

THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE



ST. PETER'S
CASTLE HILL
BARNSTAPLE

No. 81

Easter, Summer, Autumn, 1944

The School Magazine

No. 81.

Easter, Summer, Autumn, 1944

THE YEAR'S HARVEST

This little journal is supposed to make its bashful appearance at the turn of the year, but owing to a chapter of accidents and the frailty of human nature—for schoolmasters in this year of grace are almost as behindhand with their commitments as a government department, almost, but not quite—it has borrowed an appreciable slice of time from its successor and looks like coming out with the daffodils or bluebells instead of the snowdrops. On looking back objectively at 1944 I have an uneasy feeling that it was a year without any outstanding achievement, and this needs some apology, for we live in an age which demands big news. The world has grown tired of little events, and our appetites are satiated with the conquest of continents and the collapse of civilisations. What interest, therefore, can readers find in the humdrum activities of a microscopic community, marooned in the muddy wastes of pastoral Devon and acting the successive scenes of their unspectacular drama before an audience of sheep and cows? When the history of St. Peter's comes to be written—which heaven forbid—I cannot think that 1944 will prove to be one of the dominant dates like 1940. We were big men in 1940, struggling for our existence. We have been little men in 1944, pursuing our limited ends.

I have always had a dread of becoming automatic; the schoolmaster's rut that one hears so much about; the easy relapse into unenterprising routine; the poison of self-satisfaction; day in, day out the same eternal round; and the necessary limitations imposed by the war afford an admirable excuse for pursuing a dull, stereotyped existence devoid of all initiative. It is so easy to say one would do this or that, if it wasn't for the war, whereas the real reason is one's own lack of enterprise. I was pondering somewhat gloomily on this depressing theme, when an old boy on active service jerked me all of a sudden out of this doleful reverie by commenting in a letter on the amazing variety of enterprise which exists in St. Peter's nowadays. The wartime schoolboy, he said, must surely do less Latin and Algebra, or perhaps it is that his brain switches from one interest to another more quickly than those more lethargic pupils of a decade ago; and he congratulated us on wearing so boisterous a St. Peter's from four years of sleepy Devon. Well, here was a fine conflict of opinion. On the one hand, a disgruntled headmaster looking back upon the golden age and rapidly becoming a tedious *laudator temporis acti*, and on the other hand an old boy, alert and critical as ever, condemning the brains of his contemporaries ten years ago as lethargic, in spite of the fact that his own form of intellectual lethargy saved his parents a handsome sum of money during his public school career. Which of us is right, I wonder? The man on the spot, who, perhaps, cannot see the wood for the trees, or the critic in the distance, reading the School Magazine once a year with wistful memories of his own school days and a backward glance at the glorious age of irresponsibility? Perhaps the following pages may give some clue to this riddle. It is certainly impossible for the actors on the stage to be their own critics.

During the last thrilling weeks of July and the still more thrilling weeks

of the summer holidays our pulses throbbed with excitement, because it did seem as if the end of the war was in sight. We began to reckon the prospects of our return from captivity in months instead of years. In this the sixth year of war, most of us are inclined to look forward to the days of peace as something personal to ourselves. It is a confession of selfishness, I suppose, but one that is perfectly understandable in the present state of war weariness. The coming days of peace, which, like a faulty wireless set, sometimes sound loud and strong and sometimes mysteriously fade, must mean more to a school which has been transplanted from its own soil than to those which have never had to dig up their roots. However that may be, our harvest dreams were soon dissipated in the chill daylight of autumn, and we realised that our hopes were not going to receive any immediate fulfilment. Apart from the fluctuating fortunes of war it is the War Office which sits foursquare like a road block in our way. That they have grown fond of Seaford is a matter for local pride; that they find the Seaford schools essential to the prosecution of the war is a compliment to the schools concerned; that they consider them better suited to their purpose than the many empty camps, now lying idle all over the countryside, is a misfortune which we find it hard to swallow; that they should even go so far as to consider using school premises as a base for returning prisoners after the end of hostilities is nothing short of an educational disaster. All the time that we are making vain protests, boys are returning in increasing numbers from every portion of our Dominions, back to their own country in order to take advantage of the educational facilities which they have for long years of enforced absence been looking forward to, and all that we can do is to put up placards saying, "House full, House full. We have no room for you here." In many families affected by war the selection of the boy's school has been postponed dangerously late in the hope that father will return in time to give the final decision, but it may be that father has gone still further east than before and cannot now return until too late, so that the net result of all this has been an unprecedented clamour for entries. No room, no room, comes the reply. Entry lists full up for many years ahead! All of this incidentally is deplorably bad for us—for the schools, I mean. It makes us feel we are successful for one thing, which is absolutely fatal; it tempts us to think we are well known, which is almost as bad; and it plays old harry with all our democratic ideals, swinging us back into the old days of exclusiveness again. Better the middle years of the war when we knew we had to prove our worth against a challenge from without. But the real tragedy is that we cannot educate the many promising boys who want our type of education, and so long as schools are quartered on other schools or in the comparatively narrow confines of private houses there is no chance of expansion to meet the pressing demands.

Good-bye, old 1944, year of disillusionment. One thing of merit may have emerged from your later days, and that is the decision to start our own War Memorial, though the details of it are only now being finally worked out. It is not going to be a memorial of brick and stone, at least not yet, but a memorial in flesh and blood. Within a short time, perhaps even before these pages get into print, you will be invited to subscribe to a Fund to help educate the sons of those who have fought and fallen and cannot afford a St. Peter's education as a result of the supreme sacrifice. This generation has suffered in order to save, not themselves, but the next generation, and unless something can be done now to help the many thousands of fatherless boys, we who are left are not acting in good faith. We do not need to be reminded of the debt which we owe. All that we need is the chance to repay, and here is a practical offer. If the year that is past can put on record nothing

else than this, the waiting months will not have been in vain. The greatest contribution any school can make is to provide the influence of a father for those who can never quite know what that means.

P. K-S.

WAR OBITUARIES

"Who plucked the flower?"

"I," said the Master—

And the gardener held his peace.

Obituary notices of the following members of the School have appeared in previous issues of this Magazine: 1940: Capt. T. D. Pickard-Cambridge, M.C. 1941: T. J. Morton, N. C. Cook, M. S. Broadwood, U. E. Larsen, D. Marshall, D. R. L. Bevan, P. H. C. Bastable. 1942: G. P. Huddart, J. M. Lucas, W. M. Mason, R. M. Pollock, R. de W. K. Winlaw. 1943: P. C. G. Acworth, R. B. C. Cook, P. N. Davies-Colley, A. E. Hacking.

Robert Oakes Sclater was at St. Peter's in the early days. He entered the School in 1919 and left four years later to go to Shrewsbury, where he did very well as an oarsman and rowed in the trials. His death on active service, reported to us only indirectly, was due to illness contracted in pursuit of duties while serving with the York and Lancaster Regiment, in which he held a regular commission.

Hugh Alastair Yuille Barkley was in the School for only four terms and left at the end of 1934 as a result of infantile paralysis. He made a fine recovery from this and later went to Sandroyd for a short time before entering Marlborough. He joined the R.A.F. early in the war and was killed in action, but the details of his flying career are unknown to us. He was always a sociable boy, popular among his contemporaries and a promising cricketer.

Robert Graham Wallace (Captain of Blues, Vice-Captain of Cricket and in all representative teams) left us in 1937 and went to Oundle. In 1941 he joined the R.N.V.R. and served in H.M.S. *Velox*. Early in 1944 he joined H.M.S. *Gould* as Navigating Officer. This was an unusual appointment for one so young, as *Gould* was a new frigate doing important work in the famous No. 1 Escort Group. She was sunk doing convoy work last March, and there were very few survivors owing to shocking conditions. Graham, or "the Gosling," as we all here like to remember him, was last seen on deck with the rest of the officers calmly cutting away carley floats and helping to keep the men cheerful. Stocky, staunch and determined was Graham Wallace, a leader with fine strength of character and much respected by those who served with him.

Richard Willoughby Darvell came to St. Peter's in 1925 and went to Charterhouse in 1929. He was destined for the Church, and after taking his degree at Merton College, Oxford, he went to a Theological College. He had been there one year when the war broke out. As an ordinand he was, of course, exempt from military service, but he volunteered to serve, and was eventually commissioned in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. Dicky Darvell was always a "character," full of gay spirit and enterprise, and the conventional thing was not likely to satisfy him. After a year in India he went to Burma, was wounded while attached to the Royal Welch Fusiliers and died of his wounds in April of last year, his father surviving him by only a few weeks.

Anthony Phayre Gason Ince left in 1936 and went to Eastbourne College.

Bitten by the army tradition of his family, he enlisted at the age of 17½ in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry. Later he was commissioned in the Reconnaissance Corps and served with the 8th Army in Sicily. He was seriously wounded in the fighting near Foggia, and his wounds left him paralysed from the waist downwards, but nobody, either in hospital or elsewhere, ever heard him utter a word of complaint. He was not made that way, but remained indomitably cheerful, as he always was in his schooldays, right up to the time of his death a few days after his 21st birthday. Tony was always very loyal to his old School and visited us often. He would be the last person to lay claim to any brilliance of intellect, but his smile and his cheery disposition under any circumstances were well worth many of the more striking qualities of his contemporaries.

Leslie Owen Filiter, Dorset Regiment, was killed in action in Italy in September, 1944. He was a scholar of Canford, where he became head of the School, and went up to Oriel with a scholarship in modern languages, but the war interrupted a career of brilliant promise. He was an exceptional linguist, gifted with a rare, probing mind. Tired of waiting for his call-up he qualified as a paint-sprayer and worked at camouflaging factories. In 1941 he went out to the Middle East with a commission, and out there they soon discovered his fluency in German and Italian, to which he quickly added some Arabic, and he was used for some time as an interpreter and cross-questioner, but this did not satisfy his questing soul, and in 1944, he began to see action in Italy. He was ambushed behind the enemy's lines while attached to a Polish unit in the 8th Army. His men held him in the highest respect owing to his disregard of danger and his constant concern for their welfare and safety. There was only one other British officer in his unit, and he writes: "We have been through good times and bad together, but I have never met with a soldier who enjoys himself more than Leslie."

In **George Lowther Steer** we have lost one of our most illustrious Old Boys. Scholar of Winchester, scholar of Christ Church, a double first in classics, journalist, author and soldier, he had made a name for himself in many fields. He was an idealist as well as a man of action, fearless, fastidious and original, and all his work had the authentic stamp of the cultured classic. He was *The Times* correspondent in the Abyssinian War of 1935 and was expelled from Addis Ababa with the Emperor, the Italians putting a price on his head. Again he reported for *The Times* in the Spanish Civil War and after that in Finland. In 1940 he came back to Addis Ababa again with the Emperor, serving this time in the Intelligence Corps. It was here that he met the late Col. Wingate, as he then was, who quickly spotted this remarkable combination of qualities in George Steer and carried him off to Burma in 1943 to organise for him the Indian Field Broadcasting Units which have played such a prominent part in the Japanese campaign.

The following excerpt comes from *The Times*: "Steer was one of the adventurers of this generation. It is ironic that a man who had lived a life so crammed with action and had seen death so many times should finally meet his own death in a road accident while going to watch the Christmas Day sports at his own training camp. His Second-in-Command writes: 'I have had the privilege of serving under Col. Steer since early in 1943. I have also had the privilege of claiming him as a very intimate friend. I have never known, and never will know, such a remarkable and fine character. His power of leadership, his energy and creative ability, were unique. He had the capacity of holding together officers and men of the most divergent, peculiar and temperamental characters, and of welding them into an efficient

war machine. Language to him was never an obstacle—the tribesmen just understood a man who was absolutely fearless—and he never knew failure. All who served under him, and all associated with him, are determined to carry on the work he has started, in the way he has taught them."

Humphrey Bertram Sayer spent the Easter Term of 1942 on the Staff in between Haileybury and his Army career, but it seems to us that he was part and parcel of our lives for a much more substantial period of time. Seldom has a young master given himself more freely to the community or served with such singleness of purpose, and he never lost an opportunity of visiting us on his various leaves. He was killed at St. Pierre in some confused and desperate fighting, four days after our first landing in Normandy, while acting as F.O.O. to a Battalion of Durham Light Infantry. In the Army, as at St. Peter's, Bertram had within a short space of time made a very deep impression on his fellow officers and men. His Colonel writes of him: "We are all very upset at losing Bertram. He was universally popular and a first-class officer. He met his death in a gallant attempt to restore a very critical situation. It is due to his gallantry and fine example, and to others like him, that the Essex Yeomanry are held in such high esteem by the Regiments we fight with." But perhaps the truest appreciation, to those of us who were lucky enough to know him first hand, was written by his Troop Commander: "It is perhaps not too late to say that it was his singleness of mind which distinguished him from any other man I have ever known. This is a rare quality in someone of his age. I know now, though, how rare he was."

No, it is never too late to say that.

MR. D. M. CHAMBERS

It was a great shock to us all to see a notice of the death of Mr. Chambers last November. Mr. Chambers joined the Staff in May, 1935, and remained with us until the School went to Vervan in June, 1940. Those who were in his Scholarship Maths form during those years will remember him with the keenest gratitude, and out of school he did a great deal for our shooting. When France fell he concentrated all his energy and intelligence on teaching English to the Poles in the most inaccessible parts of Scotland. Both he and his wife gave the most devoted service to these expatriated Allies of ours in the early days of their bewilderment among a people whom they did not understand. Jerry Chambers loved these rough Poles and the simple loyalty of their nature, and I had many happy letters from him, full of enthusiasm for his work and admiration of his pupils. The British Council then sent him out to run the British Club at Loanda in Portuguese West Africa and continue his teaching of English in another sphere. He was doing very good work out there in a difficult climate, when he got a severe dose of sun-stroke while fishing, and this eventually caused hemorrhage in the brain. He was back in England last October, apparently recovered and preparing to go out to Brazil as director of a new British Institute, when his death suddenly occurred. In his last letter to me, a month before he died, he said that his last move had been his 52nd since the war. This is a true measure of his activity.

MISSING

J. F. COOKE, R.A.F., and MALAYAN, C. S., last heard of in Batavia, March, 1942.

J. C. KENT, Royal Tank Regiment, during operations in Libya, June, 1942.
H. R. ROSS, presumed missing in Malaya.

PRISONERS OF WAR

In Germany: W. F. C. ELSTON, R.N.; P. F. HAYNES, R. West Kent Regt.; V. R. D. HELLABY, R. Sussex Regt.; A. J. C. HARVEY, R. Inniskilling Dragoon Guards; P. C. PALMER, M.C., Sherwood Foresters; S. E. A. NOBBS, S.A. Machine Gun Regt.; R. T. S. CLARKE, Scots Guards; H. S. JACKSON, D.F.C., Royal Air Force.

In the Far East: P. C. LIGERTWOOD, R.A.; E. W. HUDDART, R.A.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

OLD BOYS OF ST. PETER'S

This is a copy of the Active Service list which hangs outside the Setroom door at Castle Hill, presided over by the statue of St. Peter. It does not claim to be complete, and I shall be very grateful if people can either correct me where I am wrong or help to fill in some of the blank spaces.

H. W. Acworth, H. B. Acworth, O.B.E., Royal Navy. J. F. Anderson, Royal Air Force. F. H. Anderson, K.O.S.B. G. D. Anderson, Gurkha Regiment. J. W. Ahlton, Royal Fusiliers. R. G. Atkinson, M.C. and Bar, Durham Light Infantry. M. Brislee, Royal Navy. J. Bromley, R.N.V.R. A. J. H. Ball, T. R. Burne, J. R. Burgess, C. J. W. Bayly, Royal Air Force. J. L. F. Bayly, Royal Armoured Corps. P. C. M. Buckle, Royal West Kent Regiment. E. G. W. Browne, Suffolk Regiment. P. C. Britten, Grenadier Guards. L. H. H. Browell, Royal Warwickshire Regiment. F. H. S. D. Branker, East Surrey Regiment. D. C. Baynes, D.S.O., M.C., Queen's Royal Regiment. M. R. Bouquet, Merchant Service. D. G. Bouquet, Royal Tank Regiment. M. G. Barrett, Royal Engineers. W. R. Brandt, Rifle Brigade. J. M. Badcock, Royal Corps of Signals. R. O. Bowlby, Life Guards.

N. D. Campbell, Royal Navy. C. F. Cooke, R.N.P.R. D. J. A. Crear, B. C. Cook, R. S. Cameron, S. P. Coulson, P. N. Chettle, R. H. Christie, Lord Calthorpe, Royal Air Force. L. D. M. Clark, Royal Armoured Corps. S. M. Courtauld, R.A.S.C. P. J. Crear, R.A.M.C. H. A. P. Clay, R. L. P. Cobb, R. F. S. Chignell, Royal Engineers. R. N. Chignell, Suffolk Regiment. J. R. Clarke, M.C., Scots Guards. E. W. S. Clarke, Royal Sussex Regiment. H. D. Carritt, J. E. Chapman, D. Comyn, Royal Artillery. R. M. Crockett, J. H. Crockett, Royal Scots Regiment. W. G. P. Clark, Rifle Brigade. E. J. G. Clark, W. H. Child, R.N.V.R. S. E. S. Clarke, Grenadier Guards.

T. Llewelyn-Davies, Royal Navy. G. G. Dean, P. D. C. Davis, Punjab Regiment. J. W. Davies, Royal Air Force. P. T. Davenport, Royal Engineers.

A. T. Edge, Royal Air Force. J. G. Forbes, Royal Navy. D. F. Furlong, Royal Marines. J. B. Ferguson, Royal Tank Regiment. J. A. Fraser, M.C. and Bar, Royal Artillery. H. W. Freeman-Attwood, Grenadier Guards. F. P. Forbes, Coldstream Guards. G. R. Furse, Welsh Guards.

D. M. Geddes, M.C., Cameron Highlanders. M. F. Gilbert, Royal Artillery, Royal Air Force. R. A. M. C. G. C. Gidley-Kitchen, Grenadier Guards. A. P. Greenaway, Indian Army.

G. K. Horsey, P. K. Horsey, S. Harrison-Smith, F. E. M. Hardy, Royal Navy. T. D. Hunton, Royal Marines. K. D. Henderson, Royal Artillery. H. F. C. Harvey, Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. W. G. G. Hunt, 4th Hussars. P. Mck. Hunt, R.A.S.C. K. N. Hickman, A. B. Henderson, Royal Engineers. J. G. Hoblyn, Coldstream Guards.

R. H. Ince, Duke of Wellington's. W. Jack, Royal Navy. P. L. Jonas, J. D. Jennings, R.N.V.R. J. G. C. Jameson, Grenadier Guards. G. H. Jollye, Gurkha Regiment. R. G. Jennings, Royal Corps of Signals. D. S. Jackson, R.E.M.E. G. A. H. Jones, Royal Corps of Signals.

S. H. Kent, O.B.E., K.O.Y.L.I. W. Key, R.N.V.R. R. C. Kernick, Royal Armoured Corps.

T. A. H. Lancashire, A. D. Lucas, Royal Naval Reserve. J. D. Lee, R.A.S.C. A. W. Lee, Cameron Highlanders. M. G. Lee, Reconnaissance Corps. D. G. Leach, East Surrey Regiment. J. D. Lucas, H. M. Liddell, J. M. Looker, Royal Air Force. C. C. Lucas, Grenadier Guards.

D. R. Mitchell, Royal Naval Reserve. E. C. Mitford, M.C., Royal Tank Regiment. J. R. Morley, Royal Armoured Corps. J. W. Maxwell-Lyte, R.A.S.C. G. E. Morse, J. E. Mollison, J. L. McCracken, Royal Artillery. A. D. E. Mure, Irish Guards. J. V. G. Moir, Royal Air Force. I. McKenzie, General Staff. K. Mollison, R.N.V.R. J. E. A. Marshall, Rifle Brigade.

W. R. Nicholson, D.S.O., 16/5 Lancers. A. W. Nicholson, Royal Air Force. G. W. Nickerson, Scots Guards.

M. L. O'Regan, Royal Ulster Rifles. R. J. Owen, Grenadier Guards. M. J. Pollock, D. A. G. Preston, R.N.V.R. M. Pound, M. Previtè, Royal Marines. J. C. Pollock, Coldstream Guards. D. A. Pryce-Jones, Welsh Guards. E. C. Phillips, King's Royal Rifle Corps. I. M. Phillips, Somerset Light Infantry. G. P. Pine-Gordon, Royal Artillery. R. Preston, R.A.M.C. R. A. Friday, King's Royal Rifle Corps. R. de Pass, Royal Air Force. N. Poston, R.N.V.R. J. D. Platt, Royal Air Force. R. G. Platt, Royal Armoured Corps.

C. T. Rivington, R.N.V.R. T. H. Russell, W. T. C. Rogerson, Royal Artillery. J. W. E. Ringland, 17/21st Lancers. N. B. Randall, King's Liverpool Regiment. E. D. D. Ryder, Irish Guards. L. M. Ridley, Royal Air Force.

S. A. Strutt, S. A. Sykes, D. N. Sinclair, R.N.V.R. P. J. Storrs, Intelligence Corps. R. G. Stevens, Somerset Light Infantry. C. A. L. Saunders, Royal Canadian Artillery. R. G. L. Saunders, Punjab Regiment. J. D. Strachan, King's Royal Rifle Corps. J. M. Stansfeld, R.A.M.C. Hon. G. Spring-Rice, Irish Guards.

E. G. G. Turner, T. W. Turner, Royal Marines. W. H. Tankard, King's Royal Rifle Corps. P. G. Tyndale, King's Own Royal Regiment. M. R. Toynebee, Rifle Brigade.

B. G. Vann, D.S.C., Royal Navy. N. J. D. Vernon, R.N.V.R. A. W. E. Winlaw, Intelligence Corps. C. H. C. Walker, Royal Corps of Signals. R. E. Wallace, Royal Gloucester Hussars. C. H. Woodhouse, Royal Artillery. V. G. Wallace, Welsh Guards. J. M. Williams, M.C., J. R. Warde, unit unknown. W. M. Warre, Royal Armoured Corps.

D. Youatt, R.N.V.R.

MEMBERS OF THE STAFF

R. K. Henderson, O.B.E., M. H. Farchrother, Grenadier Guards. E. A. Pickard-Cambridge, Suffolk Regiment. F. M. White, Royal Air Force. J. E. A. Blatherwick, Royal Artillery. P. E. Devitt, Dorset Regiment. E. Udall, Irish Guards. H. F. Mace, Royal Air Force. F. Lockwood, National Fire Service. W. Bruce, Irish Guards. J. Mundy, Royal Sussex Regiment.

Also T. H. Russell, J. F. Anderson and W. G. G. Hunt, who appear in the list of Old Boys.

WORLD SCRAPBOOK

Congratulations to Reggie Atkinson on a bar to his M.C. He is far too modest to tell us how he won it. H. B. Acworth (Biff), when last heard of, was on a shore job, East Coast of Africa, rather a welcome change after many hard years at sea. Denys Alderson combines a W.D. job with his cranberry farm in Dorset. He has just bought a house in Alfriston, to be near the Star Inn presumably, and this he hopes to occupy after the war. He visited St. Peter's recently. John Anderson (Flight-Lieutenant) has left this country and wrote from India before Christmas. There he met David during a leave and tells us his young brother had many thrilling adventures to relate. So he must have been in action. Derrick is back from Baghdad and is doing something mysterious at the Colonial Office.

Peter Buckle (Major) was mentioned in despatches for his services in Malta. Since arriving home he has been pushed all round England, from Lancashire to Kent to Shetlands to Sussex, furious at being kept out of 21st Army Group. He is now training unwanted gunners to become P.B.I. William Brandt (Lance-Corporal) is in Europe with the B.L.A. and writes most interesting letters about the countries he has passed through and the

people he has met. He has been in the recent fighting at ———. Mr. Blatherwick is stranded in some desolate Suffolk haunt, forgotten by the Army Council—five years in the Army and still to hear a shot fired in anger. He visited St. Peter's and stared gloomily at the cricket pitches or what he thought had been cricket pitches. It can be confirmed now that Richard Boardman went up to Oxford (the Queen's College) with a £100 scholarship in chemistry, in which subject he is doing a full course. John Bayly is married (one of the many) to a Canadian, but he finds Italy rather boring, particularly as his favourite bridge four had been broken up. His brother James has a commission in the Tanks, but location unknown. That most indefatigable correspondent, Ronnie Bowlby, is doing the familiar round of Caterham (some call it by another name!) and Pirbright. He is heading for the Life Guards, and I am glad to see that he agrees with me that classics and history are the best training for warfare. Pat Butler we still hear on the air doing his broadcasts with unerring assurance, and our best wishes to Jack Bromley on his engagement.

It is curious to find a Flight Commander in Lancaster Pathfinders who reads the Magazine (on his own admission) from cover to cover for "the hundredth time." This is Stafford Coulson. His son was recently christened, which was all very regular, but what seemed extremely odd to me was his choice of a godfather. Richard Clarke was put in the bag at the Salerno landing. He had hardly had time to look round, poor chap. However, he writes remarkably cheerfully from Oflag VII B, where he shares all news with Andrew Harvey, one of the original inmates. His elder brother John is now a Lieut.-Colonel and G.S.O.I. He was with Tito for a time, and has done awfully well. Walter Clarke is still in the M.E. and finds time for a bit of big game shooting, though he is still not quite free of his wounds. Simon Clarke is also going through the Caterham-Pirbright Guards mill, where he bumped into Bowlby and Spring-Rice. Bill Christie is out of the Army and working in the Foreign Office, and Dick has been kept out in South Africa as an instructor. He writes the most marvellous letters and might well compose a history of South Rhodesia, if it wasn't for the law of libel. Thinking that school discipline might be getting slack, he sent the Headmaster a sjambok. There has been no trouble since its arrival. The two Crockatts are both in Burma, and Jack's war letters are one long disquisition about the literary merits of Disraeli's novels or the abstruse arguments he has aroused in Mess. Bob Crichton (medico) is up at Oriel. He and Colan Stevenson are reputed, while returning from their midnight bathes together, to have broken into the School song in the streets of Oxford. Miss Chalmers still takes a keen interest in our affairs and the boys she used to teach. She is working in a Government Department and had a bad time during the buzz-bomb age. Peter Clark is now out with General Dempsey's Army and he is very popular with his men. John Clark did extremely well on his short course at Oxford, passed with flying colours through H.M.S. *Ganges* and is now at sea in H.M.S. *Damntless* and loving it. Good luck to Brian Cook, who is standing as prospective Conservative candidate for Chelmsford, the first of our Old Boys, as far as I am aware, to have parliamentary aspirations. David Crerar flew down here in his Tempest on "important business" last September, played about on the Woollacombe sands with the Headmaster and John Brandt and then flew back again—all very simple. Since returning from the M.E. he has been doing night fighter intruder work for the most part. Dick Chignell complains that he is dim-witted after 4½ years in the C.M.F., and wonders about his future as a pedagogue. (Speaking from some experience I should say he is well qualified.) After Egypt he doesn't think much of Italy, except

for one lovely leave in Rome, where he regretted all the history he had forgotten. Rod Chignell is in charge of some area up north, but is most secretive about his responsibilities.

Patrick Forbes is, I believe, serving in the B.L.A., but nothing more than that is known. David Furlong (Major at least) is now married and the proud possessor of a son. Last spring he was on an amphibious training job along with Martin Pound, but since then he has been in Euryalus (Malta convoys, Tunisia, Pantellaria, Sicily and Salerno). Michael Farebrother is now A.D.C. to Sir W. Norrie and has arrived in Australia with all his elaborate paraphernalia, from State Mess kit to white cream trousers. We expect to hear something amusing soon from down under. Our best congratulations to Jim Fraser on his M.C. for excellent work as F.O.O. to his Battery during the fighting at Petrella. Not content with that he added a bar to it for "qualities of the highest courage combined with coolness and efficiency. . . . He was instrumental in inflicting severe losses on the enemy and assisting in the withdrawal of the Foot Guards." So he hasn't changed much.

Peter Davenport, whom I saw after Christmas, was looking uncommonly tough as the result of his R.E. O.C.T.U. training, which involved sleeping on the top of a Welsh mountain during the cold spell in early December. Pat Davis is still in India, acting as Intelligence Officer to his Regiment of Gurkha Rifles, although he lays no claim to the quality which such a position implies. Gordon Dean, I hear indirectly, has seen action at last and still hopes to teach after the war. He is not the only one who hopes that.

Michael Gilbert is back in Italy again, the land from which he escaped. His letters are full of reminiscence, and his acute memory digs up pearls of countless price. As he certifies that "this letter contains only personal or family news," I feel it would be justifiable to quote some of it in the later pages. Dr. R. G. B. Gilbert was with a medical unit which parachuted down with the 1st Airborne Division on "D" Day. It would be interesting to hear his story later on.

Hugh Harvey was in the thick of it last July. His squadron bagged the first three tanks for his regiment and his own troop got a Tiger. After that he retired to hospital with dysentery, but is now back in action again. Wallis Hunt was blown up by a bazooka in our advance last summer to the Scine. He was wounded, captured by the enemy, who failed to identify him, and finally restored. His wife was released from duties to look after him, and he is now mending. His astonishing story appears elsewhere in this Journal. Congratulations to Andrew Henderson, a Major in the R.E.s, on his engagement. Nigel Hickman has been heard of in India. Mr. Henderson is still doing Army Welfare work at Marlborough, longing, like so many of us, for the war to end and for a holiday from his labours.

Alec Jaffé is reading for the Mechanical Science Tripos at Trinity, Cambridge. He is quite active now, active enough, at any rate, to dodge the Proctors. Geoffrey Jones has been in Cyprus, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, Sicily and Italy, serving part of the time in the 50th Division. He is now on the H.Q. Staff, 13th Corps. Hugh Jackson had a slight argument with some flak and is now, unfortunately, a P.O.W. He writes cheerily from Stammlager Luft 3, where he has plenty to read and good opportunities for games. He is full of praise for the magnificent work of the Red Cross. Our deepest sympathies go out to John Jameson on losing both his wife and his mother in the terrible tragedy of the Guards Chapel at Wellington Barracks, and likewise to Gidley-Kitchin, who also lost his mother at the same time. Robin Jennings has been operating with the Signals in the advanced areas of the 2nd Army, and in the course of his work sees a great deal of Badcock.

David Jennings did escort duty in two of the Russian convoys and is now serving in H.M.S. *Opportune*, very much the sailor but with a pleasantly independent outlook.

Sidney Kent has a distinguished record. He is now a Lieutenant-Colonel and was G.I. on the staff of General Leese before the latter moved out East. Congratulations on his O.B.E. Bill Key finished his first lap of training in H.M.S. *Ganges* and wrote to us in the train on his way to join a cruiser destined, as he imagined, for the wintry north.

David Lutyens is reading science at Cambridge, and laments the loss of Winchester's artistic openings. Derck Lucas was still on the high seas last summer, somewhere off Australia. Harry Liddell is back in this country flying Dakotas in the Transport Service. John Liddell is working for the Entrance Exam. to Faraday House.

David Man (Colonial Office) still forgathers with Mr. Brodribb and talks deep into the night about the days at Veryan. He would willingly live backwards, but that is the privilege of late middle age. Henry Morcom has twice visited St. Peter's, was chased off by the suspicious soldiery and very nearly arrested in the R.C. Church, where he was sheltering from a Seaford squall. He is now on the staff of Aldro School. John Mollison, like many another warrior, found that the enchantments of Sicily did not last long. He seems to have followed in the footsteps of Odysseus and sampled every place in the M.E. from Bizerta to Beirut, but his heart he has left in Damascus. He played a part in the capture of Levita Island in the Mediterranean. Charles Morris (Balliol) is reading medicine in the intervals of pursuing the arts of English. He thinks and writes about St. Peter's with surprising frequency. He attended Henley in the summer and was impressed by the prowess of Bowlby, Lutyens and Backus. After that the Shakespeare festival at Stratford on the cheap, sleeping in a covered punt.

Our congratulations to Willie Nicholson, now a full Colonel, on his D.S.O., which he gained in the fighting at Cassino when he was in command of the Lothian and Border Horse. More recently he has been on the H.Q. Staff of the 26th Armoured Brigade. He often meets Michael Gilbert, who, he says, is doing a fine job as a Battery Commander, and John Ringland, whose indomitable cheerfulness is well known all over Italy. The "morale raiser" they call him.

Robert Platt was last heard of training for the R.A.C. at Bovington, and John is presumably back in England with his wings. Phil Palmer writes from Offlag IX A/Z, where he indulges in rugger and skating during the winter and long country walks in the summer, but he finds the best activities pall in captivity. Nigel Poston has finished his short course at Trinity, Oxford, likewise the *Ganges*, and is now a midshipman in H.M.S. *Albacore* and quite thrilled with life. John Pollock is still kept on home service at Caterham owing to his deafness, and he manages to keep touch with several old boys. Congratulations to Martin Pollock on the arrival of a daughter.

John Rogers is still up at Clare studying some dark science. Louis Ridley passed the most selective tests into the R.A.F., both physical and intellectual, but to his intense disgust was suddenly discharged and swept protesting into the ranks of the Army. Our best wishes to Mr. Russell on his marriage. All he tells us is that his wife's name is Daphne. He has been an instructor at various O.C.T.U.s in Yorkshire and is training wounded men for drafts. He, too, visited St. Peter's, stole Fowler's greatcoat by mistake (!) and had a drink at the Star Inn for old time's sake, where he recognised the old bird who thatched our pavilion. Mr. Robinson is still working at Newbury Grammar School. He is very faithful at culling news

about the doings of our Old Boys, and in his non-existent spare time writes me long letters about educational problems. Miss Randolph has not written her usual thriller this winter, and the Magazine is the duller for this omission. Christopher Rivington applauds the enterprise of St. Peter's in wartime. He is teaching newly-fledged radar officers the technicalities of their subtle trade, but hopes for a ship again soon. Richard Rivington is continuing his oil-trek round the world and hopes to return to England in '46. Eddie Ryder was wounded slightly in August in some fighting in which his regiment did magnificent work, was given a few months' light duty out there and is now back with them again.

David Strachan was thoroughly enjoying himself in the Normandy fighting last July until he ran into some trouble on his birthday and had to hobble back with three shrapnel wounds in his leg and thigh. He is still under spasmodic treatment for this and doing light duty. Tony Spottiswoode is now up at Clare with a State Bursary for engineering. Clive Sykes is somewhere in the Fleet Air Arm and still manages to be faithful to his old friend Nigel Vernon.

Trevor Turner is busy but happy on a shore based job at Tilbury. He frets from time to time that colour vision confines his activities to land, but from all accounts he is doing exceedingly well. Graham Turner, still occasionally known as "Egg," had the time of his life in one of the 16 in. gun turrets of the *Rodney* during invasion days, chucking the stuff about to his great satisfaction. Nigel Vernon commanded an M.L. in the invasion forces last summer and led the first onslaught on the beach-head, being one of the first craft through the minefield. In the words of his Admiral, he "did a magnificent job of work." Michael Toynbee is another of that trusty band who reads the Magazine from cover to cover. He was last heard of at a pre-O.C.T.U. at Retford, undergoing "barbaric tortures" and sleeping out on the Pennines, but secretly loving it all.

Jerry Spring-Rice has had a raw deal in the opening stages of his military career, as he damaged his Achilles tendon, which put him back six months, and he was by no means successfully treated in hospital. We hope that by now he will be on the road again and heading for a commission in the Irish Guards. Michael Grundy has covered himself with glory. After 4½ years of research work he has been awarded his doctorate in physics, the first Old Boy, I believe, to achieve this. At the same time he has been working intensively as a Maths Lecturer at Hull University without adequate holidays, and the combination of these two activities has led to the inevitable break-down. We hope he will husband his abilities more gingerly. Douglas Sinclair has been hopping from country to country, if that is the right word for a submariner, enjoying America (very gay) and Bermuda (plenty of rum) and various Mediterranean resorts.

Since going to press, I have heard the good news that Hugh Harvey has been awarded the Military Cross. He was wounded at St. Ochilicburg, but not seriously, fortunately, a slight shrapnel wound in the left arm. Amyas Lee, now transferred to the Cameron Highlanders, has had a very varied military career. He has commanded a platoon, a support company, been adjutant, intelligence officer, and now commands a duty company. He is in the thick of it. John Lee is a major in the R.A.S.C. in Greece. He married out in Cairo and has a son aged seven months. Martin is still in a Recce Regiment in Italy and hopes for some leave soon.

I am woefully conscious of not having done justice to the many letters which come fluttering into my room from all quarters of the world, many of them letters of absorbing interest or literary merit. The condensed pages

of this little journal can only convey the roughest tittle of what they convey to us who are left outside this great perimeter of action. Where this scrapbook is inadequate is not in its material, but in compilation, and as every written word has to be self-propelled in this wicked and secretary-less age, it is weariness of the flesh, I fear, which sets the limits. Still, go on keeping touch through these pages. There is not a soul who will regret it. And, once again, keep touch.

RUGGER, 1944

The season opened ominously with the longest spell of wet weather I can remember. It did not seem as if we were ever going to get started, and, with day after day of torrential rain, we felt in full sympathy with old Noah and very much inclined to apply the dove test. However, grass eventually began to appear and the second half of the term produced the best rugger weather we have had here, and this had a most gratifying effect on the quality of play. Although the 1st XV played no matches—not for any fault on our part, for we were fighting fit—I have no hesitation in putting this down as one of the best teams we have had for many years now. It was a vast pity they were never put to the real test, for the standard of play among the halves and three-quarters was considerably above the average. They had speed, thrust, good defence and, perhaps what is most important of all, they backed up each other's openings. In fact, they always looked thoroughly dangerous as a line. Prest, playing at scrum-half, was resourceful and indefatigable. He was difficult to play with, but always on the attack. Rogerson and Edgar were both sound in defence, good kickers and strong runners, in whatever position they played, and with Paton's spitfire swerve and speed, Blake's excellent game sense and Whittaker's gluttony for hard work this was a formidable line indeed. The forwards were sound, but they lacked sparkle. They were well led by Whitmore, who could push like a horse, while Tisdall and Ferguson were always well up in the loose rushes. The rest of the pack worked hard, but they lacked speed and some of them were not too strong in defence. All the same, I think they would have got possession sufficiently often to give their backs the necessary chances to score.

As there were no opponents available, we had to engineer matches among ourselves. It was unfortunate that the full side was never seen in action against boys, but the game and the playing of it are of more importance than any tale of conquest. There was some clever play to watch in the lengthening light of those March afternoons, and one game in particular I shall remember, Army v. Navy. For sheer hard play this was difficult to beat, a ding-dong battle reminiscent of far-off days at Twickenham, with first one and then the other side in the lead, until finally the Navy in sheer desperation flung themselves over the line to win by 17 points to 14. The Set Seven-a-Sides, not unnaturally, achieved greater prominence than ever, and certainly were responsible for some of the best football that has been seen in these sturdy encounters. Reds had such a good team that I should like to congratulate them here on their performance. The Rogerson-Blake-Paton spearhead was altogether too strong a combination for the other Sets, but they did not owe their success entirely to beef and speed. There was thought behind their moves, and they played with some finesse.

Michael Prest, who captained the wide with much gusto, was awarded the Rugger Cup.

The team was composed as follows: Prest (Captain), Rogerson (Vice-Captain),

Edgar,* Blake,* Paton,* J. Whitmore,* Whittaker,* M. W. Tisdall,* Ferguson,* Hooper, Tuftnell, Thomson, Hughes, Thesiger, Burlton.

* Denotes colours

STAFF MATCH

This noble battle is, of course, rooted in tradition. It is a feature, but at the same time one fraught with great danger, not so much for the boys—there are plenty of them to spare—but for the playing members of the Staff. It is not always realised how grossly unfair the position really is, for we grow inevitably older and more rotund, more prone to lumbago from Devon's damp vapours, more short of breath and in every way more vulnerable, whereas the boys' age is constant. Their vigour is a fixed and not a declining factor. Consequently it may be something more than coincidence that the ideal afternoon for the Staff match is generally discovered when some active young soldiers, such as Peter Buckle and John Farebrother, happen to be staying in the house. These two certainly proved the Army's reputation for fitness. They were here, there and everywhere, covering vast tracks of uncharted desert, while I puffed up and down my self-appointed square yard. B.L.T., of course, is perennial, living the hard life of a lean mathematician, and these three formed a gallant triangle of defence. An official commentator for the Navy was on the touch line and sent us the following short account of the action:

"OPERATION XYZ"

The operation was carried out in ideal weather conditions, visibility being excellent. The work of the ground staff was likewise excellent, an ambulance, two "Queen Mary" lorries and a large hencoop also on a lorry being in attendance, but all their efforts failed to get three ancient crows air-worthy, so that the striking force eventually consisted of four heavy bombers and an escort of fighters. The first bomber to crash was "F for Farebrother," who was attacked by two Mosquitos simultaneously. Later "T for Talbot" was also brought down by enemy fighters, which were very active and came in with great determination. For some time they prevented the heavies from making a successful bombing run, and an enemy fighter-bomber actually raided our base, but soon after "B for Buckle" made a successful run, assisted when nearly over the target by a Browning machine gun. Half-way through the operation an enemy fighter crashed after being hit on the radiator, but good work by his ground crew soon got him in the air again, and the enemy again raided our base. More good work by "B for Buckle," assisted by his Browning, brought disaster to the enemy, and their ruin was completed by "T for Talbot" with a nice piece of precision bombing. "F for Farebrother"—a heavy bomber of the Fortress type—brought down a great many enemy fighters, and fine work was done by "S for Shaw"—a last war model, but none the worse for that. The Commander of each bomber received the Order of the Bath immediately the operation ended.

BOXING COMPETITION

As boxing is not an extra here, but part of the programme of physical training, the whole School entered for this competition as usual in five separate classes. The preliminary rounds were carried out in the previous week and the semi-finals and finals only were fought in public. Class 5—in the

semi-finals Hampson beat Davies and R. S. Whitmore beat Lott. In the final Hampson beat Whitmore after a close contest. Class 4—In the semi-finals S. Whitmore, with his longer reach, beat Gilley, and James defeated Arkwright, the final going to Whitmore, who again had the advantage of weight and reach. Class 3—Semi-finals, Harvey beat Spottiswoode and Whittaker beat C. P. Tisdall, both excellent fights; and in the final Whittaker, by sheer pugnacity, kept Harvey on the defensive and so forced a win. Class 2—Semi-finals, Blake beat Britten after some lively rounds, and Hughes defeated Farquhar. The final was a grand fight. Hughes boxed admirably with a damaged eye from a head collision, and only just lost to Blake, no quarter being given. Class 1—Semi-finals, Prest defeated J. Whitmore and Rogerson got home against Edgar in what was, in the general opinion, the best encounter of this competition. Both boxed in good style with plenty of sting behind their blows. The final between Prest and Rogerson was a bit of a maul. In fact, at one time during the third round the imperturbable Prest went berserk and hit everybody within reach, regardless of whether they were within the ring or outside it, and the seconds found themselves in imminent peril. It was certainly a most spirited affair, and Prest is to be congratulated on reversing the decision of the year before when he lost to Rogerson on points.

Perhaps it is symptomatic of the age we live in, but, taken all in all, there was more fighting than boxing in this tournament. Admittedly pure style will not carry you very far, unless you have some fight in you as well. We seem to have plenty of that all right; we can give knocks with a vengeance and take them most stoically—and this is the most valuable lesson of the ring—but the real art of boxing is a combination of technique and fighting spirit. When you go on to bigger contests than this, you will not stay the course unless you can temper your ferocity with science.

CRICKET

"Tails"—"Tails it is, we'll bat first." The Captain has done his first duty and an important one, as winning the toss may mean winning the match. Just a bit of luck. But captaincy does not end there, there's much more in it than that. The Captain now has to make out his batting order or, if in the field, place his men; in either case he must think only of the team as such and not as individuals, though this does not mean that individual preference should be entirely neglected. All this can be worked out beforehand and might be termed strategy on the battlefield. Now comes the real test of captaincy, the tactics to be employed while the game is in progress. Field and bowling must be changed at the right time and to meet the style of each batsman or, if the side is in, the order may have to be changed in accordance with the state of the match. All this is very difficult and whatever he does is likely to be open to criticism. What is equally important and much easier is to give that word of encouragement or advice that makes each member of a side realise his own importance as a part of the team. How valuable can be the "good over" or "well stopped," an acknowledgment of successful effort which spurs to yet further effort. Should criticism be necessary, it should be given quietly between the overs, "try to keep them off the leg" or "look out for backing up," shows that the Captain is missing nothing.

A good Captain will produce a keen, if not a good, team, every member of which will be on his toes to do his best and not to let his side down. The only cursing then will be self-administered. When you get this sort of a spirit in a team, how enjoyable the game becomes.

Our season of 1944 was not a successful one, too much depended upon the few. There were really only four batsmen who ever looked like making runs, and not one of these was quite good enough. We lost three School matches and won one. Twice defeated by St. Michael's, once by Westbourne House, we easily beat Kingsmead on neutral territory; Westbourne House kindly lending us their ground. The score book gives the details of these matches, but from our point of view there is little that is worth recording, though against Kingsmead Blake and Tufnell had impressive analyses and were top scorers with 15 and 20 respectively. The fielding was below the standard of the two previous seasons, though Rogerson, as Captain, set a good example of keenness and Tufnell and Blake fielded well. Whittaker, behind the stumps, improved very much, was fast becoming something more than a stopper of balls; he should be a real wicket-keeper next year.

Tufnell was awarded the Cricket Cup as the best all-round player and Blake won the Bowling Cup.

The 1st XI was made up as follows: Rogerson* (Captain), Blake* (Vice-Captain), Tufnell,* Whittaker,* Paton, P. Easton, Dawson, Poynder, Thomson, Gilley.

* Denotes colours

ST. PETER'S v. WESTBOURNE HOUSE

ST. PETER'S INNINGS

TUFNELL, c Fawcett, b Chappell, 2; J. WHITMORE, b Turvill, 0; ROGERSON, lbw Chappell, 2; BLAKE, b Chappell, 9; WHITTAKER, run out, 8; THOMSON, b Chappell, 0; P. EASTON, run out, 4; PATON, c Hopkins, b North, 0; DAWSON, c Wills, b North, 6; BRITTEN, b North, 0; M. TISDALL, not out, 1.

St. Peter's total: 40. Westbourne House total: 124. (Tufnell 3 for 33, Blake 4 for 39.)

ST. PETER'S v. ST. MICHAEL'S

ST. PETER'S INNINGS

TUFNELL, c and b Wilford, 6; BLAKE, b Wilford, 1; ROGERSON, b Wilson, 3; WHITTAKER, lbw Wilson, 0; DAWSON, b Wilson, 0; PATON, c and b Wilford, 0; HARVEY, b Wilford, 0; POYNDEY, b Wilford, 2; THOMSON, b Wilson, 0; HOOPEY, b Wilford, 0; BRITTEN, not out, 0.

St. Peter's Innings: 15. St. Michael's Innings: 62. (Blake 4 for 17, Rogerson 2 for 4.)

ST. PETER'S v. KING'S MEAD

ST. PETER'S INNINGS

BLAKE, st b De Selincourt, 15; TUFNELL, c Fairbairn, b Wilson, 20; ROGERSON, lbw b Wilson, 12; WHITTAKER, b De Selincourt, 7; DAWSON, b Wilson, 6; P. EASTON, lbw b De Selincourt, 0; PATON, lbw b Wilson, 1; POYNDEY, c De Lotbinière, b Wilson, 2; LIDDELL, b Wilson, 0; GILLEY, b De Lotbinière, 0; HARVEY, not out, 0.

St. Peter's total: 70. King's Mead total: 51. (Tufnell 5 for 14, Blake 5 for 18.)

ST. PETER'S v. ST. MICHAEL'S

ST. PETER'S INNINGS

TUFNELL, c wkt b Wilson, 7; BLAKE, c Wilson, b Laurens, 7; ROGERSON, b Laurens, 4; DAWSON, c Hunter, b Wilford, 2; WHITTAKER, b Laurens, 0; HARVEY, c Wilford, b Cowan, 0; PATON, lbw b Cowan, 2; P. EASTON, run out, 1; POYNDEY, st b Wilson, 2; THOMSON, c Laurens, b Wilford, 4; GILLEY, not out, 0.

St. Peter's total: 31. St. Michael's total: 99. (Blake 5 for 43.)

"SOCCER SOLILOQUY"

I wish I was one of those lucky people who can sit down at a desk and whip off an article on more or less anything under the sun on request. Year after year I try to find something to write about soccer and each time feel I am just going to repeat everything that I have said before.

I have tried to gain inspiration by studying the residents of this South Coast Private Hotel in which I am now writing in a super-heated lounge. Was that little deaf man in the corner by the fire once upon a time a famous centre-forward? He is athletic enough now despite his undoubted 60-odd years. Did his name appear in bold print on the pages of his school's magazine? Was that old white-haired man—the one all the old ladies says is "such a gentleman and so good-looking, my dear"—a great player in the naughty nineties? Did he captivate the hearts of the crowds on the touch-line in those days and did he exhaust so much energy then that now he needs must go to his bedroom every afternoon and snore his head off while the sun is shining brightly outside his window? Those others who think bridge, play bridge and talk bridge and almost produce a pack of cards out of their pockets at the breakfast table, were they once skilled at more active games? Did any of them ever speed down the field in their teens and hear the cheers from the spectators as they dodged the remaining back and put in a lovely shot to beat a goalkeeper bounding like a rubber ball? And was the manager of the hotel the "rubber ball"? No, I have gained no inspiration here, but only a rather awful thought that one day some of those playing and enjoying their soccer now will develop into "woozies" such as these.

I have been to Seaford and seen once again those lovely fields on which we used to play, surrounded by their old Sussex flint walls, which here and there show wide gaps where Army lorry or Bren-gun carrier has been backed too hastily in the dark. (I can't think that the driver can have been so callous as to destroy anything so precious in broad daylight.) As I came up the drive, now well worn by myriads of Army boots and iron-tracked vehicles of war, a soccer ground was being marked out for an inter-Company match that afternoon, and I couldn't help but wish that it was for an inter-Set match instead. The three soldiers doing the marking conjured up in my imagination the persons of Lockwood, Mace and Fowler, that faithful trio who were second to none in the art of ground upkeep and who took such pride in the appearance of our fields. The grass was mown and was looking better than when I saw it in the summer, but my eye wandered to the edges of the fields and I wondered just how long it would take to efface the foot-deep tracks in the muddy roadway now running near the old walls and past the Chapel and the School buildings. I thought of many of those who had played here in the past and who, I know, would be only too glad to help us resurrect and restore everything, if they could but get the chance.

My mind switched back to Castle Hill, and I contrasted the climate of Filleigh with that of Seaford, where the old, old wind was blowing out of the south-west, making the seas pile up against the break-waters and sending showers of spray across the front, while the sun shone out of a blue sky overhead. I remembered how in Devon yet another soccer season had been wrecked at the last by torrential rain and even floods just when a good team had been put together and was fighting fit and thirsting for blood, and who can blame me if I offered up a silent prayer that soon we might be back in our old home even though Castle Hill had given us such a welcome and so many happy days have been spent in its lovely grounds in these last five years?

B. L. T.

1ST XI

Five Old Colours in the bag and other promising material outside it made the prospects for the season fairly bright, but when the big sort-out came we always found ourselves short of either one good forward or one sufficiently sound half. All games were spirited and keen and there were plenty of them at the beginning of the term, and when after about a fortnight I. M. Paton had been elected Captain and M. J. Rogerson his Vice and the team had been finally placed, I for one viewed the future with optimism.

The first match, played away, against Westbourne House, on 27th October, produced a victory of 6-4. I think we were a little bit lucky on occasions in this game, but one thing stood out a mile, and that was that Paton was the best player on the field. It was blatantly obvious, too, that Blake was easily our best forward and that Whittaker certainly justified the selectors' decision to play him back instead of half for the team's sake.

Against St. Michael's, at home on 1st November, we had to admit defeat by 0-2, but, unfortunately, Blake was injured in the first five minutes, and so our chief scoring machine was out of it. It was a grand game, cleanly and swiftly fought, and I still think we might have won or at any rate drawn it but for the complete upset to the forward line.

When we met St. Michael's again three weeks later on their ground the same margin of defeat for us was chalked up, but this time we did score a goal. We held them well until half-time, in fact did more than that, but the number of chances we missed in front of goal were legion, and we didn't deserve to win for that very reason.

Wet weather precluded a return game with Westbourne House, which was a pity.

I think the Headmaster summed up the team correctly when in his prize-giving speech he said, "It was quite a good side and on occasions lived up to past high standards, but it just hadn't sufficient scoring ability to make it a successful one."

Paton was the mainstay of the XI. He made a splendid Captain and was an inspiration to his team and possessed the best kick I have seen for many years, both for accuracy and length. Deservedly he was awarded the Beaumont Soccer Cup. All praise, too, to Whittaker, Blake, Rogerson and P. Easton, who did so much to keep the side together, even at the cost sometimes of having to yield up their favourite place, and also to Schoeffler-Lubbock, who gradually turned himself into a most useful goalkeeper.

Team: I. M. Paton* (Captain), Rogerson* (Vice-Captain), T. N. S. Blake,* Whittaker,* P. Easton,* Schoeffler-Lubbock,* Burton, Thomson, Beaumont-Nesbitt, Tufnell, Poynder.

Also played: J. R. Harper, Hughes, Vernon.

* Denotes Colours

B. L. T.

JUNIOR MATCH

One of the best junior matches ever played took place on our ground on 15th November, when St. Michael's brought over an "Under 11" XI to take on our Little Tigers; in fact, the match might have been called Lions v. Tigers, so fiercely was it fought.

We lost by 0-1 in the last few minutes, unfortunately. The team were inclined to blame the goalkeeper for letting the ball go through, but quite rightly the goalkeeper blamed the rest of the team for allowing the ball to get anywhere near him. Nobody blamed St. Michael's!

Team : Hampson (Captain), Mercer, R. S. Whitmore, Jennings, Lipscomb, Davies, Farquharson, Bower, King, Fison, Hurry.

SHOOTING

Shooting was never a thriving industry at Castle Hill until 1944 when the Major and a party of boys completed the indoor range over the garages, while George sat in the background and accounted for the rats as they darted out from behind derelict statues and other objects of junk which were stored away up there. It is always a useful partnership this, the Major and George; between them there is nothing much they cannot achieve. Regular shooting, therefore, did not really begin before the autumn term, and results were immediately apparent. The Major's blood was up, and he was out to revive, if possible, some of the glories of the past. This was not quite so easy as it might appear, for in the old leisurely days of Seaford we had two instructors at work and three boys firing simultaneously, with two or more ranges at their disposal, and I never dreamt that we could recapture our former high standard, with so many other conflicting calls to duty. However, the boys responded magnificently to a fairly concentrated dose of training, and behind them was the Major and, of course, George. Somewhat optimistically we entered teams for three of the old familiar competitions, the Imperial Shield, the Harvey Haddon and the St. Patrick's. First of all we tried ourselves out against the South Molton Police, who take their shooting very seriously, so seriously, in fact, that they include Major Apperley in their 1st VIII for all their key matches, his qualification presumably being based on power of authority rather than uniform. In our first encounter against their "B" team, we lost by the excruciatingly narrow margin of one point. This stung the sense of dignity of the local police, and they challenged us to a return against their first team, allowing the Major to change sides. This we lost by 10 points, but it proved a fruitful overture and I, for one, did not regret our two defeats. There are certain advantages in placating your local constabulary. The results of the Imperial Shield will not be known in time for inclusion in this Magazine, but the boys shot well, considering their lack of experience, and their scores are listed below. In the Harvey Haddon we came 4th out of a field of 26. The three units above us had an average age of nearer 15 than 14, and the only other prep. schools competing were 20 and 120 points respectively behind our score.

Old Boys who have shot for St. Peter's in the past and are now shooting for their country, on widely scattered ranges and at very different targets, will be glad to hear that the St. Patrick's Shield has come back to roost at St. Peter's again, for the first time since Christmas, 1939, which was the last date that we competed for it at all seriously. This was won by a clear margin of 16 points, but the entries are a mere shadow of what they were. All the same we have won it before with a score of less than 532. In congratulating the Major and his team one should remember that these boys had missed virtually two years of musketry training during the vital ages of 10 and 11, but I like to think that boys here have the gift of rising to an occasion; and where there's a will there's a way.

The only other match of importance was against the Staff, and the boys showed uncanny intuition by devising that this should be left to the last day of term when we were bleary-eyed with report writing and our fingers shaking with overwork and emotion. The Major let us down on this occasion by failing to get his "possible" by one point. Mr. Howell and Mr. Talbot

proved they were trusty warriors by putting on a useful 76 and 75, but the rest . . . well, they were not quite so good and shot only as well as age and midnight oil would permit. Next time this event will not be cast on the final day of an exhausting term. The Lady Ball Cup was won by Rogerson, who headed the list for all representative shoots—a good effort considering he was one of the newly converted shooting fans. And that, in a nutshell, is the story of our come-back; surely one of the quickest revivals on record. Now it is up to the next generation to keep our reputation where these boys have placed it.

IMPERIAL SHIELD		ST. PATRICK'S SHIELD	
	H.P.S.	Position 1st	H.P.S.
Rogerson	98	Beaumont-Nesbitt	69
Burlton	95	Burlton	68
Poynder	91	Farquhar	68
Day	91	Schoeffler-Lubbock	67
Farquhar	90	Poynder	67
Beaumont-Nesbitt	89	Tufnell	65
Prest	88	Paton	65
Schoeffler-Lubbock	88	Rogerson	63
Edgar	86		
Paton	86	Total	532
Spottiswoode	86	Average	66.5
Average	89.09		
LADY BALL CUP		HARVEY HADDON	
	H.P.S.	Position 4th	H.P.S.
Rogerson (Winner)	687	Rogerson	192
Burlton	682	Tufnell	188
Schoeffler-Lubbock	682	Schoeffler-Lubbock	186
Paton	676	Paton	182

Since this was written the results in the Imperial Shield for Great Britain have been published, but the scores from the Dominions have not yet come in. Over 7,000 boys competed from this country in 64 different units, the various cadet formations from the public and grammar schools having a firing strength very often of over 200 or 300. Our small team of 11 boys came second, the winners being the Royal Grammar School J.T.C., Guildford, whose average for 102 boys was 1.09 better than ours. Rogerson, who missed the coveted Bronze Medal by one point, and Burlton are both classified as Empire Marksmen, while the rest are Empire First Class Shots, but tokens of this are no longer issued. Our thanks to those of you who saw this in the Press and sent us your congratulations.

SPORTS

"On your marks . . . get set . . ." Why doesn't the Major's revolver go off? What has happened? Has he forgotten to load it? Have I bought him the wrong ammunition? Has the thing jammed?

We are up to the mark all right; all heats are finished and the finalists have drawn their running kit and are eager to be off. We are all set; the sports ground is marked, the flags are out, all the helpers know their jobs and the programme has been posted on the board. Why are there no "bangs" to disturb the peacefulness of the Deer Park on this Saturday afternoon of July, 1944? Perhaps you can guess. In case you can't—but let's go back a few days.

It is difficult enough under ordinary circumstances to get through all the heats necessary to produce the finalists from each Set. The races are run

off fairly easily, but the jumps are quite a different proposition. Sixty boys divided into three Sets, each Set divided into three age groups; each age group to be tested in the high jump and the long jump, and there is only one jumping pit! Obviously high jumping can't go on while long-jumping is in progress, nor can one Set be allowed the use of the pit for longer time than either of the others. All finalists have to be produced in five days. This sounds rather like a mathematical problem. It isn't. It's just another "headache" for the organiser. This year, to make matters a little more complicated, it rained heavily during the five days. Not to be outdone we erected a pair of high jump standards in the Setroom, collected the gym mats, scrounged all the old mattresses we could find and jumped, yes, jumped in this room which five years ago was the drawing-room of a countess, and which not so long ago had seen the élite of the county dancing in the Hunt Ball. The polished boards may have groaned at such indignity, but Lord and Lady Fortescue looked down upon us from their gilded frames and never turned a hair.

In spite of our ingenuity the revolved never "cracked" on Sports Day. The sky was grey at breakfast time. It remained grey all the morning. At lunch time down came the rain. Now a new problem arose—what to do with the thirty-odd parents who were gathered at the George Hotel at South Molton and who had come many miles to see their sons perform. Should we leave them there? Mr. Hamilton, the proprietor, even though a man of resource, was beginning to get a little restive. He had seen his gin supply for a week disappear in a few hours; his whisky had already given out; the beer was on the run (Devon is a very thirsty county!). Dare we send in the sons to lay siege to his store of ginger-beer and lemonade as well? No. The parents must come to the School. The old cinema machine must come to the rescue as it has done on many occasions in "glorious" Devon. The parents have come to see the sports, so sports they shall see. They won't see their own sons run and jump, but sons of bygone days. They'll see what we did at Seaford—the hurdle races, the complicated obstacle races (I wonder if the Major remembers putting up the maze at midnight by the light of his car's headlamps?), the visitors' races and the drill displays which always brought Sports Day to a close. We'll show them, too, the pictures of the School's greatest expedition to see the Royal Naval Review at Spithead. They shall have a glimpse of many of our activities and games, and, what is more, they will be able to eat one of those peacetime teas which somehow Mrs. Knox-Shaw manages to produce in Devon in the midst of war. I'll ring up Mr. Hamilton straight away. I know he'll be relieved. B. L. T.

Three days later, when the finals were run off the best performances were put up by L. M. Paton, who equalled David Man's record in the 100 yards and all but beat the long jump record, too; by R. C. Britten, who ran a close second to Paton in the 100 yards and beat him in the 300 yards; by John Whitmore in the high jump senior and P. Jennings in the high jump junior; by N. Hurry, who demolished a bun in record time in the obstacle race and so lived up to his name; and, lastly, by the Major, who, acting as "anchor" in the Staff tug-of-war team against the Champion Set, refused to yield one inch of ground.

PROGRAMME

SENIORS

100 Yards.—1, I. M. Paton; 2, Britten; 3, Blake. Time, 12 3/5 secs.
300 Yards.—1, Britten; 2, I. M. Paton; 3, J. Whitmore. Time 45 1/5 secs.
High Jump.—1, J. Whitmore; 2, M. W. Tisdall; 3, Dawson. Height, 4 ft. 2 in.
Long Jump.—1, I. M. Paton; 2, Britten; 3, Dawson. Length, 14 ft. 8 in.
Cricket Ball.—1, Dawson; 2, Blake; 3, Rogerson. Length, 64 yds. 11 in.

INTERMEDIATES

100 Yards.—1, S. Whitmore; 2, Wise; 3, Beaumont-Nesbitt. Time, 14 1/5th secs.
250 Yards.—1, S. Whitmore; 2, Beaumont-Nesbitt; 3, Wise. Time, 40 1/5 secs.
High Jump.—1, Spottiswoode; 2, Whittaker and S. Whitmore. Height, 3 ft. 9 ins.
Long Jump.—1, Farquharson; 2, Whittaker; 3, Gilley. Length, 12 ft.
Cricket Ball.—1, Whittaker; 2, P. H. Easton; 3, Liddell. Length, 51 yds. 7 ins.

JUNIORS

75 Yards.—1, Lipscomb; 2, Jennings; 3, Hare. Time, 11 1/5 secs.
200 Yards.—1, Jennings; 2, Lipscomb; 3, R. S. Whitmore. Time 33 1/2 secs.
High Jump.—1, Jennings; 2, Hare; 3, Wylam and Hurry. Height 3 ft. 4 1/2 ins.
Long Jump.—1, Jennings; 2, Hare; 3, R. S. Whitmore. Length, 10 ft. 8 ins.
Cricket Ball.—1, Hurry; 2, King; 3, Jennings. Length, 42 yds. 6 ins.

RELAY RACES

Whole Set.—1, Reds; 2, Blues; 3, Whites.
Senior.—1, Reds; 2, Whites; 3, Blues.
Intermediate.—1, Reds; 2, Blues; 3, Whites.
Junior.—1, Blues; 2, Reds; 3, Whites.

TUG-OF-WAR

1st Team.—1, Reds; 2, Whites; 3, Blues.
2nd Team.—1, Reds; 2, Blues; 3, Whites.

CUP WINNERS

Seniors.—1, I. M. Paton, 16 pts.; 2, R. C. Britten, 14 pts.; 3, H. H. T. Dawson, 10 pts.
Intermediates.—1, S. Whitmore, 14 pts.; 2, J. H. E. Whittaker, 10 pts.; 3, C. Spottiswoode and A. J. Farquharson, 5 pts.
Junior.—1, P. N. W. Jennings, 15 pts.; 2, D. A. C. Lipscomb, 6 pts.; 3, A. J. R. Hare, 5 pts.

SETS

Shell Case—
Easter Term.—1, Reds (M. J. Rogerson), 192; 2, Whites (M. T. Prest), 163; 3, Blues (M. W. Tisdall), 109.
Summer Term.—1, Reds (M. J. Rogerson), 262; 2, Whites (R. S. Ferguson), 192; 3, Blues (M. W. Tisdall), 183.
Autumn Term.—1, Reds (M. J. Rogerson), 197; 2, Blues (C. H. Burlton), 130; 3, Whites (H. H. T. Dawson), 94.

Work Cup—

Easter Term.—1, Reds, 42 pts.; 2, Whites, 34 pts.; 3, Blues, 28 pts.
Summer Term.—1, Reds, 47 pts.; 2, Whites, 26 pts.; 3, Blues, 20 pts.
Autumn Term.—1, Reds, 48 pts.; 2, Whites, 28 pts.; 3, Blues, 23 pts.

Shooting Shield—

Easter Term.—1, Whites, 171; 2, Blues, 170; 3, Reds, 169.
Summer Term.—1, Reds, 202; 2, Whites, 200; 3, Blues, 198.
Autumn Term.—1, Reds, 293; 2, Blues, 286; 3, Whites, 283.

Rugger Cup.—Reds beat Whites (20—0) and Blues (17—5). Blues beat Whites (28—5).

Cricket Cup.—1, Reds; 2, Blues; 3, Whites.

Soccer Cup.—1, Reds; 2nd and 3rd undecided.

Sports Cup.—1, Reds, 95 pts.; 2, Blues, 69 pts.; 3, Whites, 58 pts.

Drill Shield.—1, Whites, 68 pts.; 2, Reds, 65 pts.; 3, Blues, 57 pts.

Reds seem to have pretty well swept the board this year. In the fourteen competitions, tabled out above, they have been triumphant twelve times. It is a wonderful record of achievement and one on which they deserve the heartiest of congratulations. I am sorry for Blues and Whites. They have struggled to keep Reds in check, but just haven't had the power to do so. Their chance

will, no doubt, come and they must be quick to seize it when it does. M. J. Rogerson has the distinction of having his name inscribed four times running on the Reds' Set Shell Case, thus beating the previous record of J. T. Liddell, who led Whites to victory during three consecutive terms in 1940-41. Hats off to Rogerson!

It is interesting to note that Reds have provided "brain" as well as "brawn." They have had just as comfortable wins in the Work Cup competitions as they have had on the games fields. In the Rugger Set Matches they produced a most powerful combination of outsiders in Rogerson, Blake and Paton, and not even the pluck of a Prest or a Whittaker could stop the score piling up. In the Cricket these three "giants" cropped up again. Their scores laid the foundations of victory and Blake's bowling did the rest. In the Soccer the same three did most of the damage. Blues and Whites will be glad to see the back of them, but I shall be sorry and so will many others who have watched their performances.

A great feature of the year has been the revival of shooting, and Whites can be proud of the fact that they bagged the Shield in the first of the resumed Set Matches. They can also take another pat on the back for walking off with the Drill Shield in the first competition since 1940.

Blues haven't had a single win in 1944. They didn't chalk up much in 1943. Like the Russian Armies, are they lying "doggo" for a bit and preparing to sweep everything before them in 1945? We'll see.

B. L. T.

P.S.—The Russians have started with a vengeance since writing this. What about Blues?

THE YEAR'S AWARDS

PRIZES

EASTER TERM

Term's Work: Rogerson, Browning, R. S. Ferguson, J. Whitmore, I. M. Paton, Blake, Beaumont-Nesbitt, S. Whitmore. *Classics*: Blake. *Mathematics*: M. T. Prest, I. M. Paton, Browning, P. Mendelssohn. *History*: M. T. Prest, Browning, J. Whitmore. *Geography*: M. T. Prest, Browning, Hughes. *Reading*: Vernon. *Dartmouth Entry*: M. T. Prest. *The Ellis, Gordon-Duff War Knowledge Prizes*: J. Whitmore, Rogerson, Browning, Blake.

SUMMER TERM

Term's Work: Rogerson, I. M. Paton, Hughes, Vernon, M. S. Evans, James. *Classics*: Rogerson, J. Whitmore, Farquhar. *Mathematics*: Rogerson, Farquhar. *French*: J. Whitmore, Schoeffler-Lubbock. *English*: M. W. Tisdall, Arkwright, Hughes. *Scripture*: J. Whitmore, Thesiger. *English Subjects*: M. W. Tisdall. *Good Work*: R. S. Ferguson, D. W. M. Easton. *English Essay*: M. W. Tisdall, Ferguson, J. Whitmore. *Art*: J. D. Hobday, Davies, Poynder. *Nature*: M. W. Tisdall, Rogerson, Day. *Dartmouth Entry*: J. Whitmore.

AUTUMN TERM

Term's Work: Rogerson, Farquhar, Beaumont-Nesbitt. *Mathematics*: Burlington. *French*: Farquhar, P. Mendelssohn. *English*: J. R. Harper, C. P. Tisdall. *Geography*: Blake. *The Exham Latin Prize*: Rogerson, Farquhar. *The Exham French Prize*: Day, Rogerson. *The Ellis, Gordon-Duff War Knowledge Prize*: Blake, Rogerson, Whittaker.

CERTIFICATES

EASTER TERM

Term's Work: P. A. T. Harper, G. R. Hobday, King. *Arithmetic*: James. *History*: Davies.

SUMMER TERM

Term's Work: Edgington, Hare, Lipscomb, R. S. Whitmore. *English*: Parkin.

AUTUMN TERM

Term's Work: Bower. *Scripture*: Wylam.

CUPS

EASTER TERM

Rugger: M. T. Prest. *Boxing*: D. J. O. Hughes. *Drill (Medal)*: M. T. Prest.

SUMMER TERM

Cricket: G. Tufnell. *Bowling*: T. N. S. Blake. *Shooting*: I. M. Paton. *Music*: R. S. Ferguson, C. P. Tisdall.

AUTUMN TERM

Soccer: I. M. Paton. *Shooting*: M. J. Rogerson.

WAR EFFORT 1944

The words which follow are meant to tell a story and not to "blow a trumpet." They are written to indicate what this School, in common with many others, is trying to do to help the country. They serve, mainly, I hope, as a record of things attempted and achieved and perhaps in later years, when another generation turns over the pages of this Magazine, it will gain inspiration from and perhaps feel a little proud of what its School and similar ones did in the "awful" years. There is not a school that has not suffered grievous losses amongst its Old Boys and its Staff, and we owe it to those who have given their lives, as well as to those others who are left to fight on, that we should do our bit in the ways that are left open to us.

War breeds a wonderful sense of comradeship amongst those that have to face a common danger, and I think it was, therefore, fitting that "Salute the Soldier Week" in this peaceful area found us firmly united with the village folk of Filleigh in the big Savings Campaign of 1944. A full account of our combined operations during that "Week" in May is written elsewhere, but in passing it is perhaps worth mentioning that the School's Savings Total during that campaign went up by £1,300, a sum which put the School Group well on the road to chalking up its sixth £1,000 since war began. Our actual total at the end of 1944 was £5,880; a year ago it stood at £4,329.

The liaison with our adopted ship, H.M.S. *Eggesford*, has gone on with greater zest than ever. Letters flow from School to Ship and vice versa, and a great comradeship has sprung up between us and our "pen" friends on board. We are all hoping that one day we shall have the chance to meet them in the flesh. We send them all the books and magazine and papers that we can collect; at Easter we sent a present of cigarettes and tobacco and at Christmas a box of games went to each mess. We have had a present of shell cases from the ship and we value very much the photo we received of her, beautifully framed in polished mahogany and inscribed "From the Officers and Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Eggesford*—With Best Wishes." The Captain, Lieut. G. H. Evans, R.N., has now promised to send us a present of oranges, for which we are more than grateful.

Once again we have done our best towards book-binding for the Royal Naval War Libraries, besides aiding that war charity in any other way possible to us. Over 300 Penguins have been bound during the year and once again we have been informed that we are the only Preparatory School doing this particular work. Many boys have become quite expert at the job and have earned the right to wear special badges, provided by R.N.W.L., for their efforts.

In cash about £50 has found its way to the Libraries through the sale of stationery, etc., and from collections in Ship Halfpenny Boxes, for which we are responsible. Also staff and boys provided £6 worth of home-made goods for the Christmas sale at the Minehead Branch.

Thirty-four boys volunteered to collect money for the Merchant Navy Comforts Service during the Christmas holidays, and a cheque for £16 went to the Director of Appeals at the beginning of this term as a result of their efforts. £3 was sent earlier on as the result of a collection in Chapel. Other subscriptions have been: Earl Haig's Poppy Fund, £6; Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund, £4; The Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families' Association, £2 11s. 6d.; The Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund (Prisoners of War), £19.

The story of our little effort is told. How insignificant it seems when one casts one's eyes around. Nevertheless, it is our earnest hope that, combined with the contributions of countless other schools, it will help to tip the scales in favour of victory in the not too distant future.

B. L. T.

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

27TH MAY

When it became known that a "Salute the Soldier" Week was to be held at the end of May, I knew instinctively that we were for it. All our resolves to stand aside this time and leave the organisation to others would, I felt sure, evaporate under the heat of popular demand. It would be so nice to be shot of the responsibility of preparing and organising a big concern and to be left free to pursue the even tenor of our own monastic life—but, no, it was not to be. B. L. T. could twist and turn in that evasive way he has on the soccer field, but the local finger of doom was pointing inexorably at him all the time, with the very natural result that he broke down under the strain and consented. It would only be a small show, however, this time, quite easy to run, with no elaborations to tax our slender resources, something we could pretty well produce out of stock, so to speak. That was the proposition. How different the execution!

In point of fact, it turned out to be by far the most ambitious undertaking to which this School has ever turned its hand, and alongside of this one our previous enterprises looked dim in comparison. When the great day dawned, after more than a week of concentrated preparation, we found to our great content that the sun was blazing in full splendour to bless our courageous endeavour. Of provision for a wet day there was none, and this in Filleigh's fickle climate. We had gambled on the weather and won. The business of the day started early. A number of senior boys, B. L. T.'s chosen stewards, emerged from breakfast clasping mysterious lists of unimpeachable authority; the crews were minutely briefed, and the fun began. Objects had to be fetched and carried from every quarter of the domain, a variety of things past comprehension. It is impossible in a school to have everything ready before-

hand, because three-quarters of the essential paraphernalia is in daily use and cannot be spared. The last minute rush, therefore, is bedlam, and this is where some of the mysterious lists came in, to check off the thousand and one articles that were necessary—balls, boxes, buckets, bill-posts, brooms, benches, bicycle bells, buttons, bandages, beer, baskets, bags of bullion, bits of broken brass and bric-à-brac in general; and so on through the alphabet—all this to be transported to the scene of action in the Deer Park by means of one push-cart or the hands of willing and chattering coolies.

The lay-out was elaborate. To begin with there was a sheep-shearing tournament (not us), a mounted gymkhana (only partially us), a drill display (entirely us), a gym horse exhibition (also entirely us), a dozen side shows (again entirely us), tea for over a hundred (exclusively us) and finally all the H.Q. stuff with crates of entrance tickets, stamps, programmes, prizes and still more mysterious lists saying where everybody should be at any given moment, what they would need, where they would find it, and how they should proceed under any known circumstances, etc., etc.; but by now most of you know B. L. T., so that is no surprise.

People started to arrive in hundreds, and the show opened formally with a patriotic speech by Lord Poltimore, using a microphone. What's more, the microphone worked. This was impressive, and the sheep, who were being penned for their coming ordeal, showed their appreciation by baa-ing vociferously at appropriate intervals. This shearing, with its musical accompaniment, went on for most of the afternoon, and it was fascinating to watch. There were about seventy entries. Farmers had come in tractors and lorries and antediluvian cars from all over the county, it appeared, to compete for the silver cups and demonstrate their skill in shearing a fleece for the sake of our utility clothing. I fingered my clothes' coupons in loving sympathy and shed a tear for the poor naked beasts who had to face Filleigh's summer blasts in their new skins. In the meantime, the Duke of York's Boys' Band had arrived and were making their ceremonial entry. Mighty good they were, too, and they made a fine contribution towards the success of the day. They then took up their positions in the shade of the overhanging tree, to accompany our drill display. I was frankly anxious about this drill show, done in the traditional red, white and blue, which is always so effective—*anxious*, because drillers and band had never rehearsed together and neither had the faintest idea of the other's time. For weeks Mr. Howell had trained his team on the terraces, converting a shuffling, unco-ordinated crew into a pretty slick outfit, with only a small gramophone with a wobbly mainspring to cough out the guiding tunes, and as the mainspring got tired, so the music did an enforced *rallentando*, to the great confusion of all. The breath which Mr. Howell had expended on gramophone and boys, the labyrinthine miles which he had run to demonstrate the musical ride, the appalling tangles into which his two-legged horses had so often in practice blindly plunged—all this came back to my mind, as the drill squad got on their marks. We had had some very shaky moments during the days of training, but now the band was striking up and there was Rogerson leading the squad, as if they were part of the Aldershot Tattoo, and I knew they would rise to the occasion. And they did. They most definitely did.

Then came the Major's horse party—up on the toes and off, in quick succession, one two, one two; on the hands and off; splits; flying angel; death roll; all the old favourites, making a moving kaleidoscope of leaping colour. Always a spectacular turn this, and it stirs the enthusiasm of the crowd. To the uninitiated it looks gloriously dangerous, and as Poynder and Whittaker came gavorting through the air on some particularly impudent

form of parabola, a voice from the crowd would be heard to exclaim, "Corlumme, look at litt'un." What tales our old gym horse could tell, veteran of so many displays! But nowadays, mark you, we have no gymnasium to do the preliminary training in. Only a stony yard or shippy grass. But it is the human element that counts, and these chaps did it as well as ever, and there was the Major, old wizard that he is, standing secure as a rock and taking the necessary strain. How many, I wonder, knew that he was catching Whitmore and Paton and other heavy-weights with a dislocated shoulder?

By now the stalls were in action, and the crowd, swollen to immense proportions, was wandering from point to point, from gymkhana to sheep pens and round the perimeter of the hurdles, sampling our home-made fun fair so cunningly devised to tickle the fancy and burn a hole in the pocket. Boys were as busy as ants over this, running their particular concerns and raking in the money. They make good salesmen on occasions such as this, and many of them advertise their wares better than they do in Common Entrance. £66 they raised at the booths, mostly out of twopences and threepences. As I strolled about and enjoyed the diversity of this brilliant scene, for never did the Deer Park look more entrancing than on this cloudless May afternoon, I thought how easy it was to be a headmaster with no obligations at all, except to try and say the right thing, occasionally, to the right person, whereas everybody else was buzzing with bee-like activity and bringing credit on the name of St. Peter's. So ran my thoughts, when word was brought to me that a party of sweating sheep-shearers had broken into the pavilion and boned the beer. This was drama. The beer was my province, and specially reserved for the high-ups. I had bungled my part of the business and so retired, in all humility, to help Mrs. Knox-Shaw and the ladies pour out the tea. They had fed the school and as many as could legitimately shelter under that name and were dispensing a meal to the band, enough to cripple any wind instrument, when the major portion of the crowd, who were being refreshed on the other side of the river, came surging across Soldiers Bridge. Supplies there had run out, and they invaded our feeding trough. We did our best and drained the tea urn to the last drop, long after it was empty, but we sadly needed a second Elijah.

The sun was dipping over the horizon, but still the fun went on, the farmers lashing their horses in a frenzy round the course while the boys in charge of the booths were still enticing the crowd to come and have a shot at Hitler's wry phiz or try their skill in some novel form or other. The only way to put an end to this orgy was to distribute the prizes, with Mr. Talbot at the microphone and Mrs. Knox-Shaw handing out the cherished trophies (the pig, unfortunately, was absent from this), and we fumbled in our pockets to produce our lucky number tickets. It was worth the inevitable disappointment of drawing a blank in order to see Blake's face when he won the bunch of bananas and to listen to the scraps of advice given, in case he didn't know what to do with them. And so eventually we straggled home, long after normal bed-times, with parched lips and leaden feet, and never did that stony drive feel stonier.

That was how we saluted the British soldier in a quiet corner of pastoral Devon on this memorable summer's day. We had, it was afterwards found, raised £234 odd, all in incredibly small coin, and the effort so fired the population of Filleigh that our village total leapt from £3,348 to £6,954 as a result of outside cheques and contributions on the ground. It was very sad that Lord and Lady Fortescue, who perforce had to be away, could not be present at this our greatest, and perhaps our last, public appearance. There was another significant, but conspicuous absence. It was a case of *Hamlet* without

the Prince, for there was not a single active soldier to be seen among the crowd of many hundreds. Nor was the reason far to seek. An ominous quiet was brooding over the land. . . . Nine days later it was D day.

OLD PETER'S PIE

"Peter's Pie," or a collection of articles by boys in the School, used to be a popular feature in the old Magazines, but nowadays in this hard, practical world, with the baleful eye of the paper controller fixed upon us, one does not do so much writing for fancy's sake. And so the Editor (actually there isn't one, but it sounds well) has decided to rifle some passages from Old Boys' letters and make an older and more mature pie for a change. This first one is from C.M.F., and the writer certainly had not the faintest intention of publication, but this non-existent Editor is prepared to risk his indignant fury for the sake of the memories it invokes. As it is printed without permission it had better remain anonymous.

A LETTER FROM ITALY

DEAR P. K-S.,

Today being the anniversary of Buggins' birthday—or what I believe a politer generation is taught to call Founder's Day—a number of disjointed and really quite pointless memories recur. Mainly connected with the human mouth. Sucking giant humbugs at Pevensey and singing obscene songs (probably they weren't obscene at all; hardly can have been at that age). Eating cherries under the Long Man at Wilmington and spitting out the pips in the graveyard of the smallest church in England. Encouraging a speeding charabanc driver to drive yet faster. Eating one of Mrs. Previtè's unpretentious chicken and strawberry lunches on the sands at Cuckmere, and afterwards making a short speech (*ex-officio*) in praise of Mrs. Previtè, or possibly of her lunch.

"Plain, plain. Let it be plain,
Nothing but plain caviare and champagne,"

as Christopher Pirie-Gordon quoted to me from "Tantivy Towers," when I reminded him of a similar orgy.

Sitting under a cloudless Italian sky on a shoulder of hill, it is not difficult, with the eyes half closed, to imagine oneself back on the South Downs . . . a Sunday afternoon walk with Mr. Forbes (no, too energetic; delete Mr. Forbes; substitute Mr. Grieg) . . . the Seven Sisters hand in hand shimmering across the inlet . . . two unpleasantly minded boys fighting, but in a subdued sort of way . . . birds singing . . . butterflies flitting.

Whee-ee-ee . . . clump! Rather close, that one . . . looks like a Jerry 105. Let us retire from the above-mentioned shoulder of hill and take up a more secluded position—somewhere in the arm-pit, perhaps. However, the horrors of war do not obtrude too much here. The North Mediterranean climate, the "lived-in" Italian countryside, the friendly people and the constant movement all combine to mix with campaigning something of a rather strenuous scouting holiday. I've seen a power of good luck and bad luck recently, almost all of it undeserved. Some days ago a sergeant in the next unit who got the M.M. for three daring patrols was killed in a motor accident outside my command post. What is a crossing of the fingers or a touching of wood more or less?

I was thinking how much easier war was in a civilised country, when

this from Somerset Maugham struck my eye: "It is a charming sight and wonderfully exalting to the soul, when you ride wearily into a village, to come upon a duck pond on which are swimming fat ducks, unconscious of the fact that next day one of them, the youngest and most tender, with baked potatoes and abundant gravy, is destined to make you a succulent dinner."

NORMANDY

FROM WALLIS HUNT

This is an account of battle contacts with the people of Normandy. I fought in armoured cars, and it is given to long-range reconnaissance units like my own to see and use the work of the Maquis and to meet freshly "liberated" people, more often perhaps than to anyone else. During a tank or infantry battle they make themselves scarce, but when things are fluid they stay put, and it is then that they are most daring in harassing the enemy. Much has been written in the newspapers of the flag-waving and rejoicings; but those of us who were able to see them, before we had arrived in force, were most impressed by their eagerness to have some share in the battle before the buried bottles of calvados and champagne were dug up. The Italians seemed to lose interest, quite naturally, once their village was free; the French were vigorously concerned in the freeing of all France.

During the heavy fighting round Caen we saw few civilians, and it was not till the push to the Seine began that I met a Frenchman while on patrol. I wasted a lot of time on this first occasion. An old man refused to let me look at a tank from his roof because he thought the house would be destroyed if I was spotted—fair enough—but we had to ignore him. Then another patriarch took me a mile up a track to show me it was too narrow for us to use as a by-pass. We learnt our lesson from this. In future we did not argue with the first type or walk round with the second! That evening a very lovely girl drove a Croix Rouge car straight through to the German lines. We tried to dissuade her, but I have never yet won an argument in French, and she returned triumphantly with civilian casualties on board. Two staff officers in a jeep were less enthusiastic when we told them they were heading due east!

The next day we had a strange experience. The first few miles were gay enough. The cars, to the prejudice of camouflage, were buried in violets and azaleas, and we had to keep leaning down to kiss M. le Maire (bearded and over 70) and slobbering infants even more reluctant than ourselves. After a while we met our first Maquis party. They had come from across the river to tell us the state of the bridges. One man, incidentally not a Maquis, led us down to point out the enemy positions. The first we knew of them was that two bridges blew up just in front of us, and a tank and two spandaus opened fire. Luckily the tank missed, and we soon settled the machine-guns. Our guide then gave himself up; he was an S.S. sergeant, had deserted six months before and spoke English and French almost without an accent. I still don't know whether he was trying to get us ambushed or not. It was all very unsettling!

Our next patrol took us through a big town where all the civilians were hiding from heavy sniping. They warned us, however, that the road to the east was mined, and we found a guide waiting to show us the mines. He handed over to a friend at the next cross-roads, and in the next village the earth was already scraped away from the top of the mines and the area roped off. This was fine organisation and very brave work, as there were still plenty of Hun stragglers about and fresh tank tracks on the verges. Thanks to this

we advanced 25 miles in the day, and the church bells were rung in every village as we passed through.

Our most enjoyable work was on the River Risle, which lies in a most lovely tree-lined valley. The bridges were broken; so we sat back in observation on the balcony of a splendid chateau which had an uninterrupted view of several miles of the river. M. le Baron was most hospitable and courteous, and duty was liberally splashed with champagne toasts to de Gaulle, Churchill, Eisenhower and many others. It was good to be able to cook and wash up in a kitchen; and pleasantly incongruous to report on enemy movements at the same time. We even managed some fishing, but this yielded only one minute trout!

The day I was hit there were no Frenchmen about, and when we encountered a well-concealed position I longed for someone to appear in the usual way and tell us what had gone into it. I reckoned we were only attacking rifles and machine-guns. The French could certainly have told us of the bazookas which made such a mess of us. But they were astonishingly quick in the uptake when the Germans brought me into their H.Q. The Huns were not at all sure what they had got hold of, as my beret had got blown off and I was wearing black corduroys, knee-boots and an extravagantly tattered tunic which was no aid to identification. But the villagers appeared at once with a stretcher (British!) and had me in the Mother Superior's bed in the local Convent, before the Germans had time to recover from their surprise. There I went through a process strangely reminiscent of a public lying-in-state. The whole village filed through the room, heaped flowers on the bed and kissed me. I couldn't have felt less like these touching, but undeserved attentions; but a man I sent out to contact our left-hand troop soon returned in one of our cars, and the ordeal ended. I wish I could remember the name of the village. I should like to go back and thank these wonderful people and see the graves they have made and kept most beautifully for the rest of my crew. And . . . I owe the Mother Superior a pillow!

SOUTHERN RHODESIA

(Likewise printed without permission and so anonymous)

Dear P. K-S.,

Your two air letters arrived while I was taking a welcome rest from initiating prospective birdmen into the secrets of flight. That is to say, I was taking 31 days' leave in Durban. This will give rise to the obvious comment that I am always on leave. Would that I were (this may or may not be grammatical, but it will do). Six of the 31 days were spent on the immortal South African railway system, if it can be said to qualify for that title. If I had been anyone else but a common pilot, I could have thumbed a lift in an aeroplane, thus saving 5½ days, but although old Auntie Adastral will lend an aircraft to almost anybody on the slenderest of excuses, she will court-martial any pilot who even looks at one with intent to go anywhere in it. I daresay the Army and Navy have the same complaint about their respective tanks and battleships, or whatever they lend to people for the week-end.

I met some very interesting types in Durban, as one is bound to in a big port in wartime, and, of course, there was an abundance of hooch to keep up the party spirit. A certain lieutenant in the U.S. Navy made a remark that stuck in my mind. He was discussing the difference in pay and conditions between the American and British Forces, and said: "The poor — British

"Tommy, they pay him next to nothing, dress him up in rags, feed him on slops, kick him, curse him and send him to the four corners of the earth, and when he licks all-corners they don't even bother to tell anyone." I would like to see those words carved on one or two of our war memorials.

Apart from Americans and jolly sailor-men of all nationalities, there were plenty of South Africans of the better sort, i.e. not the type that prefers Hitler to Smuts and is pretty handy with a length of lead piping. There are more of those in South Africa than I thought, but not so much in Natal as down at the Cape and around Johannesburg, a city without a soul, if ever there was one. These gentry are usually classed as Dutch, but that leads to a lot of misunderstanding, as I have nothing but admiration for the descendants of the genuine Hollanders, and, of course, for the old Boer farmers who grow their mealies out in the veldt and don't give a damn for anyone. They are the salt of the earth, as you so rightly said of the Rhodesian pioneers. The lead-piping experts speak Afrikaans, the ugliest language I have heard, but belong to no distinct race. I suppose German, Portuguese, Dutch, English, Indian and Kaffir blood are all there in about equal proportions, and the result is the type that sends Hitler congratulatory telegrams on his birthday and forms the rank and file of the notorious Q.B. party, who appear to have no fixed policy, except that they are agin the Government and very much pro themselves.

... Rhodesia has its moments of beauty and happiness. Sitting on the stoep at sundown, listening to the crickets and the bullfrogs, while the land fades out of sight and the old farmer tells stories of the old days over the traditional sundowner—all this seems a long way from the war, and I have thought of Faust, who said to the passing moment, "Stay, thou art so fair." Next morning I shall have to be up at half-past four to do five or six hours' circuits and bumps, but that can wait. It is worth spending a year in Rhodesia simply to see the jacaranda trees in blossom. This happens about the middle of September, after the land has been growing parched and dusty. Suddenly, and for no apparent reason, the jacarandas bloom, and the whole country has a lilac-coloured sheen which is even noticeable from the air against the dreary background of the bush. A week later the bloom has fallen, and we settle down to wait for the rains, while it grows hotter and dustier every day. When the rain comes, it falls by the foot, and the bush becomes a sea of mud, slowly turning to green as the new grass comes up.

Apart from the jacarandas I regard Rhodesia as an ugly country. It is flat, hot and dusty for miles and miles, and then a kopje or a range of hills rears up suddenly and indecently like a wizened old hag asleep in the nude. There is no rolling downland in the English manner, only warts and blisters on the flat surface of the bush. After two solid years of Rhodesia the valleys of Natal looked like the Promised Land to me. My great ambition at the moment is, of course, to get away from the place, and from instructing. I wonder how often you have felt the same? A year is enough for me. Anywhere for a change and a more exciting job, although pupils do their best to turn my hair white, and I already feel prematurely aged. You seem to be growing younger daily, with your runs and your Rigger. I have had to give up Rigger out here, because the ground is like concrete and I prefer to use my skin to keep myself together, not to adorn sundry parts of Africa. Besides even in winter, when we play, the temperature goes up to 70 degrees or more, which makes it a bit sweaty in the scrums.

Remember me to the gang.

THE HORNS OF A DILEMMA

A PLAY IN ONE ACT BY A. N. GRYMAN

SCENE : Outside the door of a room at the end of a very long passage.

TIME : The past, the present, or the future.

CHARACTERS : Any three small boys (no need to put the order of appearance as they all appear together). Charlie, who is somewhat perky; Johnnie, inclined to be somewhat timid; Ronnie, definitely timid.

The curtain rises to find the three boys standing outside the door of the room which might be a study. Each boy is carrying a pile of books and one of them is looking at a notice pinned on the door.

CHARLIE : Oh ! Heavens !

JOHNNIE : What's the matter ?

CHARLIE : Well, look at the notice.

RONNIE : What's it say ?

CHARLIE : Fully engaged. Do not disturb.

JOHNNIE : What's that mean ?

RONNIE : What it says, I suppose.

CHARLIE : Shall I knock ?

RONNIE : I shouldn't.

CHARLIE : But he said he wanted all these books by 8 o'clock tonight.

JOHNNIE : I can't help it. He'll be in an awful bate if you knock, I bet.

RONNIE : Well, what shall we do ?

JOHNNIE : Bring them in the morning.

CHARLIE : But that's after 8 o'clock tonight.

(There is a short pause for reflection.)

CHARLIE : I'm going to knock.

RONNIE : Well, don't blame me if you get blown up.

JOHNNIE : What do you think he's doing ?

RONNIE : Oh ! accounts or something, I expect.

CHARLIE : Well, these books are more important than accounts.

JOHNNIE : But supposing he's not doing accounts ?

(There is quite a long pause for reflection.)

RONNIE : I'm going.

CHARLIE : I'm not. I'm jolly well going to knock.

JOHNNIE : I wouldn't if I were you.

CHARLIE : He said he wanted these books by 8 o'clock tonight, didn't he ?

And it's five to eight now.

RONNIE : But the notice says, "Do not disturb."

CHARLIE : I shan't disturb him by knocking.

RONNIE : All right, then, knock, but I'm off.

JOHNNIE : So am I.

(There is a very long pause for reflection while RONNIE and JOHNNIE beat a hasty retreat down the passage. Summing up courage CHARLIE knocks and then gently opens the door. Hardly has he done so than an angry voice roars from inside the room, "GO AWAY.")

CHARLIE : Gipp !

(CHARLIE goes away at top speed amid the sounds of high-pitched laughter from the other end of the long passage.)

CURTAIN

NOTE.—The play was first performed at Castle Hill on 12th December, 1944 and was a "roaring" success.

The players were :

Charlie	J. H. E. WHITTAKER
Ronnie	R. H. GURNEY
Johnnie	J. D. GILLEY
"The Voice"	B. L. T.

ANON.

THEATRICALS

Two excellent performances were witnessed on the last day of the Autumn Term. The long succession of November wet days had their compensation, in that they provided an ample chance for rehearsals. The Dummidrome, or, in other words, a miniature theatre, made its first public appearance on this occasion, though it would be idle to pretend that the Staff had not played with it in the Common Room instead of correcting their Latin Prep., for Steb's figures have an irresistible appeal, and no right-minded man can be expected to leave such life-like puppets immured in a playbox for ever. The whole contraption and the movements of the figures were typical of the ingenuity of this talented craftsman, who can give life to an inanimate piece of firewood and, with the aid of a tobacco tin and a few rusty nails, equip it with personality and character. Four separate scenes were acted on this miniature stage, and the plot was the familiar story of Punch and Judy, the policeman, the ghost and the hangman. Davies and George Hobday worked the figures with commendable skill, while the words were beautifully enunciated by Tisdall and Lipscomb, the only criticism being that they were a little too much themselves. Britten had the dual role of the voice of the ghost and the squealing of a baby. Liddell, of course, controlled the lighting and impersonated, for the first and probably the last time in his life, the dignified judge, while Cas himself was a barking dog; most realistic. The whole show was very original and had the great merit of being entirely self-made; chipped from Devon wood, dressed out of household scraps and rehearsed, for greater secrecy, in a bathroom. We must have a repetition of this.

Mrs. Knox-Shaw's play was as good, if not better than ever, though there was a time during the period of production when the cast were hardly on speaking terms with each other or their producer. But amateur theatricals always proceed that way. "Snoobs" is an amusing one-act play, difficult for immature actors because there is remarkably little action to help them through. The whole thing really depends upon characterisation and the spoken word, the point of the play being the change of attitude of each player towards an escaping convict from Dartmoor, who turns out to be a renegade peer. There is much that is genuinely humorous in it and at the same time human, for strange circumstances do so often force us to abandon our petty creeds. Farquhar was the personification of dignified and indignant butlerdom. He moved, spoke, looked and handled the silver like the most accomplished professional and would have been a credit to any dining room. Rogerson had a difficult part to play—the successful business magnate who tries to masquerade as a country squire and, at moments of excitement, forgets himself and slips back into his commercial and more vulgar self. This he did most effectively, but I was sorry for Hughes, his wife, who received the brunt of his bluster very patiently, I thought, as a good wife should. She was terribly "Winchester," but tactfully endured her husband's grammar school habits. Vernon,

of course, is a first-class crook, because he is suave, debonair and fiendishly persuasive—equally at home with Rogerson's Saville Street suitings or Hughes's high-bred charm or Farquhar's devotion to a member of the aristocracy or the valuable Queen Anne silver. Of such are the ingredients of crime. Schoeffler-Lubbock and Burlton were the two prison warders who were hopelessly outwitted by the more nimble brain of the crook. This band of players was a very happy combination, and I should have liked to see them act again.

SNOBS

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Hepple (a manservant)	D. J. FARQUHAR
Herbert Bradbury	M. J. ROGERSON
Mrs. Bradbury	D. O. HUGHES
Lord William Savile	J. J. VERNON
Warders	P. W. P. SCHOEFFLER-LUBBOCK
	C. H. BURLTON

WINTER SPORTS

For five consecutive days in January of this year balmy Devon went mad and, heedless of its mild reputation, mistook itself for Switzerland. From the window of my room Oxford Down looked quite enchanting in its new robe and brought back golden memories of the ski-ing slopes of Pontresina. On the first day we snowballed for the most part, but a few sly ones down the neck or in the eye soon convinced the enthusiasts that this is a somewhat vindictive form of sport. The snow was really too good for that. In the meantime our indefatigable carpenters were busy making toboggans out of packing cases and any other material they could scrounge, while the eye of authority was otherwise engaged, and some effective contraptions were hastily hammered together. Like all blood mares, they varied in speed and performance. Some went in a seductive curve and landed you in a tree well off the track. Others went bounding down the run, gallantly leaping the covered obstacles and shooting their passengers high into the air. Sometimes the crew, obedient to the law of gravity, came down again on the still rapidly descending toboggan; sometimes they fell higger-mugger in a cloud of white spray. In many ways it was more comfortable to crash, because landing on the planks of the beast in time wore a hole in one's posterior, and there were nails which began to emerge, all of which might mean the dispensary and the possibility of losing tomorrow. Cheers echoed across the hillside as Mr. Bartlett-Bell's massive form was seen, or believed to be seen, flashing down the course to break all records. A really successful run would land you with your head in a sheep's feeding trough, much to the alarm and discomfiture of these habitués at their peaceful, ovine meal. And then the energetic toil up the steep slope, dragging the wooden steed behind. I have never known so many boys sweat up Oxford Down so many times and with so few complaints, and at the top you'd compose the party for the next run, with B. L. T., perhaps, acting as rudder, or the intrepid Tony Gillett going down luge fashion with a passenger on his back. There was Mr. Stebbing behaving like a boy of twelve—snow has that effect—and proving by his prowess that his stories of bouncing bombs were not all fiction. Camera men collected, but it was a precarious quest, because one never knew the exact course of the secret weapon, and it is not easy to make a rapid get-away in deep snow.

Other parties meanwhile were sliding on the church pond or endeavouring to make some sort of figure on the terrace out of powdered snow. Sliding is a pleasant enough sensation as long as one remains upright, but there are moments . . . and more than one limb, I feel sure, was mighty sore, though it is not always politic to admit the fact. Each day a weary party returned to the changing room, wet and bedraggled, and this entailed the drying of about 200 separate garments. By the way, what is the text book solution for restoring 110 gumboots, all of which have been well under the snow line? Was it all worth it? For a limited number of days, most certainly, yes. Quick movement with a spice of risk in it is, at any rate to my mind, always worth the candle. All the same, I am glad I do not run a school in Switzerland.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

The following boys left in the course of 1943 (omitted from previous issue):

Easter Term: P. T. Gordon-Duff, P. Studholme (Eton), D. F. N. Symonds, C. W. Jaffe (Canford), R. W. Ellis (Winchester), R. J. P. Acworth (Kelly), J. W. Bryans, P. P. Rich (Marlborough), R. B. Jarman (Pangbourne).

Summer Term: D. N. Curwen, P. D. G. Duncan (Rugby), D. M. Lumsden (Eton), R. B. Purchase (Marlborough), D. N. T. Scott (Wellington), G. N. R. K. Curtis (Canford).

Autumn Term: None left.

And in the course of 1944:

Easter Term: M. T. Prest (Dartmouth), W. J. Edgar (Rugby), J. C. Browning (Winchester), M. I. C. Paton.

Summer Term: J. L. H. Arkwright (Charterhouse), D. W. M. Easton (Tonbridge), M. W. Tisdall, R. S. Ferguson (Marlborough), F. J. Thesiger (Eton), J. Whitmore (Pangbourne), P. T. Hooper (Canford).

Autumn Term: D. J. Farquhar, C. H. Burlton (Wellington), H. H. T. Dawson (Harrow).

MARLBOROUGH

Michael Rogers, now in Remove, hopes to take School Certificate in the summer; finds bicycling home quicker than train. Roger Purchase finds work difficult in the Hundreds and enjoys the J.T.C. except for the spit and polish. Congratulations to John Peirson on Science Exhibition to Peterhouse. Robert Platt left last April; played rugger for house and junior big game, shooting VIII, but complained that his feet were too big for hockey; house captain and sergeant instructor in J.T.C. Ridley left last summer. He was scorer for the 1st XI and took a girl's part in a play called "Plunder." His holiday jobs were varied and covered (1) assistant grocer, (2) canteen worker, (3) National Savings agent, and (4) hotel butler. Freeman got three distinctions and three credits in School Certificate. Now in Maths. V and lives in a "horse box" called Upper School; was much entertained by a lecture on ghosts. David Ferguson also works with Freeman in Maths. V and plays the clarinet in the "brasser" or J.T.C. band; member of the Musical Society and performed in Handel's "Messiah." Rich is now in Preshute and has reached the Hundreds; hopes to visit us when dates allow. Robin Fergy likewise blows a clarinet and much enjoys the concerts given by the London Symphony Orchestra. He has made a promising start. Congratulations to Simon Barrett on getting his cricket colours last summer and Michael Tisdall on his excellent description of masters, meals and runs. Most realistic!

WELLINGTON

de Pass (better known as Dippy) is now in History Lower VI working, at times, for history scholarship. Dormitory prefect and a stripe in the corps. He did not approve of shelter life during the buzz bomb period. Tony Spottiswoode, before he left, was in 2nd XV as full-back, high jumper for College and was 2nd head of Dormitory. David Spottiswoode was scrum-half for 3rd XV, in Colts' athletic team (weight 41 ft. 8 ins., jump 18 ft. 3 ins.) and is reputed to have got his hockey colours this last term. To his surprise found himself boxing for College against Pangbourne and tried to remember all the Major's old tips. Mendelsohn has just finished his fagging period. He prefers the Estate Club to games and athletics and has taken Cert. A. David Scott makes a useful full-back-cum-three-quarter in Junior Dormitory matches; still has a reputation as a "squeeler." Jag Evans plays much rugger at scrum-half and complains that Spotty's additional three stone is a menace; also reputed to be in the hockey XI, has given up cricket and shoots in the school VIII instead.

RUGBY

John Brandt reports faithfully on our new arrivals at Rugby. He had a successful cricket season, playing for Young Guard under 16 and he is still keen on his bird watching. He successfully surmounted School Certificate. Edgar made a very good start in the summer term, playing for 2nd House team and making some good scores for Young Guard. He found our old boys a great help on arrival. Curwen is getting on well and is the complete "little soldier" in the J.T.C. Duncan has recovered from an appendix operation and played wing three-quarter at rugger, but needs to grow. Work only moderate, according to his own estimate. Silence from the brothers Cohen.

SEDBERGH

Congratulations to Hobbs on gaining eight distinctions in School Certificate; now on the modern side aiming at the Navy (engineering side). In rugger he got his House XV and School Colts, shoots for the 1st VIII, 2nd violin in orchestra and took part in one of Noel Coward's plays. A versatile career.

OUNDE

Cowie gained his cricket colours last summer as a wicket keeper and is now captain-elect for the coming season; also captain of Fives, having won the junior cup three times running. He also got his rugger colours at right-centre and played for the Surrey Schools against Middlesex Hospital, as well as for Rosslyn Park. He hopes to pass into the Fleet Air Arm, or, failing that, become a Commando. He is discreetly honest about his prowess in work, which is not quite up to his athletic brilliance.

RADLEY

Napier played for 1st XV against Wellington and got his 2nd XV colours. He gained his boxing colours and was captain of Social (i.e. house) boxing. He has now got a study and enjoys lying back in an easy chair during prep. Not much changed, evidently.

PANGBOURNE

John Whitmore found Jarman a great help at the start. He said the work was pretty easy, about Form II standard, and is now learning Morse, semaphore, knots and engineering. Everything has to be done at the double.

Brian Jarman boxed for the College against an Army Technical College and also Wellington. His work is going well, and he is now a skilled cinema operator.

DARTMOUTH

Michael Prest has made an extremely good start in spite of chicken pox and measles in two consecutive terms. He captained Drake at rugger, now playing fly instead of scrum-half. He reports that weather up at Chester is worse than Filleigh, which cheers us not a little. John Britten is nearing the end of his time and is wildly making gliders—not models, but the real thing. In fact, he advocates glider clubs in all the public schools. He was playing a postal chess match with his brother here, but it is questionable if the moves ever got posted, at any rate at this end.

TONBRIDGE

Haynes was well in the doodle-bug alley last summer and saw 54 in one day, but nothing worse than splintered glass. He jumped 4 ft. 8½ ins. in the Under 15 Sports and came 3rd. He was in the Junior Colts for both cricket and rugger. No news of the silent Easton.

CANFORD

Hooper has made a good start and does not find "curating" or fagging so strenuous as he imagined. He finds the J.T.C. somewhat tedious, but enjoyed his rugger. Jaffé enjoys life to the full; passed Cert. A and did some good hurdling in the Sports; has taken up squash and running. Neil Curtis has discovered various activities to his taste, including architecture, and plays the violin. David Symonds had a good cricket season for the Colts and got his House colours. He played fly-half for the Colts and enjoyed a scrap with Clayesmore on a Field Day. Much involved in the cine operating society.

BRADFIELD

Stephen Bryans writes very cheerfully and is doing School Certificate work. He witnessed Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan," which was played in pouring rain in their outdoor Greek Theatre.

CHARTERHOUSE

Geoffrey Rowlands is doing very well at his Classics and won a Senior School Exhibition. He is now a house and school monitor. Marshall was head of his House and school monitor and a member of the hockey 2nd XI. John Arkwright has made a good start and finds life most enjoyable. He sings in the school choir and took part in their carol service. He plays soccer and has started Eton fives.

HARROW

Spring-Rice, before he left last July, had gained his cricket colours, was captain of the school shooting VIII, in the 1st game for Harrow football and a member of the Philatelic Club which corresponds roughly to the Eton Pop. Now our only representative is Trevor Dawson, who has broken his front teeth doing something funny.

CHELTENHAM

Matheson left last July with his cricket colours. He is now doing short

naval course at Wadham, Oxford, reading French and Russian, which makes his head spin, and reviving his Eton fives, as a broken arm prevents his playing rugger. Nigel Davenport got three Distinctions and six Credits in School Certificate and is now doing languages in Lower VI. He took the part of the Prime Minister in a Speech Day play, "Lady Precious Stream," and he had a reading part in "The Man Born to be King." He is in the Shakespeare Society and blows a cornet for the Musical Society. It is good to know that his acting talent is not being wasted.

STOWE

Peter Bevan is in a School Certificate form and has risen to a study. He tried to visit us from Exmoor with the Davenports, but failed to make it. Service is leaving, full of responsibilities and honours. He has been reading German and Economics chiefly in preparation for the short Naval Course at Cambridge. He was head of his House, spending most of the day apparently with problems of administration and working at night.

WINCHESTER

Peter Toynbee is in some elevated position near the top of the school, Sixth book, I think, but he is very reticent about his own exploits. Browning has made a good start and does not find the work so alarming as he expected. He is observed at appropriate intervals at the school shop and refrains from divulging the more intimate secrets of the Field-Marshal's lectures. Ellis played cricket for Toye Pot (under 16) and also for his House XI against whirlwind bowlers on bumping pitches—a Yorkshire type of batsman, dour and deliberate. He has reached Senior Part III in quick time and intends to specialise in German and History. Needless to say he is in his House Dramatic Society, another of our band of actors to continue his stage career at his public school. David Lutyens finished a fine athletic record, as previously reported, and much enjoyed the responsibility of being head of his House. His playing of the Grieg piano concerto with the school orchestra, before he left, was the high-water mark of an outstanding musical career. James Prest is now on his last year, as witty and entertaining as ever. He visited St. Peter's with the Headmaster last January and gazed at the tortured turf.

ETON

Thesiger had a successful first term and passed his trials. He says Eton Maths. are a rest cure after St. Peter's and that the mention of the name Blake makes the place shiver! It is a disaster that Simon Clarke has left, as he was a wonderful correspondent and knew everything about our Eton contingent, both past and present. Charles Lucas went into Mayes's on his return from America. His sojourn across the Atlantic seems to have put him against cricket, but he is doing very well at his football. Peter Blake's fine record is almost too well known to quote here, but in case you have missed it he is keeper of the field, captain of boxing, keeper of athletics, keeper of the Oppidan Wall, a member of Pop and, if he stays on next term, captain of cricket. The wonder of it is that he stays sane and presentable, but all accounts say he is the same old Peter Blake, in spite of this glut of honours.

Ronnie Bowlby, before he was engulfed in the army whirlpool, had an equally distinguished record. He was Captain of his House, Captain of the Oppidans, Auditor of Pop, Captain of Boats and had won a history scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford. These two between them seem to have collared the majority of the top honours at Eton.

LEAVING LAMENT

EASTER TERM

Good-bye to 'Gar (that's Edgar's name),
We'll miss your pale grey suit ;
We'll miss your skill at every game
With bat and ball and boot.

We know, without resort to toss,
That Rugby's gain's our loss.

Good-bye to Browning, alias Babe.

We'll miss your tousied hair,
Your rowdy arguments in Form I,
Your astronomic flair.

The Wykehamist will reach his span,
Where "Manners makyth man."

Good-bye, alas ! to Michael Prest.

We'll miss your stocky frame,
Those famous dimples which would make
An envious film star's name !
The Navy calls. We give them Prest.
Lead on, St. Peter's best !

SUMMER TERM

"The Seven Citizens"

Now list ye to my tale of woe and soothe my anxious frown,
For seven doughty citizens of credit and renown
Are leaving ere the break of day, and we must bid them cheer.
O grant me licence, my good friends, to shed a parting tear.

Dame Easton slowly packs her grip with commas and full stops
And ambles silently away to the land of Kentish hops.
John Arkwright, warbling like a bird, sets course for Charterhouse,
With tales and yarns incredible—enough to start a louse.
Squire Thesiger leaps on his steed, breaking the poor beast's back,
And gallops off to Windsor Town, his top hat in his sack.
While Hooper crams his trunk with books which hath seen better days,
Library volumes, psalters, chants and battered Hymns of Praise.
But Johnny Whitmore scorns a horse. With proud, unbending neck
He strides alone towards, we hope, his future quarter deck.
Now spluttering Fergy whips his mare, clasping a Marlborough list
And twisting his unruly joints, like a circus contortionist.
And lastly, seated on a mule, with plucked flowers in his hand,
Rides Tisdall, mighty Zulu chief and foremost in the land.

AUTUMN TERM

Good luck to Trevor Dawson,
The boy with lanky legs.
I always have a feeling that
One should screw up the pegs.
He's off to Harrow-on-the-Hill,
To wear a queer straw hat.
But how you've got there, Dawkey dear,
Is a thing to wonder at !

Good-bye to Burlton of the Blues,
The boy who reads in bed,
And so absorbed, he fails to note
The other boys are dead.
Now he is off to Wellington
With a triumphant whoop,
For there they live on hot roast pork
And bowls of "turtle" soup.

Alas, my Lord ! Alas that I
Shall never live to see
The perfect butler, dish in hand,
Politely wait on me.
I feel that life grows commoner
And our estate less big,
For Farquhar now has stalked away—
And packed his precious wig.

Good luck to Mr. Howell, who
Has travelled far and wide,
In jungle and the frozen North
And many a place beside.
But not till Filleigh did he mount
A fierce camel's back ;
And now with dogged walking stick
He cuts another track.

Good-bye to Mrs. Sanctuary,
The friend of high and low,
Who mends your clothes without a grouse
And toils, more than you know,
She loves to labour silently,
Not asking for reward.
This is the best, the English way.
Take note, ye folks abroad !

No longer shall our classroom walls
Re-echo with the boom
Of Mr. Sanctuary's hist'ry notes
Or the weekly Latin "doom."
But this is Christmastide, and we
Must count our debt—it's huge—
And all the benefits we've got
From "Ebenezer Scrooge."

FINAL FROLIC

EASTER TERM, 1945

Now list ye, all ye Peterites, for I have news to tell
Of nine most doughty warriors, all known to ye so well,
Who've run their course and sally forth for ever and for aye,
For now alas (my eyes grow dim) hath come the parting day.

See Poynder dancing in high glee, now free from Cas's grip,
But still, I fear, foredoomed to bear perpetual C.E. grip!
Well, may he have a better catch on his next fishing trip.

And look! Why, this is Tommy, sure, emerging from his cell
Where he has lived in measles gloom and streptococcal hell;
Released, he goes to Winchester with a triumphant yell.

Lo, Curtis wanders back again in fear and trembling, lest
We'd eat his helping at P.P. or fail his height to test,
Before the Radley governors can build a new Crow's nest.

Another Radle-ean, too, adept at climbing trees
Or eating suet pud. *ad lib.* or singing parts in glees,
Is Schoeffler-Lubbock, or in short just Schoeffler, if you please.

There's Tufnell, giant of Form III, who scarce believes the news
That he has passed and is no more the scapegoat of the Blues.
We'll send him off a telegram, before the wires fuse!

And Gurney chattering so fast that he's forgot, you know,
The story which began, you know, oh terms and terms ago,
But now, you know, he's off, you know, to Eton for to go.

While Blake, hat jammed well over eyes, the brim touching his cheek,
Scowls ominously at the crowd, scarce opens his mouth to speak,
Mumbling his farewell messages, as if pronouncing Greek.

You've heard that Public Schools intend to open wide their doors;
Well, Charterhouse proposes now to reinforce its floors,
For Ian Paton's going there. (He'd rather no applause.)

The last to leave the sinking craft is the captain, you'll agree,
Our Pincher who has steered the ship with true authority—
And may he steer a bigger ship upon a wider sea.

TO CAS

Old Steb, old Steb, you've done us proud,
You've pinched the Major's tools and saws,
Made cunning toys and crafty games;
The Major can't pinch yours!

Old Steb, you've walked the compass round,
With hand on hip and heart so free;
Beware in future, for the South
Leads straight into the sea!

Old Steb, good luck to your own school;
For colder climates you were meant;
And may your stories, gathering point,
Go bouncing now through Kent.

SCHOOL NOTES

The following boys entered the School during 1944:

Easter Term: B. J. Wise, W. P. Evans, P. C. M. Alexander.

Summer Term: N. G. Hurry, A. J. R. Hare, D. A. C. Lipscomb, A. J. Farquharson, D. J. R. Trustram Eve.

Autumn Term: N. H. Ycatman-Biggs, J. T. S. Bower, N. A. P. Evans, E. N. Combe, G. T. Pearson, S. E. A. Green, T. J. Green.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS, 1944

	<i>Easter</i>	<i>Summer</i>	<i>Autumn</i>
<i>School</i> :	M. T. Prest	M. W. Tisdall	M. J. Rogerson
<i>Games</i> :	M. T. Prest	M. J. Rogerson	I. M. Paton
<i>Reds</i> :	M. J. Rogerson	M. J. Rogerson	M. J. Rogerson
<i>Whites</i> :	M. T. Prest	R. S. Ferguson	H. H. T. Dawson
<i>Blues</i> :	M. W. Tisdall	M. W. Tisdall	C. H. Burlton

During the Easter Term we had two very different types of entertainment. The first was a talk by Col. Badcock on the care and understanding of animals. He spoke well and with considerable authority on the subject of dogs and horses, illustrating his talk with excellent stories from a wide experience of animals and their ways. Much of this was just what the animal lover wants to know, and some of his ideas were controversial enough to cause subsequent thought and dispute.

The other diversion was a visit by four of our "coloured allies," who were at that time in occupation of South Molton. They duly came up in a jeep, were shown round the School by a party of senior boys, had tea with the School and then sang us their negro spirituals. It was all unaccompanied and marvellously expressive; weird, jungly stuff with a distinct fascination of its own, not the semi-anglicised spirituals that we often hear on the wireless, but the real indigenous airs of their own country, and the leader had invented a charming little theme song for the occasion, calling down God's blessing upon the household. Perhaps the most historic part of it was the sight of four beaming darkies being entertained at tea. One of them rather flattened Michael Prest by wanting to quote Virgil at him!

Outstanding films for this term were "Sanders of the River," "Rome Express" and some good M.O.I. films, which are always worth seeing.

In May Miss Stanfield gave her third 'Cello Recital here in aid of the Red Cross and played some attractive music, allowing us to join in and sing in the last item, "The Volga Boatmen." I think it was, in deference to our Allies. In June we entered eight boys for Musical Certificates, examined and awarded by the Royal Schools of Music. This was a revival of the olden days when we always sent parties of boys over to Brighton for this exam. They all passed, two of them with credit—P. A. T. Harper and Cooper in the Preliminary, Drabble and the brothers Hobday in Grade I, Gilley with a credit in Grade II, Ferguson and C. P. Tisdall with a credit in Grade III. All honour to Miss Greenaway, for music here is not so easy with our limited space and equipment.

We shall not easily forget a certain hot Sunday in July, when a party of pedal cyclists set forth, in obedience to an invitation, to try to find Capt. Wardrop's house at the back of beyond. The party was unduly swollen,

as there was a hint of drinks in the garden, and even Blake was rumoured to be furbishing up his machine. Paton, on the other hand, knew the country and shook his head. The route was mostly unknown to us, and needless to say we got lost. Maps were mobilised, and it was found that we were at a place called Gambuston, which was appropriately suggestive of our feelings. This caused much mirth and seemed to cheer the spirits of those who had come not strictly for the pleasure of bicycling. When we did arrive after some confused wheeling and counter-wheeling, we found we were not expected as it had been so terribly wet all the morning. The Wardrops, however, were much too good hosts to let that disturb them. We were revived by raspberries from the garden, while the local publican was roused from his sabbatical slumber to provide cases of bottled drinks of every hue and variety. Corks went off like Bofors guns in a blitz, and there was so much gas inside us that we hardly had to touch our pedals all the way home. Nobody got ditched, which was really rather surprising. Altogether a most memorable day and well worth while, but it was a pity not to see Nigel Blake on a bicycle, scowling more ominously at each successive hill.

On the first Saturday of the Autumn Term a Brains Trust was organised by B. L. T., who acted as toastmaster, an easy job, I thought, whereas the rest of us had to provide the brains. Members of the Staff sat solemnly round the big table, the ladies represented by Miss Clarke and Mrs. Sanctuary and the School by Rogerson, who incidentally made some excellent contributions and seemed the least nervous. There were some good questions prepared by the boys, which sorely taxed our combined ingenuity, and if we did not quite reproduce Joad's impertinent philosophy or Campbell's global omniscience—well, there was always B. L. T. to sum up and say how we had answered the question to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

Wet autumn days did a good turn to the Royal Navy, for squads of busy bookbinders were always to be found assiduously at work converting derelict Penguins into volumes tough enough to withstand the rigours of life at sea, either as a book or as weapon to be used in a dispute below decks. A grand occupation this, but not so funny next day when an earnest form master finds himself stuck to the desk and he is met with the disarming reply, "Oh, sir, naval paste!" Does one suffer in silence for the sake of our war effort or give vent to natural rage?

We had some fine films this term—"Victoria the Great" (Anna Neagle and Anton Walbrook), "Uncensored" (the story of La Libre Belgique), "Boys will be Boys" (Will Hay), "Ask a Policeman" (but unfortunately the sound broke down, and we were promised this film again), and finally some specially good M.O.I. films.

The last Sunday of term was a busy day. We had to provide the Carol Service at Filleigh Church in the morning and at East Buckland in the afternoon. The confusion at East Buckland was indescribable, as it was a pouring wet day and the tiny vestry had to be converted into a changing room at the last moment. We sang two new carols this year, "Blessed be the maid Marie" and "We Three Kings of Orient are." Tisdall led the descants and sang the solo in the Coventry Carol. This Service proved as popular as ever in the neighbourhood, and the readers came in for high praise from the critics. They were Hughes, Rogerson, Whittaker, Vernon, Schoeffler and Harvey.

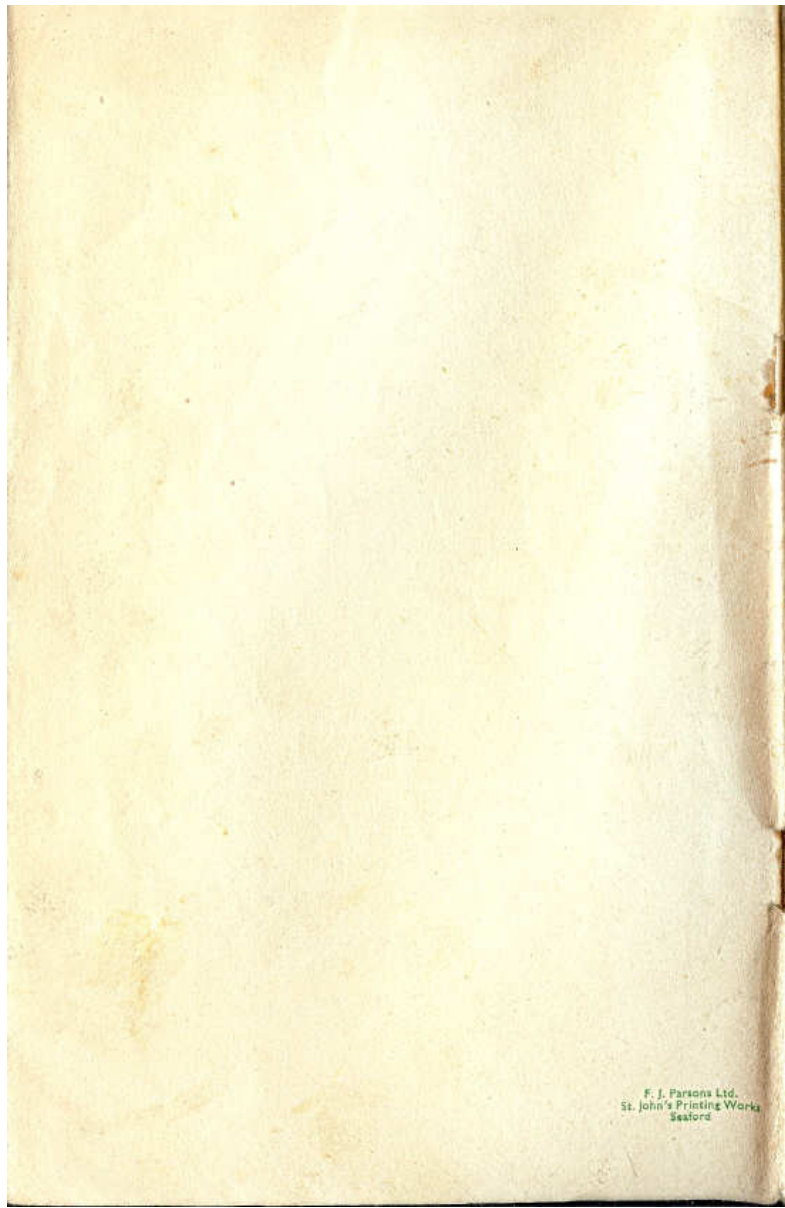
In the evening there was an exhibition of home-made works of art, and I was much struck by the obvious improvement in draughtsmanship and design. There were some very attractive Christmas cards, book-markers,

and a variety of animal studies. The stamp collectors also displayed their proudest sheets, and these made a wonderful exhibit. I am quite sure we have never had so many good collections in the school at one time. This ancient hobby has boomed beyond measure during the war years, and it is an ideal one in Devon's peculiar climate. There are days with us when the hinges stick without recourse to the tongue.

Mr. Talbot is now a member of the Council of the I.A.P.S., that mysterious body which looks after the interests of Prep. Schools, and he has been appointed to the Common Entrance Board. So now you know to whom you should address all your complaints about Mathematics.

Readers of this magazine, if they get as far as this, will be horrified to hear that Mr. John Hamilton is giving up the George Hotel sometime in the course of this coming June. This, of course, is a disaster, but he is taking over Lee Bay Hotel, on the coast not far from Ilfracombe, and I have a feeling that some of us may meet there before long. All the same the loss to St. Peter's gatherings at half-terms is irreparable. When he writes his memoirs, I shall promptly retire, for he knows more about this school than any man alive.

And this reminds me that we propose to have Sports next term on June 23rd. Admittedly I am pretty adept at cancelling dates, but that, anyway, is our present intention, though, of course, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip and war plays strange tricks on us, even in Devon.



F. J. Parsons Ltd.
St. John's Printing Works
Seaford