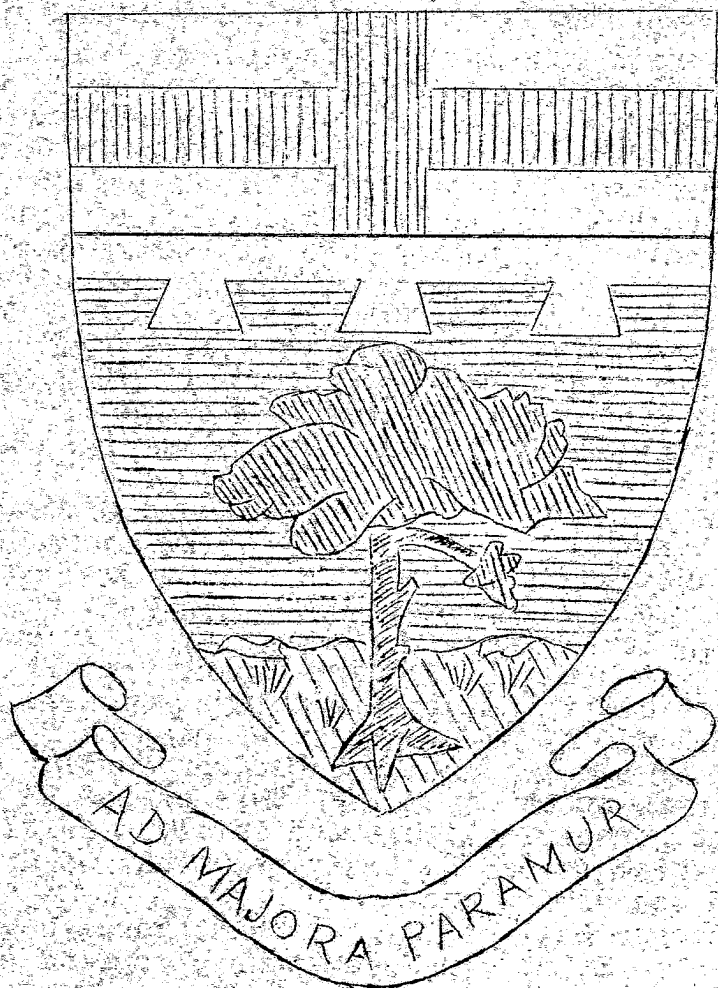


BARROW HILLS



MAY 1961

JOURNAL

1.

Having been frowned upon for not producing the Journal last summer the Editor is making every effort to bring this one out in time. He regrets that it is not as large a volume as its predecessors, but at least hopes that it supplies the needs of those who want to read the Journal, and apparently such people exist!!

Traditionally the Spring Term is one feared by schools from the health point of view. What will the children bring back in the form of infectious illnesses? Our boys returned on January 18th and only ten days later the worst was known to us. Within a period of only two days (January 27th to the 29th) a type of 'flu had laid low not only 25 boys but also the Headmaster, Fathers David and Aidan, Brothers Gerald and Benedict, and all the kitchen staff!! For a period of ten days or so Fathers Francis and William together with the Misses Newman and Bennett (who were not too well themselves at one time) and Messrs Taylor and Bushell assisted Matron with the sick and kept the school running with some reorganising of classes and timetables.

The early hours of the morning found Fathers Francis and William together with Matron and Lili coping with the school's breakfast in the kitchen. We must not forget Martin Knops who arrived each morning at 7.15 to make toast for all. Something of a novelty at first but far from fun after the first few days. Thank you all.

We were all thankful when things began to get back to normal and by half-term every boy was fit to go home. A word of special thanks to Doctors Booker and Farrell who came every day during this period to examine every patient personally. This was surely a privilege and one for which we can be truly grateful. We are indeed lucky in our school doctors.

The second half of the term had scarce begun when we were attacked by German Measles which spread steadily. Although only a minor ailment, nevertheless a worry to the "Play" producers and more work for Matron.

But on March 14th Mumps reared its ugly head, the culprit having been in contact during half-term. We only hope that not too many will be laid low during the Easter holidays! Roll on the end of the term!!

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## STUMPS

I remember seeing a film thirty years ago. The title was "How to make a fortune", and the gist of the story was: it takes a minimum of fifteen years for an ordinary tree stump to rot. If you can find a substance that will destroy a stump in twenty four hours your reward will be a fortune.

At the end of last term just before the Christmas Play, Miltons, a local firm, sent in a gang of men to cut down eight trees in the playground - they would turn up at the most awkward moment - still, the job had to be done. It was with great excitement that the second form watched the largest tree, a beautiful holm oak with a six foot girth, being hewn and sawn while they themselves were getting rid of the partly formed compost from the autumn leaves that had fallen in the playground.

Just as the bell went for the 11 o'clock recreation a thunderous crack was heard - then an earthquakelike tremor and the giant oak lay flat along the ground. That part of the beautiful cement path leading to the Gym and made by Father Francis on which it fell was crushed to powder. (The path, not Father Francis. Ed.)

It was not long before the branches of the felled trees were in cinders and the trunks removed, but the stumps remained. Would we have to wait fifteen years before they rotted - not if the Headmaster had anything to do with it!!

In no time each Form was allotted a stump to dig out. Tools were supplied and the work began. A bar of chocolate was promised to those who got their stump out before the end of the term, but we were deluged with rain and so the term ended with the stumps still there. Whenever sections of roots were unearthed Father David sawed them off. One or two bright sparks found the lower end of a broken spade a useful instrument for chopping off the roots, impatient to have them out of the way.

As soon as the Easter term started, so too did the work on the roots. Suddenly the Religious staff were struck down by 'flu. Then the fun began in earnest! The war stories connected with escapes - such as "The Wooden Horse" - were mimicked. Watch was kept, and in the dusk especially, the undermining went on. It was not long before burrows had been dug out large enough for boys to hide in, all

3.

neatly concealed with wood and earth. Almost as soon as one burrow was discovered and ordered to be filled in another was dug. The best time for digging was dusk. Torches were a great help especially when warning was wanted at a 'sentry's' approach - but these visits were rare for the staff were abed.

No headway was made on the stumps at all. The hive of industry had found a new bent for its energies, and wasn't it enjoying it! Then the order came: "Digging must stop!" What a blow this was!! Hockey practices took its place until Father David was once more on his feet.

And now the Fourth Form's stump was all but out, and so was the Second Form's. Whose would be out the first? Brother Benedict gave a hand with the tractor to help the Second Form get theirs out. But he had to retire because of the cold weather, for he was recovering from 'flu too.

In the meantime the last rootholding the Fourth Form's stump down had been unwittingly severed by Father David who insisted that there were five others still to be cut. His statement was rudely shaken by Patrick Hall, who, having collected a gang of Fourth Formers, raised the stump between them and heaved it out - right under his very nose. What a cheer went up!

After dinner, with the help of iron bars and Father Francis on the tractor the Second Form's stump was hauled out. Within seconds the filling in operation had begun. Then came to light a dugout large enough to hold three boys - roofed over with roots, concrete slabs and earth. This could have been a death trap for the tractor (and the Editor!) but Providence was looking after us, for the rope used for hauling was just sufficiently long for the tractor not to have to be backed into this large tanktrap.

The First Form were still picking at theirs to no effect, and as for the Third Form - well, they were too busy helping the others to dig burrows to make any advance.

Soon a third stump was bared, but the tractor was going away to be overhauled. All hands set to work getting out the earth, but it was too heavy and had to be split. Father David set to with Hall and Curzon and some wedges. In a short time a split appeared and then the stump snapped apart. Both sections were then removed.

With the tractor gone manual labour was the only

solution for removing number four stump. It is to the credit of the Fourth Form that the stump was not only rolled up out of a six foot pit but also towed two hundred yards to the incinerator. 4.

Just before the Upper School Play the boys were called to the Headmaster's Study and given the promised reward of a bar of chocolate each. NINETY bars of chocolate - and cheap at that!!! FOUR stumps for £2.5.0 !!

J.D.K.cj.

"The Land of the Washing Machine." by Paul Aylett.

At last the dreadful rumbling died away and out of the mist came a chariot pulled by Omo bright horses. "Do you come in peace or do I have to force you to come to the Land of the Washing Machine?" said the man to Umpty. "I will come in peace," said Umpty.

"It looks as if in your land Omo adds blackness to clean and whiteness, by the look of your clothes," said the man. So off they went to the Land of the Washing Machine, and Umpty was never seen again.

### NATURE

Now that the bad weather of the winter (and last summer!) seems to have left us, the activities out of doors have been growing both in number and intensity. The enthusiasm shown last term for fur and skins seems to have largely evaporated, leaving only a hard core of enthusiasts.

During the usually cold months of January and February the "max. & min." thermometer was in regular use and some interesting readings were obtained. (Henceforth the B.B.C. will be announcing: 'according to the Barrow Hills Meteorological Office....'). Lowest temperatures recorded were 29 deg.F. in early February, and the highest day temperature before half-term was about 60 deg.F. The astonishing figure of 70 deg.F in January can possibly be attributed to a yearning for the cricket season. During the current hot spell, however, a reading of 70 deg.F and 31 deg.F. was obtained within

5.

a twenty four hour period.

Great excitement was aroused one Wednesday by the discovery on the common of a 'rare' beetle. This intriguing gentleman boasted no less than three large, black purposeful horns on his back, and, after identification at the school had failed, he was forthwith whisked off for expert examination. It was a disappointing anticlimax to learn that it was only a rather unusual form of Dung Beetle.

Always associated with the Spring term are frog spawn and tadpoles. But, what rash animals they are that venture into the ponds at Barrow Hills! No sooner had the first toads been discovered than the playground emptied and the hunt was on. Surprisingly, several batches of both toad and frog spawn are now developing, well camouflaged by the clumps of water lilies. A further excuse to visit the ponds was provided by the need to capture a large perch, for, with seventeen baby Orf in the same pond, a policy of peaceful coexistence could obviously not be adopted. However, after much prolonged and strenuous effort on the part of several fourth formers, the prize was finally landed in a few minutes by Father Francis - on his first attempt!!

With the prospect of three summer months ahead of us next term we can anticipate many more interesting events out of doors. No doubt, 96 boys will go home next week intent on at least a few days bird nesting, and in this and other activities we wish them good fortune.

R.B.

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### GARDENING by Christopher Steele.

In Barrow Hills we are allowed to garden. I have a friend called Peat who lives in Aldershot. I have been living in Nigeria for a time, and while I was there I learnt about growing ground-nuts. I loved them so much. I brought some back with me.

On the first morning of gardens we bagged the last place which was once a rubbish dump! That suited me as ground-nuts will grow in practically anything. We started cultivating it but it was a terrible job. I thought we'd never get it done; weeds, stones, tins galore, roots and

paper even! Funnily enough we got it done!!! Then we made a path of turf across the middle and so made two separate gardens. I was satisfied with my share in which I could fit six ground-nut plants. But Peat, who always thinks of his tummy!! wanted to enlarge his to fit in more food.

I only plated six because I wanted to experiment and see if they'd grow in England; I hope they do. I water them every day now. What I forgot was that they take a month to grow, and a month will be in the middle of the Easter holidays but I'll be back with them soon after they're up so I've nothing to worry about really.

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### ENTERPRISE

Earlier in the term John Matta organised a Raffle, the proceeds of which were to go to the Orphanage Fund. He managed to sell 202 tickets at one penny each. There were three prizes of half-a-crown each.

On February 23rd at 5.15 p.m. Matron was asked to draw the winning tickets. The winners were: Anthony Drobinski, Simon Baynham and John Vassallo.

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### HOCKEY

Unfortunately this term the games have been wrecked by illness. First of all the 'flu, then German Measles followed by Mumps. As a result there was very little in the way of Hockey before half-term, and all our matches with other schools had to be cancelled. However, we were able to get the two House Matches played.

On paper they should have been fairly even games but Murtough were too immobile and allowed themselves to be dominated by Brian Wootton-Woolley and Anthony D'Eon in the Kean forward line. while the only effective Murtough forward was Mark Bishop who played well with only the support of Martin Knops at centre half. In the first match Kean led 2-0 at half time, goals having been scored by A.D'Eon and John Bennett. In the second half Wootton-Woolley scored a third goal and M.Bishop scored for Murtough.

The second match was pretty even for the first twenty

minutes, then Wootton-Woolley scored two quick goals and A.D'Eon made it three nil at half time. In the 2nd half Wootton-Woolley scored two more and D'Eon another making the final score 6-0, a win for Kean.

And so Kean have won the Hockey cup, having last term carried off the Rugger Cup. To make their position reasonable in the Cock House Competition Murtough must now win the Cricket Cup and Sports Cup. Will they do it? We shall have to wait and see. Results are quite impossible to predict at this age, and so interest in the House competition continues.

I am sorry that we have not had a chance to Form a School Hockey Team this term as I should have been very interested to see how certain boys developed. There were some who certainly showed promise, especially with their stick-work and ability to find the gaps in the defence. Among the more promising were: Brian Wootton-Woolley, Anthony D'Eon, John Bennett, Andrew Collins, Martin Knops, Mark Bishop, David Randall and there are also those with the ability to hit hard and clear well, such as Nicholas Crisell, Andrew Russell, Vincent Thompson and Adrian Carroll. I must not forget to mention Peter Scammell whose stick-work was better than anyone's and John Matta who showed more promise than any as a goal-keeper. He certainly did very well in the House Matches. I hope than these will continue to play well when they go to St.George's

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GARDENS

Please Father, can I have the same garden as last year? Please Father, can I have R's garden, he's gone to Weybridge? Please Father, can we start gardens?

These are the questions one is plagued with as soon as one puts in an appearance on the first day of the term. No suggestion that another could possibly have taken over your appointment. There was only one answer to the last question: about a month before the end of the term!

But suddenly the weather turned fine, temperatures soared and once again the gardening craze made itself felt. Tools and seeds were on sale in the Bursar's office; brisk trade was done. But, when would gardening start? March 6th was the date I suggested, this would allow for a full fortnight's digging and preparation for Spring sowing. But go and ask the Headmaster; see what he thinks.

The answer they received was disconcerting - No gardens until the stumps are out. Undeterred by the magnitude of the task, the ardent amateur gardeners set to work with a will, their new tools, however small, proving useful implements for getting earth out from the forest of roots around the base of the stumps.

Long before March 6th their hopes of a start on the gardens were dashed to the ground. Rain came, and didn't it rain!! The holes became lakes and all stump digging, was forbidden. Then word went round that gardens would start on Monday, March 6th, and sure enough it did.

Twenty plots were allotted, and gardening started in earnest. There were four methods employed in preparing the gardens. First, the slipshod method in which, after removing the bigger tufts of weed and grass the earth was scratched with a fork and seeds were sown immediately. The next was the bulldozer method where the top surface was pushed off the plot and then the plot was dug up and seeds were sown. The third method was the somersault one - just dig in your spade and turn the contents upside down, rake well and sow the seeds. The final method, one taught them in nature class last year, was the trenching method. Dig a trench at one end of the plot and carry the earth to the other end. Take the surface weeds and grass from the adjacent border and drop them into the trench to form compost and then cover with the adjacent border of earth revealing another trench. Repeat the action and an ideal

plot is the result.

Most gardens were ready before the end of the week, but the desire for digging had not abated. A gang went off and got to digging holes in the playground, and having covered them over with sticks and earth, and having called their victims, they watched them fall all unsuspecting into the elephant traps.

S. and B. thought that as the weather was in the 70 degrees it was time for cricket. S uses one spade for throwing up the ball of earth; B uses another spade for a bat and hits the ball before it has time to land, aiming when the opportunity occurs at an inquisitive onlooker.

Some have been so interested in worms, beetles and grubs in the soil of their gardens that they have forgotten the main aim of their garden - to produce lettuce, spring onions, radishes and cress for sandwiches for tea.

Hordes go down each morning to have a look to see if there are any seeds coming up. The more experienced point out their cress, now an inch high. Some have peas sprouting, but most, I suspect, are priding themselves on the growth of their seeds when in fact it is weeds that are sprouting.

Who will look after them during the holidays? That will be the next question.

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Really!

1. Ducks lay eggs but you find chicks in them. (J.E.)
2. For tea I would like to have chicken, egg, tomato, cheese, oxtail, beef, onion, turkey, ham, jam, paste, fish, spam, lettuce, radish, mutton, liver, bacon, salad, sandwiches, tea and cake etc. (M.N.)  
(No wonder Mother Salubria has so much weight to carry around. I should think she needs a bowl beside her at tea also!)

SINBAD THE SAILOR

Bagdad - a lovely morning, says the opening chorus - and the Caliph (NICHOLAS CRISELL) protected by his bodyguard (ANDREW RUSSELL and VINCENT THOMPSON) is addressing the citizens.

He has fearful tidings to impart. .

At the betrothal feast of his daughter the Princess Shining Pearl to Prince Hassan, a dark stranger from Turkey had tried to sell him a flying carpet. By way of demonstration the stranger had requested the Princess to stand beside him for a moment on the carpet. Whereupon carpet, stranger and Princess had all disappeared together out of the window. No wonder Prince Hassan (MARK BISHOP) was looking for a volunteer to go with him to the rescue of his intended bride.

The request is answered by a local nobody, Sinbad by name (BRIAN WOOTTON-WOOLLEY). His offer is turned down and he has to bear the scoffs of Person One (JONATHAN PALFREMAN) and Person Two (SIMON BAYNHAM) and Person Three (MICHAEL HURST) even of the Fat Man (JOHN MATTA), not to mention the scoldings of his Mother, the portly Salubria.

Later, he overhears in a conversation that Prince Hassan is about to sail to Samarcand in the "Crested Dolphin" and that in this ship are also sailing the miserly merchant Mustapha Sequin (PAUL ROSSITER) and his daughter, the fair Selina (CHRISTOPHER O'GRADY). Having seen the fair Selina both with and without yashmak, Sinbad decides to sail too and persuades the Captain to sign him on as a cabin boy. He gets a surprise when he discovers that his mother, the portly Salubria (MICHAEL NEWTON) has also signed on - she's to be Ship's Cook - and that she is already quite familiar with the captain (WILLIAM BEMISTER).

And so the "Crested Dolphin" (sailors: DESMOND CALNAN, RAYMOND O'HARA- sails to adventure. Salubria will keep calling it the "Toasted Codfish".

On board it's Sinbad's turn to hold the fishing line. His first catch is the Old Man of the Sea himself (TIMOTHY STEADMAN) dripping with slime, brine and barnacles. The Old Man is a bit put out. "I curse you for this horrid deed," he

grumbles, giving the ship's bulwarks a bit of a shake, before sinking back into the ocean.

The second catch is a fine large fish, very real. Inside it there is a ruby ring. A rub on the ruby to make it shine and behold! a gracious fairy appears. It is the Peri of the Ring (JOHN BENNETT) and she has come "To help and guide and fortune bring". Her first piece of help is to pass on a little bit of inside information concerning the whereabouts of the kidnapped Princess: "Outside Samarcand, the Diamond Valley you must find."

So far so good, but the Old Man of the Sea has already been busy giving practical shape to his curse. The noble "Crested Dolphin" is overtaken and overwhelmed by one Baba-O-Rum, pirate (CHRISTOPHER HOPKINS) who with his crew (PETER SCAMMELL, ANTHONY D'EON, ROBERT BARR) captures Sinbad, Hassan and the fair Selina and carries them off to be sold as slaves at Samarcand.

In the slave-market a Musician CHRISTOPHER STEELE) sits cross-legged, playing his pipe. Behind him are the slaves in chains (MARTIN KNOPS, MARTIN SLOPER, RUPERT STEPHENS) and among them stand Sinbad, Hassan and the fair Selina. They are inspected by a Persian Gentleman (CHRISTOPHER PEAT) and prodded by the umbrella of a Persian Lady (PETER SHIELDS) before this one and that one are bought and led away. Baba-O-Rum always offers to wrap up his wares in the News of the Orient.

Now appears the dark stranger from Turkey, the very same who first put the Princess on the carpet. Clothed in black magician's robes this Abdullah (CHARLES ILLING) comes to the market to seek a woman slave as a companion to his prisoner Princess who by now is feeling lonesome in Diamond Valley. He selects the fair Selina.

Next buyers in the slave-market are those two excellent scoundrels, Alibad and Aliworse (JULIAN HARBORD AND DAVID ROSSI). The scoundrels in this play, and there are quite a number, all seem to be chosen from the Fourth Form. These two need a couple of agile men-slaves to do their dirty work for them, collecting diamonds from the snake-infested Diamond Valley. After some discussion a short quarrel - "It's too bad, Aliworse!" "It's worse than that Alibad!" - they purchase Sinbad and Hassan.

The climax approaches.

We see the captive Princess (ANDREW McMILLAN) being lonesome in Diamond Valley. Sailing out of the blue come Abdullah and the fair Selina who land with a bump on their FC. Abdullah's purpose is to force the Princess to marry him. She again refuses. Saying that he'll be back for the last time in the evening when all the snakes come out, Abdullah sits down again on his FC and takes off, leaving the fair Selina with Shining Pearl. For technical reasons the landing strip for the FC is just off-stage.

The two maidens are busy consoling each other when a well-known voice high up the side of the valley sings out, "Hel - oh - a, Sel - ee - na". Sinbad and Hassan, still slaves, are being let down the cliff face on a rope. Suddenly a rock is dislodged from beneath their feet and a great shower of glittering diamonds falls thundering to the valley floor. The two men jump clear and there follows something of a lover's reunion. So the spotlight directs our attention to the men at the other end of the rope.

High up on the clifftop above Diamond Valley, even above the gospel-side front curtains of the stage, Alibad and Aliworse appear. They are waiting to haul up the diamonds. The four people below expect to be hauled up with the diamonds; but the scoundrels above have planned otherwise. "Diamonds first," they say, "You afterwards." But, as one might expect, Alibad and Aliworse are not to be trusted. Once they have their precious diamonds it's "Goodbye-ee!" and they're gone, leaving four helpless people to the valley and the snakes.

Our two couples are in a mess. Diamond Valley seems to be all snakes and no ladders. Evening draws on, snakes begin hissing and Abdullah approaches on his FC bringing his "marry-me-or-die" ultimatum. How can they escape?

But of course they can escape. Princess Shining Pearl remembers the Roc, that huge bird whose wings are so enormous that they blot out all light from the valley. Every evening this bird arrives to collect serpents as food. So they remove their turbans and when the Roc arrives, luckily just before Black Abdullah does, they tie themselves to the bird and so hitch a lift out of the valley and out of danger.

13.

Meanwhile Salubria, her Captain and Mustapha Sequin have made their way to the Court of Hassan's father, King Serendib.

At this court a slave (ANDREW COLLINS) bangs a gong. "One o'clock!" says Salubria. The Steward (MALCOLM STACY) announces King Serendib (ANTHONY DROBINSKI). Hard on the heels of the King and excited Chamberlain (ANTHONY MOORE) blurts out the extraordinary news that the two couples so long missing, have at last returned.....

All rejoice, and during the rejoicings two slave girls (ANTHONY BYATER and MICHAEL SHEA) do a dance revealing true Persian poise and shapeliness. But how can Sinbad wed the feir Selina, he so poor and she so rich? King Serendib helps him by organising an elephant hunt to enable Sinbad to set up as an ivory merchant.

On the hunt they see no elephants but Hassan meets Black Abdullah and Sinbad meets the Old Man of the Sea. Hassan runs his chemy through with a rapier (vain effort! You can't kill a magician) and Sinbad reduces his foe to submission by grabbing his beard and making him promise to bring up treasures from sunken ships. When the Peri of the Ring shows Sinbad a hidden cave littered with the tusks of elephants long dead, Sinbad has, at a stroke, become doubly rich.

Now back to the court of King Serendib for the closing scene where all the characters of this most successful play assemble for their last bow.

Out through the curtains they come, two by two: C.HOPKINS, the loud-mouthed Baba-O-Rum, and C.ILLING, a devilish good Abdullah; T.STEADMAN, the crotchety Old Man of the Sea, with P.ROSSITER, the merchant Mustapha who knows how many sequins make a sequinny bit; M.BISHOP, a dignified Prince Hassan with A.McMILLAN, the Princess Shining Pearl, much in need of rescue; B.WOOTTON-WOOLLEY, whose Sinbad was a blend of urchin cheekiness and manly swagger, with his partner C.O'GRADY, the cool, elegant, light-hearted, fair Selina; J.HARBORD and D.ROSSI who made Alibad and Aliworse as fine a pair of wide boys as one could wish never to meet; J.BENNETT, the Peri of the Ring, a difficult part successfully played; lastly, the two stars of the show, the two whose sustained comedy-play

kept us laughing right through the concert, W.BEMISTER, the bluff and robust Captain of the "Crested Dolphin" and M.NE/TON, who made the portly Salubria most brash and very brazen. NEWTON could play Dame in any pantomime.

PATRICK HALL steered the spotlight; JOHN PIKE steered the Skull & X-bones.

This play needed no less than six different backdrops. Two of these were newly designed and painted by Fr Aidan; one a picturesque mosque; the other, a seascape, tingling fresh, with a couple of clouds somewhat bigger than a man's hand. Mr. Taylor prepared the four gay choruses sung during the first two scenes. Miss Newman and Miss bennett saw to the unending task of fitting out 37 actors with costume and make-up, and the play was produced by Fr Francis and Fr Aidan. After the show, Matron waited for us with row upon row of glasses filled with sherry.

Again we express our gratitude to the appreciative audiences and finally a word of thanks to the many actors of small parts who had to wait patiently and quietly during much of each rehearsal when they had no active part to play.

Well done!

A.W.C. c.j.

### RAMBLES

On our rambles this year we have seen a fawn being chased by a dog, rabbits running helter skelter, a slow worm, brimstone butterflies and a squirrel's nest up a crab apple tree.

C.Hopkins saw the nest in the tree and asked permission to get the eggs, and J.Harbord climbed up to get them. When he got to the nest, about ten feet up, he could not find an opening so Hopkins told him to rip some of the side away, when to his astonishment he found a squirrel about five weeks old inside the drey. A woollen glove was thrown up and, having bundled the youngster in it, he then dropped it down. Two more were found and captured.

Now all three are thriving on the milk fed to them through home-made feeders. J.Harbord & C.Hopkins are taking them home for the holidays.

A furious argument arose as to whether a mother should be robbed of her young etc. etc. but all arguments must start with the premise: "Squirrels are VERMIN."