

HOLLOWAY SCHOOL



**JUBILEE
RETROSPECT**

1907—1957



*An illustrated account of the
first fifty years of the School*

HOLLOWAY SCHOOL, LONDON

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RETROSPECT**

by

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WITH SOME EARLY MEMORIES

by

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FOREWORD

HOLLOWAY SCHOOL this year celebrates its Golden Jubilee, and it is fitting that its achievements during the period since its foundation in 1907 should be recorded.

This history records the development of a community, and the service given to it by those who were its members. It records also their many achievements, but it is for the intangible living spirit of the School which their devotion to it has produced that we must be most thankful. Standards have been set and traditions established of which we are very proud. It will be for those who join the School in the coming years to see that the example set by their predecessors is maintained. In so doing they will not only gain lasting benefit for themselves, but will ensure that Holloway School will continue to give that service to the community which has been its hall-mark for the past fifty years.

I must place on record the most grateful thanks of the School to Mr. R. J. King, who has written this history, and to Mr. J. H. Price for his important contribution.

With characteristic modesty, Mr. King has said little of himself. His experience of the School is unique and his contribution to it outstanding. First as a boy and eventually School Captain, and later a Master, then Second Master and finally Acting Headmaster during two difficult years, he has known the life of the School intimately for over forty years. Throughout that time he has given it great service in innumerable ways—as Q.M.S. of the Cadet Corps, Leader of School Camps, Secretary and now a Trustee of the Old Camdenians—to mention but a few. His agreement to write this history, while heavily burdened with his responsibilities as Headmaster of Highbury School, is but one more example of his selfless devotion.

Mr. Price joined the School on the day it opened, and we are fortunate indeed to be able to include a first-hand account from him of our early history. He served the School faithfully and well from 1907 to 1938, and there are very many Old Boys who will remember him with gratitude and affection.

Through such men as these (and they would be the first to admit that they are but two of the many who have helped) the life of the School has been built on sure foundations, and we look forward to the future with confidence.

M. W. BROWN,
Headmaster.

JUBILEE RETROSPECT

AS PAST AND PRESENT join to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the School's opening, all will regret that the first two Headmasters, Augustus Kahn and F. R. Hurlstone-Jones, did not live to see it. They had both shared in the ceremonies at the coming-of-age in 1928, one as the founder and the other as the active Head; and both could see the growth in size and influence since 1907. It had always been the hope of the Old Boys that Hurlstone-Jones should in his retirement write the history of the community over which he had ruled for so long. His knowledge was unique, his memory prodigious, and his relish for the comic and the incongruous would have added spice. To anyone else, the collection of material would be a labour—no doubt of love, but also of time and search. What follows is no history, but the retrospect of one among the many hundreds of the School's sons who gladly recognise their debt, and in this Jubilee Year look back over the years which bring a deeper reality to 'Forty Years On'.

THE EARLY YEARS

When the London County Council decided to acquire a site and erect a school in a quiet corner of Hilddrop Road, there was much protest and argument. The Cockerton Judgement had declared the provision of what was, in fact, secondary education to be outside the Council's statutory powers, and it was not till Morant and Balfour had secured the passing of the 1902 Act that the way was open for a State secondary school. Even so, there were hesitations and changes of policy, and the building was empty for a time. The owners of the houses and villas round about resented the threat implied to their property, their gardens and their pride by the daily arrival of boys admitted not solely on grounds of wealth or birth. Petitions were widely signed—but the twentieth century had begun, and in September, 1907, the doors were opened of what was then the Camden Secondary School for Boys. It is ironic that today it is the School that fears the hooliganism of the district, and has become the defender of the tradition it was once thought to endanger.

In 1907 the days of carriages and pairs were not over; the Camden Road and Camden Square areas were wealthy, and the mews still occupied by horses. Tufnell Park was a quiet suburb, peopled by business men of standing; in Hilddrop Road itself, each substantial house was occupied by a family of means, with servants in the dingy basements below. Mr. J. H. Price, who was one of the original Masters of the School, and is now enjoying his well-earned retirement, has sent me the following lively reminiscences:

'On thinking about those early days of the School, I find I have such a

wealth of material at my disposal that it is difficult for me to decide what to include and what to omit. However, I hope that, by severe pruning, I shall be able to bring my contribution to the Jubilee History to an acceptable length.

Memory plays curious tricks. Although I could not give the name of a single boy whom I taught during my last year at Holloway, I remember quite distinctly what took place on that first morning in September, 1907, when the School was opened.

It was an extraordinary school. The baby was something of a monstrosity with a big head, a big bottom but an absurdly small torso. The head consisted of the top form of the Commercial Section of University College School which the first Headmaster brought with him. The bottom consisted of a big form of L.C.C. Scholars and the torso of a small number of older pupils. By careful nursing the abnormal baby soon developed to a normal and vigorous youth.

Such then was the school that assembled in the hall on that September morning. The first Headmaster was Mr. Augustus Kahn who, at the time of his appointment to the Headmastership of Holloway, was an assistant master at University College School. He was of medium height with black eyes, black hair and a black beard. He specialised in Mathematics, Economics and Banking. He excelled as an organiser and gave the School an example which was felt for some years after his departure.

On the platform with him was Dr. Walmsley, Principal of the Northampton Institute. He lived next door to the School and frequently passed us of a morning as he rushed down the road to catch a tram. One morning, as he dashed across the road, a tram knocked him down and killed him. His two sons were pupils of the School at the time.

Mr. Kahn began his first address to the School by saying, "You have all heard of the terrors of the new boy. I am experiencing the terrors of the new Headmaster". After expressing the hope that the School would one day earn for itself a high reputation, he asked us to sing *Lead, kindly Light*. I played the piano, a thing I did for over thirty years. I shall never forget the singing of that hymn. Most of the boys did not know the tune and they certainly did not know the words. I can still recall my feeling of great relief when the end of the hymn was reached. In the course of the morning, Mr. Pond came up to me to say that he was a pianist and would be pleased to give me all the help he could with the music of the School. In that way was started the partnership of Pond and Price which I like to think will be remembered by generations of pupils.

Now I'll say something about the janitors whom I knew. Our first janitor was an ex-Sergeant-Major. At the end of the first term tradesmen complained to the Head that he would not continue to deal with them unless he was given a certain percentage of the bill. The Head and the Staff, acting as a court of justice, investigated the charges, found him guilty and he was dismissed.

Our next janitor was Moody. He came to us from the City Temple,

the world-famous Congregational Church on Holborn Viaduct. He looked after the church in the time of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of New Theology fame. He was always giving us interesting bits of news about that famous divine. Moody's wife was most anxious to let us know that, when she married Moody, she married beneath her. She used to say "Before I married Moody, I had never soiled me 'ands".

Then came Sergeant-Major Warren. He will live long in the memories of generation after generation of pupils of the School. He was geniality itself and was, consequently, immensely popular with staff and boys. I was brought into close contact with him through the stock-room and a more obliging janitor I could not possibly have had. The School suffered a great loss when, because of failing health, he had to resign. It is no exaggeration to say that he was a great gentleman.

During the first term Pond and I were in charge of the meals. It is safe to say that never in the history of the School were masters and boys fed so well. We gave them two kinds of meat every day and two kinds of sweet. But, when the bills came in, the dinner fund was hopelessly in debt. It was obvious that Pond and I were quite unfitted for our job. A newcomer, H. P. Lunn, who had had some experience in catering, was given the job of putting the dinner account on a sound financial basis. This he did, but the food he offered could not compare with ours!

This reference to school dinners makes me think of the Jamaican cook, whom we greatly respected and liked for a kinder woman there never was. She would go to no end of trouble to do a master a good turn. Thus, she remembered that I, like her, was a stranger in a foreign country and she always put daffodils on the Masters' table on St. David's Day. During the many years she and the Sergeant-Major were in charge of the kitchen, it was a real pleasure to go there and have a chat with them.

The boy who is No. 1 on a school roll is always a pupil of some interest, but he is doubly so when he is also the first boy to be whacked. Such a boy was chubby-faced Wilkins of the first Form 1. If he is still alive, he would be amused if I told him why he was whacked. His offence cannot be mentioned here.

And now for something about my colleagues of the early days of the School. To my great regret space will not permit me to refer to them all. I must begin with Pond, for I was more closely associated with him than with any other member of the staff. Pond, who was short, thin and wiry, was for many years and up to the time of his retirement Senior Master. He taught Latin with an energy which most teachers would have found exhausting. He never had the slightest trouble with discipline, for he had a caustic tongue. I remember well the morning when, entering his class-room, I heard him say to a boy, whose neglected face seemed to wear a perpetual scowl, "Look at me! I can stand it!!" His services to the School were incalculable and he will always be remembered with deep affection by all who came in contact with him.

Of those who started work with me on the first morning, Whitton is the only one whom I know to be alive. A Lancastrian, he came to Holloway from South Wales. A vigorous teacher, he fairly pumped Chemistry into his pupils. If, when you were near the science laboratory, you heard him call his form "a lot of gomerils", you knew the pumping-in process was being conducted at high pressure. Till he left, I sat next to him at the dinner table and many a heated argument did we have to the amusement of the rest of the table. Soon after the outbreak of World War I, he used to say that our losses in Europe could not compare with those of the bloody battles of the Peninsular War. It was a favourite saying of his. One day, as Wallis, Lean and I were going down to dinner, Wallis bet me threepence that I would not get him to repeat that statement before we left the dinner table. When Lean promised to help me, I accepted the bet. I can still hear the laughter of my colleagues when, with great heat, he said that the bloody battles . . . *etc.* It would take too long for me to tell how, to win another bet, I went to Lords one Tuesday afternoon and, posing as a representative of the *Narberth News*, I interviewed Barnes, one of England's most famous bowlers. When Whitton left to become a headmaster, he was greatly missed in the Common Room.

At the beginning of the School's second year, Mr. Crockett was appointed as Senior English Master. He was a graduate of Edinburgh University and, as soon as he opened his mouth, you knew he was a Scot. He was the sort of man with whom it was good for boys to come into daily contact. When World War I broke out, he joined the army as a private and finished up as Major in that world-famous regiment, the Black Watch. When he resumed teaching he did not wish to be reminded in any way of his army days and I shall never forget what happened to me when I foolishly asked "And what says the gallant major?" Soon after he obtained his D.Litt., he was appointed Headmaster of William Ellis School. A tumour on the brain cut short what would have been an outstanding Headmastership. I regard it as a great privilege to have been his colleague.

It was a lucky day for Holloway when Mr. Schodduyn was appointed as French Master. In addition to a Frenchman's knowledge of French, he had an Englishman's knowledge of English—a very rare combination. He was exceptional in another respect—he was equally good with the bottom and the top form. In the Common Room his modesty and his invariable affability made him immensely popular. He was an erudite and cultured gentleman who could have filled a professorial chair in any British University with distinction. A better colleague one could not possibly have had.

The same can be said of Mr. Dice. I remember well the day he joined the staff to teach Mathematics. The first thing about him that struck us all was his strong personality. He was the best type of Cambridge graduate. At eighty, a three-days' illness carried him off. The news of his totally unexpected death was a great shock to me, for only a few days before I had received a letter from him. In Dice, many of us lost a friend who would never in any circumstances let you down. A higher tribute cannot be paid to a man.

Mr. Dobbs was a Cambridge friend of Mr. Kahn's and came to us from Oundle to be Senior Mathematics Master. He was a brilliant mathematician and had devoted his life almost entirely to the study and teaching of that subject with the result that he knew little about other subjects. I remember well the day when he asked me if I thought *Alice in Wonderland* was a fit book for his boy to read. He was a man of deep religious convictions, yet his religion did not prevent him from teaching mathematics when he should have been teaching scripture. I shall never forget the dinner time when I got him to say, for the *n*th time, that he would not be seen dead in a four-acre field with Lloyd George. Dobbs teaching a IIIB form was like using a steam hammer to crack a nut. He should have been a University Don.

I must say a word about our first Art Master. Mr. Brandon-Jones, like many Art Masters, was a poor disciplinarian. I remember well going into the Art room one afternoon to see him about some stock. He said he made it a rule that boys should never have the legs of their stools off the ground. "Watch me deal with that young rascal", he said to me, pointing out an offender. He walked slowly towards the boy and kicked the stool from under him. The boy went sprawling on the floor and the class cheered enthusiastically. Apparently it didn't occur to him that the young rascal would have been bitterly disappointed if he had not been treated in this way. He had a caustic tongue and here is an example of his mordant wit. When he returned at the end of World War I, a lady member of the staff was tactless enough to say that his return might cost her her job. "Madam", he replied, "had I realised that, I should have made certain of being killed". We all greatly missed Brandon-Jones when he left us to go to Berkhamsted.

We used to meet one another out of school. Pond, Crockett, Dice and I used to go home together most nights. Once a month, on Friday nights, we used to go to Shoolbred's to have a sardine-on-toast tea. On these occasions we were always joined by Mr. E. T. Griffiths who arranged the tea. Griffiths, by the way, was one of the best teachers Holloway ever had, for he possessed in a marked degree the invaluable gift of clear exposition. We became so well known at Shoolbred's that, as soon as we entered, we could hear the waitresses saying "Here are the sardines-on-toast". One Friday night, when we came out, we heard newspaper boys shouting "Shoolbred crash". That was the first the staff knew about it. Next day that well-known business closed its doors for the last time.

I have tried to give readers of the Jubilee History some idea of the type of teacher Holloway had in its early days. They were all highly qualified men and brilliant teachers. It is not surprising that the School did, as Mr. Kahn hoped it would, earn for itself a high reputation. Mr. Hurlstone-Jones was quite justified in saying year after year on prize day that he envied no headmaster in London his staff.

And now I hope I may be permitted to pass over the intervening years and say a few words about my last day at Holloway. Schodduyn and I retired on the same day. At the end of the morning lesson the Head spoke to the

assembled School about our departure and paid a most generous tribute to the services we had given the School. We heard it from the gallery, for neither of us wanted to undergo the ordeal of speaking to pupils we were meeting for the last time. After the end-of-term Christmas dinner, we went to the Common Room and the Head, on behalf of our colleagues, presented us each with a present, in my case a watch which I have used ever since, and which reminds me daily of Holloway. It was, indeed, with a very full heart that I thanked my colleagues for their kindness. The only thing I can remember saying to them was, that although for a year or two I had looked forward to retirement, now that it had come I was not feeling so very glad. It would not have been surprising if I had broken down, for I was leaving colleagues for whom I had a deep affection and a Common Room which was surely one of the happiest places in all London. As I walked down Hildrop Road that afternoon, I realised acutely that I was no longer a master at Holloway.

In March, 1939, I went to Holloway to see my ex-colleagues before leaving London for Tenby. On leaving the School, I turned round when I got to the gates to have one more look at the place where I had worked for over thirty years and waved good-bye to Miss Catchpole, the Head's most efficient secretary. That was my last visit to the School. Since then big changes have taken place at Holloway. I am thankful that I have escaped them'.

Thus, Mr. Price brings us a vivid picture of the early days. Today, the School is the senior surviving building in its immediate area. Gone or going are the houses; great blocks of flats have taken their place, and the significant change in the neighbourhood has joined with changing policy to alter the nature of the School. In the years up to the end of the first World War the School was small but compact, and contained a fair cross-section of the community. Through the co-existence of the Junior County Scholarship and fee-paying, boys of varying intelligence and varying home backgrounds sat side by side and grew up naturally together. Probably shop-keepers and tradesmen and office workers sent their sons in greatest numbers, but the professions were well represented, and many boys came from a considerable distance.

The origin of the School crest seems uncertain; it is probably the eagle of St. John's College, Cambridge, from which the first Headmaster came, and which owned most of the property in the Brecknock Road area. The motto is, of course, a Latinised version of the refrain of the Harrow School song, which was adopted by Holloway, and has become an integral part of Old Boys' memories. The first colours were red and blue; possibly confusion with another school led to an abrupt change during the year 1922-23 to black and white, with a metal instead of a woven badge. Uniforms amounted to little more than the cap (or straw hat in earlier summers); but bit by bit the tie and the blazer came in, though it was not till Mr. Gill's time that the blazer became compulsory. From the beginning, the School had a progressive curriculum, and was clearly influenced by middle-class needs; it shared with the Grocers' School at Hackney Downs a unique provision of commercial intermediate scholarships, whose holders, after matriculation, took up typewriting under

Miss Collins, and a curious though logical brand of shorthand, taught at first by the inventor, Mr. Malone, and then by Mr. Pile, of the handle-bar moustaches. The life of both was made a constant misery, by irreverent Camdenians, and eventually the typing and shorthand died. Instead, there grew up an Economics course, very unusual at that time, and boys were prepared for the London Intermediate Examinations in Economics and for the even newer Intermediate B.Com.

Also unusual in those early days was a properly equipped school kitchen, providing not 'free meals for necessitous children', but a good dinner paid for by those who lived too far away to go home. Hundreds will remember the cook, and her daily sale of bread and dripping to hungry boys at morning break. Mr. Price refers to the joyous extravagance of his regime, and to the more economic administration of H. P. Lunn; after his departure, supervision for many years fell to A. E. Dice, whose imperturbable self-control mastered shortages during strikes and drought, and even the waywardness of his colleagues. Then E. T. Griffiths took over till the coming of the L.C.C. School Meals Service—and even today the School benefits from his efficient administration. The new prefects' gowns owe something to earlier diners!

THE HEADMASTERS

Many Old Boys will remember the dark portrait of the first Headmaster, Augustus Kahn, with his bushy, black eyebrows and beard. He came with some boys from the University College School commercial side; he was a very able scholar who could teach—and teach well—almost any subject in the curriculum. He was keenly aware of his responsibility as Head of a new school, and his interest and control were everywhere apparent. An able mind sometimes tends to choose colleagues of lesser calibre whom he can dominate, but Kahn was free from such pettiness; he was a shrewd judge of men, and the staff he gathered together was both competent and independent. J. H. Price, in his contribution, recalls those early days. When, in 1912, Kahn became an Inspector, the foundations were well laid. We have watched with pleasure the distinguished career of his son, now Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge.

Kahn was succeeded by another Cambridge man, F. R. Hurlstone-Jones, who came from Hackney Downs School. At the Memorial Service for him in 1951, so tragically soon after his retirement, the address sought to express something of his unique place in the School's history:—

'He became in 1912 the second Headmaster of Holloway School, and held that position for thirty-four years. In that time the school numbers more than doubled, the buildings were twice extended, the curriculum widened, the playing fields won, and a flourishing cadet corps established. He was a shrewd judge of men, and he gathered together an exceptionally able staff; indeed, there was a time when the number of Holloway masters appointed to

Headships almost recalled the influence of Arnold's Rugby. He never interfered with the methods of his staff, but trusted them to work in their own way; but he gave them loyal support in any new ventures they suggested to him. Under his leadership the School was one of the first maintained schools to win an established footing in the stronghold of University scholarships, and it was for him a proud moment when he was entertained by the Cambridge Old Camdenians as their first guest. Many of us through his influence became members of Christ's, his own old college, to which he was deeply attached. The Roll of Honour of two world wars was to him a source of pride as well as sorrow, and he often spoke of the splendid service to their country of the old boys of the nation's secondary schools. But the years of evacuation after 1939 were grievous to him. Out of his environment he was not happy, and his health showed signs of strain; the values and traditions he had laboured to create were threatened, and he was glad when the School returned to London. During the last years he patiently set to work to rebuild the School for the second time.

His ability brought him the responsibility of national leadership. He was the joint Honorary Secretary for more than twenty years of the Headmasters' Association, the Chairman of the Joint Four, the Leader of the Secondary Panel on the old Burnham Committee, the chief founder of the Headmasters' Employment Committee, and a frequent member of deputations to successive Presidents of the Board and Ministers of Education. In these and other ways he was in fact one of the band which shaped the new maintained secondary schools, the greatest educational advance of our time. It was no more than his due when on his retirement he was awarded the O.B.E. Yet retirement from the School was not for him the opportunity of well-earned rest and leisure; for the last four years of his life he was Director of the Thomas Wall Educational Trust, where his gifts and knowledge found full scope, and he continued to be consulted on manifold educational matters.

To the older members of the Old Boys' Club his passing leaves an emptiness that can never be filled. He attended every Annual Dinner, almost every meeting and dramatic production of the Club, many of its sports functions, and he was always the centre of talk and laughter. In the chair at so many dinners he was incomparable, and his fund of stories inexhaustible. It was the knowledge that he would be there that brought Old Boys of many years together; they knew he would be glad to see them—and they went away glad they had come. He had a great gift for remembering faces and names—and yet it was not just a gift that lesser men might envy. It was the natural expression of his personal interest in each individual Old Boy of the School, an interest which found another outlet in his wide correspondence; and there must be many who treasure his letters, for their warm friendliness was matched by an aptness of phrasing that made them a joy to read.

He was in the fullest sense a character, and in spirit belonged more to the eighteenth century than to our egalitarian days. He defied classification, and it was right that so many letters spoke of him as unique. There hangs in

the School Hall his portrait, painted soon after his retirement to the commission of the Old Boys, and generously presented by him to the School. The artist, Mr. William Dring, has caught something of his elusive personality. Looking at it, one recalls that spare figure, the characteristic carriage, the humorous twist of the lips upcurled to one side, the gown half-falling from the shoulder, the spectacles dangling from his hand as he cracked a joke or conveyed a hint.

Yet probably few of the hundreds who admired him—or even of those who served with or under him—would claim to have known him intimately; there was always a reserve, a reticence, about him, which, when added to his modesty, seemed to keep him somewhat apart. He had, as it were, a kind of fence round his soul, which kept alien influences at bay, and so preserved his integrity. He had a deep reverence for human personality, which was to him essentially sacred. He disliked and distrusted the easy explanations of so many psychologists. He was himself—especially in later years—slow to condemn, and charitable in judgment. He treated boys and colleagues not so much as what they were, but as what they might be, as what they had it in them to become. For he had great patience and great faith; and the meetings and the visits of Old Boys were to him for this reason a source of abiding joy. He could see then how the dormant qualities he had discerned so long ago had ripened into character. Few Headmasters have been so reluctant to dominate or to reform; he did not seek to make disciples, but was content to foster in his boys a spirit of fearless independence. And in this age of propaganda and conditioned thinking, it was surely of inestimable worth to Holloway that its Head should so have valued—and trusted—human dignity.

This innate respect for freedom was shown in characteristic fashion by his contempt for bureaucracy. I doubt if any Headmaster consigned so many official letters to the waste-paper basket, or left so many forms unfilled. In his long years of public service he was in constant touch with the movement of ideas, and with issues larger than a single school. So he was saved from any parochialism, and he looked at our problems from a detached standpoint; what we sometimes thought to be mountains, he recognised for the molehills they were. A rare combination—of his age and experience, his reluctance to punish, and his strong aversion to hasty action—led him to take both pride and an impish delight in what he himself called “headmasterly inactivity”. To us on his staff who lacked his patience, and who felt that we had to bear the burden of day-to-day problems, this was often a cause of affectionate exasperation. Yet all of us would gladly admit that his sense of proportion was sound, that he knew how to sift the important from the transient. His judgment was in part the result of his principles, but it was based also on a wide knowledge of the relevant facts. Every generation of schoolboys—and perhaps every school staff!—cherishes the illusion that its deeds are hid from the Headmaster; but Mr. Hurlstone-Jones had an uncanny seventh sense through which there somehow passed to him a really surprising knowledge of what was going on. He often gave little outward sign, for he shared Lord

Nelson's appreciation of the occasional blind eye, but he could act with vigour when he wished.

Equally he sensed when a boy or master was feeling disheartened or disgruntled. In apparent innocence he would find an opportunity for a casual chat, and one would come away from his study refreshed or calmed, despite his disconcerting habit of standing at a distant window with his back to one, seemingly thinking aloud or talking into space. A kind of self-depreciation, a shyness of appearing to know better or to intrude, made him diffident, almost desultory, at times like these—and yet he managed somehow to convey the counsel or the reproof that he knew was needed at that time. To those who were in personal difficulties he gave not merely advice, but active help, and there are many today who are thankful they sought and acted upon his wise counsel.

To those of us who knew him both in his earlier and his later years as Head, perhaps one of the most remarkable things about him was the way in which he remained young at heart. There is of course nothing unusual in the years bringing kindness—and certainly the rigour, even the severity, of his early years mellowed into easy authority. But it is not so often that a man who has been headmaster for over thirty years should remain free from any hardening of the mental arteries, remain generous to new ideas, and easy in his relationship with young colleagues. This ability to bridge the years Mr. Hurlstone-Jones had in full measure—indeed, he had more sympathy with rebellious and impatient youth than with the respectably mature.

Yet his real respect for persons was never sentimental; there was more than a touch of irony—almost of cynical amusement—as he noted human behaviour both in public affairs at a high level and in the close community of the school. His natural dignity and authority made discipline easy and unaffected, but he could at times be capable of flaming wrath. His condemnation of any kind of cruelty or moral turpitude was scathing, and in cross-examination of those guilty of such offences he was ruthless.

Perhaps what he hated most of all was stupidity—the stupidity that has nothing to do with a weakness in mental arithmetic, but is rather an insensitivity to beauty and decency—that brutish, and brutal, lack of imagination that is at the root of so much of the world's ills. He never paraded his personal religious faith, and he had no sympathy with sectarian prejudice; the morning assembly was designed to embrace boys of Jewish faith as well as Christians, but there were times—as on the morning after "D" Day—when his deep convictions were apparent. And at all times he practised his faith that in unselfish service to the community could happiness alone be found.

In his time he was himself an innovator, and did much to shape the new secondary schools of the early twentieth century. He faced with courage and insight the social revolution that followed two world wars, and he was always ready to adopt new measures that the high cause of education in this country and in this neighbourhood should be truly served. He would not have wanted the School to become a museum-piece, but to remain a living, growing

community, responsive to the challenge of a new social order. Changes of necessity there must be, and under the present Governors and Headmaster the School will meet that challenge unafraid'.

When Hurlstone-Jones retired in December, 1946, Ronald Gill was appointed Headmaster. A first-class honours graduate of Liverpool University, he had already held for some years the Headmastership of Acklam Hall, Middlesbrough. During his all-too-short tenure, Mr. Gill showed courage and vision in those difficult post-war years; he held strong views, and had a clear idea of what he wished to do. The considerable extension of the library, the creation of the War Memorial Reading Room, the institution of Open Days and of the School Plaque are some of the abiding results of his energy; and he was tireless in trying to improve the amenities as well as the work and discipline of the School. In his plans for the improvement of the School's setting, he invited the help of a group of Old Boys, including the late C. R. Fowkes, A.R.I.B.A., and he also secured the election of the first Old Boy to serve as a Governor, Mr. F. W. Lindgren. Mr. Gill's decision to accept a pressing invitation to become Headmaster of the Wintringham School in Grimsby was a great blow, for his devotion was beginning to bear fruit.

Mr. Gill's resignation in 1951 was connected with the doubts and delays that accompanied the Council's decision to establish Comprehensive Schools. It was not known at that time how long it would be before the School was incorporated in such a unit, or when the buildings would be completed, and therefore no immediate appointment of a successor was made. It was, in fact, two years later before the present Headmaster, Mr. M. W. Brown, took over control. In him, a Cambridge mathematician, the School has found a Headmaster of wide experience, of generous sympathies, and of informed judgment. His quick establishment of mutual trust with his colleagues and with the Old Boys is a tribute to his character and wisdom. To him has fallen the challenging task of leadership in this new chapter in the School's history; the smoothness of the transition and the solution of so many problems of administration and equipment and staffing are already evidence of tireless devotion.

THE STAFF

It is impossible in a brief sketch to mention all the masters who have supported—and sometimes resisted—the successive Heads. J. H. Price's memories will bring back the faces of the older ones, and there is little to add. L. H. Pond's piercing blue eyes will be remembered with his habit of scratching his head of fair hair when, in humorous exasperation at the limitless stupidity of some boys, he would remark "It would be an exaggeration to call you half-witted". Price, himself, was another character, looking more and more like Gladstone and behaving less and less like him as he grew older. Of Schodduyn, tales are legion, and Holloway never had a more outstanding teacher or more lovable personality. Then there was Anthony, who won a double M.C. and left to become Registrar of the University of Wales, and

is still as debonair as ever; and Hanson, small in stature but great in heart, and most generous to his pupils. Beacock and Wallis, Crockett and Whitton, Dobbs and Dice, Brandon-Jones and Tickner—there were giants in those days. Others crowd into memory: F. G. Hall and the pervading aroma of tobacco; the vigour of Lean; the gentleness of Couch and Bowtell; the efficiency of Pegrum; the women who nobly came to help in war time and just after, and who proved so valuable that they stayed on—the Misses Ryke, Booker and Chubb, as fine a trio of teachers as any school could boast, and who did as much outside school as in it. Others came for a shorter time, and made a great name for themselves in later years, like Sir Arthur Bryant and Elliott Seabrooke. The present Provost of University College, Sir Ifor Evans, was a student-master for a time; and the novelist, Paul Bloomfield, filled a vacancy in a nonchalant way. A surprising number of the staff became Headmasters in their turn—Whitton, Lunn, Couch, Hall, Crockett, Yorke-Lodge, Woods, in fairly rapid succession, and something of Holloway must have gone to many schools. Yet their places were adequately filled; German was brilliantly taught by Russon and Jones, the English department was graced by the charm of Jim Reeves and the fervour of Hugh Brown, Science flourished under Dugald Brown and 'Claud' Abson, Maths with Bamford and Panter. This year has come, to everyone's regret, the retirement of the 'Doc', who needs no other name, and he will soon be followed by E. T. Griffiths and George Mangham; these men have become part of the very texture of the School, and Mr. Griffiths has, especially in recent years, secured a unique position through his sagacity, unruffled calmness and powers of organisation. He has been guide, philosopher and friend to successive Heads and to junior colleagues alike. The happiness of the Common Room has been a large factor in the School's life, and the dinners so often given to retiring colleagues have been testimony of the regard in which they were held. There are stalwarts still in service, and if their many new colleagues accept their standards and their tolerance, the future should be as happy as the past. Time alone will show whether the close fellowship of the smaller common room can be maintained among the vastly larger number.

No account of the staff could omit the Schoolkeepers, two of whom cover almost the life of the School. Frank Warren, known as Janitor, Sergeant-Major and 'Major', was an institution; human, calm and resourceful, he was a good organiser of other men's activity, and he did much for the School in Cadet Corps, in Tuck Shop and in clothing. He was a regular and welcome guest at Old Boys' Dinners even after his retirement, and his death was a loss to us all. In his place came Harry Mimmack, of the Irish Guards, upright, forceful and generous; a born organiser, he has for years extended his influence and service, not only in the School, but throughout the London service. To those lucky enough to win his affection, he is the most generous of men, and he is a tower of strength to the Old Boys' Club.

Then, too, the School Secretaries have contributed their share, not only in their professional service to the Headmaster, but through a real

interest in the noisy and active life about them. In earlier years first Miss Booker and then R. W. Williams were part-time teachers and part-time secretaries; with Miss Catchpole came the first full-time and trained secretary and her quiet efficiency captivated Mr. J. H. Price, who seemed to find his way quite often to the office! When evacuation came she soon returned to London, and until his retirement, Hurlstone-Jones was then served by Miss Grant. With the coming of Mr. Gill, Miss Yorke came from Hackney Downs, and has given loyal and ungrudging service ever since; the vast increase of size of the School, however, obviously demanded more clerical help, and until her marriage Miss Gibson acted as head of the administrative branch, and has been succeeded by Mr. A. Gilderson.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

There were not, in 1914, great numbers of Old Boys, but like the rest of their generation they answered the call. So did all the members of the staff of military age and physical fitness, and this was perhaps the most serious effect on the School. A succession of temporary teachers is never good, and amongst them all, the women teachers were easily the most successful. As the war dragged on through the slaughter of Ypres and Passchendaele, the casualty list grew longer, and sixth-formers went straight into the Army. Amongst the boys the Cadet Corps flourished, and some consolation came with half-holidays to mark the award of decorations to Old Boys and Staff. The serious shortage of food was a problem to the organisers of school meals, and volunteer camps to help the harvest, in a country short of labour, were organised. There was no serious damage from bombs nearer than the ill-fated *Eagle* in Seven Sisters Road, but a daylight air raid one Saturday morning enlivened proceedings on our school field, when cricket was abandoned for a game of hide-and-seek under the hedge. When the siren sounded for the armistice in 1918, a form cheered, only to be reprovved by Mr. Dobbs for un-English emotion, but the last half-holiday of the war followed, to be spent in celebration in the pouring rain. The Roll of Honour was a heavy one, and when demobilisation was complete, a series of appeals was made for a memorial fund, including an ambitious concert in the old Drill Hall in Pond Street. A memorial service was held in St. Luke's Church, Hillmarton Road, conducted by the Rev. Frank Stone, M.C., and the address was given by the Headmaster of Upper Latymer School.

THE CADET CORPS

Soon after war broke out in 1914, a Cadet Company was formed to meet the need for pre-service training, and it remained a part of the life of the School until 1931 when the council withdrew its recognition and financial assistance to any kind of military corps. For most of its history the Corps was

part of the 2nd Cadet Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, with headquarters in Pond Street. For some time, the Corps was commanded by the Headmaster himself, ably supported by Sergeant-Major Warren, for all masters of military age had joined the Forces. With the end of the war, a not unnatural reaction against military training set in and the Corps dwindled in numbers, despite the energy of the new O.C., Captain A. W. Pegrum, and the somewhat unscrupulous methods of recruitment pursued by Hurlstone-Jones. A little later, however, a renewal set in, and the Corps was reorganised on a House-platoon basis.

For many years the Corps held enjoyable, if strenuous, annual camps, though one year at the London Schools Cadet Camp near Worthing the food was so inadequate that the older cadets were driven nightly to a fish and chips bar, to the depletion of their pocket-money.

When the Corps had a route march in school hours, the boys and staff not in the Corps had an easy time; and rumour had it that the sound of the bugle band turning on the return into Hilddrop Road would bring masters out of the Common Room to the classes they had deserted. To those who joined, the Corps brought much of value—in discipline and bearing, in shooting matches, in N.C.O. courses at Wellington Barracks and in good fellowship.

CORPORATE LIFE

From its foundation, the life of the School has been enriched by the manifold societies and corporate ventures. Interminable arguments in the Debating Society, three-hour lectures in the Science Guild, exhibitions of Art and Pottery, championships in the London Schools Chess League, a long series of School Magazines—all have testified to the creative ability of the boys and staff, and contributed to the all-round development of a community. But three activities have had an influence of their own, bringing boys and masters together in fostering character and quality. The many journeys to the Continent, begun by Miss Booker and continued to the present time, have done far more than provide practice in using the French and German so laboriously learnt; they have opened up new horizons and left an unforgettable memory. The Dramatic Society since the early 'one-acts' under Miss Chubb, has gone from strength to strength, and R. G. Dixon must find pride in the long succession; the 'Macbeth' of 1933, with Kyne, Finer and the Taylors stands out in memory, and the production and staging were worthy of the acting. It is the collective work of carpenters, electricians, and painters as well as the cast that made—and make—the society an educational force. And then the camps, beginning with a week-end at Roydon, and growing into a month's national service at forestry and harvesting, and revived today in the summer camp in Dorset. Some will remember Dr. Friedmann (now Professor of Comparative Law in Australia) learning to be English, and asserting that he would teach his son to 'keep a straight wicket'; others will recall the cider, or the agony of threshing in East Sussex, or the cry of 'Timber' amid the

endless rain of Lincolnshire. More recent societies have included the Boxing Club, and at long last a flourishing Choir and Orchestra. Of great help, too, and not only in raising money, has been the Parent-Teachers Association, begun in 1953 to help the transition to the Comprehensive School.

THE YEARS BETWEEN

To those who have known the School through most of its fifty years, it is pleasant to try to determine the outstanding period. There would be no agreement, and each man's judgment might vary with his mood; but the years 1920-26 assert a claim. Probably the staff was never stronger; by great good fortune all the masters serving in the Forces returned in safety and came back at least for a time to the School. There they joined their former colleagues and some new appointments, and vigorous life swept through the School. It was the time of the high hopes of the Fisher Act, of a new and fairer world of opportunity and justice, and despite the hard-faced men of the Commons and the industrial strife, the School reflected the optimism outside. The State Schools were eager to challenge the long supremacy and privileges of the Public Schools, and to challenge on their own ground of University Scholarships. From its earliest days Holloway boys had won awards at Oxford and Cambridge, but now in the 'twenties' the School could claim more success than most of the old foundations. There was for a time a flourishing branch of the Old Camdenians in Cambridge, and at its succession of annual dinners the members tried to express their debt to the Head and his staff. Between 1912 and 1927 the total of Open Scholarships and Exhibitions won by the School was 17 at Cambridge, 6 at Oxford and 9 at London. Year by year, too, the results of the General Schools Examination were extraordinary, and among the best of any school taking the London University Examinations.

Yet the 'thirties' were good years, too; there were not so many outstanding achievements, but the general level was high, and there was a marked flowering of the corporate life of the School.

The Dramatic Society reached a new level, the standard of games rose, the School Sports became not only a day of good running but of flags and marquees and strawberry teas. Week-end camps and holiday camps in Hampshire and Dorset brought boys and staff closer together, and school journeys abroad became a regular feature. Then to the footballers, the post-war years of Robb, Heritage, Godfrey, Gassman and the other heroes of an unbeaten side must awaken proud memories, especially of the defeat before a large crowd of a Minchenden side that dared to claim equality; but the general life of the School had not recovered from the losses of the war years.

WAR AGAIN

The impact of the second world war was markedly different from that of 1914. The School was no longer a new foundation, and there were far more Old Camdenians who served in the Forces: the Roll of Honour contains over

fifty names, and there must be more not known. It is, of course, true that in proportion to the number who served, the losses were less grievous, but it is right to recall that the Grammar Schools provided the men on whom fell perhaps the heaviest burdens and duties—in particular, the pilots and navigators of Bomber Command, the company officers of infantry and artillery, and the crews of the little ships of the Navy. To Holloway, as to so many schools, the night raids over Germany and the deadly struggle from Anzio to Monte Cassino were costly indeed.

A memorial service for those who gave their lives was held in St. George's Church, Tufnell Park, on a bitterly cold night in December, 1946. The service was conducted by the Rev. A. E. Fost, M.A., an Old Boy; the address was given by the Rev. E. A. Way, B.A., also an Old Boy and a Naval Chaplain, and the lesson was read by the Headmaster, Mr. F. R. Hurlstone-Jones. A fund was raised to commemorate the fallen, and to it was added the considerable balance remaining from the Memorial Fund of the earlier war. The new Headmaster, Ronald Gill, brought imagination and drive to the complete redecoration and refurnishing of the old library as a War Memorial Reading Room. Reference books were presented by J. E. Coleman on behalf of the Old Boys, and the room was formally opened by Mr. Gill soon after he moved to Grimsby. A little later, a memorial tablet of names, beautifully carved by Mr. F. C. Clements, a former Woodwork Master, was added to the old memorial, at a service conducted by an Old Boy, the Rev. R. E. Simpson, B.A., B.D. This gracious and dignified Memorial Room will be a permanent tribute to those Old Camdenians who died in the two wars.

EVACUATION

In conformity with the Government's decision to evacuate the children from London during the last days of peace, the School was moved to Rugby, where it heard the declaration of war on that fateful Sunday in September, 1939. For a time it seemed likely that it would work with the Lawrence Sheriff School, but after a few days the School moved to Towcester, in Northamptonshire, where it stayed in dwindling numbers till the decision to return in 1943. Towcester proved too small to find billets for all the boys who went, and a considerable number went to a circle of surrounding villages, where the new country life and greater freedom from small-town gossip made for more happiness than in Towcester itself. The glorious autumn weather, followed in winter first by floods and then by deep snow, provided new experiences during the uncanny waiting for the clash in Western Europe, and, slowly, arrangements were made with Towcester Grammar School for the use of their buildings on two and a half days a week (one of which was Saturday!), and for classes on other days in various ill-equipped and badly heated halls scattered in Towcester and the villages. Then came Dunkirk, and the holiday atmosphere of early days was over. Under Flight-Lieutenant G. O. Mangham, the School early started a Squadron of the A.T.C., and a Flight was formed

among the boys who had returned to London. This was under the command of F. W. Lindgren, now a member of the Governing Body of the School. In Northants both staff and older boys joined the Home Guard; it is a tribute both to the friendly generosity of the Northants people and to the reputation of the School that in Towcester itself, and in several villages, the commanders of local platoons were members of the Holloway staff. Hurlstone-Jones never reconciled himself to the evacuation; the mounting Roll of Honour, the difficulties in Towcester, the drift of boys back to London, and perhaps his devoted service as a secretary of the Headmasters' Association led him in 1943 to call a meeting in what seemed a ghostly Holloway School of the parents of the boys still in the country, and the decision was made to return. Like many other schools, Holloway came back to retrieve its numbers just as the flying bombs began their attacks on London.

Yet it would be quite wrong to write off the period of evacuation as a loss; much was, in fact, gained of real value. London boys of a whole school generation learned to know, and often to respect, the country; there was a real improvement in physical health, and long hours on the playing-fields when George Robb and Stan Heritage were junior boys, laid the foundation of what was perhaps to be the School's finest soccer XI in all its history. Several happy marriages—of both staff and boys—prove that contact with a mixed school had its advantages, and the month-long forestry camps gave the boys a chance of useful war work. The need to organise at least part of the boys' leisure to help the foster parents, and the many parental duties that fell to the masters, brought an experience not unlike that of a boarding school. Nor was the School the only side to benefit by those strange but eventful years; lasting friendships were made, useful social service was done, and at least one blow was struck for the rights of Englishmen when Holloway staff entered the attractive inns of Towcester to the mixed outrage and admiration of the local staff who were debarred from that necessary amenity.

The decision to return was right, for the School had shrunk by 1943 to half its size; but the loading of lorries of the accumulated equipment was a nightmare, and it was a relief to find that only one piece of furniture had been brought back by mistake. The boys and staff at the various emergency schools joined with the few already back at Holloway and the Towcester contingent to rebuild as best they might. For months we shared the building with the primary and junior schools from Hungerford Road; for months we passed much of the time in reinforced rooms listening first to the fly bombs and then to V2s, but little damage was done to the building. Under those conditions of broken nights and broken days, the boys showed resolution and a cheerful courage that made recovery possible.

THE BUILDINGS

Surely no one has ever found aesthetic delight in the actual buildings; years of familiarity brought perhaps some affection, and during the war we

were grateful for their strength, but the hard red bricks and harsh yellow stone have never won graciousness from the years. Perhaps the best is the roof, with its turrets and pinnacles inviting anew each generation of boys to forbidden pleasures. The original intention of the Council to provide for a centre of pupil-teacher instruction meant that the two main floors were each self-contained, with a hall and classrooms. The older generation will remember the stone inscription 'Girls' over what became the Headmaster's entrance. The upper hall was at once converted into classrooms, and yet by the first post-war period accommodation was strained to the utmost. So in 1923 the vacant premises of the Camden School of Art in Dalmeny Avenue were acquired, and the teaching of Art, History and German moved away. The short journey provided a welcome means of delay between lessons, and the many statues and busts a target for low humour; and one group at least found morbid excitement in staring at the prison walls on the morning of Mrs. Thompson's execution.

In 1927 came a most welcome extension, and on the ground previously occupied by the janitor's cottage and the war-time school allotments a new wing was built, with classrooms, library and, for the first time, a workshop for 'manual training', soon to be humanised into Woodwork and Handicraft. Even more important, the extensions included a separate hall, of greater dignity though with nothing better than a tiny platform instead of a stage. Remarkably successful plays were given, but the producers had a difficult problem. Meanwhile, the moving of the Art department first to Dalmeny Avenue and then to the new wing left the old Art Room open to the quick grasp of Miss Booker for a Geography room, and her dulcet tones could often be heard over the partition. Yet already the advancing tides of barbarism were threatening the humanities; Geography was banished to the old ground floor hall, and even room J, the sanctum of the Arts VI, became an Advanced Physics Laboratory. The whole top floor was henceforth a wilderness.

In the 'thirties' came a further extension, and the block of classrooms was added to the Headmaster's staircase. From time to time, the new hall gave trouble, each year tilting a few inches because of an underground stream; after wasted patching, the whole outside wall was rebuilt, but unluckily the hall was out of commission at Hurlstone-Jones's retirement, and the farewell had to be taken in the dingy basement, where the former gymnasium had become a dining room.

During the war there was little serious damage to the fabric though successive occupations by pioneers, police and small children wrought havoc to the furniture and decorations, and turned the schoolkeeper's hair to a distinguished grey. Slowly the building was restored to normal; the levelling of so much house property round about this time in preparation for a big L.C.C. housing estate made the School a striking landmark, towering gauntly over the desolate waste. The restoration was, however, a prelude to the greatest development of all. Three and a half acres, where once had stood the villas and gardens of Carleton Road, were ear-marked for the new

Comprehensive School. Years of conflicting rumour passed slowly, but in 1953 the contractors arrived. The great new buildings designed by the Council's architect, were ready for partial occupation in September, 1955, and were formally opened in the presence of a distinguished gathering on 31st May, 1956, by Sir Frederick Handley-Page. The cost was well over a quarter of a million pounds, and includes a new assembly hall, finely equipped gymnasias, engineering shops and specialist rooms. The modern style of glass and concrete stand in sharp contrast to the old, but linked by a covered way. In the old building, the whole of the basement has been converted into a large library, with windows overlooking a sunken garden. Day by day to the School come 1,250 boys, to enjoy amenities equal to those anywhere in London, and to enter into the heritage of Holloway.

SPORTS GROUND

In the first weeks of the School, games had to be played on Parliament Hill, but before long a ground was secured at Cricklewood. It was a good augury that in the opening season of Holloway's first XI, 5 games were won, and the remaining game drawn. The next move was to a ground in Bishop's Avenue, and then in 1913 the nucleus of the present playing-fields in Bow Lane, Finchley, was obtained on lease. Not, however, till 1926 did Hurlstone-Jones's constant pressure secure the purchase of the freehold of 9½ acres. In 1930, a pavilion, with bath and showers, replaced the old shack, and an extension behind Finchley Hospital was acquired. It seems now a pity that the opportunity of levelling the ground during the School's evacuation was not seized, for there had been an offer of the soil excavated during the extension of the Edgware railway line. Today, the size of the School requires the use of other grounds in addition to Bow Lane, but it is hoped that the old ground will remain the centre of the School games.

The athletic sports have not always been held at Finchley. For some years they were held at Tufnell Park, where one year a terrific storm set everything awash. Then for a time there was a return to Finchley, followed by meetings at Parliament Hill, but since 1956 the tradition of holding the sports at Finchley has been resumed.

THE OLD BOYS

There is perhaps no more distinctively English phenomenon than an Old Boys' Club, and, despite all banter, it expresses a loyalty and a tradition of high worth. It is not an association of the ever-adolescent, regretting a vanishing past, nor is it just a useful means of providing clean and inexpensive football and cricket. It symbolises the continuing spirit of the School, and enables those grown to maturity to give help and encouragement to each new generation. The Old Camdenians' Club began, as the name implies, in those

pre-1914 days before the name of the School was changed; suspended for five years, it was revived in 1919—when also the new Football section became a founder-member of the Old Boys' League. Since then, the Football and Cricket clubs have been the backbone of the parent club; they have won successes, grown in size and influence, hold their annual dinners, go away on tour, and at times arrange marriages! Of smaller size, though enterprising and appreciated, are the Dramatic and Badminton clubs. The parent club has occasional reunions and dances and the annual dinner, the most enjoyable function of the year. The Old Camdenians have always been one of the strongest Old Boys' Clubs in London, but a wider membership would be welcomed. It is not expected that every Old Boy should come to meetings regularly, but it is hoped to enrol hundreds more on the 'paid-up' list, and to welcome them from time to time. The Club owes a tremendous debt in the first place to Hurlstone-Jones, and then to the yeoman service of members like Bill Filer, Jim Keating and Sid Hutchison.

Individual Old Boys are to be found in strange places. From Montevideo to a country hotel on Ullswater, and from the Falkland Islands to Hongkong. They are in all walks of life, from mining to administration, from rectories to factories. Some, like Lindgren, Nursaw and Dawe, have distinguished themselves in commerce; others, like Witheridge and Jack Filer, in the Civil Service; Hutchison is Librarian of the Royal Academy; Gayler is a power in financial journalism, and Burn the Industrial Correspondent of *The Times*. There are doctors and parsons, research chemists and engineers, airmen, anthropologists and accountants, but, inevitably with such teachers, Holloway has distinguished itself in the academic field. Finer is a Professor of Political Institutions at Keele; Wickens, a distinguished Oriental scholar and a Don of Trinity, has recently been appointed Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of McGill; Stokes is on the staff of the new University of Central Africa, and Marriage at the University of Manitoba; Russon is Head of the Modern Side at Winchester; Daniels is Principal of the Camberwell School of Art. One of the younger Old Boys, George Monger, promises to become a notable historian, and it is especially pleasing that Alan Mitchell, the first captain of the Comprehensive School, has won an Open Exhibition at Cambridge. But perhaps the ablest of all boys who passed through the School was D. C. J. MacSweeney who met a tragically early death. Within the school community itself, Old Boys have played their part: Field, Russon, Seitz, King, Streatfield and Davies are past or present members of the staff. In the field of sport, too, Holloway has achieved its successes. George Robb is nationally known as an amateur International, an Olympic and a professional footballer; Tumbridge, Cooperman and A. R. Knight represented England in the Olympic Games, and Knight was already Amateur Diving Champion of England while still at school. Then in the season 1951-52 came a unique distinction—Heritage captained the Oxford Soccer XI, and Godfrey that of London University—and in Godfrey's team were also Gassman, Morley and Thompson. It is therefore

fit and proper, with so great a tradition, that the Old Boys' Club is now trying to raise funds to have a playing-field of its own at Mill Hill, and the Jubilee could be made memorable by the success of the appeal.

THE GOVERNORS

There must be few people—even inside a school—who have any clear conception of the part played by the Governing Body, particularly in a maintained school under a local authority as powerful as the L.C.C. Yet the Governors are much more than shadowy figures who appear occasionally at public functions; their influence is more important than their powers, and their judgment is a source of solace and help to a Headmaster when perplexed and of encouragement when depressed. Holloway has been fortunate in her Governing Body; from the early days of the Progressive dominance through two wars to the present control by Labour, party divisions though represented have never overridden discussion or dictated decisions. For most of the time three men have held the chairmanship—General Cooper, Sir Alfred Baker and the present Chairman, H. L. Beales, the distinguished social historian; all have had outstanding gifts, and their colleagues past and present have included men and women of wide knowledge and rich experience giving unstinted and unpaid service. Among those no longer serving are names like Sir Francis Bryant, Sir Edward Howarth, Sir Farquhar Buzzard and Professor Fletcher.

CONCLUSION

So ends one man's retrospect. It has been shaped by many influences—personal memories as boy and master, the recollections of many conversations at dinners and reunions, the help of friends, the perusal of old magazines. But the most important thing of all remains elusive, intangible, but very real—the spirit of the School, its *ethos* and abiding influence. All of us have felt it, and all of us have helped to make it. Years ago in a Cambridge room, D. C. Burn commented that after meeting Old Boys from many different schools he realised how good and how liberating had been the teaching he had received at Holloway. He was, of course, speaking primarily of the growth of the mind, but it is equally true that unconsciously each succeeding generation has absorbed more than it knew. Some Old Boys have achieved distinction in their chosen career; some won high honours in military service; but the pride of the School in her pupils lies in the hundreds of ordinary people doing their job well, and seeking to serve the community without thought of special reward or special renown. Headmasters and staff, through their selfless devotion, builded better than they knew.

It is in no way true that the admission to the School's heritage of a wider range of boys has brought entirely new problems. Perhaps especially in the early years Holloway was comprehensive in the social as well as the

educational sense—in fact more comprehensive than today. The fostering of a community with real cohesion and accepted standards has always been a school's function—and there have always been challenges of indiscipline, of indifference, of broken homes, and of a craving for pleasure, a preference for the easy way. Society is always changing, and a school of necessity changes too, though still expressing its own character. The thousand boys of today wear the School's uniform, and are proud to belong to it—not because of modern policy or new buildings, but because of the reputation of the School. It is good that the Old Camdenians' Club has given its loyal support to the new order; because of it the tradition goes on, and the Jubilee is a celebration of a living community, not the funeral rites of a school sacrificed to political theory. When the centenary comes, the School's growth will be seen to be a continuous and natural response to the needs of the neighbourhood it serves.



NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS, 1956



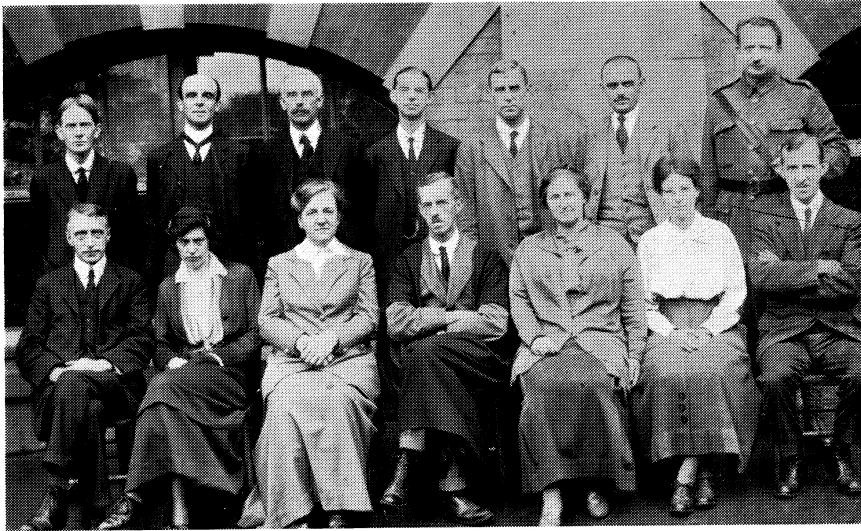
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AND PREFECTS, 1957



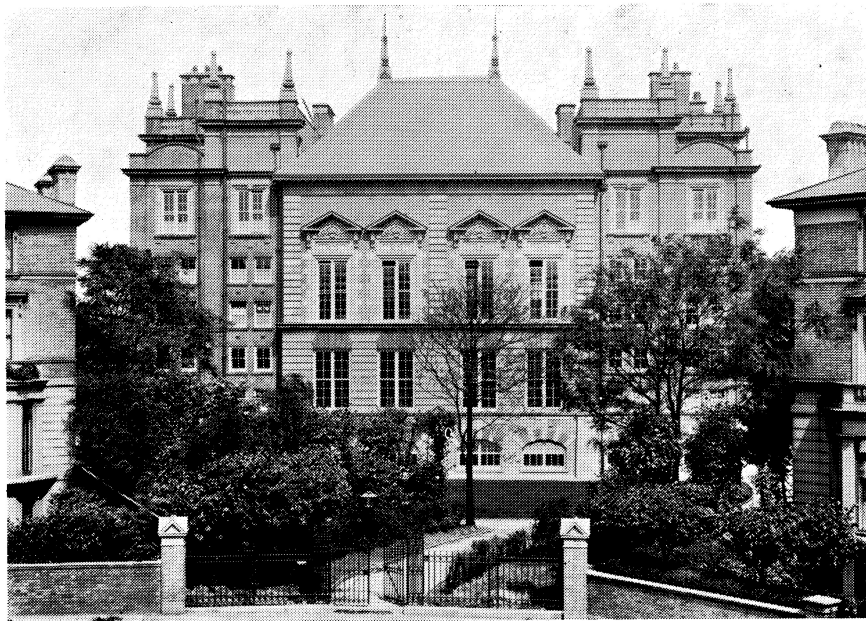
NEW SCHOOL BUILDINGS, 1956



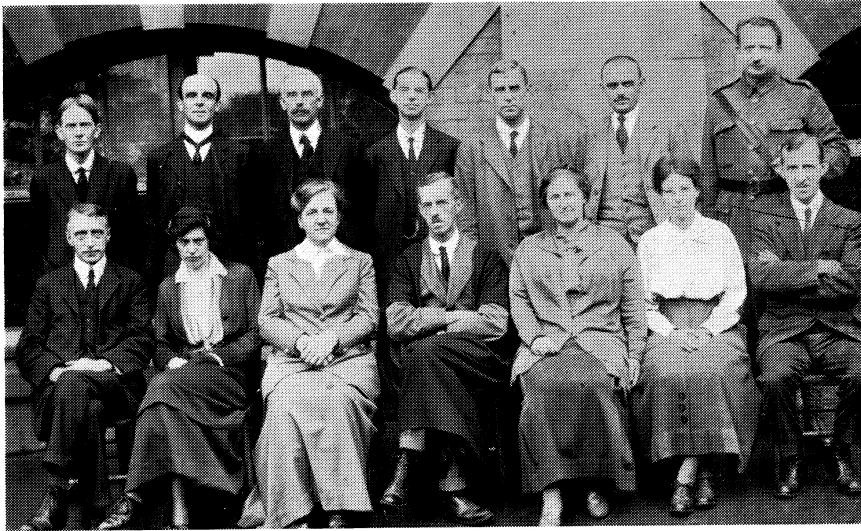
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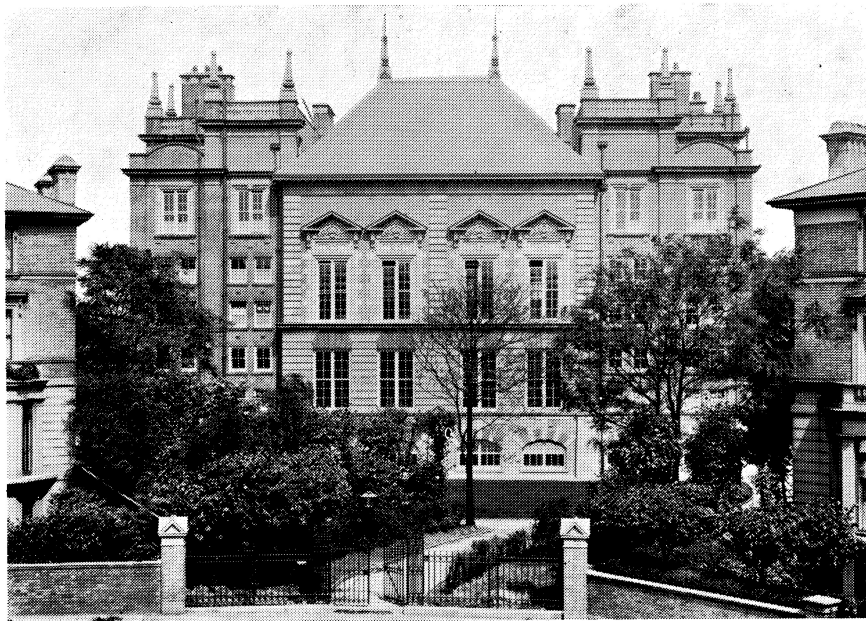
F. R. HURLSTONE-JONES, O.B.E., M.A. AND STAFF, 1917



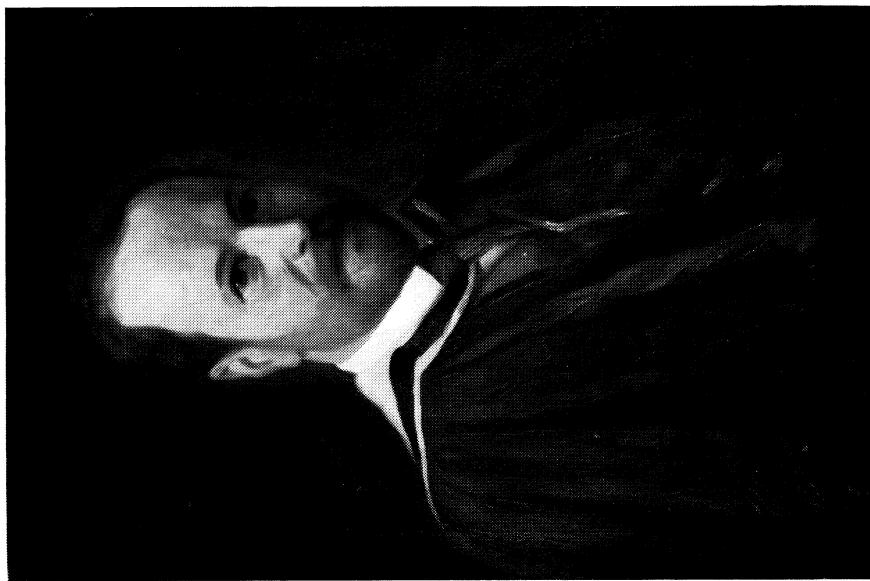
ORIGINAL SCHOOL BUILDING, 1907



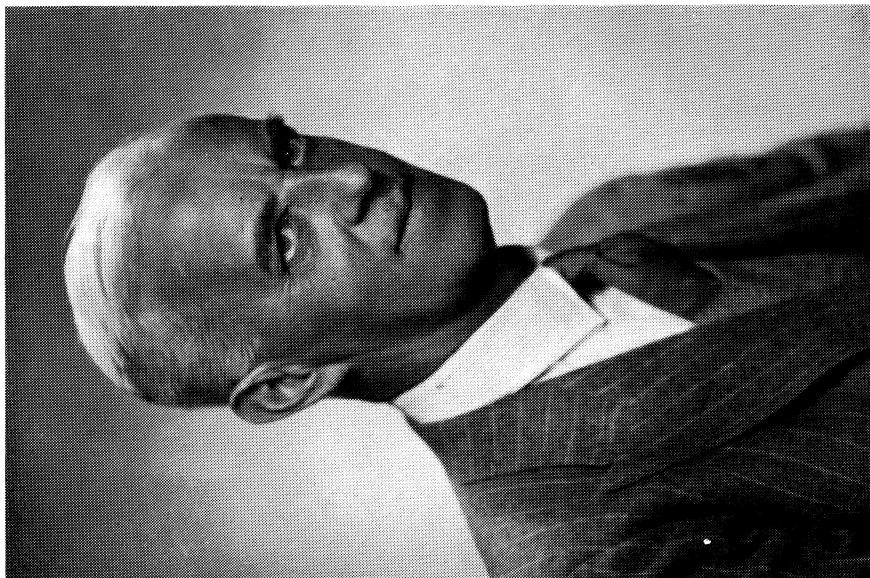
F. R. HURLSTONE-JONES, O.B.E., M.A. AND STAFF, 1917



ORIGINAL SCHOOL BUILDING, 1907



AUGUSTUS KAHN, M.A.



F. R. HURLSTONE-JONES, O.B.E., M.A.



R. J. KING, M.A. AND STAFF, 1953



RONALD GILL, B.A. AND PREFECTS, 1950