - | - | - | 1942 |
| M. Baxter (1934-1939) | - | - | - | - | - | 1943 |
| M. H. Dunsheath (1936-1939) | - | - | - | - | - | 1943 |
| R. H. C. Fleming (1932-1936) | - | - | - | - | - | 1943 |
| F. C. Luce (1934-1935) | - | - | - | - | - | 1943 |
| P. W. Newbegin (1920-1926) | - | - | - | - | - | 1943 |
| M. S. Peters (1931-1933) | - | - | - | - | - | 1943 |
| A. H. Bassett (1937-1940) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| N. D. R. Calkin (1935-1939) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| R. C. Evans (1938-1940) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| M. O. D. Hawkin (1928-1931) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| D. Hoyland (1930-1935) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| A. Pearson (1936-1940) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| J. E. Robson (1931-1936) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| E. H. Robson (1926-1929) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| P. D. Scarr (1934-1937) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| J. H. Suter (1940-1941) | - | - | - | - | - | 1945 |
| P. Lund (1938-1941) | - | - | - | - | - | 1945 |

KILLED BY ENEMY ACTION

| | | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| Hugh T. Crossfield (1897-1902) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
| R. B. Crewdson (1908-1911) | - | - | - | - | - | 1941 |
| J. R. S. Gould-Hurst (1939-1940) | - | - | - | - | - | 1941 |

MISSING

| | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|------|
| R. B. Binyon (1927-1933) | - | - | - | - | - | 1944 |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|------|

THE LEIGHTONIAN

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No. 152

SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE AND DEDICATION

HELD AT LEIGHTON PARK, MAY 8TH, 1945.

When the news of May 8th came through our first reaction was to join in a service of remembrance and dedication in Peckover Hall. All the School Community was there. We have felt it right to place on record the words that were said and read on that occasion.

PRAYERS

Let our minds be stayed on Almighty God:

Almighty God we stand before thee remembering thy many and great mercies to us and to all men. Especially do we thank thee for this day of opportunity which releases many from suffering and gives hope to mankind.

And we beseech thee to give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we show forth thy praise, not only with our lips but with our lives.

Let us remember the fallen:

Almighty God we beseech thee to keep us faithful to those who died that we might live. Give us strength never to betray the trust that they have laid upon us.

Let us pray for the bereaved:

Most loving Father, whose son Jesus Christ lifted burdens from the heavily laden, give peace of mind and consolation to those who have lost dear ones and whose lives are lonely and full of emptiness.

Let us pray for captives, the forsaken, the cruelly afflicted, and for those who bear great sorrows:

O Christ, our brother, who taught us the law of neighbourliness and brotherhood, teach us how to love those who are lost and fallen by the way. Sharpen the blunt edge of our charity, preserve and quicken in us our present longing to succour the oppressed of all nations.

Let us pray for the peoples of the world:

O God, who has made of one blood all the nations to dwell upon the earth, break down, we beseech thee, all that divides us from one another; lay low our pride. Guide with thy pure and peaceable wisdom all those who take counsel for the nations of the earth; draw us together as one family of peoples dwelling in the fellowship of the Prince of Peace.

And let us pray for our enemies; that they and we may together come to know thy righteousness, and be made one on the holy bond of truth and peace, of faith and charity.

Finally, let us dedicate ourselves to God's service, which is the service of our fellow men:

Almighty God, from whom cometh every perfect gift, strengthen us in our present resolve that the lessons of these years of affliction shall never be forgotten. Be with us through the length of our days helping us to fulfil thy will for us; keep bright our vision, preserve our minds and our bodies as instruments fit for thy high purposes.

Let us gather up our prayers in the words of our Master who taught us to pray and say together the Lord's Prayer:

Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever.

We then sang the hymn (S.P. 350) : " Now thank we all our God " .

The first reading followed (Isaiah lxi) :

" The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath appointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord that he might be glorified. And they shall build the old wastes, they shall raise up the former desolations, and they shall repair the waste cities, the desolations of many generations.

I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with a garland and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels. For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations."

We then sang the hymn (S.P. 308): " O God of earth and altar."

The second reading followed (Romans viii) :

" What then shall we say to these things? If God is for us, who is against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not also with him freely give us all things? Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth; who is he that shall condemn? It is Christ Jesus that died, yea rather, that was raised from the dead, who is at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation? or anguish, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Even as it is written, for thy sake we are killed all the day long; we were accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor things present, nor things to come, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

THE HEAD MASTER THEN SAID :

" This is the first day that boys now at Leighton Park have met together in peace time. A whole generation has passed through the School under the shadow and dangers of war. And we have been preserved.

Today we come together, the whole school community, in friendship and singleness of mind, under the urgency of a great event. We are here, because we are thankful. We are here, also, to think upon a great calamity and a great hope. We are here, old and young, in a spirit of sad remembrance and of humble dedication. For, a few hours ago, the terrifying destructiveness of the cruellest war in history ceased in our part of the world. At last, in Europe, our Europe, the background of our history, men are free from death. But they are not free from desolation: we look out upon a world in ruins.

In 1918, on the eleventh of November, the wildest things were done in a riot of relief and in the belief that the last war in history was over. Some of us here remember the delirium of that day. But today we are in more sober mood. We are glad; we are relieved; we give thanks to God that part of the nightmare is over, we hope the worst part. And yet we cannot wholeheartedly rejoice. For we are too conscious of the grief and pain that remain; we are too much aware of the heavy tasks ahead.

Our first thoughts, then, are for those who have fallen and for those who still suffer. Beginning at home we remember over thirty young men who once sat where you now sit, who worked within these walls and played on your playing fields, but who will never come here again. They died for great ideals. We remember them, and "for their sakes we sanctify ourselves", dedicating our lives in the same spirit, with the same courage, with the same hopes. Again, we remember all those thousands like them, all gone except their works, which will live after them only if they live in us.

And then we look out upon the world. But we shall not find in it much cause for rejoicing. We shall find, nevertheless, that it is a place for working in. Cruelty did not

die, greed did not die, when the guns ceased firing. The waste places and the desolations are still there. And only years of love and generous toil will heal the scars in the human heart and on the fair face of the earth.

Did you notice that phrase in Paul's words to the Romans?—"We are more than conquerors." The effectiveness of our dedication to the upbuilding of our new world will, I believe, depend on whether, after victory, we can be "more than conquerors". Millions of men have died in this part of the war that has just ended. More millions have suffered in ways which stagger our imagination. Many more are still to suffer and to die—for another war still goes on. But there is more than this: there is appalling evil alive in the world, evil thought, which has abased men's minds to that lowest of all states where evil is called good.

This suffering calls to us. This evil challenges us. And strange to say the weapons of war can cure neither. That is why we must be more than conquerors. That is why today we stand naked before God, humble, penitent, in prayer, in dedication to the service of His will, His way, His purposes.

And we must be encouraged. For if cruelty and greed are not dead, neither are courage, love and generosity. Even amidst the devastations of war these great virtues have shone through the lives of men and women everywhere—Over the ocean of darkness and death has flowed an ocean of light and love. Charity, neighbourliness, imagination, intelligence—these are our weapons. And if "God is for us who is against us?"

We go forth, then, from this little assembly, one of thousands that will be meeting at this time, believing that

God may be delayed by evil
But he suffers no defeat

and carrying in our hearts the burden of our Laureate's appeal to men who are free to live:

"You, who have power of beauty in you, give . . .
Nothing but sunlight in us will bring Peace."

We then sang the hymn (S.P. 623): "Praise my soul the King of Heaven" and dispersed after we had listened to the ancient words of comfort: "Let us go forth upon our ways in peace; let us be of good courage; holding fast that which is good; rendering to no man evil for evil; strengthening the faint-hearted; supporting the weak; helping the afflicted; honouring all men; loving and serving the Lord, rejoicing in the power of the Holy Spirit."

STOCKTAKING

I have been asked by the Editor to do a little stocktaking, to register such changes as have occurred at L.P. during these five-and-a-half strange years when O.L.s and some of the Staff have been scattered throughout the world and we older folk and new generations of boys have carried on beneath the oak and the poplar. It is difficult because in a fundamental sense we feel just the same. We have watched the long evening shadows creep across the mown grass, the leaves fall in the autumn from the same trees and the brilliant greens of spring bringing in the Summer Term. Boys are the same as ever they were; there is no change there. The old rhythm goes on—work, games, hobbies, the School Certificate, merit-halves, holidays for babies, Speech Competitions, Speech Days, School Council and all the rest. The Staff are as human as ever.

And yet, I suppose, we are changed and L.P. is not quite what it was in gentler days. I would say that life is more strenuous for us all. We all have extra jobs to do as there are fewer people about to do them. We are more self-supporting, we spread ourselves over a greater variety of duties, and we are more conscious of the big world beyond the Forest of Arden, and I believe we contribute more to it. We have had difficulties and they have been good for us; we have learned to become less conscious of things we can't have, food for instance; conveniences that were once regarded as part of the good life we have now realized had little relevance to it. While in some ways we look shabby, in our dress and in the classrooms, in a very real way, I believe, we are more disciplined and self-controlled.

One of the most gratifying experiences of the whole war has been the easy unselfconscious way in which the boys have accepted responsibility, not from authority, but by sensitiveness to the needs of the situation. They were so thoroughly sensible and unalarmed during the period of air-raids; undisturbed by the unusual and frightening. And because we have

not been able to enjoy the freedom of movement possible before the war we have learnt to provide our own amusement. The result of this has been that the present L.P. boy is, shall I say, rather more civilized. He has developed good taste in the arts and music without losing an ounce of physical vigour and keenness. Our scholastic record has been at least as good and in several ways better. Failures in exams. have been rare, scholarships at the Universities have been frequent, and yet I never remember a time when cricket and rugby have been more successful, when the teams played more as teams, when more athletic records have been broken.

There has been throughout the liveliest interest in the war and some boys have shown surprising knowledge of its movements. Interest in the affairs of the world has been high and this has resulted in a desire to get beyond the School fence into the life of Reading where contacts have been more numerous than ever before. At the same time, in a community, where both among boys and staff, opinions have differed acutely during the periods of crisis, I have never discovered any other spirit but one of tolerance and generosity. It would have been disappointing if that had not been so, but it is worth recording that it has been so.

But there is a debit side. There has been a necessary lack of spaciousness in our activities. Materials for craftwork have been scarce or unobtainable and we have had fewer instances of ambitious projects in the workshop in consequence. In this and in other ways there will be room for a re-birth of enterprise when conditions permit. Books have been difficult to get and reading has probably been less catholic than it was. War literature has not the most permanent value and possibly this generation has not founded itself as well as earlier ones on the literature that endures. That was inevitable. But I hope the time is not far off when boys will know that English was written before Auden.

Any final assessment of our present condition is dangerous. But I think I can say that, on the whole, we are a better School than we were in 1939. We have learnt what we can do without; we have discovered what is essential to our well-being. We are more united, more aware of our direction, as free as we were but rather more orderly, and the boys, living in a world where over light-heartedness is at a discount, where the future is less certain, are more conscious that life is not an empty dream. They are aware, too, although not self-consciously, that over thirty Old Leightonians had "died for great ideals" and that on them rests a debt to be paid.

What of the future? I cannot prophesy. It is clear that we are well founded. But Schools like L.P. will have to make many adjustments if they are to fit usefully into the new world. We do not know yet the shape of things to come. As the new plans for our national educational system emerge it becomes evident that we shall remain independent, which means that we shall have to pay our own way. We may have to become even a more expensive School, which is a great pity. But above all L.P. must be the best that it can be, a sample of the highest in thought, conduct and efficiency that a school with the best traditions of christian enlightenment, freedom and order, can produce.

E.B.C.

O.L. NEWS

OBITUARY

EDWARD BONVILE FOX (1899-1903)

We regret to announce the death on December 9th, 1944, of Edward Bonvile Fox who was at Leighton Park from 1899 to 1903. The following extract is a testimony of the Devon and Cornwall Quarterly Meeting to his services to the Society of Friends:

"He was the youngest son of Charles and Gulielma Fox of Battisborough House, Holbeton, and in his young days drove in with the rest of the family to the Meeting House at Treville Street. Throughout his life he retained a love of nature, with a keen knowledge of natural history, and gardening was one of his best loved hobbies. He was educated at Leighton Park School, and during the last War served with the F.A.U. in Belgium and France. This made a lasting impression upon him and his references to his experiences were frequent. He also helped considerably in building up the hospital work undertaken by the F.A.U. at York. On leaving school, he joined his father's firm of Fox, Roy & Co. and, later, among other duties, he was for a time Belgian Consul at Plymouth. Returning to Plymouth after the War, he threw himself energetically into the work of Plymouth Meeting,

and was among those deeply concerned for starting the Swarthmore Settlement at Mutley. To its development he gave unstinted service as a member of the Council.

In 1927 he married Doris Eileen, eldest daughter of Charles A. and Ruth Goodbody, and she and their daughter, Joan Barbara survive him. His death at the age of 58 leaves a blank in Plymouth Meeting which will be hard to fill and we record with thankfulness that such a strong, honest and courageous life should have been lived amongst us."

KILLED IN ACTION

GEORGE GRAEME ISAACS (School House, 1934-1938)

After a long period of waiting since March, 1941 when Graeme Isaacs was reported missing after the sinking of a troopship we must assume that his name now joins the list of those who will not return. We last saw him in February, 1941 when he came to say goodbye before his expected departure to the East. My last act of friendship, I remember, was assisting him into his great-coat after consciously admiring his fine carriage and appearance which was so well displayed in the uniform of Pilot Officer in the Fleet Air Arm. It is difficult to believe that the occasion was indeed a last farewell. Already he showed signs of the strain he had undergone in the stress of the "Battle of Britain" when night after night he had joined in the defence of London.

Graeme Isaacs was an outstanding person. He was one of those rare young people who at an age when youth is usually raw have attained personality and poise beyond their years. At eighteen one could say of him "This is a gentleman" for he had the courtesy and confident good manners that come of the early integration of fine instincts and a sensitive mind. He was little swayed by public opinion, maintaining a healthy conservative outlook at a time when something "leftish" was more the fashion, but he knew why he held his views and was effective in supporting them. It is not surprising, therefore, that he held a high place in the regard of both masters and boys. Qualities of leadership, unobtrusive but firm ways of dealing with people, enabled him to lead his House of which he was Head Boy and to assume Senior Prefecture without effort. He was a prominent figure and held office in the Debating Society, L.H.A. and other societies, always carrying responsibility with ease. He was an intelligent but not a brilliant student and when he passed on to Lincoln College, Oxford, to study Law his tutors spoke highly of his promise. But the war called him before his course was completed and he died on his way to further strenuous service after he had proved his mettle in some of the toughest fighting of the war.

Our deep sympathy goes to his mother and father and sister who have mourned him now for over four years.

E.B.C.

JOSEPH ARMITAGE (School House, 1933-1935)

There was some doubt about the fate of Joseph Armitage, but it must now be presumed that he was killed in action in 1941.

Joseph Armitage, "Joey", as everyone called him, was one of a crowd of vigorous independent boys in the Fifth Modern Form of 1935. It was not a particularly easy Form for any timid master to teach, but in many ways they were the salt of the earth. Always willing to get into trouble, they never got out of it by ways that could be called mean. Always ready to stand up for themselves, they co-operated well and were successful where the more academic boy would sometimes fail. In some ways they established a tradition in that part of the School for common sense and directness of behaviour.

It is right to mention all this because Joey Armitage was essentially one of a team that held together. He didn't stand out as an athlete, although he was keen and won some events in swimming. He didn't particularly shine at anything except perhaps as the "good boy" in an improvised form play. No one was farther removed from the fictitious "good boy" type that I suspect never exists, than Joey Armitage. He was too good a chap for that.

He was dependable, not perhaps in doing a good piece of work in prep-time, but in the deepest sides of his character. Some of us knew him well and remember him as a very likeable and human boy, one who would be an excellent friend if the way were difficult or dreary.

After leaving School (he left rather early because his friends had gone), he took up flying, and was an instructor before the war had begun. He then became a fighter pilot, and was last seen baling out over the French coast.

We remember him as a very good comrade in the very best sense of that word. Our deep sympathy goes to his mother, who loses her only son.

S.W.B.

ROBERT MICHAEL MINCHIN (Grove, 1933-1936)

Michael Minchin last visited the School sometime in September, 1941. He strolled about the Park with one or two members of the Staff in an apparently inconsequential manner but he was clearly interested in everything he saw, the horse paddocked on the School House tennis court, the trees and especially the newly cultivated fields. He had studied agriculture at Wye College since leaving school and he commented favourably on Mr. Brown's potatoes. Quite casually he referred to the fact that he was a Sergeant Observer-Navigator who had been flying regularly over Germany. He seemed to be very happy and self-controlled, but above all he was extraordinarily modest. Shortly afterwards he was reported missing and nearly a year later came the news from official sources that his grave was in Borculo in the Province of Gelderland, Holland.

At School Michael was a quiet boy, absorbed in his hobbies, especially bookbinding which he kept up after he left. He pursued his interests with initiative and ability and his name appears on the Stansfield Hobby Board in Townson. He was friendly and co-operative but at the same time he was a live individual who went about with a certain determined air of his own. He visited Canada after leaving School and then a strong sense of duty led him to join the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve in April, 1939. He trained and did his work deliberately and without fuss, taking part in over fourteen raids on Germany before he was shot down. We deeply mourn his loss and at the same time extend our sincere sympathy to his father and mother.

J.K.T.

PETER BASSON (Grove House, 1928-1930)

Quite recently we heard with deep sorrow that Peter Basson was killed in action in 1942.

We remember him as a cheerful, friendly co-operative boy, especially noticeable for his fine carriage and physique. He was a very good mixer, well-mannered and sensible in his attitude to his companions and to the School. He had no great academic ability, but as Mr. Flattely, who thought highly of this type of boy, would have said of him, he contributed by being unselfish and acting reasonably. He helped to make life in a community work smoothly and efficiently.

He found it difficult to settle down to a career after he had left School, and had disappointments to face and losses to bear. For a time he was in the pre-war R.A.F., but found it a blind alley occupation. About that time he revisited the School and talked at length to some of us. One felt that there was some form of expression he was striving for; some form of life he was wanting but that had so far escaped him. There was the same conversational cheerfulness and good manners. He didn't visit us after that, and now, maybe six years later, we hear of his death in the R.A.F. while on operations.

He has given his life, and I am sure that the occasion, whatever it was, would have found him quietly efficient and gentlemanly, with no hatred and no bitter feelings: perhaps with just a wistful feeling that things might have happened differently.

Is it just a coincidence that, when I think of Peter Basson I think too of Mr. Flattely who knew him well, and of many boys in the School now and formerly, who smooth the way of life for others by the simple but distinguished virtues of genuine good helpfulness, good manners, and good taste?

S.W.B.

PHILIP WADHAM NEWBEGIN (1920-1926)

It is now presumed that Philip W. Newbegin, who was reported missing in January, 1943, lost his life upon that occasion. He was engaged on air operations in Coastal Command of the Royal Air Force, with the rank of Sergeant Observer (Navigator). Thus two years of anxiety, tinged with hope, have ended for his relatives with the certainty that he will not return. Our thoughts and sympathy are with them.

Very few still at Leighton Park remember Philip Newbegin, but those who do recall him as a very friendly boy, not given to asserting himself unduly, even a little lethargic at times. But he went quietly on in his own way, pursuing his own interests and becoming a House Prefect at School House in due course. We remember his pleasant grin when, as often happened, he saw the humorous side of a situation, and his comments, frank but with no malice in them. At School his interests lay particularly in music and in mechanical things and from Leighton Park he became a student at Ohio Mechanics Institute with the idea of learning the management of power laundries.

Nature's endless variety as exemplified in the human boy provides schoolmasters with a number of problems, a few headaches, an occasional regret, much satisfaction and many happy memories. In our thoughts of Philip Newbegin it is the satisfaction and the happy memories that loom large.

H.S.

MALCOLM BAXTER (Grove House, 1934-1939)

Malcolm Baxter, who joined the R.A.F. early in the war, was reported missing on operations in 1943, and is now reported presumed killed.

Malcolm visited the school several times during his training and later during periods of leave. He was a gallant and intrepid airman; a highly skilled pilot, showing concern for his crew, some of whom were married; responsible and brave.

As a school boy he stands out clearly and very happily. His interests were not mainly academic, although he had quite good ability and passed his School Certificate. In the classroom he didn't always concentrate; his enthusiasms belonged to the countryside. I remember the lizards he kept as a small boy in the IV Form. He would be away to them as soon as school was over. All living creatures interested him. The countryside was alive to him, and he knew how to observe and what to look for. I am glad that here in this School he found the freedom to form his own character, for freedom to him, and freedom for others became a great theme in his life.

He had mechanical interests too, but these were more related to the performance of the machine than to its mechanism. All of us who knew him will remember the way he learnt to cycle backwards. Other boys copied him, but none with the precision or balance that he showed. He had a strong feeling for art; for sketching and for music. He played in the School orchestra.

Malcolm was a very companionable boy, light hearted, often gay, often serious but never stupid or dull. He had the capacity to retire into himself and enjoy his own individual interests. He wasn't in any way dependent on an audience or a crowd of people. He had no enemies whatsoever.

It is difficult indeed to associate him with the horrors of war; difficult to realize that he has gone. For his interests were so lively and spontaneous. He was still a boy. But there had grown up in him a quiet mastery of himself; a type of idealism based on clean living and sensitiveness to all living things; a conception of beauty that included action. All this was bound up in a sense of duty that was never cold or calculating, but that included a warmth of feeling for others and a real kindliness of spirit.

Our deepest sympathy goes to his mother and father and his brother, Ian.

S.W.B.

ADRIAN PEARSON (School 1936-1940)

Adrian Pearson came to Leighton Park from Newtown School, Waterford, in the summer of 1936. He left at Christmas, 1940, having taken his School Certificate and having served as a Sub-Prefect. He was a valuable member of school teams, particularly at hockey, rugby, and swimming. He left us when he did because he wanted to show, by joining one of the services, his appreciation of the friendship and other good things which he had found in England. He did not talk about his desire to do this but one knew, during his last term or two, that he was eager to be off. On returning to school for his last term he experienced an air raid in London and it was this experience which decided him to join the R.A.F. and to qualify, if possible, as a Night Fighter Pilot. He enlisted in 1941 and was awarded his wings, after training in Canada, the following year. His first operations were in bombers but in 1943 he was transferred as a Flight-Sergeant to Night Fighters. Finally, in 1944, on an unaccompanied flight to Morocco, he failed to reach his destination, and his death is now presumed.

This is the bald narrative of Adrian Pearson's life and, of course, it leaves many of the most important things unsaid. At School he did not do well academically; his reports usually encouraged him to "greater efforts"; he was often "gated". He did quite a lot to encourage our traditional view of the Irishman as being a little wild and certainly independent. We did not mind because we knew well enough that of such spirits the best characters are often made. And in Adrian's case there was no mistaking the friendship which he offered; he was always completely sincere and genuine. A letter which he wrote to the Head Master shortly before his death was typical of him. He said: "I hope you will excuse this scrawl but I am writing it in a far deserted corner of the aerodrome. I suddenly felt I had to write to you to let you know how glad I am that L.P. is holding together.

Please keep it clean and free and keep the people inside sane. When eventually the essentially evil Nazi system has been wiped out it is your people and not the war-minded that must take over and keep things straight. You must know this already but still it is essentially a truth." That was all he said ; but one cannot receive such a letter without knowing that the writer meant what he said and without knowing that it leaves an immense responsibility on those who are left.

Adrian-Pearson gave his life for his friends ; he had no illusions about his chances of living through the war. In one sense he need have taken no part, for his own country was neutral ; but equally, for the very reasons which made us love and respect him, he had to do what he did. We shall not forget him, and we cannot forget the faith which he had in us.

To his parents, and to his brothers, one of them is coming to L.P. next term, we offer our warmest sympathy in this great loss.

K.F.N.

JOHN SUTER (Reckitt House, 1940-1941)

John Suter came to the School after obtaining his School Certificate, going straight into the Lower VI. He was an unassuming, gentlemanly, quiet and friendly boy with good ability. He entered into the life of the School very fully and keenly.

After he had left School and during his Army training he kept in touch with us. Some of us saw him on his last leave before embarkation to France. There was a quiet confidence about him, a very cheery smile, with perhaps just a trace of consciousness that he was going overseas. He stood in my garden talking pleasantly and lightheartedly. Among other things he was going to take a parcel of soap to some friends in France.

Thinking back on these simple things, and remembering his genuineness, I feel I have a small glimpse of what he was. For he had a very deep-rooted loyalty to the School and to his friends. He was incapable of saying or thinking to hurt, incapable of mean action. That grace of behaviour and easy and cordial approach to those he knew were the results of a well formed mind and character. Soon after that goodbye in my garden came the news of his death. He was killed in making the Rhine crossing.

There was a deep sincerity in him, a very deep regard for what was just and right and human and a very great friendliness. Our deep sympathy goes to his mother and father.

S.W.B.

PETER LUND (School House, 1938-1941)

We heard with great sorrow that on June 1st Peter Lund was killed in the explosion of a German ammunition dump at Emden. This tragic news came at a time when we rightly assumed that dangers were over in Europe.

Peter was able to make only preliminary arrangements for entering the legal profession after the war before he was called up in June, 1942 and was posted to the R.A. After various courses he gained 100 per cent. proficiency in gunnery and was offered a commission, but refused this offer and joined the 51st Heavy Regiment R.A. On D+3 Day he landed in France with the 21st Army and went through the whole campaign in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany with one slight wound received a few hours after landing. After leave in April he rejoined his battery beyond the Rhine and almost a month after the cessation of hostilities this tragic accident occurred.

All who knew Peter appreciated his fresh outlook and courteous ways. He was always a splendid citizen in the School, upright and sincere and a person whose friendship and help could always be relied upon. We can well understand his C.O.'s appreciation : " He was certainly one of the most popular and well-liked fellows in the Battery and his untimely death is felt as a personal loss by each one of us."

Our sincere sympathy goes to his mother and father.

E.B.C.

RETURNED PRISONERS OF WAR

We have heard definitely that the following have been repatriated from P.O.W. camps in Germany. There are probably others of whom we have not heard and of whom we should be glad to know.

WILLIAM R. HENDERSON (1918-1921) who has been doing distinguished work in neuro-surgery in Germany in P.O.W. camps is now repatriated and is continuing his work at St. Hugh's Hospital, Oxford.

JOHN KAY (1932-1935) has now returned home to his wife and children. He escaped from his prisoner of war camp and was picked up by the French after some trying adventures.

PETER ROBSON (1934-1938) who was wounded and taken prisoner at Arnhem has now returned home and has visited L.P.S. He seemed wonderfully well and cheerful and none the worse for his wound and experiences.

ANTHONY C. SMITH (1935-1939) has returned after very trying experiences. He is much fitter now than when he first arrived.

REX SARJENT (1935-1938) visited the School recently. He seems to be fairly fit and was proud to be greeted by his son and heir whom he had not seen before his return.

BRIAN DARBYSHIRE (1931-1935) F.A.U. writes cheerfully from home after a short period in hospital.

RICHARD E. EARLY (1923-1927) F.A.U. has returned home and writes cheerfully from which we assume he is well.

RALPH R. SMITH (1929-1933) F.A.U. is not only home but re-settled into legal work with John Brain. He says he was kept well and has had a busy life in hospital.

O.L.s IN THE FORCES

MARTIN E. M. HERFORD (1921-1925), M.B.E., M.C., has been awarded the D.S.O. for distinguished services at Arnhem. The citation reads as follows :—

“ On September 23, 1944, 163rd Forward Ambulance was moved to the area of Valburg to act as evacuating medical unit for casualties of 1st (British) Airborne Division from the north bank of the River Neder Rijn, in the event of the relief of that division being successfully accomplished. Reports stated there were 2,000 British casualties in the area north of the river in urgent need of assistance and medical supplies. The medical personnel of the division was reduced to 18 officers and 120 other ranks.

“ It was planned that 163rd Forward Ambulance would accompany a force across the river on the night of September 23-24, and would take across medical personnel and stores, but this plan had to be abandoned owing to the non-availability of sufficient craft.

“ At 14.30 hours on September 24, Lieut.-Colonel Herford, on his own initiative, organized a party consisting of one medical officer and four other ranks and crossed the river to the north bank in a boat loaded with medical equipment. The boat displayed the Red Cross flag.

“ Lieut.-Colonel Herford was well aware that the north bank was held by the enemy and that all his movements might be under direct observation. On reaching the north bank he ordered his party to remain beside the boat whilst he alone proceeded forward with a view to making contact with the medical services of the 1st (British) Airborne Division or making arrangements with the enemy for the completion of his mission. Soon after leaving the bank, he was made prisoner.

“ He requested to be taken to see a senior German officer and after some considerable time his request was granted. The result of his interview was that he was permitted to contact the head of the German Medical Service in the Arnhem area and arranged for the organization of a hospital for all British casualties. This hospital was established in barracks near Apledorn.

“ Into this hospital 1,500 British casualties were collected and most of the remaining medical personnel of the 1st British Division were set to work. Lieut.-Colonel Herford was largely responsible for the organization of the hospital and treatment of the casualties. When he discovered it was proposed by the Germans to evacuate the serious cases in ordinary freight wagons, he protested in the strongest possible terms and succeeded in ensuring the provision of a properly equipped ambulance train.

“ When all the serious cases had been evacuated from Apledorn he decided to make his escape. In this he was successful after an arduous and dangerous journey, and he returned to our lines, bringing with him a nominal roll of 1,500 British casualties remaining in enemy hands. He was, in all, 26 days within the enemy lines.

“ In carrying out this most dangerous and difficult task, Lieut.-Colonel Herford displayed complete disregard for his own personal safety. His unshakable determination resulted in adequate treatment being afforded to the British casualties in enemy hands and their evacuation to enemy hospitals under the best possible conditions. His conduct all through was up to the best traditions of his corps.”

We congratulate MAURICE CLARK (1928-1931) very warmly on the award of the D.F.C. We have no further details.

EDWARD BACKHOUSE (1933-1937) is now a Flight-Lieutenant and seconded to B.O.A.C.

R. GRAHAM BICKERTON (1937-1941), Sub-Lieutenant R.N.V.R. has left this country with the Fleet Air Arm and his job will be to maintain the Fleet Air Arm machines on a shore base.

PATRICK HOBSON (1938-1943) has gone to the Far East in the Navy and has contrived to make his first century in Indian cricket.

JOHN C. GUNNELL (1940-1943) is doing Intelligence work in the Army and is stationed at Bletchley.

E. L. THOMAS (1933-1936) is now stationed at Arborfield and has visited the School.

The following report has been received about E. S. APPLEBAUM (1923-1928): "One of the most unusual and fascinating appointments in the Middle East is held by a Liverpool born Sergeant. He is Sergeant S. Applebaum, formerly a member of the Kfar Blum communal settlement in Palestine, who is now turning his Oxford classical training to account as N.C.O. in charge of antiquities for the British Military Administration in Cyrenaica. He studied History at Oxford, and then for some time was engaged on excavations in England. His interests turned to agriculture and the colonizing of Palestine. However, having done a course at the David Eder Farm he became a member of the Kfar Blum, former French Premier. He served for two and a half years with the Jewish Brigade, and acted as proof reader at the G.H.Q. Press for a year before being posted to his present job."

RICHARD EDWARDS (1934-1936) is still in the Pay Corps stationed in this country.

GLYN PHILLIPS (1930-1934) has been slightly wounded in the head in Belgium but is now fully recovered.

HUGH PARRY (1930-1936) has been discharged from the Army owing to illness while serving in India.

PHILIP EVANS (1925-1927), Lieut.-Colonel in the R.A.M.C. is in charge of a medical division in a British General Hospital C.M.F.

MICHAEL HUNKIN (1940-1944) is in the Coldstream Guards and sings in the Guards Chapel choir.

ANTHONY SARJENT (1935-1939) is in Burma and running a wireless station for the Forces.

F. K. SARJENT (1930-1932) is in Cairo driving lorries for the R.A.F. and has a daughter.

JOHN T. SMITH (1932-1934), R.E. is now a Captain and is stationed in Ceylon.

JULIAN VINER (1940-1943) is in the R.A. and is somewhere with the B.L.A.

WILLIAM A. J. WEBB (1939-1940) is now a Captain in the R.E.'s and is leaving India for a place further East.

KAREL REISZ (1939-1944) is with an R.A.F. Czech Unit after completing his Short Course at Cambridge.

JOHN WILMERS (1935-1938) wishes it to be known that he has changed his name from Hans Wilmersdoerffer to John Wilmers. The change is legal and permanent and he would like his friends to know. At the moment he is in Italy and has enjoyed visits to Florence.

B. J. SMITH (1932-1935) is a Captain in the R.A.M.C. and at present with a Field Regiment of the R.A. with the B.L.A. He went out with the landings in Normandy in 1944 and went on as far as Arnhem, since when he has got as far as Wilhelmshaven and Belsen. He met TAFFY MAW (1931-1936) and also BASIL SMITH (1933-1937) "wonderfully coping with hordes of very dejected German refugees".

FRANK C. PERKINS (1937-1940) is at present in hospital at Holloway Sanatorium. On returning from South Africa where he had been flown to recover from blackwater fever contracted in West Africa he re-joined his unit of paratroops and was subsequently badly wounded in the head. He was in Sutton Emergency Hospital for nine months, and spent another nine months in another hospital. After that he took to tank driving but had to return to hospital with a return of the trouble from the original head wound. He expects to stay there for several months yet. We deeply sympathize with him in the terrible trials he has undergone.

JOHN P. MARTIN (1939-1944) has been moving about the North of England taking various courses.

ANTHONY MOUNSEY (1938-1943) has returned from South Africa where he was training with the R.A.F. and has now decided to study mining.

MARTIN CADBURY (1938-1941) has also returned with ANTHONY MOUNSEY to this country and has spent some time in hospital recovering from illness contracted while in South Africa with the R.A.F.

BASIL PARSONS (Staff) is expected home very soon after a long period in the School of Hygiene with the M.E.F.

ROGER HAWTIN (1938-1943) writes from Manitoba where he is continuing his training as a navigator. He has been across to the east coast where he has been royally entertained.

PETER J. C. GREEN (1931-1933) writes from B.L.A. where he is now a Lieutenant in the Seaforth Highlanders having taken to the kilt after the tanks. He has not reported before to us that he had "collected a grenade wound in the wrist and a bullet through the leg" which members are all in working order now. He heard news of the capitulation in front line trenches from which they were expecting to move up to the assault on Bremerhaven.

JOHN WYATT (1937-1942) is stationed at Scarborough with the Signals. He reports that he has heard from JOHN BEASLEY (1937-1942) who is now with the R.A.C. and from GORDON EDWARDS (1938-1943) who has volunteered for the submarine service, and from DAVID BOTHWELL (1937-1943) who is working in the mines.

PATRICK W. ALLEN (1937-1942) writes from Naples where he seems to be enjoying life to the full. He has visited Pompeii and Vesuvius and expects to be soon engaged on clearing up the Aegean.

It is a long time since we heard from MURRAY T. PHEILS (1931-1935) who is in East Africa. He got his M.B. in 1941 and spent the next two years doing surgery at St. Thomas's. He joined the R.A.M.C. in 1942. Since he has been in the Tropics he has met COLONEL SAUNDERS-JONES and DONALD and ROBERT. He was married in 1941 and now has two sons, Michael and Peter.

ROBERT MUGDAN (1938-1939) writes from Australia and is in the Australian Army. He tried to contact R. G. ASHBY (1936-1940) but has not so far been successful. He is engaged to "a girl from Sydney" and intends to get married this July. He hopes to take up the profession of architecture after the war.

JOHN L. WAKELIN (1933-1938) is in India. He had only been there three days when he met G. P. BOWSER (1932-1935) in a swimming pool in Bombay. A short time after that he met COLONEL SAUNDERS-JONES and his son Robert at the Taj Mahal. He reports that "Bobby has not altered in the slightest". He also met Bobby's fiancée of whom we have not yet heard. He hopes to transfer soon to Bobby's division so that they can move off to Burma together.

JAGAT MEHTA (1937-1940) after securing a Double First at Allahabad University has been filling a temporary vacancy in the English department. Since then he has changed his profession for the Navy where he is Second-Lieutenant on H.M.I.S. *Valoura*.

GEOFFREY BRAIN (1936-1940) writes from C.M.F. and says he is leading a lazy life clearing up after the German surrender in Italy. He was on the Adige when this happened. He has visited Florence and bumped into ANTHONY GIBBINS (1935-1940) and JOHN WILMERS (1935-1938). In Venice he met DONALD SAUNDERS-JONES (1932-1937).

JOHN HOLTOM (1935-1940) was last heard of making a beautiful road in India. It is so beautiful he says that he likes to stand and look at it in the evening and gloat over the mark he has made on the face of India. He says he can talk Hindustani at a phenomenal rate and even make himself understood.

O.L.s IN THE F.A.U.

GILES COOPER (1937-1941) was last heard of at Hamburg dealing with displaced persons after considerable wanderings on the far side of the Rhine. He has had sad experiences in some of the concentration camps.

ALAN MARCUSSEN (1937-1940) is in the Dodecanese Islands and writes: "I have spent more time on ships than on land, escorting some two thousand refugees from Turkey and elsewhere. Life has been far from dull".

GRIGOR McCLELLAND (1935-1940) paid us a visit on a short leave from France. He seemed very fit and has returned to duties in Western Europe.

J. D. WOOD (1924-1929) has returned from China and is working in the Headquarters in Gordon Square. We shall welcome him back next term when he will take up the House-mastership of Reckitt House. He is to be married in August to Miss Katharine Knight.

MICHAEL HARRIS (1933-1937) is still in China where the Unit is working in close contact with the British and American relief agencies and with UNRRA. He has many resounding titles, the most important of which we understand is "Acting Associate Director of the International Relief Committee".

EDWARD CADBURY (1935-1939) has now returned from China. He is quite fit and is preparing to go to Cambridge next term.

HUGH BIRKETT (1933-1936) is working with the I.V.S.P. in Greece. He experienced strenuous times during the troubles last December and is at present responsible for a large region and is the only Englishman in the town.

GENERAL NEWS

We congratulate :

PATRICK J. W. HENDERSON (1930-1937) on his marriage to Junior Commander Margery J. DONOVAN, A.T.S. He hopes to be on leave soon.

J. B. KIRK (1933-1938) on his engagement to Miss Evelyn Bell, V.A.D.

G. H. PATTINSON (1933-1936) on his marriage to Miss Ruth Barber of Sheffield. He is still a Lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. and after being discharged from service afloat in destroyers due to damaged ears through heavy gunfire, did further service in Iceland and is now on a shore job.

PAUL ROAKE (1932-1935) and his wife on the birth of a daughter, Ann Catherine.

VICTOR W. ALEXANDER has recently written a Memoir of Donald Gray, late Head Master of Bootham. This is a most sensitive appreciation of a great personality and we commend it strongly to O.L.'s.

ALAN COLE (1941-1943) is still working in the pits in the Midlands and is forming some strong views about the mining industry.

RIDER SALMON (1935-1940) is playing tennis for Cambridge. He went up to St. John's in the autumn and is reading English.

MARK BIRKETT (1932-1935) is now discharged from the Army as medically unfit and after a long period in hospital is at present a farmer. In his off-hours he expands on the virtues of equality of opportunity in the village "local".

HUGH M. FOOT, O.B.E. (1921-1925), Colonial Secretary for Cyprus has been selected for appointment as Colonial Secretary for Jamaica.

GORDON SEEKAMP (1941-1943) we hear will soon be joining the Marines. He has met MICHAEL MALNICK (1938-1944) in Brighton.

JOHN SLATER (1938-1942) after returning from the Azores has been working in the Foreign Office and is now posted to Vienna.

We have received a letter from E. W. INSINGER (1936-1937) the first contact we have had from Holland. He and his family have suffered much during the occupation ; but unlike his brother he was able to escape from Nazi clutches and was able to remain in hiding in Holland.

OXFORD O.L. LETTER

DEAR SIR,

With Schools in three days' time I trust that I may be forgiven if my darts are blunt and if my thrusts lack their usual vigour.

I look around at the O.L.'s who still support this ancient source of man's enlightenment and wonder why they are so few. Can it be that O.L.s or their parents spurn the tradition of Plato and the liberalism that tempers so much of university life ? But perhaps it is more human weakness that I condemn, for there was a time, a generation ago, when Cambridge was the more enlightened. Now the pendulum has returned, but son still follows in father's footsteps. They may work harder in that other place ; they may know more facts. They work because they must, though they doubtless will to ; but can a product of L.P. not be trusted to make that choice himself ? Learning does not go with compulsion, nor scholarship with mere facts. How I wish I had the space to retell the confessions of a Cambridge Don, as I stood beside him gazing at the splendour of New College by moonlight. But son will still follow in father's footsteps, as tide will follow tide.

Just now Oxford is rather subdued and figures in dark clothes with the traditional white tie, cap and gown are a common sight. They are doing Schools, as university examinations are commonly called. Among the crowd one might see *James Shaw* escorted by two members of the fair sex. His law finals do not seem to be going according to plan, but perhaps they never do. He is going down to continue his articles in a solicitor's office. *Roger Gillett* is another on the list and we hope that he will be a qualified doctor before long. He is very warmly congratulated on his marriage to Miss Patricia Midgely and we wish them both the very best of fortune. *John McMichael* is coming up for his maths. and radio finals: Queen's has been making good use of his talent on the cricket field. *John Cotes* is doing final honours Physiology before hopping off to Barts to continue his medicine. Only *John Burt*, who had the great good fortune to meet J.D.W. when he addressed the Ornithological Society recently, and *Peter Cave* will remain. The latter shares your correspondent's

enthusiasm for scouting ; but with rumours of mixed camps in the air, it is not fair to predict where it will lead him.

Finally, as I close my ninth and last letter, I beg you, Sir, to give your future correspondents at least two days' notice and to restrain your minions from censoring every purple passage.

I will end as I have so often not been allowed to begin :

Salvunt Leightonios Leightonii Antiqui.

Your sincere O.L. CORRESPONDENT.

CAMBRIDGE O.L. LETTER

DEAR SIR,

The activities of most O.L.'s in Cambridge has been curbed by the examinations at the end of this term. In spite of this it seems to have been a good term for most of us.

E. K. Westlake (St. John's) has been working at a quite unprecedented length. His politics have had to take a temporary "back seat" but he was recently asked by the Professor of Anatomy why he couldn't produce a green froth on his beer. *W. G. Dawson* (Christ's) and *D. G. Julian* (St. John's) are immersed in work but the former spared a little time to his college cricket club. *C. H. Talbot* (St. John's) has been playing cricket regularly for his college. This completes the list of medicos taking tripos Part I this term. *P. R. Gittins* (St. John's) is reported to be on the committee of the University branch of the Communist Party. *D. R. Mounsey* (King's) is taking his Mechanical Sciences Tripos this term, he has no time for these political frivolities. *H. L. Beasley* (Caius) is taking Tripos Part I in Modern Languages. He makes unsuccessful attempts at going into a trance in the hope that he will be a medium some day. *C. W. Woodall* (Pembroke) rows and insists that a mathematician needs three days rest each week. *N. C. Ure* (Caius) believes that physical exertion should be taken in even smaller doses than engineering. *M. J. Beasley* (Corpus Christi) who is now doing first year Engineering plays golf on the Gogs with great regularity and increasing precision. *J. A. Ross* (St. Catherine's) plays regularly for his college tennis six. He was recently "progged" together with *J. N. Gammon* (Trinity Hall) and *S. Lister* (Christ's) for contempt of a Proctorial procession. Lister has been playing cricket for his college.

R. G. Salmon (St. John's) has been playing tennis for the University but he maintains that he has not yet reached his School standard of play.

J. A. Eddington (Emmanuel) recently informed me that he could still bowl, apparently his college is short of "medium-paced" bowlers. *C. L. Cadbury* (St. John's) is rowing in his college second boat.

H. B. P. Chapman (St. John's) is an ardent member of the cruising club and is becoming adept in the arts of sailing, capsizing and cycling home wet. He lives in the same "digs" as *J. H. Lodge* (Bart's.) who is now working for second M.B.

We were very pleased to see *J. D. Wood* when he came down to Cambridge for a weekend. *K. Reisz* and *D. L. Bothwell* appeared during the VE holidays. *S. Benaim* also paid us a visit and was forced to spend the night on your correspondent's sofa.

Your sincere O.L. CORRESPONDENT.

In response to a request to a number of O.L.s to tell us something about their experiences we have received the three following articles; we are grateful to the authors and are only sorry that more were not able to respond to our invitation.

INTERLUDE

For the first time for five years I waited in the dusty heat outside Reading Station for the Merry Maidens bus. On the way up I got a sidelong glance down Church Street, bringing memories of bowler hat and stiff collar at Sunday Meetings, Harvest Festivals and parties in the Institute. Then up Kendrick with Christchurch spire at the top soaring up between the trees ; past the Green ; glimpses of a hutted camp over the other side of the hawthorn hedge enclosing Whiteknights.

I wanted to get out at Reckitt, but the bus no longer stops outside the gates by the lodge where Gruber used to live and carried me on to the next stage. I crawled through a hole in the fence in the time-honoured manner, a dive into the depth of green coolness in the wood, before coming out in front of Reckitt.

Turning round towards School House, 4 acre and 10 acre were a mass of buttercups ; the dark green and deep shadows of the trees on one side, and the exuberance of the thickened

plantation stretching along to the pond, on the other ; behind everything the lazy, gentle summer hum and the smell of cut grass. The beauty and peacefulness of the Park reminded me of an intimate stretch of country on the bank of the Loire a few miles from Blois, where I was staying in 1938. That countryside and its people seemed, then, to be living in a mellow peacefulness, a pre-1914 atmosphere, completely isolated from the changing world outside and the struggle of contradictory forces in the painful process of resolution.

So, too, my first impression of the Park. It was only by the small changes, as I walked around—Mrs. Castle's hens and vegetables on Reckitt lawn and tennis court, the ploughed and cultivated strips here and there, lack of coal to heat the swimming bath and petrol for the mowers—that I felt the increased sense of community responsibility for the present and the future ; that I realized how much work had been done, and how much achieved in bringing the School through the war.

It is an achievement which was typified for me at the time in the first cricket match of the season : 1st XI v. Kenneth Nicholson's XI—white flannels and a perfect pitch ; the pleasure of chatting to old friends under the big fir near School House ; prams and children parked round about and passing to and fro ; two or three O.L.'s drinking in the atmosphere. On the other side of the field groups of boys lying in the shade among the beech-nuts and acorns, watching the game, chatting and reading.

Shadows were lengthening, so I went down the drive and out of the little gate in Shinfield Road which used to lead to " Kencoeed ", and away back to the sweltering and dirty heat of London.

Such an interlude brings back the past, but the School is essentially the future. For those of us in the Services it is great to come back and realize that, with Fascism defeated, we are entering a period in which we shall, among other things, be able to build on a national scale schools of the same high standard as L.P.S.—if we grasp the opportunity.

PETER T. ROBSON.

A LINE-SHOOT REFINED

The unwritten laws which deal with " line-shooting " * are of interest to any student of the imponderable. By repute, you see, it is the cardinal sin, with awful penalties hanging on its commission—such as having to buy a round of drinks for twenty or thirty people. But, in practice, it is indulged in freely by everyone and, when consciously undertaken and tempered with a touch of humour, forms the stock-in-trade of most Mess conversations.

This, of course, applies only to verbal line-shooting. Line-shooting in print, be it merely for the School magazine, is quite a different matter. I am thinking now not so much of the probable displeasure of the Air Ministry—most men can suffer that and live—as of the inevitable ridicule shown by the people with whom one has to live, when the crime is discovered. Outlawry is better. That is why, when a member of the Services is asked to furnish an account of his " experiences ", his immediate reaction is one of healthy reluctance, passing at times to terror. The barrier is there, and no sensitive soul will easily surmount it.

You will see from all this that I am not going to write flak or searchlights, or even tell one of those delightful stories which start, " There was I, upside down over . . ." For five years now, the daily press has stressed to the point of satiety what is, after all, the mere apparatus of warfare, and I would not wish to take risks with anybody's mental digestion. Instead, within the limits of the space assigned to me, I propose to detail one or two of those things which do not commonly get into the papers, but which nevertheless have given me personally a good deal of pleasure and satisfaction.

First, and on the strictly corporeal plane, comes that ingenious pastime known, amongst other things, as Bar Checkers. The rules of this game are the same as those for ordinary drawing-room draughts, but there the similarity ends. In place of the common board, the floor of the Mess bar is marked out with chalk in large squares, and half-pint glasses of beer serve as the draughtsmen. The novelty of the game derives from the rule that as soon as a player takes one of his opponent's men, he must drink it. Any men made into kings are, of course, exchanged for pints. Bar Checkers is probably one of the great inventions of the war, although, like Rugger, it tends to provide more amusement for the spectators than for the players. Teetotallers may play with milk.

Less likely to develop middle-age spread out of season are the bacon and eggs, eaten at five in the morning after the strain of a long raid, and followed by the superlative ecstasy of going to bed in the dim dawn. I have never yet attempted to climb Everest between dinner and breakfast, but I imagine the delights of utter exhaustion experienced by anyone who

does so will be very akin to those enjoyed by bomber crews on return from night operations (but this is getting perilously near our taboos).

Do not think, however, that life in the Air Force is all beer and skittles. It has its imaginative moments—and indeed without them it would be difficult to keep the wheels turning. Clouds, for instance. If I never enter an aeroplane again I shall still carry their impressions to the grave. Playing hide-and-seek in giant forests of cumulus on a light night over the Irish Sea, or watching westwards across Europe their low lines coated with gold and the rose of morning, and knowing that behind them sleeps England. The sensation of beauty like this must remain one of the few monopolies of the air.

Then to fly over the Alps in moonlight is a thing not easily to be forgotten. Indeed, to take compass bearings of Mont Blanc in the face of so rarified a beauty seemed a kind of sacrilege, as if war, and man himself, had no place there, and one regretted the quaintness of a fate which mingled loveliness and horror in such strange confusion. At times, the sight of the target itself urged similar feelings, of wonder at the pin-pointed symmetry of the streets of a burning city, and of fleeting sympathy with the enemy who shared in the involuntary purpose of this destruction. Dropping bombs becomes a matter of mechanics, which you deal with aloofly, like old capricious gods working from unassailable heavens the puppet-strings of human destiny. Stunting of sensibilities is the worst work of war.

Had I the millionth part of all the paper wasted in the Air Force during the war, I might well extend this casual catalogue to frightening proportions. Happily I have not, and so can leave off, in the knowledge, at any rate, that such line-shooting as I have given way to has been of the rather more subtle, and therefore less culpable variety. And, continuing, I might not be so lucky.

PETER M. J. HARRIS.

* Line-shooting, for anyone who (a) is not cursed with a brother in the R.A.F., and (b) is still in the dark, is Air Force terminology for any unnecessary emphasis of personal talent and achievements, particularly in reminiscences.

A RUBBERNECK AND HIS HAT

A rubberneck, for the benefit of the uninitiated, is a gentleman in a natty starched bush shirt who arrives in Arakan in a welter of armbands and saluting, to have a distant view of the Japs and to qualify for the Burma Star.

We bought the bush hat in Karachi, and this was acclaimed the action of a rubberneck in embryo. It looked very natty in the photographs, but both it and the embryo got a rude shock a fortnight later when they were sorted out to lead, or at least march at the head of, a column of reinforcements over the Ngakyedauk Pass. It was a very hot day at the end of April. The dust was normal—that is to say, two feet deep and a cross between smoke and face powder. Slow-moving jeeps make of it a ten foot high opaque smoke screen, it clings like Coty, and vanishes if you rub it on your skin. When we got to the other side of the pass, the bush hat had much more of that 14th Army chic about it—stained with sweat, thick with dust, and very very limp. So were we.

The rains came. When it rains in Arakan there is more water than air in the atmosphere, and on an unprotected head it feels like concussion gradatim. The effect of the monsoon on the hat was marked. Mildew, perhaps, you only associate with hats when they have been carelessly stored in a damp attic, but to watch the mildew appearing on our hat was revelation. Lovely colours it came in—yellow and green and blue, with a nice undertone of the more usual grey.

After three months in Arakan, we were beginning to be more inhabitants than rubbernecks, and we should have needed a new hat if we had stayed there any longer. So we went to Manipur Road, also called Dimapur. There we were prevailed upon to lecture to the assembled back area boys on Arakan. It was unfortunate that many of them had been in Arakan longer than we had, but the hat saw us through; parked on the table between the water beaker and the billiard cue, it caught everybody's eye before the end of the introducer's remarks, and by the time that everybody had taken it in and begun to think about listening to us, the stage was wanted for the Sub-Area Concert Party, and everybody went away un-enlightened and happy.

After that, the main function of the hat was camouflage on our rubbernecking forays down the Imphal Road, but the arrival of a covey of V.A.D.s from home put an end to all that, because they, or at least one of them, refused to countenance the hat. It was therefore relegated to the limbo of a dark corner in our basha, where it acquired several interesting new stains and many cobwebs. Then the time came for us to leave Dimapur, and to go in

the direction of the wars, which had moved too far away for convenient rubbernecking. We wore the hat as we left, excusing ourselves on the grounds that we couldn't pack it, we had to have one, and there weren't any big enough new ones in the officers' shop.

So we took our last trip down the Imphal Road, sorry to see the last of it, for it runs through country where nature has let herself go in the matter of mountains and jungle, country which is only ugly to those who had to fight over it, country which for three hundred miles from Dimapur to Kalewa, apart from a small plain round Imphal, appears impossible to fight over. Looking across from one hilltop to the next, three miles away, the valley seems pleasantly wild and wooded, offering a nice walk. But it means walking ten miles or more, and it takes all day, even when there are no bunkers in the way.

At Kalewa we crossed the Chindwin over the longest Bailey Bridge in the world, and then clawed through the fog end of the hills (two miles in half an hour in jeeps) and down the world's worst road to Ye-u; south over the Irrawaddy and down to Meiktila. We never saw Mandalay, so we still don't know whether the fish really fly on the road there, but we were graciously permitted to go and rubberneck at Rangoon, where our association with the hat came to an abrupt end. We met a naval type there who took us for a trip on the river, and the wind, too strong for the mildewed chin-strap, consigned the hat to a watery Nirvana—or, as the naval type alleged, a renaissance on the head of a sampan-wallah.

J. B. KIRK.

SCHOOL NEWS

SCHOOL LETTER

SIR,

In a simpler age we should, on May 8th, have knocked off work for a week or a month or a term. But the *vis inertiae* of our complex modern civilization prevents that (or is it the consciousness of the continuing war in the Pacific and the outbreak of the Battle of Peace?),

And custom lies upon us with a weight
Heavy as frost and deep almost as life.

The School Certificate goes marching on, and the Higher Certificate is hardly less insistent. A few hours of sober joy, and custom resumes its sway.

Fortunately our customs are most of them good, and it's amazing how many are new since the outbreak of war. Not only have we played tennis at Queen Anne's for the fourth year. We played cricket—very mixed cricket—there too. Last term's dance with the Abbey has had no follow-up, officially at least, and nobody has yet found out how to ask Queen Anne's to visit us in return. But the "joint conference" of five Reading schools has reached its third year—at Queen Anne's this time. Non-prep. Saturday evenings are completing their sixth year and the Upper Sixth has just read us *She Stoops to Conquer* to save us from prep. This summer, as last, we have had two really free Saturday evenings, challenging our capacity to organize (or use) our leisure. Enough of us survived the test to make its repetition possible. On May 26th the Hall resounded to a full orchestra of professionals and local amateurs, recruited *ad hoc* by Mr. Dickinson. Another wartime novelty, sure to be repeated.

The fête has had its third year, directed this time, on June 16th, by Mr. Button, and is now an established institution—or is it? Anyhow, it entertained 2,500 citizens of Reading, mainly the young and the very young, to this and that, "made" £250 or so for the Reading Scouts' Appeal Fund and the re-equipment of a school in Europe (administered through the new Leighton Park Youth Fund, now a properly constituted Trust), filled a part, for our neighbours of the Shinfield and Whitley Estates, of the Holidays-at-Home programme—and won from the Mayor, who declared the fête open, golden opinions on all the above counts. Clearly not the least creditable of our wartime innovations. Nor is the fête our only service to others less fortunately endowed than ourselves. A Boys' Club party from Carlisle was entertained to local geography and tea, underneath the bough, by Mr. Brown, and to the river by Mr. Joselin and the Sea Scouts. We have continued to help with the gym. training at the Oxford Road Boys' Club and in a variety of ways at the Whitley Community Centre. Biggest gun of all in this matter of local service is Mr. Nicholson,

who saw to it, with his usual undemonstrative efficiency, that the Reading Christian Council, of which he is the Secretary, "put on" an all-star week at the Town Hall, thereby enabling (and this was no doubt his prime purpose) a good number of L.P. boys to see and hear such speakers as Barbara Ward, Lord Elton, C. S. Lewis and the Archbishop of Westminster. Small "token forces" have taken part—to show our new-found unity with the (local) creation—in the Reading Youth Orchestra and the Reading Youth Choir. More than half the School attended the choir's second performance, under Mr. Trodd's baton, of Gounod's "Faust".

Older customs have survived, or been revived. Jordans Sunday enjoyed an incomparable summer's day. The Fourth Form has taken Mr. Brown round London. The Science Society has spent an excursion day down on a Berkshire farm. We are running our own election—with Lower Fifth candidates, as their seniors, unwillingly *ιδιωται*, have no time to stand. The Swimming Bath, still in its pre-Boer War condition (the Jubilee *aurait changé tout cela*) wasn't heated till June 1st, but has been making up since for lost time. Half holidays over and above VE-days have been inconveniently numerous, thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Button's Elizabeth Ann, to Mr. and Mrs. Ball's Susan Frances, and to the Senior Prefect's Cambridge Open Exhibition in Mathematics. The Senior Prefect seems, like all really busy people, to find time for everything.

Obviously then, despite all the sober, meritorious doings recorded earlier in this letter, neither the doers (seniors mostly) nor their juniors have been deprived of the immemorial birthright of the young to walk in the ways of their hearts. Life has for all of us been unduly real, unduly earnest—and the older masters are said to be yearning for their sabbatical terms (whatever they may be). Our leisure has suffered far more than our work—as exam. results, School Certificate and University Scholarship alike, clearly show—and this is serious in a school which has always believed, with Aristotle, that *ἀσχολούμεθα ἵνα σχολάζωμεν*. We have been tempted *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. But soon now we may follow Horace, the "universal uncle," and return to the best of all schoolboy mottos, *dulce est desipere in loco*, to the days of charabancs to Twickenham or Wimbledon, to distant away matches—at Bryanston in Dorset, and St. George's, and Bloxham on the Cotswolds—to birdwatching in Mr. Wood's antique car, or another such (how glad we were to see him on the platform one Sunday evening), to the School Excursion and even to travel scholarships, with aeroplanes now in which to stowaway. To a whole generation these and other pre-war delights have been closed books. But the shelves are already being cleaned, and the closed books dusted. Soon they will be opened again, and life will be normal—though never again the same. It is sad to think that we shall be losing that pillar of School House through the war years, Miss Bond. But a better and fuller tribute to her will appear next term. The School will not be the same without her for any of us.

I remain, Sir, your faithful

BYSTANDER.

SPEECH DAY

JUNE 29TH, 1945

Speech Day opened with the Headmaster's Annual Report, in which he surveyed appreciatively the good work done by the whole School, staff and boys, in spite of the difficulties created by the war. The vigour of life and activities maintained had far exceeded all our hopes, and results achieved had by no means fallen short of past standards.

Next he publicly thanked Miss Bond, who is retiring this term from the matronship of School House, for her long and magnificent service amongst us.

Finally, he welcomed Dr. Gilbert Murray as the distinguished visitor who was to speak to us and whose life-long work for the good of humanity we deeply appreciated.

Dr. Gilbert Murray's address is reported below.

At its conclusion, Mr. G. Cadbury expressed our thanks to him, saying how impressed we were by the greatness of the vision he had opened to us.

The Senior Prefect then, on behalf of the School, presented Dr. Gilbert Murray with a life of Housman; and requested him, according to the time-honoured tradition, to ask the Headmaster for a half-holiday.

Dr. Gilbert Murray responded forthwith, alleging that the School really needed the half-holiday in order to assimilate all that he had said to it; but the Headmaster replied that,

as the boys had already had too many holidays this time on account of the staff's babies, he preferred to concur with the request for the benefit of the staff—and the boys could do what they liked !

Everybody then adjourned for tea under the marquee and to witness a gymnastic display by nine of our athletes on School House lawn.

The Day ended with an excellent concert in the evening, given by the School orchestras and various solo players.

Dr. GILBERT MURRAY'S ADDRESS

Professor Gilbert Murray explained that if this had been an ordinary occasion and an ordinary school, he might have talked in the ordinary way about how he had been a bad boy at school and had nevertheless become an admiral or a general afterwards. It wasn't, however, true—he had been rather a good boy at school ! Or he might have told them romantic stories about the Blue Mountains in Australia, where the wallabies and other wild animals were all amiable, except the snakes and human beings; about how he had had one Latin lesson out there which had been visited by snakes—first one snake, then another, then another, until there were eight in all ! That had been a most enjoyable Latin lesson ! Or he could tell stories about the cows—cattle that had never seen a man except on horseback, and who were so curious when they saw a man walking that they would approach dangerously close, and there was a risk of being trampled on !

“ But,” he said, “ this is not an ordinary occasion and not an ordinary school. . . .

“ On Wednesday last, 50 nations signed a charter which expresses in so many words their determination to *put an end to war*. They have been very explicit—more so than the Covenant of the League of Nations. Moreover, that Covenant was weakened by the abstention of the U.S.A., whereas this time the U.S.A. have been in the forefront and will probably ratify the Charter before the others.” Would the nations this time keep their word ? If they did, they might lead the world to a happiness and peace greater than they had dared to dream of who had signed the Covenant of the League of Nations. He said, “ You younger people sometimes seem to me like people living on the slopes of Vesuvius, or like people who live in the earthquake quarters, who take it for granted that their house may be laid flat overnight and that they will simply have to build it afresh each time.” Or he might say, at the risk of being slightly offensive, that they were like slum-dwellers: all their lives they had lived in an atmosphere that they took for granted—an atmosphere in which everything was conditioned by fear, the poison that ran through all our imaginations.

Yet it was useful to remind ourselves that war, for all its horrors, had *some* good points: it evoked unity, in which quarrels were dropped, and it developed a sense of duty. He had noticed how the crowds in the street moved briskly, as though people were conscious of a job to be done—sometimes difficult, sometimes dangerous. That blessed unity must be preserved for the times of peace, and so must that sense of duty.

Three times in the last two thousand years or so Europe had had a period of thirty years' war—a little more or a little less—each time with a little gap in the middle haunted by fear and plotting. The first had been the Peloponnesian War—Athens and Sparta; then the war of 1618-1648; and the third in our own time, beginning in 1914. In all three there was a regular rhythm: first, there set in an ever-intensifying demoralization of the intellect, of morals, of civilization; next there came a great effort of the human soul to escape from that evil and find some way of making the terrible thing impossible. He urged us to read the Third Book of Thucydides, beginning at Ch. 82 and following. They had been written by a man who had lived through it and witnessed the terrible deterioration that comes through continuous fighting, through the unending struggle to be on top of your opponent, to outdo him in cunning and terror; they showed how war took away the surplus of ordinary life, leaving a man free to do only what he was made to do; how men grew proud in such conditions and tried to surpass the other side in the ingenuity of their plots and revenges. But then there had come a queer old philosopher in Athens, who said that he wasn't interested in the thing ! He was a citizen of the whole cosmos, loyal to one great city of men and gods, in which none was a serf, none a barbarian. “ That ”, said Professor Murray, “ was the form the reaction took then.”

Then again in the seventeenth century another man had written a famous book, called “ *Simplicissimus* ”. The author had wandered all over Europe, and had come here and there upon little oases of peace. But outside of these, there was cruelty, suffering, unhappiness. What had been the reaction that time ? The reaction that time had been typified by Grotius' book “ *De Iure Pacis et Belli* ”, in which he tried to make out the difference between

a just and an unjust war and to build the structure of international law. Such was the reaction to Europe's second war of thirty years' duration.

We were to notice the difference: the Greeks had had little power in government, and so their appeal had to be directly to the individual, to keep himself in inward peace and justice before God, no matter what might go on around him. But by the seventeenth century men had achieved a sort of law—not yet enforceable, but in some way acceptable.

Now we had just had a war far worse in extent, and perhaps worse in its cruelty and fiendishness. (The speaker did not feel sure about the latter aspect.) It had been very unexpected, coming as it did after an age which had thought peace was safe and which had talked about the brotherhood of man. Yet war had come, with new and worse methods. And it had been made even worse by being mixed with civil war: for first the Bolshevik Revolution had come, with horror upon horror to follow, and then the terror had spread to both sides. Experiences had been terrible. "What, then," he inquired, "must be the remedy this time?"

The speaker said that he remembered the year 1917, when he had been invited to the Foreign Office to help draw up the plans of the new idea of a League of Nations. The little committee had been presided over by Lord Phillimore, and Professor Gilbert Murray said he remembered how delighted he had been when Phillimore read out what was later to be Article 11: "Any war or threat of war, whether directly affecting any member of the League or not, is hereby declared a matter affecting the whole League, which will take effective action to safeguard peace." Yes! That had been what was needed—any threat to peace must concern the whole League, and effective action must be taken. If that right will were there, the machinery would be created in accordance with it. Well—the experiment had nearly succeeded, but not in the end. They had come very close indeed to success, but here we had the second war, worse than the first. Now we were trying again.

Last Wednesday, fifty nations had signed their Charter.

Were the chances of success better? He thought they were; but not everything about it was better. For example, it was not good that three nations should be standing out as alone responsible for the peace of the world, because if one of them should fail, heaven help us! "But", he said, "the chance *is* a better one than last time on the whole."

Some people had said that our chances of peace this time were better because the nations guaranteeing it were armed to the teeth. That did not inspire any particular confidence in him. "The new organization", he said, "will be tested by the swiftness with which it is able to get rid of its teeth"—for the only final solution must lie in general disarmament.

In what, then, did he place his trust and hopes of peace? In the old League they had found that the thing that had been successful was co-operative effort in constructive work—for example, work to eliminate drug traffic, slavery conditions, and other evils. He had been on those committees, and had seen how people forgot their national rivalries when engaged in these tasks. Now, this time there was a great social organization to deal with such matters. They would be concerned with the great problems of economics, of labour, of food supplies, of raw materials—so that the different nations would be sitting together in constructive work, without rivalry. If this should go on peaceably for a few years, people's minds would be filled with these problems. Then the queer and even unnatural preparation of armaments would cease. At present we were still in a war frame of mind; but we would be able to build a world in which people would not be tempted to war on each other. We must gradually move from the war mind towards the peace mind. We should need charity. We should need to set out in a business-like way to build this new organization meant to relieve suffering and injustice. And the speaker thought it would be as well if we remembered the experiences of our predecessors: international law must be built up into a workable system; and especially it would be well not to forget "that great City of Men and Gods in which no man is a slave and none a barbarian".

VE

Tuesday, May 1st was, to quote "1066," "utterly memorable" in the history of the School Council. In the first place it suffered a gross breach of constitutional practice (see Minute Book), and in the second place we discussed form proposals re VE day; whereas the first excitement may have had something to do with the absence of our chairman, the second definitely did not. The situation was that we were faced with the phenomenal fact that Peace was liable to break out any day, and, taking the advice on R.J.B.'s belt, we meant to "be prepared".

There was a medley of ideas—ranging from the “Free Week” of one of the lower forms to the “Breakfast in Bed” of one of the higher : the resolution that finally reached the Headmaster was to the effect that we should have two holidays, a half on VE day itself and a whole sometime in the near future.

There followed a week of clichés—there was fever heat, and breathless excitement, and tension in the air, and then of course the fateful day ; little work was done that Monday night ; all hearts were throbbing with expectancy.

In Reckitt the great news came through R.G.C.’s tiny wireless : at Central, I understand, H. J. H. was actually seen to run in an effort to be the first with the tidings. Bells were rung.

After an early lunch on Tuesday we were “free to roam the lanes and byways, bridled paths and (possibly) lovers shy ways,”—to quote a popular song. While there were those who built the bonfire on the Breathers Ground, most of us toiled not, neither did we spin.

Three boys listened to the Prime Minister. Old Father Thames held attractions as usual, and took the usual toll—I believe the total number of submersions was five, while one



“I thought peace had been declared!”

unfortunate enthusiast ripped a hole in the bottom of a hired canoe. A Security Blackout prohibits our publishing the rather snappy snap B.E. took of the three prefects who had gotten them two charming young ladies in a punt.

In the evening there was a social in which the staff gave a brilliant performance : A.G.J. was excellent as Charlie McCarthy, and A.E.F.D. gave a good interpretation of a Choir-master, K.F.N. compèred and L.H.S. lay on his back on the Stage and stuck his legs up in the air ; S.W.B. was, as always, wonderful as Mr. Brown.

“Nox ruit” (nothing to do with Mr. Taylor, but just to show I know my Vergil), and we all trooped out to the Oak where R.G.S. was being efficient with the bonfire. By 10.30 there was a marvellous blaze, which, with a few home-made fireworks on School House roof, helped to inspire the singing which developed into a mildly wild sort of merriment, unfortunate only in that it knocked the Bursar into a puddle. Reckitt that night was floodlit by the aforementioned B.E. The number of boys who extended their celebrations to a midnight expedition into Reading has not been estimated.

Our Second holiday fell on Friday, June 1st. There was more time and more scope for initiative in itinerary matters. We were all thoughtfully furnished with 2s. and a hard-boiled egg and packed off after breakfast.

Some went home. Many went to London where they indulged in such appropriate pleasures as 5s. worth of lunch or 3s. 6d. worth of Vic Oliver, submarine—queuing for, or pigeons—feeding of; one boy spent nothing on a lunch-time concert, two spent their last pennies on "Le Dernier Milliardaire". The two who went to Oxford spent a lot on books they didn't mean to buy, while the two who went to Winchester spent nothing on Ping-pong balls they'd hoped to buy but couldn't.

A pair of Juniors were thrown out of the Chapel at Windsor, and a pair of Seniors, worn out with the week's work, got as far as Bearwood and collapsed mid the Heather.

Most of us were back by nine—though a few were temporarily stranded at Basingstoke and one cyclist lost a pedal; the two prefects who hitched to Bournemouth returned at 2 a.m.

We hope this holiday will become an institution.

GOSSIP.

THE FÊTE

After consulting the L.P. Meteorological Report, the wireless and the Law of Averages, we decided that June the 16th was going to be fine; and so indeed it was, though clouds did once or twice threaten the success of the third annual Fête held at Leighton Park to entertain our fellow citizens of Reading.

There was a fairly presentable crowd to gather round the Mayor of Reading and the Headmaster for the formal opening of the Fête at three o'clock, and after that there were steady streams of people keeping the gatekeepers busy for the rest of the afternoon, in addition to an also steady, if somewhat surreptitious, stream of small boys entering by ways that did not involve passing the gatekeepers.

This year we again had most of the usual sideshows on 10-Acre, with some additions, including a small roundabout and some Superior Swings (these last were, it is rumoured, particularly attractive to two Sixth Formers, who came back several times in different disguises in order to avoid any loss of dignity in the eyes of their juniors). You could throw darts, shatter skittles, hurl hoops, roll pennies, kick footballs, Feed the Cat, or paralyse your hand trying to get a coin out of a bucket filled with extremely lively water. The Rifle Range in the Fives Court again made vast sums of money, until some peculiarly intelligent boy discovered that he had to aim three feet to the north-west of the target to get anywhere near it. And if you still had any money left after going the full round, there were still the ever-popular Sale Stalls to spend it on. Mention should also be made of the pony and trap and the donkeys, who worked hard (for them) all the afternoon.

The Scientific Novelties were, as always, an immense success. Puzzled parents stood wondering at the incredible spectacles of Water from Air, Gravity Defied, and the Disappearing Pictures, while their young and more scientifically minded offsprings chuckled with glee. There was a Try Your Lung Pressure apparatus, as well as several other amusing contrivances.

There were other attractions, too—swimming and cricket matches, a gymnastic display, a Punch and Judy show, displays by scouts and guides, and dancing on the "green" to the soothing music of the Spring Gardens Silver Prize Band.

There were too many who helped for thanks to be given to individuals, but all who took part—boys and staff and others—gave of their best, and helped to make the Fête a great success. As a result of their efforts, the sum of nearly three hundred pounds was taken during the afternoon, and, after expenses have been deducted, that money will be presented to the Scouts' and Guides' £10,000 Development Fund, and to a Fund for Youth Work in Europe.

J.P.

THE CONFERENCE AT QUEEN ANNE'S

After a short Service in Queen Anne's School Chapel (which some boys attended), at 10.15, Sunday, May 27th, the conference began. Mr. Knox Taylor first took the chair and pointed out the ambiguity of his subject—Pub. Affairs—and then introduced us to our subject and Miss Martin.

"We" were the representatives from Queen Anne's School, Reading School, Kendrick School, Leighton Park and, postprandially, the Abbey School; our subject was Democracy in all its aspects and Miss Martin was the very able speaker from Westfield College who replaced, at the last minute, Mrs. V. L. Stocks, also from Westfield College. Miss Martin was memorable for her illustrations; she dealt with Lincoln's three democratic essentials—government by, of and for the people—in terms of triangular machines, desert islands and

monumental road-blocks, leaving us with a sound grounding in both the practical and obscurer spiritual principles and values of the Ideal Democrat.

The discussion groups that followed suffered at first from the democratic spirit—each person politely waited for his neighbour to start the ball rolling, which took his neighbour roughly ten minutes ; when the discussion began it went rather too fast, fought shy of fundamentals, but raised every circumstantial from imperialism to sex-equality. The questions that each group finally framed were detailed and various, but Miss Martin had to deal with them briefly because of lack of time.

At 2.30 the several schools each read a paper on one of the subjects : Democracy and the Colonies, Social Sciences, Education, and International Relations ; ours was the Price of Economic Security—inspired by K. D. Matthews, written by G. J. Wallis and read by H. G. Jones—pointing out the necessity for full employment, some measure of international co-operation, the continual supervision of production in relation to consumption, and other technical means to reduce poverty—mainly involving degrees of control in each case.

Professor Hodges of Reading University next integrated these papers. Being exceedingly well-versed in every aspect of democracy, he enlarged on many of the finer points upon which our papers had clumsily touched. He dealt with the essentially practical applications of a living democracy, and answered our tardily framed questions with great celerity, precision and frankness (when he could give no answer).

For the rest, we had a sunny day, ate our picnic lunches and drank Queen Anne's lemonade on the lawns or in the orchard, while the boys who had seen the school buildings eight times previously were shown round yet once again. Having mixed business with pleasure, we left with a clarified, if not greatly widened, vision of democracy, wishing that many a politician understood the subject as thoroughly as ourselves.

J.N.K.

MUSIC

This term Mr. Dickinson has been responsible for introducing something new to the School, in the form of a concert given by an orchestra led by Mrs. Cheston and consisting of local talent, some players from London and five boys from the School.

The aim of the concert was to rouse some interest in music amongst those hearing it. This purpose led to some unusual features. The first was that boys were encouraged to attend rehearsals, in order that they might gain some knowledge of the music before the performance proper. This was a good idea and a successful one.

The second unusual feature was the choice of music. Both the aim of the concert and the age of the audience had to be considered. So a variety of short pieces, covering a wide range of style, were chosen. The Moderns were represented by "Wasps" overture by Vaughan Williams, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance No. 4", and two pieces from Sibelius' "Karelia Suite". Brewer sang an aria from "Barber of Seville". There was a delightful "Minuet for Strings" by the early musician Boccherini. Mendelssohn, Borodin and D elibes were represented by a "Nocturne" from "Midsummer Night's Dream", a "Symphonic Sketch" and a pizzicato from the ballet "Sylvia", respectively. The finale was Beethoven's "Leonora Overture Number 3". A lot of ground was certainly covered in that very wide programme, and anybody keen on music could learn a great deal.

I do not propose to deal with the subjects of treatment and technique. But I think the School owes a lot to Mr. Dickinson, for the wise choice of music which was not above the heads of a school audience, and the hard work he put into collecting, conducting and rehearsing an orchestra. The result of his effort was an enjoyable and instructive evening.

F.J.L.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

The *Forestry Group* has this term been doing small jobs round the Park. It has topped some of the yews in the Forest of Arden, and cut down a few dead trees near Grove. The *Road-menders* have done excellent work on the Farm Drive with the aid of tar. The absence of a mention of the Farm Drive potholes in the School Council this term is in itself proof of their devotion to duty. *Groundsworkers* have had the tedious job of mowing grass and tending paths and recently they have been helping to get in the hay. They have worked well, and been of great assistance to Mr. Relf. The *Gardeners* have helped at the Hospice and in the gardens of various members of the Staff. There have been various other jobs going on all the time—two boys had the arduous duty of re-cataloguing the Study Library. Altogether Community Service has been carried out well and efficiently this term.

M.C.B.

LIBRARY REPORT

Work in the Library continues slowly, as it inevitably must. There is nothing spectacular to report in the way of reorganization. We have received a splendid gift of books from Dr. Cave, and express our very warm thanks to him for them. They are :

| <i>Author</i> | <i>Title</i> |
|-----------------------|--|
| S. J. Smith | Principles of Organic Chemistry. |
| L. J. F. Brindle | Flowers in Britain. |
| E. N. Willmer | Tissue Culture. |
| W. Leach | Plant Ecology. |
| F. K. Makins | British Trees in Winter. |
| Edward Step | Wayside and Woodland Trees. |
| A. Milnes Marshall | The Frog. |
| S. O. Rawlings | Infra-red Photography. |
| Alan Jackson | Amateur Photomicrography. |
| Martin Davidson | From Atoms to Stars. |
| Alex. King | Inorganic Preparations. |
| F. W. R. Brambell | The Development of Sea Invertebrates. |
| Dobbin and Mackenzie | Salts and their Reactions. |
| Desha and Farinholt | Experiments in Organic Chemistry. |
| H. and H. A. C. McKay | The Ideas of Physical Chemistry. |
| L. Gatterman | Laboratory Methods of Organic Chemistry. |

The Librarian also expresses his warm thanks for the following gifts :

| <i>Author</i> | <i>Title</i> | <i>Donor</i> |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------------|
| Rex Warner | The Professor | R. N. Mitchell (O.L.). |
| M. Barsley | Common Man and Colonel Bogus | R. J. Higgs, Esq. |
| Scottish Housing Advisory Committee | Planning Our New Homes | R. G. Schardt, Esq. |
| Clowes and Coleman | Quantitative Chemical Analysis | R. G. Schardt, Esq. |
| Cadbury Bros. | Industrial Record 1919-39 | Paul Cadbury (O.L.). |
| Forshaw and Abercrombie | County of London Plan, 1943 | Anon. |
| Janet Whitney | John Woolman, Quaker | Julian Holt (O.L.). |
| Nicholas Moore | The Glass Tower | Publisher. |
| Jan Masaryk | Speaking to my Country | J. V. Weiss. |
| H. Ripka | East and West | J. V. Weiss. |
| E. B. Castle | Building a New Age | The Author. |

Shortage of space precludes a report on books we have bought recently.

V.L.J.S.

PREFECTS

SENIOR PREFECT

J. K. BACKHOUSE (School House)

SCHOOL HOUSE.

R. S. WEBB.
H. G. JONES.

GROVE HOUSE.

C. W. COOK.
C. L. BRAIN.

RECKITT HOUSE.

D. CARMICHAEL.
K. D. MATTHEWS.

SUB-PREFECTS

G. J. WALLIS.

J. S. FORD.
J. N. KENYON.
J. D. MILLS.
G. C. MORCOM.
P. T. PERKINS.

T. C. BOENHEIM.
S. D. BREWER.
H. W. EBERSTADT.
J. M. W. PURVER.

SALVETE

School.—PHILLIPS, STEVENS, SIMON, MORRISON.

Grove.—WINDLE, BARTON.

Reckitt.—SPENCE, BOKITKO, EWING, BEAZLEY.

VALETE

- D. G. MITCHELL (*Reckitt*: Autumn 1944-Spring 1945).
 R. MUNDEL (*School*: Summer 1941-Spring 1945)—*Athletics*: Swimming Team 1943-4.
Exams.: School Certificate 1944.
 D. M. THOMAS (*School*: Autumn 1940-Spring 1945). *Exams.*: School Certificate 1944.

LAURELS

Congratulations to :

- G. J. WALLIS on being Senior Athletics champion.
 F. P. MEITNER on being Junior Athletics champion.
 C. M. OXTON, R. A. SMART and G. W. SCOTT on being awarded their 1st XI colours.
 B. L. DUNFORD, P. L. HOLMES, P. D. STRANG, P. T. PERKINS, N. L. ALDERSON, J. DODD and C. L. BRAIN on being awarded their 2nd XI colours.
 J. K. BACKHOUSE on gaining an Open Exhibition in Mathematics to Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

With apologies for any omissions, the Editor gratefully acknowledges the receipt, in the Spring and Summer Terms, of the following magazines: The Badger (The Downs School), The Beckside (Ayton School—Autumn and Spring numbers), The Reading School Magazine, Bryanstone Saga, The St. Christopher Magazine, The Cupola (Ackworth), The Island (Sidcot), The Newburian, The Tauntonian, "By Kent and Skerne" (Polam Hall, Darlington), and The Oratory School Magazine.

ATHLETICS

SCHOOL SPORTS 1945

This year training did not start with blizzards or even with gales. Throughout the whole of the heats and finals we had no rain and no winds of formidable velocity—facts which added greatly to the enjoyment of everyone, and which partly accounted for some very good times which were done in the heats. Training was a little short this year but none the less keen, and the heats were mainly run off on Ten Acre, as the First Games Field was a little soft, and we wanted to preserve it for our matches. A good number of runners were also performing in St. Joan, but they managed to combine acting and running very skilfully, and hardly disarranged the programme at all.

THE FINALS

The Finals were again spread over three days, and this year there was the added excitement that the Shield would be presented on the last day, and who knew whether the fate of the Shield might not be decided by a single tug in the tug-of-war? And the tug-of-war certainly produced some heroic pulling. In the preliminary round Grove and School had one very long and, judging by the faces of the teams, agonizing heave.

Among the Seniors there were some very good performances. Webb deserves mention for his excellent javelin throwing, and in this event he set up the new record of 154 ft. 8 in. His hurdling too was impressive. Wallis continues to win his races easily, and we congratulate him on being a thoroughly deserving Senior Champion. It is clear that he possesses considerable reserves of speed and we look forward to the Eton match to see what he can really rise to with strenuous competition. One of the most improved runners of the year is Jones. He has lost that stiffness of style, and his stride is now more rhythmical and the whole carriage of his body more graceful and controlled. He is a difficult runner to beat. Kenyon's winning high jump of 5 ft. 3 in. was a good performance. If this jumper, who possesses fine natural spring, would concentrate more on the technique of this event, he would do very well indeed.

The relay racing again reached a high standard. School House equalled the record for the Senior event set up last year by their own team.

Among the Juniors, Meitner stood out for his powerful running in the 100, 440 and 880 yards. He has plenty of stamina, and at the same time keenness and determination.

He won the Junior Championship quite easily, though the runners-up, Chapman and Crowther, showed good all-round ability.

This has been a good season; keenness has been sustained throughout, competition has been vigorous, and we have seen some spirited and exciting running. We thank Relf for keeping the track and pits always in such splendid order. Through his efforts competitors have gained in performance, and all have gained in enjoyment.

RESULTS : SENIOR EVENTS

100 yards.—1st WALLIS, 2nd KENYON, 3rd HEARN. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 440 yards.—1st WALLIS, 2nd BACKHOUSE, 3rd BERESFORD-WILLIAMS. 55 sec.
 880 yards.—1st WALLIS, 2nd BACKHOUSE, 3rd CASTLE. 2 min. 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
One Mile.—1st JONES, 2nd CASTLE, 3rd PURVER. 4 min. 59 sec.
Hurdles.—1st WEBB, 2nd PURVER, 3rd LLOYD. 17 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
High Jump.—1st KENYON, 2nd BACKHOUSE, 3rd WILLIAMS. 5 ft. 3 in.
Long Jump.—1st WALLIS, 2nd WEBB. 18 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Discus.—1st BRAIN, 2nd MILLS, 3rd KENYON. 89 ft. 9 in.
Javelin.—1st WEBB, 2nd OXTON, 3rd BELL. 154 ft. 8 in. (Record).
Pole-Vault.—1st BRAIN, 2nd STOTHERT, 3rd OXTON. 7 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Weight.—1st SHERBORNE, 2nd STRANG, 3rd FORD. 30 ft. 8 in.

JUNIOR EVENTS

100 yards.—1st MEITNER, 2nd CHAPMAN, 3rd GRIFFITH. 12 sec.
 220 yards.—1st MEITNER, 2nd CROWTHER, 3rd WATKINS. 26 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 440 yards.—1st CROWTHER, 2nd LONG, 3rd GREEVES. 65 sec.
 880 yards.—1st MEITNER, 2nd CROWTHER, 3rd GREEVES. 2 min. 23 sec.
Hurdles.—1st CHAPMAN and SEED, 3rd MILNE. 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Long Jump.—1st CHAPMAN, 2nd MEITNER, 3rd MORFORD. 16 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
High Jump.—1st ALDERSON, 2nd GREEVES, 3rd LINNELL. 4 ft. 5 in.

Junior Champion.—MEITNER.

Runner-up.—CROWTHER and CHAPMAN.

Senior Champion.—WALLIS.

Runner-up.—WEBB.

Junior Relay (4 × 220).—1st RECKITT, 2nd SCHOOL, 3rd GROVE. 1 min. 53 sec.

Senior Relay (4 × 220).—1st SCHOOL, 2nd GROVE, 3rd RECKITT. 1 min. 40 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.

Tag-of-War.—Winners, RECKITT.

Winners of Towers Trophy.—GROVE.

LEIGHTON PARK v. READING SCHOOL

HELD AT LEIGHTON PARK ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21ST.

This year, much to our regret, the match was no longer a triangular one. Archbishop Tenison's, who, despite very difficult wartime conditions, had so far managed to produce a team, withdrew from the competition.

The day was fine, and if the standard of performance was not particularly high, that was because both teams had several absentees—some were sitting for exams., and some were victims of Mumps. Our best performances were in the 3 × 100 yards relay, the Hurdles relay, and the 3 × 880 yards relay. In the Hurdles, Webb, Lloyd and Kenyon ran powerfully, and kept up the fine example set last year by Webb, Eldridge and Ure. They took the hurdles confidently and rhythmically, and won by a substantial margin. In the 3 × 880 yards all our three runners showed stamina and determination, and the time of 6 min. 52.4 sec. was a good one. Of individual runners, Francis stood out for a fine mile. He put on a spurt in the last lap, and finished very strongly in second place. Davis of Reading, the winner, showed excellent style in this race.

Meitner ran a slow first quarter in the Junior 880 yards, but was able to win very easily in 2 min. 22.2 sec.—not really a good time for him.

Reading proved too good for us in both the jumping events, though our form in the high jump was disappointing. Reading have in Martin an athlete of considerable promise: he won the long jump with 19 ft. 7 in. and the high jump with 5 ft. 1 in.

Throughout the afternoon the weather remained warm and sunny, and the running was full of interest. Spectators and competitors alike enjoyed themselves, and the result of 32 points to Reading and 28 to Leighton Park is an indication of the keenness and evenness of the match.

RESULTS

3 × 100 yards.—1st L.P. (Webb, Kenyon, Hearn), 2nd READING. 33 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
 3 × 440 yards.—1st READING, 2nd L.P. (Spratt, Oxtan, Hearn). 2 min. 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 3 × 880 yards.—1st L.P. (Ward, Kay, Castle), 2nd READING. 6 min. 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Mile.—1st READING, 2nd L.P. (Francis), 3rd READING, 4th READING. 5 min. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 Hurdles (3 × 120).—1st L.P. (Webb, Lloyd, Kenyon), 2nd Reading. 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
 High Jump.—1st READING, 2nd L.P. (Kenyon, Lloyd). 9 ft. 9 in.; L.P., 9 ft. 8 in.
 Long Jump.—1st READING, 2nd L.P. (Webb, Metcalfe). 36 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 Weight.—1st L.P. (Brain, Sherborne), 2nd READING. 64 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
 3 × 220 Junior.—1st READING, 2nd L.P. (Crowther, Watkins, Meitner). 1 min. 20 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
 880 Junior.—1st L.P. (Meitner), 2nd READING, 3rd READING, 4th L.P. (Crowther).
 2 min. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.

L.P.S. v. ETON COLLEGE

HELD AT LEIGHTON PARK, MARCH 27TH

The Eton match is now an institution to which one and all at School look forward with great keenness. Your reporter, for instance, was pleasantly surprised at the lack of grumbling when term was prolonged by one day, solely in order that he and a colleague might be able both to run in the Eton Match and go to Cambridge in a fruitless attempt to pass exams. Accordingly, a large crowd of spectators was gathered on the First Games Field by three o'clock on this fine March afternoon.

Sheffield Neave and Chichester-Constable opened the match by securing for Eton the first two places for the 100 yards. Eton is too good for us on the short distances, but we picked up on the High Jump and the Mile. No dizzy heights were reached by the jumpers, and at five feet only Backhouse was left in. Your reporter was not watching the Mile, but the judges told him that Leighton Park held the first two places. The Long Jumping was good on both sides, but Eton were best, Gibbs winning with a very good jump of 20 ft 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., after which Brain put the best weight for Leighton Park. Half-time—with Eton leading by twenty-three points to twenty-two.

In the 120 yards Hurdles Webb and Gibbs were running a very close race. In attempting to outstrip his opponent Webb lost his stride, and fell flat after tripping over a hurdle. He managed to pick himself up, however, and secure third place. Lloyd gallantly filled the breach, and came up to second place. Eton were now two points ahead, but the Half-Mile was the next event, and Wallis in his usual style ran one of those races which are wonderful to watch, beating his own last year's record, and reducing the time to 2 min. 7.4 sec. The Javelin followed and was won for Leighton Park by Webb, who threw the astonishing distance of 157 ft. 8 in., beating the previous record by nearly 4 ft. Leighton Park were now leading by 2 points and only the Quarter Mile remained to be run. The excitement was intense as the runners were started. By the time they were halfway round it was clear that Chichester-Constable was running very well and was almost certain to come in first. He won in 53.6 sec.—a better time than the Leighton Park record—and Backhouse finished second, as had been expected. The match was to be decided by the third place. Clarke of Eton was ahead of Carmichael on the bend, but Carmichael was gaining fast on him; they both crossed the line at the same instant, making the result of the match a tie, both schools having 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ points; a most exciting finish to a most exciting match, in which every place mattered.

And so, after three of these matches—the first a win to Eton, the second a win to Leighton Park and the third a tie—we stand equal. We thank the Eton runners for another excellent match, and we hope there may be more like it.

H.G.J.

RESULTS

100 yards.—1st SHEFFIELD NEAVE (Eton), 2nd CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE (Eton), 3rd WALLIS (L.P.). 10.8 sec.
 High Jump.—1st BACKHOUSE (L.P.), 2nd BURRILL (Eton), 3rd LLOYD (L.P.). 5 ft.
 Mile.—1st JONES (L.P.), 2nd CASTLE (L.P.), 3rd BRIDGES (Eton). 4 min. 55 sec.
 Long Jump.—1st GIBBS (Eton), 2nd BLAKE (Eton), 3rd WALLIS (L.P.). 20 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Weight.—1st BRAIN (L.P.), 2nd STRATTON (Eton), 3rd SHERBORNE (L.P.). 35 ft. 2½ in.

Hurdles.—1st GIBBS (Eton), 2nd LLOYD (L.P.), 3rd WEBB (L.P.). 17 sec.

880 yards.—1st WALLIS (L.P.), 2nd BROOKS (Eton), 3rd WARD (L.P.). 2 min. 7.4 sec.

Javelin.—1st WEBB (L.P.), 2nd CLELAND (Eton), 3rd RUDD (Eton). 157 ft. 8 in.

440 yards.—1st CHICHESTER-CONSTABLE (Eton), 2nd BACKHOUSE (L.P.), 3rd CLARKE (Eton) and CARMICHAEL (L.P.). 53.6 sec.

(Points: 1st place—5, 2nd place—3, 3rd place—1).

Result of the Match: Eton 40½ points, Leighton Park 40½ points.

CRICKET 1945

GENERAL REPORT

As usual this report has to be written before many of the important matches have taken place. So far we have had quite a good season, but some of the stiffer matches like Bradfield, St. Pauls, Berkshire Gentlemen, and Dauntsey's have still to be played. The results of some of these should appear in the Stop Press.

Possibly the best feature of the team has been the fact that it represents nearly all ages in the School; there is plenty of talent for the future.

R. S. Webb has been a conscientious and thoughtful Captain; if he errs it is on the side of conservatism, keeping his bowlers on a trifle too long and being reluctant to experiment. But results speak for themselves and these have been good. Webb himself has hit the ball very hard when batting and definitely prefers boundaries; he has varied his own bowling well and set a fine example in the field. He will always be a useful member of a side, likely to make runs and take wickets, and certain to take catches.

J. M. W. Purver has supported Webb well as Vice-Captain. He will make at least one fifty before the end of the season especially if the wickets grow harder. He has plenty of strokes but still lacks confidence in using them. His bowling will become more and more useful as he learns the wiles of flighting and spin. He too is a most useful member of any side.

H. G. Jones has had a disappointing season after a very good start. His batting is still too impetuous and too vulnerable on the leg side. In the field he is magnificently keen and alert.

G. I. Sherborne started the season magnificently and looked like carrying the side on his shoulders until an accident put him out of the game. We hope that he will be back for the remaining matches. He watches the ball well and hits it hard. His slip fielding is up to the highest standards. His century against Pangbourne was probably not as good an innings as when he held the team together against Reading School; but both were splendid innings.

C. Oxtan has improved his batting considerably and promises to do very well indeed. He has played several invaluable innings in spite of a casual attitude towards running between the wickets. In addition he has bowled very well and has increased his speed considerably.



G. Scott received orders to make himself into a wicket-keeper. He did so without fuss and with excellent results. He now takes the ball well and snappily, and his running, on the occasion when he has had an innings, has been an example to the team.

B. L. Dunford has had a much better season and bats better every day. His bowling too is promising.

P. D. Strang has made great progress and should gain in confidence from having made fifty in a House match. He must learn to use his grand physique to full effect; he plays defensively when he could so easily attack.

P. T. Perkins also shows greatly increased confidence and plays a very straight bat. He too must now learn to hit the bad ball, particularly the half volley. He has fielded very well.

R. A. Smart has bowled very well on several occasions. He still bowls short of a length too often but when he remembers to pitch the ball up he is capable of bowling anybody. He hits the stumps more often than most bowlers and his fighting is excellent. He is a crisp, aggressive bat who must develop a few defensive strokes for the occasional good balls.

P. L. Holmes has played very keenly and has once or twice come to the rescue of the side. He is still too impulsive and unwilling to play himself in but he has excellent strokes. He is also a useful bowler and a good fielder.

Several others have played for the first eleven on occasion. *Morford* is a very promising fast bowler, *Greeves* a splendid fielder, *Dodd* a careful bat, *Alderson* a keen and promising all-rounder. *C. L. Brain*, Captain of the second eleven, is always likely to make quick runs and is developing well as a wicket-keeper.

Possibly it was a good thing for the team to be deprived of its best bat; at least it has forced the others to rise to the occasion and to develop into a useful all-round side.

May 12th *v. K. F. Nicholson's Eleven*. Home. Won by 1 wicket.

The season opened with an excellent match played in the most glorious summer weather. The visitors, for whom several O.L.s were playing, batted first and made 151 for 7 wickets before declaring. Lack of practice, which weighed heavily on most of the team, made no difference to *R. R. Relf*, who clearly enjoyed making 53. There was youthful exuberance too in *D. G. Francis's* 29. *Smart* and *Purver* were the most successful School bowlers. The School soon set about some rather inaccurate bowling and quickly had 50 runs on the board. At that point accuracy was introduced by the simple expedient of handing the ball to *Relf*. Wickets fell until 9 were down for 148. Then *Jones*, who had batted with excellent spirit, hit the winning four. *Sherborne* hit well and confidently to make 65, *Jones* was not out 34, *Oxton* 15 and *Purver* 14.

May 16th *v. Nautical College, Pangbourne*. Home. Won by 9 wickets.

Nautical College batted first in a match which was again played in perfect weather. They were largely indebted to some hard hitting by *Arrowsmith*, who made 69 quickly, for their score of 160 for 7 wickets. At this point, after batting for two hours, they declared, and *L.P.* had one and a half hours to make the runs. We hoped to be able to force a win but hardly expected to do it with 20 minutes to spare. That we did so was due to *Sherborne* and *Oxton* who put on 154 for the first wicket. *Oxton's* 30 was a sound and useful innings and it was not his fault that he was overshadowed by *Sherborne*, who had 6 sixes in his 122 not out. Our opponents were unfortunate to have bowlers unable to play through illness, but even so *Sherborne's* innings was a fine display of hard hitting and he deserved full credit for his first century.

Purver 5 for 39.

May 19th *v. Reading School*. Away. Lost by 34 runs.

Oxton (4 for 35) and *Smart* (4 for 32) bowled well but mistakes in the field allowed *Reading* to make more than they should have done. However we should have made the necessary runs. That we did not do so was due to our generally inexperienced batting and to *Reading's* excellent bowling and fielding. Again *Sherborne* came to our rescue and batted very soundly for his 45. *Oxton* (17), *Webb* (16), *Dunford* (11) were the others to reach double figures.

May 23rd *v. Emanuel School*. Home. Drawn.

Our opponents batted first and had to face some good bowling by *Smart* and *Oxton* against whom they might easily have lost early wickets. However they slowly pulled the game round and declared at 136 for 5. We might well have got the runs if rain had not

interfered with the game. As it was our opening partnership between Oxton and Sherborne was something of a formality with no result ever possible ; Sherborne again batted well for his 32 not out, and play stopped when we had scored 45 without loss.

May 30th v. *Newbury Grammar School*. Away. Won by 3 wickets.

♦ Good bowling by Smart (3 for 13 in 14 overs) and Oxton (4 for 26) kept Newbury's batsmen tied down, with the result that they only made 84. What might have been an easy win became a tense finish after rain had interfered with play. Our later batsmen ran in (and out) in a hectic and successful attempt to make the necessary 20 runs for victory. Oxton (26), Webb (20) and Holmes (26 not out) batted well for us.

June 2nd Club Eleven v. *Reading C.C.* Away. Drawn.

Rain delayed the start and also made it very difficult for Reading batsmen to force the ball away ; Relf's first 15 overs yielded only 13 runs. However some later hitting enabled them to declare at 131 for 5. Oxton also bowled well. At one time it looked as though we might get the runs but in the end the Reading bowling was just a little too accurate and an excellent game ended in a draw. Mr. Stables made 31 not out, Mr. Nicholson 23, Purver 14. Our total was 118 for 6.

June 9th v. *Oratory School*. Home. Won by 9 wickets.

The Oratory batted first and collapsed against Webb's bowling. In a remarkable spell of 5 overs he took 6 wickets for 7 runs. As a result we were left with only 48 runs to make. These were made for the loss of Sherborne, who was still suffering from an injured knee which made batting difficult. Oxton (37) batted well and Webb made 52 in a very short time. Purver (15), Holmes (14) and Dunford (17 not out) helped to raise our final score to 180.

June 16th v. *Douai*. Home. Won by 6 wickets.

Taking advantage of the early end of school which the Fête necessitated we started this game at 11.30. The wicket was perfect and we were all surprised to see our opponents out soon after lunch for 46. Smart took 5 for 10 in 12 overs and so added to his bowling successes. Morford, playing his first match for the eleven, took 3 for 1. The Douai bowling was excellent and we had to fight hard for runs. In the circumstances, Webb and Sherborne being absent, we did well to win by 6 wickets though our final total was only 81. Oxton 16, Holmes 17, Perkins 19, were top scorers.

SECOND ELEVEN MATCHES

May 19th v. *Reading School* at L.P. Won. Reading 72, L.P.S. 77.

(Brain (C.) 22, Perkins 25. Ford 3 for 11, Morford 4 for 21.)

May 23rd v. *Emanuel School* at L.P. Lost. L.P.S. 44, Emanuel 56.

(Spencer 4 for 15. Ford 3 for 15.)

May 30th v. *Newbury G.S.* at L.P. Lost. Newbury 77, L.P.S. 56.

(Brain (C.) 29. Ford 5 for 33.)

June 16th v. *Douai* at Douai. Lost. Douai 116, L.P.S. 79.

(Alderson 23, and 4 for 33.)

COLTS MATCHES

May 16th v. *Nautical College* at Pangbourne. Drawn. L.P.S. 92. Pangbourne 74 for 9.
(Spencer 23. Sherborne 4 for 6.)

May 19th v. *Reading School* at L.P. Lost. L.P.S. 48. Reading 68 for 5.
(Spencer 3 for 12.)

May 30th v. *Newbury* at L.P. Lost. L.P.S. 50. Newbury 87 for 9.
(Spencer 24 and 3 for 23.)

June 2nd v. *Royal Alexandra School* at L.P. Won. R.A. School 51. L.P.S. 88.
(Spencer 53 and 3 for 10. Greeves 4 for 12.)

June 9th v. *Douai* at Douai. Won. L.P.S. 91. Douai 69.
(Crowther 26. Sherborne 5 for 18. Hamilton 3 for 8.)

HOUSE MATCHES

FIRST XI

Grove (28), lost to Reckitt (29 for 2).
 Grove (27), lost to School (28 for 2).
 Reckitt (146 for 8 dec.), beat School (104).

SECOND XI

Grove (147), beat Reckitt (89).
 Grove (52), beat School (38).
 Reckitt (75), lost to School (77 for 5).

Results : RECKITT 50 points. SCHOOL 40 points. GROVE 30 points.

TENNIS

Despite difficulties, the game goes on. A non-cricketers' team beat Pangbourne handsomely by nine matches to one, and a Junior team just lost to Queen Anne's. G. I. Sherborne, the Captain, has crocked a knee, and the Singles Championship is thereby more open than for many years past, with P. L. Holmes starting as favourite.

Congratulations to the Singles Champion of the five years 1936-40, R. G. Salmon, on playing for Cambridge against Oxford and winning all his matches, both Singles and Doubles. He should have successors.

L.H.S.

SEA SCOUTS

The Summer Term is the one in which the greatest variety of scouting activities is possible. The weather permits a good deal of sailing and several week-end camps—there have been two so far.

We have Taylor, Blaine, Ewing, D. Poole, Phillips, and Morrison as new recruits for the Lower Deck, while Linnell, Milne and Mactear have left the troop. We wish them good luck.

Your Upper Deck reporter has three items of news. First, that this Summer we shall camp at Lymington, and have sailing there and on the Solent. Second, that after having been on loan to us for two years, *Liza* has to return to Paul Cadbury in July. We take this opportunity of thanking him for her use at a time when we were without a suitable vessel, and express our further gratitude for a very generous donation to our Boat Fund to help in replacing her. Finally, we wish to thank Dr. Russell Brain for the gift to the troop of what we have needed for so long—a pulling vessel. This 14½ foot dinghy is at present being painted, but will soon be in use: our very grateful thanks for such a welcome addition to the fleet.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE GLASS TOWER

By NICHOLAS MOORE, (O.L.). Drawings by LUCIAN FREUD. Nicholson & Watson. 1944.

This is the first representative selection of Nicholas Moore's poetry to be published. The poems were written between 1936 and 1943.

One of the three quotations with which the book is prefaced is from George Barker : " To be so closely caught up in the teeth of things that they kill you, no matter how infinitesimally kill you, is, truly, to be a poet". This is more than a claim for a fine and vulnerable sensibility : it is the essential condition of creative power ; and it is more than a call for the poet to accept the evils of an imperfect society and suffer with the sufferings : the poet's world is wider than the society in which he lives. Nicholas Moore, in fact, is least successful when he writes with an eye on contemporary affairs. The poet's tongue must follow the poet's eye ; the social commentators have a language of their own. Moore's eye is caught by the small things seen on a leisurely walk, by birds, shells, stones, by shadows and bare branches ; it is an eye which sees the very near and the very far, insects and clouds, as one

sees in flat country where there are no hills and no views. Yet he does not see with delicate and detailed observation : the object is taken as the symbol of an emotion, not for its own sake.

It follows that his most successful poems are those which are least dependent on the world of fact. The symbols and the syllables are woven in a pattern which is not a comment on experience but a part of experience itself.

“ What use to shoot off guns at unicorns ?
Where one horn's hit another fierce horn grows.
These beasts are fabulous, and none were born
Of woman who could lay a fable low.”

The tension in these poems between the private eye and the social eye is perhaps related to a similar tension which roughens many of the early poems ; an apparently purposeless fluctuation between a springy conversational rhythm and a richer, slower incantation. In poems such as the “Elegy for Four Jazz Players” and in “O Anagrammatic History” the tension is resolved, and it is just in these later poems that Moore seems to have most to say. In the earlier poems there are the subtle patterns of sound and rhythm which are the most individual feature of all his verse, but often the images form no corresponding pattern of significance, either obviously, in the poem itself, or by the alchemy of association in the reader's mind. The later poems show that Moore has reached what may be either a turning-point or a resting-place. “The Glass Tower,” from which the book is named, and one of its most significant poems, represents the mid point in both the tensions which have helped to develop his verse : it has the harmony of fine poetry, a unity which cannot be analysed or labelled. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the drawings by Lucian Freud catch the spirit of the earlier poems better than of the later ones. The artist has echoed the mocking note of the short “Songs” and has given a grotesque twist to much of the fantasy, but it is the reverse of the coin on which he draws. Nevertheless this combination of poems and drawings is a successful and stimulating example of an interesting new fashion.

The lettering on both dustjacket and title page suggests an ugly malevolence quite out of keeping with an admirably produced book and, presumably, with the intentions of poet, artist and publisher.

I.L.M.

BUILDING THE NEW AGE

By E. B. CASTLE, M.A. (Rich and Cowan). 7s. 6d.

In this book Mr. Castle devotes his undivided mind to the problems not of reconstruction but of construction ; it is not the old age that he wants to rebuild (with slight improvements), but a new age that he wants to build. This is the right ambition, and amid all the talk of “reconstruction” it is well that we should ponder the significance of Mr. Castle's title. The old age has collapsed, and it collapsed because its foundations were unsure : in a preliminary chapter of selective diagnosis Mr. Castle lays bare the fatal lack of those Christian principles which he regards as basically essential if the superstructure of modern civilization is to be supported. But Christian principles mean Christian men and women, and the final chapter emphasizes the need for conversion if the builders of the new age are to build well and truly. The intervening pages “suggest in the broadest outline what the Christian social ethic demands of Christians if a Christian society is to arise out of the wreck left by destroying armies and the unrepentant forces of Mammon,” and Mr. Castle examines successively what the practising of this ethic will mean for the Christian co-operative society, for education, for the international society, for the British Commonwealth, and for the family. This ethic, however, cannot be practised *in vacuo* : it involves the acceptance of the religious bases on which it is founded, and those bases Mr. Castle sets out in a challenging statement of a ten-point creed. It is to this creed that the builders must be converted.

Mr. Castle has set himself a formidable task, and my principal criticism of his book is that it is not at least twice as long. To be brief he often has to be dogmatic : and some of his positions (e.g. his support of the multilateral school) will not be acceptable to all his readers without fuller argument. But the book is a valuable stimulus to thought on vital questions. As in *The Undivided Mind*, Mr. Castle shows himself a master of the pungent phrase and the epigrammatic statement, and those who admired the former book will not be disappointed in this. It is to be hoped that he may be able to develop his argument more fully in future publications.

M.L.J.

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CRICKET RESULTS

Bradfield 158 for 9 declared. L.P.S. 110 (Oxton 47).

L.P.S. 61. St. Paul's 114 for 6 wickets.

Dauntsey's 155 for 6 declared. L.P.S. 94 (Oxton 66).

Club Eleven 108. Berks. Gents. 138 for 6 wickets.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

APRIL

M. 30. Term begins.

MAY

- S. 5. Scout Camps.
 S. 6. Speaker: The Head Master.
 Tu. 8. VE-Day.
 S. 12. 1st XI v. K. F. Nicholson's XI.
 S. 13. Speaker: Herbert Waller.
 W. 16. 1st XI v. Pangbourne (home).
 2nd XI v. Pangbourne (away).
 Colts v. Pangbourne (away).
 S. 19. 1st XI v. Reading School (away).
 2nd XI v. Reading School (home).
 Colts v. Reading School (home).
 Free evening.
 S. 20. Speaker: R. J. Birch.
 W. 23. 1st XI v. Emanuel (home).
 2nd XI v. Emanuel (home).
 S. 26. Scout Camps. Orchestral
 Concert.
 S. 27. Speaker: Professor L. W. Gren-
 sted.
 Conference at Queen Anne's.
 Tu. 29. Merit Half.
 W. 30. 1st XI v. Newbury (away).
 2nd XI v. Newbury (home).
 Colts v. Newbury (away).

JUNE

- F. 1. Whole Holiday. (VE + 23).
 S. 2. Club XI v. Reading C.C. (home).
 S. 3. Speaker: Frazer Hoyland.
 M. 4. "Christianity in Action" Week
 begins.
 W. 6. House Matches: Grove v.
 Reckitt.
 S. 9. 1st XI v. Oratory (home).
 Colts v. Douai (away).
 Scout Camps.
 "Christianity in Action"
 Schools meeting.
 S. 10. Speaker: Duncan Wood.
 W. 13. House Matches: School v. Grove
 S. 16. Fête.
 1st XI v. Douai (home).
 2nd XI v. Douai (away).

- S. 17. Speaker: Professor G. C. H.
 Macgregor.
 M. 18. Merit Half.
 Queen Anne's Tennis Tourna-
 ment.
 W. 20. House Matches: Reckitt v.
 School.
 S. 23. 1st XI v. Bradfield (home).
 English Evening.
 S. 24. Jordans Sunday.
 Speaker: V. L. J. Stables.
 W. 27. 1st XI v. St. Paul's (away).
 F. 29. Speech Day. Visitor: Dr.
 Gilbert Murray, O.M.
 S. 30. Meeting of the Board of
 Governors.
 1st XI v. Berkshire Gentlemen
 (home).
 2nd XI v. Reading Youth Clubs.
 Free Evening.

JULY

- S. 1. Speaker: Jeffrey Campbell.
 Tu. 3. 1st XI v. Dauntsey's (home).
 S. 7. 2nd XI v. St. Paul's (home).
 Scout Camps. Drama Evening.
 S. 8. Speaker: To be arranged.
 M. 9. S.C. & H.S.C. exams. begin.
 W. 11. Club XI v. Reading Wednesday.
 S. 14. Club XI v. Suttons C.C. (home).
 Musical Evening.
 S. 15. Speaker: W. Russell Brain,
 "Quakerism—a Contem-
 porary Faith" (at Meeting
 House).
 F. 20. Merit Half.
 S.C. & H.S.C. exams. end.
 S. 21. 1st XI v. Old Leightonians.
 Social.
 S. 22. Speaker: The Head Master.
 M. 23. Term ends.

*Autumn Term begins September 17th (for
 new boys).*

*Autumn Term begins September 18th (for
 others).*

Autumn Term ends December 17th.

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