

Forget not all His Benefits (Part 2):

My Spiritual Journey

1966 to 1968



Adrian Hall

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Preface

“Forget not all His benefits...”

(Psalm 103 v 2)

Some stories are worth telling...

But why write ‘memoirs’? I think my reason is that I do not want to be forgotten, nor to be ‘mis-remembered’, as true memories can become distorted over time.

I feel the need to record good and accurate memories, in accordance with Psalm 103 v 2), and I can certainly filter out bad memories (“forgetting what lies behind”, Philippians 3 v 13) and celebrate the good ones...

So where am I going? What is my fixed point of reference for the future?

Simply this...

As Paul writes in 2 Corinthians 5 v 10:

For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, so that each one may receive what is due for what he has done in the body, whether good or evil...

So there’s a sense in which we don’t need to keep records, as our deeds are remembered – and rewarded – in heaven...

So I pray (Psalm 25 v 7):

Remember not the sins of my youth or my transgressions;
according to your steadfast love remember me,
for the sake of your goodness, O LORD!

And I echo Nehemiah’s prayer in the last verse of his book (Nehemiah 13 v 31b):

Remember me, O my God, for good.

Paul elaborates the theme of ‘the judgment seat of Christ’ in 1 Corinthians 3 v 10 to 15:

¹⁰ According to the grace of God given to me, like a skilled master builder I laid a foundation, and someone else is building upon it. Let each one take care how he builds upon it. ¹¹ For no one can lay a foundation other than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ. ¹² Now if anyone builds on the foundation with gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, straw— ¹³ each one’s work will become manifest, for the Day will disclose it, because it will be revealed by fire, and the fire will test what sort of work each one has done. ¹⁴ If the work that anyone has built on the foundation survives, he will receive a reward. ¹⁵ If anyone’s work is burned up, he will suffer loss, though he himself will be saved, but only as through fire...

Prayer:

Lord, help me – through your Holy Spirit – always to build upon the foundation of Jesus Christ – with gold, with silver and with precious stones... Amen.

Prelude – December 1965

HMS Hecla's visit to Akureyri, Iceland's northern capital

Excerpt from *Sailor's Luck: At Sea & Ashore in Peace and War*, autobiography by Rear Admiral Geoffrey Hall, 1999 (p 188, 189):

Towards the end of the month I took the ship into Loch Ewe - for a double purpose. In the first place, our A.D.L. had accumulated so much survey data that it had outstripped our ability to assess and digest it. We needed a few days' respite to portray it properly, consider it carefully, and work out which parts needed checking for further investigation. In the second place, we had to prepare the ship for our forthcoming official visit to the Icelandic Hydrographer in Reykjavik, a task involving re-painting the hull to eliminate the ravages of the past two months of continuous sea-time. It was now late in the season, and the country round Loch Ewe was under deep snow. Our passage to Iceland was bitterly cold. The sea-spray, curling over the fo'c'sle with every plunge, froze all over the decks and superstructure, blotting out all vision from the bridge windows (except through the rotating screens) and making normal movement on the upper decks extremely hazardous. The wind was in the north - straight off the icefields - and when we reached a lee in Eyrabakki Bay, we had to turn steam-jets on to the windlass and cables to un-freeze them. We lay there at anchor, in the shelter of the snow-clad land, and made final preparations for our arrival on the morrow and for the official visit.

The visit to Iceland was part of the trials and tests to which I was determined to put *Hecla* before the end of her first season, and to cross the Arctic Circle in December seemed a reasonable challenge. We sailed north, rounded the north-west 'horn' and continued to Eyjafjord, the long firth running down to Akureyri (Iceland's northern capital).

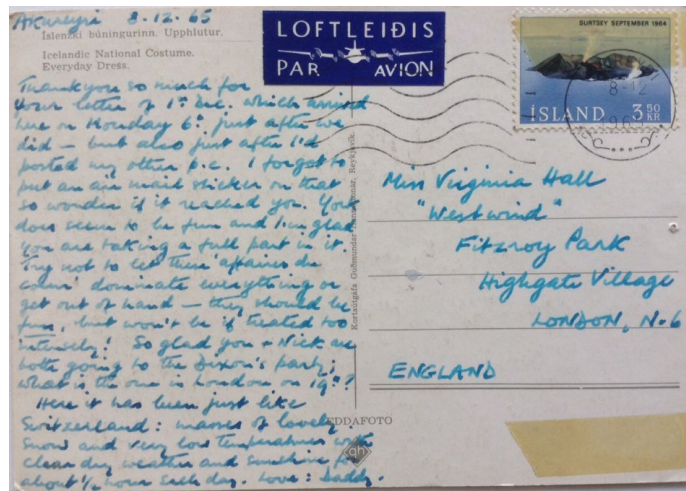
Eyjafjord was completely frozen over when we left Akureyri, and our passage through it to the open sea provided the first test of the ship's performance as an ice-breaker, though in fact the ice was pretty thin. Once through it, we headed east, so circumnavigating Iceland, and continued round to the southward, then on to pass close to the Faeroes, and so back to Scotland. I think it was during the passage back from Iceland, during which we were running an oceanographical traverse, that a memorable episode occurred. A beam sea was running and the ship, as usual, was rolling heavily. I was having my customary bath before dinner, and having a nice lazy soak, when, to my astonishment and dismay, the water just poured out of the bath on to the floor, leaving me 'high and dry'. After that, I made a strong recommendation to Their Lordships that *Hecla* - and her two sister-ships - should be fitted with stabilisers! On 17th December we entered our home port, Devonport, for the first time, and gave Christmas leave to all hands. I reckoned it had been well earned.

My father later gave me some photographs that had been taken by the ship's photographer – they are included at the back of this vignette.

Postcard from my father to Virginia, 8 December 1965

Postcard from my father to Virginia dated Wednesday 8 December 1965 (soon after she started her degree course in English at York University) from Akureyri, Iceland: "*Íslenski búningurinn. Upphlutur. Icelandic National Costume. Everyday Dress.*"

Thank you so much for your letter of 1st December which arrived here on Monday 6th just after we did – but also just after I'd posted my other p.c. I forgot to put an airmail sticker on that, so I wonder if it reached you. York does seem to be *fun* and I'm glad you are taking a full part in it. Try not to let these '*affaires de coeur*' dominate everything or get out of hand – they should be fun, but won't be if treated too intensely! So glad you and Nick are both going to the Dixons' party; what is the one in London on 19th? Here it has been just like Switzerland: masses of lovely snow and very low temperatures with clear dry weather and sunshine for about ½ hour each day. Love: Daddy.



Postcard from my father to my mother, 8 December 1965

Postcard from my father to my mother dated Wednesday 8 December 1965 from Akureyri, Iceland: "Skautbúningurinn. Icelandic National Costume. Festival Dress."

We have had a most diverting stay here – scenically and methodologically [?] it has been the closest approach to Switzerland that I can remember. Very low temperatures, but beautifully dry, so that the snow squeaks deliciously as you walk on it and your breath comes out in clouds. Glorious. The whole surface of the fjord has been covered in ice and the ship is 'beset' at her berth! We went round the HEKLA wool mill yesterday and were all presented with lovely Icelandic blankets or rugs. I was also given a sweater – which will make a good present for some one! Have met some delightful Icelandic people, one of whom lives for fishing and could lay on some splendid trout fishing at Mývatn if you ever manage to come up here! Longing to see you darling. G. X.



The Story of 1966

Legbourne, Plymouth and Highgate, January 1966

As I turn the pages of my first photograph album, I come across pictures of the park at Legbourne in winter, dated January 1966 – pictures of bare trees, frost on the track, ice on the dyke. Such images are not a surprise, as each Christmas and New Year was spent at Legbourne, with Christmas 1965 and New Year 1966 being no exception.



The park at Legbourne during winter...

But it is by no means clear why there are pictures of Saltash, Plymouth and Devonport. HMS *Hecla* had recently returned from Iceland, and my father was about to take her to South Africa, so perhaps our visit coincided with his departure, giving us some 'family time' before another long absence at sea...



Tamar bridge, Saltash



Smeaton's Lighthouse, the Hoe, Plymouth



View towards Devonport, HMS Owen (or Cook) in the distance

By late January we were back at Westwind, Highgate N6, at the end of the Christmas holidays before returning to Packwood. Here are some pictures of our garden in the snow, with ice covering the small fish pond with the stone bridge at the bottom of the garden. The picture of Nick would have been taken just before the David MacInnes Lent Mission at Haileybury, which took place in February 1966.



The garden at Westwind, Nick on the bridge over the pond



The summer house and garden at Westwind



Ice on the fish pond at Westwind



Ducks on the Highgate ornamental pond

Horseshoe Pass and Saltfleet Haven, February and March 1966

And now I come across a somewhat unusual collection of photographs taken around February and March 1966. The first one shows my mother, with the Horseshoe Pass, near Llangollen, North Wales, in the background. This must have coincided with half-term, and my mother would have picked me up from Packwood and we would have driven into North Wales for a half-holiday excursion.

Then there a couple of pictures of a walk on the beach, probably Saltfleet Haven, and dated March 1966, so perhaps at the beginning of the Easter holidays. The pictures include Virginia, Patricia, and the N sisters, Heather and Vicky – and of course our Cocker Spaniel Jassy. We are all rugged up, which means the weather is still very cold, but we are all having a good time. One of the pictures shows me larking around and waving my arms in the air – which is a sign that I must have been feeling considerably better, after a long period of depression at the end of 1965.



Mother at the Horseshoe Pass near Llangollen, Wales – at Half Term, February 1966



Virginia, Patricia, Heather, Vicky at Saltfleet Haven, March 1966



Me, Vicky Nicholson, Patricia, Heather, Jassy at Saltfleet Haven, March 1966

Ruyton XI Towns and St John the Baptist Church

Every Sunday, without exception, we all went to Church, dressed in our grey flannel 'Sunday suits'. We would assemble in the Yard, and march two by two, crocodile formation, out the school gates, turn left, down the country lane and into the village of Ruyton XI Towns, past the dairy, and the pubs (Admiral Benbow, and the Talbot Inn, known as 'the Dog'), and on through the village to St John the Baptist Church of England, for Mattins (never Holy Communion, as hardly any of us had been confirmed).



The Talbot Inn, Ruyton XI Towns (Wikipedia, 2015)



St John the Baptist Church of England



Main entrance to St John the Baptist Church, where we worshipped each Sunday



The sandstone village pump, turn off to the road up the hill to Packwood

The form of service and hymns were beautiful and memorable (1662 Prayer Book), but the sermons preached by the elderly vicar, the Reverend Lloyd Evans (I think) were not of much value ("And when the time of the train's departure drew nigh...")

Captain of HMS Hecla (June and July 1966)

Excerpt from *Sailor's Luck: At Sea & Ashore in Peace and War*, autobiography by Rear Admiral Geoffrey Hall, 1999 (p 193):

The main survey proceeded on routine lines, working 'round the clock', day and night, for a fortnight at a time. For those not directly involved in the hydrographic and scientific aspects, it was tedious watch-keeping and day-work, with little diversion other than the ship's own entertainment programmes. For me, however, it was far from boring. Quite apart from the interest and fascination of the developing survey, and my daily stint at hand-contouring of the bathymetry in the Chartroom, the whole business was immensely satisfying. I was aware that *Hecla* would almost certainly be my last sea-going command, and I intended to make the most of it. Standing there on the bridge, or sitting in the Captain's chair, with nothing in sight except the vast blue ocean, the ship surging ahead

on a steady course, engines throbbing and machinery humming in the background, officers and men quietly and efficiently performing their duties on all sides, I often thought what a marvelous job I had. With so much power at my finger-tips, lord of all I surveyed, my word virtually law, the sea and the sun and the sky my constant companions, what job on earth could compare with command of one of Her Majesty's ships? It was a privilege of which I was very proud, and the responsibilities I shouldered seemed a very fair price for the trust reposed in me. I counted myself a very lucky man.

Packwood Fete and Friends, July 1966

I took some pictures of the Packwood Haugh Fete, dated July 1966, including the only picture I ever took of Mr Pease-Watkin, the Headmaster, and some nice ones of Richard C, who was my best friend at Packwood (he was a year ahead of me, but went on to Melvill Haileybury, because Shrewsbury was having a drugs problem). In the photographs below, the left hand picture shows the new dormitories, on the top floor.



Packwood Fete, with H and Mr Edwards

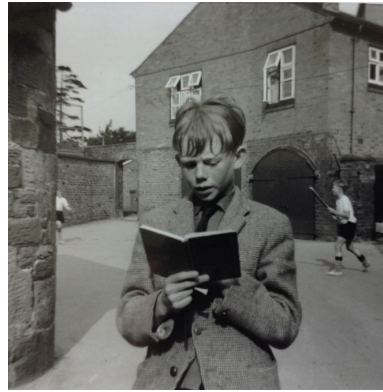


Mr Pease-Watkin, Headmaster

In the next group of photographs, the right hand pictures show the Yard, where most of our activities took place. The Masters' Common Room can be seen in the background of the bottom central picture, with the corner of the 'Covered Courts' on the left, and an archway leading to the 'Red Path' which led to the Pavilion. In the bottom right picture, the upper class rooms had not yet been built. The building work must have taken place during the summer holidays, as the first issue of the 'Packwood Herald' (dated autumn 1966) comments on the new classrooms.



Richard C (my best friend), with Packwood Fete in the background



Richard C reading Livy or Virgil, in the Yard



D stilt-walking in the Yard

The Madrigal Society

At Packwood from 1966 onwards the music teacher Mr Moore-Bridger ran the Madrigal Society. This photograph of the Madrigal Society members was taken in July 1966.



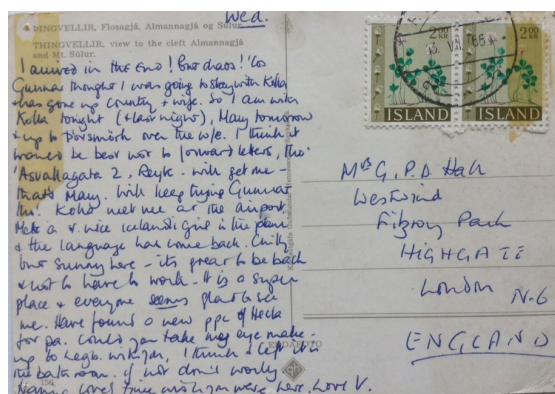
School Photograph of the Madrigal Society, Summer 1966

I am sitting on the extreme right hand chair. P-T and P Major are the Head Boys in the middle of the row of chairs

Postcard from Virginia, 13 July 1966

Postcard from Virginia to my mother dated Wednesday 13 July 1966 from Reykjavik, Iceland: "Bingvellir, Flosagjá, Almannagjá og Sútur (view to the cleft Almannagjá and Mt Sútur)."

I arrived in the end! But chaos! 'Cos Gunnar thought I was going to stay with Kolla and has gone up country, with wife. So I am with Kolla tonight (and last night), Mary tomorrow and up to Þórsmörk over the weekend. I think it would be best not to forward letters, tho' 'Asvallagata 2, Reykjavik' will get me – that's Mary. Will keep trying Gunnar, tho' Kolla met me at the airport. Met a very nice Icelandic girl in the plane and the language has come back. Chilly but sunny here – it's great to be back and not to have to work. It is a super place and everyone seems glad to see me. Have found a new ppc of Hekla for Pa. Could you take my eye make-up to Legbourne with you, I think I left it in the bathroom. If not, don't worry. Having a lovely time, wish you were here. Love V.



Postcard from Virginia, 14 July 1966

Postcard from Virginia to me (at Packwood) dated (probably) 14 July 1966 from Kerid 45, Iceland: "Kerid – An extinct volcanic crater."

Back again! I came here (i.e. Kerid) last summer. Everyone here is in good form, and it's marvellous to see them all again. I have done little else than eat, talk and sleep so far, but have only been here 36 hours. Off to Þórsmörk for the weekend. Lovely calm weather and hope there will be lots of sun. Good luck in your sports, and I will see you when I get back – August 2nd I think. Can't think of any more to say so will stop – Much love – V.
Please keep card!



More holiday fun at Saltfleet Haven, July 1966



Left: Lawrence of Arabia



Right: Virginia and me at Saltfleet Haven

At last the summer holidays had arrived – in late July 1966. There are a couple of photographs showing Virginia and me having fun on the beach at Saltfleet Haven, along with Jassy. Clearly these were happy days...

Holiday at Notter Bridge, August 1966

In August 1966 we had a few days holiday in a chalet at Notter Bridge, near Saltash, Cornwall. There's a photograph of Mother and Nick with fishing rods, and there must have been some good fishing in the stream which ran through the camp site, but the caption to the photograph says "No luck this time...", so it seems the fishing wasn't very good on that occasion. But it was a pleasant place, as the photograph looking over the group of chalets (taken from the hill) shows.



Left: Mother and Nick, outside chalet at Notter Bridge



Right: View over Notter Bridge chalets

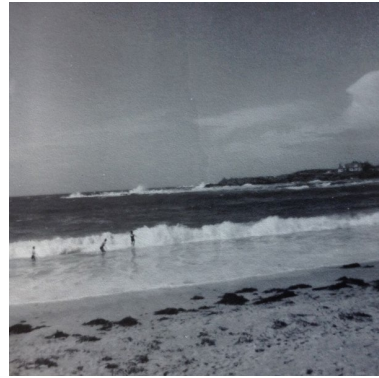
Trearddur Bay, August and September 1966

Around late August or early September 1966 I spent another holiday, this time with my Aunt Griselda and Uncle Keith, and cousins Nigel, Ian and Fiona. This was at their holiday cottage near Trearddur Bay on Anglesey, North Wales. Again I mostly remember that it was a beautiful place - a wide curving, southerly facing bay with a sandy beach, flanked by rocky headlands, and long lines of surf pounding on to the shore. The photographs show the waves breaking, and bathers enjoying the surf - and I seem to recall being bowled over a few times, as the waves were strong. Another photograph shows Nigel and Ian, and Roddy, the golden Cocker Spaniel.

It was a good holiday, and the three of us boys played some great 'detective' games together, sort of 'spy adventures' with imaginative story lines, after the manner of Tintin or the Thirty-nine Steps. There was a good family atmosphere, but the one negative thing I remember was going down with a really bad sore throat! Keith was a good uncle, and explained to me in medical terms what was going, but it didn't make me feel any better...



Ian, Nigel and Roddy



The surf at Trearddur Bay



The rocky headland

HMS Hecla voyage and helicopter ride, September 1966

My father invited me to come with him on a short voyage in HMS *Hecla*, departing from Devonport. I can't remember how long the voyage lasted, or where it ended (presumably we returned to Devonport), but I clearly remember certain details. The night before we set sail I slept (for some reason) in the Chart Room, which was just behind the Bridge. It was extraordinarily difficult to get to sleep, because in that room there was a machine, maybe a chart recorder or barrel graph or something, that ticked like a clock, and then every 30 seconds or so it went "GZUMP!" So, for hours all I could hear was "tick.. tick.. tick.. tick.. tick.. tick.. GZUMP! tick.. tick.. tick.. tick.. tick..." and so on.

In the morning we set sail, and all went well for a while, then as we rounded Land's End and headed north, the swell really picked up and the ship started to pitch - up, up, up ,up... Then down, down, down... CRASH! Spray rising up over the bow. Then up, up, up, up... and down... down... down... CRASH! I was not a good sea traveller and had not yet got my sea-legs, so I was pretty sick, and lay down on a bunk in the sick bay for several hours. Then the Captain (my father) said "All hands! All hands! All hands!" and that included me, so I got up, and I think from then on I felt better.

A day or two later we were in the Irish Sea, and I seem to remember Dad telling me that at one and the same time we could see Ireland, Scotland, the Isle of Man, England and Wales! When we were off Anglesey, near Holyhead and not far from Trearddur Bay (where I had just been staying), Dad asked if I would like a ride in the ship's on-board (Westland) Wasp helicopter, and of course I said "Yes!" After all, this was a schoolboy's dream, and in fact the very first time in my life I had ever been flying.



Typical Anglesey coastline



*Westland Wasp Helicopter
(Wikipedia images 2015)*



HMS Hecla

I was then duly inducted by the pilot, and kitted out with a device that fitted round my throat and larynx and converted my voice to sounds that could be heard through ear phones, which was necessary as the helicopter engine noise would be so loud that normal voice communication would be impossible. Then I was strapped into the copilot's

seat, the pilot revved the engine and the rotors started whirring. The ascent must have been very smooth, because what I noticed was not so much the feeling of going upwards (as in a lift), but the incredible spectacle of the Bridge of HMS *Hecla* suddenly dropping away beneath me and getting rapidly smaller! Then I saw Dad, a small figure on the Bridge looking up and waving furiously, and then the helicopter banked and moved away from the ship altogether, and the next thing I saw was the coast of Anglesey, and Holyhead and Trearddur Bay spread out like a map below me.

Packwood Herald Issues 1 to 3 and Christmas Issue

See following pages...

Packwood Herald, Issue 1, October 1966

Excerpts from the first issue of the Packwood Herald, October 1966:



Front page of the first issue of the Packwood Herald

I think that the ^{new} building is very hideous. It spoils the ancient architecture of lower floor. Apart from that fact, the building is windowless, stairless, unfurnished, etc. However,

BUILDING UNFINISHED: I think that the new building is very hideous. It spoils the ancient architecture of lower floor. Apart from that fact, the building is windowless, stairless, unfinished etc. However, the cork on 'A' and 'B Classical' floors has been diligently replaced with a rather pretty linoleum. 'A' has also been repainted blue and white. Signed: The Editor.

NUMBER RISES: The number of the people of Packwood has increased from 101 to 111, an increase of 10%!

THE VOTE: On Thursday night, September 22nd, a grand vote was held as to whether Christmas decorations should be put up. The people who protested were easily outnumbered.

FLY BATTLE: On September 28th B Class had a battle against flies. The whole form aimed for one fly and "Pweedoyng!" Eleven garters go scuttling across the room and sometimes one garter hits the fly and kills it. Unfortunately R's garter missed the fly, flew past the desk, past the chair and out of the window!

OFFERING: Hall offers 1 to 6 plain marbles for 1 to 2 bits of tuck – Apply to SMH for stamps to be swapped – C offers 4 to 6 bits of tuck for a 1/- war magazine.

WANTED: Apply to C who offers 3 sweets in return for a table-tennis ball. He offers 2 bits of tuck for 2 live U12 batteries.

REMEMBER: Apply to 'A', the Head Office.

SPORTS PAGE, MATCH: Packwood versus Oswestry Grammar School on 1st October 1966. The match starts at 2.10 pm. Although Simon C does fabulous kicks for the first 10 minutes, but there is pretty disorderly play by both Packwood and Oswestry. Then C makes a fabulous clearance and he probably saved a goal. At 15 minutes after the start the ball hits J squarely on the face. Three minutes later there is a bounced-up, and then the ball missed our goal by 2 feet. C foolishly makes a foul quite near our goal. An indirect kick against us is taken, but R our goalie saved it. A few minutes later, an Oswestry player trips up P-T near *their* goal. C takes the kick and-and-**KER-DOYNG**, it hits the cross-bar. At half-time the score is nil all. Oswestry's play is accurate, but Packwood's is indecisive. Three minutes pass, then P trips over the ball and falls headlong over the touch-line and into the crowd of spectators. The sunshine is now a disadvantage to

Oswestry. There's about 5 minutes of the game left; Oswestry does a marvelous 'head' and ball rises 15 feet. As it comes down, Packwood heads it. At the very last minute Oswestry approaches our goal and **KRUMPH!** The ball lands in the net, but – it wasn't a goal, as their chap was off-side! Score = nil all.

MORE SWEETS: C's opinion – By the end of the week with this new tuck rationing one has forgotten what sweets taste like. At last the great moment arrives and you walk happily downstairs holding 15 bits of tuck. Five minutes later you have only 10 bits left. And by Sunday you are starving again. I agree that tuck ought to be rationed, but to 15 to 20 sweets twice a week. In 11 dorm the HM asked whether we missed our tuck and everybody said "Yes of course!" Then the HM asked whether tuck ought to have been rationed. All the little weeds said yes, but there were a few exceptions.

FILMS WORTH SEEING [by C]: Film – Battle of the Bulge, Grading – one of the best war films out. Film – 262 Squadron, Grading – excellent film of Mosquitoes of RAF Bomber Command. Film – Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines, Grading – hilariously funny throughout. Film – The Blue Max, Grading – a magnificent film of a German fighter pilot in the First World War. Film – They Came to Cordoba. On the whole most people thought it was rather boring – there was too much talking and not enough thrilling action. However, I thought the scenery of the American mountains and deserts was superb. The only good bits were the massacre of the fortified ranch and when the truck dragged the leader down the railway line.

POP [by D]: Eleanor Rigby, Yellow Submarine, by the Beatles – going out of Top Ten, 10. Winchester Cathedral, by the New Portable Band – a catchy tune, might hit the Top Five, 9. All I See is You, by Dusty Springfield – just coming in, might hit the Top Three, 8. All or Nothing, by Small Faces – a good record, but going out, 7. Too Soon to Know, by Roy Arbison – a good slow record, but slowly going out, 6. Bend-it, by Dave, Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich – a very good record, will hit the top, 5. Little Man, by Bonny and Cher – will have a great battle with Bend-it for top, 4. Don't Hurry Love, by the Supremes – another contender for the top spot, 3. I am a Boy, by The Who – a great record by a great group, and a great sound, 2. Distant Drums, by Jim Reeves – an old ballad, too slow, not very good, 1.

VICTORY: Oswestry Prep, October 8th. The referee is unfortunately the HM. However, towards the beginning J mis-tackles his opponent, but kicks back into the centre and the Centre Forward misses a goal. The ball hits the cross-bar. Packwood miss several goals until P-T scores a goal half-way through the first half. Then 5 minutes later P scores a goal. After a rather uncomfortable half-time, P-T scores again. Five minutes later, and 5 minutes before the end of the game, P, our victorious leader, pushes the score up to 5-nil.

THE FIGHT: On Sunday morning, 9th October, L from 11 dorm invaded 12 dorm. K to the defence! A dramatic battle takes place, K clutches L's shirt, L struggles to free himself. Both of them are now boxing, kicking and wrestling. The couple sway from Hall's bed to D's bed. K's on the floor, but not for long – K bounds along the dormitory and jumps on L, punching him on the nose. L gives in and K kicks him into the excited crowd of spectators. **K IS VICTOR!**

FUTURE NEWS: Mr Thwaites isn't going to give the 1st XI their colours so easily as before. They are going to have to work for them.

COINCIDENCE: Dutton, throwing around his cap, throws it out of 12 dorm window by mistake. Luckily Aitken, waiting for his parents, sees it fall and catches it. Lucky for Dutton!

Packwood Herald Supplement, October 1966

Excerpts from the Packwood Herald Supplement, 29 October 1966 (written by D):

NEWS: Next summer, we think that the HM's going to let us fish beside the [River] Perry. Within about a year, the Headmaster is going to let us canoe in the Perry, when it is deepened. The Packwood National Anthem was sung for the first time on Friday 22nd October in 'A'. There have been two different versions so far.

NEW PURCHASE: The school has recently acquired the field down by the Perry. They will clear it, and it may be used as a playing field.

METHOD OF TEACHING: In LS, Mr Crowther does not let them know how to even spell a French word! He has a board on to which he sticks cardboard pictures with felt backs. He also has a first-class tape-recorder that belongs to the school, but can only play back, because he has not yet got a microphone. The school has also recently bought an excellent projector, with an automatic slide-changer. Soon both of these will be employed in the Audio-Visual room, which will be in A Modern.

CARPET IN LIBRARY: Mr Tomkinson, the carpet manufacturer, is giving this school a carpet for the library. This will add the feeling of 'snugness' to the place.

FILM REVIEW: 'The Two-Headed Spy' was a very good and exciting war film about an English spy who was a German General, called in English 'Alexander Schottland'. Near the end there was a very exciting moment when he trod on an American. It was a very popular film, and very well produced.

WANTED: C wants two Corgi tyres which will fit a James Bond car or any other Corgi car. He offers any reasonable price. Apply to 'A Mod' garage for details.

TABLE TENNIS: Table tennis is the craze second only to cops and robbers. The undisputed champion at the moment is... However, the table tennis competition has not progressed very far since it has started.

NO FAGGING: Apparently there is no fagging at Shrewsbury, but this custom is now called by another name. However, we are not sure that this fact is true. Signed: AMD Hall and C.

SPORTS NEWS, THE FIRST XI: The match started at 2.19 pm on 26th October. The play was somewhat erratic to begin with, but then the teams got themselves more under control. There were some very near misses on both sides, and the play was excellent, until both teams began to tire near the end; but it was still very exciting. But at 2.55 pm it began to rain, and the players were a bit hampered by it.

SPORTS NEWS, THE UNDER 11½ XI: In this branch of the match against Prestfelde, play started at 2.16 pm. The ball was continually switching from one half to another. They took a shot at the goal, but C-R saved it. C and C were tripped but it was not a foul. B played very well as a back, but P played as if he was on the other side. Twice B cleared, in a critical moment, excellently.

TOP TEN: 10. You can't hurry love, by the Supremes. 9. Stop! Stop! Stop! By the Hollies. 8. I'm a Boy, by the Who. 7. Guatelamela, by the Sandpipers. 6. Have you see your Mama, by the Rolling Stones. 5. Bend-it. 4. Winchester Cathedral. 3. I can't control myself. 2. Distant Drums. 1. I'll be there.

Packwood Herald, Issue 2, November 1966

Excerpts from the second issue of the Packwood Herald, November 1966:



Front page of the second issue of the Packwood Herald

During the science lesson, on October 22nd, the form 'A' were boiling petrol (the gas being led down a glass exit tube). Joyce, and Wright pointed their Bunsen Burner towards the gas exit. POOMP!! The anse exploded

THE EXPLOSION: During the science lesson, on October 22nd, the form 'A' were boiling petrol (the gas being led down a glass exit tube). J and W pointed their Bunsen Burners towards the gas exit. POOMP!! The gas exploded, breaking the test tube in the process. The fire extinguisher was immediately put into action. It was filled with carbon dioxide. J and W received a terrific shock but were not injured.

THE FLUKE: On Wednesday 26th October at 11.30 am C was standing in the queue, waiting for stationery when he clenched his hand and felt something furry tickling his palm. He unclenched his hand and out flew a wasp! Luckily for him he was not stung but only slightly surprised.

TINTIN, THE LAND OF FIRE AND ICE, Episode 1: Professor Calculus is in bed with 'flu and Tintin, with his dog Snowy, are on their way to visit him. But as Tintin waits for the bus, a thief pick-pockets Tintin's notebook, and it is not until he's at Calculus' house that he notices it missing...



Professor Calculus is in bed with 'flu and Tintin, with his dog, Snowy, are on their way to visit him. But, as Tintin waits for the bus, a thief pick-pockets Tintin's notebook, and it is not until he's

Tintin, Episode 1, as it appeared in the second edition of the Packwood Herald

"Quick," says he, "I'll write it down in my notebook... My goodness! Where's it gone?" So Tintin strolls back to Marlinspike Hall, his home, to report the disappearance to Captain Haddock. Meanwhile, Thompson and Thomson, the two detectives, are warned by the police to keep an eye on a clever bunch of thieves. While they are walking past the local airport they suddenly catch sight of two of the thieves boarding an aeroplane bound for Iceland. Foolishly they step on to the plane to arrest the thieves, but the plane takes off while they're inside it! "Passports please!" chants the air hostess. "Er, oh, what? Oh, er, hum. Well, er... we're the Police: we don't need a passport," replies the surprised Thompson. "You jolly well do need a passport, you know," says the air hostess. "No, we don't!" Thomson snaps. After a ten minute argument, the detectives are forced to bail out.

The parachutes jerk open and after three minutes of terrifying descent Thomson lands within six feet of a famyard pig trough, and Thompson comes to a rather unexpected landing at the top of an enormous beech tree, 500 yards away. At last they meet up again, and decide to go back to Marlinspike and tell Tintin about the adventure. "They were going to - Iceland?" Tintin asks, when the Thomsons report the news: "Well, that means we must book the very next flight. I'll enquire about it on the telephone immediately." Tintin dials OTD 2438 and picks up the receiver. "Er, could you tell me when the next flight to Iceland is? I want..." "What are you talking about? My sausages don't fly and I'm not going to tell you when my roast lamb's going to be iced. I am Mr Cutts the butcher. You are either absent-minded or you've got the wrong number!" Tintin rings the right number at last, but he is told that all the flights are booked for a week. "Good heavens!" gasps Tintin, "The thieves will have got miles ahead of us now." See next issue's episode!

THE ACCIDENT [by Richard C]: Just before the Second XI vs Old Hall match, S was throwing his tin box into the air. But he threw it up once too often and it landed in Mr Owens' field. So S climbed over the fence to fetch his box. He was on his return journey to the fence when he saw a cow chasing him! He rushed to the fence, but in his haste he received a nasty cut from the barbed wire. He rushed to matron like a streak of lightning, but after a short time he was back watching the match with his eye covered with plasters. The latest report from [S's younger brother] is that S will have an injection when the doctor comes tomorrow.

THE SPIDER [by Richard C]: BANANNNNNG! The spider lay wriggling with pain as C had hit it with his "Songs of Praise" book. C picked it up and placed it on the HM's chair, but then he thought the better of it and put it on the keys of the piano. R twigs on to the idea and puts the piano cover down. The HM stumps his way in and thuds his way to his desk. Mr Barker starts playing and then he sees the spider, with his customary "Ugghhh!" that everyone knows so well. He swipes the spider on to the floor with his hand.

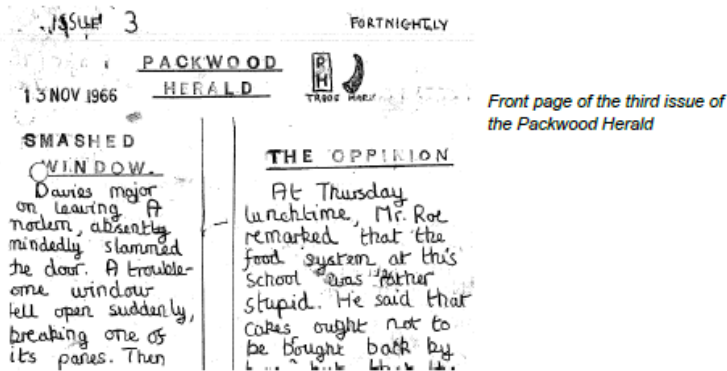
DEFEAT [by Richard C]: On Wednesday 2nd November the Second XI was beaten by The Old Hall. The score was The Old Hall 1, Packwood 0. The Packwood play was disorderly throughout the game. K (the captain) worked like a Trojan, and tried to drive his men to scoring a goal. Occasionally he succeeded in his efforts, and the Packwood attack looked dangerous. But when it came to the shot at the goal all that was produced was a wild, inaccurate kick, or a feeble tap which rolled into the goalie's hands. The Old Hall team however played methodically. However there were a few people on the Packwood side who played well, especially H (one of the Backs) and K (the captain). As a final summary of the game I would say it was rather disappointing. Signed: R C (Vice Editor).

VICTORIES [by Richard C]: On Wednesday 14th November the under 10's won 3-2. D-E scored 2 goals, and P scored 1. The under 11's score was also 3-2. D and C scored one goal each. The first XI was the same kettle of fish. The score was 5-0. P scored 4 goals, to make his total of goals in the match to 9. The total of first XI goals are 14.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY: The index at the back should have been at the front, and the paper doesn't come out often enough. There was too much about the first match, and the spelling is rather erratic - TJ P-T. Introduction not up to newspaper standard. Some articles dangerous to masters. The fight should not have been mentioned for personal reasons. In "Coincidence" A didn't actually catch the hat - ST C-G. There ought to be more copies in circulation, there were some bad spelling mistakes, and I disagree with the setting out of the front page and putting a ridiculous price at the top - SM H.

Packwood Herald, Issue 3, November 1966

Excerpts from the third issue of the Packwood Herald, November 1966:



Front page of the third issue of the Packwood Herald

SMASHED WINDOW: D on leaving 'A Modern' absent-mindedly slammed the door. A troublesome window fell open suddenly, breaking one of its panes. Then Mr Thwaites heard the crash, came into the handicraft lesson and enquired who had broken the window. Half an hour later D told Mr Thwaites that he had caused the disaster.

THE OPINION: At Thursday lunchtime, Mr Roe remarked that the food system at this school was rather stupid. He said that cakes ought not to be brought back by boys, but that the school ought to provide cakes. He also suggested that tuck should not be brought back, but the school should provide a variety of sweets. Of course, they wouldn't be free. But these suggestions will not be supported by boys of this school.

TOP OF THE POPS: 10. Winchester Cathedral, by the New Vaudible Band. 9. No Milk Today, by the Herman Hermits. 8. Distant Drums, by Jim Reeves. 7. I can't control myself, by the Troggs. 6. Give me Some Loving, by Spencer Davis Group. 5. High Time, Low Time, by Paul Jones. 4. Semi-detached Suburban Mr Date, by Manfred Mann. 3. Stop! Stop! Stop! By the Hollies. 2. Goodbye Operations, by the Beech Boys. 1. I'll be There, by the Four Topps.

REMINDER: Please remember that C wants any war magazines that he doesn't already possess. He offers anything within reason. Apply to 'A' (Head Office) for details.

ANOTHER BUST WINDOW? Mr Barker, finding it rather cold in the Covered Courts, shut the open window. Unfortunately he shut it rather violently, and the glass cracked: but he didn't know he'd cracked it. It was rather embarrassing for K when he had to tell Mr Barker that he'd caused the accident!

THE PLAGUE: An infectious bug of 'flu is 'killing off' nearly a quarter of the Packwood population. The matrons sleep very little every night: they are forever changing sheets and clearing up sick. Two people were simultaneously sick in church: B, then D.

A PETTY ROBBER? (Outside News): On Paddington Station, on Friday 4th November, C was at a sweet stall buying a 2/6d bar of chocolate, when a man said "Excuse me," stepped over the suitcases, took a bar of chocolate, and went away. After he had walked a few yards, he looked back, with a sly, sinister smile on his face, to see what C was doing...

TINTIN, THE LAND OF FIRE AND ICE, Episode 2: Tintin, learning that a bunch of thieves has taken an aeroplane for Iceland, decides to go on the very next flight. But he learns that all the flights are booked for the next week...



Tintin, Episode 2, as it appeared in the third edition of the Packwood Herald

"Good Heavens," he exclaims, "The only thing we can do now is go by sea! Come on! We must leave for the docks at once." Tintin, Snowy and the tempestuous Captain Haddock are now safely aboard 'SS Gullfoss'. The ship is due to leave in 5 minutes time. The gangway is being closed, the ropes are being cast ashore, and the ship moves slowly and gracefully out of the still harbour. Once the ship is clear of land she begins to pitch and toss and roll. Although Captain Haddock is used to this, Tintin is not. The weather slowly grows worse. Furious gales cause waves up to twenty feet high to sweep over the decks. One wave is so big that all the cabins are flooded. Glasses of whisky crash without warning on to the floor. Log books, telescopes, ship's biscuits, soup spoons, everything slides off the shelves and joins the clutter on the floor. "The ship's sinking!" yells Tintin. What will happen? See next issue...

NO SMOKER (Outside News): On the Paddington to Shrewsbury train, Hall was in a 'No Smoking' compartment. There was an RAF lieutenant sitting opposite him, smoking. Hall glanced at him suspiciously, and nudged P-W, who seemed to 'get the idea'. Suddenly, the lieutenant saw Hall's suspicious look, turned bright pink, and hurled his cigarette out of the window!

CONGRATS! P and W have passed Common Entrance. We must give them a small congratulation, and especially to P, whose Latin mark was 97/100.

WHO'S THE BEST SHOT? Packwood Haugh entered for the "Preparatory Schools Rifle Association Competition". The best eight shooters in the school represented Packwood. The results are as follows: J 52 (out of 75); L 62; Midwood 63; R 65; D and G 69; P 71; and last, but of course not least, C with 72/75!

HERALD IN DANGER! C and Hall, the two editors, were peacefully writing this Newspaper. T brushed past our desk, accidentally knocking over an open bottle of our black ink. Had the bottle been 6 inches nearer this newspaper, the ink would have ruined it. Therefore, to be on the safe side, the editors are writing with black biro.

"ORGAN NO GOOD", SAYS MOBY: During the Madrigal Group singing practice, Mr Moore-Bridger ['Moby Dick', or just 'Moby'] said that he was going to try and use the church organ as little as possible. Only "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "O Come all ye Faithful", in which the whole congregation sings, are going to be played on the organ.

'Arcturus', as it appeared in the third edition of the Packwood Herald



WHAT THE CRITICS SAY: I think the competition was a great success. I also think that the paper's presentation is much more neat and tidy. Signed: RT L. I think this last week's issue was a great improvement. The competition was very successful in that everyone could have a bash, however big or small. The issue is more sensibly written and neater. Signed: AS J.

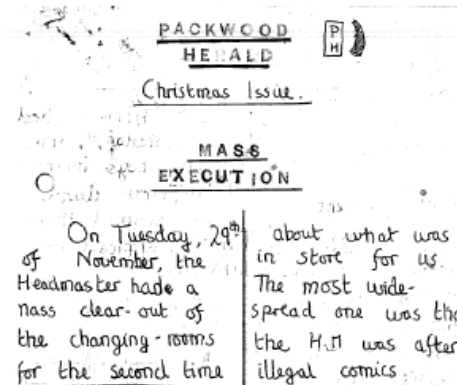
LECTURE REVIEW: Mr Spencelly certainly interested the audience. He had some magnificent slides, although some were rather 'gory'. He definitely proved that he was 'incident prone'. For about half way through the lecture, P-T, who was operating the slide projector, turned a ghostly white and fainted. The Headmaster helped him upstairs to matron, and P took over the job. The rest of the lecture was displayed without a hitch.

AWARDS: On 13th November SM H, after reading the lesson in the HM's study, was asked to stay behind by the HM. After the other readers had departed, the Headmaster told H that owing to his good conduct during the term he was going to appoint him a monitor. H was both pleased and cross, as the position of junior monitor, although honourable, has many disadvantages. Of course, we must all congratulate him, and we all hope he is worthy of his new appointment. Of course, we must not forget K and C who have been awarded their soccer colours for their hard work during the past season.

UNEXPECTED VISIT: On Sunday 13th November we were paid an unexpected visit by [the Hon] TM L and M, already Old Packwoodians. How M arrived here without hitch-hiking we cannot imagine. However, their stay was really far too short, and at 4.30 pm they had to leave.

Packwood Herald, Christmas Issue 3, December 1966

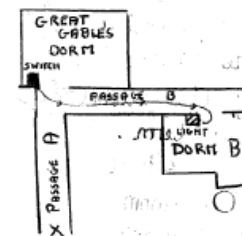
Excerpts from the Christmas issue of the Packwood Herald, December 1966:



Front page of the Christmas Issue of the Packwood Herald

MASS EXECUTION: On Tuesday 29th November the Headmaster had a mass clear-out of the changing rooms for the second time this term. When the school had been summoned to the Covered Courts, the HM stumped in. There were various rumours about what was in store for us. The most widespread one was that the HM was after illegal comics. This caused various people great anxiety. However, the 'lecture' was concerned with games clothes. As this was the second 'strafe' on this matter the HM decided to take drastic measures. So forty-six unfortunate victims who had left their garments lying around were caned in the course of ten minutes. But all the seniors took their punishment manfully and considered it rather a joke! Several new-boys had their first taste of the Headmaster's weapon, but several old hands had the cane as well.

WARNING SYSTEM: At A's school in Cumberland, some of the boys invented an ingenious device which warned them of the approach of masters.



In Great Gables' dormitory there was a small switch which was joined by a wire under the linoleum floor to a light bulb in Dorm B. If any master or matron approached at the beginning of the passage A (at X), the Great Gable dormitory members pressed the switch, and a light would shine in Dorm B. Unfortunately this splendid device was discovered by the maids while cleaning the linoleum and the inventors were soundly thrashed.

GROSS COMPLAINT: Are we all going to be dead-beats by the end of term? Will we LIVE in the church? Are we going to lose our voices? ONE carol service is enough but TWO is going to drive us round the bend! With all the carol services, carol practices and

exhausting walks to the church, this end of term will be remembered as being one of the most exhausting and harassing weeks ever.

FUN FOR PHILATELISTS: This constructive hobby has become another craze, especially on the senior side of the school. Nearly one third of the school regularly attend the stamp club meetings. Every week there are at least half a dozen newcomers. Great Britain is naturally the country that most Packwood philatelists specialize in. Here are a few hints that will help you to make our album respectable:

1. Don't include badly damaged stamps or heavily obliterated stamps in your album. They have little or no value and only detract from the appearance of your good specimens.
2. Never handle your stamps with your fingers but ALWAYS use stamp tweezers. However clean your hands may be, there is always a certain amount of warmth and moisture on them, and continual handling will in time affect the pristine conditions of your treasures.
3. There is only one way of mounting stamps in your album and that is by means of good stamp hinges. If you think you can save time and money by using paste, you will be sadly depressed when you find your stamps are hopelessly ruined when you try to take them out again. When the best hinges cost a few pennies per thousand, is it worth trying to do without them?
4. Since philately is the collecting of stamps which are connected to the post, don't put into your album fiscals, tobacco-tax labels and other strange things that are often found in other people's collections.

Finally, to keep up-to-date with stamps, buy the 'GIBBONS STAMP MONTHLY' or order a regular copy from your local newsagent now, PRICE 1/-. If you want to know what British stamps are due to come out soon, or if you want any British stamps that have recently been issued, write to: The Manager, GPO Philatelic Bureau, 2-4 Waterloo Place, Edinburgh 1, Scotland.

BEST YET! You will be glad to hear that PACKWOOD HAUGH has come 5th in the St David's Shield Preparatory School Shooting Competition! The welcome news was announced by the HM to H and C who had been summoned to him. They were told to telephone Major Tisdall and tell him the news. He was overjoyed at such a meritorious exploit as Packwood have never come higher than 8th.

APPROPRIATE FINISH: "The rest of the wise men had left," read the Headmaster as he finished the episode from 'The Other Wise Man'. Suddenly, without warning, all the lights went out as if there had been a power cut. It was soon learned that Mr Crowther's electric fire had blown up causing the lights to fuse. He groped around for his torch and pulled out the plug from its socket, and instantly the lights flickered on again. This power cut made a rather convenient, appropriate ending for our Scripture Lesson.

THEY TRIED WITHOUT SUCCESS: On Saturday 10th December, towards the end of the game of 'hares and hounds', C, C, G, B, H and Mr Harrison found themselves on the wrong side of the [River] Perry. As it would mean a long detour if they went along the bank, they decided to ford the river. On Mr Harrison's first step in the river, the water rose to his knees, but on the second step the water rose up to his chin. C's remark about there being a ford was proved totally wrong. Mr Harrison said to the others who were waiting on the bank expectantly, "I think the water is a little too deep for you!"

TINTIN, THE LAND OF FIRE AND ICE, Episode 3: During the journey to Iceland, a frightful storm arose. Suddenly Tintin realized his doom wasn't afar off. "The ship's sinking!" he yelled...



Tintin, Episode 3, as it appeared in the Christmas Issue of the Packwood Herald

"Quick!" yells Captain Haddock, "Come on into the ship: the lifeboats are sinking – I mean – into the lifeboats! Abandon ship! Women and children first!" The lifeboats are now launched and the ship is utterly destroyed. Waves up to 20 feet high threaten to demolish the sea-tossed vessels.

"Land Ahoy!" shrieks Tintin. But his words are inaudible, because the howling of the wind and the roar of the waves form a deafening duet. "LAND AHOY!" shouts Tintin. "Speak up, can't you?" bellows the tempestuous Captain. "L...nd... oy!" It's too late. The lifeboat is smashed to smithereens on the rocks. Captain Haddock is safely ashore, mourning for the lost Tintin. But no! Tintin struggles to the shore. He is churned over and over by a broken wave. He struggles to his feet and runs to meet Captain Haddock again. At last, after several miserably cold hours, the storm blows itself out. The sun shines once more on the barren tundra deserts of the Land of Fire and Ice. "Well," suggests the weather-beaten Captain, "we'd better start walking to the nearest town." Hours and hours of scrambling over rocks pass by. Then suddenly Snowy spies a pair of Land Rover tracks. "Come on, Captain," says Tintin, "we'd better follow them. They might lead to a town."

After three uneventful hours, Tintin suggests that they should pitch camp. The storm has washed away their sleeping bags and most of their supplies, but after pitching their tattered tent they have no difficulty going to sleep. At half past two in the morning Tintin wakes up. What on earth is that rumbling noise? Cautiously he peeps out of the tent: a volcano! It's erupting! "Wake up, Captain! Wake up!" he yells. "Hmm what is it? I'll have my breakfast in bed, Nestor..." "WAKE UP!"

The tent has been abandoned, with half of the supplies. Tintin, Snowy and Captain Haddock are sprinting for their lives. The lava's beginning to rush down the sides of the mountain. The red, gluey liquid is now pouring out of the mountain, destroying any obstacle in its way. Now it's only half a mile from Tintin. "Quick, Captain, get over this ridge: we could be safe," suggests Tintin. Sure enough, his hopes are fulfilled. The lava is slowing down. The ridge is too high for it to come over.

The small trio (Tintin, Snowy and Captain Haddock) are still following the Land Rover tracks. Their supplies will last out for one more day. It's beginning to snow, and their extra clothes have been washed away in the storm. 10 minutes have passed and the tracks have led to an extinct volcano. The tracks have abruptly finished where there is an overturned jeep. "Come on," sighed the captain, deeply disappointed, "the tracks haven't led to a town." Tintin and the captain decide to climb the volcano, and Tintin even dares to enter the volcano. But why can he hear voices chattering? Tintin whips his revolver out of

his pocket. "So that's where the thieves' headquarters are," he thinks. Naturally, after a severe struggle, the robbers are bound from head to heel. THE END.

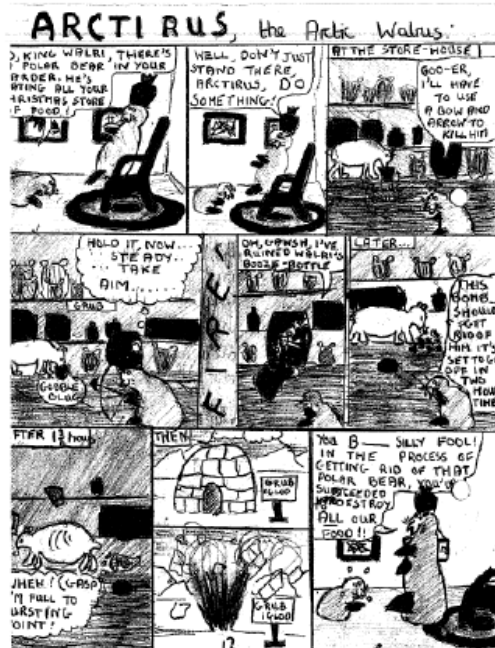
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 II. THE END.



The last paragraph of Tintin, Episode 3

CRITICS COLUMN, Criticisms on Packwood Herald Issue 3: "Using biro instead of black pen is much better, as there is no danger of the ink smudging. 'Arcturus' is a better idea than Fred Bassett because it is more original. The 'No Smoker' and 'Petty Robber?' are both the best bits of news." Signed: A E. "Using black ink is much better than biro as it shows up more. Black ink smudges a bit, but not too much. The 'Arcturus' is jolly good and well thought up. The 'Smashed Window' isn't very good: there's too much padding and not enough story. The 'Lecture Review' was well written. The spelling is erratic." Signed: P B.

'Arcturus', as it appeared in the Christmas edition of the Packwood Herald



THE POP OF THE TERM: 1st week – The Beatles (Yellow Submarine). 2nd week, 3rd week, 4th week, 5th week, 6th week – Jim Reeves (Distant Drums). 7th week, 8th week, 9th week, 10th week – Four Tops (I'll be there). 11th week – The Beech Boys (Good Vibrations). 12th week, 13th week – Tom Jones (The Green, Green Grass of Home).

TOP TEN: 10. Jim Ruthin. 9. Manfred Mann. 8. Kinks. 7. Seekers. 6. Geane Pitney. 5. Spencer Davis. 4. Small faces. 3. Beech Boys. 2. Val Doonican. 1. Tom Jones.

A CHART SHOWING WHICH PUBLIC SCHOOL THE SENIORS ARE GOING TO: Shrewsbury; Bradfield; Haileybury; Ellesmere; Eton; Uppingham; Marlborough; Repton; Winchester; Adam's Grammar School; Wrekin.

TOP SCHOLAR: This photograph shows our Number 1 scholar of the autumn term. We must congratulate him for his excellent conduct, [both] in and out of school. He has followed in the footsteps of his brother who, like him, was awarded 1st Scholarship to Haileybury. His presence will be very welcome at Haileybury.



Photograph of P-T and article on 'Top Scholar', as it appeared in the Christmas Issue of the Packwood Herald

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The Story of 1967

HMS Hecla's visit to Greenland and Iceland, April 1967

Excerpt from *Sailor's Luck: At Sea & Ashore in Peace and War*, autobiography by Rear Admiral Geoffrey Hall, 1999 (p 197, 198):

Apart from diversions (which were many and interesting), we spent the whole of that spring and summer surveying the ocean off Iceland. The first diversion occurred towards the end of April, when the Loran-'C' station near Cape Farewell, in Greenland, was blown down in a gale. It was a vital station for us (as we were using the Greenland/Iceland pair), so we had to stop work and return to Scotland. I found it most frustrating, lying idle and waiting for the station to 'come on the air', and decided, instead, to go and investigate. One of my ambitions had long been to visit Greenland, which I had never seen. So we weighed anchor and headed back to the survey-ground. My plan was to resume work if the station became operational, and if not, to continue westward to Greenland. The weather was absolutely superb, with cloudless blue skies, brilliant sunshine, high visibility and a flat calm (perfect for surveying!), but the station remained 'off the air'. So we continued westward all day. At the first sign of ice, I flew off the helicopter to scout ahead.

A cold current flows southward along the east coast of Greenland, bringing with it the Arctic pack-ice. Inshore, the pack is dense, becoming progressively looser away from the coast. We very soon became surrounded by loose pack-ice and small bergs as we continued towards the land, and I was concerned that we should keep open water behind us when the time came to withdraw. I told Pete Spelling, in the helicopter, to keep a careful watch to seaward to ensure that we did not become entrapped as we turned northward, parallel to the coast. Weaving our way between the ice-floes, we cruised steadily northward with ice on all sides. Away to the west we could see the magnificent mountains of East Greenland, stark and shimmering against the blue sky. It was a wonderful experience, and despite a certain anxiety, I felt really elated. In fact I can honestly say that this spontaneous and unauthorised cruise through Greenland pack-ice was one of the most exhilarating and memorable episodes of my whole life.

Visit to Bexhill, April 1967

In April 1967, during the Easter holidays, I stayed with the Carlises at Bexhill-on-Sea. I don't remember much about this visit, but the photographs remind me of a few details. On one of the days we visited Bodiam Castle, in East Sussex, and there's a picture of Aunt Jill, and my cousin Michael in front of the main walls. It was a sunny day (Jill was wearing dark glasses), but the trees had no leaves. Wikipedia (2022) tells us:

Bodiam Castle is a 14th-century moated castle near Robertsbridge in East Sussex, England. It was built in 1385 by Sir Edward Dalyngrigge, a former knight of Edward III, with the permission of Richard II, ostensibly to defend the area against French invasion during the Hundred Years' War. Of quadrangular plan, Bodiam Castle has no keep, having its various chambers built around the outer defensive walls and inner courts. Its corners and entrance are marked by towers, and topped by crenellations. Its structure, details and situation in an artificial watery landscape indicate that display was an important aspect of the castle's design as well as defence. It was the home of the Dalyngrigge family and the centre of the manor of Bodiam...

There's a family group photograph in front of their home: from left to right – Jeremy, Lola (Labrador), Tim, Jill and Iain, Michael and Sal (Labrador). We also visited the nearby seaside town of Hastings, and there's a nice photograph of Michael on the esplanade, with the historic and famous Hastings Castle (ruins) on the left, and other visitors looking out to sea, on the right. I also remember it was Jeremy's birthday (I think), and Uncle Iain took us all out for a superb meal – the dessert included lemon sorbet, and it was the first time I had ever tasted sorbet (though' certainly not the last!)

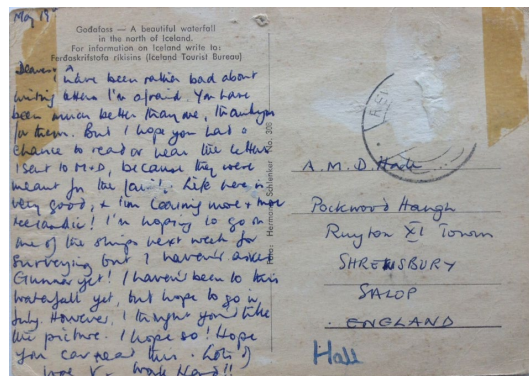
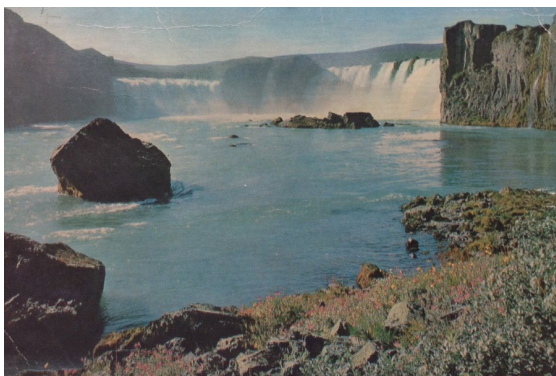


Bodiam Castle (above), family group (below left), Michael at Hastings (below right)

Postcard from Virginia, 19 May 1967

Postcard from Virginia to me (at Packwood) dated 19 May 1967 from Iceland: "Goðafoss – a beautiful waterfall in the north of Iceland."

Dearest A, I have been rather bad about writing letters I'm afraid. You have been much better than me, thank you for them. But I hope you had a chance to read or hear the letters I sent to M & D, because they were meant for the family. Life here is very good, and I'm learning more and more Icelandic! I'm hoping to go on one of the ships next week for surveying but I haven't asked Gunnar yet! I haven't been to this waterfall yet, but I hope to go in July. However, I thought you'd like the picture. I hope so! Hope you can read this. Lots of love V – Work Hard!!



Postcard from my father, 30 May 1967

Postcard from my father to me (at Packwood) dated 30 May 1967 "At Sea" and postmarked Glasgow: "Undir Eyjafjöll, South-Iceland. Glacier Eyjafjallajökull."

This picture is taken from near our last camp site in the summer of 1964. It must be further over the brow of the hill behind the waterfall. The view is across the river valley to the mountains on the south side opposite to our camp – where we went in the Land Rover and saw the glacier. You can see the great ice-field on top of the mountains in this picture – looking rather like a white sky! We have had lovely weather up here, cold, clear and brilliantly sunny – and have made good progress with our work. I hope you can say the same! Looking forward to seeing you at Birkenhead for half-term on 9th June. Love Dad.



HMS Hecla's visit to Iceland, May to July 1967

Excerpt from Sailor's Luck: At Sea & Ashore in Peace and War, autobiography by Rear Admiral Geoffrey Hall, 1999 (p 198 to 201):

Of course, working as we were, virtually on the edge of the Icelandic submerged 'shelf', I took an early opportunity to visit Reykjavik for a week-end in May, largely to brief Petur Sigurdsson, the Hydrographer, on our work off-shore and to offer our services in any way he considered useful, e.g. to survey the waters around the new volcanic island of Surtsey, and the shape and extent of its coastline. Between us, we reckoned that this would be a useful project to be pursued jointly later that Slimmer, and we laid plans accordingly.

A recurrent problem when using the Loran-'C' chains was lane-slippage. This could be easily detected and rectified if we were actually surveying, but it sometimes occurred when the ship was otherwise occupied, in which case it could play havoc with our work if proper checks were not made. The nearest land to the survey area was Vestmannaeyjar (the Westman Islands), and these, together with Surtsey (which was now static), provided a perfect means of fixing the ship's position. So whenever undetected lane-slippage was suspected, and always before resuming work after a break, I used to take the ship up to a reasonable distance off the islands and fix her position by horizontal sextant angles, at the same time checking the readings on the Loran-'C' receivers. So we got to know the islands rather well, and I was keen to pay them a formal visit.

One week-end in June, when the ship was alongside in Reykjavik, Pete Spelling and I flew down to Heimaey, the only town and port in the islands, in our helicopter to call on the Mayor and to discuss with the Harbour Master the feasibility of bringing the ship into the harbour. It was 33 years since I had last been there [1934], and the place had grown enormously. The port approaches, however, were much as I remembered them, and to bring the ship into such a constricted entrance, involving tight turns very close under the beetling cliffs, was going to be a tricky business. *Hecla* would be one of the largest ships ever to enter the harbour.

So despite the navigational hazards, I took *Hecla* into Heimaey harbour for a week-end, and berthed her alongside the modern wharf, which normally accommodated dozens of

the local trawlers and drifters. Our presence aroused a lot of interest, and we were well received by the Mayor. While being entertained in his home, I remember discussing with him the state of the local volcano, which dominated the town and harbour entrance (and which my mother and I, with little Hrebna Benediktsson, had climbed all those years ago). Was it dormant - or extinct? The Mayor said that it was dormant, and had last erupted some 400 years previously. Some people, he said, thought that it was due to erupt again before very long. (As is well known, it did just that several years later, with disastrous results. The whole population had to be evacuated to the mainland, much of the town was destroyed, and the harbour entrance was almost sealed off).

Once again our mid-seasonal break for assisted maintenance, and to grant leave, was spent at Liverpool, and this time our programme coincided with that of our sister-ship, *Hecate*, both ships berthing together for ten days. This gave me the opportunity to compare notes with John Winstanley ('Winston'), her CO, as *Hecate* had been working on a similar survey to ours, though further south. (An occasion had arisen earlier while we were both out working on our respective surveys, when we were both ordered to proceed with all despatch to assist *HMS Vidal* after she had collided with a merchant-ship in mid-Atlantic! Although severely damaged, she did not in fact require assistance and the order was rescinded soon afterwards. It had seemed odd that an Ocean Survey Ship should find herself in trouble, and still odder that the only vessels near enough to help should be two other Ocean Survey Ships - and all of them British!)

At the end of June I took *Hecla* up to the head of Hvalfjord for a quiet week-end at anchor. I had a very special feeling for that place, and found the surroundings inspiring. It never failed to remind me of those days during the summer of 1940 when we had 'sweated so much blood' over that survey, and this time it was almost as peaceful as it had been then. Apart from one or two whale-catchers, we had the place to ourselves.

Early in July, while up in the Westman Islands, I had set up a joint survey of Surtsey with the Icelanders, the arrangement being that we detached one of our Surveying Motor Boats to work under the auspices of their Deputy Hydrographer (Commander Gunnar Bergsteinsson) and supported by the Coastguard gun-boat Thor.

The Commander, of the Icelandic Coastguard Service was Petur Sigurdsson, the Hydrographer, and his fleet of modern gun-boats was not infrequently assigned to hydrographic duties, so there was no problem there. At the end of July I was joined by my son Nicholas, who, having previously expressed his intention of joining the Navy, was now showing strong signs of changing his mind. At this point, while *Hecla* was in process of setting up the joint survey, I exchanged calls with the Captain of the Thor, and he asked me if my son would be interested in signing on as a temporary member of his crew. What an intriguing invitation! I said that it seemed a splendid idea and that I would follow it up. The more I thought about it, the more it appealed to me. (Really, what an extraordinary offer, and what a marvellous opportunity to savour one aspect of naval life, with no commitments!)

That summer our daughter Virginia was spending her long vacation in Iceland. She had worked for the Icelandic Hydrographer as a draughtsman, before going up to York University - and this year she was studying Icelandic history and Old Norse. At one point Mary flew up to Reykjavik with her fishing-rod - and this coincided with one of our week-end visits, making it quite a family occasion.

That settled, we went ahead with the Thor project, and sailed for Iceland on 3rd August. Admiral Ritchie, the Hydrographer, had expressed a wish to visit Iceland to confer with Petur Sigurdsson, and I was keen to show him something of our work, and also something of that extraordinary country. So he joined us before leaving Londonderry, and we sailed wearing his flag. It was not a very calm passage, but once on the survey-ground, things began to look up.

We sailed up to the head of Hvalfjord, and I pointed out to the Admiral most of the natural features and marks that we'd used during the 1940 survey. I had arranged to fly him off to Reykjavik by helicopter, to be met by Petur Sigurdsson, and he agreed to take Nick with

him. So I bade the Admiral and Nick farewell, and off they flew. We then went round to finish off the Surtsey Survey and recover our boat-party, and on 12th August we left Iceland for the last time.

Again, my father later gave me some photographs that had been taken by the ship's photographer – they are included at the back of this vignette.

Stay in the San during the Six Day War

Occasionally I came down with flu and spent a few days recuperating in the 'San' (sanatorium). These were generally pleasant times - a break from the harsh regime and drudgery of school lessons, and a chance to rest, relax, reflect, listen to the radio etc. One occasion I remember particularly well, including the date - early June 1967 - because it was during the 'Six Day War' (5 to 10 June 1967) and the radio news broadcasts announced that the Israeli army were shelling the Dome of the Rock. I had seen pictures of this recently in Scripture lessons (with the Chaplain, Mr O'Connor), and I remember thinking "Oh no! That's such a beautiful and famous building! They can't destroy it, surely..."

Wikipedia (2022) tells us:

The Six-Day War... also known as the June War, the 1967 Arab–Israeli War or the Third Arab–Israeli War, was an armed conflict fought from 5 to 10 June 1967 between Israel and a coalition of Arab states primarily comprising Jordan, Syria and Egypt (then known as United Arab Republic).

Relations between Israel and its Arab-majority neighbouring states were not normalized after the First Arab–Israeli War ended with the signing of the 1949 Armistice Agreements. In 1956, Israel invaded Egypt, triggering the Suez Crisis; among Israel's rationale for the invasion was its goal of forcing a reopening of the Straits of Tiran, which had been closed by Egypt for all Israeli shipping since 1948. Israel was eventually forced to withdraw its troops from Egyptian territory under international pressure, but was guaranteed that the Straits would remain open. A peacekeeping contingent known as the United Nations Emergency Force (UNEF) was subsequently deployed along the Egypt–Israel border, but there was no demilitarization agreement between the two sides.

In the months prior to the outbreak of the war in June 1967, tensions in the region became dangerously heightened. Israel reiterated its post-1956 position that another closure of the Straits of Tiran to Israeli shipping by Egypt would be a definite *casus belli*. In May, Egyptian president Gamal Abdel Nasser announced that the Straits of Tiran would again be closed to Israeli vessels, subsequently mobilized the Egyptian military along the border with Israel, and ordered the immediate withdrawal of all UNEF personnel. On 5 June, as the United Nations Emergency Force responsible for keeping peace was in the process of leaving the zone, Israel launched a series of airstrikes against Egyptian airfields and other facilities, resulting in the killing of 15 international peacekeepers, from India and Brazil. Israel initially claimed that it had been attacked by Egypt first, but later stated that its airstrikes had been preemptive; the question of which side caused the war remains one of a number of controversies relating to the conflict.

Egyptian forces were caught by surprise, and nearly the entire Egyptian Air Force was destroyed with few Israeli losses in the process, giving Israel the advantage of air supremacy. Simultaneously, the Israeli military launched a ground offensive into the Egyptian-occupied Gaza Strip and the Sinai Peninsula, which again caught the Egyptians by surprise. After some initial resistance, Nasser ordered an evacuation of the Sinai Peninsula. The Israelis continued to pursue and inflict heavy losses on the retreating Egyptian forces, and conquered the entire Sinai Peninsula by the sixth day of the war.

Jordan had entered into a defence pact with Egypt a week before the war began; the agreement envisaged that in the event of a war, Jordan would not take an offensive role, but would attempt to tie down Israeli forces to prevent them from making any significant

territorial gains. Approximately an hour after the initial Israeli air attack, the Egyptian commander of the Jordanian military received orders from Cairo to mount attacks against Israel. In the initially confused situation, the Jordanians were falsely informed that Egypt had successfully repelled Israel's air raids. Egypt and Jordan agreed to a ceasefire on 8 June, and Syria agreed on 9 June; a ceasefire was signed with Israel on 11 June...

Half-term at Glenburn, June 1967

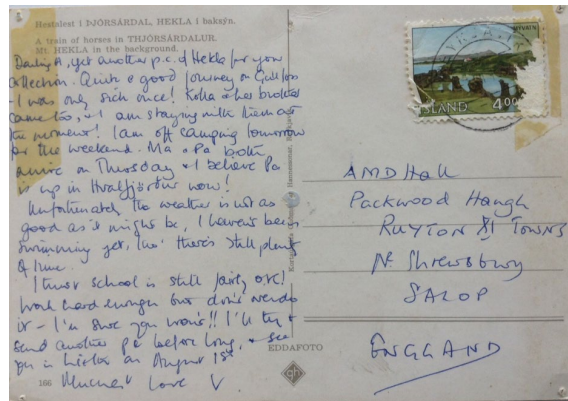
In early June 1967, I stayed with Aunt Griselda and Uncle Keith at Glenburn, Heswall. A photograph captioned "Sunday tea" (11 June 1967) shows the family in the front garden on a gloriously sunny and warm summer's day, with (from left to right): Keith and Griselda, my father at the back, Ian and Virginia, my mother, Fiona (about 2 years old), Nigel in swimming trunks and shading his eyes, and Granny George (Keith's mother). A second photograph shows us in the Conservatory, gathered around the Minic-Motorway layout. These photographs were taken before Virginia went to Iceland, and while my father was on leave during his Icelandic tour (*Hecla* was undergoing maintenance at Liverpool).



Postcard from Virginia, June or early July 1967

Postcard from Virginia to me (at Packwood) undated but probably June or early July 1967 from Reykjavik (possibly her second trip to Iceland that year, as it refers to her arrival on the Gullfoss): "Hestalest í Þjórsárdal, Hekla í baksýn. A train of horses in Thjórsárdalur, Mt Hekla in the background."

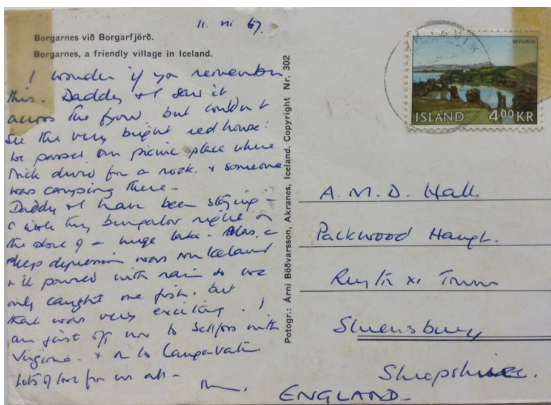
Darling A, Yet another p.c. of Hekla for your collection. Quite a good journey on Gullfoss – I was only sick once! Kolla and her brother came too, and I am staying with them at the moment! I am off camping tomorrow for the weekend. Ma and Pa both arrive on Thursday and I believe Pa is up in Hvalfjörður now! Unfortunately the weather is not as good as it might be. I haven't been swimming yet, tho' there's still plenty of time. I trust school is still fairly OK. Work hard enough but don't overdo it – I'm sure you won't!! I'll try and send another p.c. before long, and see you in Leith [?] on August 1st. Much love V.



Postcard from my mother, 11 July 1967

Postcard from my mother to me (at Packwood) dated 11 July 1967 from Iceland: "Borganes við Borgarfjörð. Borganes, a friendly village in Iceland."

I wonder if you remember this. Daddy and I saw it across the fjord, but couldn't see the very bright red house! We passed our picnic place where Nick dived from a rock, and someone was camping there. Daddy and I have been staying in a little tiny bungalow right on the shore of a huge lake. Alas, a deep depression was over Iceland and it poured with rain, so we only caught one fish, but that was very exciting. I am just off now to Selffoss with Virginia, and on to Langavatn. Lots of love from us all, M.



Postcard from Virginia, 20 July 1967

Postcard from Virginia to me (at Highgate) dated 20 July 1967 from Iceland: “BIFRÖST, a fashionable summer resort in Borgarfjörður, W Iceland. BIFRÖST, modern sommerhotel midt in en lavamark, í baggrunden liparitbjerget Baula.”

Dear Adrian (& Mummy!) I have just had a marvellous 3 days camping at Snaefellness, finishing up at Hreðavatn – in Bifröst. We drove all through the Laxdale country and saw where Kjartan was killed. Also saw Reykholar where Daddy is going to build his house! I am now for a night at Gilsbahli [?] which is great fun. Look forward to seeing you both on Tuesday (M – your first letter arrived OK – I haven’t been home since, so I suspect the 2nd is there). All love, V xx.



Scotland 1967 – Recollections

My mother and I left for north-west Scotland, in late August 1967, departing from Westwind, Fitzroy Park, Highgate N6, and taking the night train from London Kings Cross to Edinburgh. This holiday followed a busy summer with extensive renovations at Legbourne Abbey. We must have taken the car with us on the train, because some of the photographs feature the little pale blue Morris Minor. After the train journey, we settled down to what my diary described as “a late but luxurious breakfast” at the Waverley Station Hotel in Edinburgh. (Sadly the diary I kept at the time is now lost, so this account – mostly written on 31 August 2013 – is based on my recollections, prompted by the black-and-white photographs which I took with my Brownie camera, scanned from the album which I still have.) Later we set off north, across the Firth of Forth (after pausing to take photographs of the Forth Road Bridge and the Forth Railway Bridge), and then through Dunfermline and Perth to Pitlochry and House of Urrard, to stay with Christine Turbutt (a distant cousin). There’s a picture of Christine, my mother and ‘Mr Masson’ standing in front of the house. I think we visited the Pass of Killiecrankie, where the famous battle was fought (the Battle of Killiecrankie, 1689).

We then travelled north to the Aviemore Centre in the Cairngorms – recently opened and already famous for the breeding Ospreys in the vicinity. We camped at Coylumbridge in tents and either drove or took a chairlift (walked part of the way?) to the top of Cairngorm (4,084 feet), which commanded spectacular views over the Cairngorm mountain range. There’s a nice picture of me (taken by my mother), wearing my Icelandic jersey, with my right hand pointing towards distant mountains. At one point I recall my mother trained her binoculars north-west and saw a three-peaked mountain in the far distance. She thought it might be Cul Mor, in the Coigach; however later investigations suggested it was more likely to be An Teallach in Wester Ross, near Torridon and Loch Broom, and well to the south of Ullapool – still at a distance of 70 miles, this was impressive! The photographs show it was a cloudy day, with a few breaks of sunshine.

From Aviemore, we drove north to Inverness, and then north-west to Ullapool. There’s a picture of my mother sitting on a rock on the banks of the Blackwater river at Garve.

There's a twin-arched bridge in the background, and given that picnic coffee mugs feature in the photograph, we must have stopped there for a picnic lunch (which always included a thermos of hot coffee!) Later that afternoon we reached Ullapool, and I took a picture of the row of white cottages along the foreshore, with beached fishing boats in the foreground. In the evening we arrived at the Summer Isles Hotel, Achiltibuie.

There's a photograph of the front of the Summer Isles Hotel, showing part of the Annexe, on the right, which is where we stayed. There are also photographs of my mother fishing (at Loch na Beiste), the 'first fish caught', a finnoch in the landing net, and my mother standing next to the (river) Garvie falls. There's a mountain panorama showing Stac Pollaidh, Ben Eoin and Ben More Coigach, a photograph of a highland cow, and pictures of the rocky coastline and spray from waves breaking at Achnahaird. I did some sketching, and drew a picture of the rocks of Achnahaird bay using Caran d'Ache crayons. There are also photographs of the Highland Games at Lochinver.

I remember my mother getting up very early one morning (at first light) to fish the Garvie (as she had booked the early morning shift), leaving me to sleep in. She came back to the hotel at about 9 am proudly showing me a large sea trout she had caught – I think the hotel staff cooked it for our breakfast! Every morning we awoke to the unforgettable sounds of crying gulls and bleating sheep. I remember the cuisine was very good, and we often had langoustines (local lobsters) for supper. I think the highlight was the view from the front lounge (which was elevated and full of windows like a conservatory), which looked west, and commanded a superb view out over the Summer Isles – and watching the sun setting over the sea...

Our journey home took us past Loch Ness to Fort William, where we stayed with Robert Ogilvie (cousin) and his family. He and I climbed Ben Mhain, and I took a photograph half way up, showing Robert leaning on his walking stick, with Ben Nevis in the background; he took a picture of me adding 'one more stone to the cairn' at the summit. On our way south we visited Hadrian's Wall, stopping at Chesters and Housteads. We called in at Legbourne, where the interior renovations were still ongoing, before finally arriving back home again at Westwind, Fitzroy Park. The last picture shows 'Mum, Virginia, Jassy and Anne F' outside the front door, with the famous pale blue Morris Minor on the right.



Forth Road Bridge



Forth Railway Bridge



House of Urrard – Mother, Christine Turbutt, Mr Masson



Mother and Colin L, Loch Tummel



Coylumbridge Campsite



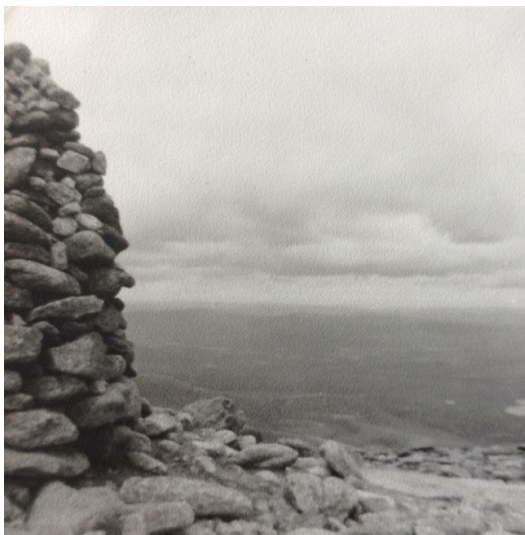
Aviemore Centre, Osprey sculpture



View from the summit of Cairngorm



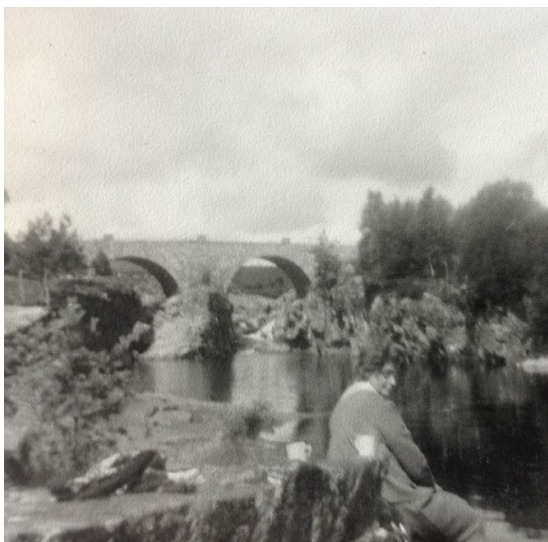
Looking out from the summit of Cairngorm



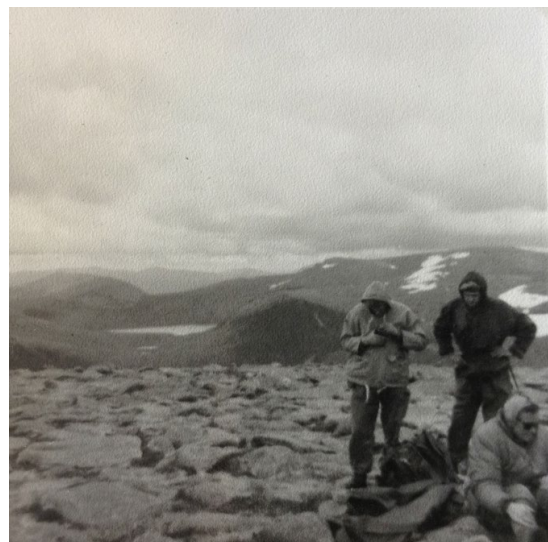
Cairn at the summit of Cairngorm



Mother looking out from the top of Cairngorm



Picnic at Blackwater River, near Garve



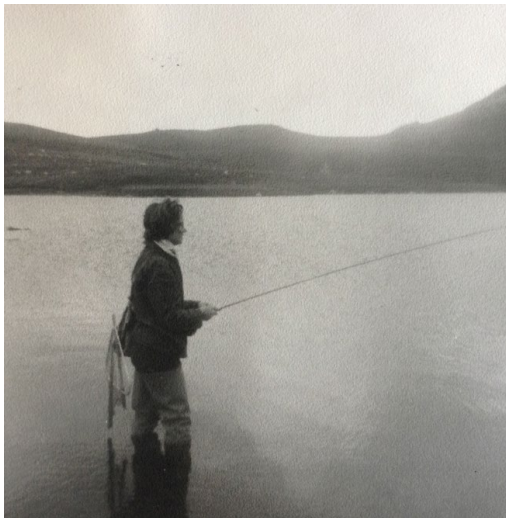
Training cadets at the top of Cairngorm



Foreshore at Ullapool



Stac Pollaidh, Cul Beag, Benn An Eoin



"Dead as a doornail", fishing at Loch Na Beiste



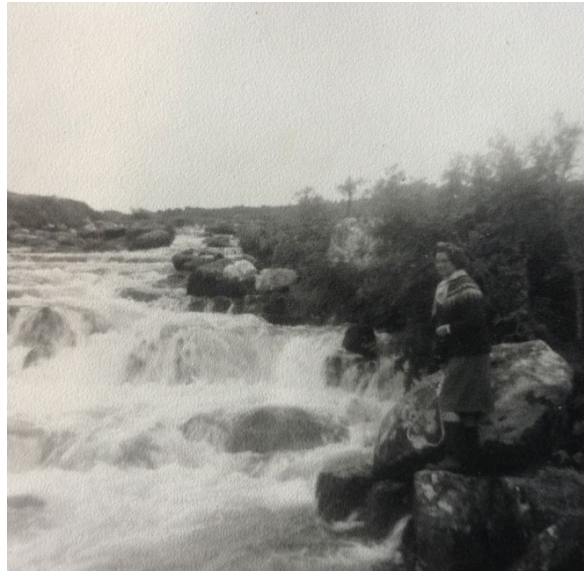
Landing a finnoch



Highland cow



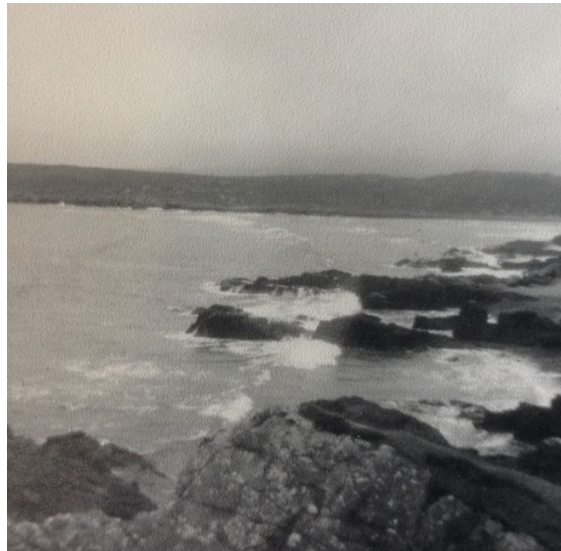
Summer Isles Hotel, Achiltibuie



The Garvie Falls



Waves breaking



Coastline, Achnahaird



Pipe band, Lochinver



Highland Games, Lochinver



Robert Ogilvie, Ben Nevis in background



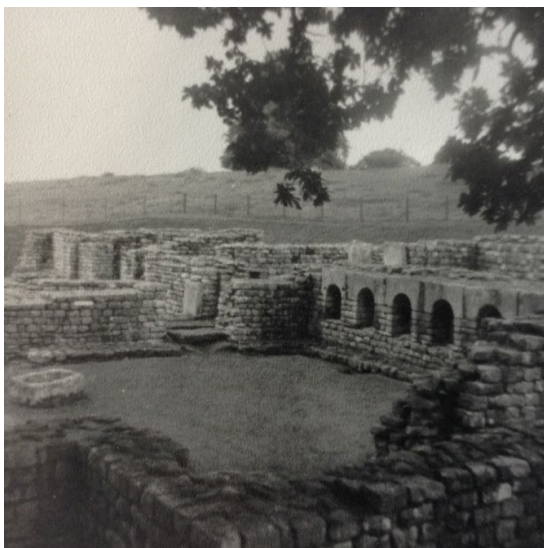
"One more stone to the cairn", Ben Mhain



Hadrian's Wall, near Housesteads



Hadrian's Wall



Change rooms at Chesters



Brunton Turret



Legbourne Abbey, after the renovations



All Saints Church, Legbourne



Father, with new motor-mower at Legbourne



Mother, Virginia, Jassy and Anne F, Highgate N6

Family portraits, Highgate N6, late summer 1967

These 'portrait' photographs were taken at 'Westwind', our house in Highgate N6, in late summer 1967.



Some amazing news, December 1967

I remember getting some amazing news in December 1967, near the end of term. As a Monitor, I was given the responsibility of 'Bath Master', and with the recent building works, and the addition of a second bathroom, I had a lot of supervision to do, and I recall having to 'hot foot it' from the old bathroom to the new bathroom (and back again), to ensure that all bath-ing operations ran smoothly.

It seems that the Headmaster took note of this, because just before the end of term he summoned me to his study, and told me that he was going to give my self-confidence a boost (or words to that effect) by making me one of the two Head Boys next term! Given that I still had a whole year left at Packwood (as the Haileybury Scholarship exams were not until November 1968), this would mean that I would be Head Boy for three terms (which was an unusually long tenure). Amazing news indeed!

Packwood pictures, December 1967



Prayer of St Ignatius

I remember this was a prayer we often prayed during assemblies:

Lord, teach us to be generous.
Teach us to serve you as you deserve:
to give and not to count the cost,
to fight and not to heed the wounds,
to toil and not to seek for rest,
to labour and not to ask for any reward
save that of knowing that we do your will...

Prayer of St Ignatius of Loyola

The Story of 1968

1968 was a good year. It was my last year at Packwood Haugh – and though my time there had not been altogether happy, it ended on a good note. My best friend Richard C, a year ahead of me, was going to Haileybury and I would see him again in 1969. His parents had decided he was not going to Shrewsbury because of a current drugs scandal there – it was like dream come true.

1968 was a successful year. I was Head Boy for the whole year – for the first term with Henry C, and for the last two terms with James P.

And there were two ‘golden moments’, as described below...

Spring 1968 photographs

There’s a picture of the ruined abbey at Valle Crucis in North Wales, which I recall visiting on more than one occasion – this much have been taken during a half-term excursion. There’s a picture of the new dining room under construction – this was completed by the end of the summer holidays, ready for the new school year.

There’s also a photograph of the indomitable Mr Evans ‘spiking’ the Rugby pitch in preparation for a match. In 2021, in email correspondence with my brother Nick and cousin David McLean, both Old Packwoodians, I wrote:

All through the summer term Mr Evans the groundsman would leave piles of grass from mowing all around the edges of the playing fields and in teams we would load the grass into the carts using wooden boards, then race the carts down to the bins. Do you remember Mr Evans? Maybe he was after your time? He was very nice and in a broad Welsh accent would say “Rugger? It’s a *man*’s gaeeee-eme!”

There’s a picture of the seven-a-side Rugby team, which included some of my friends, and an iconic picture of a boy called ‘A’ (whose father was a Rector, and who was consequently nick-named Speckled-be-Rector) ambling slowly across the ‘Yard’. This Yard was in many ways the central meeting place and ‘heartbeat’ of us boys, and many a conversation or game took place there. New classrooms can be seen on the right of the photograph (above the Covered Courts) and new dormitories are visible top right.

Biggin Hill Air Show and General Adolf Galland

Then there’s a picture of Uncle Roger standing in front of one of his beloved Spitfires. This photograph must have been taken during the holidays, possibly at Biggin Hill. It is a reminder of Roger’s heroic exploits during the Battle of Britain in the summer of 1940.

15 September 2022 update: This photograph reminds me of a time when Roger took me to the Biggin Hill Air Show (this may have been during the spring of 1968), and he spotted, in the VIP stand, General Adolf Galland, the famous Luftwaffe flying ace. I seem to remember that by some extraordinary means he was able to gain entry to the VIP stand and introduce me to General Galland, and we then had an ‘erudite’ and constructive conversation. Rather than just exchanging ‘platitudes and pleasantries’, which many admiring schoolboys might have done, it so happened that I was in the process of putting together a scale model of a Messerschmitt Me-109 (from an ‘Airfix’ kit), and I had got to the stage of painting the model aeroplane, and I genuinely wanted to know what were the correct colours to use for camouflage, so I asked him. The General was most interested in my question, and took great care to explain that there was actually no single ‘rule’ for camouflage, but that each ‘squadron’ leader could choose their own colour scheme, within certain parameters. So I thanked him, and came away confident that I could finish painting my Me-109 model using a colour scheme that would comply!

Packwood pictures, spring 1968



Valle Crucis (ruined abbey), North Wales:



Uncle Roger with a beloved Spitfire



The new dining room under construction



Mr Evans 'spiking' the pitch before a Rugby match



Seven-a-side Rugby team



Slowly ambling across the Yard...

Summer 1968 photographs

There's a picture of the swimming pool (which was a much-appreciated amenity during the summer term), with the School Chaplain, Mr O'Connor, supervising, and photographs of the new dining room completed.

There's a picture of us leaving for an 'away' match (for me either as a linesman, or as part of a chess competition), with a classic 1960s bus, and a photograph taken from one of the upper classrooms of boys gathering at the corner of a building.

Finally there's a photograph of James P, the other Head Boy, skewering a 'conker' (chestnut) – conker tournaments were very popular. The classroom, including a mathematical 3-dimensional shape (icosahedron?) is visible behind.

The various 'official' school leavers' photographs presented at the end of this vignette were taken at the end of the summer term, 1968.

The first 'golden moment'

The first 'golden moment' occurred at the end of the summer term, which was marked by the annual Sports Day. I was captain of Clarkes, the 'house' (or 'six') of which I had been a member all through my Packwood career. Clarkes had never generally excelled at sports, the limelight being taken by the more aggressive, 'sporty' houses such as McFerrans or Wilsons; however, for some reason 1968 was an exceptional year for Clarkes, and we actually came first in the overall Sports Day competition.

As the House Captain, it fell to me to receive the 'Shield' (which was the coveted trophy for the winning team), and by tradition this was to be presented by the mother of the Head Boy, if present... But, guess what? I was also the (senior) Head Boy that term, and my mother happened to be present for the occasion, so it was with a wonderful sense of heart-warming affection and satisfaction that my mother presented me with the Shield – she smiled as she handed it over to me, saying something like "Well done, darling!"

It was a 'golden moment' indeed!

Packwood pictures, summer 1968



Swimming pool, Mr O'Connor (Chaplain) on right



The new dining room



Leaving for an 'away' match



View from upper classroom



James P (Head Boy) skewering a conker



Inside the new dining room

Llangollen to Chester canoeing expedition, July 1968

In late July 1968 I took part in a canoeing expedition, 70 miles from Llangollen in North Wales to Chester, including paddling across the famous Llangollen aqueduct. I have good memories of this expedition, which took about 4 or 5 days. We were six boys and two teachers (Mr Roe and Mr Hulme), and we piled into 4 or 5 canoes, some double, some single. As the photos show, there was good camaraderie, but I do remember my arms aching greatly after the first day of canoeing, which included crossing the aqueduct!

This was one of the highlights of my time at Packwood, somewhat akin to the Adventurous Training expedition to Switzerland through Haileybury in 1971.



Clockwise from top left: standing next to our canoes; the swing bridge at Wrenbury; Mr Hulme making bacon and eggs; 'grubs up!' with Mr Roe

August and September 1968

In the late summer of 1968 pop music was popular, the peace movement and the hippie movement were in full swing – but in August 1968 the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia, thus ending the Prague Spring... Wikipedia (2022) tell us:

The Prague Spring (Czech: Pražské jaro, Slovak: Pražská jar) was a period of political liberalization and mass protest in the Czechoslovak Socialist Republic. It began on 5 January 1968, when reformist Alexander Dubček was elected First Secretary of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia (KSČ), and continued until 21 August 1968, when the Soviet Union and other Warsaw Pact members invaded the country to suppress the reforms.

The Prague Spring reforms were a strong attempt by Dubček to grant additional rights to the citizens of Czechoslovakia in an act of partial decentralization of the economy and democratization. The freedoms granted included a loosening of restrictions on the media, speech and travel. After national discussion of dividing the country into a federation of three republics, Bohemia, Moravia-Silesia and Slovakia, Dubček oversaw the decision to split into two, the Czech Socialist Republic and Slovak Socialist Republic. This dual federation was the only formal change that survived the invasion...

Then in September 1968, perhaps just before term began, my parents took me to Haileybury to meet Mr and Mrs Rhodes-James, my future Housemaster and his young wife (Richard and Rachel were married at the end of 1967). Given the influential part Richard was to play in my life, this was an auspicious meeting (over afternoon tea, I think it must have been). I sensed that Richard was a kind and caring person, and Rachel was very nice – bright and cheerful. I clearly remember her announcing “baby in six weeks”, and given that Richard’s later autobiography records Claire’s birth as taking place in October 1968, the early September date of the meeting can be established. I don’t remember much else about this afternoon tea, though I suspect we must have discussed the forthcoming Scholarship examinations, and that I was looking forward to starting in Melvill in January 1969...

Letter from Nick in September 1968 from HMS Maxton

Letter written from HMS Maxton, BFPO ships (in Singapore), dated 18 September 1968:

Dear Adrian, It’s just before we sail for Australia, and I thought I’d write a quick note before we left. I hope M and D and perhaps V have been keeping you in touch with whatever I’ve been doing, so I won’t go through all that again. I tried to find a nice picture postcard of Singapore but they’re all of rather dreary buildings so I have to send this instead.

How has your last term at Packwood started off? I remember mine was about the most miserable I ever spent there, since all my friends had left the term before. Hope the same doesn’t apply to you. V tells me you looked up R-J the other day. I suppose he won’t come into your life really till next term; he can’t be any worse for being married, and with me he was certainly the best bloke to have as housemaster even though he was a little stupid at times.

Anyway, in case I don’t get round to writing again, very best of all the usual with the exam, whenever it is. I hope you have plenty of time to slack off afterwards until Christmas, which is most important. You must get P-W to let you have a weekend or so at home afterwards to ‘recover’!

A month ago I had my first day in Maxton, and a year ago I had my first day at Dartmouth. Maxton is a super little ship with some very modern equipment which is very interesting. We have two main guns as well, which look very smart and sometimes fire as well. It’s going to be super going to Australia – Cairns and MacKay in Queensland – tough quite hard work at sea. We go straight through the Great Barrier Reef too, which should be fun.

What I really wanted to say was do write (*fac scribe, écrivez* etc.) I'm sure the odd Greek verb won't mind not being swotted till later while you do write. Look forward to hearing all your news etc. Love from Nick.

Two letters to my parents written in October 1968

Letter dated 6 October 1968:

Dear Mummy and Daddy, Thank you very much for the lovely letters and Fred Bassett. I have received a type-written letter from Virginia. She can write the whole alphabet without looking! I also had a nice picture postcard from Nicholas.

I have had a pretty hectic week here. On Wednesday we had our first match over at Oswestry. I was First XI linesman. The First XI won 9-1. On Friday I did my 0.22 rifle shooting. I got 60 out of 100, and if you get 60% or over you get a badge. It is rather nice, and has NSRA (National Smallbore Rifle Association). About half a dozen other people got them as well. I enclose my target. It is hung up on a bank 25 yards away, so the small dots really look very small! The second and third targets are the best (NB the second holds two cutting nines).

On Saturday we played an 'away' match against a tiny little school called Homleigh. There are only 31 boys there! I was lining for the 1st who won 7-0. Homleigh is near Crewe, so we had a leave pretty early.

We were meant to have a film last night but the projector broke down. I got 11 in industry with a B for Latin and an A for everything else. Love from Adrian

Letter dated 13 October 1968:

Dear Mummy and Daddy, Thank you very much for the letter and postcard. A fine discovered 'check' by Daddy, which has left my King and Queen in a difficult position [*referring to 'chess by correspondence'*]. I suppose to avoid 'mate' next go, I'd better move K-Kn1.

I would simply love to go to Legbourne at half-term. I don't mind the travelling, if you don't, that is. And here is the weekly news:

On Sunday afternoon W, W and I went over to Mrs Moon's house in Ruyton XI Towns. Mrs Moon is the housekeeper and she is always very happy to have people over, 'gardening'. In fact we made two rather unsuccessful bonfires, which did not burn properly until Mr Moon poured petrol over them! We then mowed the lawn with an automatic rotascythe, rather like yours, only of inferior quality. We did various other jobs, until at five o'clock we had an enormous tea, and were driven back to the school. In the evening we watched a rather good film called 'Whistle down the Wind'.

On Wednesday we played The Old Hall, away. I was in the Chess Team, and won my game with a super move which, if it had not been by some fluke check-mate, would have gained a Queen. Lots of love, Adrian

The second 'golden moment'

The second 'golden moment' was associated with the Haileybury Scholarship Examinations, which took place in November 1968 – it is quite a story!

After many intense weeks of revision (mainly for the Latin and Greek papers), the Headmaster (bless him) personally drove me all the way down to Haileybury – I remember some of the journey was down the M1. On arrival, I recall that Mr Pease-Watkin (P-W) gathered up all the Old Packwoodians (including P-T), and treated us all to a lunch at the East India College Arms, the hotel on the main road at Hertford Heath, not far from the main gates of the school. P-W was an Old Haileyburian himself, so I think he quite enjoyed visiting his old school. Anyway, after lunch he drove back to Packwood, leaving me at Haileybury for a week of examinations.

Then followed an intense week of exams, boarding at the San, with Robert G and Richard L from Cirencester, and candidates from various other preparatory schools

around the country. The two boys from Oakley Hall in Cirencester were a year younger, and were sitting this year's Scholarship exams for 'practice'. We made friends, however, and a year later Robert G took out the Top Scholarship, both boys joining Hailey in January 1970.

There must have been about 30 candidates all up, about half of whom were 'internal' (that is, those who had taken the Common Entrance exam in June and started at Haileybury in September). At mealtimes we external candidates ate in the privileged 'gallery' of the huge Dining Hall, and I recall 'surveying the scene' from the balcony, watching some of the older boys deploying the pale green melamine plates along the lengths of the tables, with resounding echoes around the Hall. We were ably looked after by none other than the inimitable Humphrey Nye.

Of the exams themselves I remember little. I felt afterwards that I had done OK, but not particularly well. I do remember French Dictation, however, because the French Master, Mr Crowther, was quite a character, and had an impeccable French accent (I vaguely recall someone saying he had served as an Ambassador before becoming a teacher): "*Ne vous est-il jamais arrivé de traverser en voiture une de ces petites villes...*" And the French Comprehension was part of the haunting story, *La Dernière Classe*.

I also remember being accosted in the Big Quad by the Latin master, 'Horsy' Smith, who asked whether I was Adrian Hall? I said yes, I was. Then he told me that my Latin exam submission had included two versions of the answer to one of the questions, but was missing the answer to another of the questions – and that he had retrieved the missing answer from the wastepaper bin! I was very embarrassed, but thanked him, and went on my way. I then remembered that for some reason I had finished that particular exam ahead of time, and wanting to impress the examiners, I had copied out one of my answers 'fair-hand', meaning to discard the earlier version, but in my haste at the end of the exam period I carelessly discarded the page with one of the other answers instead! What an idiot I was – but how lucky that Mr Smith gave me the benefit of the doubt and rescued the missing page! Otherwise, this might have costed me the scholarship...

The only other clear memory was of my 'interview' with the Master, Mr Stewart. I was nervous, understandably, as he was a somewhat formidable character, tall and imposing; however, he tried to set me at ease, and asked how I was doing at Packwood, and whether I would normally 'beat' the other boys in my class at tests etc. I think I made the right sort of replies!

After the exams were over I went home (to Highgate, London N6), to wait for the results. The fateful day came when those who had won scholarships were to be notified by telegram – meaning that if no telegram arrived then you could assume that you had been unsuccessful. I think it was a Saturday, as my father was at home. There was no telegram first thing that morning, so I waited anxiously at home. Mid-morning came and went, and still there was no telegram. Then it was lunchtime and there was *still* no telegram, and I began to feel despondent, as by that time it was becoming pretty clear that there would be no telegram, and therefore I resigned myself to the fact that I had *not* won a scholarship after all.

My mother was also feeling anxious, and so she asked my father to take me into town to watch some cartoons at a News Cinema, to take my mind off the disappointment. So we went into town (by bus, I think), but on the way to the cinema, for some reason my father needed to pick something up from his office in Whitehall. As we entered the Admiralty building, the receptionist caught father's attention and told him there was an urgent telephone message and that he was to call my mother at home immediately. So we went upstairs to my father's office, and he picked up the phone and dialed home. My mother answered, and I could hear from my father's reaction that there was some very exciting news...

I caught the gist of the conversation, that a telegram had in fact arrived – my mother read it out to my father, who repeated it to me:

AWARDED TOP SCHOLARSHIP

MANY CONGRATULATIONS

STEWART

[William Stewart was the Master of Haileybury]

My mother then explained that the reason the telegram had not been delivered during the morning was that the telegram delivery boy (who was very apologetic) simply could not find our address!

I couldn't believe it! It took me a while for the news to sink in, and then I was 'walking on air'... It was a 'golden moment' indeed!

My father suggested we go home straightaway, but I said I still wanted to see some cartoons, so my father and I spent a happy afternoon at a News Cinema watching the antics of Sylvester and Tweety-Pie ("I taught I taw a puddy-cat... I did! I did! I did taw a puddy-cat"), and other Walt Disney and Loony-Tunes characters. And while we were out in town watching cartoons, my mother went up to the Highgate shops and bought me a beautiful set of oil paints in a large green tin (complete with small bottles of turpentine and linseed oil, and a palette), so that I could do some oil painting for post-exam relaxation – it was a wonderful 'congratulations' present!

The Honours Board at Packwood, showing the 1st Scholarship to Haileybury

This photograph was very kindly taken by the then Headmaster in 2007, and emailed to me

J. A. W. WRIGHT	3 RD	Shrewsbury
S. M. HIGGS	5 TH	Shrewsbury
A. L. JOYCE	5 TH	Rugby
R. McC. COWAN	4 TH	Haileybury
1968		
H. M. T. CURTEIS	3 RD	Radley
A. R. P. DUTTON	£150	Shrewsbury
A. ELPHINSTON	£100	Repton
A. M. D. HALL	1 ST	Haileybury
1969		
A. P. St. J. PENNEY	1 ST	Malvern
R. I. WYATT	7 TH	Rossall
J. E. PAINTER	£300	Shrewsbury
M. F. BLICK	1 ST	Rugby
R. O. H. CREWE-READ	2 ND	Repton
A. ELPHINSTON	7 TH	Repton

A letter to my parents written in December 1968

Letter dated 1 December 1968:

Dear Mummy and Daddy, Thank you very much for your letters. My Advent Calendar is now well under way. On Monday the leavers – W, L, D-J, D and I went over to Miss Davis's house (an old dear who comes to invigilate the Common Entrance exam), to help pick apples etc. On Tuesday the Headmaster took us to an excellent film called 'Gone with the Wind'. We had lunch with the D-J's near Manchester.

On Wednesday some of us canoed down a weir about two miles down the Perry. H was the first canoeist. He went sailing down, but got caught in a terrific wave at the bottom.

The canoe was swept broadside on and rolled right over. H managed to scramble out and was rescued by Mr Roe, but we had great difficulty in getting the canoe out again.

The oil painting is coming on fine, but is not nearly finished yet. On Thursday we had sixes matches. Clarkes of course lost. On Friday – now what did happen on Friday? Oh yes! I was asked to teach the Latin lessons to the juniors while the HM corrected exam papers. I had to give Latin Grammar tests and correct Latin sentences.

Please could you send me a bottle of Parker Royal Blue Quink? Lots of love, Adrian. PS I am Gabriel in the Nativity Play.

Two Events in December 1968

There were two events that happened during December 1968, just before I left Packwood – both mentioned in the 1 December letter to my parents, above.

The first 'event' was the oil painting. The Headmaster 'commissioned' me to do a painting, with my new oil paint set, for the new dining room. I recall that the painting was quite large, and was essentially a brightly coloured landscape, in an oriental style, with a pagoda and lake in the foreground and snow-capped mountains in the distance. I enjoyed doing the painting, and it was relaxing after the rigours of the exams, though I don't think it was a particularly good painting. But P-W (the Headmaster) seems to have quite liked it, as it was eventually hung in pride of place in the hallway leading into the new dining room.

The second 'event' was my playing the Angel Gabriel in the Nativity Play. I recall dressing in a white robe, and climbing up into the pulpit at the Ruyton XI Towns church, for the 'annunciation', no doubt reciting the immortal words from Luke Chapter 1 verses 28 to 38 (King James Version):

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

²⁹ And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

³⁰ And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.

³¹ And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS.

³² He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David:

³³ And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

³⁴ Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?

³⁵ And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

³⁶ And, behold, thy cousin Elisabeth, she hath also conceived a son in her old age: and this is the sixth month with her, who was called barren.

³⁷ For with God nothing shall be impossible.

³⁸ And Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word. And the angel departed from her.

Christmas 1968

1968 had been a good year. It was a successful year. I was Head Boy for the whole year, and in November I was awarded Top Scholarship to Haileybury – mainly on the strength of my results in Latin and Greek.

I remember that at Christmas Darzie (my paternal grandmother) expressed the year for me aptly: “Glory, glory, glory!”

Darzie was 83, and sadly (though of course I did not realize it then), this was to be her last Christmas...

Pictures of Darzie



The dining room at Legbourne Abbey, Geoffrey, Darzie and Mary



Darzie at the front door of Legbourne Abbey

Yet something was missing from my life. I was not satisfied...

April 1978, Packwood Revisited

This is an account I wrote in April 1978, nearly ten years after I had left Packwood, when I revisited the school with an Iranian friend called Sayeed [not his real name]:

Monday 3 April 1978 – at Shrewsbury station I met Sayeed when he got off the 3.30 pm train, the last I had been prepared to meet (this was a miracle, and answer to prayer)...

Packwood – a deep well of dark, half-hidden memories, years for me so well expressed by ‘the Dark Ages’ – those bleak, austere, pagan years... What are my most vivid memories of those long, dark years? In brief:

The fact of one’s whole life spent in fear and trepidation, dominated by the ‘HM’ [Headmaster] and Latin lessons. Adrenalin running as ‘sweet music’ is carried from the junior forms below. Break comes – PT in the Yard – at 11:15 am. Latin due for 4th lesson. The vital question, on which it seems your whole life depended: “What mood’s the HM in today?” “Quite good, you say? And we’ve Latin Grammar to take up half the lesson, so maybe we’ll be alright. *Maybe* we’ll get through this day unscathed. *Maybe*...”

The weather didn’t matter; politics and the outside world were irrelevant – after all, if the Russians invaded us there would be no more Latin lessons! Families were largely forgotten. All that mattered was that you got through the Latin lesson safely. If it went well, everyone prepared their piece properly, you were OK, you could breathe again, you had survived one more day...

Then there was endless 'bed study', diving under the bed clothes with a Greek Grammar or Aeneid text, longing for the night not to pass, or waking up early on a summer's morning to study. The reaction? Profound pessimism, skepticism, a kind of jaundiced outlook on life – and pseudo-religion: fervent praying founded on fear and superstition, prayers for deliverance and help in the classroom

The journey to Packwood: Baschurch, through Ruyton XI Towns, past the Church, the Village Pump, the dairy, up the hill, through the gates. It was all 'bigger', in terms of new buildings, new fields, woods – the school had enlarged its borders. Yet at the same time it was 'smaller' – huge distances had contracted to a stone's throw: Mr Roe's house from the main school building, the pavilion from the dining room.

Sayed and I walked down the hill with Mrs Pease-Watkin. The HM was furiously shifting earth. Moment of truth, landscape of hills and fields like a huge painting, reminding me (for some reason) of Napoleon at the gates of Moscow. Up the hill, round the school, tea. PW hardly seemed to have changed. Like Napoleon, like Stalin, he still has everyone firmly under his thumb – while the whole place, finances and community flourishes under his dynamic influence. Only now was there the amazing experience of being able to talk to him – man to man.

The past I leave behind me. And it seems that everything of significance that has happened to me has taken place since Packwood, since I last looked out across the valley from the 'mushrooms': Haileybury and starting the Christian life; Kenya; Cambridge; Pakistan; Greece. The dim and distant past I leave well and truly behind me...

Epilogue: Reflections on Packwood, 1963 to 1968

It is now March 2015, and I can't leave the Packwood years without including some later reflections on Packwood, that in particular pay tribute to a man who played a very important part in my life – mostly for good, but not entirely – Edward Pease-Watkin, Headmaster.

As I attempt to summarize the Packwood years, I am remembering events that occurred some 50 years ago. I am reminded first of all of Paul's words in Philippians 3, when he writes "But one thing I do, forgetting what lies behind, and straining forward to that which lies ahead, I press on toward the goal, for the prize of the upward call of God in Christ" (Philippians 3 v 13b, 14), and so I feel it is right and good to forget the dark times, such as the Headmaster's wild fury and uncontrollable temper, and the consequent fear and strain we students suffered. To dwell on such memories is not helpful (although, I recall that one positive outcome was that there was very little bullying, as all of us boys were facing a common enemy).

There is a balance in the Scriptures, and the Psalmist encourages us to "Bless the LORD... and forget not all his benefits" (Psalm 103 v 2), and so it is right and helpful to remember the good times, and God's blessings and benefits of those years. So as I look back over those formative years, and as certain images and impressions remain fresh and vivid, what are the main things I remember and can be thankful for?

First I will never forget the sheer beauty of the Shropshire countryside - perhaps not fully appreciated at the time. Surrounded by dairy farms, green fields and gently rolling hills, descending to the picturesque River Perry winding in the valley below, we awoke every morning to the sounds of cows mooing and being led to the dairies to be milked, tractors and trucks pulling up in the school Yard, and conversations among the country folk in that broad Shropshire dialect, with a good measure of Welsh mixed in! I remember the cold east winds and rain and sleet in the winter, and long days under cloudless skies or thunderstorms in summertime.

School activities took us further afield, to Shrewsbury and Oswestry, Nescliffe and the Wrekin, and to North Wales. Some of my school friends were the sons of Welsh farmers, and I would sometimes be invited 'out' to share a Sunday lunch at a Welsh farm.

The academic programme was rigorous and very disciplined, with a major emphasis on the Classics - Latin prose and poetry, including Caesar's Gallic Wars, Livy, Ovid and Vergil's Aeneid, and Classical Greek (which has been a valuable foundation for New Testament Greek, as the two languages are very similar). I remember not only the vitriolic Headmaster, Edward Pease-Watkin, but the patient and dedicated Mr Barker. Maths was taught by Mr Rowe, the Senior Master, French by Mr Titterington, Geography by Captain Hunt, English by Mr Potter and History by Mr Edwards. And in my final years, in form 'A', there were only eight of us, so it was almost as if we were receiving private tuition.

There was a strong emphasis on games (Soccer in the Autumn Term, Rugby in the Spring Term, Cricket in the Summer Term), and I was not good at any of them, so I often fulfilled the duties of linesman and scorer, but the underlying ethic of physical exercise and fitness was prevalent. When I started at Packwood in 1963 there were six 'houses' (or 'sixes' as they were called), which assembled in the Yard at 11.15 am each morning for PT (Physical Training) - I was in Clarkes, for which the emblem colour was mauve, next to McFerrans (green) and Bradshaws (blue), and there was Harcourts (yellow), Mannings (orange) and Wilsons (red). At the end of my first term, just before Christmas 1963 we had the PT competition, and I well remember trooping out in front of the judges and spectators after the call "Clarkes on Parade!" I was nervous as we did the star-jumps and other exercises, but Clarkes did OK. The last week of the Autumn Term before the Christmas holidays was always fun, with a Nativity Play in the church, a house charades competition (I remember a superb rendition of 'pro-test-ant', including the final gruesome scene when a 'protestant' was burned at the stake), and 'the Feast' (Harry Potter style).

One of the highlights of boarding school life during the early 1960s was the 'film evening', which took place every four weeks or so on a Saturday night, and was a special treat. The very first film I saw (in 1963) was Titfield Thunderbolt (about one of the very first steam locomotives); another early one was Five Weeks in a Balloon; and one of the best was North-West Frontier, with Kenneth More as the British Army Officer and Gupta as the Indian engine driver (his train, Empress of India, or 'Victoria', will leave "in a very soon moment!").

To give him his due, the Headmaster, Mr Pease-Watkin, was completely faithful in regularly reading the Scriptures to us, and leading the Sunday evening service, which had a strong choral element (in which I played a significant part as Head of the Choir). He was definitely a God-fearing man, and was without a doubt sincere in his faith, though his theology was not of an 'evangelical' kind. I clearly remember him saying to me, on at least one occasion, "The Lord helps those who help themselves". I suppose he must have read many books of the Bible to us, chapter by chapter, but the one I remember best was Matthew's Gospel, though I have to be honest and say that I never properly understood it at the time.

For a couple of the later years (1966 and 1967), we had a School Chaplain, Mr O'Connor, and he was quite good, kind and thoughtful, and I think I must have learned quite a bit from him. He once held a competition to redesign the Sunday morning service, and I won it! I remember one of the elements was to include a short (5 minute) talk immediately after singing the Psalm, to explain what the Psalm meant – how I must have longed to understand the Bible properly!

HMS Hecla's visit to Akureyri, December 1965



HMS Hecla's visit to East Greenland and St Kilda, April 1967 (kittens called Rona and Kilda)



Mount Hekla and Thingvellir (left), HMS Hecla at Heimaey Harbour, Vestmannaeyjar (right), Iceland, June 1967



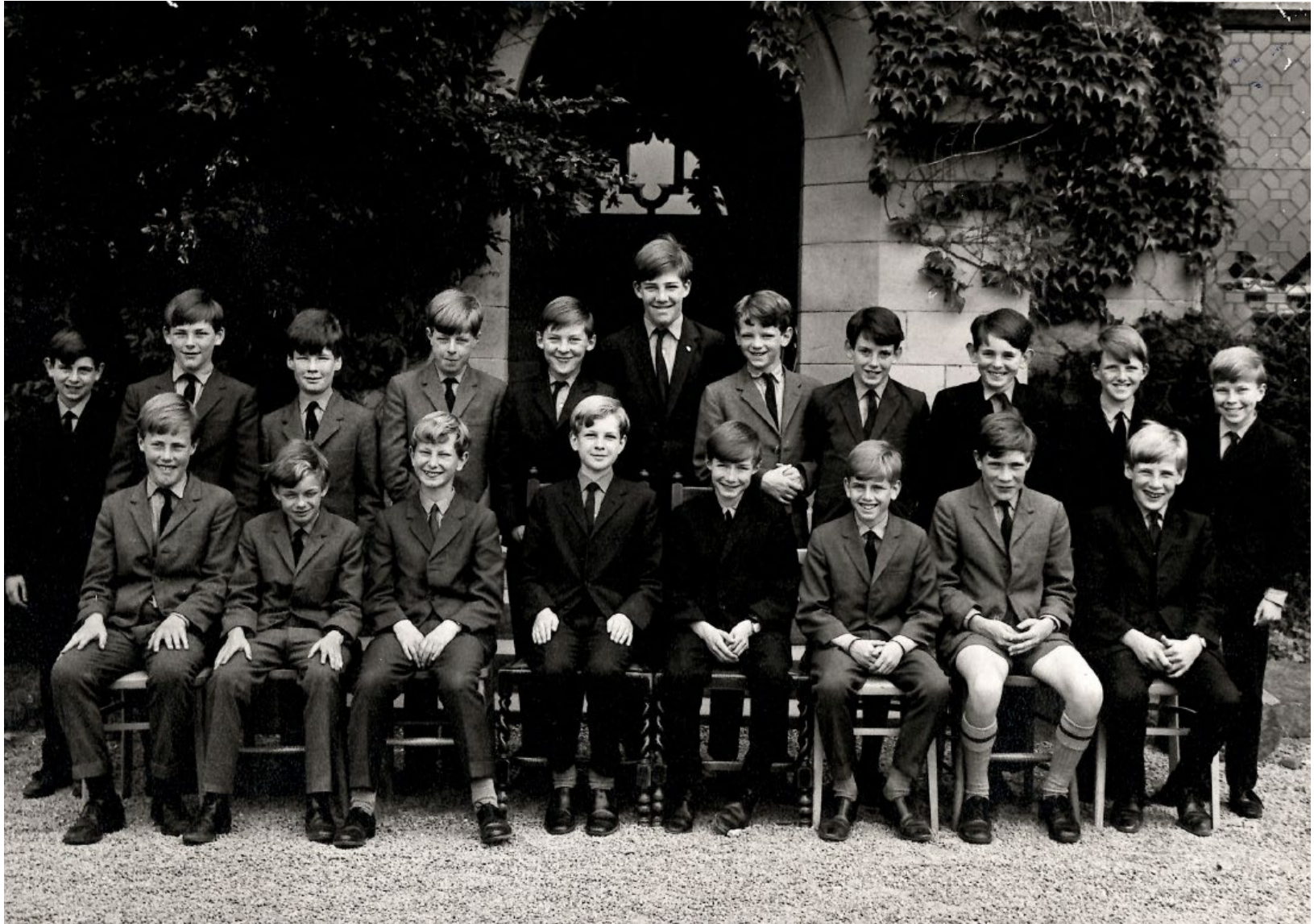
Reykjavik Harbour, Iceland and HMS Hecla, May and June 1967...



School Photograph of Head Boys and Monitors, Summer 1968

I am in the front row, fourth from left...

James P (the other head boy) is on my left



Official Leavers' Photographs, Summer 1968 – fishing, diving, canoeing...

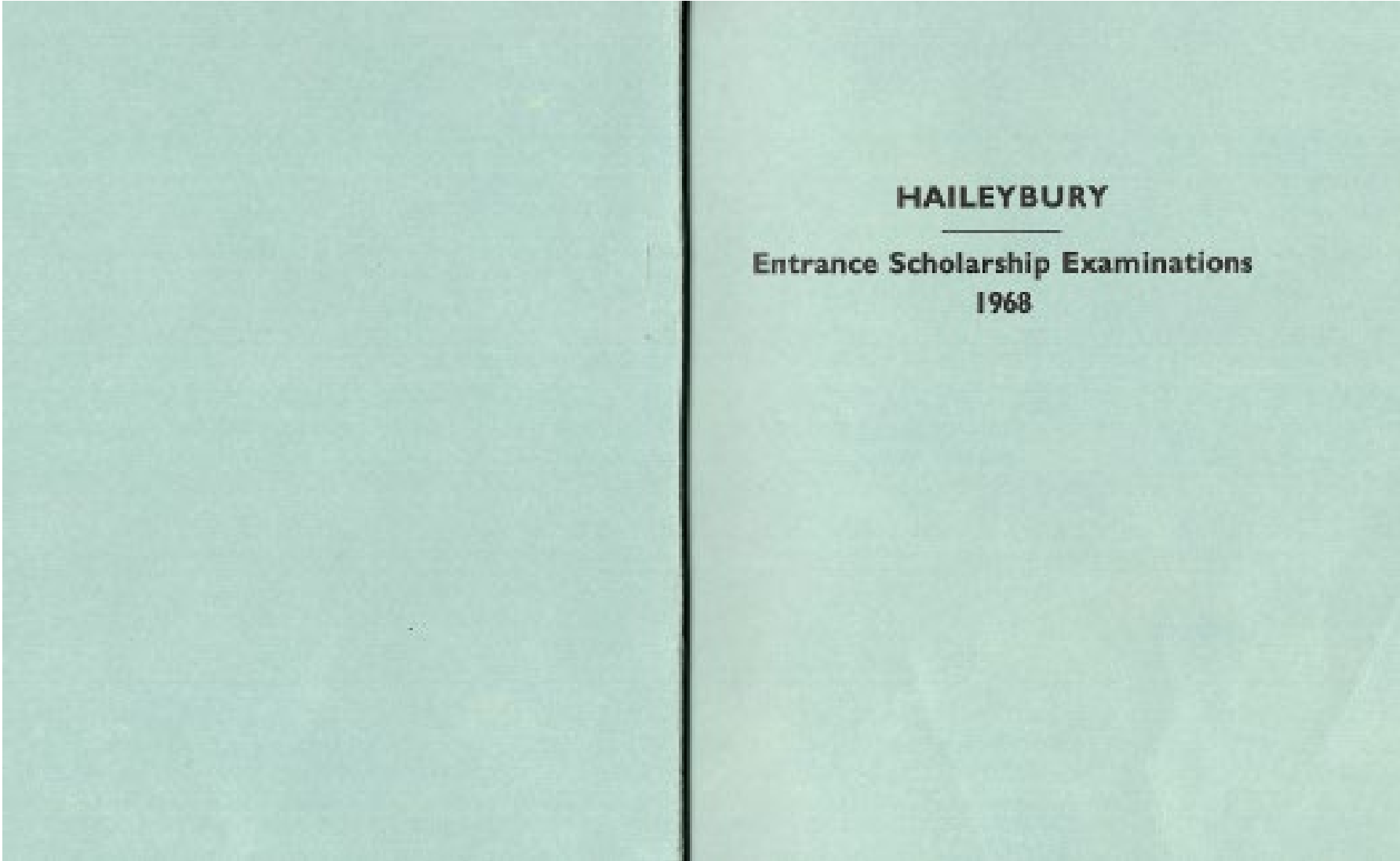


Official Leavers' Photographs, Summer 1968 – cricket, shooting, tennis...



Cricket team – Richard C is front row, second from right

Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examinations Papers 1968



Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examination Papers 1968

HAILEYBURY $\alpha \equiv$

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

LATIN I

(TIME ALLOWED: 1½ HOURS)

Translate the following passages into English:

1. *Cincinnatus prepares an army.*

Postero die dictator cum ante lucem in forum venisset, magistrum equitum dicit L. Tarquitium, patriciae gentis, sed qui stipendia pedibus propter paupertatem fecisset, bello tamen primus longe Romanae iuventutis habitus esset. Cum magistro equitum in contionem venit, iustitium¹ edicit, claudi tabernas tota urbe iubet, vetat quemquam privatae quicquam rei agere; tum quicumque aetate militari essent armati cum cibariis in dies quinque coctis vallisque² duodenis ante solis occasum Martio in campo adessent; quibus aetas ad militandum gravior esset, vicino militi, dum is arma pararet vallumque peteret, cibaria coquere iussit. Sic iuventus discurrit ad vallum petendum. Inde composito agmine legiones ipse dictator, magister equitum suos equites ducit. "Adcelera, signifer," "sequere, miles," inter se quoque, gratificantes ducibus, clamabant. Media nocte in montem Algidum perveniunt et ut sensere se iam prope hostes esse, signa constituunt.

LIVY. Book III.27. (adapted)

¹ iustitium: end of public business

² vallus,-i (m): a stake

2. *In a speech delivered before Julius Caesar, Cicero suggests that to forgive an opponent is more difficult and therefore more laudable than to win military victories.*

Domuisti gentes immanitate¹ barbaras, multitudine innumerabiles, locis infinitas, omni copiarum genere abundantes: nulla tamen est tanta vis quae non ferro et viribus debilitari frangique possit. Sed animum vincere, iracundiam cohibere, victo temperare, adversarium non modo extollere iacentem sed etiam amplificare eius dignitatem—haec qui faciat, non ego eum cum summis viris comparo, sed simillimum deo iudico. Itaque, C. Caesar, bellicae tuae laudes celebrabuntur illae quidem non solum nostris sed paene omnium gentium litteris atque linguis, neque ulla umquam aetas de tuis laudibus conticescet; sed tamen eius modi res nescioquo modo, etiam cum leguntur, obstrepi clamore militum videntur et tubarum sono. At vero cum aliquid clementer, mansuete, iuste, moderate, sapienter factum audimus aut legimus, quo studio incendimur, non modo in gestis rebus sed etiam in fictis, ut eos saepe quos numquam vidimus diligamus!

CICERO: pro Marcello 8–9 (with omissions)

¹ immanitas: savagery

Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examination Papers 1968 (continued)

HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

LATIN II $\alpha\beta$

(TIME ALLOWED: 1½ HOURS)

Do Question 1 and EITHER Question 2 OR Question 3.
Answer both questions on separate pieces of paper.

1. Translate:

After his nurse's funeral Aeneas sails to the mouth of the Tiber.

At pius exsequiis Aeneas rite solutis,
aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
aequora, tendit iter velis, portumque relinquit.
adspirant aurae in noctem, nec candida cursus
luna negat, splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus . . .
Iamque rubescebat radiis mare, et aethere ab alto
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis:
cum venti posuere, omnisque repente resedit
flatus, et in lento luctantur marmore tonsae.
atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum
prospicit. hunc inter fluvio Tiberinus amoeno
verticibus rapidis et multa flavus arena
in mare prorumpit; variae circumque supraque
adsuetae ripis volucres et fluminis alveo
aethera mulcebant cantu lucoque volabant.

VIRGIL: Aeneid VII

bigae: two-horsed chariot
tonsa: oar-blade

2. Read the following passage and, without translating (unless asked to do so), answer the questions on the opposite page.

The assassination of Julius Caesar

Ob haec somnia et ob infirmam valetudinem diu cunctatus an se contineret et quae apud senatum proposuerat agere differret, tandem Decimo Bruto adhortante, ne frequentes ac iam dudum opperientes destitueret, quinta fere hora progressus est libellumque insidiarum indicem ab obvio quodam porrectum libellis ceteris, quos sinistra manu tenebat, quasi mox lecturus commiscuit. dein pluribus hostiis¹ caesis, cum litare² non posset, introiit curiam sprete religione Spurinamque irridens et ut falsum arguens, quod sine ulla sua
5 noxa Idus Martiae adessent: quanquam is venisse quidem eas diceret, sed non praeterisse. assidentem conspirati specie³ officii circumsteterunt, ilicoque Cimber Tillius, qui primas partes susceperat, quasi aliquid rogaturus propius accessit renuentique et gestu in aliud tempus differenti ab utroque
15 umero togam adprehendit; deinde clamantem: "ista quidem vis est!" alter e Cascis aversum vulnerat paulum infra iugulum. Caesar Cascae brachium arreptum graphio⁴ traiecit conatusque prosilire alio vulnere tardatus est; atque ita tribus et viginti plagis confossus est, nec in tot vulneribus, ut
20 Antistius medicus existimabat, letale ullum repertum est, nisi quod secundo loco in pectore acceperat.

SUETONIUS: Divus Julius 81-82 (with omissions)

¹ hostia: sacrificial victim

² litare: obtain a favourable omen

³ specie officii: as if to pay their respects

⁴ graphium: pen

Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examination Papers 1968 (continued)

1. In the first sentence Caesar is faced with a choice: say as precisely as you can what the alternatives are.
2. What part does Decimus Brutus play in this passage?
3. What noun do you supply with "frequentes"? (line 3)
4. "quinta fere hora" (line 4): what time of day is this, by our reckoning? And what is the date of the assassination?
5. What is a "libellus"?
6. Explain what "spreta religione" means here. (line 8)
7. Parse "adessent" and say why this particular part of the word is used here. (line 10)
8. Put what "is" (line 10) says in Direct Speech (in Latin).
9. Who is Spurrinna, on the evidence of this passage?
10. Rephrase in Latin "quasi aliquid rogaturus". (line 13)
11. What did Cimber Tillius do?
12. Translate "alter e Cascis aversum vulnerat". (line 16)
13. What case is "letale" and why? (line 20)
14. What was Antistius' verdict on the assassination?
15. Give an English word derived from the following Latin words: valetudinem (line 1); quinta (line 4); noxa (line 10); vulnere (line 18); tardatus. (line 18)

OR

3. Translate into Latin:

It is commonly believed that in Hannibal the Roman people met one of their most dangerous¹ enemies. Are you aware of the magnitude of his achievements? Leaving Spain as a young man with a large army, he crossed the Alps with difficulty and reached Italy to make war on the Romans. Since he killed more than 100,000 men in three years, he at first hoped to reduce the Romans completely, but later he realised the impossibility of capturing the city itself. One day he did ride right up to the Colline Gate², and he threw a spear over the walls, but then issued orders to the army to head for the remotest parts of Italy, where he remained for several years without having much further success.

¹ dangerous: infestus

² Colline Gate: Porta Collina

P.T.O.

Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examination Papers 1968 (continued)

HAILEYBURY α(-)

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

GREEK

1½ HOURS

Put at the top of your paper how long you have been learning Greek.

A.

Translate :—

The Athenians resist until supplies run out; then envoys are sent first to Agis, then to Sparta, but without success.

Οἱ δ' Ἀθηναῖοι πολιορκούμενοι κατὰ γῆν καὶ κατὰ θάλατταν οὐκ ἤδεσαν τί χρῆ ποιεῖν, οὔτε νεῶν οὔτε συμμάχων αὐτοῖς ὄντων οὔτε σίτου· ἐπεὶ δὲ παντελῶς ἤδη ὁ σῖτος ἐπελελοίπει, ἐπεμφαν πρέσβεις παρ' Ἀγῶν, βουλόμενοι σύμμαχοι εἶναι Λακεδαιμονίους ἔχοντες τὰ τεῖχη καὶ τὸν Πειραιᾶ, καὶ ἐπὶ τούτοις εἰρήνην ποιείσθαι. ὁ δὲ αὐτοῖς εἰς Λακεδαίμονα ἐκέλευεν ἵνα. ἐπεὶ δ' ἀπήγγελλαν οἱ πρέσβεις ταῦτα τοῖς Ἀθηναίοις, ἐπεμφαν αὐτοῖς εἰς Λακεδαίμονα. πυθόμενοι οὖν οἱ ἔφοροι αὐτῶν ἄελεγον, ὄντα οὐδὲν καὶ πρὸς Ἀγῶν, αὐτόθεν αὐτοῖς ἐκέλευον ἀπιέναι, καὶ εἴ τι δέονται εἰρήνης, κάλλιον ἦκεν βουλευσαμένους. οἱ δὲ πρέσβεις ἐπεὶ ἤκον οὐκ ἔδωκεν καὶ ἀπήγγελλαν ταῦτα εἰς τὴν πόλιν, ἀθυμία ἐπέπεσε πᾶσιν· ἐνόμιζον γὰρ ἀνδραποδισθῆσθαι, καὶ ἕως ἂν πέμπουσιν ἑτέροις πρέσβεις, πολλοὺς τῷ λιμῷ ἀπολείσθαι.

XENOPHON (adapted).

οἱ ἔφοροι = Ephors (Spartan 'magistrates').

B.

Read the following passage and without translating answer the questions printed beneath.

Phaedo explains to Echecrates the reason for the delay between the condemnation of Socrates and his death.

ΕΧΕΚΡΑΤΗΣ. Πῶς οὖν ἀπέθανεν ὁ Σωκράτης; πάλαι γὰρ γενομένης τῆς δίκης πολλῶ ὕστερον φαίνεται ἀποθανόν. τί οὖν ἦν τοῦτο, ὦ Φαίδων;

ΦΑΙΔΩΝ. Τύχη τις αὐτῷ, ὦ Ἐχέκρατες, συνέβη· ἔτυχε γὰρ τῇ προτεραίᾳ τῆς δίκης ἢ πρῶμα ἐστεμμένη τοῦ πλοίου ὃ εἰς Δῆλον οἱ Ἀθηναῖοι πέμπουσιν. (5)

ΕΧΕΚΡΑΤΗΣ. Τοῦτο δὲ δὴ τί ἐστίν;

ΦΑΙΔΩΝ. Τοῦτο ἔστι τὸ πλοῖον, ὡς φασιν Ἀθηναῖοι, ἐν ᾧ Θησεύς ποτε εἰς Κρήτην τοὺς δις ἐπτά ἐκείνους ὤχετο ἄγων, καὶ ἕσωσέ τε καὶ αὐτὸς ἐσώθη. τῷ οὖν Ἀπόλλωνι εὖξαντο, ὡς λέγεται, εἰ σωθεῖεν, ἐκάστου ἔτους θεωρίαν ἀπάξουσιν εἰς Δῆλον· ἦν αἰεὶ καὶ νῦν κατ' ἐναντιὸν τῷ θεῷ πέμπουσιν. ἐπειδὴν οὖν ἄρξωνται τῆς θεωρίας, νόμος ἐστὶν αὐτοῖς ἐν τῷ χρόνῳ τούτῳ καθαρεύειν τὴν πόλιν, (10)

καὶ δημοσίᾳ μηδένα ἀποκτείνειν, πρὶν ἂν εἰς Δῆλον (15) ἀφίκηται τὸ πλοῖον καὶ πάλιν δεῦρο. ἀρχὴ δὲ ἐστὶ τῆς θεωρίας, ἐπειδὴν ὁ ἱερεὺς τοῦ Ἀπόλλωνος στέψη τὴν πρῶμαν τοῦ πλοίου· τοῦτο δὲ ἐποίησε τῇ προτεραίᾳ τῆς δίκης. διὰ τοῦτο πολλὸς χρόνος ἐγένετο τῷ Σωκράτει ἐν τῷ δεσμοτηρίῳ μεταξὺ τῆς δίκης τε καὶ τοῦ θανάτου. (20)
PLATO (adapted).

πρῶμα = stern, poop.
σχημαί = I have gone.
θεωρία = embassy, mission.

στέψω = I crown, wreath.
εἶγομαι = I pray, vow.
καθαρεύω = I am clean, pure.

1. Give one English word derived wholly or in part from each of the following :—

(i) πολλῶ	l. 2.
(ii) φαίνεται	l. 2.
(iii) χρόνῳ	l. 14.
(iv) δημοσίᾳ	l. 15.
(v) πάλιν	l. 16.

(5 marks)

2. Parse the following and say briefly why these parts of the word are used in the passage :—

(i) ἀποθανών	l. 3.
(ii) ἐστεμμένη	l. 5.
(iii) σωθεῖεν	l. 11.
(iv) ἀπάξουσιν	l. 12.
(v) ἀφίκηται	l. 16.

(10 marks).

3. (i) Why is *γενομένης τῆς δίκης* (l. 2) in the genitive ?
(ii) What does *τῇ προτεραίᾳ* (l. 5) mean ? What part of speech is *προτεραία* ?
(iii) Why is *ἐκάστου ἔτους* (l. 11) in the genitive ?
(iv) Indicate an example, giving a line reference, of an emphatic particle.
(v) What does *διὰ τοῦτο* (l. 19) mean ? With an example in Greek say what *διὰ* with the genitive means.
(12 marks)

4. (i) Where was Socrates between his condemnation and death ?
(ii) Why was it the custom to send a mission to Delos ? How often did it go ?
(iii) How many people did Theseus take with him ?
(iv) What could NOT take place while the mission was away ?
(v) In your own words explain fully the reason for the delay between the condemnation and the death of Socrates.
(15 marks)

5. (i) What else do you know about Socrates ?
(ii) What is Delos ? Where is it ?
(iii) Who was Theseus ?
(iv) What do you know of Plato ?
(8 marks)

Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examination Papers 1968 (continued)

HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

A. MATHEMATICS OL

(TIME ALLOWED: 1½ HOURS)

1. 100 new pence = £1. Find, to the nearest new penny, the new price that should be charged for an article that now costs 1s. 4d. Is the new price more or less than the old price and by what percentage?

2. State the sets of values of a positive or negative number x for which:

(a) $x^2 > 4$.

(b) $x^2 - 3x < 4$.

(c) both (a) and (b) are true.

3. Draw the graph on squared paper of $y = x^3$ from $x = -3$ to $+3$. By drawing a further simple graph across this (using the same scales) find values of x to two decimal places such that $x^3 = 3x - 1$.

4. The lanes of a circular running track are each 2 feet wide. A runs in the middle of the inside lane and B in the middle of the second lane. How much further does B run than A in one circuit of the track? Why would the answer be the same if the track were oval in shape?

5. A man can make a journey either by walking at 4 m.p.h. or by 'bus at 20 m.p.h.; but in the latter case he has to wait on average 15 minutes for the 'bus to come. For what distances is it likely to be quicker to go by 'bus?

6. Two unequal circles meet at P and Q and the tangents at P meet the circles again at C and D . If it is given that CQD lie on a straight line, prove that this line is perpendicular to PQ .

7. Given that $x = 2$, prove that $x^3 - 2x^2 - x + 2 = 0$. Discuss the converse.

8. Strips of a roll of carpet 27 inches wide, costing 30s. a yard length, are to be cut and sewn together at the edges to make a fitted carpet for a rectangular floor measuring 15 feet by 13 feet. The charge for the labour of laying the carpet is £5. If there is no pattern to match and joins are all parallel, what is the least possible total cost?

HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

B. ADDITIONAL MATHEMATICS B++

(TIME ALLOWED: 1½ HOURS)

1. Define a prime number. 2 is the first; what are the next nine prime numbers? Using only these ten prime numbers, what is the largest number you could test for primeness?

2. Study this method of multiplying and then work out 117×85 in a similar way. Which numbers of the left-hand column have to be omitted from the final addition? Why?

$$\begin{array}{r} -37 \times 22 \\ 74 \times 11 \\ 148 \times 5 \\ \underline{296 \times 2} \\ 592 \times 1 \\ \hline 814 \\ \hline \hline \end{array}$$

3. A cube of side 6 centimetres is surmounted by a pyramid the base of which exactly covers the top of the cube and the vertex of which is 4 centimetres above the centre of the base. Find the shortest path along the surface of the combined solid by which a snail can crawl from a corner of the base of the cube to reach the vertex of the pyramid.

4. Most solid figures obey Euler's Rule $F + V = E + 2$, where F is the number of faces, V the number of vertices, E the number of edges. Verify this for two solids of your own choice, giving a sketch and a count of F , V , E .

Is the rule true for a flat square plate, counting both sides as faces? Is it still true if the plate has a triangular hole in it?

5. A rectangle $ABCD$ has sides $AB = 10$ centimetres, $BC = 4$ centimetres. A circle is drawn on AB as diameter and P is a point somewhere on this circle. We are interested in placing P to make that part of the area of triangle ABP which lies between the parallel lines AB and CD as great as possible. Where should P be placed and why? What is the largest value of this area?

Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examination Papers 1968 (continued)

6. $\{x\}$ means the fractional part of x —for example $\{3\frac{1}{2}\}=\frac{1}{2}$. Draw a sketch of the graph $y = \{x\}$ for $x = 0$ to 4 and find all solutions of the equation $x = 3 \times \{x\}$.

7. Estimate the linear measurements (in feet) of the passenger space in a normal motor car and so how many cubic feet of air it contains.

A pipe 3 inches square, with its open end facing forwards, scoops up the air which flows into it as the car moves forward and leads it inside the car. Ignoring complications, how fast in feet per second must the car be going to renew all the air every minute? Comment briefly on possible complications.

8. A male barber in an isolated village states "I shave only all those men who do not shave themselves". By considering whether he shaves himself or not, show that his statement cannot be true.

HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

FRENCH STORY α

(TIME ALLOWED: 1 HOUR)

Write a piece of free composition in French, giving the story which will be read to you by the Supervisor. An outline of the story is provided below, but no notes are to be taken during the reading.

- Note: 1. You are advised to confine yourself to the material given in the story, and to revise your account carefully.
2. Numerals (if any) must be written out in words.

TWO RED INDIAN CHIEFS DINE WITH THE PRESIDENT

Les deux Peaux-Rouges – L'Ours Brun et le Serpent qui Siffle – dîner chez le Président – la cuillerée de moutarde – on pleure – le grand-père n'a jamais assisté à un tel festin – le Serpent fait l'essai – ce qu'il aurait voulu.

Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examination Papers 1968 (continued)

HAILEYBURY α

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

FRENCH COMPREHENSION

(TIME ALLOWED: 1 HOUR)

Read the story first: then answer the questions in FRENCH.

Your answers should always be complete sentences.

LA DERNIÈRE CLASSE

Récit d'un petit Alsacien qui arrive en retard pour la classe:—

- 5 "J'enjambai le banc et je m'assis tout de suite à mon pupitre. Toute la classe avait quelque chose d'extraordinaire et de solennel. Mais ce qui me surprit le plus, ce fut de voir au fond de la salle des gens du village assis et silencieux comme nous, les enfants, le vieux Hauser avec son tricorne, l'ancien maire, l'ancien facteur, et puis d'autres personnes encore. Tout ce monde-là paraissait triste.
- 10 Pendant que je m'étonnais de tout cela, M. Hamel était monté dans sa chaire, et de la même voix douce et grave dont il m'avait reçu, il nous dit: "Mes enfants, c'est la dernière fois que je vous fais la classe. L'ordre est venu de Berlin de ne plus enseigner que l'allemand dans les écoles de l'Alsace..."
- 15 Le nouveau maître arrive demain. Aujourd'hui c'est votre dernière leçon de français."
- 20 Et moi qui savais à peine écrire! Je n'apprendrais donc jamais! Il faudrait donc en rester là! Comme je m'en voulais maintenant du temps perdu, des classes manquées à courir les nids. J'entendis appeler mon nom. C'était mon tour de réciter. Que n'aurais-je pas donné pour pouvoir dire tout au long cette fameuse règle des participes sans une faute; mais je m'embrouillai aux premiers mots; et je restai debout sans oser lever la tête. J'entendais M. Hamel qui me parlait: "Je ne te gronderai pas, mon petit Frantz, tu dois être assez puni... voilà ce que c'est. Tous les jours on se dit: Bah! j'ai bien le temps. J'apprendrai demain. Et puis tu vois ce qui arrive. Ah! ç'a été le grand malheur de notre Alsace de toujours remettre son instruction à demain." Alors d'une chose à l'autre, M. Hamel se mit à nous parler de la langue française, disant que c'était la plus belle langue du monde, la plus claire, la plus solide: qu'il fallait la garder entre nous

et ne jamais l'oublier, parce que, quand un peuple tombe esclave, tant qu'il tient bien sa langue, c'est comme s'il tenait la clef de sa prison...

35 Plus tard l'horloge de l'église sonna midi... M. Hamel se leva, tout pâle, dans sa chaire. "Mes amis, dit-il, mes amis, je... je..." Mais quelque chose l'étouffait. Il ne pouvait pas achever sa phrase. Alors il se tourna vers le tableau, prit un morceau de craie, et, en appuyant de toutes ses forces, il écrivit aussi gros qu'il put:

"VIVE LA FRANCE!"

40 Puis il resta là, la tête appuyée au mur, et, sans parler, avec sa main il nous faisait signe:

"C'est fini...allez-vous-en."

1. Comment le petit Alsacien s'appelait-il? Quel âge lui donnez-vous?
2. Qu'est-ce qu'il a trouvé de surprenant à son arrivée dans la classe?
3. Pourquoi lui semblait-il que tout le monde paraissait triste ce matin-là?
4. Qui était M. Hamel?
5. Le petit est arrivé en retard pour la classe. Comment savons-nous qu'on ne l'a pas grondé?
6. Ce garçon avait évidemment l'habitude de manquer les classes. Qu'est-ce qu'il faisait?
7. Pourquoi n'osait-il lever la tête?
8. D'après M. Hamel, quelle était la plus grande erreur de l'Alsace?
9. Quelle opinion ce monsieur a-t-il exprimée au sujet de la langue française?
10. Qu'est-ce qu'un esclave?
11. A quelle heure la leçon a-t-elle fini ce jour-là?
12. Pourquoi est-ce que cette leçon-là devait être leur dernière leçon de français?
13. Comment les gens savaient-ils que la dernière classe était terminée?
14. Savez-vous où se trouve l'Alsace?
15. A votre avis quand est-ce que cet événement s'est passé?
16. Expliquez le sens des locutions suivantes:
 - (i) l'ancien facteur (1.8)
 - (ii) Il faudrait donc en rester là! (1.18)
 - (iii) courir les nids (1.19)
 - (iv) c'est comme s'il tenait la clef de sa prison... (1.34)

Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examination Papers 1968 (continued)

SUPERVISOR ONLY

HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

FRENCH STORY

(TIME ALLOWED: 1 HOUR)

The story should be read twice; once at normal speed and once rather more slowly. No notes are to be taken during the reading.

TWO RED INDIAN CHIEFS DINE WITH THE PRESIDENT

Deux chefs des Peaux-Rouges étaient venus à Washington pour régler des disputes entre eux et le gouvernement des États-Unis. L'un de ces chefs s'appelait l'Ours Brun et l'autre le Serpent qui Siffle. Le Président les invita à dîner chez lui et leur offrit un repas somptueux. Les deux chefs mangèrent de tout avec un appétit étonnant. Vers la fin du repas l'Ours Brun s'aperçut qu'il y avait sur la table une seule chose à laquelle il n'avait pas encore goûté. C'était un grand pot de moutarde. Il en prit une grande cuillerée et l'avalait. Il n'y a pas besoin de dire qu'il faillit étouffer et que des torrents de larmes inondèrent ses joues. Le Serpent le regarda avec curiosité et lui demanda poliment: "C'est bon, mon frère?" "C'est excellent," répondit l'Ours Brun. "Alors, pourquoi pleures-tu, mon frère?" "Je pleure parce que je pense à mon illustre grand-père, qui est mort il y a vingt ans sans avoir jamais assisté à un tel festin." Là-dessus le Serpent prit une cuillerée du même condiment et naturellement avec le même résultat. L'Ours Brun demanda à son tour: "Pourquoi pleures-tu, mon frère?" "Je pleure," répondit l'autre, "parce que je regrette tant que tu ne sois pas mort en même temps que ton illustre grand-père."

SUPERVISOR ONLY

HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

FRENCH DICTATION

(TIME ALLOWED: ½ HOUR)

The Supervisor is requested to read the following passage through at normal speed, then to dictate it slowly, reading each group of words twice and giving the punctuation in French; and finally to read the passage over again, to give the candidates a chance to revise what they have written. After this five minutes will be allowed before the work is collected. The heading and any proper names should be written on the blackboard.

DRIVING THROUGH A QUIET LITTLE TOWN

Ne vous est-il jamais arrivé | de traverser en voiture | une de ces petites villes | qui se trouvent | au pied d'un coteau, | sur le bord d'une rivière, | à l'ombre d'un bouquet de bois? | La rue est, à peu près déserte, | mais vous voyez pourtant | ça et là | un enfant qui joue, | une servante qui tricote, | un bourgeois qui ne fait rien. | Les maisons | ont un air fruste et vénérable; | elles sont silencieuses, | et le rebord des fenêtres | est chargé de fleurs. |

Un coup d'oeil | vous laisse apercevoir l'église, | vous longez une promenade | plantée de vieux arbres, | vous rasez les murs | d'un château gothique | au sommet duquel | les belles vieilles girouettes | tournent encore; | vous sortez enfin de la ville.

VEUILLOT (adapted)

Haileybury Entrance Scholarship Examination Papers 1968 (continued)

HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

ENGLISH LANGUAGE B+?+

(TIME ALLOWED: 1½ HOURS)

Answer ALL questions

1. Read the following passage, and answer the questions below it:

Freedom of Speech and Freedom of the Press are expressions used to describe the absence of any official restraint on the publication of books and printed matter, or on speaking.

- 5 Underlying this definition there is the deeper meaning of these freedoms, the liberty to think and express one's thoughts as one wishes. This is considered in many countries to be among the most fundamental and valuable of constitutional liberties, though in others these freedoms are rejected and refused by government.

10 There are many reasons why freedom of expression in books and in speech should be so highly valued. Perhaps the strongest argument is that liberty is valuable for its own sake. In every branch of activity it is better that individuals should be left free; and the government is justified in interfering only where it is clear that to do so does more good than harm. John Stuart Mill defends freedom of thought in his "Essay on Liberty" (1859): "We can never be sure that the opinion we are endeavouring to stifle is a false opinion; and, if we were sure, stifling would be an evil still." This is the classic liberal argument for the restriction of state power, but the love of liberty is an ancient and deep-rooted emotion as well as a rational belief.

15 There is also a more specifically political argument for freedom of expression. If one holds that there can be no true democracy without an opposition, to persecute opponents of the government is to stultify the nation's political life. Belief in democracy rests partly on faith in the consequences of open discussion; only in the free give and take of argument, in print or in speech, will the best policy be worked out. Experience has shown that what is truth to one generation is falsehood to the next, and no government is justified in coercing belief in its definition of truth.

20 If the ultimate aim of society is to enable every individual to realise his powers and develop to the best of his ability,

he needs freedom in order to do this. Free expression and exchange of ideas, and free choice in matters of belief are means towards this end.

- (a) Give the meaning of the following words in their context:

restraint (l. 3);
definition (l. 5),
fundamental (l. 8),
constitutional (l. 8)
justified (l. 15);
classic (l. 21);
ancient (l. 22);
rational (l. 23);
specifically (l. 24);
stultify (l. 27);
coercing (l. 33).

(b) In not more than 10 lines, and in the simplest and clearest form you can, show how the writer develops his argument from his first definition to his final conclusion. (You may number each stage in the argument, if you wish.)

(c) What does Mill mean by the second part of his statement?

(d) In not more than five lines, and using your own words, summarise the fourth paragraph so as to bring out its particular emphasis clearly.

(e) What is the effect of "but" (l. 22) on the meaning of the full sentence in which it occurs?

(f) "Liberty is valuable for its own sake." Is it? What do you think the writer means?

(g) When, for example, do you consider a government is "justified in interfering"? Give reasons for your example. (Not more than five lines.)

2. Read the following passage (an excerpt from a much longer poem), and answer the questions below it:

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r:
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a Jig to Heav'n.
On painted Ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite.

(N.B.—A particular chapel is meant here: that of a great house—Chandos House, called, in the poem, Timon's Villa.)

(a) Giving evidence from the passage for your judgement, show what the poet's attitude to his subject is.

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(b) Describe the chapel in your own words (a sentence will do), so as to establish the general impression of what you think it was like.

(c) Which of the following words best fits the general quality of the passage:

moralising
pompous
doggerel
satirical
witty?

Justify your choice clearly and briefly.

3. "What you write is more important than how you write." Comment on this in not more than 15 lines.

4. Write as fully as you like, or have time for, on the effect of the underlined word in each of the following (treat each word separately, rather than try to write a composite answer):

(a) (Macbeth has given orders for Banquo to be murdered, and the night for that murder is beginning to fall; it is he speaking.)

Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wings to th' rooky wood;
Good things of Day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles Night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

(b) (Milton wrote a sonnet, "On His Blindness"; these are the first four lines or so.)

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker . . .

HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

SUBJECT: GENERAL PAPER

(TIME ALLOWED: 1½ HOURS)

Any *THREE* questions

B+

1. Write an account of *either* Moses *or* any one of the Apostles from the point of view of one who knew him well. (Use "I").

2. Describe the major work of one of the following scientists so as to bring out its importance; Archimedes; Newton; Galileo; Lavoisier; Faraday; Einstein.

3. What do you think should be taught in "English" lessons?

4. Why is foreign travel so popular?

5. If you could use a Time Machine, which historical era would you like to visit, and why?

6. Do you agree that "the camera takes the place of the painter"? (Give your reasons.)

7. How do you think Television *or* Wireless has changed the world?

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HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination, 1968

B-
SUBJECT: SCIENCE THEORY

(TIME ALLOWED: 1 HOUR)

Answer any **THREE** questions

1. Explain any **four** of the following observations.
 - (a) The handle of a door is usually placed a long way from the hinge.
 - (b) Milk can be sucked into your mouth through a straw.
 - (c) A light polystyrene ball suspended by an insulating thread will continually jump back and forth between a Van de Graaff generator and an earthed metal plate.
 - (d) When a lamp, a variable resistor and a battery are connected in series, the brightness of the lamp can be changed by moving the knob on the variable resistor.
 - (e) When a bubble of air is introduced at the bottom of a barometer, it will increase in size as it rises through the mercury.
 - (f) A clear area is formed when a drop of olive oil is put on the surface of water which had previously been dusted with lycopodium powder.
2.
 - (a) You throw a cricket ball from your hand high into the air and you catch it again before it hits the ground. Describe the energy changes which have taken place.
 - (b) Describe how you would make a simple mercury barometer. What happens to the liquid level if the tube is tilted until it is at an angle of 60° to the vertical?
3. Smoke particles suspended in air, strongly illuminated and viewed through a microscope, show small, random, irregular movements. What is the explanation of these movements?

For what reasons could you decide that the movements are not caused by (a) vibration of the apparatus, (b) air currents and (c) the influence of the light beam?

How would the movements be affected (d) if smaller smoke particles were used, (e) if the air was heated to a higher temperature?
4. Describe experiments you would make to decide whether
 - (a) red cabbage juice could be used as an "indicator",
 - (b) the laboratory tap-water contains any solid impurity,
 - (c) potassium nitrate crystals are more soluble in hot water than cold water,
 - (d) black "biro" ink contains more than one coloured constituent.
5. Which of the following best fits the descriptions of substances **A, B, C, D, E, F** and **G**: iodine, mercury, carbon dioxide, lemon juice, paraffin-wax, alcohol and magnesium?

A is a colourless odourless gas which turns lime-water cloudy,
B is an almost colourless liquid which turns blue litmus red,
C is a silvery metal which burns brightly to leave a white residue,
D is a liquid element,
E is a solid compound which is insoluble in water but which melts easily on heating,
F turns to a pinkish violet coloured vapour on heating but dissolves easily in the liquid **G** to make a brown solution.

Give reasons for your answers.
6. When some iron wire is strongly heated in an open crucible it slowly changes to a blackish ash.

Devise an experiment by which you could show that during the change the iron has reacted chemically with part, but only a part of the air.

Would you expect the blackish ash to weigh more, or less, than the original iron?

Suggest a way by which you might be able to change the black ash back to iron.
7. In what ways do plants and animals differ? What do they also have in common?
8. Write an account of any species of bird that you have studied. Mention such things as habitat, general habits, food, nest and eggs, development and distribution.
9. Describe the life history, including the changes that take place during the year, of any *named* plant.

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HAILEYBURY

Entrance Scholarship Examination 1968

SUBJECT: SCIENCE PRACTICAL *B-*

(TIME ALLOWED: 1 HOUR)

(Attempt any ONE experiment)

1. Cut out a square of 30.0 cm side from the piece of foil provided. Using the wire and knife edge as a lever balance, suspend the foil from a point near one end and balance it by hanging the given weight on the opposite side. Deduce the mass of the foil, M . Now cut a circular disc of foil from the square. Measure its diameter d and weigh it in the same way as before. Call its mass m . Evaluate π from the formula:

$$\pi = \frac{3600m}{d^2M}.$$

2. You are to make experiments
- to discover whether the white powder X is soluble or not in water,
 - to find out as much as you can about the changes which occur when X is heated alone,
 - to observe what happens when a "pinch" of X is dropped into a small volume of dilute hydrochloric acid which you have put in a test tube.

You may use any of the apparatus provided and you may do weighings if you wish.

3. Make large drawings of the three leaves to show the shape, veining and any other features of interest.
Make a list of the main differences between the specimens.