

# THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE



ST. PETER'S  
SEAFORD  
SUSSEX

No. 72

SUMMER, 1938

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### THE FALL OF THE LEAF

Those of us who served in a regiment, particularly in war time can remember only too clearly the crippling and despairing effect of new drafts. Somehow or other the unit never seemed quite the same when those we had trained and lived with were gone and new faces replaced the old. If the regimental officer gets the hump occasionally when he sees the results of his work reduced almost to zero, so too does the weary schoolmaster, especially at this season of the year, when he takes a backward glance at what was, and then looks forward again to take stock of the future. Although, in reality, the term is our unit and there is, at any rate with us, no such bogey as the academic year, it is still customary all the same to think of September as the dividing line between the old and the new. Now is the accredited time to audit the intangible account and take stock.

Gaps in personnel, loss of efficiency, reduction of work standards, impoverished games—such will be the common moan from many schools when they reassemble to pick up the falling leaves next autumn, and my problem must be as old as the hills, or certainly as old as William of Wykeham, for it is part of the School's burden to maintain a constant tradition with a quickly-shifting population. The anatomy of school life is somewhat hazardous. We have to submit in silent acquiescence to regular amputation, without any hope of an anaesthetic. It is in the nature of our business; a tragic affair, heaven knows, but inevitable. It is equally well part of our business to graft new limbs on to the existing body and see to it that they grow into full and fuller activity than before, but what people are apt to lose sight of is the fact that nature goes her own sweet way and refuses to be hustled over this slow process of assimilation. New limbs take four to five years to reach their maturity, maturity as we see it, and until they have done so, they have not the same power of control or the same freedom of movement. When, therefore, a school is faced with a series of exceptionally big leaves, it is a serious strain on her resources, and it is just the effects of this that we are feeling at St. Peter's now.

In the course of the last three terms, we have had perforce to say goodbye to 23 boys. Let us pause and consider for a moment exactly what that means. It is half-way between a quarter and a third of our numbers, and if this pace continues, which seems not improbable, it means that the new limbs must grow to maturity in three and a half years instead of five, and that is a hot-house rate of development. Is there, I wonder, a regular tendency, nowadays, to shorten the duration of the prep-school career, or is this state of affairs in our case merely fortuitous? Much depends upon the answer, for it is imperative that we should have our full allotment of time if we are to do any valuable work. Some public schools admittedly call up their boys at an early age, from our point of view too early an age, but this is the exception rather than the rule. The fault more commonly lies at the other end. In these days of small houses and flats, nursery life is disappearing and with it, alas, the old-fashioned nanny. To compensate for this in some degree, pre-preparatory schools are springing up all over the country, and these seem to cling to their boys, which after all is only human, and pass them on to us at a later age. Consequently there is a definite trend towards the old two-school principle developing into a three-school system, and if this tendency goes much further, the unfortunate preparatory schools will be reduced to the status of educational hotels or even road-houses. One knows only too well how little sense of personal tradition a hotel possesses, unless in a previous existence it has been a country house. People come and go far too quickly to leave the full flavour of their personality behind, and that precisely is my own fear for this type of caravanserai. One evening this last term a public school headmaster was sitting in my room, and we were surveying mankind, educational mankind, to be more accurate, "from China to Peru." In the course of our conversation, I fished out my entry book and read to him the ages of my last two vintages. He gasped with astonishment. Being a man of taste, he was horrified to learn that the wines I laid down here had so little time in which to mature before being served up on his epicurean table.

This ratio of coming and going in any school is a complicated business, difficult to forecast and in some measure beyond one's immediate control, but it undoubtedly is a very big factor in the life of the community. It affects our work, it influences our play, and its repercussions are felt on all the many minor issues of social enterprise, which, lumped together, make up that indefinable quality known as tone. A handful of boys left to gain increase for their full span of years, or an equivalent number swept away while still raw, will make all the difference. The tradition

of leadership, more than anything in this world, needs background. One has not to look far across the European horizon to realise the crude evolutions which may occur from handing over too quickly to a succession of half-fledged new boys. Geographical environment, with that infectious atmosphere which clings to bricks and mortar, is material and constant, but the tradition of personal endeavour, with all its delicate fluctuations, is contagious. To make firm the contacts with character and personality we cry aloud for the full measure of time essential to development.

P. K.-S.

### FAREWELLS

There were some sad hearts when the day came to say goodbye to two members of the staff who are leaving us. Mr. F. M. White, who is going to Bristol Grammar School, has served us well for over four years and his services will be missed in a number of enterprises apart from the daily P.T., which culminates in the musical drill display at half term. We wish him well in his future, which we believe is full of promise, and if our official congratulations on his engagement to Miss Jane Newman have not been formally given, let them be printed now. His place is being taken by Mr. P. E. Devitt, late of Sherborne and Cairns College, Cambridge, who, fortunately, is known to those of us who live in Seaford.

As for Susan Randolph, who is departing after nearly ten years of incalculable devotion, to teach in S. Africa at a school in Pietermaritzburg, all who know us must realise that we are losing something more than an original and enterprising musician. We are being bereft of a very live personality and a most lovable friend, and if St. Peter can impart his blessing from his position in the hall it will have all the warmth and sincerity that our patron can bestow. Her department is being taken over by Miss Greenaway, who adds a wealth of teaching experience, both in New Zealand and in this country, to her distinguished qualifications as a musician.

### THE CHAPEL SCHEME

So many people ask me how the Chapel Fund is faring that I feel some authoritative statement in these pages might be welcome, although I have no sensational news to publish. When the last issue of this magazine came out, the fund stood at £815, contributed by 80 people. Since then the number



of contributors has risen to 124 and the fund increased to £1,042. What of the future?

The Easter magazine came out very late, owing to an accumulation of accidents, too late, in many cases, for it to be seen by the parents of old boys, as most of the public schools had started and old boys' issues were forwarded on there. This was disappointing and may account partially for the slow increase. Furthermore, the memory of the 1938 budget was sitting rather heavily upon us at that time, and altogether things were unsettled and difficult. This fund, however, is still very much open, and from time to time, when I least expect it, something descends from the skies and sets us all hoping. The first set of plans, which some of you have seen hanging in the set room, was far too lavish in capacity and beyond all possibility of realisation. A chapel of those dimensions would work out at £2,000 without any interior fittings at all, and new plans are now being prepared, more in keeping with our means. Even so, I hope to reach the £1,400 mark, which was my original aim, even if it means spending my holidays with a barrel organ and a monkey. It is inevitable, of course, that the last few hundred should take longer to materialise than the first.

The site is causing a great deal of bother and the situation in general is much the same as it was. I can see no satisfactory alternative to that piece of land beyond the play-room now occupied by a staff bungalow, and as the whole scheme of finding new staff quarters has not gone according to plan, we are held up until some solution to this problem can be found. This, I know, is disappointing to those who are impatient like myself and want to see something definite arise, but it would be madness to start with insufficient resources and on another site which we might regret ever afterwards.

P. K. S.

## THE CRICKET SEASON, 1938

1st XI, 1938

Matches played 10, won 4, drawn 2, tied 2, lost 2.

1st XI.—Sykes\* (Captain), Hoblyn\* (Vice-Captain), Harvey\*, Davis\*, Hickman\*, Blake, W. Brandt, Poston, Lutyens, Jennings, Calthorpe.

\* Colours

Also played.—Boardman, R. J. Owen, J. P. Rogers, Forbes, and J. G. Clark.

We started the season with only one member of last year's 1st XI, the captain, Sykes, and our eventual side included boys who last year were members of the 4th XI. As a result, we naturally had a much weaker eleven than usual, and the astonishing thing about the season has been their ability to avoid defeat. Frequently they were facing a beating, but their "never-say-die" attitude often saved them and eventually they were only twice beaten.

Their batting was almost always most unreliable and except for Davis and, in a lesser degree, Sykes, the bowling never looked very dangerous. However, they had one great redeeming feature; their fielding was nearly always extremely keen and at times approached brilliance. It is hard to beat a side who fields well. Conspicuous in this department of the game were Lutyens, Brandt, Blake, Sykes, and Harvey. Lutyens, perhaps, shone out above the rest for the excellence of his ground fielding. Blake and Brandt, though not quite so certain in their ground fielding, threw into the wicket extremely well. Brandt's catching was also safe, and Harvey distinguished himself by some brilliant catches when fielding near the batsman. Hoblyn was an adequate wicket-keeper and at the beginning of the season brought off some good stumping. Poston, towards the end of the season, became a successful, if somewhat lucky bowler. Hickman, who came into the side late in the season, batted pluckily on several critical occasions. Jennings and Calthorpe joined the side towards the close of the season. Sykes did his job as captain very well, both on and off the field. His placing of the field was sometimes unimaginative, but he managed his bowling with considerable insight.

The weather has not been too kind to us and the usual amount of coaching has been impossible. As a result, the standard of cricket throughout the School has not reached the usual level. However, the ease with which our "under-ten" XI dealt with their opponents gives us hope for the future.

I think a great deal more use might be made of our nets. It seems hard to make the modern generation realise that no one can play games to the best of their ability without constant practice. In a way they are keen enough, but they seem to expect success with the minimum amount of effort. When success eludes them, they are too apt to ascribe their failures to anything but the real reason, often forgetting the old adage that "Practice makes perfect." However, for an inexperienced team, the 1st XI have come through the season with credit to themselves and small loss of prestige to the School.

T.D.P.-C.

SEASON'S RECORD, 1938

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Tied
First XI ..	10	4	2	2	2
Second XI ..	7	4	1	2	—
Third XI ..	3	1	—	2	—
Fourth XI ..	3	2	—	1	—
Fifth XI ..	3	1	1	1	—
Sixth XI ..	1	—	—	1	—
"Under-10" XI ..	2	2	—	—	—
	29	14	4	9	2

BATTING AVERAGES, 1ST XI

	Innings	Runs	Not out	Average
Sykes ..	12	168	0	14
Hoblyn ..	13	138	2	13.4
Hickman ..	6	49	1	9.8
Brandt ..	12	86	3	9.5
Harvey ..	13	108	1	9

BOWLING AVERAGES, 1ST XI

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Poston ..	22	4	53	9	5.9
Blake ..	35	9	132	19	6.94
Davis ..	79	21	267	32	8.6
Harvey ..	62	13	175	20	8.75
Sykes ..	72	14	221	18	12.27

MATCH RESULTS

1ST XI v. SEAFORD BOYS

Home, 4th June. Won by 4 wickets

This match was remarkable for the fact that both sides batted twice. After dismissing our opponents for 22, Davis and Blake taking 4 and 3 wickets respectively for 3 runs between them, we were ourselves skittled for 26. Lutyens was top scorer with 9 not out. At their second attempt the Seaford side got 58 for 9 and declared. Davis again bowled well, taking 3 wickets. We got the runs with 4 wickets to spare, but apart from Hoblyn (24 not out) no one reached double figures and we were, on the whole, lucky to win.

Team: Sykes, Hoblyn, Harvey, Davis, Lutyens, Poston, Blake, W. Brandt, Boardman, J. P. Rogers, and J. G. Clark.

1ST XI v. ASHAMPSTEAD

Home, 6th June. Won by 52 runs

Away, 22nd June. Won by 9 wickets

In the home match, against bowling sometimes good and sometimes the reverse, the score at one time stood at 10 for three St. Peter's wickets. A useful stand for the eighth wicket, however, between Poston (17) and Owen (15) improved the situation and our total eventually reached 80. Earlier on, Hoblyn had batted doggedly for 13 runs. Thanks chiefly to the bowling of Blake, who took 5 wickets for 10 runs, and the wicket-keeping of Hoblyn, who stumped three men, we dismissed Ashampstead for 28 runs and so won rather easily.

Side unchanged, except that R. J. Owen took the place of Clark. In the return match our opponents batted first and made 67, of which 50 runs were made by one player. Sykes took 4 wickets and now and then put in a very good ball. Hoblyn had another successful day and stumped two men. Batting ourselves, we passed their total for the loss of only one wicket, the runs coming mostly from Hoblyn, who made 42 out of the 68 runs required. We went on to make 123 for the loss of 6 wickets, the remaining batsmen hitting out at anything and everything, not, it must be admitted, with great success. Sykes with 13, Owen 17, and Harvey 11, were the chief scorers. The side was unchanged.

1ST XI v. LADYCROSS

Away, 8th June. Drawn

Home, 13th July. Lost by 5 wickets

The first match was rather dull, both sides scoring too slowly and laboriously. The afternoon's play, in fact, produced only 135 runs, scored in something like three hours. Ladycross, batting first, declared at 83 for 4 wickets, but they lost what might have been an easy win by not hitting out at an earlier stage in their innings. Hoblyn, batting carefully, collected 18 runs, mostly in singles, and we managed to play out time in a somewhat exciting finish, thanks mainly to Brandt (9 not out) and Owen, our total being 52 for 7 wickets. The side was unchanged.

At home we batted first, and made 59, of which Sykes got a good 20, Brandt 14 and Hoblyn 8, all in singles! The bowling was certainly good and accurate, but our batting in the later stages, when 7 wickets fell for 10 runs after the first pair had put on 30, was feeble to a degree. When our opponents batted, Sykes made the mistake of keeping Davis on too long—his only serious error of judgment in the use of his bowlers during the



season—and not making sufficient use of Blake and Harvey. Our small total did not allow us to give anything away, and as Davis and his slows were too expensive for such a situation the chance of a closer finish was lost. In this match Calthorpe took the place of J. P. Rogers.

1ST XI v. NEWLANDS

Home, 11th June. Drawn.

Taking the field, we allowed our opponents to score 112 for 9, declared, their ninth wicket putting on 42 runs. Sykes, with 3 wickets for 23, and Davis, with 4 for 22, were the most successful bowlers, but we lost our grip towards the end of the innings, when Sykes' placing of the field was rather faulty and his changes of bowling unfortunate. Newlands, however, had occupied nearly two of the three hours available for play, and thanks to a good innings of 37 by Sykes we managed to reach time with a total of 67 for 7 wickets, made in 58 minutes. Altogether, there is little doubt that the clock saved us from defeat.

1ST XI v. CLAREMONT

Home, 29th June. A tie

This was a most thrilling match, which we came very near to losing. Claremont, batting first, were all out for 58, Harvey bowling extremely well and doing a "hat-trick" in the course of his 5 wickets for 6 runs. We fared little better and at one point had lost 5 wickets for 24, when Brandt and Blake came together and made a stand which took the score to 41. At this point both Brandt, who had made 14, and Boardman left. Five runs later Lutyens was out and the last man, Davis, came in with 5 runs wanted to tie. Amid tense excitement Rogers got a single and then Davis, with two lusty clouts, made the score a tie. Trying to win the match with a big hit, he was well caught and the game ended with honours even.

1ST XI v. THE STAFF

6th July. Lost

The School took first innings and batted more consistently than on some occasions, chief scorers being Sykes with 21, Brandt 12, Boardman 13, Lutyens 11, and Hickman, who made some nice shots, 10 not out. When the Staff went in Mr. Knox-Shaw and Mr. Blatherwick treated the spectators to some big hitting, including several sixes, and made the triumph of authority practically secure before they left. Mr. Blatherwick hit 50 and was then sent into retirement, but the real triumph was reserved for Miss Randolph, who marched out faultlessly

attired to do battle for the Staff for the last time, and, laying about the bowling in the best manner of the village green, collected 10 not out, making the winning hit with a terrific thump to the long-on boundary.

1ST XI v. ST. ANDREW'S

Home, 9th July. Lost by 10 wickets

We were completely outclassed in this game, and although our captain, Sykes, was absent owing to an injury, it is doubtful whether his presence would have materially influenced the result. Some excellent and varied bowling skittled us for 27, the last wicket putting on 8 runs. Hickman, going in fifth, played a plucky innings and looked likely to have made more if he had been given any proper support. Our bowling was treated with scant respect and St. Andrew's eventually made 161, of which one boy was responsible for 82. In this match Hickman replaced Sykes.

1ST XI v. TYTTENHANGER

Home, 16th July. A tie

A tie is an unusual event in cricket and our record of two ties in ten matches must be something very exceptional. Tyttenhanger batted first and made 88. Poston, coming on late in the innings and bowling well, though somewhat luckily, took 4 wickets for 19, Davis and Brandt accounting for the rest. Harvey made two brilliant catches. We began quite well, Sykes batting nicely till he gave an easy catch after having made 24. Then Jennings came in and in seven hits gathered 17 very valuable runs, and Hickman, coming in fifth wicket down, eventually saved the situation by making 15 runs before he was last man out in attempting to make the winning hit with a drive. The last pair put on 11 hectic runs and kept the spectators in a frenzy of excitement. In this match Jennings took the place of Owen.

1ST XI v. CHESTERTON

Home, 20th July. Won by 1 wicket

By this time our nerves had grown quite accustomed to the excitement of a close finish, so that this match was a very appropriate end to the season. First we had all our opponents out by half-past three for 62, Poston getting 4 wickets for 1 run, some of them with a shade of luck, and Davis 4 for 16. The latter sent down some very good balls for more than one of his victims and was unlucky not to get more. When we went in, our total at the tea interval was 27 runs for 7 wickets, and of these Hickman had made 11, while byes accounted for 12!

After tea, Lutyens was rather stupidly run out without further addition to the score, but when Harvey, who had come in seventh wicket, was joined by Blake, nearly 20 runs were added, of which the latter made none! When the last man, Poston, arrived, 15 runs were still required for a win. Harvey proceeded to get most of these, banging the ball all round the field, while Poston bore a charmed life in collecting a very valuable 7. Harvey, with 38 not out, and 15 extras between them won this match for us. Forbes replaced Calthorpe, who was sick, for this match.

1ST XI v. OLD BOYS  
27th July. Lost

This was an amusing game, played in a light-hearted and sporting spirit. The School batted first and amassed a total of 80, to which Hoblyn contributed 10, Brandt 20 not out, Lutyens 13, and Davis a very hard-hit 17 before being very improperly caught by Mitchell's capacious right hand close in on the leg-side. The Old Boys had a race against the clock to get the runs and some of them palpably lacked confidence in the broom-sticks with which they were armed. Not so Ronnie Calthorpe, however, who met everything with the middle of his narrow blade and made a very nice 40, while Robin Jennings hit the ball very hard in scoring 24. These two practically settled the issue, but without them the insidious Davis, who dismissed 5 men for 13, might have made things awkward for his Elders and Betters.

2ND XI

Matches played 7; Won 4; Drawn 1; Lost 2.

Team: Forbes (Captain), J. Clark, R. J. Owen, J. P. Rogers, P. T. Davenport, Boardman, Dean, Gillett, Mollison, Key, and Morris.

Also played: R. de Pass, R. Platt, Matheson, Backhouse.

The 2nd XI has beaten Newlands, Claremont, Chesterton, and Tyttenhanger, drawn with Ladycross in the away match and lost at home by 2 runs, and also lost to St. Andrew's. Altogether it has scored 627 runs—an average of 90 per match—and allowed 429 to be scored against it. Four times it has registered a total of over 100. Claremont it beat by 1 run, 95—94. That, in short, is the history of the 2nd XI of 1938, picked out from the score book so admirably kept by Child throughout the season.

The team has suffered very few changes since June, although the promotion of Jennings, Calthorpe, and Hickman temporarily upset the balance of the side and robbed it of two hard-hitting batsmen and three very keen and energetic fielders.

Forbes has been the best Captain of this XI that I have seen for some time and even had he made a duck in every match (which he didn't) and dropped all his catches, he would have kept his place for captaincy alone. Once, against Tyttenhanger, he made an excellent 40 odd in double-quick time, as likewise did Jennings against Ladycross. Apart from these two individual scores, no very high ones were chalked up, but Dean, Clark, Davenport, and Gillett all showed promise, and one felt that had they once made the spectators give vigorous applause when they returned from batting to the pavilion they might have gone on to do better things. Mollison and Morris have been the mainstays in bowling, the former bagging 17 wickets for an average of 6.23; and the latter 11 for an average of 4.63.

Key has done his best behind the stumps, but has not had enough practice yet, having taken up wicket-keeping rather late in his career, to make sure of all the chances that came his way. Most of the deeds of Owens, Rogers, and Boardman are written up in the annals of the 1st XI, of which they were members until half-way through July.

The chief merit of the side lay in its fielding, which, as in 1937, called forth much praise from spectators. The batting has been of the joyful type and at times rather rustic, but I would sooner see that than a constant endeavour to play strokes at every ball that comes along, no matter if it be good or bad. I would give every boy three rules when batting, and three only: "If in doubt, be careful; if you are going to hit, hit hard; leave alone the rising ball on the off." The 2nd XI will chuckle when they see those last few words.

B. L. T.

3RD AND 4TH XI'S

3rd XI: Matches played 3; Won 1; Lost 2

Team: Platt (Captain), Matheson, Lush, Backus, Brodribb, R. A. Spottiswoode, R. de Pass, M. R. Toynbee, Bowlby, Cowie, and Backhouse.

4th XI: Matches played 3; Won 2; Lost 1

Team: Oliver (Captain), Sellers, Warre, Spring-Rice, Stevenson, P. M. Toynbee, Barrett, Evans, Jaffé, Kernick, and D. M. Spottiswoode.

The successes of the 2nd Game this season have been only moderate. In matches, both teams made a good start, but later the form of the potential run-makers, and of the bowlers, was most inconsistent. All this was perhaps a little distressing,



but as the English Test Team selectors have also been finding this a lean year, we must bow our heads with theirs and hope that next year will produce the usual crop of youthful talent.

Runs for the 3rd XI were made by Calthorpe and Key, who were later moved up to the 2nd XI, and by Matheson, Bowlby, Spottiswoode i, and Brodribb. Also by Oliver, Warre, Toynbee i, and Spring-Rice, in the 4th XI.

Some excellent bowling by Sellers (6 for 25) against Ladycross enabled the 3rd XI to win their first match comfortably, and Lush performed well against St. Andrew's. In the 4th XI, Oliver with 30 not out, and Warre, with 37, made the best scores of the season, while Barrett was very destructive with the ball on two occasions, taking 6 wickets for 24 against St. Andrew's, and 5 for 9 against Ladycross. Peter Toynbee kept one end going very steadily at all times, his best performance being 4 wickets for 17 runs. Age is on the side of several of the members of both XIs, who in the next year or two should make their presence felt either with bat or ball, or both.

#### JUNIOR XI'S

5th XI: Matches played 3; Won 1; Drawn 1; Lost 1

Team: Nickerson (Captain), Stone, Prest, Ridley, Napier, Child, Carritt, S. Clarke, J. Brandt, Cohen, and J. Liddell.

UNDER 10 XI. Played 2; Won 2

Team: Barrett (Captain), Lush, Napier, D. M. Spottiswoode, J. Brandt, Cohen, Symonds, Rich, Fisher, Freeman, and M. Rogers.

The typewriter at first started to write "Junior Ely," meaning, presumably, to write "Elves," and I was tempted to leave it at that. However, the collective vengeance of the Third Game might be a serious matter and the title has, therefore, been corrected. These junior teams have had, on the whole, a successful season and the Under 10 side simply pulverised its opponents. When it had a full side out the 5th XI showed distinct promise for the future, Napier, Cohen, Prest, and John Brandt being the most prominent among them. Cohen, behind the stumps, particularly distinguished himself against Ladycross, when he dismissed 5 "men," all stumped. Napier in one match against Newlands helped himself to 54 runs, and Brandt, Prest, and Cohen all made good scores at different times. The bowling, on the other hand, was less impressive, but the fielding improved noticeably during the term, Carritt and Jarman both doing good work.

## SHOOTING ACCOUNT

Although we knew definitely as early as last February that we had won the "Earl Haig's" Sword in the competition for the "Imperial" Shield, it has not yet arrived at the School. It has, however, reached the engravers and we hope to have it before these lines are in print, so that some of those whose efforts were responsible for winning it, will be able to see it. Strachan, whose "possible" gained him a silver medal, will see it on the last day of this term. I wish Bastable, who gained a bronze medal, with a score of 199, and R. Christie, who also secured a silver medal, could share his satisfaction.

On the whole, we have had a very satisfactory shooting term and the real standard is not quite fairly represented by our scores in the Shield competition. We could have achieved better results if we had not entered so many teams. The 1st VIII got within two points of the record on the 25-yards range, but their scores on the 50 and 100 yards fell rather alarmingly. This was probably because they fired after the sports and half-term week-end, which seemed to have an unsettling effect in many directions. Had we fired fewer teams, we could probably have managed to get them through their programme before half-term with very much higher scores. However, "pot-hunting" is not everything, and, by giving the younger boys experience in competition shooting, we are building up future 1st VIII's.

Michael Toynbee did not do quite as well as one had hoped. On the 25-yards range, he had an attack of nerves or over-confidence, it is rather difficult to say which. He had scored "possible" after "possible" in his practice shoots. On the 100-yards range, he had a piece of bad luck which might have happened to anyone. A "faulty" round dropped low and he scored a 4. He was given an extra round, which gained a 10, but, by the P.S.R.A. rules, he had to count the worst shot in his score. There was no doubt about the round being defective, as the report was no louder than the gentle hiccough of a fairy.

J. Rogers is to be congratulated on scoring the only "possible." He was so overcome by his success that he walked about for a week with a kind of glazed look in his eyes, demanding verification of his score from the Major whenever he met him. Davis and Harvey also did well and missed "possibles" by the narrowest of margins imaginable. Hickman put on a very nice 68, though I always think that his most spectacular feat was the slaughter of 3 flies out of 4 which were having a sun-bath on his target.

The 5th VIII gave the 4th VIII a sound trouncing and made a very creditable score of 474. Cowie's 66 was excellent for a boy who has only just started shooting. He is very keen and I hope for great things from him in the future. Scholte and Calthorpe look as if they will shape well and we expect the latter to follow in the footsteps of his brother, who was one of the best shots the School has had.

The 2nd VIII started to fire on the 50 and 100 yards and did very well so far as they went, but time was too short to complete the targets. I was glad to see that Spring-Rice, R. A. Spottiswoode, and Stevenson well deserved their promotion from my "nursery."

I think a special word of praise should go to Stevenson. He only started shooting in earnest last term; this term he only just missed being included in the 1st VIII, and, on the last day of term, qualified for a bronze medal.

We entered again for the "Harvey Haddon" Summer Trophy and did only moderately well to gain third place.

As there are so many activities during the Summer Term we did not enter for the Sussex County League. The individual scores for the last competition have been issued and medals awarded to the following: Major Apperley, 99.27; D. M. Chambers, 96.77; R. Calthorpe, 96.3; M. Toynbee, 95.66; J. Bayly, 95. The Major renounced his claim in favour of Morris, who had the next highest score (94). Owen (97.6) was given the sixth medal as having the highest score of the boys, though he fired less often than the majority.

Even if we haven't achieved some of the spectacular feats of the past, the standard throughout the School is as high as it has ever been and the boys are just as keen. That, after all, is more important than the actual winning of cups and shields.

Finally, we have to say "Au revoir" to Harry Liddell, our Shooting Captain. It is bad enough to lose a good shot, but it is worse still to lose a good chap.

#### D. M. C.

	St. Patrick's St. George's St. Andrew's			Total
	1st	3rd	2nd	
J. P. Rogers .. ..	70	65	66	201
Morris .. ..	65*	68	66	199
H. Liddell .. ..	68	64	65	197
R. Owen .. ..	67	63	66	196
Poston .. ..	65	64	66	195
M. Toynbee .. ..	64	64	66	188

\* Denotes "Fired for 2nd VIII"

	St. Patrick's St. George's St. Andrew's		
	1st	3rd	2nd
Davis .. ..	69	66	—
Hickman .. ..	68	—	63
Harvey .. ..	69	—	61
Stevenson .. ..	—	65	—
	540	519	513

Second VIII. St. Patrick's Shield (17th out of 57). Spring-Rice, 65; Stevenson, 64; Nickerson, N. Davenport, R. Spottiswoode, 63; Hoblyn, Platt, 62.

Third VIII. St. Patrick's Shield (25th out of 57). Jennings, Key, 64; Sykes, 63; Lutyens, 62; Sellers, Boardman, 61; Mollison, 60.

Fourth VIII. St. Patrick's Shield (50th out of 57). Jaffé, Scholte, 60.

Fifth VIII. St. Patrick's Shield (38th out of 57). Cowie, 66; Oliver, 65; Calthorpe, 63; Child, 61.

#### LADY BALL CUP

Awarded to the boy making the highest average in all competitive shooting for the term.

H. Liddell .. ..	66.76
Other scores:	
Morris .. ..	66.7
Owen .. ..	66.4
M. Toynbee .. ..	66.4
Poston .. ..	66.14

#### ST. PETER'S SILVER SPOON

Presented to the boy who makes the highest score in the P.S.R.A. Competitions.

J. P. Rogers .. ..	201
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#### ST. PETER'S SILVER MEDAL

(H.P.S. 210)

H. Liddell .. ..	205
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#### ST. PETER'S BRONZE MEDAL

C. M. Stevenson .. ..	202
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DAVIS SHIELD (H.P.S. 210)					
White		Blue		Red	
H. Liddell	.. 201	J. Rogers	.. 198	Stevenson	.. 202
Hickman	.. 195	Poston	.. 199	M. Toynbee	.. 197
Davis	.. 200	R. Owen	.. 199	Morris	.. 193
Spring-Rice	.. 193	Mollison	.. 193	Harvey	.. 193
<hr/>		<hr/>		<hr/>	
789		789		785	

HARVEY HADDON SUMMER TROPHY (H.P.S. 200)					
J. Rogers	..	..	..	..	191
R. Owen	..	..	..	..	189
H. Liddell	..	..	..	..	188
P. Davis	..	..	..	..	188
<hr/>					756

#### FATHERS' MATCH

The shortest bona fide essay ever actually handed in by a boy at School was on the subject of "A Day's Cricket," and it read, from start to finish: "Rain—No play to-day."

It appeared possible during the forenoon that as brief a description might cover the events of the second of July, but, happily, play was only prevented for a very short time by a slight shower.

Parents arrived, to be greeted in the usual friendly "St. Peter's" fashion, and then proceeded to the nets where the sons' bats were treated in the most spiteful manner; in fact, one was "tested to destruction" by a stout parent, apparently endeavouring to retrieve the lost figure of youth.

"Skipper" Harvey sorted out the parents with admirable selection as to the suitability of various shapes for the different positions in the field, then Sons Harvey and Lutyens opened the School's innings. The bowling of Father Brandt was treated with the caution it deserved during the first over, then from the pavilion end Father Prest bowled slow stuff with an uncontrolled swing from the leg (Note—There was the usual Seaford sou'wester blowing) and Lutyens treated this with too much respect, giving a comfortable catch to Father Hoblyn. In came Boardman who, with Harvey, proceeded to collect

runs at moderate speed and in creditable fashion. Father Harvey, who really looked a cricketer, came on to bowl medium-fast good-length material to this formidable couple. Son Harvey gave every impression of having seen the bowler and sampled the bowling many times before. Father Matheson brought this partnership to a necessary (from the Fathers' viewpoint) conclusion by bowling Son Harvey and persuading Boardman to give Soldier Spottiswoode a difficult and admirably-taken catch. Son Blake did not survive long. Then came Son Brandt with determined expression, assisted by a straightly-held bat—two useful attributes—and he was joined by Skipper Sykes. These two set about the Fathers' bowling with disrespectful, but justified abandon, and made 22 and 38 respectively in good fashion. There followed Sons Hoblyn, Owen, and Rogers, who each contributed their single-figure scores to bring the total to 144 for 7 wickets, when Skipper Sykes declared. The total would have been higher but for the admirable fielding of Father Matheson and Soldier Spottiswoode, whose catching was "hyper" (this word appears to be a St. Peter's "notion"). Conversely, the total would perhaps have been lower if Soldier Forbes had not been inadvertently drafted to the square-leg position during a spell of erratic bowling.

The batting of the Fathers was not at all times orthodox or exemplary; however, the reputations of Fathers Cohen, Brandt—each of whom made their quota of 25—and Harvey (21) were fully upheld. Others who contributed double figures were Soldiers Spottiswoode and Forbes, Fathers Blake and Prest. But when all the Fathers had been dismissed, the total of their efforts was 15 runs short of that required. Their defeat was due mainly to the bowling of Skipper Sykes (3 for 37), Sons Brandt (3 for 33), and Davis (2 for 18), while their score was subdued by efficient fielding, in which respect Son Lutyens was outstanding.

No complaint was heard of the decisions given by Umpires Knox-Shaw, Pickard-Cambridge, and White, whose critical and advisory comments were heard with disrespect by both batting sides alike.

Important features of the day were the excellent refreshments so kindly provided by our far-seeing hosts to suit all tastes, the spirit of goodwill between Masters and Fathers, Fathers and Sons, Sons and Masters, and, to end this somewhat ribald and inadequate account of a really good day on a different note, at least one person on the ground felt that life was really worth living on hearing the Sons' cheers for the Fathers, and the Fathers' for the Sons.

P. A. RENT

## ST. PETER'S SCHOOL SPORTS

JUNE 18TH, 1938

I have always disliked athletic sports meetings intensely. It may be because I have always been built for comfort rather than for speed, and consequently had to spend days in kicking my heels about after having been knocked out in the first heat of every event for which I entered. More probably, it is because all the sports meetings that I have attended in the past took place either in March or April—months when a chill wind bites into the bones often enough in this country, and one has been forced to sit or more frequently to stand while some laborious athlete from the Middle West puts the weight or throws the hammer in a remote part of some vast stadium, while nine-tenths of the crowd have been bored to distraction.

For these reasons and others, I came to the St. Peter's Sports with a most violent prejudice. Let me be quite clear about this. I looked forward with pleasure to the unvarying St. Peter's hospitality, but I had visions of interminable heats, of lengthy cricket-ball throwing, even of "consolation" races. Of course, I ought to have known that it would not be like that at all. All the same, I should have been willing to take a reasonable bet that I should not enjoy myself, and I must confess, with proper apologies, that I did. I was genuinely interested (and partisan) in the stern struggle between Red, White, and Blue, and—being an avowed Blue myself—I feel that something will have to be done about it before 1939. Indeed, I have serious thoughts of asking Bevil Rudd or H. M. Abrahams to take the Blues in hand before next Summer Term.

In spite of this minor disappointment, I had a really good afternoon. What could have been better, in its way, than the obstacle race? With its traffic lights and level-crossings it was a representation in miniature of the modern pilgrim's progress. Or the gratifying spectacle of the fathers—a fine body of men, I thought—performing complicated evolutions with frenzied zeal? It was regrettable that this event was slightly marred by the excessive ambition of one parent, ably supported by an unscrupulous son. They nipped past the winning post before they had finished their job of work, but the judges were equal to them, I was glad to see. And then, the mothers. Words fail me when I try to describe their sporting unselfishness. All of them in the very flower of womanhood, they cantered up and down grinning rows of spectators in order to make a St. Peter's Holiday. And how they hugged those apples!

Last, but not least, the Physical Training Display. I enjoyed this more than anything else. The whole thing was so slick, and yet so unmilitaristic and unmechanical, that not even Uncle George Lansbury would have objected to it. The Major, standing by his wooden horse, did some very smart fielding, and in taking one particularly heavy catch, nearly capsized. Most of all I liked, for entirely private reasons, the nonchalant grace with which two very young gentlemen performed cart-wheels. (You see, I never could do the beastly things myself.)

All too soon came the prize-giving, in the middle of which I had to hurry away, a convert to sports meetings, but only to those held at St. Peter's.

E. G.

## SETS RESULTS IN WORK AND GAMES

Reds Set repeated their easy success of last Summer Term in the general Sets competition, getting away with a flying start up the ladder which left Whites and Blues toiling far below. The final points and positions were as follows:

Reds (Captain—S. C. Sykes) .. ..	256 points
Whites (Captain—F. P. Forbes) .. ..	186 ..
Blues (Captain—N. Poston) .. ..	165 ..

The individual competition was very properly won by the Captain of the School, S. C. Sykes, who earned the distinction of appearing on the Easterbrook Panel many times over by his all-round service to the School. Morris, assisted by a bunch of golds for his Winchester scholarship, came a very close second, while Evans' performance as a good third was exceptional for a newcomer. The leaders' scores were: Sykes, 24 points; Morris, 22 (without a black to either boy); Evans, 18 (22 golds); and J. P. Rogers, 17.

The Turner Set Work Cup (awarded by points based on the term's nominations) was also won by Reds Set with 59 points, Whites getting 51 and Blues 43. In games, Blues scored a rather surprising success in the Cricket Cup competition over Reds, whose array of talent on paper made them obvious favourites for the championship, but the "book" is notoriously unreliable as a guide on these occasions. In Set tennis, Whites scored an easy victory, but the shooting competition for the "Davis" Shield had the very unusual result of a tie between Whites and Blues, each with 789 points, with Reds a very close third,



4 points behind, thanks mainly to Stevenson, whose 202, the highest score in the competition, was an extremely fine performance. The average score in the whole shoot was exceptionally high.

### TENNIS

The combination of gusty winds, damp courts, and frequently a murky gloom, in which a tennis ball was just visible and no more, has not exactly helped towards the success of our tennis season. In fact, we are beginning to think that for the purposes of our usual summer games and sports it will soon be necessary to enclose a large part of the field in a vast sort of Crystal Palace, where we shall be able to pursue our cricket, swimming, and tennis with the aid of arc lighting, undisturbed by the vagaries of the elements without. The competition was played through the last days of term with the usual feverish race against the light and the clock; Whites had much the best balanced team, with John Clark for the singles and a strong doubles pair in Davis and Hickman, and their victory was never much in doubt. The customary match against Ashampstead, on the last Sunday of term, ended in a draw. We were represented by Sykes and J. Clark, first pair, and Davis and Willie Brandt, second pair.

### SWIMMING

If you have read the foregoing remarks on the tennis season, you will by now have guessed that a review of the bathing season is even more negatively futile. The only thought on which it is pleasant to reflect is the number of colds and chills which we have escaped by not bathing. Two days relieved the term and the Channel from utter discredit in this matter; one provided a temporary lull which we were able to turn to advantage by getting our swimming race decided in the sea just when such a hope was growing more and more remote. The second was the last but one of the term, when the more agile of our fish were able to enjoy a grand buffeting with a lovely, bumpy sea. The race provided a very exciting finish. Backus, doing a very nice crawl, just got home first from Sykes by a foot or two, followed by R. de Pass, P. T. Davenport, and Harvey. In the diving tests, in our own bath, Harvey and Sykes led the field, with Morris, Hickman, and Davis some way behind. The Swimming Cup finally went to Sykes, with 88 points, Harvey being 2nd (80 points), and Backus 3rd (78 points).

### MUSIC

The end of term concert, in spite of extreme heat in the Hut went with a good swing and, judging by the applause was much appreciated by the audience.

An innovation was a recitation, "Boy Billy," performed by Seventh Form boys, coached by Capt. Pickard-Cambridge. It was extremely well done and all the boys who took part deserve great praise. They were word-perfect and spoke audibly and well.

Piano solos reached a higher standard than has been attained for some years. Forbes, Backhouse, Prower, Peirson, Jaffé, and Bowlby all gave good performances, while Lutyens delighted us all with his Macdowell and Beethoven pieces.

It is a pleasure to note that some of the younger boys show great promise, Bevan, J. Fisher, Bryans, and Prower deserving special mention.

The programme included three unison and two part songs, the accompaniments in each case being rendered by boys. Unfortunately we were pressed for time and the Senior Band had to be omitted. This was a pity as the drummers, Warre, Peter Davenport, and Bowlby, are the best we have ever had.

The Juniors performed very creditably, ending up with a spirited "Toy Soldiers March" which sent the audience away in a happy mood.

The Music Cup was awarded to Lutyens, not only on the strength of his excellent performances at the concert, but in consideration of the really first-class work he has done throughout the year, which has been of the utmost value—not only to himself but to the musical life of the whole School.

S.R.

### SWITZERLAND AND GURNIGEL

Nine months have now elapsed since a party of St. Peterites—may we claim you all, parents included—set off to try its skill at winter sporting, and in particular "this ski-ing business."

Those last days of hurry and bustle, the first foregathering at Victoria, our adventures in France where the harassed officials had long given up the unequal struggle with "these fool Englishmen," the early hour of arrival at Berne, followed by the delightful drive up through the rapidly-thickening snow which seemed to blink at us in the early-morning sun; then our arrival at the

Grand Hotel where "Monsieur," surrounded by his team of Fritzts, welcomed us like long-lost friends—all this, and a thousand other memories, come back as happenings of but yesterday.

And now for Gurnigel itself, tucked away on the slopes of the Gantrisch Range, in the Bernese Oberland. Naturally, it is difficult to please everyone and suit every pocket, and it was, therefore, with a little uneasiness of mind that this centre was finally selected, but, on looking back, I don't think we could have bettered the choice. Fortune favoured us and our ski-ing with a superabundance of snow, and with the excellent facilities for indoor amusements, which included a full-size skittles alley, our seventeen days seemed to melt away all too quickly.

It was not long before we had fallen into the daily routine of catching one of the innumerable hotel buses which carried us to "Pickwick Corner," some six thousand feet up. Here, the grandeur of the Gantrisch and, far below us in the valley, the sparkling water of Lake Thun, gave an added zest to the day's excursion and an appetite for the excellent lunch provided.

There were many ways of return to the hotel. For those who had had their fill of ski-ing, the luge run down the road, a distance of three or four miles, provided thrills in plenty, while for the others—well, I for one had many unpleasant falls and breath-taking moments on "Suicide Corner."

But room is scarce, so before I turn to the personal side, if any of you have thoughts of joining us this season, or have ideas which will help to make the scheme an annual success, do please let me know at the beginning of next term. On second thoughts, there really would be no end to an account of the individual achievements of the party, and knowing the reputation of the Editor's blue pencil, I prefer not to present him with an excuse for using it.

T. H. R.

#### OLD BOYS' NEWS

We wish goodbye and good luck to the leaving boys, who are :  
S. C. SYKES (Captain of the School and Captain of Reds ; Captain of Cricket and Rugger ; Soccer colours and Shooting VIII), who is going to Charterhouse.

H. F. C. HARVEY (Captain ; Cricket and Rugger colours, and Shooting VIII), who is going to Marlborough.

H. M. LIDDELL (Captain ; Captain of Shooting VIII), who is going to Rugby.

P. D. C. DAVIS (Captain ; Cricket and Rugger colours, and Shooting VIII), who is going to Marlborough.

G. S. NICKERSON, who is going to Eton.

K. N. HICKMAN (Cricket colours and Shooting VIII), who is going to Wellington.

W. K. MOLLISON (Captain), who is going to Winchester.

R. J. OWEN (Captain ; Rugger colours and Shooting VIII), who is going to Eton.

J. A. SELLERS (Captain), who is going to Canford.

Among our visitors to the School this term we have welcomed Ronnie Haynes, J. C. Hutton Wilson (to whom hearty congratulations on the birth of a son), Michael Previté, Tom Batson and Pat Pirie-Gordon (both playing cricket for the Staff side), Mr. Henderson (who stayed with us two nights and played for the Staff against Clare College, showing all his old skill with the bat at an awkward moment), Miss Falwasser (who stayed a week-end at St. Peter's), J. W. E. Ringland (who is in the timber business in Hull), Stafford Coulson (who dropped his usual bomb on the School on May 13th), Derek and John Anderson, Captain Adair Pickard-Cambridge, Dennis Alderson (to whom our congratulations on his engagement), Mr. Livesey, Thomas Foot (who is reading Medicine at Cambridge), James Merton (House Physician at Charing Cross Hospital), Derek Jackson (studying electricity at Faraday House), W. Freeman-Attwood, J. P. L. Scott and D. L. Scott (from King's College Hospital), J. B. Ferguson and J. B. Kent (Tank Corps, doing the Mechanical Transport course at Woolwich), Harry Browell (Royal Warwickshire Regiment), Tony Ince (straight from coxing a boat in the Eastbourne College regatta), Dick Ince (awaiting results of Sandhurst passing-out examination), Mr. and Mrs. R. M. C. Sanderson, H. R. Hickman (farming at Cowden), D. G. Leach (qualifying as a solicitor), and J. V. G. Moir, who missed "Label" day by mistake and came over the following day.

Our party of O.B.s on the last day of the term was the largest and merriest for some time and consisted of G. G. Dean, W. H. Tankard, D. R. Mitchell, R. G. Jennings, J. H. Crockatt, D. Strachan, B. R. Armstrong, J. D. Platt, R. A. S. G. Calthorpe, A. D. Lucas, R. C. Crichton, and N. J. D. Vernon. Sinclair would also have been in it, but was prevented at the last minute by illness.



#### OXFORD

Our new Oxford correspondent, Pat Pirie-Gordon, sends us a jocular bulletin concerning Oxford O.P.s, "with apologies to those whose lives have been omitted through lack of knowledge or inaccurately rendered through excess of imagination." He pleads lack of opportunity and offers the following gossip as a palliation till such time as more reliable facts can be gleaned:

Morris still revels in A. E. Housman and shove-halfpenny; with regard to his outgrowth of hair we strongly suspect a Nazarite vow.

Randall went down finally at the end of this term, having made exhaustive studies of English literature. He was frequently found in the Union library laboriously annotating "Paradise Lost." Spurred on by Milton or by memories of the "Pen and Paper" (1929 version) he claims that he is hankering after a journalistic career with some provincial production.

Martin Esdaile is up to the neck in earnest works; he is College secretary of the Conservative Association, he promotes Basque relief and participates in Bach's chorales, he is also perfecting his German and Spanish and, in the intervals, works for a classical degree. For relaxation he recites a Latin grace with an exotic Italian accent and browses contentedly on Dante and Goethe.

Pirie-Gordon, a horse-gunner and a dry-land yachtsman, spent most of his time rehearsing for the O.U.D.S., and finally passed the hottest days of the summer acting in the restricted and airless quarters of the Oxford Playhouse. Otherwise he has been playing a little cricket and been eating many dinners, sometimes in the company of the admirable Miss Hill, who has been extremely overworked at the Dragon's School. In the course of the summer she has been called upon to deal with measles, mumps, and mastoids—all were successfully mastered, though Oxford was thus overlong deprived of her company.

There is no memorable news of the younger Walker nor of O'Regan.

#### CAMBRIDGE

The best piece of news from this University is that John Mollison, the valued writer of these notes on O.P.s at Cambridge, is staying up for a fourth year. He was suddenly pushed back a couple of years to do 1st Year History Mays, but fortunately failed to fail. Less fortunately (he adds) he will be up for another

year, and knowing as he does that other Cambridge O.P.s think that public spirit means free whisky, can see himself writing more of these bulletins. Mollison avers that he had collected a copious supply of notes on the doings of O.P.s, but has lost the majority of them, in default of which his memory has served him extraordinarily well—a tribute to his industry in collecting news. First, R. Rivington (Trinity), T. A. Lancashire (Magdalen), and O. N. Hooker (Trinity) are grouped together, as they have all been reading Engineering and all three are going down. All got 2nds in their Mays last year, and believed that they had probably repeated their performance in the Trip., of which Engineers are only inflicted with one. Rivington and Lancashire, both of whom have mechanical jobs waiting for them somewhere, have a high opinion of Hooker's brain and a low one of his industry. Hooker, one of our two oarsmen, rose to the First Trinity 1st Boat in the Mays, a pleasant culmination to his rowing career at Cambridge. A. J. C. Harvey (also Trinity) has been taking History Mays, in which he obtained a 3rd. He has succeeded R. F. Howe as the O.P. representative at the Pitt Club (horse); was going to do a course on Rolls and Bentley engines in London during July. Incidentally, he must learn to send off his telegrams saying that he cannot lunch rather earlier than 12.50. G. D. Anderson (Pembroke) has also been doing History Mays and also secured a 3rd. He has been playing cricket for his college 1st XI and is a much more punctual attendant at 9 a.m. lectures than Mollison. D. A. G. Preston (Emmanuel) has been taking his Diploma in Agriculture and will presumably have gone down. J. R. Stansfield (St. John's) has eluded the vigilance of our correspondent for nearly three years, but has now been discovered to have been reading Medicine and is going on to one of the London hospitals. Aided by that valuable social asset, a car, his life is reported to have been far from colourless, and, in fact, a social success. H. R. Ross (Trinity Hall) duly got a 1st in his Natural Sciences Trip., after narrowly missing one in his Mays. Was intent, when last seen, on an expedition to central Iceland with four companions. The start was due to be made about July 6th and by now, remarks Mollison, "They should have settled down to keep a few thousand mosquitoes happy for four or five weeks." H. T. Foot (Corpus) has been finishing the 1st M.B., is in the cavalry, plays tennis, is keen on photography and the cinema, and is "good w. sps.," according to a cryptic note which Mollison is now unable to decode. D. H. Carritt (Peterhouse), not content with rowing himself, was organising his college rugby boat. This was because he was only taking Mays and so had to fill in his spare time somehow, part of which

he devotes to rush visits to London. G. M. Turner (also Peterhouse) has a palatial apartment below Carrit, and while the latter makes a dash for London, he does the like to Scotland. Recreations include tennis, the piano, a radio-gramophone, the *Daily Mirror*, and Law, which he is meant to be reading, shove-half-penny, and racing cars. With all this he is reputed, far from being careworn, to be looking "smoother than ever." S. Strutt (Peterhouse) is another of the numerous O.P.s about whom friends maintain a prudish silence. Is rather a star at tennis, and is said to grow no larger and no older than in years gone by. J. M. Williams (Queen's) provides chiefly military news. His father has been made G.O.C.-in-C. of the Eastern Command and he himself hopes to enter the Gunners in a year's time, if his eyes permit. Is doing an attachment with the Gunners this summer. D. J. M. Partridge (Queen's) is not so fit. In the middle of the Lent Term he acquired concussion, evidently from a fish on which he had slipped. Has been up looking for rooms for next year and has, unfortunately, been debarred from further triumphs with his college XI, of which he was secretary. P. M. Grundy (Clare) is in constant friction with Mollison over shooting matters. Works too hard and duly became a wrangler. He and Mollison shot together in the inter-College full-bore competition, were the last detail at 600 yards and just failed to catch the leaders.

Among others not actually up, there is also news of Peter Storrs, who has been taking the Diplomatic examination, and of Basil Storrs, that he continues discontentedly to make G.P.O. films. Paul Davies-Colley has been up at Cambridge for an examination, and Pat Pirie-Gordon is visiting Wales, Brittany, Athens, and Salonika during the vacation.

#### RADLEY

Toby Tankard (Morgan's) has got his usual remove and hopes to take Higher Certificate within the year. He was top of his "Social" batting averages and his side were the cup winners. C. T. Rivington, a tennis champion, has left for Trinity, Cambridge, while Douglas Sinclair has also left to prepare for the Varsity. John Warde wrote from Switzerland; he left Radley a term ago and has been travelling and studying in Germany. Is going to Austria next and in September to Corpus Christi, Oxford. Will be reading for History honours and may eventually try for the Civil Service.

#### MALVERN

I. M. Phillips (No. 5) is in the Classical Vth and was taking Higher Certificate this term. Has batted successfully in House matches and plays a lot of tennis. Is a Lance-Corporal in the Corps and has taken up stone carving and etching.

#### STOWE

L. D. M. Clark (Bruce House) has been taking School Certificate and enjoys learning Spanish. Will be leaving soon and going for a trip round the world, to which he looks forward, being anxious to get a view of other things beyond school life. He hopes to start training for the Territorial cavalry and later to join the Wilts Yeomanry. He plays tennis and vastly prefers it to cricket. Bertie Armstrong (Walpole House) finds work very easy and everything grand. He has taken up German and is going on a tour of the Black Forest and adjoining countries during August. He hopes to become a "dolphin." Ronnie Calthorpe (also Walpole House) is in Shell C—about the standard of Form III. Has been playing cricket for the junior Colts, and, according to Bertie, is completely dotty on the game. Also bicycles, plays golf and laments the absence of an aeroplane factory at Stowe. Basil Gregory (Grenville) has left and will travel for a year, after which he will go up to Cambridge in October, 1939. He intends to do a spot of work in London before starting out. Performs on both piano and 'cello.

#### SHERBORNE

J. A. Fraser (Abbey House) is in the Army Vth with Stevens and hopes to go to Sandhurst next June. His chief recreation is fishing. He reached the final of the boxing competition last term (unfinished, owing to illness) and was given his colours.

#### CHELTENHAM

John Wood (Hazelwell House) hopes to get into the Science Vth, if he passes School Certificate, next term. Plays clarinet in the Corps band. Still pursues his navy avocation, acting as stage carpenter in college play and constructing tennis courts. Inquires after the Zoo, of which he was an original founder.



#### RUGBY

Jack Crockatt (Cotton House) is doing well in work, except for Maths. Goes in No. 1 at cricket and is reserve for his House 2nd XI. His corkscrew run up to the wicket will surely attract attention some time to his bowling.

#### CLIFTON

Tony Edge (Wiseman's) hopes to reach the VIth next term, but finds Maths somewhat trying. Plays cricket for Curtis's team, a sort of veterans' 3rd XI, whose cricket is typical village stuff and good fun. Got into the racquets VI this term and had reached the semi-final of the squash competition. Hopes to find a place in the rugger XV next term. Has the 'Varsity in view when he leaves Clifton.

#### MARLBOROUGH

Michael Evans (Field House) was preparing frantically for School Certificate. Plays a lot of tennis, but not much cricket. Going to O.T.C. camp at Tweseldown. Dick Christie (Barton Hill) renewed acquaintance with sanatorium (measles). Is still in Shells with Jennings and Phillips. After Bisley, was hoping to get the chance of some shooting. At this point, felt a return from letter-writing to prep. desirable! Robin Jennings (Field House) has also had measles. Plays cricket for House Lower, but sings a dirge over the deterioration of his bowling. John Platt (Barton Hill) finds work easy, but cricket less interesting than at St. Peter's. He spends much time touring Wiltshire on his bicycle and has vastly enjoyed the term, measles included. David Crerar (Littlefield) was thrilled by a lecture on eagles by Mr. Knight. Has taken up archaeology and excavates bones. Continues to shoot with distinction and shared, of course, in the premature triumph of the Marlborough VIII at Bisley (2nd in the Ashburton). R. C. Crichton (A House) writes letters reeking of college slang. Dashes about the country on his "grid," and is sarcastic at the expense of College bathing and its sliminess. P. McK. Hunt (C House) was taking School Certificate and will leave at the end of the year to take up surveying. Has passed Certificate A and reached the honourable rank of Corporal. Francis Hardy (B House) is in the Hundreds and is now destined for the Navy. His chief recreation is plastering himself with printers' ink in company with Freeman-Attwood in the printing business. Warren Freeman-Attwood himself (A House) had his work and pro-

motion prospects badly wrecked by measles. Nevertheless, he hopes to achieve a double remove. Apart from the printing-press his spare time is largely occupied with the Musical Society. James Moir (Cotton House) is in Remove, has been one of measles' victims, does German and enjoys it. Writes poetry, but finds the *Marlburian* less complaisant than the editor of this magazine, which he considers the classier journal of the two. E. C. Phillips (Field House) is in Shells and hoped for a double remove. Has been making runs for the Colts and hoped to get into his House Upper this term. David Comyn (B House) has now left to become a brewer, after a most successful career. He reached the VIth and was made a prefect, appeared in the XI against Rugby at Lord's, where he took 3 wickets and knocked up a very useful 36 at a critical moment, and was unlucky to miss both rugger and hockey colours, owing to injuries in the last year. In his House, he was captain of everything in the sport line, except rugger and shooting. Gordon Dean (Cotton House) also has left and will go up to Cambridge (Clare) in the autumn. We shall badly miss the excellent Marlborough budget which he has sent us with unflinching regularity. He has been a platoon commander in the Corps and captain of the 3rd XI at cricket, which under his captaincy has remained unbeaten. He says that all are cricketers except for their captain! In work, his last act was to take Higher Certificate. He has gone to the Duke of York's camp at Southwold, and with him are a younger brother of Michael O'Regan and Dick Chignell. George Morse throws the javelin for the School and is believed to hold the School record at that event. He plays first violin in the orchestra. When he leaves he expects to do languages abroad, before going into business, probably with an engineering firm in London. M. G. Barrett (A House) is squeaking successfully on his clarinet and is a member of the College band, in which he played on Prize Day. Is longing for the rugger season to come round. Bill Christie (Cotton House) is in the Remove. Has taken up archaeology with Crerar and has been excavating a Bronze Age dwelling. Is an enthusiastic supporter of Mr. Peirson's Natural History Society. David Marshall has been throwing both discus and javelin, doing some acting in aid of local Women's Institutes, writes poetry for Marlborough and the London Press, and is going on the Public Schools educational tour to Newfoundland, where he hopes to see David Bevan. He obtained seven credits in School Certificate at Christmas. J. B. Turner is now an established "brain" on the history side and has collected several prizes for this subject, or was it for music, in which he continues to shine, both singing and playing the piano.

#### DARTMOUTH

David Bevan has been working very hard preparing for passing-out examination at a formidable array of subjects. Has kept wicket again for the 1st XI and will go to sea in the *Vindictive* on a Mediterranean cruise in September. T. L. Davies was also passing out; he delights in sailing and is reported to be very active in scaling the rigging. P. C. G. Acworth is in top class for History and English, but objects to Maths at 6.30 in the morning. Is in his junior House XI and is reputed skilful at sailing in a hurricane. Michael Brislec has had measles, which put a stop to his taking a life-saving course. Took part in Drake House regatta, pulling in a gig, which came in 3rd. Is still in B term for everything except French. Has played a little cricket and some tennis, but spends most of his time in sailing.

#### UPPINGHAM

J. D. Strachan (Lorne House) is enjoying every minute, got a double remove, is in his junior House team, still keeps wicket, and is a recruit to the O.T.C. Has gone camping for a month in the North of France to exercise his French, in which he is doing very well. Geoffrey Bullock (also in Lorne) has written volumes, largely about the fagging system. Found Strachan a great help in the early stages. Has joined the choir and has little difficulty in coping with the work.

#### CHARTERHOUSE

Nigel Vernon (Saunderites) adorns his letters with strange Carthusian expressions, has been playing cricket and squash, and thoroughly enjoying life. Expresses approval of the "Sweat" shop. J. C. Pollock (Saunderites) lives crowded hours between work, swimming, tennis, bicycling, and music. His classical taste is frequently outraged by the enthusiasm of his neighbours for jazz and swing music. Practises journalism hard, mainly on political subjects, and has got into print more than once. His brother Michael (same House) has left, with many regrets, to become a stockbroker. He has been making lots of runs for his House as a No. 1 batsman and bowls slow off-spinners. His opinion of this journal grows with time, which is consoling to an often worried editorial staff. U. E. Larsen (Robinites) is in the Under Vth and took School Certificate. Has given up cricket for tennis, was vice-captain of hockey last term, and went on a tour of Germany in the holidays

with the 1st XI. He has got his athletic colours and continues to advance by leaps and bounds, his best jump last term being 5 ft. 5 ins. (high) against Harrow. Is doing a gymnastic course in Denmark during August.

#### CANFORD

Peter Chettle (Monteacute House) is in Form VII, apologises for his audacity in taking School Certificate, of which he takes a gloomy view. He is in the 2nd XI at cricket, and vice-captain of House XI. Continues to print with great success and receives extensive orders from the Bursar. Leslie Filliter (Monteacute) is head of the School and has innumerable activities. Got another scholarship and has acquired a reputation for speech-making in any language required. C. M. Monro (Franklin House) is captain of the Shooting VIII, won the cup for the highest average and picked up prize money for various awards at Bisley. He is in the Lower VIth and is working for his 1st M.B., and has joined R.A.F. section of the O.T.C. W. P. G. Clark keeps wicket for his House 2nd XI, played in all the Colts' matches, has joined the O.T.C., and thoroughly enjoys its activities.

#### OUNDLIE

S. E. A. Nobbs (New House) relates a chapter of accidents; he broke his arm cranking up a lawn mower, tore some muscles in his neck (not reported how), and last holidays in Holland fell down a flight of stairs. Otherwise, very fit. Has been shooting for his House and hopes to get into School VIII next summer. Is a Lance-Corporal in the Corps and has taken Certificate A, now on the engineering side and took School Certificate with the expectation of failing at the first attempt. Graham Wallace (School House) is getting along well in all departments, plays for House under-16 XI and for School junior Colts, achieved the distinction of a swimming "blue" and got a "first class" in shooting. He enjoys the metal shops and especially working on the lathe.

#### EASTBOURNE COLLEGE

A. P. G. Ince (Pernell House) is in the fifth form from bottom and with luck hopes to be in School Certificate form next term. He coxes the School 2nd IV and has got his colours. He also coxed the 1st IV and went to Marlow regatta, where he had great fun. Is a bugler in the band. D. M. Man (School House) is in the Classical VIth and has had his second year in the XI,



keeping wicket and hitting up some good scores. He is captain elect for next summer. He has a nice, quiet term ahead of him, combining the duties of secretary of rugby, captain of fives, sergeant in the Corps, and editor of the *East-bourneian*. Phil. Scott has been doing Higher Certificate, specialises in Modern Languages, and hopes to try for a scholarship at Cambridge at the end of the year.

#### WINCHESTER

Tony Friday (Chernocke House) no longer has to sweat, and enjoys life thoroughly. Is now in Senior Part III and has been absorbed in work for School Certificate. Has been shooting this term, also playing as a batsman (!) in Page Pot (House under 16). He played goal-keeper for the Colts last term.

#### PANGBOURNE

P. I. Jonas has left and paid us a visit just before taking a cadetship in the P. & O., and going on his first voyage to India and Australia. He is now in the R.N.V.R., and hopes to get eventually into the R.N. David Mitchell (Hesperus Division) has been playing cricket for the juniors and is captain of under-15 XI. Has done a little shooting and taken the life-saving course. Revels in the river and other Summer Term attractions. Derek Lucas (Port Jackson Division) finds the work much too easy and often much below St. Peter's standard. Enjoys drill and marching, but finds some difficulty in dealing with all the paraphernalia of marching order. E. G. Turner (Harbinger Division) has played a lot of cricket, keeping wicket for the 2nd XI and latterly (owing to an injury to the regular keeper) for the 1st. Michael Lucas is a cadet leader, was a member of the vaulting party on Founder's Day, and shot at Bisley. He plays some tennis. During August, will be learning to fly at the aviation school at Norwich, *en route* for Imperial Airways.

#### EPSOM

Oliver Mallam (Granville House) is leaving this term and is going to learn to fly during August, at the same school as Michael Lucas. He and his brother formed a shooting club in the School, with a view to raising the standard, and he has been a corporal in the O.T.C. In work, he ended in Literary VI B. His chief recreation is hard-court tennis.

#### BLOXHAM

Hugh Jackson has been battling with School Certificate, having fallen out with the examiners over a language. Was going to camp at Tidworth, taking his motor cycle and expecting to serve as a dispatch rider. He has taken up shooting and enjoys it. Otherwise, he chiefly plays tennis. He will be touring Scotland on his motor bike during the holidays, with a leaky tent to camp in.

#### WELLINGTON

J. M. Looker (Murray) is in Lower II, two forms below School Certificate form, with Burnett. Has started Trig. and Physics and is doing well in English. Plays chiefly squash and tennis, does some mild rock gardening, debates, and in winter goes beagling. Has also assisted in the start of digging A.R.P. shelters. Ludwig Dresel (Benson) still figures often in debates and has been taking School Certificate quite casually as a very minor affair. Wallis Hunt (Combermere) has been doing School Certificate, too, along with the elder Bayly. He writes graphically about the Corps' activities, in which he himself is active. We observed his controversial encounter in the correspondence column of the *Cricketer* and were deeply impressed by his learning in cricket matters. James Bayly (Talbot) was placed in Upper IIIA (five forms from bottom) and finds work easy. He got his House 2nd XI cap at cricket and has enjoyed every minute of the term.

#### ETON

Richard Clarke (C. Mayes, Esq.) has played a lot of cricket for House and House juniors. Has also done some rowing. Is in Form Middle Remove, and says the way to avoid fagging at Eton is to pass in high up.

### THOUGHTS ON SPORTS

Most years it is the onlookers' pleasant task to sit under a broiling sun and wonder at the energy of the competitors in perspiring sympathy. This year, however, the positions were reversed. The conditions were almost made to order for the runners, who had every advantage in the cool, still day; but the spectators spent the afternoon with one eye on the running and the other on the heavens, where dark clouds began to pile up ominously, threatening disaster to hats and frocks. In point of fact, we were extremely lucky to complete our pro-

gramme. The day was admirably suited to a concerted attack on existing records, but it ended with only two successes on the part of the attackers. It may sound an easy thing to knock a split inch or second off the records of former champions, but in fact it grows less easy each year that passes. Specialisation, no doubt, would do it, but an athletic boy likes to have a go at everything, not to mention the demands of a hectic Set competition. We all expected that Blake would lower a record somewhere in the programme, and he did not disappoint us. On a previous day, also, Barrett had bestrode the crossbar in the junior high jump like a Colossus, beating a ten-year-old record by a quarter of an inch. Otherwise, apart from the completeness of Blake's triumph in the intermediate events, there was nothing outstanding. The Sets competition for the champion cup was won rather easily by the very keen, well-balanced and well-trained Reds team, and the chief interest of the afternoon was centred in some supremely close finishes. In the individual championships, the rivalry was very keen among the seniors and juniors, Sykes and Lush each having to fight very hard for his win; but Blake, in his group, had the most runaway victory that we can remember. Dean ran splendidly, only to find himself beaten each time by Blake's remarkable finishing power, and he deserved no little sympathy for the unkind fate which decreed that he should come up against such a disheartening opponent. All three sprints provided exciting finishes, Spottiswoode beating Lush by inches only, and Blake coming along with a terrific burst when Dean looked a certain winner; while in the senior hundred, the first three might have been covered by the proverbial blanket, Forbes, Sellers, and Lutyens finishing all in a bunch. In the hurdles, Lush and Blake won their events by a fair margin, but Lutyens had a desperate race with Peter Davenport and won only by splendid finishing. The long jump requires considerable practice and here, in the senior event, Davenport jumped unluckily, mistiming his take-off by a small fraction each time till he produced his winning jump, but he looked like a potential record-breaker in a year's time. The Set relay is always a popular event and this year thrilled the spectators with a breathless duel between Whites and Blues, the former winning in better time than last year, thanks largely to the speed and determination of some of their younger fliers. In the three longer races, only the junior event had a close finish, David Spottiswoode battling out a most determined race a few inches ahead of Lush. Blake knocked a fifth of a second off Mitchell's intermediate record, timing a devastating sprint beautifully, to beat Dean, who had made all the running at a hot pace,

in the last few yards. His speed is soon going to become a menace in a built-up area like this and I know one time-keeper, at any rate, who intends to gong him if he attempts to repeat anything of the sort next year. Sellers won the three hundred yards as he liked and in excellent time, considering the fact that he had to run his own race entirely. The tug-of-war was made memorable by a terrific pull between Reds' and Whites' second teams, which seemed to last an eternity and exhausted the almost hysterical spectators not much less than the pullers. There is no getting away from the popularity of these team encounters, and we wish that room could be found in the programme for more of such events. The dampness of the ending did not reflect our feelings. If the sun let us down, at least the runners did not. Things are hot enough for anything when there are people like Blake, Lutyens, and Davenport about.

We had our return contest with Mowden School, from Brighton, on the afternoon of July 21st. It was an extremely pleasant and friendly encounter, spoilt only by the fact that, as luck would have it, our team proved rather too strong almost throughout the programme. The result was a win for us by 90 points to 24, the one event which we lost being the cricket-ball throw. Rather surprisingly, the performances of Sellers, Dean, Blake and Lutyens in five events knocked spots off the results and times of our School sports day. While every member of the team of 13 which competed for us more than justified his choice, I think everyone would agree that Dean and Sellers were the chief heroes of the day. That, perhaps, is a little unfair to Blake, who ran splendidly, all out, in each of his events, but Dean was right in the picture, beating the School Intermediate high jump record of 4ft.  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. (he jumped 4ft.  $\frac{1}{2}$ in.) and equalling the hurdles record of 15.25 seconds. Sellers, in the seniors, captured three events and again looked a very promising runner in the 300 yards, which he won with ease in excellent time. The baton changing in the senior and junior short relays, both won rather comfortably in fast time, was excellent and entirely justified the trainer's ruthless insistence on practice. Mr. Russell had everything extremely well organised and his band of helpers were efficiency itself. To these stray comments there is one other to be added, much more to the point than anything which concerns the running: we did very much appreciate the cheery and friendly spirit in which our opponents took a rather thorough beating. The beating could not be helped, our juniors happen to have some exceptional talent among them, but from everyone's point of view, it was a pity. The spirit of the whole meeting, on the other hand, was a pleasure which I would not have missed for a lot.



Our team was as follows (competitors being limited to three events, exclusive of relays): Forbes, Sellers, Lutyens, Oliver, Jennings, Davis, P. T. Davenport, and R. de Pass (seniors); and Blake, Dean, Bowlby, Matheson, and Carritt (juniors).

### THE BRIGHTON MUSICAL FESTIVAL

On the afternoon of May 20th, David Lutyens, Ronald Bowlby, and their teacher set out for Brighton; the pupils nervous lest their memory or their fingers play them false, the teacher fearful lest she may over-estimate their prowess.

The garish splendour of the Regent's Pavilion is reached and we prowl round the lobby, nonchalantly glancing at the cups and medals, none of which, of course, we must assume will be ours. Then, with trembling knees and sinking hearts, we enter the judgment hall where Mr. Markham Lee is waiting to hear "Elegy," by Cade, played by 43 children between the ages of 12 and 13.

David Lutyens' name is shouted out. Bravely, in front of the vast audience, he stalks up to the piano, composes himself— forgets himself—enjoys himself—the audience applauds and he is back in his place, muttering, "Was it O.K., Dofe?"

We all three settled down to listen to the 42 other competitors. Generously we force ourselves to applaud the good performers, and we try not to gloat over the obviously poor ones!

The teacher wonders if it is her imagination or partiality that makes her discern more genuine feeling, more perfection of touch and phrasing, more sureness of tone and rhythm in Lutyens' performance than in any other. She comes to with a start as a pert high-school miss trips to the piano and with much aplomb throws off "Elegy" with a flourish of her well-drilled fingers. She is followed by a little Jewish girl, so small that she cannot properly reach the pedals, but in her playing there is a touch of genius.

At last we are through and the adjudicator has risen to make his report.

We are on tenterhooks. He praises one, he pulls another to pieces, he goes to the piano himself, he makes jokes at the expense of the players, and then, quite calmly, he awards Lutyens 1st place certificate and a silver medal, with 88 marks out of 100.

We are overcome, but we are English and must not show emotion, so we go out and eat an ice.

An hour to wait and we are back again for the Duet Class. This time the age limit is 14 and Bowlby is not yet 12. There are eight couples to play "The Mill," by Leon D'Ourville, before our turn comes. The names are called and Lutyens and Bowlby mount the scaffold. Bowlby looks scornfully through his spectacles at the chair provided for him—tries it, decides it compares unfavourably with the one that is held together by string in the music room, calmly walks back to the audience, chooses another, and puts it in position. "That's right, young man, make yourself comfortable," says the adjudicator—amused. Unperturbed and with wonderful composure the boys do their stuff and rejoin their teacher, who, by this time, is swelling with pardonable pride.

The last couple have played and Mr. Markham Lee rises once more. "May I hear the young Buckhaus and Paderewski again?" he asks, and for the second time our two rush their way through "The Mill." Alas! This time, the music falls down in the middle but, nothing daunted, Bowlby retrieves it, and they carry on to the end, to be awarded 2nd place certificates with 88 marks, just 2 less than the 1st prize winners.

We collect our certificates and medal, receive the congratulations of many of the audience and make our way back to St. Peter's determined to repeat our efforts next year.

S. E. R.

### MIDSUMMER MADNESS

The idea that midsummer is a time when most people behave more oddly than usual, is as old as Shakespeare, and summer has long been hailed with joy by Mr. Punch as the "silly season" which will fill the pages of his summer number. At this School, the season has produced its usual bounteous crop of crazes from the fruitful field of the first class-room. It opened in good time. The first symptom was the sound of a thud, frequently repeated, which early and late could be heard down the passage. Plonk! A few seconds' silence, then again the same hollow plonk. Sometimes a series of plonks in quick succession. Some solid body, apparently, making contact with another. But why so often?

The mystery is soon solved: it is merely P. D. Cinquevalli Davis practising jugglery with three balls at once, golf balls, cricket or tennis balls, or even pots of Grip-fix—anything he can lay hands on. The frequency of the thuds ceases to be surprising, but the element of mystery still remains. How comes "Davi" to be allowed to field at slip in first game, and how do the nerves of the first class-room manage to survive this continual bombardment?

Hard on the heels of this eccentric pursuit, came a general craze for flying "Tadpole" aeroplanes, flimsy-looking little creations only a few inches in length, but of surprising stability and endurance. It began, I need hardly say, with Nigel Hickman, whose diminutive craft seemed to spend most of the day colliding with light globes or crashing on desks and being repaired by its owner's skillful hand. The arrival of more of these half-crown midgets, owned by Lutyens and Harry Liddell, later increased the fleet to three. Then one eventful day, the eye of some restless genius fell upon a rubber band. In a flash he drew a ruler from his pocket (the uses of rulers at this academy are too numerous to mention), looped the band over one end, drew it to its fullest extent, aimed carefully at the plane hovering overhead and fired. A hit brought the "Tadpole" crashing to the ground. It was an event to gladden the heart of man, like the firing of the cave-dweller's first arrow. Thereafter, a whole battery of anti-aircraft rulers might be seen in action at every available hour of the day. Lockers and desks were combed for weapons, while ammunition—bundles of bands, red, green and blue—poured in from the School shop. The gunners soon acquired remarkable accuracy, and the planes spent a large part of their time in the repair shop, where holes in every part of their vulnerable anatomy were hastily patched, while the gun crews spent their time in searching the floor for lost bands. The time came when the poor "Tadpoles" were little more than a remnant of patched wreckage. At long last, the Captain of the School stepped in and forbade the use of rubber bands, with which by this time the room was thickly coated, excepting only the legitimate purposes for which the simple-minded manufacturer had produced them. Thus peace was once more restored to the first class-room.

It is hardly fair to speak of the next subject as being in the category of summer madnesses, though it has some of the characteristics of a craze. I refer to the Scissors and Paste Club, of which the president is Ronald Bowlby, and the secretary, Wog Child. This organisation exists for the purpose of hunting out any information upon world affairs that has a current interest.

It preys upon the daily papers, reducing them to neat strips, which it then pastes, a column at a time, into the appropriate book, labelled "Spain," "Far East," or "Germany," and decorated on its covers with such emblems as swastikas and rising suns. Often it may be seen ransacking the contents of the waste-paper basket, resuscitating the creased and crumpled pages of the previous day or bubbling with indignation at the unworthy treatment meted out by some readers to the Children's Newspaper. An admirable pursuit, but, on the other hand, embarrassing in the last degree for the unlucky individual whose duty it is to expound the week's events in what is known as "newspaper hour." This dubious authority generally arrives on the scene with the uncomfortable knowledge that his hastily-digested handful of facts is liable at any moment to be challenged, with consequent irreparable damage to his prestige. It is all very well to stand up and make statements to an audience which cannot refute them, but it is another matter when one has to face the unconcealed disgust written on Bowlby's countenance, or listen to the scornful correction of one's figures from the unimpeachable evidence of Child's "Weekly Digest." Without this inconvenient news club all would be well, for there are very few people, one notices, who are not rather hazy about the number of noughts in a million.

No description of crazes would be complete which did not include the mysterious activities of the School's leading military artist, geographer and astronomer, John Sellers. Enter the first class-room on any wet afternoon, and you will find him poring over a desk littered with small pieces of multi-coloured pasteboard and paper. Pass on to the boys' wash-room and you will see basins of water in which float dozens more of these diversified scraps. What is this strange assortment which looks like extracts from a Chinese picture-book or a scheme for a futurist wall-paper? It is Sellers' collection of safety match box tops, for which he combs the universe and circularises the manufacturers of five continents. His appeals, couched in the most diplomatic terms, bring replies from the leading lights of the match industry in Burma, Brazil, Malaya, the Republic of Andorra, and the Polynesian Islands. Mr. Bryant and Mr. May write to him as to an old and honoured friend, enclosing stacks of all their latest designs. His enterprise and pertinacity know no bounds; it is rumoured that he even addressed a reprimand to Messrs. Dunhill, suggesting the removal from their list of that immoral substitute for matches, the petrol lighter. Well, more power to these earnest collectors and craze-mongers! It would be a very dull world and a dull School without them.



# PETER'S PIE

## FOUNDER'S DAY

By P. D. C. DAVIS

The day started with thick grey clouds overhead, which threw everyone into the deepest gloom. But our weather prophet, W. D. M. Lutyens, had prophesied bright sunshine with no wind, so, of course, it had to clear up before lunch time. We set off, as usual, in French's buses for Shoreham aerodrome, and after passing through the foul odours of Shoreham harbour we arrived without mishap and poured forth on to the tarmac. The first plane to take off, an instruction plane, caused great excitement, which did not die down until it had repeated the performance several times. But gradually everyone strolled off to look at the hangars and buildings, the guides were soon kept busy explaining this and that, cameras were clicking and boys were swarming everywhere. Some of the planes were private, but most were mail planes, with seats for a pilot, wireless operator and mail-bag attendant. Our guide told us that a fourteen-seater passenger plane from Jersey was due to arrive in a few minutes, so we waited for it. When it arrived, we saw it was called *La Saline Bay* or by some such curious name, and precisely three passengers stepped out. Directly it had landed, Mr. Knox-Shaw hustled us off into the buses, because, he explained, we had spent an hour more there than he had meant.

At Arundel, we stopped at our real objective, Arundel Castle. The castle has been the home of the Norfolks for some eighteen hundred years, and, after being badly damaged in the Civil Wars, it was rebuilt in the nineteenth century. The town is on a steep hill, up which we toiled and arrived puffing and panting at the top. An old woman let us in through the main gate and guided us through the grounds to the Fitzalan chapel, a lovely old building where the bodies of the Norfolk ancestors repose in state. It is full of memorial sculptures of previous Fitzalans and Howards, and above the altar a magnificent piece of stained glass makes the effect of the place most eerie. The sort of place of which I would not like to be the occupant at night. It made me feel depressed and gloomy and I was glad to get out again into the sunlight. We were not allowed over the keep, but we looked at and filmed the exterior, a solid piece of masonry, with as many towers sprouting out of it as trees in the park.

Next item on the programme was tea! We drove through the park till we came to Swanbourne lake. It was covered with people, weed and swans. But we found a quiet spot further along on the side of a grassy hill and sat down to masticate the interior of countless baskets and tins. Afterwards everyone proceeded to spend sixpence in the shops of Arundel, which, I should think, had the best sale of the summer. I remember the shop I went into, where a harassed-looking lady, surrounded by a clamouring mob, was trying to serve everyone at once and failing dismally. The sixpences soon went, and amidst great sucking, we trekked for home and bed. On the way we had intended to climb Chanctonbury Ring, but it was now far too late and we had to content ourselves with staring. Incidentally, the beautiful scenery was lost on most of the occupants of our bus, which just then was a seething mass of arms and legs, owing to a brawl started by Poston and Harvey trying to capture P. K. S.'s handkerchief. The School was reached at some dreadful hour of the night, and we were hustled off to bed by tired staff, still sucking rock or other such messy concoctions.

## MRS. MALAPROP AT LORD'S

By W. D. M. LUTYENS

The day was fine and a blazing sun shone down upon the crowd at Lord's. It was the second day of a great occasion, the Test Match between England and Australia, and the English team were just going out to field again after the luncheon interval. Mrs. Malaprop and her friend, Sir Anthony Absolute, had just arrived and were clapping furiously. "What an intelligible lot these young men look, don't they?" remarked Mrs. Malaprop. "Most of them straight from the University, I imagine," agreed Sir Anthony. There was another burst of applause as the Australian batsmen walked out to the wicket.

"The expectation of Bradman's century," as Mrs. Malaprop put it, had not been fulfilled, for, to the delight of the English spectators, he had been clean bowled early in the morning, when he had scored 46.

"Score-card, lady?" cried an attendant. "Are these the officious score-cards?" inquired Mrs. Malaprop. "Yes, lady. A shilling each."

"Quick, Sir Anthony, a shilling to pay for the score-card, I pray thee."

The play proceeded steadily for ten minutes, when Mrs. Malaprop, who had been silently criticising the crowd, suddenly exclaimed, "My dear Sir Anthony, you see that young blonde just in front of us down there? Well, she is second step-daughter to Lady Carbuncle, one of those inflammable young creatures who are never wrong in their own intimation."

"She looks pleasant enough superficially, doesn't she?" remarked Sir Anthony. "Superciliously," corrected Mrs. Malaprop.

"Yet a hypocrite in reality, for one can scarcely be infallible if—"

"Talking about being hypercritical—"

"Oh, prettily hit indeed! A famous shot!" interrupted Sir Anthony, as Fingleton flashed a ball from Verity through the covers. "But, madam, was that not a pretty piece of batsmanship?" "Oh, Sir Anthony, you are indeed a progeny of sportsmanship, yet I confess that at times you bore me somewhat. But mark my words—" "So we meet again, my lady," broke in a voice from the gangway. Mrs. Malaprop looked up in surprise and then exclaimed, "Well, if it isn't Lord Carbuncle. This really is an undecipherable pleasure."

"Do come and let me introduce you to my daughter, we are only just a few rows away," pleaded Lord Carbuncle.

"It is a pleasure. I pray thee excuse me one moment, Sir Anthony."

"Certainly, but do be careful of that lovely bag of yours, for there are people about who—" he paused—"Well, you know what I mean, don't you?" he continued.

"Ha—ha—ha. What an incredulously superstitious old man he is, isn't he?" laughed Mrs. Malaprop. "Au revoir, monsieur."

## BIRDS OF THE FENS

By P. T. DAVENPORT

Among the common birds in this region can be seen any number of other birds which are not often seen elsewhere. For instance, one does not usually see a kingfisher every day. But in the Fens, when walking along the banks of a stream or river, one can frequently catch a flash of blue and red streaking down or up stream. The kingfisher has curious habits. In the first place, the nest, instead of being made of grass, moss or twigs, is constructed largely of earth and fishbones, which the kingfisher uses after digesting his meal of fish. To find the

nest, one has to look along the river banks, but even when one has found the hole, it is very difficult to see the nest itself, as it is generally at the end of a long tunnel, at a distance of about an arm's length. The eggs are of a pinkish colour, but after a week of muddy feet alighting on them their appearance is more grey than pink! The kingfisher is a very small bird, with blue, red, and orange as his chief and gayest colours and a long and pointed beak for his most prominent feature. His legs are so small that it appears as though he had none at all, but his claws, being long, grip the boughs very securely. His usual mode of fishing is by perching on a branch overhanging the river, waiting until an unsuspecting fish comes swimming down; then the kingfisher spears him with his sharp beak. But when the fish are lying deeper, he does not hesitate to dive for it. Another bird which is quite common in the Fens is the heron, a huge bird of a greyish colour. In March or April, one can often see a heronry in full swing, the nests are built of a liberal amount of sticks, lined with turf and moss, and the eggs inside them are pale blue.

When the young are born, terrific fights ensue between them for food, the most powerful naturally getting the best of the argument. The heron's way of fishing is like that of the kingfisher, except that the heron stands on the bank, thrusting down his long neck and spearing a fish when it comes in sight. The heron's flight is graceful. He flaps lazily along, gliding easily and swiftly through the air. Of the other types of marsh birds, the chief and biggest group which remains is the warblers. There are in the Fens about four species which are quite common. First, there is the grasshopper warbler, a small bird of brown and dark brown colouring. His nest is composed of strong grasses and moss, lined with finer grass inside. If one is lucky, one may find three or four eggs in it, speckled with brown on a pale white ground. Its name is derived from the bird's peculiar call, which is similar to the scraping sound made by the grasshopper, only louder. The second, and the most common of the warblers, is the reed warbler, a fairly large bird, chiefly of a lightish brown colour, with very light brown on the underparts.

The nest, very neatly constructed, is slung between three or four reeds and is made extra deep, because the reeds sway in the wind and, if it were shallow, the young would easily fall out of the nest. It is made chiefly of grass and reeds, interlaced between the reeds on which it is supported. Another bird, closely resembling the reed warbler, but smaller, is the marsh warbler. The other warblers are not so common, since they do not inhabit marshy country, except a bird called Savi's



warbler, which, however, is so rare that it has ceased nesting in Britain and is only a rare visitor in the Fens. Most of the warblers nest from May to July, migrating to other countries in September or October. Among the other less common birds which are found in marshy country are the short-eared owl and the yellow wagtail. This owl has the peculiar habit, which no other owls have, of making the nest on the ground in the rushes, using dead vegetation with grass and moss for the lining. The other wagtails are fairly common, but one seldom sees the yellow species. This wagtail has a yellow throat and belly, brown back, and yellow wing tips. When in flight, its movements are very erratic, the bird flying up and down, from left to right and with tail wagging constantly to steer itself. There are, of course, many other birds found in the Fens, but they are too many to mention and on the whole are less interesting than those already described.

#### SCHOOL NOTES

The following boys joined the School this term: J. D. Freeman, A. L. Steel, J. N. Mendlesohn, R. B. Jarman, M. L. J. Fisher, P. P. Rich, B. D. Owen, and D. F. N. Symonds.

Captains for the term were:

School—S. C. Sykes.	Reds—S. C. Sykes.
Cricket—S. C. Sykes.	Whites—F. P. Forbes.
Shooting—H. M. Liddell.	Blues—N. Poston.

School Captains: S. C. Sykes, F. P. Forbes, N. Poston, H. F. C. Harvey, H. M. Liddell, and P. D. C. Davis. Lieutenants: W. D. M. Lutyens, R. J. Owen, J. G. Hoblyn, M. F. Oliver, M. R. Toynebee, J. D. Jennings, W. K. Mollison, J. P. Rogers and J. A. Sellars.

Prizes and other awards for the term were as follows: For good work all round during the term (five nominations required) won by Blake, Peirson, Gillett, Evans, Forbes, Scott, Poston, and Morris. Subject prizes for Classics won by Poston and Hoblyn; for Mathematics by Boardman and Blake; for English by Davis and Child; for French by Bowlby; and for Scripture by Gillett. Certificates for good work were awarded to Rich, Freeman, Symonds, and Fisher.

The "Randolph" Music Cup was awarded to Lutyens, whose praises I need not sing, as they sing themselves so sweetly, day by day, but a word of sympathy is due to Bowlby, a very worthy second, who is as unlucky in music as Dean is in sports, to

come up against such an exceptionally talented rival. Lutyens' and Bowlby's triumphal debut in the Brighton Musical Competition has been fully described by our late Music Mistress elsewhere in this issue, so that we need only record here our hearty congratulations to both boys and to Miss Randolph herself, and our great appreciation of their performance.

Gardening prizes were won by the following combines: 1, Prest, Simon Clarke, and Peter Toynebee; 2, Peter Davenport and Bowlby; and 3, Matheson and Scott. Rather strangely, the weather has favoured the flower gardener, and it is a long time since we can remember such a gay and well-tended row of garden plots as we have had this year. The gardeners have been both more industrious and artistic than usual and many visitors have commented on the excellence of their display.

The School owes its grateful thanks to various kind donors for their gifts during the term: to Mrs. Owen for salmon; to Mrs. Morris and Mrs. Harvey for gifts of fruit; and to Mr. G. R. de Pass for his peas. Also to Miss Falwasser for her prize for Nature Study, a subject in which she always took special interest at St. Peter's. Lastly, we have to thank Miss Susan Randolph for her generous gift of a Music Cup as a farewell token to the School and a stimulus to our music, for which she has done so much in the past. It is to be adjudged annually as an award to the best all-round performer.

The Editor has received the following letter from Mr. "Timothy" White, with the request that it should appear somewhere in these pages. Needless to say, we print this farewell with sincere regret, but also with the hope that St. Peter's has not seen the last of his cheery and friendly presence.

22, KINETON ROAD,  
SOUTHAMPTON,  
August, 1938.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

May I be allowed just a little space in which to thank all my friends at St. Peter's, both staff and boys, for many, many things? Not only for their most generous parting presents, which are already yielding yeoman service, but also for the many happy memories which they evoke of friendship, help, and loyalty. As the boys of Form III and Shell n know only too well, I am not given to sentimentality, and but seldom to praise (!), so I will say no more than a final "Thank you," and express the hope that I shall meet you all many times in the future.

Yours ever,

F. M. W.

Readers will be interested to see an improvement in this issue in the shape of two contributions from the pens or type-writers of parents. We take this opportunity of extending a cordial welcome to any parent who will assist in the good work of brightening the pages of this journal. Our own horizon is inevitably a rather narrow one, and the more outside contributions we can get the better it will be for the magazine and the less chance it will have of lapsing into parochialism. I regret that the modesty of these two contributors forbids them to disclose their identity, but knowing the aptitude of the School for ferreting out secrets, I see small hope of preserving their incognito for such writers as "E. G." or "P. A. Rent."

John Anderson, who returned to England early this year, after three years on the staff of the Ridge School, Johannesburg, has succumbed to the irresistible recall of the veldt (well known to all good South Africans) and, we hear, will be going back to the Ridge after Christmas, this time permanently. He will take with him our heartiest good wishes for his happiness and success, and our hopes that Miss Randolph and he between them will keep the Union on the map and that, from the grateful shade of their stoops, they will cool themselves occasionally with thoughts of Seaford, shivering under a summer sun.

A very pretty precedent was set this term when Thomas Foot, erstwhile junior high jump record holder of St. Peter's, heard that Simon Barrett had exceeded his jump by a quarter of an inch in the School sports. Recognising the enormous merit of the performance, Foot, whose record was made somewhere in the dark ages of our sports history, promptly presented Barrett with a small cup to commemorate his feat. Other record holders please note. I am not so sure that Duggie Sinclair may not have to put his hand in his pocket one of these days, when Peter Blake has a go at his 39 seconds for the 300 yards.

There may be differences of opinion about the rest, but first and foremost of the Seven Wonders of St. Peter's, without doubt, is Nigel Hickman's long-distance passenger plane. This imposing machine, with its simple lines and sober-coloured body, has flown, day in day out, in suitable weather, its flights being followed across the School grounds by an expectant mob, whose hopes of thrills it rarely disappointed. Its history is rather a remarkable one; it was built in the Hickman factory, almost entirely from spare bits and pieces out of the Hickman junk yard, and its design was just an experimental one which had caught the constructor's critical eye. Not specially attractive to the eye, it suggests an amendment of the old proverb to

"Handsome is as handsome flies." And does it fly handsomely! To watch it careering into the wind and vanishing over rooftops and trees is sheer joy, except to the School Salvage Corps (consisting of the Master on duty), which has been kept constantly busy, fishing in the top branches of trees with ten-foot poles, or hurrying to the scene with ropes and ladders. Local aeronautics, again, excepting the School Salvage Corps, will indeed be left much the poorer by the departure of Hickman from St. Peter's.

Last term, as you may remember, if you read your School Notes, we went suddenly harmonic and spent a Sunday evening listening to Haydn, Borodin, and other masters of harmony. Now we have gone a step further and turned arty. Next time you come down you will find the walls of the dining-room, the first class-room, and elsewhere hung with choice specimens in colour reproduction of the art of various British and Continental painters. The majority are of the French impressionist school of the nineteenth century, Monet, Sisley, Signac, Van Gogh, and so on, but there is also a typical Dutch landscape by Ruysdael, a Canaletto in which, strange to say, St. Paul's features instead of Santa Maria della Salute, and the Thames in place of the Grand Canal, and a Turner which shows Canaletto's Venice in her gayest mood.

My preference is for the little Van Gogh, where an angler sits pensively fishing in the Seine, near Paris, bathed in the brilliance of a May morning. Just when we have got to know these pictures thoroughly, their place will be taken by a fresh collection. In this way, we shall get quite a considerable education in art. One excellent feature of this loan collection is the little identification placard which accompanies each picture. It is only necessary to memorise the details on these placards and we shall be able to pose as expert critics and connoisseurs. Already I can hear Hoblyn expounding the merits of "Van Gosh" to visitors, and see Jennings pointing out "Henley Regatta—by Turner, you know," to his parents.

G. C. R. Morris achieved a rather remarkable feat by his success in the Winchester election examination held in June, which made him a scholar at the age of twelve and a half. He was the youngest but one of the 21 boys left in for the final day out of the original entry of 48 candidates after the seeding-out process was over. In order to confound the prophets, Morris had made it as difficult for himself as he could by flirting with each germ in turn that visited the School during the year, with the result that he spent an appreciable part of it in bed or in quarantine. It is eight years since John Mollison put his name on the "roll" of scholars founded by Bishop William



of Wykeham in 1382, while somewhere near the top of our honours board we see that George Steer won the same distinction seven years earlier. Winchester scholars, as everyone knows, do not grow like blackberries on every hedge, and because they are few and far between, we look for signs of budding genius in our midst all the more eagerly.

Manual labour has been much to the fore on the dull, damp days which have mocked our efforts at cricket so often during the term. A pick-and-shovel gang of seniors, mainly ex-C.E. candidates, has been busy excavating a chasm six feet deep and more than that in width by the Play-room, which eventually will be the stoke-hole for the heating apparatus of the new hobbies room. The gang has been very much worried about its hands since it took to wielding the pick and shovel. It has been seen often moaning over them in the dispensary, while the sight of Davis shaking hands about that time reminded one of a rheumatic old dame. Harvey could often be seen hacking away with determination written on every feature, and Lutyens, one warm Sunday, disappeared altogether in a pool of grease. I noticed that no one risked being in the pit at the same time when Owen was swinging the pick, but he did not succeed in putting the point of it through his own toe, so that his mates' lack of confidence in him was, perhaps, unjustified. On rumours that a valuable find had been made, Oliver joined the gang. The hole grew deeper, but as it sank, so the excavators' hopes sank with it. Neither a pre-historic tooth nor mid-Victorian saucepan, nor even a post-Edwardian sardine tin came to light; only some toughish flint and rock, and a quantity of stiff yellow clay. As several of the gang are experts in picking holes in this magazine, it was quite a pleasure to see them doing the same thing somewhere else.

The hobbies room, just mentioned, was completed during the first few weeks of the term. It is a roomy building, flooded with light from numerous windows, and has a floor space of 72 feet by 26, one side of which is formed by the back wall of the squash and fives courts, while its entrance connects it with the play-room. The space for the carpenters' shop still remains to be partitioned off, as well as a small dark-room for the photographers; the rest of the space will be reserved for hobbies and a permanent model railway. As much as possible of the interior fitting and decoration, such as the partitioning of sections, panelling of walls with hardboard, and fixing of roof and wainscot boards, will be done by the boys themselves under Mr. Talbot's supervision. An appeal for carpenters and joiners produced a stream of volunteers. The School suffers from no shortage of boys who can hit a wire nail on the head instead of their own

thumbnail or handle a screw-driver. Among the real handy men of the gang you would generally find Forbes, Jennings, and Harry Liddell to the fore, as well as those regular job-hunters, Sykes, Platt, Mollison, and Oliver. The three H's also have every claim to be included in this list, Hickman, Harvey, and Hoblyn.

Mr. Talbot, having spent his Easter holiday in Palestine, the mileage of his collection of travel films has grown considerably. His Palestine film, all in colour, was shown to a select and appreciative audience more than once during the term. Starting from Trieste and the Adriatic, it took us via Cyprus to Jaffa, and finally whirled us through a car tour of the Holy Land over hundreds of miles of bumpy and twisting roads, skirted often by precipices and in our imagination, of course, beset with brigands and ambushed by Arabs at every turn. Some of us were sadly disappointed when the film ended without a single scene of Mr. Talbot behind a machine gun, spraying the enemy lurking on the hill-side with bullets, or with his back to a rock emptying his revolver into a swarthy assailant in the manner of the hero depicted on the jacket of one of our latest library books. Still, what a lovely film, and packed with interest. There are two snags, however, which we begin to detect in this colour-film business; one is that ordinary film coming after a series of colour reels is too much like beef without mustard, or Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark, and the other, that Mr. Talbot is growing so critical of his own technique and its results that nothing less than a tidal wave or a total eclipse will be worth filming. I exaggerate, of course, but the rest of us do not share B.L.T.'s apprehensions; his latest films are full of novelty and of different qualities of beauty and interest. Seaford Head in a summer storm, for instance, was a poem in silver, white, and blue, better than dozens of lines about our sea-girt island.

Most readers know already of our institution, begun only a few years ago, of leaving-boys' songs, which provide the climax of our last evening of the term. The occasion was brightened by a rather alarming precedent this term, when Miss Randolph and Mr. White took us completely by surprise by performing with immense gusto that delightful piece of nonsense, most appropriate to a P.T. instructor, "One Finger We'll Keep Moving," amid shouts of laughter. Mollison and Davis also scored direct hits with the history of Michael Finnigan, who grew thin again and had to begin again, and that old favourite, "Riding down from Bangor." The concert was a grand and hilarious wind-up to the term.

We look forward to Matron resuming her duties next term and hope to see her completely restored to health. Miss Barclay was taken ill early in the Easter holidays and was obliged to spend the Summer Term in recuperating from her illness. That happy hunting-ground for lost garments, the Changing-Room, has never been the same without her and Peter Calthorpe has shed many a handkerchief on the floor as a tribute to an absent friend.

Among some additions made to the School library this term were two books of instruction on the making of simple toys and gadgets, as well as mystery turis, from very cheap and commonplace materials. Our "Molly" (beg his pardon, Keith Mollison) lost no time in trying out some of these ideas, appearing one day with a giant glass bottle, in which a baby bottle rose or sank mysteriously at his command. Next he produced a sort of paddle-raft, which chugged across the Zoo pond at a dignified and leisurely 2 m.p.h. till it met a shoal of water-lily weed, when it gave up the ghost abruptly and waited quietly to be disentangled. The magician then turned his hand to a long-distance message cable conveyor, a Heath Robinsonian sort of contraption which he is understood to be patenting for sale to the lighthouse-keepers of the Cornish Coast, or possibly to the unsuspecting tree-dwellers of North Borneo. His last production was a field telephone, by which important details of troop movements were transmitted by the intelligence officer (Nickerson) to "G.H.Q." (Key); or frantic messages addressed to Scotland Yard, informing Chief Inspector Garratt that a man with a twisted lip and a scar over his left eyebrow has been seen carrying a mysterious black bag on Seaford front.

There has been no lack of creative energy in the School, apart from Mollison. We have, for instance, the Stevenson and Spring-Rice aircraft combine. But the leading spirit just now, and chief adviser in matters constructional and nautical, seems to be Peter Calthorpe. Observe him at almost any time of day, buried in a pile of chips and shavings, balsa wood, blue-prints and sheets of glass-paper, polishing, shaping, and polishing again, oblivious of clocks and bells and all other such tiresome interruptions. The only things Peter does not leave lying about are his precious models. He is at present engaged on a scale model of the *Bounty*, which in time, no doubt, will be completed with the figure of Captain William Bligh himself, angrily pacing his quarter-deck.

Still on the same subject, a few lines must be spared for the activities of the Wigwam Club. As most of our readers know,

"over the wall" of the School field in the past has always been out of bounds. Especially was this the case on the side adjoining the Alfriston Road, partly because of the value of the plantation behind the wall, which is our only screen from Seaford winds and Seaford architecture, and partly on account of the dangerous proximity of a certain notorious black animal. Early this term, however, the whole road frontage was re-wired with a highly formidable and almost unscalable fence, with the result that the noxious animal was cut off and over the wall came within bounds for certain lawful purposes. Hence the formation of the Wigwam Club, an uncivilised tribe whose cave-man instinct leads them to construct rude, nest-like dwellings for themselves under the trees. The first of these enterprises was sponsored by Peter Davenport, Bowlby, Warre, and Jennings. As might be expected of such neat-minded and methodical people as Bowlby and some of his fellow-savages (I hesitate to say all), number one villa was constructed according to a careful plan. Its walls consist of thick bundles of hay and grass, tied securely to a stout framework of boughs and odds and ends of timber. This thatching process was so thoroughly carried out that the hut looks capable of resisting wind and weather for many a day. Its interior fittings are elaborate and include shelves as well as seating. This Order of Ancient Britons (to which Robin de Pass, Peirson, and Juffé also belonged) was soon increased by the arrival of other settlers. First came Nickerson, John Clark, Michael Toynbee, Willie Brandt, and Key, who constructed a low, nest-like dwelling, with a long, bottle-necked approach, like a tom-tit's home, through which one crept, doubled-up, into the main chamber. This was a commodious apartment, once you got there, but I suffered from a crick in the neck for days after my visit. Elsewhere a pigmy tribe, led by Cowie, John Liddell, Christie, and John Brandt, erected a somewhat fragile-looking hutment, to which, when I go to camp there, I shall certainly take all the ground-sheets and waterproofs I can raise.

In its early days the Wigwam Club was a source of considerable mystification to some of us. A small sweater-clad figure would suddenly bob up from behind the wall, gesticulate violently for a few seconds and disappear again. This I identified after a time as Billy Warre, king of the Pak-Wudjies or little men of the woods; but what he was up to, I had not the faintest idea. Some of his fellow-tribesmen were equally mysterious. They came and went, bearing the strangest assortment of materials, bundles of hay, scraps of fencing wire and netting, all of which were destined for use in their ingenious architecture.



The features of Bowlby often wore an expression of more than their ordinary innocence, and Peter Davenport's face a smile of abnormal width. Next year I mean to be cleverer and extort blackmail in the form of an invitation to the house-warming party.

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#### SCHOOL CALENDAR

Autumn Term, 1938—September 20th to December 20th.

Half-Term—November 26th.

Easter Term, 1939—January 24th to April 4th.