

# THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE



ST. PETER'S  
SEAFORD  
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No 85

Easter, Summer, Autumn, 1948

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### LITTLE ACORNS

I often wonder why it is that people still insist on sending their boys to preparatory and public schools at immense cost to themselves, expending perhaps the last drop of ungrabbed capital upon a form of investment which, at first sight, looks as if it cannot be far removed from speculation, for nobody at the start quite knows how it is going to turn out in the end. It cannot be termed a number one security, and when the edges get worn off, as they have a habit of doing, it is found sometimes that there are no traces of gilt. But the fact remains that people still believe in this form of investment, and the more difficult it becomes to balance the family budget, with costs rising everywhere like air bubbles from a wreck, the more do the independent schools, beset in their turn by the same pressing financial problems as the homes, find themselves booked up and over-booked for some years ahead. This illogical situation has altogether confounded the prophets, and it still remains something of a puzzle, for the more the State volunteers to provide, the more do people seem to eschew the proffered hand. There must be some very compelling reason why so many people, though impoverished by taxation and the new distribution of wealth, are still game to go to almost any length of sacrifice to give their growing family the same form of education as they received themselves. We, that is to say the privately run schools, cannot begin to compete with the State run schools. Our buildings, or at any rate some of them, are hopelessly out of date in comparison with the gorgeous structures which the long-suffering taxpayer helps to provide for other sons. Our equipment is negligible, and our educational stock is in danger of becoming out of date. Few of us can afford to modernise; it is all that we can do to replace. Teachers in the State schools are full of technical degrees and diplomas and they have the prospect of a pension, while we with our less showy inducements are more or less limited to those men to whom high honours do not come easily or to others who are so fanatically obsessed with our particular form of school life that they prefer to snap their fingers at the future for the sake of the present. This is the plain truth, and it is no use disguising the fact. It appears that we are the amateurs, they the professionals, and yet people come flocking to our doors, begging for a vacancy. There must be some very potent reason for it, or else the world has gone mad.

To my mind, the motive behind this amazing readiness on the part of parents to make sacrifices is very much the same as the reason which prompts

the proprietors of these independent schools to continue functioning when every business consideration should induce them to close down and use their capital in a more productive way. Both parties fervently believe in the system, both parent and principal, and so it goes on, extravagant as it inevitably must be. Few people that I meet can ever give me a convincing reason for our survival. Being English they find it difficult to analyse the reasons of their conviction. They are like prospective visitors looking round a school, who have no idea what are the relevant questions and, as often as not, ask the Headmaster to supply them. We are built that way as a race, the admiration and despair of others. What then have these poor independent schools to offer, in spite of their superficial drawbacks and overwhelmingly high costs?

They can offer the most precious thing in all the world, which no amount of wealth or subsidy or planning can provide. They offer a philosophy of life. That may sound rather grandiose and bombastic, but it need not be anything of the sort. A philosophy of life is fundamental to any society, and without it that society will perish. Such is the message of history, nothing less. A school which is not run to satisfy bureaucratic demands, but is left free to develop its own corporate life is a definite social unit. Whether the number composing the social unit is 50 or 500 or even 50 million is immaterial. Its members form a society, living the life of their particular community, whether they are schoolboys or scouts, factory hands or just plain common citizens, but the difference between the small social units of the schools and the all-embracing community known as the State is that the schools can claim to possess a philosophy of life, whereas the modern State has none. That surely is the tragedy of this civilisation of ours. Spiritual deficiency will bring toppling into ruin with far greater certainty than wars or an empty treasure chest. We have, either willingly or unwillingly, surrendered ourselves to the State, and the State has no way of life for us. People, I believe, are at last beginning to realise this, and that is why the little communities, which are still controlled by a code of Christian ethics, are found to be full to overflowing. It is the last chance, people feel. For heavens sake lets take it, at whatever sacrifice, at whatever cost. This is the old familiar story over again, of treasure hidden in a field which a man found and recognised, and he went and sold all that he had to buy that field.

Schools have a philosophy of life, intangible perhaps to their members, for it is not written on tablets of stone, but all the same intensely real. A member of a school community, if he is to prosper, must first and foremost be a good chap. There can be no doubt about that. Can the State always say the same? The leading citizens in a school community, chosen neither for their athletic nor their intellectual capacity but by character, are expected to show a degree of integrity such as this commercial age would reject out of hand as "not business." The lower middle classes of our miniature population, subconsciously forming their standards from those directly above them, learn to live as they see life lived all round them every day, and they do not draw their inspiration from the sensational columns of a profit-mongering Press or the clap-trap which is called Hollywood. They find they have to accept as an essential element in their daily lives an unwritten

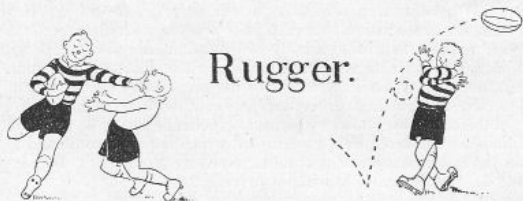
code of discipline which, though not repressive to people who have been brought up to that way of thinking, would certainly be considered extremely unpalatable in many of the industrial homes of this country, if one may judge by results. Our way of life goes further than what the Greeks, in their passion for one word, called Ethos. In all the residential schools that I have ever heard of Sunday is still Sunday, and we still try, however faltering the effort may be, to understand the mystery of the Word made Flesh. There is little enough mystery outside, in the cold bleak world which has so many crises to worry about that it seems to have omitted man's first and last problem, the knowledge of good and evil.

Let us not push the comparison any further, though the temptation to do so is acute. Fairly recently a preparatory schoolmaster was addressing an audience, half of which was composed of men of his own persuasion, the other half of His Majesty's Inspectors from the Ministry of Education. The main purport of his address was that it is utterly impossible to dissociate religion from education. With that premise the men of his persuasion unanimously agreed, and, somewhat to our surprise, so did the H.M.I.s, whose senior representative remarked after a pause for reflection: "To us it is quite remarkable to find a body of educationalists who accept without questioning the fact that education has a spiritual basis." I mention this incident, not to emphasise the merits of the preparatory school system, but to show the fundamental difference between those schools which every reader of this magazine knows by personal experience and those more efficient institutions administered by a government which hopes to command loyalty without the essential ingredient of faith. Need we go further? Isn't it plain why the demand for entry is without precedent?

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow." True, provided the acorns drop into congenial and productive soil. Sometimes they do, but the rate of fertility is not high. The tiny element in our population which is drawn from schools that have a philosophy of life can do little in the vast sea of national materialism, but that little becomes more and increasingly more if every home demands and enforces a similar standard of family life. Here surely is the most urgent need for co-operation, for one element is valueless without the other. The school is unproductive without the help of the home, the home equally powerless without the influence of the school. The most immaculate tee shot right down the fairway is not much use if the second is plunged into the middle of the gorse, but wood and iron together will reach the green. True education is not achieved by one superlatively brilliant stroke, but by a combination or series of moderately good shots, not all of which are played at school or university. Our Victorian grandparents, for all their obvious shortcomings, had one great advantage over us. They did produce a standard of family life which held sway until the 20th century critics ridiculed their ways and tore the fabric into ribbons, perhaps rightly because each generation must redecorate its own house. But the point is that it was a definite standard; it wasn't casual or aimless or without direction; it wasn't the policy of apathy or drift. I am not an advocate of putting the clock back to the days of plush and tinsel and family prayers, but there is overwhelming evidence to indicate that the social life of the first half of this

century has been deteriorating to an alarming degree, whereas the ethical standards of our boarding schools, built upon an unchanging spiritual foundation, have with a wider interpretation and more human appeal put on a considerable growth and are growing still. The dead hand of materialism is not to be found in communities such as these with their inherent philosophy of life. Outside, however, in the many millions of homes, which go to make up the corporate life of the country, the vital flame is in many instances burning perilously low, and it should be the aim of all education, whether at school or university or home, to keep that precious flame alive and fan it to a blaze, so that all the world may see.

P.K.S.



Our season of 1948 was as bare as the covered stands at Twickenham on a Sunday morning. Measles and whooping-cough, twin harbingers of isolation, stalked the corridors, hooking their bony fingers into the collars of the unsuspecting, and the off games roll grew as long as a waiting list for a new motor car.

Creating a rugger XV was like trying to follow out an old fashioned recipe with austerity rations. You know the sort of thing—"take six fresh eggs and a pint of cream." But we played as regularly as possible, and although it was difficult, owing to lack of continuity, to feel certain about the selection of the best fifteen players, there were elements among the forwards and certain combinations of outsides which formed a useful framework for all manner of speculation. We were discovering our ingredients, but were to be denied the mixing bowl of competition. Bower, as hooker, was a player of some penetration and boundless energy, and it would have been interesting to have seen other schools dealing with the loose rushes of Fison, Bower and Edgington combined. King, a wing forward, was a useful spoiler, and always in the right place in defence. In general, the forwards never had enough precision in their packing down for set scrums. To be slow and ragged in this department does not help the hooker, and tends to muffle a clean heel.

The halves, Combe and Hurry, were potentially a useful pair, though D. W. McCowen was a possible challenger to Combe behind the scrum. Hurry had weight and power, and when he took the ball at full speed and ran straight, he was a force to be reckoned with. His worst fault was a tendency to pass too late and without looking. In the centre Alan Lipscomb and Studholme had speed, but very little aptitude for the offensive tackle which often resulted in their having to turn round and chase their opposite numbers. Eventually they began to realise the value of close marking. There were a handful of candidates for the wings, with Drabble as the only certainty. Keith MacInnes, full of grim defiance, was an obvious full-back. We never lacked for enthusiasm and at times played the kind of tough and mauling game, combined with some aggressive velocity in the centre, that made us long for visiting opponents. The Staff, reinforced with boys, beat a representative School side by a dropped goal to nil, and it says something for the school forwards that they managed, in a loose rush, to dribble the headmaster together with the ball for at least twenty yards.

It was the Set Matches however which produced the best rugger of the term, setting a keen edge to everyone's interest and enthusiasm. Whites and Blues engaged in a final death struggle which was the key to the set championship, and no quarter was asked or given. Blues needed victory and Whites only required to play them to a draw. The forwards worked like beavers and the close marking and desperate tackling of the outsides gave the wings little chance. Blues, grimly adhering to the theory that step by step one goes a long way, fought nearer and nearer to their opponents' line, and whenever one of them was lucky enough to pillage the ball from the loose, no cry of "With You" was necessary; he had supporters on every side. But Whites, "girding up their loins," fought all attacks to a standstill under magnificent leadership, and now is the moment for me to pay a warm and grateful tribute to Julian Bower as the Captain of Rugger and the winner of the Cup. His was the driving force which time and again enabled Whites to hold Blues from scoring, and in the outcome of this final match of the season he experienced some reward for the high standard of play, which he had himself maintained throughout the term. He has a surprising turn of speed for a forward and knows how to put his head down and scatter the defence in the loose.

Finally, as B.L.T. is not writing this account, I feel inclined to risk earning his instant disapproval by paying a compliment to his capacity as a referee. His cobra-like observation and lightning decisions kept all the games neat and purposeful, and to play under such firm and scrupulous management is really to learn the game.

At the end of term Hurry, Fison, King, K. G. MacInnes, D. A. C. Lipscomb and Studholme were awarded colours.

M.H.F.





# Cricket.



Like Christopher Cooper, the Captain of Cricket, I have been collecting books on cricket. Their titles, or most of them, have great appeal, which is all in keeping with the attraction that cricket has for most people in this and many other countries. What could be more warming than to see, when browsing in a bookshop in the depth of winter, "Cricket in the Sun," "Getting Wickets," "Lords 1787-1945," to mention but a few? How much nicer though to have those arresting words nearer at hand as a reminder of days spent on green fields under blue skies either playing or watching this very English game?

All of us who play the game probably remember special occasions; we call to mind our early struggles, the first wicket we took, the first big score we made, the thrill of some great boundary catch, the exciting conclusion of some particular match. We remember too our disappointments and our failures. Perhaps one day we let down the side by indifferent fielding, dropping that vital catch which made the difference between victory and defeat; maybe we were over-confident and were guilty of under-estimating our opponents; we may have failed to listen to instructions and to bother to practise half hard enough.

We, the less distinguished cricketers, can gain much encouragement by studying the fortunes and failures of the great. One has only to read the early chapters of the books by Walter Hammond, Denis Compton and other national players to discover that their path to success has by no means been a bed of roses. The "Great" have all made their "ducks" from time to time; they have all dropped their catches and let a ball reach the boundary which never should have got there. They too, on occasions, have under-estimated their opponents and failed to concentrate on the things that matter.

Cricketers are human, whether great or small, and mistakes are made by each and all of them. Some can rise upon their mistakes more quickly than others and their path to fame is all the quicker as a result. Many, the majority I think, let their past mistakes linger too long in their minds, and their's is a constant struggle to improve.

We, who coach the young, and try to lay the foundation stones of cricket, can easily destroy real progress by dwelling on the past. We live in such a watertight compartment for twelve or thirteen solid weeks that our nerves become frayed and our tempers become short unless we take a tight

hold upon ourselves. The bad things stand out because they are so often repeated; the good crop up less often. For every good shot or good ball we can say, we could also shout out "Heavens! The same old fault." If we do, we are guilty men; guilty of crushing at the outset everything we want to build up. The bad at this stage is bound to be more frequent than the good. Think of the boy who has no green field to play on, no coach to put him right. He hammers at the ball in his own un-scientific way until he can hit it good and hard and a window suffers in the street.

"Perhaps we 'roughed it' a bit," says Walter Hammond, "but I am of the opinion that it does a boy no harm to learn a sport in that way. Several of our best cricketers began with a lamp-post as their wicket."

B.L.T.

## 1ST XI

Played 7. Won 1. Drawn 1. Lost 5

- v. ST. WILFRID'S. Won by 5 wickets.  
ST. WILFRID'S: 49 (Cooper 5 for 12; J. Bower 4 for 1).  
ST. PETER'S: 53 for 5 (Cooper 20; Hurry 12 n.o.)
- v. CHESTERTON. Lost by 8 wickets.  
ST. PETER'S: 82 (Combe 27; Cooper 11).  
CHESTERTON: 85 for 2 (Murray-Smith 2 for 1).
- v. LADYCROSS. Lost by 8 wickets.  
ST. PETER'S: 36 (D. Lipscomb 11).  
LADYCROSS: 37 for 2.
- v. TYTTENHANGER. Match drawn.  
ST. PETER'S: 51 (Combe 15; D. Lipscomb 14).  
TYTTENHANGER: 30 for 1.
- v. NEWLANDS. Lost by 9 wickets.  
ST. PETER'S: 31 (K. G. MacInnes 8).  
NEWLANDS: 32 for 1.
- v. ST. WILFRID'S. Lost by 12 runs.  
ST. WILFRID'S: 56 (K. G. MacInnes 3 for 9; J. Bower 3 for 13).  
ST. PETER'S: 44 (Cooper 12).
- v. LADYCROSS. Lost by 10 wickets.  
ST. PETER'S: 11.  
LADYCROSS: 28 for 0.

*Final XI* :—C. H. C. Cooper (captain), N. G. Hurry (vice-captain), E. N. Combe, R. E. King, K. G. MacInnes, D. A. C. Lipscomb, J. T. S. Bower, W. H. Parkin, M. G. Colebrooke, N. J. Murray-Smith, N. H. Yeatman-Biggs.

*Also played* :—R. S. Bryan, M. T. Edgington, D. W. McCowen, B. B. Wylam, I. M. A. Stewart.

## 2ND XI

Played 5. Won 2. Drawn 2. Lost 1

- v. ST. WILFRID'S. Won by 51 runs.  
ST. PETER'S: 93 for 7 (Wylam 17; S. Green 12; T. Green 12; Caulfield 11; Parkin 11 n.o.)  
ST. WILFRID'S: 42 (D. McCowen 3 for 5; Wylam 2 for 14).
- v. CHESTERTON. Lost by 1 run.  
CHESTERTON: 85 (Williams 2 for 6; Stewart 2 for 7).  
ST. PETER'S: 84 (Parkin 28).
- v. TYTTENHANGER. Match drawn.  
ST. PETER'S: 54 (Caulfield 12; C. Granville 12 n.o.)  
TYTTENHANGER: 45 for 8 (J. Bower 5 for 16).



- v. NEWLANDS. Match drawn.  
NEWLANDS: 55 for 7 (N. Murray-Smith 3 for 6; Wylam 3 for 19).  
ST. PETER'S: 28 for 8.
- v. ST. WILFRID'S. Won by 68 runs.  
ST. PETER'S: 113 for 4 (Wylam 34 n.o.; du Boulay 23; S. Green 18 n.o.;  
D. McCowen 11; C. Granville 10).  
ST. WILFRID'S: 45 (Murray-Smith 5 for 7; Wylam 3 for 14).  
*Final 2nd XI*—B. B. Wylam (captain), R. S. Bryan, M. T. Edgington, D. W. McCowen, I. M. A. Stewart, J. A. T. Caulfield, P. H. du Boulay, C. Granville, S. E. A. Green, T. J. Green, R. A. P. Blandy.  
*Also played*—J. G. R. Williams, D. C. Marsden, J. Studholme, J. R. T. Eve, J. D. Hobday.

### 3RD XI

Played 2. Won 2

- v. SUTTON PLACE. Won by 6 wickets.  
SUTTON PLACE: 54 for 5 decl. (C. Granville 2 for 3).  
ST. PETER'S: 82 for 5 (A. Blandy 31; Abbot-Anderson 18).
- v. NEWLANDS. Won by 10 runs.  
ST. PETER'S: 43 (du Boulay 18).  
NEWLANDS: 33 (J. Hobday 4 for 3; Abbot-Anderson 3 for 1).

### OTHER XI'S

Played 5. Won 1. Drawn 3. Lost 1

- "UNDER 10" v. ST. WILFRID'S. Won by 69 runs.  
ST. PETER'S: 110 (C. MacInnes 49; Colman 16; Knights 12).  
ST. WILFRID'S: 41 (C. MacInnes 4 for 10; R. Granville 3 for 5).
- 4TH XI v. NEWLANDS. Match drawn.  
ST. PETER'S: 78 (H. Whitty 16; Ward 16; Wynne 14; Colman 10 n.o.).  
NEWLANDS: 35 for 7 (Mason 3 for 6; Ashburner 2 for 4).
- "UNDER 10" v. ST. WILFRID'S. Lost by 10 runs.  
ST. WILFRID'S: 42 (R. Granville 4 for 4).  
ST. PETER'S: 32.
- "UNDER 10" v. KINGSMEAD. Match abandoned owing to rain.  
ST. PETER'S: 85 for 6 (Colman 50 n.o.; Blackburne-Maze 21 n.o.).
- "B" XI v. KINGSMEAD. Match drawn.  
KINGSMEAD: 22 (Lowman 6 for 11; Clay 4 for 9).  
ST. PETER'S: 22 for 2 (Lloyd 8).

## STAFF CRICKET

### THE HOLMWOODS MATCH

July 8, 1948

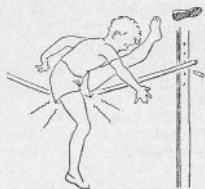
It was about midday that we all went forth to play,  
When wagging tongues and pint pots ceased to clatter.  
The tell-tale coin was spun, and Holmwoods had all the fun  
Of seeing if the pitch would tease the batter.  
Now R. H. Darwall-Smith was at 'em in a jiff  
With meteorites of local fame and thunder,  
While Nelligan, full of guile, in quite another style  
With sickly spin parted their bats asunder.

Alone Tim Toppin stands, no gloves upon his hands,  
In gym shoes rarely seen in the best cricket.  
Two fours! And then a six! But Nelly knows all the tricks  
And lures his offending leg before the wicket.  
Four good wickets on the floor for a paltry 54;  
Pavilion hearts are plunged in studied gloom.  
Our bowlers with bounding stride (one no ball and one wide)  
With deadly aim confirm the innings' doom.  
The game had scarce begun, yet they were out for 81,  
The smutty Darwall taking 3 for 30.  
To Nelligan the naughty six victims fell for 40,  
And batsmen's mud-rubbed noses looked but dirty.  
We'd better draw a veil o'er the rest of this murky tale,  
For Holmwoods all are friends of longtime standing.  
Their failure to show form above the schoolboy's norm  
Doth take a peck of thoughtful understanding.  
Blake slashed a rapid 50 and widened yet the rift he  
Soon had made between their score and ours;  
Then chucked away his wicket, in the interests of cricket,  
In case the sea borne clouds should end in showers.  
The Colonel in his prime had never at any time  
Displayed such enviable galaxy of stroke play,  
And even P.K-S, with ill-concealed finesse  
Did strike an aerial six over mid-off way,  
Is a score of 185 strong enough to keep alive  
St. Peter's constellation in the night sky?  
May next year's match be won with a score of 581.  
Five centuries, an eighty, and just one bye!

When Holmwoods come our way, its not only the play  
That calls for comment from the press recorder.  
There are sterner feats to endure of gastronomic lure  
Around the dinner table's rich disorder;  
And speeches which amaze, in an alcoholic haze,  
Come bursting forth in elegant profusion,  
In praise of this our game, which shall ever be the same—  
To its enemies inexorable confusion.

P.K-S.

- HOLMWOODS. T. Thomas, b. Darwall-Smith, 16. M. H. Lee, b. Nelligan, 8.  
D. Senst, c. Knox-Shaw, b. Darwall-Smith, 5. C. G. Toppin, lbw., b. Nelligan,  
25. J. A. Chetwood, run out, 4. A. Young, b. Darwall-Smith, 1. Stanley, c.  
and b. Nelligan, 1. B. Evans, st. Talbot, b. Nelligan, 1. N. F. Turner, b. Nelligan,  
8. O. M. Browne, c. Blake, b. Nelligan, 1. R. N. Manson, b. Farebrother, 1.  
W. H. Tankard, not out, 6. Extras 4. Total 81.
- ST. PETER'S. J. O. Lintott, c. Toppin, b. Manson, 5. E. Snell, b. Manson, 13.  
P. D. S. Blake, b. Lee, 56. R. H. Darwall-Smith, b. Evans, 15. B. L. Talbot,  
b. Turner, 4. R. M. C. Sanderson, b. Turner, 11. M. H. Farebrother, lbw. b.  
Toppin, o. N. B. Collins, b. Young, 32. P. Knox-Shaw, c. Evans, b. Young, 18.  
J. C. Norbury, b. Lee, 2. M. D. Nelligan, c. Senst, b. Lee, 2. J. M. Barrow-  
clough, not out, 1. Extras 26. Total 185.



## Sports.



What a marvellous chap Pythagoras was! If he hadn't invented a right-angle and thought about the square on his hypotenuse we might never have been able to have Sports. Think of the Derby or the Grand National without a proper starting line at right-angles to the line of the course! Think of a motor race or bicycle race, let alone the human race, if anybody could start on any other line; there would be chaos. Perhaps one good thing might have occurred if Pythagoras hadn't experimented quite so much; there mightn't have been any betting. Many people might have been much better off than they are, although human nature being what it is, I suppose some other form of gambling would have been invented by somebody else. Anyway there are no doubt some successful punters who are better off through betting, and in the silence of the night, offer burnt offerings to Pythagoras's memory; they may even regard him as their patron saint.

The schoolboy, of course, regards him in a different light. Because Pythagoras started to drop perpendiculars all over the place he, the schoolboy, has to learn more geometry, and that indeed is a nasty pill for him to swallow. But the schoolboy is a very conservative fellow and can't always see the immense benefits that accrue from class-room sweat. He is even blind to the fact that the classroom walls stand up straight and hence he can get on with his work without danger of a sudden collapse—of the classroom, I mean.

When he looks out of his classroom windows upon the fields laid out for Sports he can see the flag poles standing up straight and the hurdles and the jumping uprights standing up straight (would they be called uprights if they didn't?) He can even see Mace walking upright as he mows and the mower remaining upright too. True he, at St. Peter's anyway, will often see me bending, but that is through force of circumstances and even Pythagoras had to bend to draw his designs in the sand. Who could possibly hammer a little flag one foot six inches high into the ground anyway without bending, unless he were a pigmy? No, the schoolboy, all schoolboys are very conservative (politics excluded).

Classroom work over, out they pour upon the field, some to jump, some to run; some to tug and some to hurdle. Everything is taken for granted. The rope is there; the tracks are there. The hurdles are in position, made in our workshops and repaired year after year. Sand is in the pit and the pit is freshly dug. And, above all, on the tracks where the strings

for runners lanes are stretched there is A STARTING and A FINISHING LINE.

Masters appear from every quarter (Seven Sisters excluded), and assist the boys in the arts of Athletic Sports. The Geography master, fresh from the study of Mercator's Projections, puts his Set through throwing the Cricket Ball. The History Master, remembering the difficulties of landing in enemy country, takes some boys at the Long Jump. The French master, excitable and temperamental, leads a few boys over the Hurdles. The Mathematics master, having delved into the intricacies of strains and stresses, watches anxiously to see the Tug-of-War rope doesn't break or the tree to which it is attached isn't suddenly parted from its one remaining root. The Classics master, who has just been preaching to his form about the correct endings of words obviously goes to the finishing post, while the English master wanders about on the look out for style. The matrons, directly they can get free from counting laundry or mending rents in garments, come out to enjoy the fun. Pythagoras, the little man with the big brain, who has made all this possible is completely forgotten.

An ancient cart, drawn by an equally ancient horse, comes up the drive. The cart remains, the horse is led away. What is the cart for? An obstacle of course. This is a case of putting the cart before the horse!

What are all the chairs for and whence do they come? The old ladies of Eastbourne will have to go without their Saturday afternoon sit on the promenade for once, for equally important people require an afternoon sit at Seaford on July 3. Anyway the seats are rather hard and, the old ladies couldn't sit on them all the afternoon.

Here comes a comic little van, motor driven and with queer funnels sticking out of the roof. What can it be? Oh! The Loud-speaker van; I hope it works... It doesn't.

Where is the tape? Where are the stop-watches? Who's got the starting pistol and the ammunition? Has anyone seen the Megaphone?

Yes, what a marvellous chap Pythagoras was; but what a curse! Just think, if he had never lived, I might have been saved a good deal of trouble and a good many people might have caught an earlier train on Saturday evening.

B.L.T.

### PROGRAMME

#### SENIORS

100 Yards.—1, D. A. C. Lipscomb; 2, Shelford; 3, K. G. MacInnes. Time 13 3/5 secs.

440 Yards.—1, J. T. S. Bower; 2, Edgington; 3, Wylam. Time: 75 1/2 secs.

Hurdles.—1, D. A. C. Lipscomb; 2, Edgington and J. T. S. Bower. Time: 14 4/5 secs.

High Jump.—1, Studholme; 2, Wylam; 3, Hurry and Alexander. Height: 4 ft. 1 in.

Long Jump.—1, Yeatman-Biggs; 2, J. T. S. Bower; 3, T. J. Green. Length: 13 ft. 7 in.

Cricket Ball.—1, King; 2, Hurry; 3, J. T. S. Bower. Length: 63 yds. 1 ft. 10 in.

#### INTERMEDIATES

100 Yards.—1, Forbes; 2, T. P. D. Ashburner; 3, Boileau. Time: 13 4/5 secs.  
 220 Yards.—1, Mason; 2, Boileau; 3, Forbes. Time: 32 3/10 secs.  
 Hurdles.—1, Mason; 2, Williams; 3, Boileau. Time: 15 1/10 secs.  
 High Jump.—1, Williams; 2, T. P. D. Ashburner and Colebrooke. Height: 3 ft. 10 1/2 in.  
 Long Jump.—1, N. A. P. Evans; 2, Johnson; 3, Colebrooke. Length: 12 ft. 6 in.  
 Cricket Ball.—1, Stewart; 2, Abbot-Anderson; 3, Colebrooke. Length: 49 yds. 2 ft. 10 in.

#### JUNIORS

100 Yards.—1, Tisdall; 2, C. D. MacInnes; 3, Summers. Time: 15 secs.  
 220 Yards.—1, Tisdall; 2, C. D. MacInnes; 3, Holder. Time: 35 3/5 secs.  
 Hurdles.—1, Mills; 2, P. W. Lipscomb; 3, Neve. Time: 16 secs.  
 High Jump.—1, Clay; 2, Tisdall; 3, P. N. Lipscomb. Height: 3 ft. 4 in.  
 Long Jump.—1, C. D. MacInnes; 2, Tisdall; 3, Neve. Length: 10 ft. 11 1/2 in.  
 Cricket Ball.—1, C. D. MacInnes; 2, Tisdall; 3, M. O. McCowen. Length: 45 yds. 1 ft. 5 in.

#### RELAY RACES

Whole Set (1/2 mile, 16 runners).—1, Whites; 2, Reds; 3, Blues.  
 Seniors (1/2 mile, 4 runners).—1, Whites; 2, Reds; 3, Blues.  
 Intermediates (ditto).—1, Reds; 2, Whites and Blues.  
 Juniors (ditto).—1, Blues; 2, Reds; 3, Whites.

#### TUG-OF-WAR

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

#### CUPS

Set Cup.—1, Whites, 104 1/2 pts.; 2, Blues, 70 1/2 pts.; 3, Reds, 50 pts.  
 Seniors.—1, J. T. S. Bower, 15 pts.; 2, D. A. C. Lipscomb, 12 pts.; 3, Edgington, 7 pts.  
 Intermediates.—1, Mason, 10 pts.; 2, Williams, 8 pts.; 3, Forbes, 6 pts.  
 Juniors.—1, Tisdall, 14 pts.; 2, C. D. MacInnes, 12 pts.; 3, Mills and Clay, 4 pts.

#### POST-SCRIPT TO SPORTS

Towards the end of the summer term Kings Mead School staged an Athletic meeting of five schools; St. Peter's, Chesterton, Newlands, St. Aubyn's (Rottingdean) and Kings' Mead—each sent forth their champions to compete over hurdles, on the track or in the jumping pit and, at the end of the day, in comic races. Great interest was shown and great fun was had by all, competitors and spectators alike, and a debt of gratitude is due to Kings Mead for the arrangements made and the hospitality provided.

Our little band acquitted themselves well, particularly Summers who won each of the events for which he was entered, and Boileau and Lipscomb. Our other representatives were Shelford, J. Bower, Yeatman-Biggs, K. G. MacInnes, Forbes, Tisdall, Mason and Johnson. At the end of the day we found ourselves in 2nd place, Chesterton having rushed to the fore in the last few events. St. Aubyn's came third and Newlands and Kings Mead tied for fourth place. I hope we will be able to stage a similar meeting on our grounds in the not too distant future.

B.L.T.



## Soccer.



If the Rugger season was ruined by the twin onslaught of Measles and Whooping cough, the Soccer was equally attacked by a virulent epidemic of Mumps. Boy after boy swelled up like a barrage-balloon. Unfortunately our hopes of the entire top game going down with the first batch were not fulfilled, and we were unable to field a full side until the last three weeks of term when matches were impossible as we were still in quarantine.

However, it did give a good many of the second game a chance to show their paces, and most of them took full advantage of the opportunity. The outstanding example was Ward whose place in the XI was never in doubt after his first appearance. He has all the attributes of a good winger—speed, determination, a good kick, and, most important of all, real football sense. Next year he should take a lot of stopping.

Of the rest of the XI which was chosen, mainly on form shown in Set matches, Wylam in goal was not perhaps quite as sound as we had expected him to be. His anticipation is good, sometimes uncanny, but he is weak on ground shots and is inclined to bounce the ball too much before clearing. Edgington and Yeatman-Biggs as the backs played consistently well together. Both kick and tackle strongly and are rarely caught out of position, though both are rather one-footed. Of the halves, King in the centre, was the best player on the field. A slow runner he generally beat his man to the ball thanks to excellent anticipation. He is a good constructive player and feeds his forwards well, though he will continue to starve his right wing until he improves his left foot. To him the Soccer Cup was justly awarded. Of the wing-halves Murray-Smith was the better. He is a neat constructive player who uses his head, whereas Bryan although a robust defensive player, tends to kick the ball aimlessly up the field instead of feeding his forwards. Everybody, including the backs, should realise that every kick, even first-time clearances, should be "steered."

The forwards were as usual our main problem, although by the end of term we had evolved a fairly satisfactory line. Studholme, at inside-left, was perhaps the most improved player on the field. By perseverance he improved his ball control enormously and was the only forward capable of taking the ball through the defence on his own. Had we had any matches, the Ward-Studholme combination would have scored many goals. Du Boulay, as inside-right, though potentially the better of the insides, had less courage and was much less effective. He has yet to learn to combine with



his half as well as his wing, and he must appreciate that his duties are defensive as well as aggressive. Colebrooke, after trying outside-right, left-back and centre-half finally settled down as a centre-forward. His kicking and ball-control alone would earn him a place in any side, but until he can curb his excitability he will not produce the results that he should. Last but not least, Donald McCowen has shown that he is a versatile player who can fill almost any place on the field with credit. But there is no doubt that he is a born goalkeeper, and he will be making a big mistake if he fails to concentrate on that alone next year.

Earlier on I said we had no Matches. This was not strictly true. St. Wilfrid's volunteered to play us if we only included in our team boys who had "Mumped" in this epidemic, and this compelled us to drop no less than six of our 1st XI. St. Wilfrid's sportingly dropped an equal number, but they were still the better team and showed a marked superiority in kicking and quickness on the ball. King excelled himself and was the best half on the field. We were a little unlucky to lose as heavily as 5-1, for, in the second half at any rate, we were doing most of the pressing.

The "B" Team were beaten 3-1 after a ghastly and spineless display which left the referee almost incoherent with rage. The one exception was Jarman, who played with skill and determination at centre-half, and who once, despairing of his forwards ever doing anything with the ball, dribbled through on his own in a noble endeavour to score.

Too much emphasis should not be laid on these results. Neither of our sides were a team in the true sense of the word, and had a sort of match inferiority complex. There is plenty of ability and promise in the middle of the school. In fact some of the best football was played in the second game this term, and providing we are not attacked again next Autumn by some other germ, we have very good prospects for 1949.

#### 1ST XI

Goal : Wylam\* (capt.)

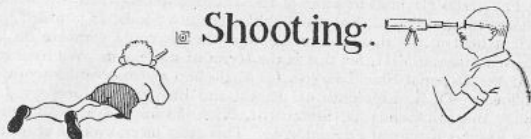
Backs : Yeatman-Biggs,\* Edgington\*

Halves : Bryan, King\*, N. Murray-Smith.

Forwards : D. McCowen, du Boulay, Colebrooke, Studholme\*, Ward.

\*denotes colours

J.C.N.



In reviewing a year on the ranges it is difficult to see the wood for the trees. There is such a bewildering complexity of competitions that we have had to sacrifice one wall in the Setroom for the display of shooting notices and results, and it looks as if we may have to enlarge the room. Few people really understand the ins and outs of it all, but the main thing is that the Major does. He is the arch fiend who demands so much from us, both man and boy, for the Staff have now constituted themselves into a formidable rifle club and, with the advent of young men back from the wars, are a pretty stiff combination. We started the year with a good array of talent, and by the end of April the dining room was festooned with trophies. At that time we held two of the three prep. school shields, the horrible Harvey Hadden gilt goblet and an enormous thing, requiring two men to lift, called the Loder Shield; we were also winners of the County League Div. VIII. The Loder Shield, which is a Sussex trophy, was won by a combined team of six—Parkin, John Hobday, Alan Lipscomb and three masters. The County League, in which we won 12 out of 14 matches fired, fell to a combination of five boys and five masters, Hurry and King supplementing the other three. This was not too bad, in view of the fact that neither measles nor whooping cough is a helpful adjunct in that desperate concentration which is so essential in competition shooting. In fact the Major was almost satisfied. Then came the summer, always a bad time for shooting in the opinion of our local experts, and the Major's geniality suffered a visible decline. In July we lost Parkin and the majority of our crack marksmen, and in the autumn the scores began to drop; we were taking 2nd and 3rd places rather too consistently, which is a terrible thing at St. Peter's. I found it best to avoid the Major, and I don't think I was the only one. This business of taking the place of fallen heroes is an ever present problem in schools, and it is just as evident in shooting as in other activities. The reserves are competent, at times much more than competent, but they do lack consistency. There is no let up in shooting; it is mind over matter all the time, for unlike so many of our sports one bad shot cannot be retrieved. That's why it is such fine training, particularly in an age which has a tendency to be haphazard.

	HARVEY HADDEN		ST. PATRICK'S		ST. GEORGE'S		ST. ANDREW'S	
	Score	Position	Score	Position	Score	Position	Score	Position
Easter ..	756	1st	530	1st	514	1st	502	2nd
Summer ..	748	1st	517	2nd	497	2nd	502	2nd
Autumn ..	742	2nd	507	2nd	497	3rd	487	2nd

The 2nd VIII fired in some of these competitions, when the demands of the sickroom allowed, but the results were not good. It is much to be which it held in the days before the war when it could compete on level terms with the 1st VIII, for that is the secret of succession. We have completed the Imperial Shield targets for 1948, and the individual scores are as follows:—D. A. Lipscomb 95, Parkin and Blandy 94, Hurry 93, J. D. Hobday and Studholme 92, Stewart 91, N. A. Evans and J. T. Bower 89, Bryan 88, and King and Edgington 87. This gives us an average of 91.31 as opposed to 90.81 in the previous year when we were 12th out of all the units in the British Empire and 2nd in Earl Haig's Sword.

#### THE YEAR'S HONOURS

	<i>Shooting Captain</i>	<i>Lady Ball Cup</i>	
Easter .. ..	Parkin	1. Parkin	2. Hobday
Summer .. ..	Parkin	1. Parkin	2. Hurry
Autumn .. ..	R. A. P. Blandy	1. Stewart	2. King.

#### FIVES

The first pair to arrive in the covered court in the Easter Term were the Headmaster and Mrs. Knox-Shaw, and they set a high standard of play with ladders, water and scrubbing brushes. Their example was quickly followed by other willing helpers, and before long all traces of Army occupation had been removed. The soldiers had invented a game of their own, and the walls bore the marks of spirited top step rallies with what must have been quantities of cotton waste dipped in black paint.

But now we were ready to begin, and thus pavilioned in splendour the fives fans proceeded to gird themselves with a fair amount of praise. In the set competition King and Combe, playing first pair for Blues, carried all before them although, having run through Hobday and Eve, they found stiffer opposition in Whites, represented by Hurry and K. G. MacInnes. In the second pairs Drabble and Studholme also took Blues to victory. Drabble was improving all the time, but Studholme needs to develop his right hand. An open competition was then organised and the set partnerships readjusted to make things as level as possible. The points awarded for each match were the same as the total score of each pair over two games, and on this system King and Keith MacInnes came out on top with 54, Hurry and Drabble second with 49, and Combe and Eve third with 31.

When we came back in September, we were to see a large increase in the number of players and a general raising of the standard in all departments of the game. By the end of the term we had twenty-two people to choose from, both for school matches and our own competitions. Despite

Mumps, our neighbours at Stoke House agreed to play us on two occasions, and on the first of these we entertained both their first and second pairs on our own courts. Combe and King playing first pair won an excellent match 15-5, 11-15, 15-12, and gained another and more convincing win when they played at Stoke House later in the term. These two have played a good deal together and thoroughly understand one another's game. King cuts the ball very hard for a boy of his age, and he is neat and accurate on the top step. He is not so reliable however when supporting the server, and his long shots from the back of the court to the front wall are often badly controlled. Combe has not his partner's brilliant cut, nor his agility and anticipation on the top step, but he has an even temperament, so vital in Fives, and is a steady bottom step player. He did not quite fulfill his early promise this term, but he has the ability to become a fine player and I am looking forward to seeing him at his best.

Du Boulay and Marsden beat our opponents' second pair with ease in the open court, and in the second match, when playing in the faster covered court, Wylam (in place of Du Boulay) and Marsden gained another win. Marsden needs to improve his concentration and Du Boulay must not curl his hand round the ball. Wylam, who has a useful cut and a long reach, shows considerable promise.

We played for the Set Cup again and aim to make it an annual event in the Autumn term, rather than Easter, from now onwards. In a game designed for left handers, Blues found themselves in possession of three; Studholme, Edgington and Yeatman-Biggs. In addition they could put up Combe and King as first pair, and a useful performer in Donald McCowen. With this array of talent they cleaned up Reds and Whites quite comfortably gaining 24 points, with the other two sets taking 6 each. But despite the Combe and King predominance, there are other names, worthy of mention, the owners of which will soon be making themselves felt: Stewart, Williams, Abbot-Anderson, Nicholas Murray-Smith, Simon Green, Jarman and Colebrooke are all improving steadily, but let me just mention the word PRACTICE, and leave it at that.

The Headmaster, himself a most illustrious player, has spent many hours coaching, and I feel has been rewarded by a general standard of play which, by the end of last term, must have given him some real satisfaction.

Staff Fives has been revived, and the boys have been fortunate to be able to watch the wily court-craft and lightning anticipation of P.K.S., and the smooth and accurate performance of B.L.T., which give no hint of sad lack of practice.

One final word. Fives is a grand game for it teaches us control of our movements, anticipation, and smooth co-operation with a partner. It is both difficult and exhausting to play well; moreover it trains us to use our eyes, our head, both feet and both hands. Notes on how to play, written by possibly the greatest exponent of the game yet seen, are pinned on the Notice Board. Read them, and practice what they preach to you, item by item. The better you play, the more you will enjoy it.

M.H.F.

## SETS

Letters from Old Boys arrive from all directions during the course of a year and very few of them end without an enquiry as to how their old Set is doing. It is wonderful to think that, although the Union Jack and all it stands for is forgotten in so many quarters of the globe, the Red and White and Blue of their Prep. School days still means a great deal to those who learned to work and play and render service here. Some write whose records were outstanding; others who had to struggle to come out at the top; a few who had to leave before any position of authority was gained. But each in his own way contributed something to the well-being of his Set and of his School, and each boy here and to come must find a way to serve this little community, before he leaves.

Some boys here now have not yet contributed anything to their Set's termly total and they must consider, before it is too late, in what way they can help their "man" climb the ladder as the terms go by. They gain points for many things but lose them so quickly for many others. They don't seem to understand that their "minuses" have to be turned into "pluses" by somebody else in their Set before their "man" can climb at all. Service to their Set is, indirectly, service to their school and they mustn't forget it. Baxendale, Forbes, du Boulay, Neve, Banks and Holder are still badly on the negative side after being here five terms or more. Four of these are in Whites and two in Reds, and if they can pull themselves together Blues can be made to feel the pinch.

Blues have had a remarkable record and once again have flown the flag at the end of every term in 1948, thus giving them now a sequence of eight wins. This run of victories has only been equalled by Reds who held the fort from Autumn 1943 to Easter 1946.

Let every boy in every Set start 1949 with the light of battle in his eyes. Blues will create a record if they win again; only Reds and Whites can stop them.

B.L.T.

### SHELL CASE

- Easter Term.*—1, Blues (T. H. Drabble), 189 pts.; 2, Reds (J. D. Hobday), 140 pts.; 3, Whites (N. G. Hurry), 125 pts.  
*Summer Term.*—1, Blues (B. G. O. Shelford), 97 pts.; 2, Whites (N. G. Hurry), 73 pts.; 3, Reds (J. D. Hobday), 40 pts.  
*Autumn Term.*—1, Blues (J. G. Studholme), 220 pts.; 2, Reds (P. C. M. Alexander), 164 pts.; 3, Whites (B. B. Wylam), 55 pts.

### WORK CUP

- Easter Term.*—1, Reds, 50 pts.; 2, Blues and Whites, 36 pts.  
*Summer Term.*—1, Blues, 49 pts.; 2, Whites, 44 pts.; 3, Reds, 42 pts.  
*Autumn Term.*—1, Blues, 45 pts.; 2, Reds, 42 pts.; 3, Whites, 39 pts.

### SHOOTING SHIELD

- Easter Term.*—1, Whites, 187; 2, Reds, 177; 3, Blues, 172.  
*Summer Term.*—1, Whites, 263; 2, Reds, 252; 3, Blues, 243.  
*Autumn Term.*—1, Whites, 256; 2, Blues, 247; 3, Reds, 246.

- Rugger Cup.*—1, Whites, 9 pts.; 2, Blues, 6 pts.; 3, Reds, 3 pts.  
*Cricket Cup.*—1, Whites, 20 pts.; 2, Blues, 6 pts.; 3, Reds, 4 pts.  
*Soccer Cup.*—1, Blues, 17 pts.; 2, Reds, 13 pts.; 3, Whites, 0 pts.  
*Sports Cup.*—1, Whites, 104½ pts.; 2, Blues, 70½ pts.; 3, Reds, 50 pts.  
*Drill Shield.*—1, Blues, 40 pts.; 2, Reds, 38 pts.; 3, Whites, 34 pts.

## THE YEAR'S AWARDS

### EASTER TERM

#### PRIZES

*Term's Work*: Caulfeild, Coltman, Gillies, Hoskin, K. G. MacInnes, Ward. *Latin*: Drabble, Studholme. *Mathematics*: Caulfeild. *French*: Eastman, Fison, Gillies. *English*: N. A. P. Evans. *History*: J. T. S. Bower.

### SUMMER TERM

*Term's Work*: Abbot-Anderson, Banks, R. D. Granville, K. G. MacInnes, Mason, Studholme, Ward. *Latin*: Abbot-Anderson, J. T. S. Bower, Gillies, K. G. MacInnes. *Mathematics*: Coltman, Rich, K. G. MacInnes. *French*: Abbot-Anderson, Caulfeild. *English*: Abbot-Anderson, Parkin. *History*: Banks, Caulfeild. *Geography*: K. G. MacInnes. *Scripture*: J. T. S. Bower, J. D. Hobday. *Good Work*: Pearson, Cooper.

### AUTUMN TERM

*Term's Work*: Banks, Bourke, R. G. Evans, King, C. D. MacInnes, P. MacInnes, Steer. *Latin*: Mason. *Mathematics*: Alexander. *French*: Edgington, Stewart, Ward. *English*: C. D. MacInnes, Yeatman-Biggs. *History*: Baxendale, Studholme. *Geography*: Coltman. *Scripture*: Banks. *Reading*: Yeatman-Biggs, Abdy, Steer. *Art*: Coltman.

### EASTER TERM

#### CERTIFICATES

*Term's Work*: Hickman, Knight, Mills, G. E. Welton, Wynne. *History*: Swan. *Geography*: Medley.

### SUMMER TERM

*Term's Work*: Bourke, Chisholm, Knight, Lowman, Mills, Tisdall. *History*: G. E. Welton.

### AUTUMN TERM

None; the Lower School now being awarded prizes in the same way as the Upper and Middle School.

### EASTER TERM

#### CUPS

*Rugger*: J. T. S. Bower. *Shooting*: W. H. Parkin (Av. 65.8). *Boxing*: (Senior) G. R. M. Fison; (Junior) M. H. S. Bower. *Squash*: N. G. Hurry.

### SUMMER TERM

*Cricket*: C. H. C. Cooper. *Bowling*: J. T. S. Bower. *Shooting*: W. H. Parkin (Av. 65.7). *Swimming*: N. G. Hurry. *Music*: J. G. Studholme.

### AUTUMN TERM

*Soccer*: R. E. King. *Shooting*: I. M. A. Stewart (Av. 66). *Drill Medal*: (Senior) R. E. King; (Junior) P. M. H. R. Chisholm.



## PETER'S PIE.

### " OMAHA TRAIL "

The first film we had this term was one of Mr. Talbot's "specials"—a typical rip-roaring quick-shooting cowboy story. Of course the usual things happened, and the heroine was too plain to be a first-class heroine, but all the same the plot was better than most, even though the rifles were slightly too accurate for the 1870's. However, it was a thrilling film and thoroughly captured the audience when the Indians were routed by the "Iron Horse." Of the personalities, almost everybody liked the engine-driver best—he certainly had some very narrow escapes. The scenery was quite impressive in parts, and there was practically no saloon fighting, a most muddling thing to watch.

N. H. YEATMAN-BRIGGS

## MARIONETTES

Marionette shows are rare, and rare shows are usually well worth seeing. Certainly the one we had at St. Peter's on October 16 was no exception, and it is from that that I am forming my impressions. This one was a fantasy on the pantomime Cinderella, modernised, and with some extremely witty remarks put in. The whole performance reached a very high standard, and I think that such a skilled form of entertainment is a most welcome newcomer to our Saturday evening programmes. The colouring and music blended really beautifully and in spite of being on a tiny stage, with all the figures less than six inches high, it was really most effective. During the storm in the forest a sudden hush went through the school, and the rain was so realistic that we thought it would flood the stage at any moment. Of the characters, all were excellent, although the Fairy Godmother waving her wand did look rather like P.K.S. after Blacks and Golds. Cinderella herself was very good and looked extremely pretty in her ball dress. Of the others I can only pick out a few, and one whom I think deserves mention is Jeremy the Frog. Jeremy was a popular favourite from the first, and when he retrieved the silver slipper from the enchanted pool, he received worthy applause from his many fans. The Demon King, who was so horrid at first, turned out in the end to be quite a benevolent old thing and made a very nice little curtain speech. The voices of the cast were all clear and audible, and though spoken by two people only, achieved convincing variety.

We owe our grateful thanks to Mr. Talbot for making the show possible, and to Mr. and Mrs. Heap and their assistant for putting on a really first-class production.

J. G. STUDHOLME

## " TARZAN ESCAPES "

The plot opened with the *Congo Belle*, a Mississippi-type paddle steamer shooting up the river and dumping its cargo, a young man and his sister, at a native village. The two young people were looking for a cousin of their's called Jane, who had been left £100,000 or thereabouts. The story carries on as they try to find her meeting many savage tribes on the way.

They arrive at a vast mountain where the cry of something, or someone, frightens off a pursuing horde of natives. They ascend the mountain, where Tarzan finds them. His wife, of course, is Jane. And so it goes on. Cheeta the chimp was the main attraction as he always managed to get into mischief.

Although the film was improbable, it was the sort that is enjoyed by everybody (although Mr. Norbury found time to correct his Latin Extra work in the intervals). The villain came to a sticky end in a bog, which, although it didn't look nice, was a good end for him. After the show everybody was jumping up and down like Cheeta, or lifting chairs above their heads like Tarzan, which shows how easily our primitive instincts can be awakened.

N. A. P. EVANS

## BIGGLES ASLEEP

Nine o'clock struck. Downstairs the masters were . . . well, they were drinking, from the sounds issuing forth from the dining hall. "Oh! Gosh!" I said, as I rolled over in my bed. "Oh! How I wish I was a master!" However, at last I fell asleep, but, as I afterwards surmised, I must have been a bit unsound in mind that night, for I dreamed I was a master. Whether this dream was a coincidence or merely one of the evils which have to be put up with in life, I have not yet discovered. But let me get on with my story.

As I have said before, I dreamed I was a master. The first lesson I had to take was Maths. in Shell "B." When the bell went after hours of seemingly endless agony, I pushed my way out of the form amidst hoots of "Oh, Sir," "You skunk, Sir," and other rude and unwanted remarks of this nature. Then French in Form II required my presence, most unfortunately. So I spent the next three-quarters of an hour in Form II, where I was greeted with exactly the same reception as in the Maths period. I then began to hope that this lesson was the last, but I was mistaken in my surmise. However, the day slowly rolled on in much the same way as it started, and at length I retired to bed after the most hectic day I have ever experienced. Just as I was getting into my bed I felt a chill wind blowing on my face. Looking round I perceived that my window had descended of its own accord, leaving me exposed to the cold northern wind which was hitting me full blast. At that moment I woke up and found I was lying on my bed with somebody bending over me and holding in his hand a large and very wet sponge, from which proceeded exceedingly cold drops of water.

"I think you've been having a nightmare," he said.

"I should jolly well think I have," I replied.

N. H. YEATMAN-BIGGS

## SAMUEL PEPYS AT ST. PETER'S

May 26

Waked about 6 o'clock this morning with another boy in the dormitory having had a nightmare, and screaming terrible about goblins and evil sprites. I quietening him by means of a cold sponge continued to read my

book until a quarter to seven, and it being a murderous tale, did make my flesh creep so great that I lay shivering in bed until the bell did go, whereupon I up and put on my suit of coloured camelotte, with an exceeding handsome tie, which being bought at Harrods, I was mighty proud of. Then to the Dispensary, and did find Clarks extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown and silk stockings. Down to breakfast, where we had haddock, and I disliking it, was very angry, and did not eat any, giving it all to Duke.

Then to lessons, I half the morning at arithmetique, Mr. B. Talbot congratulating me upon my addition, and cursing me upon my multiplication, which was, methinks, just an error upon his part.

May 27

I, being called by Blandy to shoot, to the range, where the Major did tell me to take the left hand arquebuss, whereupon I fired three rounds, this taking me twenty seven minutes, and having scored eighteen out of thirty, I was wonderful pleased. And so to games, I scoring one goal, which indeed was a fine shot, then changed, and I to the shop and did buy two ounces of glacier mints and some boiled sweets, these costing me eleven pence, which troubled me sore. Tea, which I enjoyed greatly partly because of the food, it being excellent cooked by that most stalwart and worthy May; also, S. Green, who sits next to me, for some unaccountable reason had taken a disliking to this fine dish, whereupon he gave me his, which pleased me. Then prep., and it being a Latin prep., was foul beyond all endurance, I doing only two sentences, when ten were set, then upstairs, undressed very vexed, and so to bed.

N. H. YEATMAN-BIGGS

### THE VARSITY MATCH

On Tuesday, December 7, six of us with P.K.S. and B.L.T. set out for Twickenham. It was a doubtful day and the weather looked very unobliging. Red and grey clouds floated across the sky in mocking fashion with all the evil intentions of their kind. We arrived on the ground in state, seated in a giant Packard, and as we all jumped out it must have looked as if we represented a Chicago newspaper. At twelve o'clock one could have found us at a snack bar greedily munching sandwiches and sipping hot tea. We were all Oxford supporters, and the two Cambridge men in charge of the party took rather a poor view of us.

The game was magnificent and extraordinarily fast. Yeatman-Biggs belloved his approval with such violence that it caused spectators to look round. First blood fell to Oxford. One of the forwards sent a magnificent drop-kick sailing over the Cambridge crossbar, making the score 3-0. At half-time they had increased their lead to 11-0. Oxford looked like winning easily, but it was not so. With redoubled vigour the Cambridge men put the score to 11-8, but the day went to Oxford, for in the last few minutes they scored another try and put the issue beyond doubt.

After a bumper tea at the Grosvenor we pursued our way home. The train was full, but we had the whole ourselves which enabled us to have a

joyly sing-song. From Lewes we occupied a whole compartment, so we crumpled up our paper bags and threw them at each other. So ended a thrilling day which we shall always remember.

R. E. KING

### OLD BOY NEWS

The following boys left for their Public Schools during 1948:—

Easter Term.—T. H. Drabble (Winchester), G. R. M. Fison (Marlborough) and C. Just (Westminster).

Summer Term.—C. Granville (Eton), G. T. Pearson (Shrewsbury), W. H. Parkin (Charterhouse), N. G. Hurry and W. P. Evans (Oundle), J. T. S. Bower and D. A. C. Lipscomb (Winchester), K. G. MacInnes (Rugby), B. G. O. Shelford (Radley), J. D. Hobday and C. H. C. Cooper (Harrow); also J. D. Trustram Eve, P. E. Gilbert and M. C. Hampson.

Autumn Term.—No boys left this term.

### CHARTERHOUSE

Bill Parkin had a successful first term and found the work easy. At the beginning of the year Richard Davies was promoted from running fag to study fag and has started oil painting and reading the history of art. Ian Paton is reported to have broken the School 220 yards record, but his time was disallowed owing to a strong following wind. He got his athletic and soccer colours and is in the Maths under VIth.

### MARLBOROUGH

Ian Farquharson is captain in "A" House and relates how Geoffrey Fison, despite getting into his House XV his first term, was only just quick enough to avoid being run over. Peter Jennings is a captain in his Junior House and reports on the visit of the King and Queen and the spit and polish which went before it. Roger Whitmore wrote an interesting account of the school routine as soon as he arrived and John Harper, now in Cotton House, took School Certificate successfully in the summer with a distinction in English. He is now doing biology with photography and fishing as his main recreations; sends messages to Vernon at Radley by morse. Michael Tisdall has taken his 1st M.B. and was awarded an exhibition in the Senior Scholarships Exam. Filled the double role of botanist and cook on a six weeks tour of country beyond Quebec with the Public Schools' Exploration Society, and never wants to see a spruce tree again. Left his rations lying about, much to the delight of a passing polar bear. Peter Harvey entertained seven O.P.s in his study where considerable eating was done. He is stage electrician to the college and an expert on bird photography. His speciality is doing enlargements of people with flat feet and hollow backs for the Master in charge of remedial exercises. Passed School Certificate last summer with seven credits and a distinction in Maths. Now on the science side and plays a good deal of Fives. Robin Ferguson won the House Glee Cup by singing a madrigal entitled "How merrily we live." To convince somebody of that is a feat which speaks for itself. He joins the R.A. this spring and hopes to

enter Worcester College, Oxford, in October, 1950. Is a library proctor, the main object being a dinner at the end of each term. Works up an appetite for this excavating burrows and Roman wells with the Archaeological Society.

#### WINCHESTER

Julian Bower wrote an admirable first term letter, with plenty of comment on food, and the amount of money some men spend on it. Sings in Chantry Choir and "raised books" in J.P.2. Alan Lipscomb coxes in Junior Forms and was likewise raised a remove from J.P.2. Has joined the Racquets' Club and plays a lot of squash. He doesn't think much of the Winchester version of Eton Fives but plays for his House Juniors in Winchester football, and the College Junior Colts in Soccer. Is a member of the Chantry Choir and the Glee Club. He tells of a mysterious half-holiday in honour of Sir Stafford Cripps. (Only a half you notice). Tim Drabble has raised two removes already, and finds fagging less exacting. Is playing a lot of fives, and racquets when he gets a chance. He enjoys Winchester football and is reported as wearing a straw hat at a most rakish angle. Christopher Browning on his last term was a House Prefect and in VI Book Science while Alastair Thomson is now in Senior Part III, got into the 1st VIII and met Schoeffler-Lubbock when rowing at Henley. Mark Evans took School Certificate in the summer to the tune of four credits and three distinctions and is now in Senior Part II. Had a good cricket season playing for Toye Cup (House Colts XI), and also Hopper Pot (House 1st XI). Enquires with some concern about Whites.

#### WELLINGTON

John Whittaker retained his cricket colours for a second year (old colours have to re-win them), and hopes to go on the History Side after taking School Certificate, his ultimate aim being a Heath Harrison Scholarship to B.N.C. Is now a member of the J.T.C. and won his First Class Shot Badge with 68 out of 70. Has been playing hockey in Colts I game and rugger on Dorm 1st XV. John Gilley reached his House 2nd XI at hockey and has taken up racquets. Simon Whitmore is on the Maths. and Science Side having taken School Certificate, as was Peter Mendelsohn, Charles Spottiswoode and Christopher Burton. David Farquhar is now a dormitory prefect and David Scott has left for the Army, after being head of Lynedoch. Michael Poynder is doing some shooting. Spottiswoode played for College 3rd XV. and threw the Javelin in Colts Sports.

#### ETON

Nigel Blake played for his House in the final of House Cricket, and reports that Greville Tufnell got his Lower Club. Took School Certificate last half and means to specialise in History. Is still the best bruiser in Bucks and Berks. Ronald Gurney played a good deal of tennis in the summer.

Stop Press news is that Nigel Blake and Greville Tufnell are playing for the 1st XV. We must ask however for a good deal of improvement in the correspondence from our large Eton Contingent. Wait till later on in the year by all means, but then see to it that you are properly represented in the next (and subsequent) issues.

#### RADLEY

Sam Curtis passed School Certificate with five credits and a distinction in Geography, is in the Science VI and hopes to read agriculture at Cambridge. Has gained a First Class Shot Badge and is an enthusiastic Whipper-in to the Beagles. John Vernon is in Modern Remove, has his 2nd XV rugger colours, is in the Colts Rowing VIII, won the Junior Sculls and is in his Social 1st XV. Fast becoming a noted actor. Garry Shelford has settled in well and is in Form N.I. Plays front row for the Junior Colts. Schoeffler-Lubbock is in Science VI and Honorary Secretary of Boats. Rowed 5 in the 2nd VIII at Marlow and won the Public School Vase. Is a forward in the 4th XV and has acted in several plays.

#### DARTMOUTH

Jeremy Rogerson is drawing to the close of a most outstanding career. He is one of the two Chief Cadet Captains and wins the King's Telescope. He has his College Colours for all the main representative games and won all his fights in boxing last term, ending up with his colours for that too. Christopher Tisdall tells of preparations to receive the new 16 year old Entry, and of a French Master with a very loud voice. There are no doubt plenty of deaf ears.

#### HARROW

Christopher Cooper finds the work easy and had a place in the Torpid Team at rugger at the time of writing. Is in the same form for Maths. as Bill Mercer and has seen Bill Liddell and the snow-capped Dawson, the latter being in the School Fencing Team. Bill Liddell is in the Corps and seems to derive pleasure from being able to hear George Hobday's voice above the rest of the Choir. Bill Mercer has a study on the third floor and finds running up and down stairs on new bread rather exhausting. It seems to keep him fit however, for he got a place in the Junior Gym. VIII and was also in his House Torpid Team for Harrow football.

Congratulations to Robin Britten on his performances at the Public Schools Athletics at Motspur Park last Easter. He won the 100 yards Under 16 easily in 10.7 secs., and also the 250 yards, after similar successes at Malvern. Was in the Finals of the School Boxing. No news of Thomas. Philip Eastman gives a vivid account of the Inter-Public School Boxing when Nigel Blake, representing Eton, lowered the colours of Hailebury's toughest customer in a 2½ rounds whirlwind affair. Jetty Pearson has had to go for a run at Shrewsbury and was definitely not first past the post. We must take our hats off to the Music Brusher who gives the School singing practice on Fridays; Jetty has nearly laughed at him on three separate occasions. Professor Jimmy James has moved into the top form of the School Certificate Block at Sherborne and is playing rugger in his House Thirds. Keith MacInnes sent in a very full account of the daily life at Rugby. He had been promoted in Maths, and was top of his Latin form when he wrote. Has to clean his fagmaster's boots but is stimulated in this by listening to Dick Barton at the same time. Is in his House 2nd XV. David Pickard-



Cambridge is enjoying Michaelhouse, his school in South Africa, and tells of a quaint but doubtless invigorating practice of throwing prefects into cold baths and/or the fishpond at the end of term.

#### OLD AND OLDER BOYS

Denys Alderson is back in England again after his post-appendicitis tour of South Africa. He has a good many things to say on the housing problem in that delectable Dominion and has brought home with him the conviction that there is no place like Sussex. John Anderson still prospers at the Ridge Preparatory School, Jo'burg, and it is possible that he may visit England again this year. David has settled down happily at Bishop's, and his son is now nearly two. Derrick, when last heard of, was with the Civil Affairs Branch at G.H.Q. Cairo administering the former Italian colonies.

Peter Blake has visited us on more than one occasion, to the great satisfaction of us all. He sees a host of old boys at Oxford, reports enthusiastically about the prowess of Tony Gillett at Squash, plays stand-off half for B.N.C. with David Spottiswoode and holds converse with Geoffrey Learner about the internal history of St. Peter's. Ronnie Bowlby (Trinity) has been in the Oxford Trial Eights, and we all very much hope that he will decide to have a go at winning a Rowing Blue. Mr. Barrowclough is now reading history at Trinity, Oxford, and we shot off all the obviously rude remarks about him when he visited us at the end of last term. No direct news of the Brandts, but William is getting near the end of his agricultural training at Cirencester and John's businesslike instincts have brought much credit to his firm from his tour in Sweden. Congratulations to Peter Buckle on the arrival of a daughter, Sarah.

He is now G2 to the H.Q. Staff, Catterick Camp, and thoroughly enjoying it. Miss Barclay writes to us from Oundle, where she is matron to School House and frequently bucks with Dick Chignell.

Gordon Cowie is out of the Army and has joined the family firm. He was last heard of doing business, most conveniently, in Switzerland. Tom Christie, likewise released from service, has been up at Cambridge since October, but his College has not yet been identified. Christopher Cohen is now working in a solicitor's office in London and Jeremy, we presume, is at Oxford.

Niel Curwen has left Rugby and is now a corporal in the Rifle Brigade, serving with the 1st Battalion in Germany. No recent news of the two Chignells (both schoolmasters of course) except through the medium of a Christmas Card. Peter Crerar had a very serious motor bike accident in Seaford on Christmas Eve, landing himself with a fractured skull and a severely smashed jaw. His position was serious, but latest reports give one hope that he will recover. David Crerar is now teaching at Clifton preparatory school, and we congratulate him on his engagement. John Clarke (Scots

Guards) was over here last term with his mother to revive some very long-standing memories. It was sad to see the death of Sir Malcolm Campbell, and I was poignantly reminded of the great scenes at St. Peter's on "Blue-bird Day" and of the enthralling lectures he used to give us about his adventures. Donald was over here early in the year, demonstrating a fascinating electric saw one Sunday, in the middle of the drive of all places! Since then he has been busy equipping a ship to do his own export business. Stafford Coulson and family are quartered in Abu Sueir, Egypt, where he is serving with the Med./M.E. as Wing-Commander. Peter Calthorpe has deserted the stage and has now a job with the Mayfair Aviation Co. Congratulations to Jack Crockatt on his wedding last term, following in his brother's footsteps. I was very sorry not to be able to make it.

Peter Duncan has left Rugby with an American scholarship which gives him a year's schooling in the U.S.A. Ludwig Dresel was last heard of teaching Maths. at Wellington College, but I believe this was only a temporary appointment. Gordon Dean brought over his wife to see us one Sunday in the summer. He is now teaching Classics at Tonbridge Grammar School, while Robin is farming in Lincolnshire. It is reported that Pat Davis is reading History at Oxford, but no more is known about him than that. Peter Davenport is studying estate management at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and Nigel reading languages at Trinity, Oxford. We have quite a substantial colony at Sidney now, with Derek Lucas, Roger Purchase and Robin Kernick. Derek is reading English and thoroughly enjoyed a term's practice at Bristol Grammar School. Wilfrith Elstob is in his last year at Christ's, qualifying in estate management, and he visited St. Peter's just after the second addition to his family. Roger Ellis wrote an amazingly interesting letter from on board H.M.S. *Illustrious*, much of which I would dearly have liked to have printed, but on second thoughts it might have proved embarrassing. His experience at sea as a Writer and his daily contacts with other ratings has convinced him that conscription is an essential element in democracy.

Congratulations to Patrick Forbes on his recent engagement. David Ferguson is now at Worcester College, reading law and speaking at the Union. We met him at Twickenham, the day after he had attended the Tribunal—as a spectator, not a witness! After that I believe he was a special postman, working from 2 p.m. to 10 p.m. John Ferguson is with the H.Q. British Troops, Berlin. He could laugh inordinately at the Russian attempts at diplomacy, if it wasn't so serious. Christopher Prie-Gordon is about to leave Amman after a long and distinguished period of service in the lands of trouble. He stayed with us last term, was as entertaining as ever and gave a brilliant cameo talk to the Upper School on the situation in the Middle East from Moses to King Abdullah. Patrick Gordon-Duff is somewhere in Oxford preparatory to a Regular Commission.

Wallis Hunt has at last given his unqualified approval of something written in this Magazine—last issue's Leading Article! John Hobbs has

been on a grand tour in the Far East in the flagship of the Pacific Fleet. He managed to lose his appendix in Penang, transferred to H.M.S. *Sussex* and is soon due back in U.K. Peter Horsey, Graham Turner and Simon Barrett, all serving together in H.M.S. *Norfolk*, sent in their combined Christmas greetings. Victor Hellaby has moved from Eastbourne and is now chaplain to the Philanthropic Society's School at Redhill. Alec Jaffe has been taking his finals in accountancy; results unknown. Christopher is articled to a firm of solicitors and finds "real property" somewhat dry. Congratulations to David Jennings on his recent wedding, which Mr. Talbot attended and found extremely festive. Brian Jarman (New Zealand Shipping Co.) spans the world with incredible speed. He is captain of swimming and vice-captain of tennis, will soon take his Second Mate's Certificate and hopes to be a Junior Officer on his next trip out. Mr. Learner (Worcester College) is getting thoroughly involved in the College's musical and dramatic societies, of which he, for his sins, is business manager. We have all seen him recently at St. Peter's. No direct news of Algy Matheson since the extraction of his appendix last March, but somebody has reported that he has been seen in the city tasting wines—professionally of course. Michael Monro is medical officer-in-charge of a hospital at Selangor, Malaya, a civil job, and finds his activities rather curtailed by bandit movements. Charles Morris, another medico, is now at Barts, but we haven't seen his invisible handwriting since the issue of the last magazine. John Mollison carries on the St. Peter's tradition of shooting as a master at Westminster. I negotiated with him early in the year about an Old Boy Reunion Party, but unfortunately illness intervened and put me out of court. Petrol restrictions only have prevented us making contact with Anthony Nauman who now has a cottage near Hascombe and is working in the family business.

Congratulations to Michael Oliver, now a doctor in Edinburgh, on his marriage at St. Giles Cathedral last October. Ronnie Owen was in contact with us over a possible school butler and then sailed with the Guards Brigade to Malaya, where I hear indirectly, he has been very ill. Clive de Pass has relinquished any idea of a University and is now articled to a firm of solicitors in Maidstone—faintly disgruntled, I am told. David Pickard-Cambridge is having a wonderful time in his new home in Natal and has made an excellent start at Michaelhouse, particularly in cricket. James Prest is now a "daily-breader," working in town on the long period for qualifying in accountancy, so very different from his life as an A.D.C., at which he was such an obvious success. Michael has been honoured by being posted to the *Vanguard*, naturally very disappointed at the cancellation of the Royal Tour, but looking forward to a cruise in the Mediterranean. Michael Phillips, by profession a solicitor at Watford, looked in on us unexpectedly one day and talked hard about old times. John Pollock is in his last term as an usher at Wellington. He hopes to be married in April and, after that, to take orders. He has been an admirable news-disseminator from this quarter. Nigel Poston is now down from Trinity, Oxford, with a 2nd class honours degree in modern languages, and starts looking for a job. Louis Ridley has been working for a firm of chartered accountants in London and seems to meet

a wide variety of Old Peterites, one particular reunion culminating with a jig round the Christmas Tree in Trafalgar Square led by Algy Matheson with homburg and umbrella. Mr. A. Q. Robinson, better known as Robo, is still teaching at Newbury Grammar School and is as interested as ever in these pages of O.B. news. John Rogers was yet another to take unto himself a wife last September. He is stationed at H.M. Dockyard, Portsmouth, doing scientific research work for the Navy. Michael has been at Sandhurst and should be passing out soon. Terence Russell is very happy with his School in Wales and issues an open invitation to any old boys, wanting peace and quiet, to visit St. John's, Porthcawl.

Tony Spottiswoode finished at Cambridge with an Engineering degree and is now commissioned in the Sappers. At the moment he is squandering accumulated leave by wandering about Europe. Donald Service has doffed his naval blue and been teaching temporarily at Aldro before going up to Trinity, Cambridge. His spare time apparently was spent between New Testament Greek and gardening. Paul Studholme stayed a week-end here in the autumn on short leave from Pirbright and gave me such a Guards salute on Seaford platform that it set all the milk cans vibrating. John Sellers (Royal Berkshire Regiment) came over from Alfriston, where he was spending his honeymoon, to introduce his charming wife, before returning to B.A.O.R. where he was doing an intelligence job. Clive Sykes writes from the back of beyond in the British Cameroons, where he trades in bananas and exports a million a week to us. His nearest white man is seven miles away and his only means of transport an undernourished horse which can just do a slow walk. Otherwise he's in good heart in spite of the Test Match results. Richard Stone is now at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, reading History and Law, and, according to James Prest, in very entertaining form. David Symonds, Lance-Corporal, Dorset Regiment, has been globe-trotting, from Bulford to Malta, Salonika, Canal Zone, Aden, Colombo and Singapore—and he has chosen the hottest time of the year for his vast Odyssey. Lord Monteagle has crept in here, because we still think of him as Gerry Spring-Rice. I am not clear what has happened to him since the Irish Guards came out of Palestine. The two Toynbees came to lunch recently. Michael has been seconded from regimental duty temporarily and is studying Turkish at London University; Peter has taken up his Exhibition at Magdalene, Cambridge, in order to read modern languages. It was good to see those two again, remarkably unchanged. Trevor Turner is home from Bad Oeynhaus and enjoying a spell in the London branch of his firm for a change. Bill Winlaw was of great service to us when we had a candidate at Rugby for the Scholarship exam. It is reported that he referees football, wearing his original green St. Peter's stockings. As he left here in 1925, this must constitute a hosiery record. Trade papers please copy. Michael Walker is a doctor in Bodmin and much enjoys the life. He still cannot resist the lure of Bisleigh and has been there these last two seasons, picking up cash prizes and establishing himself in the first 30 of the King's Hundred. Christopher is doing complicated research work in optics in order to improve television sets.

## THE STAFF PIE

### SPANISH JAUNT

My original plan for the summer holidays was to sail my own 4-tonner to the Scillies or Holland according as to whether the prevailing wind was easterly or westerly in August. But the sudden decision of my faithful crew to get married and the arrival of a letter couched in alluring terms from David Williams, owner of *Persephone*, suggesting we entered her for the Brixham-Santander Race, together sufficed to change my mind for me. That letter was a masterpiece. It promised light north-easterly winds in the Bay, sunshine, warmth, and even a chance of winning. In imagination I pictured the boat gliding forward over a smooth, blue, sun-kissed sea, whilst the crew lay about on deck in negligent attitudes, eating, sleeping and bronzing their torsos in the sun. How wrong I was.

The race started at 15.00 hours on August 6. We made a poor start as we were still engaged in securing the dinghy when the gun went. R.O.R.C. regulations decreed that each boat should carry a dinghy, and the only place where our's would stow was up on the foc'sle where it got dreadfully in the way and made changing heads'ls, particularly in the dark, an absolute nightmare. Its lashings were always slackening off which meant a certain soaking for the poor wight detailed off to tighten them.

The fleet soon strung out and, with two exceptions, were hull down over the horizon when darkness fell. This did not much surprise us. The *Persephone* was 30 years old and had been built originally as a wholesome East Coast cruiser. She had no auxiliary, other than a 12 ft. sweep, by means of which an energetic or desperate man could propel her at some  $\frac{3}{4}$  knot. When driven hard she leaked badly through the garboards. Below, she was about as comfortable (or uncomfortably) at sea as any 7-tonner invariably is, though her small but well-equipped galley was the owner's chief pride, and in it he managed to produce a minimum of two hot meals every day—a positive triumph of mind over stomach in some of the conditions we encountered.

While racing, David, as skipper, made himself responsible solely for the navigation and cooking, while I, as mate, and the third member of the crew Michael Turner, an undergraduate, sailed the ship watch and watch. We used the Naval system of four hours on and four hours off, because we were all well accustomed to it, splitting the Dog Watches so as to avoid getting the same watch on successive nights. Before we had really settled into the sea routine, the gale which gave rise to such wild stories in the papers and did, in fact, cause great loss of life amongst the fishermen in the Bay of Biscay, as well as causing the retirement of about a dozen of the competitors, was upon us. We in *Persephone* had plenty of warning both from the wireless and the barometer which dropped six tenths in less than four hours. We were not unduly worried. The ship had been tried before and not found wanting, but more important, we had plenty of sea-room (we were then about half way between the Start and Ushant), so that even if something carried away there was little likelihood of being driven ashore anywhere.

We kept the ship going as long as possible, but by dusk wind and sea had increased to such an extent that it would have been dangerous to have continued—it was time to heave-to. We lowered the mains'l and stays'l with the idea of hoisting the trys'l and storm jib. But the ship surprised us by lying quietly and comfortably under bare poles with wind and sea a little forward of the beam. As morale was already low (it always is at dusk in bad weather) and we felt disinclined to do anything, we decided to leave her to bring us through it as she was; given sea-room, small boats will always stand far more than their fallible crews.

As night wore on, wind and sea increased still more. The note of the wind in the rigging rose from a hum to a shriek, and the whole boat vibrated. Perhaps three or four times an hour, a big sea would break fairly across the deck, and a good deal of water found its way below through hatch and skylight, saturating everything. In spite of this and the violent motion we managed to concoct a meal and get some sleep, taking it in turns to sit wretchedly in the shallow little self-draining cockpit keeping a look-out for steamers, for all attempts to keep any sort of light going on deck were a failure.

Towards dawn the wind started to decrease, and by 0600 we were sailing again. The toughest part of the trip was over, but we still had to reckon with Ushant, that grim pile of rocks with its sluicing tides and frequently poor visibility. By midnight we were three miles north of Ushant, in a flat calm, about to be swept 20 miles backwards by an adverse tide. By noon the next day we were back again in the same place and due to proceed once more stern-first in a north-easterly direction. This was too much, so in the lightest of airs, we worked the ship into a little bay on the north side of the island and anchored to await the fair evening tide. Yachts rarely, if ever, visit Ushant and the local fishermen were more than intrigued with *Persephone* and her crew. We did a brisk business swapping coffee for "langoustes"—enormous chaps with feelers like radar sets—and had a quick run ashore. Then at 20.00 hours we sailed, taking a short cut (the Kellar passage) recommended by the fishermen. That passage may be all right for a motor boat, but I would never risk it again in an engineless craft. The high cliffs blanketed what wind there was and the tide did not set fairly through, and only hectic work with the sweep kept us off the rocks. This was quite the worst moment of the whole trip, and we came very close to losing the ship.

For the next two days, we had some of the most exhilarating sailing I've ever had, with a fair force 6 north-westerly wind pushing a huge white-capped Bay sea up on our starboard quarter. With double reefed mains'l and stays'l only, *Persephone* was averaging a good six knots. As each sea overtook her she would "surf-ride" on the crest with the rudder blade vibrating like a machine-gun and the bow-wave piled up either side of the stem in two enormous mounds. Then she would slide down the back of the sea and almost appear to stop. She seemed so full of life and understanding that sometimes I found myself talking to her and encouraging her as one might a horse.

The Cabo Major Light off Santander appeared where it ought to have done on Thursday night, and we crossed the line (last but one) at 0600 hours on Friday the 13th, just 6½ days from Brixham. We sent off wires to our anxious relatives; spoke to the *Daily Telegraph* who rang up for our story, and started in on spending the £40 prize money generously awarded to each yacht completing the course by the Real Club Marítimo, Santander. The Spaniards' hospitality is proverbial and in view of this and the fact that we spent our £40 in a day and a half, it was scarcely surprising that we came to the starting line on Sunday at 1500 hours in poor physical shape for the return race to Belle Ile. We got a warm welcome from the Spanish yachtsmen, who temporarily forsook the Club Bar, where they do most of their yachting, to give the fleet round upon round of applause as it tacked down the river. The wind was north-east, and we resigned ourselves to another long slog to windward. And we got it for 48 hours, when the wind relented and went round to the south-west, driving us into crowded little Le Palais Harbour on Wednesday morning after some 70 hours fairly tough going. We did better this time, only failing to get a place by 1½ hours on corrected time.

Le Palais claimed us for three days, then we went right round Ushant to St. Peter's Port, Guernsey, a hop of 200 miles at an average speed of five knots with a force 4-5 westerly wind the whole way. A fast passage, but cold and sunless as usual.

We stopped long enough in Peter Port to stock the ship with cheap gin and cigarettes and then pushed off on the last leg. The wind was north-east, giving us the inevitable beat to windward. Off the Casquets it piped up viciously, causing us to pull down two reefs in a hurry with half a dozen ships converging on us with their coloured eyes glaring balefully. It was a weary salt-stained *Persephone* and crew that ghosted silently up Chichester Harbour in the early morning of Monday, August 30. We had been away 23 days and nights, 16 of which had been spent under way at sea and only seven at anchor. We had sailed well over 1,000 miles through the water. We had not had much of a "holiday" in the true sense of the word, but we felt we had achieved something. I felt, too, that I had had enough of the sea for a bit. In point of fact it was exactly three days before I was at sea again alone in my own beloved little 4-tonner.

Madness? Try it and see.

J.C.N.

## LEAVING LULLABY

*Easter Term, 1948*

We'll miss old Fanny Fison with his pianoforte speech,  
As if the words scare dared to stray beyond his tight-lipped reach.  
In ten years time, when he returns, puffing a scented weed,  
In pin-stripe suit and waisted coat, complete from Austin Reed,  
Our eyes will fail to recognise the old Fisonic figure,  
Who coughed his way through his last term with palpitating vigour.

This Government might well improve, were Clement Attlee dead,  
But we can ill afford to lose our merry figurehead.  
Some call him Drib, some call him Drab, some Tim or just plain Drabble,  
Cherub or Polly—nicknames which come jostling in a rabble.  
We'll miss his dumpty figure and the mirth which knows no bound;  
But stay your grief, for now the second helpings will go round.

*Summer Term.*

## "THE LAST XI"

Come, list ye to my history, how clever doughty men  
Rode forth upon a great crusade, from field and moor and glen,  
To free the world from Tyranny and Communistic shame  
And put the Moscow monkies on a bonfire all aflame.

Lord Granville on his "courtly" steed went prancing to the fray;  
A beaming smile spread o'er his face like fruit blossom in May.  
Behind him rode Bill Evans; his mount was a pedigree bull,  
And he snorted and tossed his horns in rage. The sight was terrible.  
Then up rode Jetty Pearson on a charger brought from Spain  
With a garland of gas mantles slung round him like a chain.  
Not far behind came Parkin, sighting his gun with care  
And searching for the noisome foc with a goat's unwinking stare.  
Up galloped Alan Lipscomb, his swift mount white with foam,  
Eager to chase the scurvy knaves from every English home.  
And side by side with him there rode Bill Bower of bruiser breed,  
A useful chap to have around for a scrap, if you're in need.  
In the centre of the cavalcade rode the crafty Mac, whose brain  
Was ever scheming how to achieve the right strategic gain.  
Shelford the Islander was there, a wight of desperate mien,  
Who bludgeoned his blue retainers into shades of vivid green.  
And Hobday smiling graciously, as if this little affair,  
Was nothing after his vast hops 'cross Africa by air.  
Then up charged Christopher Cooper, tossing his Saxon curls  
And harrowing all the company as his grisly tale unfurls.  
And last rode Nicholas Hurry, driving his thegns before,  
Out into the evening sunset blood red with signs of war.

But wait! A stir! A cloud of dust! A murmur from the crowd!  
The thronging men sway this way, that; hands at salute; heads bowed.  
Earl Barrowlough comes thundering by with many an ungainly lurch,  
Riding a jumbo he had pinched on his way back from church.



### LEAVING SONG

Oh Hurry, oh Hurry please lend me your ear,  
All along, down along, out along lee,  
And help me to sing of all those we leave here  
At St. Peter's the School where the P stands for punch  
At St. Peter's, the pick of the bunch  
At St. Peter's, the pick of the bunch.

Bill Bower, Bill Bower, I am going to sing too,  
All along, down along, out along lee,  
But we've so many names that we've got to get through  
That if we continued to sing all the night  
We would only have mentioned a few  
We would only have mentioned a few.

We'd like to start off with the ladies upstairs,  
All along, down along, out along lee  
We surely have given them many grey hairs  
With measles, and chicken-pox, pink eye and 'flu,  
And in jumping the Cubicle Stairs  
And in jumping the Cubicle Stairs.

Oh Major, Oh Major, my feet are like ice  
All along, down along, out along lee,  
PLEASE fasten your telescope into its vice  
And just let me hear you inform me once more  
"That's a bull, 10 o'clock, very nice"  
"That's a bull, 10 o'clock, very nice."

Our friend Mr. Norbury owns a blue car,  
All along, down along, out along lee,  
It goes very fast, but it doesn't go far,  
For it finds its way into a nearby hotel  
And he parks it alongside the bar  
And he parks it alongside the bar.

We call Mr. Barrowclough "Jumbo" you know,  
All along, down along, out along lee,  
His ears are ENORMOUS, his movements are slow,  
And although he has stuffed all his books in his trunk  
We none of us want him to go  
We none of us want him to go.

And now we must sing of the great Mr. Bell,  
All along, down along, out along lee  
His Maths. form is often disturbed by a yell,  
The rumpus is caused by the Compass he wields,  
When your Sums are not done very well  
When your Sums are not done very well.

And now we are going to sing of the H.M.,  
All along, down along, out along lee,  
We are sure that his pipe has a classical stem,  
For when he's not smoking, he's usually poking  
Tobacco into it—pro tem  
Tobacco into it—pro tem.

If you want to see how wicket-keeping is done,  
All along, down along, out along lee,  
You ought to see B.L.T. having his fun;  
The batsmen can't stick it, he shatters their wicket  
Before they've completed their run  
Before they've completed their run.

Now to sing any more we consider a crime,  
All along, down along, out along lee,  
And added to which we have run out of rhyme,  
But please don't forget us, we shan't forget you,  
We have had such a wonderful time  
We have had such a wonderful time.

### SCHOOL NOTES

The following boys entered the School during 1948:

*Easter* : P. M. H. R. Chisholm, R. M. Lloyd, J. G. D. Morgan.  
*Summer* : P. G. C. Summers, A. R. B. Ashburner, P. G. Rogerson, U. G. Bourke.  
*Autumn* : D. J. Delius, J. F. Kent, G. W. Murray-Smith, P. MacInnes, T. G. Orr, P. G. Parsons, G. A. B. Steer, K. T. Whitty.

### SCHOOL CAPTAINS

	<i>Easter</i>	<i>Summer</i>	<i>Autumn</i>
<i>School</i> :	T. H. Drabble	N. G. Hurry	J. G. Studholme
<i>Games</i> :	J. T. S. Bower	C. H. C. Cooper	B. B. Wylam
<i>Reds</i> :	J. D. Hobday	J. D. Hobday	P. C. Alexander
<i>Whites</i> :	N. G. Hurry	N. G. Hurry	B. B. Wylam
<i>Blues</i> :	T. H. Drabble	B. G. O. Shelford	J. G. Studholme
<i>Shooting</i> :	W. H. Parkin	W. H. Parkin	R. A. P. Blandy

The year was not many days old when Mr. Talbot and I were invited to a little ceremony on board H.M.S. *Eggesford*, lying with the Reserve Fleet at Portsmouth, the purpose being the presentation of the Ship's Bell. Commander Lipscomb had organised a most impressive piece of ceremonial, in the best naval tradition, and with a judicious mixture of champagne and

pretty speeches, Mrs. Lipscomb formally handed over into our safe-keeping the big bell which now calls us daily to our action stations at St. Peter's. It was a solemn scene, enacted with respectful dignity, and my mind went back to the tense years of war and to that generation of St. Peter's boys who forged such a strong link with the officers and crew of this gallant little warship. After a superlative lunch on board we staggered back home with a weighty and suspicious burden done up in a sack, looking furtively about us in case any plain clothes policeman should interfere.

The Easter or Indoor term generally produces a spate of competitions. First and foremost the Squash Competition. In the semi-final Hurry beat Fison, and Cooper beat Drabble. The result of the final was a foregone conclusion, and although Cooper is a promising player with a pleasantly fluid style he was no match for Hurry who won 9-4, 9-5, 9-4, and is as good a holder of the Cup as we have had for many years. At Billiards Wylam beat Combe, and Blandy beat Tim Green in the semi-final. The final was not so close as I expected, Blandy running out when Wylam had reached 63, but they both play a nice game and may well be pitted against each other this coming year. In the semi-final of the Table Tennis Blandy beat Parkin, and Lipscomb beat Cooper. The final was an excellent encounter, full of exciting rallies duly applauded by an appreciative audience, and Lipscomb defeated Blandy by a narrow margin. The scores have not survived.

During Lent the Vicar, the Rev. F. W. Shillito, came to us each week and gave a short, informal talk to the Upper School in Chapel. As is the way with him, he gave us a great deal to think about. He is a deep thinker with the great gift of simplicity, and his words appeal to young and old alike. It was a great disappointment that we were debarred from attending the school services in the parish church at Easter time, but Mr. Underhill, the curate, took the Good Friday and Easter Sunday services for us in our Chapel, in spite of the many calls upon his time at this season. We are very well served by our clergy here, in spite of, or perhaps I should say because of, an exceedingly full and thriving church in the town.

It is not often that Easter falls in term time, but when it does it seems, as far as my memory serves me, to produce brilliant weather. 1948 was certainly no exception. In point of fact we played cricket after church and didn't need a sweater, and in the afternoon we staged a treasure hunt all over the School grounds. It was during this escapade that Parkin couldn't be found, but he was eventually discovered in earnest and intimate conversation with one of the Major's goats.

Early in the summer we had our annual visit from Mr. Henderson who was as sprightly and appreciative as ever. How I wish we could put up a relay of visitors during the summer months, for there is always a fund of attraction and interest in a school out of doors. About this time Mrs. Knox-Shaw bought a television set, which somewhat altered our centre of gravity. Whenever a county match was being televised, word passed round in that

mystifying way in which news is spread among savage tribes and prep-school boys. It was really rather a blessing in disguise, because I always knew where to find McCowen or Alex or Joe or Roland King or Cooper or Biggles at those odd times when boys are usually rather difficult to find. And then B.L.T., hearing that the Tests were to be televised, decided to try out a set in his room, on approval so to speak, so that he could report on its success to the local radio shop. This was equally convenient, as far as I was concerned, because I always knew where to find members of the Staff in the late afternoon. His room is more accessible to me than walking down the drive and turning to the right.

We sent a party of boys to the Hove Cricket Ground in June to see the Australians take tea with Sussex, and I think the general impression was that Lindwall is a better bowler to watch than to play against.

One Sunday in July, Canon F. S. Farebrother preached to us at Even-song. I wish I could think of a less formal word than "preached," because he told us two of the best ghost stories I can remember in that charmingly persuasive manner of his. It is wonderful the way some people are willing to give their services when on holiday. I know full well I feel little disposed to teach Classics in August.

In the summer term the top English Form was reading "Hamlet," and Mrs. Knox-Shaw conceived the bright idea of taking them up to London to see the film. It was a grand outing and wonderfully worth while. Hurry, Studholme, Keith MacInnes, Alan Lipscomb, Yeatman-Biggs, Parkin and Pearson—that was the party, Julian Bower standing down as he had seen it before. This is not the place to indulge in eulogies about a film production, but to see seven boys sit silent and motionless for an uninterrupted three hours without so much as a twitch was something I had never experienced before, and I think Sir Laurence Olivier should be told about it, for he was renowned for eliciting a degree of concentration which would make any schoolmaster want to sing the "Nunc Dimittis."

Sometimes at meals the Delphic knife spins and answers all sorts of intimate questions, and, if it was asked, "Who is the most popular boy in the School?" I do believe it would point to a certain new boy who joined us at Easter term. He is a lively youngster, definitely a promising athlete, intelligent enough to scorn C.E., rather greedy as boys of his age are apt to be, with a grand sense of humour and keen as mustard on everything we do in the School. He is well connected too, but by no means a snob, for he will play with anybody, regardless of seniority. In fact he is the only boy in the School whose name is known all over Seaford. His big moment came one Sunday when the Bishop of Lewes was preaching to the Seaford Schools in the Parish Church and we were debarred from attending by quarantine. He escaped, attached himself to the congregation and did his best to take an offertory bag up to the altar. You see, St. Peter's had to be represented! Such is the measure of loyalty on four legs.

Our thanks are due to Julian Bower and J. R. Trustram Eve for gifts of books to the Library, and to Roger Whitmore for an unusual and most welcome present in the form of a complete hide, which has been used most successfully to prolong the life of our moribund gym. horse.

The summer of 1948, though obligingly polite on our festival days, was peculiarly cruel in one respect, for we did not manage a single sea bath in the whole course of the term. This must be considered a record, to which I hope future seasons will make no effort to aspire. I cannot ever remember passing a summer term here without so much as one dip in the sea. It was the incessant wind from off Channel that made bathing impossible, except for a very early week-end in the term which caught us unprepared. Our small plunge bath did its best to fill the gap, but it can never be the same thing.

Before the School re-assembled in September there was a historic wedding reception in our dining room for Sylvia, the daughter of Mr. Fred Lockwood, who has served St. Peter's continuously since 1914, with the exception of two wars. The room was packed. There must have been well over a hundred guests. Sylvia was a most attractive bride, as those who knew her could foretell, and Mrs. Lockwood and her friends had prepared a repast that defies description. It was a most happy occasion, and one that we shall not readily forget.

Mumps was in full swing by the time November 5th came round once more, and as 25 boys were in bed at the time it was decided to postpone the blaze. This perhaps was an unfortunate decision, because when we ultimately found a suitable night in the last week of term the bonfire seemed to have lost most of its combustible properties. However, the situation was relieved by the Evans-Biggs combine who produced a box of fireworks, which had been tactfully secreted from a leave-out day, and these provided great mirth. The guy this year was not quite in the true historic tradition nor of the same political significance as the previous year. It was in fact an effigy of the great Mr. Mump himself, *mumpisimus omnium mumporum* and the last of our 46 cases, and he was certainly burnt with vindictive gusto.

On November 13th we had an Eton Fives Match with the Jesters Club, and it was flattering to see the name of St. Peter's School sandwiched in between Oxford University and Cambridge University on their fixture card. They were unable at the last moment to bring a 2nd pair, so that all attention was focussed upon the great battle between Mr. Talbot and Mr. Farebrother on the one hand and Mr. D. Barton (an ominous name) and Mr. M. G. Moss on the other. Our two representatives struggled most gallantly, and the rallies were excruciatingly exciting, but the Jesters were too good for us. It was a wonderful exhibition of how Fives should be played, for after the initial service the ball was hardly ever allowed to bounce. The terrible "Dick" Barton lived up to his name and delivered a first cut at supersonic speed. I could hear his pistol discharge, but failed to follow the course of

the bullet, the only difference being that B.L.T. and M.H.F. didn't fall down dead—at least not till after the game.

Our Carol Service on the last Sunday before Christmas still continues to be a popular feature, and we like to welcome as many as possible of the good people who serve the school throughout the term. The Chapel was beautifully lighted and decorated by kind and willing hands. Two new carols were added to our repertory by Miss Daunt, "The Five Lesser Joys of Mary" and "Whence is that Goodly Fragrance." Nicholas Evans took the solos, and the seven readers were Edgington, Alexander, Caulfield, Wylam, Williams, Yeatman-Biggs and Studholme. Mrs. Knox-Shaw was ill at the time, and so we arranged to have the service relayed to her bedroom at Little St. Peter's.

The end of term produced an admirable piece of acting by the Staff, with a couple of boys secretly purloined for the young parts. This show was got up with the minimum of preparation and rehearsal. All that was necessary was a large bus, and this of course was nothing to the resourceful Bell. Scottie always has a reassuring presence on the stage, and the acting of the three old village gaffers bent double with rheumatics and untold years of local beer (Bell, Axten and Farebrother) was extraordinarily funny; likewise that of B.L.T., the incompetent bus driver, in the best Harry Tate tradition. Tony Howorth was the big surprise of the evening, and he acted his part most naturally without any sort of affectation, while Gerald Ward (unseen, but dimly heard) mystified the audience as the Snowman. "Sam Shaker's Bus" was a glorious bit of fooling, and none of us will forget the comic, but knowing horse (Messrs. Norbury and Ewer Ltd.) and the capricious way it gavorted about the stage. I have no wish at all to lose the services of these two gentlemen, but it is quite obvious that they have missed their profession.

What with one thing and another, the words of the magazine have taken far longer to prepare than was anticipated, so that what was intended as Stop Press News is by now common knowledge to most of the readers. Albeit, as the mouthpiece of public opinion, this little journal would like to offer its heartfelt congratulations to Mr. Talbot on his engagement and to welcome Miss Joan Forsyth among the ever-growing circle of its intimate friends. May this be the prelude to a golden age in the annals of St. Peter's, and with that thought we make our final bow for the year that is past.

## THE PARENTS' PIE

### ST. PETER'S GHOSTS

Ghosts usually haunt one building only, but St. Peter's, being a special place, has special ghosts which become active towards the end of the holidays and haunt some eighty-odd houses. In our drawing room are two chairs. Except for dinner parties, when the pile goes behind conveniently long curtains, one chair is always full, piled up with grey shirts, grey socks, grey shorts and the usual three pants, three vests. As the holidays get to an end Clarkie's face hovers over this chair, the expression becoming more fierce (in ghosts this is possible if not in reality), as hours of freedom get shorter. But it is when Scottie's face joins the overflow chair that reluctantly we drag ourselves from the fireside sofa and set to work. We must admit that a sadistic comfort can be drawn from the thought that eighty other mothers are doing the same thing. But one longs for a quiet revenge on that printed list. Let us have a mass revolt! Let us write:—

- 1 Sunday suit—needs cleaning.
- 1 shorts—needs repair in seat.
- 1 football boots—needs studs.
- 1 black shoes—needs laces.
- 1 plimsols—rubber edges off owing to shrimping activities.
- 1 dressing gown—please buy cord.
- 12 handkerchiefs—covered with creosote from hen house, butter will remove this.

1 sheet—could this be sides-d to middle-d? And, Matron, I wonder if it would be possible to cure darling Johnny's habit of biting the cuffs of his white wool sweater? I think it is during those anxious moments when the ball is near a goal. Perhaps the referee could co-operate?

There are other ghosts, lovely ones that have taught Johnny to be polite, sometimes helpful and even to sit still during the sermon.

So we will quell our mass revolt. The ghosts that haunt our chairs are but two, and those two in their turn are haunted by a mere eighty. Socks—6 pairs × 80.

No, we will keep the printed list as it stands.

P. A. RENT