

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE — 1948-52



ST. PETER'S SCHOOL
SEAFORD.

The School Magazine

No. 86

Easter, Summer, Autumn, 1949

FRESH AIR

In the course of a school year we are pitched into such a jostling throng of clamouring events, of which I hope the subsequent pages of this journal will bear true record, that it is often uncommonly difficult to differentiate between things which count and other things which are really of little more than ephemeral or trivial interest, however big they loom at the moment. This is one of the penalties of an enclosed community life, in which the ever-mounting incidents of daily occurrence tend to become major issues of dominating importance, and it is where the forest is primeval and well-nigh impenetrable that its denizens, not unnaturally, fail to see the wood for the trees. The danger is that we may and, in many cases, do become pathetically ego-centric, take ourselves and our doings desperately seriously and so lose all sense of proportional value. School life is not an end, but a beginning. It is an introduction to a book, not the book itself. This no doubt is a truism, but all too frequently it is the obvious truths which we miss or forget, and to hear schoolmasters talk or to read their written words, as presumably you are doing at this moment, is to realise why other professions with wider contacts of a more wordly design are tempted to point the finger of ridicule at us. I for one do not blame such critics. As day overtakes day and one week romps past another, we become more firmly shackled to our petty purposes. It is another form of self-imprisonment, like the monks of old, and we are absorbed with the importance of our little selves, quite oblivious of the bigger world outside and beyond us, until suddenly and perhaps accidentally a window is flung open and in rushes a breath of fresh air.

Such a window was opened for us here at St. Peter's last summer term when we received an unknown visitor from Australia. The visitor was Mr. Melbourne Clayton, headmaster of the preparatory department of St. Peter's College, Adelaide, and he came from one St. Peter's to another St. Peter's to found a mutual friendship between the two schools. We have had other visiting representatives of the scholastic persuasion before, from Denmark and from Canada—very charming and interesting men, too, but somehow this was a more pregnant occasion. It was something nearer to the blood, for his school and our school have a common foundation stone in St. Peter himself, the big fisherman, the Master's right-hand man, and, apart from the sentimental connection, Mr. Clayton came, so to speak, as ambassador from the court of South Australia, or so we like to think. Was ever an embassy better chosen, I wonder? He came, he stayed, he saw, he conquered, and there is not a boy that was here that summer term who is likely to forget his

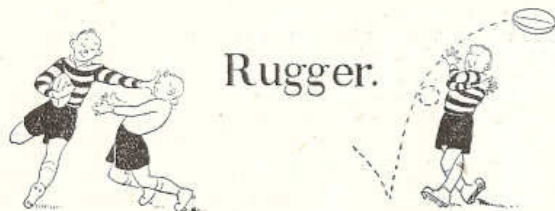
visit. It was not merely that he knew just how to talk with boys—with boys, not at boys, remember—whether it was at meals or in the classroom or at nets or during sun-bathing in the garden. It was not altogether that he had the happy knack of interesting us all by revealing, always with a delicate twist of humour, what life is like in a school of this nature 10,000 miles or more away down under; nor was it his keenness to see how we tackled our own problems; nor the fact that he had Bradman's son; nor his letter to the school which came some months later and created such an impression; nor the 16 staggering food parcels which arrived by air mail and helped to constitute a record P.P. These assuredly were the ingredients of success. All the external appeals were very much in evidence, but there was something more, something deep down that touched the base chords and started them vibrating. This something is difficult to analyse, but the attempt should be made, for it is fundamental to all our aspirations.

The trouble about the preparatory school system in this country is that we live too cloistered an existence. This, at any rate to my mind, is our greatest danger. An age is ending, another age is starting, although the precise dividing line is bound to be hidden from the citizen living at the time. We are all in our several ways aware of this disturbing fact, and education should shape and adjust itself accordingly, for obviously it is our duty to equip the young people of this generation for the age in which they are destined to live rather than to try to fit them into that epoch in which their grandfathers or great-grandfathers made a sufficient fortune to ensure an education for their descendants in independent schools. Insularity, whether in time or space, has always been the familiar taunt cast in the teeth of Englishmen who cling to their traditions to the bitter end. A certain measure of insularity may be no bad thing at the present time, if it saves the youth of this country from the corruption and perversion of truth which is crucifying parts of ancient Europe. But Europe is not the world, and there are fresh and vigorous people, both within the Empire and outside it, who are tackling the same problems as we are faced with and, in some cases, with a less prejudiced eye. We have a feeling that the products of their schools would fare badly in our own system of examination over here, but I am not at all sure whether that constitutes censure or praise. The Rhodes' scholars are no mean advertisement, whether you watch them in action at Twickenham and Lords or follow up their later professions. As a race we have always admired independence in all its manifestations, but this is a quality of mind we are in danger of losing and we may well have to look to others to supply it, nor has honest, fearless thinking, which should be the target in all types of schools, been conspicuous in the life of this country in recent times. To what extent political good sense is the outcome of a nation's education is altogether beyond our scope here, but is it not true that the son sometimes shows more wisdom than the father? There have been pointers, and within recent memory.

Schools must keep their windows open, for stale air is stagnant and breeds infection. If conditions are so circumscribed nowadays that we have not got the freedom of action to make personal contact with educational establishments outside this country, then the loss is ours and it is a severe

one. The state system of education is well alive to the value of pooled experience and better able to effect exchanges in personnel than are the poverty-stricken independents. Medical science is pretty well an international possession, and what is true of the body should also be true of the mind. I always feel that the schoolmaster is at a disadvantage compared with the doctor and members of other scientific professions. All the more reason therefore that we should lay ourselves open to welcome representatives from outside when the chance arises. What will be the outcome of this recent liaison with the other St. Peter's it is too early yet to tell. The issue is in our hands for good or for ill, and if the fire dies down, it will be for want of stoking, for the initial flame has been lit by hand and deserves to go on burning. This much I do know, that in Adelaide there is an open door with a true welcome and a measure of sound advice for any boy or member of the staff of this school, whether past or present, and that perhaps is a consoling thought when one considers the dwindling subsistence value of this country of England in respect of its present and future population, and I sincerely hope that this little magazine with all its limitations will carry a reciprocal message across the oceans to our friends and contemporaries in another continent. If, as you read further, 1949 appears to be a year devoid of records or sensational achievement, it may well prove to be a memorable one for the lifting of our horizon. Many people with uneasiness in their minds—and who is there among us who can really claim to be care-free?—have, like the psalmist of old, found help in lifting their eyes unto the hills, and I do believe, without necessarily being a prophet of gloom, that the time is coming when we shall have to focus our point of vision further afield than has been customary in most of our traditional schools.

P.K.S.



Rugger.

A germless term enabled us to get through a full and strenuous programme without interruption and with a very creditable record. We can, I think, be forgiven for a few self-satisfied smirks when we consider an overall total of nine wins and three losses. Our first match of the term, an "age to age" team, ably captained by Jarman, set the tempo, which we kept up throughout the season. It was a rip-roaring, flat-out scrap (not lacking in skill) which we just managed to win, though it was anybody's game. A worthy battle which left the spectators more exhausted than the players. None of our victories can be considered "run-away"—with the possible exception of that of our 2nd XV against Kingsmead—for we had to fight hard every inch of the way. The match against our old foe Claremont produced some excellent football and a win by the narrow margin of 9 points to 8. We lost to St. Wilfrids in very severe weather, lemons at half-time being replaced by slices of blubber, being more suited to the Arctic blizzard which was then raging. We beat Chesterton at home but were humbled in the return match, while Tyttenhanger caught us on an "off day," trouncing us to the tune of 16 points to 3. An "A" XV beat Stoke House, and the 2nd XV registered convincing wins against Kingsmead and Newlands.

Throughout the term the tackling—and I don't mean "scragging"—was weak, with one or two exceptions, notably D. W. McCowen and Marsden; the pack was good, especially in loose rushes, though the hooking and heeling were not up to the standard of the rest of the play; the outsides were somewhat unco-ordinated and hesitant; this latter may have been due to the fact that the pack took it upon themselves to do most of the scoring, with the result that the three-quarters seldom got the chance of showing their worth!

It is difficult to single out individuals, but mention must be made of King, captain, and Jarman, consistently tireless and hard-working wing forwards, Edgington, a real fighter and especially good in the loose, and Joe Studholme, while Bryan, Bower, Rich and Combe were good solid workers. Of the outsides D. W. McCowen at back tackled courageously and kicked intelligently and well; Marsden at the base of the scrum worked hard and also tackled well, while Wylam at fly-half had safe hands and ran with determination; du Boulay showed that he has thrust and speed among the three-quarters, while Yeatman-Biggs, Colebrooke and N. Murray-Smith, if a little uncertain in handling, all had their days.

Of the rugger as a whole, there is plenty of talent in the second game, and we shall look forward to an even more successful season in 1950. The selectors' main headache will be not who to pick for the team, but who to leave out!

The following have played for the 1st XV at various times:—King, Studholme, Edgington, Wylam, Jarman, D. W. McCowen, Bryan, du Boulay, Bower, Marsden, Rich, Combe, Colebrooke, N. Murray-Smith, Yeatman-Biggs, S. E. A. Green, T. J. Green, Boileau and Coltman, the first nine gaining their colours.

Our record for 1949:—

"A" XV v. Sutton Place	Won	3—0
1st XV v. Chesterton	Won	14—8
1st XV v. Kingsmead	Won	9—0
2nd XV v. Kingsmead	Won	31—0
1st XV v. Claremont	Won	9—8
1st XV v. Tyttenhanger	Lost	3—16
1st XV v. St. Wilfrids	Lost	3—8
1st XV v. Newlands	Won	14—0
"A" XV v. Stoke House	Won	21—5
"A" XV v. Sutton Place	Won	20—3
2nd XV v. Newlands	Won	13—11
1st XV v. Chesterton	Lost	5—22

The Set matches produced the usual keen and terrific struggles, Blues emerging the winners by defeating Whites 17—0 and Reds 18—5; the games were not so one-sided as the scores might suggest. Reds came second by a win over Whites 6—3, the result being in doubt almost to the end, when Mason kicked a grand penalty for Reds.

Mention must be made of the splendid support given to the players in all matches by the spectators on the touchline; only those who have experienced it can appreciate the encouragement to bursting hearts and flagging energies; what success we did achieve was due in no small part to the enthusiastic vocal efforts of those who "only stand and watch."

In conclusion, our grateful thanks to B.L.T. and his talking whistle, who took charge of all our home matches. His lightning and unarguable decisions did much to enhance the enjoyment of each game.

S.E.A.



Boxing.



The School boxing tournament, held in the Eastern term, was spread over two weeks or more owing to the absence in the sick room of several of the key performers after the preliminary rounds had been fought off. No sooner did one come off the sick list than another went on it, and it was not until a day or two before the end of term that Capt. Woodward was able to stage the finals with everyone present and fighting fit.

There were the usual seven different weights, and the programme consisted of the two semi-finals in the two heaviest weights, followed by the seven final bouts.

First came the lightweight final, after the two heavyweight finals had been fought off. In this Caulfeild beat Boileau. Caulfeild made good use of his superior reach, and used his left with coolness and judgment; Boileau fought back pluckily, but was constantly caught by that long left when his wrong foot was in front and he was off balance, and was consequently beaten on points.

Next came the featherweights between Marsden and C. D. MacInnes. All three rounds were fought at a furious pace and the result was in doubt up to the final bell; but it was Marsden who got the judges' decision in the end, MacInnes having wasted a number of his blows in rather wild hitting. The bantamweights' final went to Ward; his opponent Blackburne-Maze had fought excellently in the preliminary contests showing good style and a very promising left hand, but Ward made full use of the ring, attacking and getting away again quickly, so that Blackburne-Maze found him altogether too elusive. The gnatweights provided another fierce and very close final in which Eastman defeated Chisholm. At times this almost became a wrestling match, so eager was each of them to get at the other. Eastman was the more restrained in his methods and paid some slight attention to defence and, probably thanks to this, was declared the winner of this grim battle.

Steer and Hickman met in the midweight final and from the start Steer dominated this fight, although conceding both weight and reach. Hickman seemed unable to judge his distance properly, and this must have been about the only fight in which the judges had no difficulty in naming the winner.

Next came what was undoubtedly the closest and hardest-fought contest of the competition—the light-heavyweight final. King, who had already had a tough tussle with Rich in one semi-final, met N. Murray-Smith,

who had also had an exhausting fight to defeat Colebrooke in the other semi-final. Like most of the other fights this one went full speed ahead from the first gong, but unlike the others, there were very few wasted blows. All the punching was hard and purposeful. Murray-Smith had the better and more orthodox style, while King, using a more open stance, ducked and side-stepped some of Murray-Smith's fiercest attacks, but was always ready to come in again immediately to the attack. For several days after, Murray-Smith's face bore witness to the accuracy of King's counter-punching. It was a dour battle and as good a display of pluck and endurance as one could wish to see, but I know there were many who heaved a sigh of relief when the final gong ended the fight with both competitors on their feet and still full of fight. Murray-Smith was declared the winner, but the margin was a small one. Truly a terrific fight.

Compared with the previous battle, the heavyweight final between Wylam and T. J. Green was rather a quiet affair. Both boxers were willing to mix it, but their efforts were ineffective, and Wylam got the verdict after three unspectacular rounds.

N. Murray-Smith was awarded the senior boxing cup, while King collected the good loser's medal. The junior cup went to Marsden. All these three gave outstanding performances and the awards were well merited.

N.C.



Cricket.



On looking through the scorebooks for 1949, that is, through those of the first game and of the 1st and 2nd XI's particularly, one fact stands out head and shoulders above anything else, and that is that we, like England, lack a good fast bowler. On wickets as perfect as could be in such a lovely summer after so much care and attention by the stalwart Mace, a fast or even fast medium bowler who could have pitched a length would have had a harvest of wickets and an average he would be proud to talk about for many a day. Luckily most schools we played against also lacked anybody with fire and length, and so we could gradually pile up our scores in much the same way as they did, punishing the loose balls and offering straight and steady bats to anything that looked like nipping off a bail. Our better batsmen did well and even our tail-enders began to learn that runs could be got by a little enterprise and by following out those golden rules which even older and wiser players can forget in moments of exuberation—"punish anything loose; play a straight bat down the wicket; leave that rising ball on the off alone; and above all get your head over the ball and keep your eye on it."

I remember three grand innings by Bill McCowen, whose batting went from strength to strength as the season advanced after a rather poor beginning. Richard's Bryan's bat waved to great advantage on four occasions. What a good bat he could be if he steadied down; he must learn to realise his own strength and time the ball rather than hit hard at it. Adam Blandy, James Caulfeild and Timothy Green were others who have possibilities as batsmen, and one or other of them generally put up a score just when it was wanted. To have five batsmen who can be relied on in a side is a great asset in any class of cricket, especially if a tail-ender or two can punish the enemy bowling on occasion. Here we had Colebrooke and Yeatman-Biggs, both regular members of the 1st XI, and Hamlyn Whitty, Simon Green and Marsden who popped in from time to time.

Good batting must be backed up by good bowling and equally good fielding if matches are to be won, and in these departments of the game we were never up to standard, hence draw after draw followed throughout the season, anyway in the 1st XI. Our bowlers toiled away manfully, but toil is wasted if "length" is absent. Fielders tend to become bored if no catches ever go up and leather hunting becomes the order of the day or the ball is pushed back gently down the wicket by a batsman who has all day to see just what it will do. Bryan's bowling became very wild and even dangerous on this season's abnormally hard wickets, and his failure to strike any sort of form was very disappointing to selectors and players alike. Yeatman-Biggs seemed to lack confidence in his ability to bowl; potentially he is a very good bowler with a beautiful natural action. The two most promising are Williams and the elder Whitty; both have good actions, both have the right spirit, but both at present lack physique; a year's body building should make a great difference to them. Nicholas Murray-Smith lacked variety for his pace, and batsmen with their eyes wide open could easily treat themselves to runs. Colebrooke lacked the temperament to make a good bowler although his action pleased.

The 2nd XI played some very joyful cricket and had a good season. Our eyes were constantly cast towards it as good hearty smacks were heard and the ball could be seen racing to the boundary from the bats of du Boulay, Marsden, Abbot-Anderson and even Simon Green, who never settled to very much in the 1st XI. We prayed that we would spot one bowler who could hit the wickets with an equally good smack and send the bails a-flying or force a batsman to pop a ball up in the air, but no luck. 1949 was a batsman's Garden of Eden; perhaps 1950 will be a bowler's paradise!

B.L.T.



1ST XI

Played 9; won 2; drawn 6; lost 1.

- v. ST. WILFRID'S (away). Match drawn.
ST. WILFRID'S: 94 for 2 (declared).
ST. PETER'S: 65 for 8 (Bryan 26; S. Green 15).
 - v. CHESTERTON (home). Match drawn.
ST. PETER'S: 88 (Combe 30; T. J. Green 25; Bryan 12).
CHESTERTON: 71 for 7 (R. Blandy 2 for 8; Bryan 2 for 11; N. Murray-Smith 2 for 14).
 - v. LADYCROSS (away). Match drawn.
ST. PETER'S: 84 (T. J. Green 20; R. Blandy 12).
LADYCROSS: 43 for 5 (Yeatman-Biggs 4 for 11).
 - v. NEWLANDS (home). Match drawn.
ST. PETER'S: 134 for 7 declared (D. W. McCowen 28; Caulfeild 28; H. Whitty 21 not out; Bryan 18; R. Blandy 15 not out; Combe 10).
NEWLANDS: 79 for 6 (Yeatman-Biggs 3 for 26; N. Murray-Smith 2 for 19).
 - v. TYTTENHANGER LODGE (home). Lost by 59 runs.
TYTTENHANGER LODGE: 104 for 5 declared.
ST. PETER'S: 45 (Marsden 11).
 - v. CLAREMONT (away). Match drawn.
ST. PETER'S: 98 (Caulfeild 32; Colebrooke 16; T. J. Green 12; H. Whitty 12).
CLAREMONT: Claremont 66 for 6 (Bryan 2 for 1; Yeatman-Biggs 3 for 17).
 - v. CHESTERTON (away). Won by 42 runs.
ST. PETER'S: 118 for 7 declared (D. W. McCowen 38; Bryan 24; Yeatman-Biggs 22; Combe 19).
CHESTERTON: 76 (Williams 4 for 12; Yeatman-Biggs 4 for 27).
 - v. LADYCROSS (home). Match drawn.
ST. PETER'S: 120 for 3 declared (D. W. McCowen 57 not out; Bryan 42).
LADYCROSS: 116 for 4.
 - v. ST. WILFRID'S (away). Won by 6 wickets.
ST. WILFRID'S: 89 for 6 declared (Colebrooke 2 for 12).
ST. PETER'S: 92 for 4 (R. Blandy 45; Bryan 22).
 - v. THE STAFF. Match drawn.
THE SCHOOL: 133 for 4 declared (Bryan 40; R. Blandy 31; D. W. McCowen 29).
THE STAFF: 104 for 8 (N. B. Collins 37 not out; K. Bartlett-Bell 23; B. L. Talbot 17).
- Final XI:* E. N. Combe (Captain),* N. H. Yeatman-Biggs (vice-captain),* D. W. McCowen,* J. A. T. Caulfeild,* R. S. Bryan,* N. Murray-Smith, T. J. Green, R. A. P. Blandy, J. G. R. Williams, P. H. du Boulay, M. G. Colebrooke. Also played: S. E. A. Green, D. C. Marsden, R. H. Whitty.

*Colours.

2ND XI

Played 8; won 5; drawn 2; lost 1.

- v. ST. WILFRID'S (home). Won by 48 runs.
ST. PETER'S: 104 for 6 declared (du Boulay 21; Tisdall 18 not out; Marsden 15; T. Ashburner 12 not out).
ST. WILFRID'S: 56 (R. H. Whitty 4 for 11; Tisdall 2 for 7).
- v. CHESTERTON (away). Won by 13 runs.
ST. PETER'S: 41.
CHESTERTON: 28 (Abbot-Anderson 4 for 9; Caulfeild 2 for 0; T. Ashburner 2 for 6).
- v. LADYCROSS (home). Match drawn.
ST. PETER'S: 101 for 3 declared (Marsden 56; Jarman 19 not out).
LADYCROSS: 69 for 8 (Abbot-Anderson 3 for 17; T. Ashburner 2 for 0; R. H. Whitty 2 for 16).

- v. NEWLANDS (away). Lost by 2 wickets.
 ST. PETER'S: 86 (Abbot-Anderson 25; S. Green 14; Williams 13; T. Ashburner 10).
 NEWLANDS: 92 for 8 (T. Ashburner 3 for 21; Williams 3 for 23; Abbot-Anderson 2 for 19).
- v. TYTTENHANGER LODGE (away). Won by 8 wickets.
 TYTTENHANGER LODGE: 50 (Stewart 4 for 7; Williams 2 for 16)
 ST. PETER'S: 128 for 6 (du Boulay 56 not out; Abbot-Anderson 23; Williams 15)
- v. CHESTERTON (home). Won by 92 runs.
 ST. PETER'S: 138 for 8 declared (N. Murray-Smith 39; Abbot-Anderson 22; C. D. MacInnes 16 not out; Stewart 14; Marsden 14).
 CHESTERTON: 46 (T. Ashburner 4 for 20; Abbot-Anderson 2 for 0; N. Murray-Smith 2 for 21).
- v. LADYCROSS (away). Match drawn.
 ST. PETER'S: 78 (S. Green 14; Tisdall 10).
 LADYCROSS: 54 for 9 (N. Murray-Smith 6 for 16; T. Ashburner 2 for 18).
- v. ST. WILFRID'S (home). Won by 81 runs.
 ST. PETER'S: 124 for 6 (Mason 35; Abbot-Anderson 35 not out; S. Green 17; R. H. Whitty 10).
 ST. WILFRID'S: 43 (Mason 5 for 5; Stewart 2 for 5).
Final 2nd XI: S. E. A. Green (captain), I. M. A. Stewart (vice-captain), R. H. Whitty, T. P. D. Ashburner, A. D. W. Abbot-Anderson, C. D. MacInnes, C. J. C. Jarman, J. P. B. Tisdall, A. H. G. Broughton, T. D. Baxendale, D. C. Marsden. Also played: A. J. R. Howorth, A. C. Mason.

3RD XI

Played 6. Won 5. Lost 1.

- v. ST. WILFRID'S. Won by 7 wickets.
 ST. WILFRID'S: 17 (G. Murray-Smith 6 for 3; Mason 4 for 7).
 ST. PETER'S: 98 for 3 (Mason 41 n.o., Medley 30, Granville 11).
- v. SUTTON PLACE. Won by 36 runs.
 SUTTON PLACE: 34 (G. Murray-Smith 4 for 12, Mason 3 for 8, Coltman 2 for 6).
 ST. PETER'S: 70 (Knights 20, Rich 15, Mason 13).
- v. LADYCROSS. Won by 4 runs.
 LADYCROSS: 31 (G. Murray-Smith 8 for 10, Mason 2 for 14).
 ST. PETER'S: 35 (Wynne 10).
- v. NEWLANDS. Won by 5 runs.
 NEWLANDS: 47 (G. Murray-Smith 5 for 8, K. T. Whitty 2 for 13).
 ST. PETER'S: 52 (Coltman 10, Rich 10 n.o.).
- v. LADYCROSS. Lost by 63 runs.
 LADYCROSS: 103 (G. Murray-Smith 6 for 41, Coltman 2 for 20, Howorth 2 for 29).
 ST. PETER'S: 40 (Keighley 13).
- v. ST. WILFRED'S. Won by 6 wickets.
 ST. WILFRED'S: 30 (G. Murray-Smith 4 for 7, Howorth 3 for 3, Coltman 3 for 13).
 ST. PETER'S: 41 for 4 (Knights 10 n.o.).

4TH XI

Played 2. Lost 2.

- v. LADYCROSS. Lost by 5 wickets.
 ST. PETER'S: 96 for 7 dec. (Blandy 16, M. J. Welton 24, Ward 18 n.o., M. O. McCowen 16).
 LADYCROSS: 100 for 5 (Blandy 2 for 15).
- v. LADYCROSS. Lost by 63 runs.
 LADYCROSS: 139 for 7 dec. (Parsons 5 for 20).
 ST. PETER'S: 76 (M. J. Welton 23).

STAFF CRICKET RESULTS

ST. PETER'S v. J. O. LINTOTT'S XI

Won by 3 wickets.

J. O. Lintott's XI

K. P. A. Matthews b Farebrother	99	
J. O. Lintott b Bartlett-Bell	21	
T. B. Carey b Farebrother	10	
E. E. Harrison c Norbury b Farebrother	28	
K. H. E. Bowen, not out	17	
G. E. Hudson b Darwall-Smith	10	
Extras	9	
Total (five wickets, declared)							..	194

C. G. Toppin, E. I. Milne, P. M. C. Whitton, R. M. C. Sanderson and D. Clarke did not bat.

St. Peter's

A. C. Waghorn b Harrison	31	
B. L. Talbot c Carey b Whitton	4	
K. H. Bartlett-Bell b Whitton	21	
R. H. Darwall-Smith st Sanderson b Harrison	0	
R. L. Hayes c Lintott b Harrison	6	
N. B. F. Collins c Milne b Whitton	7	
R. N. P. Manson c Hudson b Milne	40	
P. Knox-Shaw, not out	36	
J. C. Norbury, not out	44	
Extras	13	
Total (seven wickets)							..	202

M. H. Farebrother and S. E. Axten did not bat.

ST. PETER'S v. HOLMWOOD'S

Drawn.

St. Peter's

R. M. C. Sanderson b Crawford	6	
B. L. Talbot b Manson	6	
E. Snell b Crawford	1	
R. H. Darwall-Smith c and b Crawford	54	
K. H. Bartlett-Bell c Valentine b Toppin	35	
J. C. Norbury b Lee	0	
P. Knox-Shaw, not out	22	
N. B. F. Collins b Crawford	5	
V. D. L. Talbot b Wilson	4	
M. H. Farebrother b Crawford	17	
M. D. Neligan lbw b Crawford	0	
Extras	14	
Total							..	164

Holmwoods

A. Thomas c Knox-Shaw b Farebrother	66
M. H. Lee b Farebrother	2
B. H. Valentine lbw b Farebrother	8
D. Senst run out	27
C. G. Toppin st Talbot b Neligan	12
C. J. Wilson b Farebrother	5
C. G. Dunbar b Farebrother	0
T. Crawford not out	13
R. N. Manson not out	3
Extras	5
Total (seven wickets)	141

D. G. N. Murch and W. H. Tankard did not bat.

TENNIS

We were lucky to have enough sunshine and dry weather to make even the most ardent cricketers welcome a chance to vary their programme, and with the skilful geometry of B.L.T., two courts were laid out where a lesser mathematician would have thought only one was possible. The English summer has in the past made us accustomed to carry umbrellas on picnics and duffle coats to Lord's. It was not surprising, therefore, to discover that only eight boys possessed a tennis racquet in their armoury. But whether they played with an oval and untuned model of the Mille. Lenglen days or with the streamlined super-finished Slazenger of 1949, everyone was sufficiently enthusiastic to enjoy themselves.

As time went on and the evenings rolled by in tropical splendour, it was possible to organise a Set competition. Each Set was represented by two pairs and the scoring was done on a points system. Blues produced an unbeatable pair in Bill McCowen and Yeatman-Biggs and these two led their Set to victory, Reds coming second and Whites third.

It was with some excitement that an official match was arranged with Newlands on the last Sunday of the term. Blues automatically provided the first School pair, Whites the second with Blandy and Hamlyn Whitty, and Tim Ashburner and Mason were seeded third. We learnt a good deal during this friendly encounter and were decisively beaten by 56 games to 25. Our opponents played superior tennis in all departments and it was brought home to us quite rightly that enthusiasm is one thing and hard practice another—and that skill and enjoyment come from a combination of the two. The difference between Newlands and ourselves was not so very great, but we have to learn the elementary principles and practise them until they become instinctive. Two evenly-placed services, one of which always succeeds, are better than a cannon-ball fault followed by a weak lob which is easy to put away. Forehand and backhand strokes must be played off the correct foot and not slashed at sideways with the body square to the net.

In doubles, both players should not stand shoulder to shoulder in mid-court where the ball tends to come at one's feet; and in singles, when each player is driving deep, it is necessary to maintain a central position as much as possible to avoid being out-mancœuvred.

These points and many others should be the object of our practice, once we have become accustomed to the initial excitement of hitting the ball about.

J.C.N.



"Here we are, here we are, here we are again"—still trying to find something to write about sports which has not been written before. The seasons change, the names on the programme change, the obstacles change and visitors and their races change, but everything else seems just as it has always been except perhaps for the fact that this year we ran the long races left-handed instead of right-handed and for the second year in succession we had no visitors' races. The latter were planned with every thought and care as usual; the Staff put their heads together in the same old way and tried to think out something to make a fool of somebody; I was slower over my shaving, as I usually am at sports time, because while the lather is still wet upon my face, then is the time I seem to see most clearly in the sports mirror and think out my most diabolical schemes. The lady staff study my expression at the breakfast table and try to fathom what conclusions I have reached, knowing full well that soon I will rush to them and ask them to produce in a couple of hours something over which the trade union member would want a week's thought, another week in which to get the materials and then a guarantee of a rise in wages before he or she would even consider a beginning. The men staff are by now busy on preparations for the obstacle race, and so I cannot run to them and interrupt proceedings by asking them to blow up 30 footballs for fathers to play with, as I did one year; nor can I go to Joe Woodward and ask him for too much help or his drill display rehearsal will be delayed or his swords will not be ready for the dance. Drill displays take a great deal of preparation and are most popular with our parents and friends; I must not delay things there on any

account. The obstacle course must be laid out at the very last moment, as half the fun is to see queer-looking erections going up without knowing what their real object is and without there being a chance of testing oneself over the course before the race proper begins. This year even I gave out the order of the obstacles wrongly over the loudspeakers and that added more doubt about my sanity than people may have had before and some uncertainty about the outcome of the race itself. Eventually I fathomed out an ingenious race, or so I thought, for parents and their sons and daughters to run in altogether, and it was such a pity that time went by on Sports Day so rapidly that the race could not be held. I am bearing it in mind for 1950 and by June 1 I may have added a frill or two to make it more interesting and exacting.

This year at least I had the help of a microphone which worked and did not wheeze, and at 2.15 p.m. on the Friday was happier in my mind than I was a year ago at the same time on the Saturday. The Seniors set the ball rolling with some quite good high-jumping, particularly Williams, Colebrooke and Caulfeild, whom I thought at one moment we never would be able to place in any order, as they all failed at the same height twice running—it is always a judge's headache when that sort of thing occurs. Summers ran a grand race to win the Junior "100" and Boileau in his "100" ran nearly as fast as Bryan did in his and made us think even more than usual about having "open" races. The hurdles were run in style and quite fast and here we have to thank Joe Woodward for his patient training throughout the summer term. It is always exciting to get a dead heat in these races and Bryan and Mason provided us with one in the Senior event. Tim Ashburner got his own back on Boileau in the "220" Intermediates and Kenneth Whitty did the same on Summers in the "220" Junior. Bryan was too big and too powerful to be ousted in the "440" by anyone and the gallant Williams once again chalked up a third for his Set, only just being beaten by Mason in the run-in. The long jumping in the main was disappointing. Feet were not tucked up enough and the take-off was often badly judged. The one who impressed most was Johnson, but as his event was held on the Thursday, few people had the chance of seeing this "rubber ball" going through the air.

After the eighth event Reds and Whites were level in points and Blues were only 2 behind. After the tenth they were level again, with Blues keeping up the struggle. After the thirteenth again they were level, with Blues dropping back a bit. After that Reds gradually drew ahead and then a fight took place between Whites and Blues for second place. Not until the tug-of-war did we know the final outcome between these two. The usual enormous tea seemed to be much appreciated by the usual enormous crowd, so much so that the strawberry and cream race took the place of the visitors' race, and we only had time to see the drill display and watch the Seniors do their sword dance. Mrs. Combe kindly consented to give away the cups and medals, and then everybody scampered off to collect a car or catch a train except for one little party which went into a quiet corner to celebrate the ending of the day.

B.L.T.

PROGRAMME

SENIORS

100 Yards: 1, Bryan; 2, du Boulay; 3, Williams. Time 13½ secs.
 440 Yards: 1, Bryan; 2, Mason; 3, Williams. Time 69½ secs.*
 Hurdles: 1, Bryan and Mason; 3, Williams. Time 15 secs.
 High Jump: 1, Williams; 2, Colebrooke; 3, Caulfeild. Height 3 ft. 11½ in.
 Long Jump: 1, du Boulay; 2, Yeatman-Biggs; 3, Mason. Length, 13 ft. 4½ in.
 Cricket Ball: 1, Bryan; 2, Abbot-Anderson; 3, R. Blandy. Length, 67 yds. 2 ft. 4 in.

INTERMEDIATES

100 Yards: 1, Boileau; 2, T. Ashburner; 3, Blackburne-Maze. Time, 13½ secs.
 220 Yards: 1, T. Ashburner; 2, Boileau; 3, Johnson. Time 31 secs.*
 Hurdles: 1, T. Ashburner; 2, Johnson; 3, Boileau. Time, 15 secs.*
 High Jump: 1, T. Ashburner and Johnson; 3, R. H. Whitty. Height, 3 ft. 9½ in.
 Long Jump: 1, Johnson; 2, T. Ashburner; 3, Ward. Length, 13 ft. 3 in.
 Cricket Ball: 1, G. Murray-Smith; 2, Medley; 3, Tisdall. Length, 56 yds. 2 ft. 2 in.

JUNIORS

100 Yards: 1, Summers; 2, K. T. Whitty; 3, R. W. Kent. Time, 15 secs.
 220 Yards: 1, K. T. Whitty; 2, R. W. Kent; 3, Summers. Time, 34 secs.*
 Hurdles: 1, R. W. Kent; 2, Rogerson; 3, Orr. Time, 14½ secs.
 High Jump: 1, Herbert; 2, R. W. Kent; 3, K. T. Whitty and Hickman. Height, 3 ft. 2½ in.
 Long Jump: 1, K. T. Whitty; 2, R. W. Kent; 3, M. O. McCowen. Length, 11 ft. 9 in.
 Cricket Ball: 1, Murray; 2, M. O. McCowen; 3, K. T. Whitty. Length, 46 yds. 0 ft. 10 in.

* Records

RELAY RACES

Whole Set (half-mile, 16 runners): 1, Blues; 2, Reds; 3, Whites.
 Seniors (quarter-mile, 4 runners): 1, Reds; 2, Whites; 3, Blues.
 Intermediates (ditto): 1, Blues; 2, Whites; 3, Reds.
 Juniors (ditto): 1, Blues; 2, Whites; 3, Reds.

TUG-OF-WAR

First Team: 1, Reds; 2, Blues; 3, Whites.
 Second Team: 1, Reds; 2, Whites; 3, Blues.

CUPS

Set Cup: 1, Reds, 92½ pts.; 2, Whites, 66½ pts.; 3, Blues, 66 pts.
 Seniors: 1, Bryan, 23 pts.; 2, Williams, 12 pts.; 3, Mason, 11 pts.
 Intermediates: 1, T. Ashburner, 20 pts.; 2, Jackson, 13 pts.; 3, Boileau, 9 pts.
 Juniors: 1, K. Whitty, 11½ pts.; 2, R. Kent, 11 pts.; 3, Summers, 5 pts.

INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS AT KINGSMEAD

For the second year in succession St. Peter's was invited to enter a team for the Inter-School Athletics organised by Kingsmead School and held on their grounds July 12, 1949.

The previous year St. Peter's took second place amongst the five teams competing, but this year we went into the lead from the start and retained top place throughout, the only real challenge coming at the end when we did poorly in the last four events, which were rather of the serio-comic order such as sack races, novelty cycle race, etc.

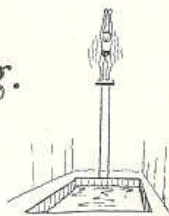
The schools competing were the same as the previous year and they finished as follows: St. Peter's, first; Newlands, second; Chesterton, third; St. Aubyn's, fourth; Kingsmead, fifth.

The St. Peter's team was: Over 13 years, Bryan; 12 to 13, du Boulay and T. P. D. Ashburner; 11 to 12, Boileau and Johnson; 10 to 11, Tisdall; 9 to 10, Summers and R. W. Kent; under 9, Martyn.

The most outstanding performances were put up by Boileau, Tisdall, Summers and T. P. D. Ashburner, a very plucky struggle being made in the relay race, where the team got away to a bad start, and but for the heroic running of Summers, Tisdall and, in particular, Boileau, St. Peter's would have finished a bad last. In Boileau we have a runner of high possibilities; he has an ease and perfection of action seldom found in so young a body, and as he showed on this occasion, he has a stout heart in a losing race.

N.B.C.

Swimming.



Great strides were made this summer under ideal conditions, and more boys than ever underwent instruction in the plunge bath. Forty boys came back in May as non-swimmers, but by the end of the term twenty-one of them were able to swim one length of the bath, free style. Seven had managed to swim two lengths, and could dive in from the side. These results were not achieved without a good deal of hard work. Captain Woodward, standing by the door of the changing room armed with a pole and disguised as a one-man submarine became the symbol of aquatic prowess. His word of command blew the timorous from the brink and his strong right arm rescued them gasping at the other end and, behold—they were amphibious at last! For week after week the sinkers strove for buoyancy and the splashers for style. Tired bowlers, toiling at the nets of an evening often had their horizon brightened by the drying towels spread in all their multi-coloured glory along the hedge. Among the seniors one heard rumours of preparation for attempting the elementary and intermediate tests for the Royal Life Saving Society's Certificates.

The groyne-to-groyne race was held in two heats of twelve. Mr. Bell and Captain Woodward—the Walrus and the Carpenter—assembled the "oysters" and floated with them into the distance. The final was between J. W. E. Blandy, Combe, J. F. Kent, du Boulay, R. A. P. Blandy and Mason. It was a very close race and the result was a triumph for the perseverance of Adam Blandy. His duel with du Boulay worked the spectators into a frenzy and it was anybody's race until the last few yards. Combe was third.

As the Summer Term drew to a close we stormed the beaches on foot, on bicycles, by car and in buses. In fact, had George IV been alive I don't doubt that he would have forsaken his Pavilion at Brighton and come bowling along the front at a gallop to sample the air at Sunny Seaford. By the end of July seventy-five per cent. of the School could swim.

DIVING COMPETITION

This was held in the plunge bath towards the end of July and consisted of three events. A low dive from the side of the bath, a high dive from the top board, and a swimming dive from the surface of the water to pick up from the bottom a brick and place it on the side of the bath.

There were thirteen entries and the diving on the whole was very fair. The surface diving for the brick was the weakest part of the event, but the best of the competitors were quite good at this too. There was very little to choose between the top half-dozen, but the judges agreed that the final order was Yeatman-Biggs 1st, Bryan 2nd and Simon Green 3rd with only half a point between each. Adam Blandy and Tim Green were 4th and 5th, again only half a point behind.

It was perhaps lucky that Abdy was one of the last of the divers otherwise the judges might have found it necessary to refill the bath before continuing with the competition!

The Swimming Cup was awarded to Adam Blandy.

N.B.C.



Soccer.



For those who like to base their criticism of any sport or sportsman on statistics, the details of our 1st XI record this season will provide a particularly delectable dish. The list of failures is unbroken and everyone of the 28 goals scored against us must seem like so many undeniable nails driven into the coffin of St. Peter's soccer. But he is an unwise man who judges his Compton or Stanley Matthews by figures alone, and a very lucky one who wins a fortune with his football pool solution every week. Facts cannot be denied, and if applied intelligently, can be of service to the critic, but the mere study of them is unable to match for enjoyment the experience of the player or spectator, an enjoyment to which the sweetness of victory may or may not be added. The statistician who fails to explain and appreciate the wider realms of physical effort and mental excitement which go with the game itself, is failing to grasp its main purpose.

Taking our seven defeats therefore as milk that has been irrevocably spilt, let us see what can be saved from the wreck. The fact that seven colours have been awarded is not, as it might seem, an attempt to convince ourselves that all our disasters have in reality been successes in disguise. The 1st XI has possessed some players of real merit and the first to be mentioned must be the captain, Donald McCowen, who was awarded the Soccer Cup. He is a courageous goalkeeper with a good sense of anticipation and, after an experimental period in the half line, returned to his former position, where he never failed to serve us well. His enthusiasm and example have meant a good deal to the team. Hamlyn Whitty at right back has developed into a powerful kicker with both feet, although he is slow to move into position and is not a strong tackler. Marsden, who eventually found himself settled in the right-half position, has played with immense energy and determination and has striven to possess the ball from start to finish. Tisdall, on the right wing, has been a slow but neat dribbler, and his ball control has made up in some measure for his lack of weight. Ward on the left wing has a real turn of speed, and it was this rather than skill that so often carried him past the opposing half and back. His ball control was inclined to be loose and, although his narrow-angle shots were forceful and accurate, he would have done better to have squared them more into the centre. Du Boulay at inside-right had strength and a powerful right foot, but an inside-forward should be two-footed and have the ability to run through straight. Colbrooke, an energetic but blustering player, was finally placed at centre-forward.

He does not keep the ball near enough to his toe when dribbling and was constantly being robbed. So much for the colours. Rich at left back was a solid tackler, Jarman at centre-forward was a greater worker and Nicholas Murray-Smith at left-half could tidy up a bouncing ball better than most, but was seldom quick enough to get rid of it. Howorth at inside-left had not the fierce abandon in the attack which such a position demands.

It can be seen, therefore, that there were definite potentialities about the players, and on occasions they have played good football. There have also been individual faults which must be present in any team. It is, however, as a team that the side failed. There can be no doubt that they were slow, and in particular when the ball was in the air. To intercept a through pass one has to start moving as long before the pass is actually made as one can; to trap and head the ball properly it is necessary to use to the best advantage the period of time given you while the ball is off the ground; to collect a clearance from the backs one must watch the ball off the foot and move as early as possible. In all this we were a yard behind our opponents, sometimes more. Another weakness was steadiness in front of the enemy's goal. It is true that some unlucky shots found the crossbar instead of the net, but we were often guilty of wild kicking and poor timing. Inside-forwards must surely be as direct as possible in their attacks. Any wide deviation to right or left, such as we often employed in order to shake off the defenders, must inevitably narrow the angle and make things easier for the goalkeeper.

To lack of speed and scoring capacity I must add one more point—lack of weight in a number of players. This is not an excuse for poor play but merely another contributing factor. I have been pushed off the ball myself by Mr. Bell and the facility with which it was done was scarcely an enticement to future collision.

The season has obviously been a disappointing one, but certainly not disastrous. The figure fiends can wag their beards, but I think that we will take our lessons to heart, eat more pudding, double our efforts and like St. Paul "wish for the day," for it will come!

J.C.N.

1ST XI

Team: McCowen (Capt.)*; Whitty,* Rich; Marsden,* Jarman, N. Murray-Smith; Tisdall*, du Boulay*, Colbrooke*, Howorth, Ward*. Also played: Coltman, C. A. MacInnes, R. G. Evans.

Matches: v. Chesterton (away), lost 1-3; ditto (home), lost 0-1; v. Ladycross, lost 2-4; v. Tyttenhanger, lost 2-7; v. Newlands, lost 0-7; v. Stoke House, lost 1-3; v. St. Wilfrid's, lost 0-3.

2ND XI

The 2nd XI was not a strong side, though they did manage to win two of their matches. They suffered from most of the faults which so hampered the 1st XI—lack of anticipation, slowness on the ball, and an inability to shoot. Some individuals did well. Parsons was safe and courageous in goal. Coltman kicked and tackled well, though he is very slow to recover

when beaten. All the halves worked hard, though they were not very constructive. T. P. Ashburner showed dash and ability on the right wing and Williams' corner kicking was excellent. But we lacked that combination and drive in the centre which is so essential if goals are to be scored.

Team: Parsons; Blandy, Coltman; J. F. Kent, Neve, C. A. MacInnes; T. P. Ashburner, N. Murray-Smith, R. G. Evans, Wynne, Williams (capt.)
Also played: Stewart.

Matches: v. Chesterton (home), won 2-0; ditto (away), won 3-1; v. Sutton Place (1st XI), lost 1-2; v. Ladycross, lost 1-2; v. Tyttenhanger, lost 1-4; v. Newlands, lost 2-4; v. Stoke House, drew 1-1; v. Chesterton, won 3-1; v. St. Wilfrid's, lost 0-1.

**Colours.*

3RD XI

Team: M. O. McCowen*; Mason (capt.)* Abbot-Anderson; Abdy, Medley, Johnson; Mills, Knights, Gillies,* Murray,* Whitehead.

Matches: v. Ladycross, lost 1-2; v. Tyttenhanger, won 10-0; v. Newlands, drew 1-1; v. Kingsmead, lost 3-4; v. St. Wilfrid's, won 1-0.

4TH XI

Team: Banks*; N. A. P. Evans, Orr*; Granville, Blackburne-Maze, R. W. Kent; Boileau, Swan, K. T. Whitty, Eastman, Broughton.*

Matches: v. Ladycross, drew 2-2; v. Kingsmead, won 4-1.

5TH XI

Lloyd*, Chisholm, Lipscomb; Bourke, Steer,* Fison; Tindal-Robertson, Knight, Summers,* Hickman, Herbert.

Matches: v. Sutton Place, won 5-1; v. Kingsmead, won 4-1.

UNDER 10 XI

Team: Lloyd*; Orr,* R. W. Kent; Fison, Steer,* Bourke; Tindal-Robertson, K. T. Whitty, M. O. McCowen,* Murray,* Herbert.

Match: v. Newlands, won 4-0.

**Special mention.*



FIVES

During the Easter Term King and Combe, our leading pair for so long, continued to set a high standard and again led us to victory in our matches against Stoke House. Combe improved his top step play all the time and it was a pity to see them separated during the year, bound for different public schools. They were supported however by a number of promising players, and Wylam, du Boulay, Marsden and Bill McCowen were all contributing to a generally high standard of play. We organised a handicap competition at the end of the term but it was on too large a scale and we never had time enough to complete it. Twenty-four boys entered and interest ran high.

In the Autumn Term we were without the lash of King's fiery cutting and the steadiness of Combe, and du Boulay took over as Keeper with Williams as his second-in-command. Thus our Fives was in the hands of two future Etonians. We had no outside matches but built up our play for the Set competition. Three pairs from each Set were entered, and the result was always in doubt until the final match between Reds and Blues third pairs. Reds needed maximum points to win by one from Whites and they eventually got them in almost pitch darkness and a biting wind. We had thirty-four players on the books which was encouraging, and there is no doubt that the leading three pairs were to be found from du Boulay, Stewart, Bill McCowen, Colebrooke, Williams and Marsden. Hamlyn Whitty has a splendid cut but is generally too slow about the court. Lower down the scale there is Ward, Tisdall, Nicholas Murray-Smith and Abbot-Anderson, all of whom I hope will do well in the future.

The Jesters again swept the Staff from the Court, although B.L.T. and M.H.F. did manage to force the last game to 14-11. We are indebted to Messrs. Barton and Moss for this fixture—not only for the splendid exhibition of fives as it should be played which they give us, but for their readiness to make the long journey to and from London to do so. Let us hope that we can welcome these friendly but horribly expert ambassadors of the game for many years to come. To the Staff the cry must go out from Isaiah "Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees."

SET FIVES COMPETITION

	<i>Blues</i>	<i>Reds</i>	<i>Whites</i>
1st pair:	D. W. McCowen Colebrooke	du Boulay Stewart	Williams Marsden
2nd pair:	Ward Tisdall	N. Murray-Smith Mason	R. H. Whitty Abbot-Anderson
3rd pair:	Swan Gillies	Broughton Johnson	C. D. MacInnes Jarman
	<i>Result in points</i>		
	Reds	125
	Whites	124
	Blues	71

M.H.F.

SQUASH

Although a fine and mild Easter term did not afford much opportunity for serious practice, the competition produced some determined squash. Wylam went through the top half of the draw fairly comfortably as expected, but lower down there was a long and bitter struggle in the semi-final between King and Colebrooke, which went to five games. King, playing the more scientific game, was eventually defeated by the greater agility and fire-power of his opponent.

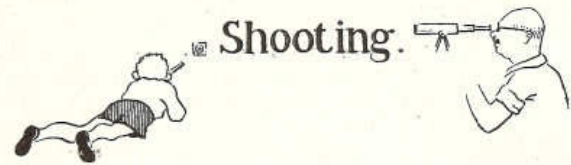
This was the best match in the competition, for in the final Colebrooke, trying to hit too hard, made many mistakes, and Wylam, playing steadily and well within himself, defeated him by three games to one to win the cup.

The competition emphasised several faults general to all players. Chief among them was the failure to appreciate the value of service. Too many boys regard it merely as a means of getting the ball in play; nor do they realise how easily a poor service may be "killed" down the side wall. Squash is a wristy game admittedly, but this is no excuse for poor footwork, which can only result in jerky stroke-play and faulty direction.

It is a pity that more boys do not possess racquets of their own (a light-weight, not an old full-size cast off). Squash teaches quickness of hand and eye and, above all, the invaluable gift of anticipation which is so sadly lacking at present on the soccer field.

J.C.N.

Shooting.



It has been a busy year on the ranges. There are about 45 boys on the regular register and some ten irregulars or casuals who get in when they can or if the Major likes the cast of their countenance, because he has the uncanny gift of being able to spot a potential marksman by the manner in which he looks at you or the way he walks down the drive. Masters, too, use the range with no mean effect in their spare time and have to adjust their personal lives according to the demands of this or that competition. Such is the tyranny of the target. And this last term the Seaford Rifle Club was washed out in one of our periodical channel frolics, and it was to St. Peter's, of course, that they turned for their evening practices. Our 1st VIII has had a good year and, at times, the Major has appeared almost satisfied—almost, but not quite. Competing in nine preparatory school events over the year, they had six firsts, two seconds and one third, and in the summer term the 2nd VIII won the Lord Roberts Cup, which is reserved for the highest 2nd VIII on the list. The pity of it is that so few schools now compete in the 50 and 100 yds. shields, and this lack of competition detracts somewhat from the glamour of the achievement. We were defeated this year in the final of the Loder Shield, a Sussex trophy, but from the aesthetic point of view nobody was sorry to see it go. In 1948 we won the County League, Division VIII, which is fired for by a mixed team of masters and boys, and this last year we were moved up into Div. VI and came out second. As a result of that we were pushed up into Div. IV, where we are now standing third. And so it goes on, rather like the lowering of a successful golfer's handicap. About 400 clubs enter for the Burroughs and Watts "English Championship," in units of four from each club, and our team of three masters and Stewart is now left in the last 32. Stewart's shooting throughout the year has been one of the high lights. He has won the Lady Ball Cup for four terms in succession now, which is in itself a record, and he looks like making a habit of it. His average for the autumn term proves that there is nothing seriously amiss with the post-war equipment, which so many less well-endowed sportsmen are prone to blame.

The Imperial Shield, of course, is our most important engagement, and our 1948 team of 12, whose scores were quoted in the last issue of this magazine, stood third in Great Britain out of 3,798 boys competing and tenth in the Empire out of the grand total of 26,992, and in so doing they have won for us the familiar Earl Haig's Sword—familiar because we now hold it for the sixth time. "Now" is something of a euphemism, for it has not materialised at the time of writing. It crossed the high seas from New

Zealand quite successfully, but apparently ran into a noisome quantity of red tape at H.M. Customs which has been too much for it. One would think that this of all trophies should be able to cut the Gordian knot. We have sent in our scores for the 1949 competition and the targets have been checked as follows: Stewart 97, Mason and Colebrooke 96, King and R. H. Whitty 94, N. A. P. Evans 92, Abbot-Anderson 91, R. A. P. Blandy 90, Bryan, Boileau and Edgington 89, N. Murray-Smith 88. This gives us a team average of 92.1, which is slightly better than the previous year.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL SHIELDS

	St. Patrick's (25 yds.)	St. George's (50 yds.)	St. Andrew's (100 yds.)
	Score Position	Score Position	Score Position
1st VIII ..	527 1st	504 3rd	504 1st
2nd VIII ..	474 16th	— —	— —
SUMMER TERM			
1st VIII ..	528 1st	494 2nd	500 1st
2nd VIII ..	485 *6th	— —	— —
AUTUMN TERM			
1st VIII ..	517 2nd	521 1st	511 1st
2nd VIII ..	474 8th	— —	— —

*Lord Robert's Cup.



THE YEAR'S HONOURS

	Shooting Captain:	Lady Ball Cup	Average out of 70
EASTER TERM	R. A. P. Blandy.	1. Stewart	65.91
		2. King	65.69
		3. Blandy	64.08
SUMMER TERM	N. A. P. Evans	1. Stewart	66.0
		2. Bryan }	64.25
		Boileau }	
AUTUMN TERM	I. M. A. Stewart	1. Stewart	68.125
		2. Mason	65.61
		3. Evans	63.56

TEN YEARS OF SETS

What a long time ago it seems to those dark days of 1940 when we packed up and carried our flag, first of all to Veryan, one of Cornwall's beauty spots, and then to that peaceful village of Filleigh in Devon which was to harbour us until war ended.

What a lot has happened in the last ten years of the School's life! To those present in the School now Veryan means nothing at all except that it is the name I have chosen for my new house, and they can see it written on my gate. Few boys in the School remember Castle Hill and the kindness shown us there by Lord and Lady Fortescue. We older ones look back and remember and are thankful; thankful not because we were housed and fed and accepted by these kindly West Country folk, but because we were spared to carry on our life's work, see the School through its troubles and eventually bring it back home in 1945 and help it regather its strength in the place of its birth. Few boys remember the damage to our buildings and grounds after five years of military occupation; none really knew the trials and troubles of reinstatement, nor do they think about the present battle for survival. Yes, these last ten years have been fateful ones and have tested our powers of endurance to the utmost. It is no wonder that during this period some Set competitions were never held and many gaps in dates appear on some of the Cups and Shields. It is remarkable really that there are so few blank spaces.

During the Summer Term of 1940 we had no cricket fields, sports ground or shooting ranges. We only had the sand and the sea. In the Autumn term we had to start making playing fields in meadows over which the cattle had roamed for years. Men and boys worked like blacks for many a term first to level our grounds and then to keep them in trim. We had no time to swim or shoot or enjoy a game of tennis. We had no fives or squash courts or sea in which to bathe. When we returned to Seaford in 1945 the fields were growing hay, and so were the tennis courts. The fives courts were smothered in oil from Bren Carriers and other military vehicles. The sea areas were mined and protected; the Downs were unsafe to walk on.

That is the picture of the last ten years. Boys have had to work and play under difficult conditions until recently. The work has had to go on; honest toil, self-discipline, a spirit of service, courage, enterprise, leadership, good manners, have been looked for as things of truest worth. The Set Shell Cases register success or failure in these things. Weekly the flag has flown from one or the other. Long may it fly. The winners can feel proud; the losers must take a firmer grip upon themselves and strive the more to be the termly victors. It is by what one contributes to the life of a community that one is judged. To take with both hands and to give with neither is to receive—nothing.

B.L.T.

SET RESULTS

SHELL CASE

Easter Term: 1, Blues (J. G. Studholme), 219 pts.; 2, Reds (P. C. M. Alexander, 146 pts.; 3, Whites (B. B. Wylam), 126 pts.
Summer Term: 1, Blues (E. N. Combe), 220 pts.; 2, Reds (T. J. Green), 145 pts.; 3, Whites (R. A. P. Blandy), 131 pts.
Autumn Term: 1, Reds (N. Murray-Smith), 218 pts.; 2, Blues (M. G. Colebrooke), 189 pts.; 3, Whites (N. A. P. Evans), 120 pts.

WORK CUP

Easter Term: 1, Reds, 54 pts.; 2, Blues, 50 pts.; 3, Whites, 33 pts.
Summer Term: 1, Reds, 56 pts.; 2, Blues, 43 pts.; 3, Whites, 38 pts.;
Autumn Term: 1, Reds, 53 pts.; 2, Whites, 46 pts.; 3, Blues, 32 pts.

SHOOTING SHIELD

Easter Term: 1, Blues, 252; 2, Whites, 249; 3, Reds, 247.
Summer Term: 1, Blues, 261; 2, Reds, 250; 3, Whites, 247.
Autumn Term: 1, Reds, 256; 2, Whites, 250; 3, Blues, 236.
Rugger Cup: 1, Blues, 12 pts.; 2, Reds, 6 pts.; 3, Whites, 0 pts.
Cricket Cup: 1, Reds, 16 pts.; 2, Whites, 10 pts.; 3, Blues, 4 pts.
Soccer Cup: 1, Blues, 20 pts.; 2, Whites, 6 pts.; 3, Reds, 4 pts.
Sports Cup: 1, Reds, 92 pts.; 2, Whites, 66½ pts.; 3, Blues, 66 pts.
Fives Cup: 1, Reds, 125 pts.; 2, Whites, 124 pts.; 3, Blues, 71 pts.
Tennis Cup: 1, Blues, 40 pts.; 2, Whites and Reds, 33 pts. each.
Drill Shield: 1, Blues, 34 pts.; 2, Whites, 33 pts.; 3, Reds, 32 pts.

TEN YEARS OF COMPETITION

	Reds	Whites	Blues
Sets	13 wins	4 wins	13 wins
Work Cup	16 "	8 "	6 "
Shooting	8 "	9 "	4 "
Rugger	5 "	2 "	3 "
Cricket	2 "	3 "	2 "
Soccer	4 "	2 "	2 "
Sports	3 "	4 "	3 "
Drill	2 "	3 "	3 "
Tennis	0 "	0 "	1 "
Fives	2 "	0 "	2 "

N.B.—In the sets, Blues had ten consecutive wins ending in the Summer Term of 1949, thus beating Reds' previous record of eight consecutive wins.

THE YEAR'S AWARDS

PRIZES

EASTER TERM

Term's Work: Coltman, Mills, Orr, Steer. *Latin:* Alexander, R. A. P. Blandy, Eastman, Hoskin, Ward. *Mathematics:* J. F. Kent, King, Stewart, Williams. *French:* Hoskin, King, Wylam. *English:* Edgington, Studholme, R. D. Granville. *English Subjects:* Alexander, Edgington. *Geography:* Abbot-Anderson, Banks, Baxendale, Eastman. *Scripture:* Studholme. *Music:* T. J. Green, J. F. Kent. *Art:* Johnson.

SUMMER TERM

Term's Work: Coltman, Jones, J. F. Kent, C. D. MacInnes, P. MacInnes, Orr, Steer. *Latin:* Yeatman-Biggs, Caulfeild. *Mathematics:* T. Green, Combe. *French:* R. A. P. Blandy. *History:* S. E. A. Green. *Music:* N. Murray-Smith, Lipscomb. *Music Certificate (Grade 1):* Mason.

AUTUMN TERM

Term's Work: Eastman, Mason, Stewart, Orr, Steer. *Latin:* Coltman. *Mathematics:* Howorth. *English:* Stewart. *Scripture:* Stewart. *Reading:* Williams, Steer, Delius. *Writing:* P. Chisholm, A. Chisholm. *Music:* R. W. Kent.

CUPS

EASTER TERM

Rugger: M. T. Edgington (Medal), R. E. King. *Shooting:* I. M. A. Stewart (Av. 65.9). *Boxing:* Senior—N. Murray-Smith; Junior—D. C. Marsden. *Squash:* B. B. Wylam.

SUMMER TERM

Cricket: D. W. McCowen. *Bowling:* N. H. Yeatman-Biggs. *Shooting:* I. M. A. Stewart (Av. 66). *Swimming:* R. A. P. Blandy. *Music:* I. M. A. Stewart.

AUTUMN TERM

Soccer: D. W. McCowen. *Shooting:* I. M. A. Stewart (Av. 68.1). *Drill Medal:* Senior—A. J. R. Howorth; Junior—W. N. T. C. Tam.

THE YOUNGER VIC

PROGRAMME

A shortened version of

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Produced by MARJORIE KNOX-SHAW

Dramatis Personae:

Theseus, Duke of Athens	N. A. P. EVANS
Philostrate, master of the revels to Theseus	I. M. A. STEWART
Lysander	A. D. ABBOT-ANDERSON
Demetrius	J. F. KENT
Quince, a carpenter	J. G. R. WILLIAMS
Snug, a joiner	R. G. EVANS
Bottom, a weaver	C. J. C. JARMAN
Flute, a bellows mender	M. G. COLEBROOKE
Snout, a tinker	N. J. MURRAY-SMITH
Starveling, a tailor	C. J. GILLIES
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, wife of Theseus	R. H. WHITTY
Hermia, wife of Lysander	R. D. GRANVILLE
Helena, wife of Demetrius	A. G. KEIGHLEY
Oberon, King of the Fairies	A. C. MASON
Titania, Queen of the Fairies	A. J. R. HOWORTH
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow	R. E. B. JOHNSON
First Fairy	D. W. EASTMAN
Pease-Blossom	M. W. NICHOLSON
Cobweb	T. D. BROCKLEBANK
Moth	C. G. LEATHERS
Mustard-Seed	R. E. B. W. BROWNE
Singers: P. S. HARPER, P. G. ROGERS, R. H. and K. T. WHITTY, C. J. WHITEHEAD	

Acts I and II—A wood near Athens.

Act III—The Palace of Theseus.

Stage Managers: A. H. G. BROUGHTON and D. W. MCCOWEN *Wigs* by Drury

Prompter: G. J. WARD *Lighting* by J. C. NORBURY

Scenery by S. E. AXIEN and K. H. BARTLETT-BELL

Costumes by Sybil Clarke and H. and M. Rayne

Music and Dance arranged by D. H. DAUNT

It was a new venture on our part to attempt anything more than a scene from a Shakespeare play, but, as it turned out, the effort was amply rewarded. "A Midsummer Night's Dream," ingeniously abridged so as to leave out those rather tedious love wrangles, makes a most enchanting play, and some of the spectators even claimed that it was an improvement on the original. We started with next to nothing in the way of proved talent and no acting experience of any real value. The tragedy of 1948, when we had to give up the project of Sheridan's "The Critic," owing to the counter attractions of an extensive mump epidemic, was a bitter blow indeed, as it meant that there had been no serious acting in the school for two years. Small wonder therefore that the producer had qualms and for a considerable time was plunged in unconsolable gloom. All good productions seem to go that way—an unpromising start, with a sharp decline from bad to worse, blood, sweat and tears followed by suggested murder or suicide or both—and then suddenly and without apparent reason there is a gleam of light. Confidence begins to mount, joining hands with the freshly discovered thrill of acting, and the whole thing gallops to a triumphant climax. I do not quite know what constituted the crucial turning point in this particular instance. Perhaps it was the fortuitous discovery of Puck's natural ability or the conversion of Oberon from a human barrel-organ into a poet, or it may have been the benign ghost of William Shakespeare himself, who of all playwrights must have a soft spot in his spectral nature for boy actors and their desperate struggles at impersonation. Our principals were fortunate in being able to see the Young Vic at Brighton do this very same play for their edification, although—I speak as a fool—I do fondly believe that one of the most important roles was better played by the Younger Vic at St. Peter's.

The Athenian Mechanicals were a boisterous gang of country bumpkins, who provided us with a deal of good laughter, and it needed all the persuasive art of Williams, fussing about them in the way that the exasperated Quince should do, to keep "these hempen homespuns" in some semblance of order. Shakespeare intended them to be grotesquely funny, and funny they certainly were in the unrestrained Elizabethan way. Jarman revelled in the grasping heartiness of Bottom the weaver and improved as the play went on. It would be unkind to say that his best moments were when he wore the ass's head, but so it appeared from the audience, and that is what counts. These comics rose to gallant heights when they played before the swarthy duke and his lovely auburn queen, who incidentally was the despair of the Seaford girls' schools on the Friday night. The climax of clever fooling was reached in the death of Pyramus, and Colebrooke showed a rare touch of comic genius as the love-wracked and suicidal Phisbe. It takes a good actor to act badly, and Shakespeare never intended these yokels, as English as the crooked beams in Stratford-on-Avon, to be anything more than the clumsiest of amateurs.

What a lovely contrast it is between these earthy hobbledchoys and the supernatural element of fairy land! And yet they mix with such unassuming simplicity. Titania, whichever way you pronounce her name, is not an easy character for a 20th-century boy brought up on Wisden and Edgar Wallace. Howorth, though hardly of ethereal stature, imparted considerable

charm into his part and showed a surprising talent for wooing the "translated" Bottom. All praise to him for this feat, because it is not one of the subjects we are supposed to teach here, and his team of attendant fairies obeyed the imperious wave of his hand with far more grace and despatch than I ever get my wants or orders attended to. Mason's rendering of Oberon was dignified, restrained and at times rigidly sinister. What I liked about his performance was that he allowed the supreme beauty of Shakespeare's poetry to be heard in every one of its vibrant syllables, and that is the alpha and omega of good acting. "Speak the speech, I pray you . . . trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines." Hamlet was the spokesman in this instance, but it was really Shakespeare himself giving advice to his actors. Perhaps the most appealing of all these Younger Vic actors was Robert Johnson, who for an hour and a half completely lost his own identity and lived and breathed the elfin Puck, carrying out his scheming master's plans with such manifest and infectious glee that one felt the spirit of playful mischief in every one of his gestures. I may have been stupid and all that, but when, in the semi-darkness of the final scene on a background of twinkling stars, he flung out his arms to us to make amends for all his impish interference, I found it peculiarly uncomfortable to swallow, and it was difficult to realise that "this weak and idle theme" was "no more yielding than a dream." For we too had been translated into the blissful land of make-believe.

This little band of immature actors made a significant hit, if one can judge from the fan mail which flowed in as a result of two performances, but they would be the first to recognise that they cannot monopolise the limelight. There were the "spotted snakes," as they came to be called, who sang so effectively behind the scenes; there was the scenic art of Commander Axten, which received its own individual applause; the ingenuity and Herculean work done by Mr. Bell and his perspiring assistants; the desperate deeds achieved by Mr. Norbury to get the right lighting effect out of very inadequate plant; the surpassingly beautiful costumes produced by that well-known firm, "Maison Clarke," and, above all, the untiring work of the producer whose artistic labours had helped us to forget all our mundane troubles and the hardness of our seats. Better than any bouquets for her must have been the bewildered disappointment on the faces of the actors when they realised it was all over. Many of them were quite crestfallen, for something had gone out of their lives and tomorrow they were going to be their dull common selves again.

BUSKIN.

THE WEATHER

We have once again started to keep weather reports with the aid of a band of amateur enthusiasts who work in pairs (or three if there are enough volunteers). Sallying forth each day after "Blacks and Golds," they record the readings on the maximum and minimum thermometer and the rain gauge, which are outside the front door, and on the barometer, which is in the hall.

The summer term provided us with what must have been a record in sunshine and weeks of fine, rainless weather, and it is most unfortunate that, owing to a succession of unforeseen mishaps, the records were only restarted on July 2. So our figures date from then and they naturally omit the periods covered by the holidays, plus a few days at each end of the term when the timetable is apt to be a bit abnormal—after all, who cares even if there is a blizzard during the last week of July, provided it does not interfere with the School Special from Seaford to Victoria!

JULY

	<i>Thermometer readings.</i>	<i>Barometer readings.</i>
Maximum ..	96° (July 21 and 25).	30.51 (July 3).
Minimum ..	50.1° (July 10).	29.5 in. (July 19).

There were only two recordings of rain in July. One of .05 in. on the 18th, the other of .01 in. on the 25th, a total of six hundredth of an inch!

Recorders: Johnson, Boileau, Neve, Medley, Forbes, Wynne, R. H. Whitty, Gillies, Lowman, Abbot-Anderson, Colebrooke, Banks.

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1949

	<i>Thermometer</i>	<i>Barometer</i>	<i>Rain Gauge</i>
OCTOBER			
Maximum ..	96° (Oct. 5)	30.65 (Oct. 4)	Max. 1.58 in. (Oct. 23)
Minimum ..	31° (Oct. 27).	29.65 (Oct. 21).	Total 7.64 ins.
NOVEMBER			
Maximum ..	64° (Nov. 6)	30.1 (Nov. 7)	Max. .65 in. (Nov. 23)
Minimum ..	27° (Nov. 15)	29.15 (Nov. 25)	Total 5.24 ins.
DECEMBER 1 TO 14 ONLY			
Maximum ..	53° (Dec. 5)	30.05 (Dec. 12)	Max., .65 in. (Dec. 8)
Minimum ..	27° (Dec. 12)	29.4 (Dec. 9)	Total to 14th, inclusive, .82 in.

N.B.C.



SINGING

There are now three choirs established in the school, equal in value though differing in function. The Little Choir consists of boys in the Middle and Lower School who show any promise. These are later drafted into the Choir or Supplementary Choir according to how their voices have developed.

This term the Choir has been drawn from the whole School. Many things go to the making of a good choir, but two are essential for a start—equality of range and tone and, what is even more important, a good ear. To find even 12 boys in any one section of the School who combine these qualities is practically impossible. It is not easy to do so when the singers are drawn from the whole school.

A supplementary choir has a very real contribution to make to the musical life of a school. Unison singing, no matter how beautifully it is done, or how appropriate at the time, is rarely so satisfying as part singing. To have a body of singers who have had some training in the Little Choir, able to read and hold a part, not only opens the field to a wealth of lovely music which could never give the same satisfaction if it were performed in unison, but enables many boys with voices of limited compass to take part in songs which otherwise they could not touch. A start has been made with musical dictation (which is just the same as ordinary dictation, notes being substituted for words). It is not very established at present, country dancing having proved a strong counter attraction (and, indeed, often the only possibility this term when many singing classes were accompanied by strange sounds from the stage!). Remove, however, have made an appreciable start, and many non-singers who do not even learn the piano have found to their great surprise that they can write down a dozen bars or so of a tune, provided it does not jump about too much. It is hoped that in time all boys arriving in the Upper School will be able to write down and sing at sight simple parts without hesitation.

The following anthems have been sung in chapel during the past year: Unison—Magnificat (Stanford in D Major), "Come, let us all this day" (J. S. Bach) and "My heart ever faithful" (J. S. Bach). In parts—"O Lord God" (Percy Buck), "A prayer of St. Richard of Chichester" (L. J. White). The Little Choir have sung "Thou visitest the earth" (Maurice Greene), "Non Nobis, Domine" (Roger Quilter) and "Silver Lamps"

(Harry Brook). C. Hylton Stewart's Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in C Major have also been learnt by the whole School.

Choir: N. Murray-Smith, Stewart, N. A. P. Evans, Mason, Marsden, Gillies, J. F. Kent, Eastman, H. Whitty, K. Whitty, C. D. MacInnes, Medley, Harper and Whitehead.

Little Choir: Mills, Lipscomb, G. Murray-Smith, Clay, Rogerson, Parsons, Martin, Holder, Lowther.

A concert was held in the Easter Term, a programme of which appears below.

Country dancing made its appearance at this concert in the form of "Long Eight," danced by the Juniors, and "Brighton Camp," danced by a team from the Middle School. Since then this form of musical appreciation seems to have taken a firm hold. "Galopede" and "The Durham Reel" have been added to the general repertoire, and individual forms are learning more ambitious dances.

Five gramophone recitals were given earlier in the Christmas Term between the end of prep. and bedtime and attracted a total attendance of 47 boys. But later the chief enthusiasts were overtaken by their work, which made it difficult for them to come for any appreciable time.

D.H.D.

SCHOOL CONCERT

EASTER TERM, 1949

Middle School: "Come to the Fair," Easthope Martin.

Juniors: "On Counting Sheep" J. M. Grover; "Wouldn't it be Funny?" Dorothy Howell.

Upper School: "Manx Spinning Wheel Song," arr. Arnold Foster; "The Birth-right," Christopher Le Fleming.

Whitehead, Welton, Rogerson, Parsons: "The Pedlar's Caravan," D. White; "Where go the Boats?" Teresa del Riego.

Middle School: "Berrey Dhone," arr. Arnold Foster; "Hannibal," Martin Shaw. Whitehead, Parsons, Rogerson, Welton: "Matilda," from "Cautionary Tales," Liza Lehmann.

Junior Percussion Band: "Nursery Rhymes" conductor: Lloyd; Singers: Medley, Whitehead, K. Whitty.

Country Dances: (a) "Long Eight," Juniors; (b) "Brighton Camp," Remove.

Choir and School: "Skye Boat Song"; conductor: Lloyd.

PETER'S PIE

I KNOW A C.E. EXAMINER

He is the sort of man who lives by himself in an old house—a giant figure, who has great spells of anger. His house resounds with shrieks of rage when, maybe, he has got no ideas; who stays up to all hours of the morning roaring with laughter at some question which will catch the unwary

candidate. His study is filled with papers, on the tables, floor and mantel-piece. He sometimes goes to the nearest "prep" school and looks in at the window, smiling to see the boys sucking their pens and scratching their heads. But when not bothered with such things, he is a kindly man and one who welcomes company after days of wrath. Then, when the time for the correction of the papers arrives, he becomes the terror of the neighbourhood. Everybody walks out of his way when he goes shopping. He listens to nothing of what his friends have to say, and the whole thing begins again. No one dares to complain. If anybody goes even to his front gate a voice screams at them to get out and not to show their faces again. This happens even to his best friends. His only company is a large alsatian, which guards the house when his master is engaged on his grisly tasks. His name I must not reveal—the dog is always hungry and the house well guarded. Our only hope is a stroke of fate. One day he may lose his spectacles. We should be safe then for at least six months.

A. C. MASON

FLIGHT TO SINGAPORE

When my luggage had been weighed at the air terminal and I had snatched a cup of coffee in the lounge, a bus took me to Heathrow. What a slow, lumbering journey it was in comparison to the rest of my trip! My passport was checked and I entered the plane. My great adventure had begun.

The small light in the control tower began to wink and our four Wright Cyclone engines roared out an answer as we moved towards the runways. The plane gathered speed and in a few seconds the ground began to drop away from us. The climb gave me a queer sensation in my stomach. On one side of us sprawled the factories and houses of London, while on the other the rolling downs of Sussex came to meet us. Soon we were passing over the Channel and the sea looked like a piece of wrinkled paper. The coast of France appeared and with it the forests which cast deep shadows on the fields about them. Then came the mountains, gradually increasing in size until a bank of low clouds silently drew a curtain between us and the ground and only the summit of Mont Blanc was visible soaring majestically into the air. Dusk had fallen on the valleys of Italy and night had not long closed in on us when we saw below the myriad twinkling lights of Cairo. Our Constellation dropped like a bird, and alighted.

The heat was stifling and flies were everywhere. After waiting about for an hour we were taken to a hotel on the outskirts of the city, and so to bed. In the morning we went to see the Pyramids. They stood out like vast geometrical figures against the skyline and the sphinx towered above us, a giant and tireless sentinel. We were earthbound now and stood humbly gazing at a mere 420 ft. in height. The time passed quickly and after a dangerous ride in a Cairo taxi we boarded the plane. Below us now was the desert and the occasional shadows thrown by the dunes. Solitary clumps of palms near a water hole were the only signs of vegetation. The day wore on and night came, but still we droned ahead. I was dozing when I felt a shudder run through the plane—we had reached Karachi at last. It was

pitch dark as I passed through the Customs and Intelligence Centre. We were driven to a rest house where we waited until midnight, then we started on the last lap. I could see the flames spitting from the exhaust pipes and the navigation lights winking far out along the wing. At last I fell asleep and woke to find that we were coming down. It was morning and the sun was peeping over the horizon. The trees swept up to meet us, there was a bump, and we had reached Calcutta. There was a dampness in the atmosphere and as we jumped down on to the runway a fine drizzle was coming down. We were hurried across the tarmac to the Customs and Passport Offices and then had breakfast. We were soon off again, and now the sea stretched below us. Occasionally a ship passed, but they looked like flies on a looking-glass, and before long we were soaring easily above the depths of the Burmese jungle. It seemed to follow us for a long way and I was glad when finally we outdistanced it and the plane began to descend for the last time. Almost before I had collected myself together we had touched down—Singapore and the summer holidays lay beyond.

D. C. MARSDEN

THE GALE

The gale uprooted many a tree,
And tossed the big ships on the sea.
Their sails are torn and blown away,
And havoc sweeps around the bay.
The clouds speed fast across the sky;
The fat pig shelters in its sty.
The children throw away their toys
And help the wind to make a noise.
But now the raging sea has calmed,
The stricken ships are no more harmed.
The bending trees no longer bow . . .
The gale has surely ended now.

R. G. EVANS

THE RAILWAY STATION

There was a great noise and bustle at the station as the engine with a screeching and groaning of brakes drew up, its soot-laden smoke-stack puffing heavily as if to say: "Ah! thank goodness that bit of the journey is over. The train seemed uncommon heavy to pull." Probably the unknowing cause of that remark was a very large dame, named Mrs. Higginbotham and, as Mrs. Higginbotham weighed over 20 stone, the remark was well merited. Her husband was a small, dapper, nervous little man, obviously overawed by his imperious wife. As the train drew up, Mrs. Higginbotham, leaning out of the window, yelled at a porter who came and opened the door for her and, with her voluminous skirts flouncing in the breeze, she bounced excitedly on to the platform. Having seen the Higginbotham family safely

out of the station, a long and terrifying ordeal, the porter sank on to the company's wooden seat and passed out.

About two carriages further down there was a young woman with a little child, who kept on asking his mother:

"Why does the chuff-chuff whistle, mummy, when it goes through the tunnel. . . Is it because it's frightened of the dark. . . I'm not frightened of the dark, am I, mummy. . . I slept by myself last night, d-i-d-n't I. . . ?"

The mother was not listening; so the little boy, tugging now and then at her skirt, kept repeating the tale of his courage. At length they too passed through the barrier, and the station was silent once more, as if reflecting on the many people it had seen but had never spoken to.

N. H. YEATMAN-BIGGS

OLD BOY NEWS

*"I have had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days."*

CHARLES LAMB

The following Old Boys left for their public schools in 1949:

Easter Term: P. C. M. Alexander (Wellington), M. T. Edgington and B. B. Wylam (Radley), R. E. King (Winchester), J. G. Studholme (Eton) and M. H. S. Bower.

Summer Term: T. D. Baxendale and J. A. T. Caulfeild (Eton), S. E. A. Green (Lancing), T. J. Green (Charterhouse), R. S. Bryan (Clayesmore), R. A. P. Blandy (Stowe), N. H. Yeatman-Biggs (Winchester), E. N. Combe (Sherborne), M. J. Welton and J. A. P. Forbes.

Autumn Term: T. P. D. Ashburner and C. D. Holder.

WINCHESTER

Julian Bower writes early in the year, his main piece of news being that the Duchess of Kent was received "ad portas" last Common Time. Tim Drabble got into the semi-final of the junior hurdles, has done a bit of coxing and sculling and plays a lot of racquets and squash. Is in his House second pair for the under-sixteen fives, and has joined the Corps. Alan Lipscomb covered himself with glory by winning the recruit shooting competition with a possible for grouping, snapshooting and rapid fire. He had about a hundred boys competing against him and will shoot next half in the *Country Life* competition. Roland King has raised a remove into J.P.1 and has a maths don who is an expert at card tricks. His two sweats are calling peals for the prefects and looking after their bicycles. Is quite reconciled to his straw hat. He managed to get in the way of the eight on the river and, after

rather an anxious moment, had to pay a fine of two and sixpence. Nicholas Yeatman-Biggs is in Chantry Choir and has an Olympic oarsman as div. don. Does a lot of sandwich-cutting for prefects on Sundays and has to wash up mountains of crockery every day. Mark Evans is in Senior, Part I, and a special historian. Captained his Toye Cup side in the summer and got his flannels. He won Junior Steeplechase last half, and in the holidays beat all-comers in the Devon Junior Squash Championship. Alastair Thomson is also in S.P.I and takes Higher Certificate in the summer. Has his school colours for rowing and running. He has been in the 1st VIII for two years and recently ran sixth in the Senior Steeplechase over 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles. Hopes to do his military service in the Horse Guards and go up to Trinity Oxford in '52.

ETON

Nigel Blake has at last got his wrist right and has been allowed to play football. Is captain of boxing and captain of games in his tutor's and was keeper of the gymnasium last half. Peter Harper is now an upper and Brian Beaumont-Nesbitt has just taken School Certificate. Joe Studholme writes a long letter about the routine and is up to a classical beak with an eccentric system of marking; if you make a mistake everyone else gets plus one. His French beak strives to capture the continental atmosphere by playing songs on a gramophone. (He no doubt supports the theory I saw in the paper the other day that cows yield more abundantly when milked to music.) James Caulfeild is in the same division as Joe for French and they seem to throw pellets at each other most of the time; considers the custom of Early School a barbaric one, and never wakes up until halfway through. He is finding the work quite easy but that a high standard is demanded; reached the semi-final of the new boys' fives competition. Jan Thesiger left in the summer for the Life Guards and visited us during the Christmas term. Court Granville plays fives and squash and finds it difficult to balance his budget. Writes luridly in red ink. Thomas Baxendale is hoping for a double remove in trials, plays fives and is an enthusiastic spectator of racquets. He often visits Windsor Castle, where he checks up on the historical accuracy of the guides. Is looking forward to being able to specialise in history and is having some success in maths. Ronald Gurney passed the School Certificate with six credits and has just completed his last half. Is doing his military service in the Scots Guards and goes up to Trinity, Oxford, in 1951. He hopes for the Diplomatic Service.

WELLINGTON

Simon Whitmore was in the third XV last term and is in maths and science Lower VIth with Peter Mendelssohn. John Whittaker has been covering himself with glory in the athletic world despite a broken collarbone. Was secretary of cricket and also won his college hockey colours. He is playing racquets and has been promoted to corporal in the Corps. Peter Alexander has settled down well, but had the bad luck to break his wrist high-jumping. David Farquhar has left, having been head of Beresford. John Gilley has had chicken-pox and plays the piano and violin—a keen gymnast.

CHARTERHOUSE

Ian Paton got his 1st XI colours for soccer, but considers hockey extremely dangerous. Was captain of athletics in the summer quarter and came second in the 100 yds. against Wellington in 10.4 seconds, a school record. Got Higher Certificate in maths, is head monitor of Weekites, and also a school monitor. He has passed the Mechanical Sciences Tripos qualifying exam for Cambridge and hopes to be an engineer when he joins the Army. Tim Green is enjoying life, and his French beak, who shall remain incognito, is the mysterious man who composes those droll stories for the C.E. papers. Plays a lot of fives.

RADLEY

Schoeffler-Lubbock was secretary of rowing last summer, and rowed five in the Henley boat. He is in the 1st VIII for shooting, captain of the 3rd XV, head of his house and a school prefect. Had a part in Ian Hay's "Blank Cartridge," and is going into the Navy before going up to Merton, Oxford. John Vernon is a house prefect and was awarded his rugger colours as a front row forward. He rowed bow of the 2nd VIII and won the pairs at Marlowe; 2nd VIII for shooting. In between reading history and Russian he produced T. S. Elliott's "Murder in the Cathedral" and took the part of Beckett. Won the school heavyweight title after much blood-letting. Sam Curtis is still an ardent beagler and figures in the "Field." Played hockey for his social—is leaving. Bryan Wise now has a study and is taking School Certificate. Michael Edgington played rugger for the Midgets' Team (under 14) and also for his Junior Social side. Barry Wylam plays centre three-quarter for his Junior Social and was also in the school play. Both he and Edgington did well in the school boxing. Garry Shelford is scrum-half in the same Junior Social as Wylam and played twice for the Midgets' 2nd XV. Won two rounds in the school boxing and took a part in his house play. He has taken up Rugby fives and was in the finals of the first-year singles—result unknown.

MARLBOROUGH

John Harper got into his house Upper as a bowler and is working for Higher Certificate in botany, zoology, chemistry and physics. Is bound for Exeter College, Oxford eventually; main hobbies—still photography and fishing. Roger Whitmore is in the Hundreds and played on Lower last term. Peter Harvey got Higher Certificate last summer and has given up chemistry in favour of maths. Is in the VIth, has taken up fencing and hopes to become a sapper. Jan Farquharson collected two form prizes for the year and got into his house Lower XV. Has taken up the piano again and is an enthusiastic artist.

HARROW

Christopher Cooper finds Harrow football a good but strenuous game. Bill Mercer has been lecturing to the Natural History Society on the nurture of butterflies and is in the School Senior Gym VIII. Milks cows (by elec-

tricity, the funk!) every Tuesday morning at 5.30. George Hobday, the tallest boy under sixteen in the school, has been awarded his scarf for long-range shooting, and is also in the short range VIII. Both he and John are in the miniature range VIII. George takes School Certificate in the summer. Bill Liddell is doing mathematics and goes to an electrical engineering college in London this year. Produced his house play and represents his house in all teams.

The news from Dartmouth is that Christopher Tisdall went to Norway during the summer with the British Schools' Exploring Society and spent five weeks inside the Arctic Circle—official status on the trip: ornithologist. Nicholas Hurry has settled down well at Oundle and tells of many meetings with Bill Evans. Edward Day is now an Empire first-class shot at Uppingham. Prefers fives to hockey and has given up classics for French. Simon Green started life at Lancing in Upper Fourth A and finds an hour and three quarters of prep. rather gruesome. He has to do a good deal of cross-country running and bewails the fact that the college is surrounded by dykes and ploughed fields. At Rugby, Keith MacInnes secured his scholarship during the summer and has already passed School Certificate with flying colours, including a distinction in Greek. Adam Blandy, now at Stowe, has been playing squash and is in the Choral Society. The Sherborne news is that Professor James is now in the Upper School studying modern languages. He matriculated with six credits in the summer. Neville Combe started in IIc and finds the work very easy. Is playing a lot of Rugby fives, but prefers the Eton version. Played rugger on the third's team.

OLD AND OLDER BOYS

A few days before Christmas I attended the funeral of Mr. William Acworth, one of the earliest and most loyal friends of this school, having had three sons and three nephews here in the distant past. Bill Acworth, now back from his naval mission in America, and his cousin Biff are both at the Admiralty, and Roney is the vicar of Chobham. Richard, the last of the Acworths, left Kelly College last July, full of prizes and honours, and he is now, after a period as a conscript naval writer, up at Christ Church holding two scholarships. David Anderson has recently returned to this country from South Africa with wife and family and is now teaching at Oundle alongside of Dick Chignell. These two had their first baptism of fire here (Remove, S a, S b, etc.) in June, 1939, when the war clouds were gathering and our Territorial masters were whisked away; nor was there any doubt in my mind at that time what profession would ultimately claim these two sportsmen. John Anderson has finished at the Ridge Preparatory School, Johannesburg, and he too will be returning for good with his parents in May and searching for another job. Derrick's mysterious post at Cairo likewise ends this summer and he will be striking his tents again. John

Arkwright has settled just outside Cape Town and has a good job with Syfret's Trust Co., a huge concern with its tentacles all over the Union. He proposes to come home for his national service and then back to his job again.

John and James Bayly, both very much family men (there are already three in each quiver), are domiciled in Peru. John works in the same English importing firm as Wallis Hunt and James is now working in an American mining company. He has lost no time in entering his son for St. Peter's and Wellington; loyalty across the ocean. Ronnie Bowlby has finished with Trinity, Oxford, and is showing his good taste (which we always suspected) by going to Cambridge—Westcott House—where he is reading for Orders. Farmer Brandt is on the land near Wallingford—up at 5 a.m. and working till dusk. He has, according to my informant, developed that knowing and penetrating stare so essential in understanding cows. John is still in his city office, loves it, and hopes that he may be able to add Canada to his business circuit this summer. Christopher Browning has left Winchester and he started his national service at Oswestry, where he ran into Jeremy Cohen and Robin Ferguson. He found "square bashing" not nearly so distasteful as anticipated, and he will eventually read science at Cambridge (Sidney Sussex College). Peter Bevan has settled away in Uganda and, after various experiments, is now in Brooke Bond's Tea. He has a gay time, with tennis, hockey, squash and occasional polo. Michael Bouquet, now a married man with three children, has been teaching history at a modern secondary school at Bampton, N. Devon, and living in a 16th-century cottage, with pigs, geese and ducks to engage his spare time. He writes that the most useful thing St. Peter's taught him was "how profitably to use his leisure," and he is still an ardent model-maker. David Bouquet is an architect to the County Council at Wakefield—the only old boy in this profession as far as I am aware. Peter Buckle is still up at Catterick with his wife and small daughter, but his Staff appointment ends very shortly and the future is unknown. Harry Browell arrived here suddenly "en famille" and in an antediluvian car, looking as if he had lost his way in the old crocks' race, to give his three sons a glimpse of where father, etc. The indefatigable Thomas Burne, in spite of the handicap of one leg, is reported to be flying jets at Tangmere. Peter Blake has been nursing a duodenal most of the year, a sad interruption to his many sporting activities, and he was most crestfallen at not being able to be an usher at B.L.T.'s wedding. We wish him full measure again in 1950.

Niel Curwen, who has been in Germany with the 1st Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, is about to return to England, and has ideas about farming. Warwick Child is now a married man and working at Lloyd's. I met him at the O.W. cocktail party at the Dorchester. David Crerar has likewise deserted the bachelor brigade and is teaching at Clifton Preparatory School. Dick Chignell I ran into on top of the Scheidegg in Switzerland. He was in charge of a party of Oundle enthusiasts, but our meeting was short-lived as he was about to ski back to Grindelwald. Most of us must have followed the fortunes and misfortunes of Donald Campbell on Lake Coniston last summer in his attempt to capture the world water speed record, at which

I feel sure he will refuse to be baulked. Our grateful thanks to him for the lovely silver model of his father's Blue Bird now reposing in the library classroom. We had a lively and amusing weekend party composed of Rodney Carritt, Simon Clarke, Alec Jaffé and Louis Ridley, and the release from their accountancy troubles set tongues a-wagging. Since then Louis Ridley has joined the ever-swelling ranks of married old boys. Dick Christie, after reading law at Cambridge and rowing enthusiastically for Trinity Hall both on the Cam and at Henley, has now decamped with his family to Salisbury, Rhodesia, where he has started life anew in the Attorney General's office, while his wife (so it appears) builds walls for Dr. and Mrs. Hobday. Tom Christie carries on the tradition at the Hall, reads History and does some coxing. Bill is out of the Foreign Office, back in London again and reading for the Bar. Gordon Cowie has recently left for Australia to do a three-year's apprenticeship before entering his father's business. Peter Clark is living in London and his wife is acting on the films. John Clark returned from Australia in time to act as usher at B.L.T.'s wedding, and he too is now married and working in the family business.

Leonard Dresel has been doing research work at Peterhouse, Cambridge, for over two years now on atomic problems and is deeply involved in the new electronic automatic calculating machines. As a hobby, which I should think is badly needed, he is learning Italian, as he only speaks three languages. Basil Davies, solicitor, dropped in one Sunday with his wife and son. Peter Davenport is down from Cambridge and is in business at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, connected with the wine trade. Nigel (Trinity, Oxford) is fulfilling his early promise as an actor and has done some very distinguished performances for the O.U.D.S. Patrick Gordon-Duff, same college, is Master of the Beagles and we congratulate him also on his half-blue for shooting. Roger Ellis has (presumably) by now taken up his scholarship there, thus reviving a famous partnership—the "Ellis-Duff" business—which dates back to Castle Hill days. Harry Edwards, vicar of Churt, paid us a short visit one cold and uninviting match afternoon. Congratulations to Ian Ewer (or should I say Mr.?) on getting his half-blue for cross-country running in his first term at Christ Church. Last year's sufferers can now console themselves that they were running in good company! Thomas Foot, a doctor in N. London, spent an autumn afternoon here, and I nearly stole his car. Andrew Ferguson is seen in Seaford from time to time. He is commissioned in the Royal Tank Regiment and quartered at Catterick. Hayes Hickman was over from America this summer, where he lives and works, and he watched our sports. His brother Herman, who has a son in the School, is farming at Cranleigh. Other old boys who have sons in the School at present are: Gordon Browne (Suffolk Regiment), Pat Butler (B.B.C.), Pat Pirie-Gordon (banker)—stepson, in this case—and Willie Nicholson. In a few years' time, however, Parents' Day will be a sort of O.B. Reunion Party.

John Hobbs is at the R.N. College, Greenwich. Francis Hardy (London University) brought his wife and family down and duly entered his son for 1957. Wallis Hunt is referred to in several letters, but has failed to materialise

in person or in pen. Dick Ince (Duke of Wellington's) spent a night here and put his son Anthony down for 1957. John Jameson visited us, to enter his son for 1955, and I met him again in Mr. Henderson's box at Lords during the Test Match. Hugh Jackson, the tea planter, is home on leave from Ceylon, and we congratulate him on his impending marriage. Robin Kernick (Sidney Sussex) put in a night here on his way to the continent in pursuit of languages. Amyas Lee presented himself at Victoria to see the train off, being on leave from Madeira where he maintains his connection with St. Peter's by working with Blandy Bros. Derek Lucas is now down from Cambridge (Sidney Sussex) and is a schoolmaster at Bristol Grammar School, which he very much likes. Charles and Rupert Lucas motored over from Horsham and visited us one Sunday. David Lutyens is doing a fourth year at Magdalene, Cambridge, reading Part II of the History Tripos. In September he takes up a teaching appointment at K.E.S., Birmingham, and in 1952 he returns to Winchester, this time on the staff. Mr. Learner (Worcester, Oxford) was marvellously entertained by our Radley contingent *in toto* and did such justice to their sumptuous tea that he claims to have equalised even Barry Wylam in point of achievement.

Congratulations to Jerry Monteagle, known better to his contemporaries as Spring-Rice, on his marriage, which I wish I could have attended. I was sorry, too, to Miss Jack Maxwell-Lyte when he was here to enter his son for 1955—almost exclusively an O.B. year. John Mollison has left Westminster and is now a don at Winchester, his old school, where he casts a benignant eye upon our flock. Henry Morcom, another pedagogue, has left Aldro and is teaching at Little Appley, Isle of Wight. He always writes in nostalgic vein at magazine time, a true "laudator temporis acti." So, too, but perhaps in a more critical way, is the next one, Charles Morris of Barts, who has blossomed forth as a medical journalist and is now editor of the hospital journal. He has revived his shooting, as all editors should. Algy Matheson is working his way up the wine trade corkscrew—cellars, bonded warehouses, bottling plants, distilleries, France, Spain, etc. Sounds attractive to me. Michael Monro, now the proud possessor of two sons, both duly entered, has returned from bandit-ridden Malaya to England, having sailed 255 miles from Perak to Singapore in a boat of his own making. Anthony Nauman is now working in the family business (Naumann, Gepp and Co., Fenchurch Street). He recently had a lunch, presumably a convivial lunch, with Toby Tankard and Wallis Hunt, at which they solved the whole of this world's miseries and put England on a sound economic footing again. So, you see, he has not changed much with the passage of time and the ravages of war. In an office across the street John Brandt hangs out—result, more reminiscences and opportunities for beer.

Ronnie and Barry Owen appeared mysteriously out of the blue. Our sincerest sympathies to Ronnie, who is being invalided out of the Grenadiers owing to infantile paralysis which he contracted in Malaya. Barry is serving in the Royal Dragoon Guards. John Platt I met in Cumberland last August just before he was off on a Mediterranean cruise as an acting assistant to the Bishop of Gibraltar, who was doing the rounds of his see. John is doing

a fourth year at Cambridge and will be taking Orders. Robert is working his way up from the bottom in the family engineering business near Manchester. James Prest is arduously climbing the accountancy ladder in London, and Michael has returned from his trip round the Med. in *Vanguard* and now starts a string of courses. Nigel Poston has gone out to Persia with a very good job in the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. and reminds me that I was very nearly 100 per cent. right in my lunch-time horoscope of his future way back in 1938. Philip Palmer has emigrated with his family in the opposite direction and is now farming a small island in British Columbia, remote but blissfully happy to be away from civilisation and its tentacle controls; only one other family on the island. Jeremy Rogerson we all saw at the end of last term; very smart, too. He has passed out of *H.M.S. Devonshire* and was runner-up for the King's Sword. He is now a midshipman, having completed his two training courses as a cadet. Michael Rogers is serving with the 3rd Battalion Royal Tank Regiment and is out in Hong Kong. Mr. Robinson, whom all old boys remember as "Robo," is drawing to the end of his time at Newbury Grammar School. It is not surprising that he appears tired of "battering his head against the Education Act," but when he actually does give up teaching, what a loss to the profession! Eleven long years seem in no way to have dimmed his loyalty to St. Peter's.

David Symonds is out of the Army after a comprehensive tour of the East and was down here last term on his round of interviews for prospective jobs, most of them connected one way or another with Malaya. Owen Scholte is in the 12th Lancers at Barnard Castle and looked in here suddenly on his way to France. Donald Service is up at Trinity, Cambridge, but the bald fact is in need of amplification, please. Bryan Talbot is living in Rhyl and has entered his two sons for St. Peter's. Michael Toynbee (Rifle Brigade) writes to us from Istanbul, where he is learning Turkish for professional purposes and delighting the many people he meets with his charming manners and nice English ways—a well-chosen unofficial ambassador. Our sympathies to Graham Turner ("Egg"), who has been invalided out of the Royal Marines after a most successful period of service and now has to start from scratch looking for a job. He sees a bit of Duggie Sinclair (now married) who lives round the corner and is a medical student at the London. Trevor Turner is working in the City and is very preoccupied with amateur dramatics. Ronnie Wallace is Master of the Cotswold and, according to the press, one of the leading huntsmen in the country. I can remember him sounding a hunting horn on the sly in the carpentry shop. John Whitmore is doing his military service in the Coldstream and will eventually go up to Clare College, Cambridge.

TAIL PIECE

The issue of this magazine will, I feel sure, release a flood of pent-up correspondence inspired either by a sense of duty or a guilty conscience. It is always nice to hear from you, but the news which your contemporaries want to read is the latest news, gathered at the fall of the leaf, rather than in February or March, and this is equally true whether you write from a public

school, a university or the cold bleak world. I must apologise for information which is inaccurate or totally out of date, but much of it is based on letters received early in 1949 and some of it on a memory which is already severely overworked. In case you wish to operate the law of libel at any time, you should perhaps know that the Editor, Mr. M. H. Farebrother, is responsible for the public school section of Old Boy news, while the Headmaster deals with those who are supposed to have reached the age of discretion.

P.K.S.

PARENTS' PUDDING

MOTORING IN EASTERN CANADA

Canada has always fascinated me; the Hudson Bay Company, snow, Red Indians and so on fired my imagination, therefore I was thrilled to have a chance of visiting it, even if it was going to be hard work trying to earn dollars. As my job was connected with the motor industry I think I had better view the country through the eyes of a motorist.

I docked at Montreal, on the first Canadian Pacific Railway's ship to go up the St. Lawrence River this year after the ice had broken up. One is amazed that such a mass of water could be completely frozen. Customs officials greeted us, but we met no difficulty here; in fact, they proved most helpful both on the way in and out of the country.

We now had to clear the car and get set for an attack on the traffic. Everyone had warned me how frightful this was and how the "cops" dropped on one for the slightest offence, therefore I had mixed feelings about this attack; however, I was fortunate enough to be put on to a customs' broker and in a very short time he had me free to use my car. In the meantime I had procured a driving licence and number plates. Being in the Province of Quebec I got a licence by producing my current British one and 2.50 dollars; in all other provinces one has to undergo a severe driving test, as a British licence is not considered sufficient!

Street cars or trams present a strange sight, as they are all the single-decker type and a great deal longer than ours. Motorists must draw up when a street car stops, 6 ft. behind the rear door, otherwise they are fined. In the rush hours in the cities, street cars operate as trains; that is, the leading car has a string of others behind it; they are most difficult to overtake, but one soon realises that this does not matter a great deal as they travel just as fast as the motor traffic.

It is interesting to hear Canadian motorists talking of the averages they put up on a trip, most of them near the 50 m.p.h. level. I did not believe

such statements, but naturally did not say so! However I soon found out that such an average on a long journey on a main highway was really easy. Traffic is all fast moving; stopping on the actual highway is not allowed and, if one has to stop, there is a strip of unpaved road at the side on which to pull up. All highways are controlled by highway police patrols in fast white cars. They enforce the 50 m.p.h. limit which is universal on all highways outside built-up areas, but they do occasionally make exceptions, providing one is not being dangerous.

Now I should like to tell you a bit about Canada and its people. Montreal is a fine city with many modern buildings, some of which are of the skyscraper type; there are also many beautiful old buildings. French and English road signs immediately catch the eye and French cultural influence is very marked. Age and tradition, which are lacking elsewhere, are most noticeable and one constantly has to remind oneself that Canada, outside the Province of Quebec, is a young country.

I left Montreal for Ottawa on Route No. 17, through undulating country which, with its fresh greenness, was very like England in the spring, but there are no hedges and walls. After leaving the island upon which Montreal stands, I followed the south shore of the Ottawa River, passing many rapids on the way, with the Laurentian Mountains in the distance to the north-west. The mountains are the playground for the people of eastern Canada; they provide winter sports, and bathing, boating, riding and so on, in the summer. There are hundreds of lakes all waiting to be explored, and very good hotels, often consisting of groups of log cabins beautifully furnished and equipped, which are tucked away under the shoulder of some mountain and overlooking a lake. I saw many strange birds, but had no one to tell me what they were. However, I did recognise the oriel, which is about the size of a large black-bird and exactly like one, until it takes to the wing and reveals the beautiful orange, almost scarlet, underneath its wings. Then there is the robin, bigger than ours but still quite unmistakable with his red waistcoat.

Ottawa itself is a small town with a modern section, hotels and office blocks, but the most impressive part is the Canadian Government buildings. I caught my first glimpse of them on my right and above me, on a hill, as I came up to Wellington Street; on my left was a very beautiful war memorial erected after the 1914-18 war. I find it hard to express what I felt when I first saw the Government buildings; they are almost like some fairy castle with green copper domes on top and a mass of flowers round the base of the buildings themselves, with added dashes of colour made by the red coats of the "Mounties" on duty.

Strange contrasts can be found within a short distance of all this. This is true of all the large cities and towns that I visited, but it was most marked in Ottawa. Just one block west of the main shopping street one finds a district that might be in China; all round are yellow impassive faces, the owners of which, however, are friendly when one asks a question; indeed, friendliness is everywhere in Canada.

Moving further west in Ontario to Toronto, the country is very much as before, but becomes more beautiful and grander as it approaches the St.

Lawrence River, and there one finds the Thousand Island Bridge over to the U.S.A., and the quaint little town of Gananoque, which is in the heart of the Thousand Island district. Most of these islands have owners who visit them for weekends and holidays. Each island has a house, which may be a mansion or a log cabin. Some islands seem to be almost swamped by their cabin and essential boat-house. A lot of time could be spent in this fascinating place if boats and water appeal to you.

Moving on west some 18 miles to Kingston, the country changes and becomes flatter and in a way less interesting, and eventually one reaches Toronto. I felt somewhat nervous about Toronto with its impressive skyline, almost a miniature New York; but with the aid of a map and the usual route signs, I soon found myself at my hotel, the Royal York, the largest hotel in the British Empire. I had been told that I would find it huge and impersonal; the former I found to be true, but certainly not the latter; friendliness once more welcomed me.

My work took me to many other towns and places too numerous to mention, but before ending I would like to stress how extremely hard the Canadian works, literally all hours. When he does play he does it with just the same vigour. His playgrounds are simply wonderful, such as the Laurentian Mountains which I have already mentioned, where one can canoe, watch bears, hunt, fish, ride or wander on foot amongst towering timber. At night millions of fire-flies dart in and out of the trees.

As a motorist I shall always remember Canada for her lovely roads through a beautiful countryside, with its ever-changing colours from the deep purple of the mountains, vivid blue of the lakes to the bright red of a flowering tree. As an ordinary British man-in-the-street visiting Canada I shall remember her for the friendliness of her people who helped to make my work out there seem more like a long holiday instead of three months of real hard effort.

FATHER

ON BEING A NEW PARENT

One often has sleepless nights, but I find certain ones are shared by many. Take, for instance, the first night of term; will he remember how to tie his tie—and is he going to be too cheeky or too docile? I wonder if Miss Smith really did give him that good grounding or whether she concentrated too much on raffia mats. Will those three pairs of pants last the term or will I get an irate letter from a matron? I wonder if she will be kind to John; he looked so small when we left him. How hard this bed seems to be tonight!

At last the joyful day arrives when we think he has settled in enough to be visited. Do we ring the front door bell or do we just walk in? We don't want to be a nuisance to anyone. Perhaps if we hover hopefully in the hall we shall catch the H.M.; we don't want to be a nuisance; and I would love to discuss those three pairs of pants with matron, but we *must* avoid being a nuisance. Where do we go for the best lunch and who provides the best teas? What time must we be back? How hateful it is being new to the game!

But growing up is a painful business and soon we find we have to furnish rooms and provide smart lounge suits of the correct cut and appearance. We drag linen baskets out of the car; do we ring the front door bell or go in a back way? Automatically John and I stoop to lift the trunk, but a kind porter intervenes. Yes, we must remember how to behave—this change of personality is so wearing. At one moment one is a lady and at the next one is the charlady. Still, we mustn't complain, for smart Mrs. Jones comes in now from the village and we have help with the smooth even if we continue to do the rough ourselves. Will this new matron be as sympathetic as Scottie was over the disrepair of John's clothes? I wonder if his manners are really up to standard. Where shall we find the Housemaster? We mustn't be a nuisance—where do we get the best teas?

Does this go on to the very end? Surely they will have outgrown ices soon; I suppose we then ask where do we get the best beer! How hateful it is being a new parent, or isn't it?

MOTHER

STAFF STEW JACKAROOING DAYS

"How many cows did you punch in Australia, sir?"

A desire to take a risic out of the new master, rather than a wholly admirable thirst for knowledge of life in the Dominion that is associated in the youthful mind with the production of a Titanic race of cricketers, usually prompted this oft-repeated question last term. But since no one born and bred in England has any real conception of what life is like on an Australian station, which corresponds to a ranch in America, some account of a jackaroo's experiences may be of interest. This queer-sounding word is used to describe a boy fresh from school, or a young man, who is learning the business of managing sheep or cattle by doing all the work that an ordinary station hand (farm labourer) does, but for a fraction of his pay. Originally it was probably a term of contempt, being derived from kangaroo and applied to a "pommy," as an Englishman is called, but nowadays the status of a jackaroo is high, for he is the potential manager of thousands of acres.

My jackarooing days were spread over a period of about four years, beginning at Torrumbarry on the River Murray, 12 miles west of Echuca, where the soil is red, and scarcely a tree is to be seen on the vast plain until one strikes the thick eucalyptus belt along the river. From there I went about 1,000 miles further north to a big station of 180,000 acres and 60,000 sheep, called Terrick Terrick, which could truly be described as the "out-back," for the nearest town, Blackwall, which has a stone marking the middle of Queensland, is nearly 60 miles away. I arrived at Blackall on a blazing

January day, when the temperature was well over the 100, and was immediately struck by the number of goats wandering about. This was nothing unusual, because there is not enough feed around the town to pasture cows, so that most householders keep a goat which is turned loose to scavenge for itself in between milking time. From Terrick Terrick, whose double-barrelled form of name is quite common in Australia, I returned to my native state of Victoria and spent a year at Woodhouse, near Dunkeld, in the fertile Western District where an average of more than one sheep per acre can be run. (Hereford cattle were also bred and fattened there for the Melbourne market, so at Woodhouse it could be said that I "punched cows"—several hundred of them!) Finally, my last experience of life on the Australian land was in the hilly country near Yea, about 70 miles N.N.E. of Melbourne, at a small property called Bullamalita, which means "big hill" in the aboriginal tongue.

Banjo Paterson begins his poem entitled "A Bush Christening" with the lines:

On the outer Barcoo where the churches are few
And men of religion are scanty . . .

and this unorthodox ceremony must have taken place within a reasonable distance, at least by Australian standards, of Terrick Terrick. There is a bridge over the Barcoo at Blackall, but on the few occasions I crossed it the bed of the river was always as dry as a bone. This part of Queensland is pastured with Mitchell grass, which grows to a height of about a foot in well-separated tufts, and which can carry an average of a sheep to three acres. The trees in the paddocks are all evergreens of the eucalyptus or acacia family and include the coolabah mentioned in "Waltzing Matilda."

I must explain the use of the word "paddock" in the Australian sense. There a field denotes a tiny plot of ground, and any area of less than 40 acres barely deserves to be called a paddock. At Terrick Terrick most of them are of 5,000 acres, which is about four miles by two, and even the small horse paddock adjoining the homestead group of buildings is of 600 acres. Since work began at 7 o'clock, after we had breakfasted and 6.30 and cut our sandwiches of mutton or cheese, and a piece of brownie (cake); a jackaroo had to make an early start on those mornings when it was his turn to run the horses into the stockyard. At some stations it is necessary only to ride to the far end of the paddock and crack a stockwhip fiercely, and all the horses will canter up to the stockyard gate; but ours were not so well trained and often strung out in several lines, each of which had to be urged on in turn. On a dark June morning this is not so easy as it might sound. The horse that is used to run all the other horses in is known as the "night pony," and spends a lonely and foodless night in the yard, being turned out to graze after its work is done until the evening, when the last man home will run it into the yard again. Every man has a string of about six horses allotted to him on his arrival at the station, two of which are kept at a time in the horse paddock and ridden on alternate days, the others running in one of the larger paddocks where there is more feed. Since much of the ground is stony and the two working horses are shod only on their forefeet, it is often

necessary to spell them after quite a short period of work, particularly in the summer after a lot of mustering (rounding-up of sheep), when one horse may cover the best part of a hundred miles in a day.

If a jackaroo boasts of his ability in the saddle, he is almost certain to be given one the station "outlaws" to ride so that he may provide free entertainment for all when a vicious buck sends him flying. I had been forewarned about this, but even though my horses were some of the quieter ones I must have been bucked off at least a dozen times. One little bay horse called Buddy had a most peculiar temperament, and he and I had many a tussle, with the honours about even. Buddy's great virtue was that, having unseated me when we were miles from any other human being, he always stood stock still. He was either too loyal or too stupid to run away, and never even attempted to roll on his saddle. He just stood, looking sulkier than ever, while I swore at him from the ground till I was ready to remount.

I could tell of nights spent under the stars (and a mosquito net!) when one fell asleep to the accompaniment of the chorus of millions of frogs croaking "Quart pot! Quart pot! More water . . . more water"; of the time when I had to take three separate trainloads of sheep to a station 400 miles away where there was more feed; and of the blood and the dust and the hurly-burly of the lamb-marking camp, but I must close with an account of the shearing. From the moment when the bell is struck for the first two-hour shift and the long line of shearers makes a dive into the small pens opposite their stands to race for the honour of being the first to shout "Wool away!" to the time, about three weeks later, when the "cobbler" (last sheep), looking strangely thin and radiantly white, is pushed down the little ramp from the shed to the yard, everybody works at full stretch and everything is the greatest fun. Shearing is done in four two-hour shifts per day, and demands a high standard of physical fitness. Most of the men in a big shed complete their hundred in a day, and the ringer, as the best shearer is called, will probably shear about 160 sheep, an average of one every three minutes. (The Australian and world record is over 300, but that must have been made with small, easy-cutting sheep—probably hoggets). The same motions are performed every time—first, the belly wool is taken off and the hind legs are trimmed, then the wool around the throat is opened up with a lethal-looking blow (sweep of the shears) and the neck and head are shorn, then comes the magnificent long blow when the sheep is laid flat on its side and the cutters run from rump to shoulder smoothly and quickly, and lastly the sheep is doubled almost right up to complete the whipping side, the fleece being finally detached from its wearer when the wool around the tail is shorn. Every properly shorn fleece of a grown sheep is removed in one piece and, as the shearer steps through the swing door to haul out another victim, an assistant known as a rouseabout picks it up in a special manner so that he can fling it flat on the wool table. A big fleece is about 9 ft. long when spread out, and two more rouseabouts on either side of the stalled table "skirt" it by removing the dirty wool along the edges. It is then rolled into a loose ball and taken to the wool-classer, who has to decide on its quality in a few seconds and put it in the appropriate bin, where it stays until there are enough fleeces in that line to make a bale. Then the pressers

go into action, and I can vouch from personal experience that their work is really arduous. With one other man I pressed over four tons of wool on the first day of the shearing at Woodhouse, carting enormous armfuls from the bins to the press, trampling the greasy mass till it seemed that running over a ploughed field would be simple in comparison, working the lever that reduces 8 ft. of wool to less than half that height, and manhandling the fastened bales to where they are weighed and branded. Every bale is over 200 lb., and some of them are more than double that weight, so that it is scarcely surprising that violent cramp was seizing both legs, and even my arms, by the end of the last shift.

A jackaroo will often find that he is just about exhausted by the evening, and he should realise that, if he decides to make his living in the pastoral industry, the land will sometimes tax his moral and physical resources to the full. His apprenticeship, therefore, should last long enough for him to be able to judge whether he likes the life and whether he has the necessary qualities that fit him for it. Even in a closely settled country like England a farmer's life is not an easy one. In Australia, where the great distances can induce an overwhelming feeling of loneliness and nature seems so much more inexorable and cruel, the land demands that there shall be no weaklings amongst its men and women. But if they can, in the modern phrase, "take it," then their life is one of the fullest and finest on this earth. To be accepted by the folk in the bush is something to be proud of, for though their ways may be rough, they have that understanding that comes from close contact with Nature and their hearts are truly brave and kind.

W.L.B.

SCHOOL NOTES

The following boys entered the School during 1949:

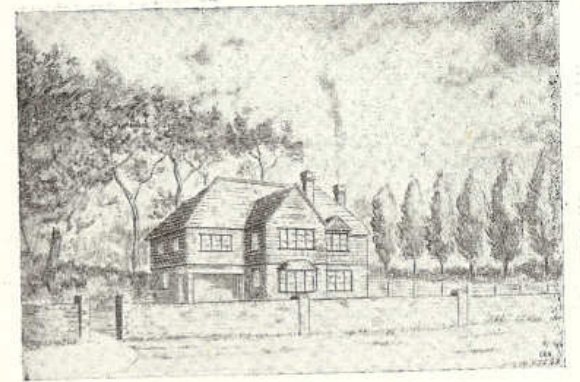
Easter: H. Jones, M. A. G. Matthews, M. D. Murray.

Summer: T. D. Brocklebank, P. M. L. Butler, D. R. Fison, P. S. Harper, A. J. Herbert, S. A. Martyn, T. W. J. Tindal-Robertson.

Autumn: R. E. B. W. Browne, A. J. H. Chisholm, J. B. Lowther, C. G. Leathers, M. W. Nicholson, D. M. R. Nevill, C. F. Powell-Brett, M. J. F. Royle, W. N. T. C. Tam.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

	<i>Easter</i>	<i>Summer</i>	<i>Autumn</i>
School	J. G. Studholme	E. N. Combe	J. N. Murray-Smith
Games	R. E. King	E. N. Combe	D. W. McCowen
Reds	P. C. M. Alexander	T. J. Green	N. J. Murray-Smith
Whites	B. B. Wylam	R. A. P. Blandy	N. A. P. Evans
Blues	J. G. Studholme	E. N. Combe	M. G. Colebrooke
Shooting	R. A. P. Blandy	N. A. P. Evans	L. M. A. Stewart



I can begin this brief summary of 1949 where School Notes for 1948 ended, for the event of the year was, without doubt, the marriage of B.L.T. to Miss Joan Forsythe at St. Saviour's Church, Walton Street, London, on April 23. The occasion brought much happiness and pleasure to all connected with St. Peter's and it was, appropriately enough, at the Basil Street Hotel that a large company of friends and past members of the School gathered when the service was over.

As a best man of some experience, I was amazed at the composure and efficiency of the bridegroom. His mathematics remained flawless to the last and his clarity of thought was undimmed, even by quantities of anticipatory champagne. Such minor setbacks as did occur (we walked to the church as a last-minute concession to an errant referee) were met with the swift and decisive action of a born referee. And in all this he was supported by a bride whose skilful planning and unruffled charm made the whole affair so much more than just a wedding and gave it the delightful flavour of a St. Peter's reunion.

The intense activity which went on during the latter half of the year on the ground alongside the Masters' Lodge has resulted in the establishment of the official Talbot residence, a picture of which, drawn by Commander Axten, heads these notes. We wish them the best of good fortune and every happiness in their new home.

The first thing one noticed at the beginning of the Easter term was the change-over to strip lighting in most of the classrooms. The provision of artificial light to the best possible advantage in these scientific days is a complicated and expert business. A light meter was employed to measure the efficiency of the old system. When placed on B.L.T.'s desk it registered the startling statement that the light there was "suitable only for places

where no work is done, such as corridors, conveniences, etc." So of course, it was not necessary to install any new fittings there.

On January 30 the Bishop of Lewes came over to preach to us at Even-song, and it was most unfortunate that Mrs. Warde was unable to accompany him, owing to illness. No one could have found difficulty in listening to and absorbing his quiet and simple address on the building of a sound character, delivered as it was with that friendly understanding and warm good humour which prompted a member of the School to say afterwards, "He's a wizard chap—the Bishop. Isn't he?" Yes, he certainly is, and we hope to see him back at St. Peter's again before very long and Mrs. Warde with him.

It was during February that we had to say a reluctant farewell to Mrs. Knox-Shaw, whose illness at that time necessitated a protracted visit to a nursing home in Eastbourne. She hated being cut off from the hustle and bustle of school activities and it is a joy to all of us to have her back with us now so fully restored to health.

The Vicar again agreed to visit us once a week in Lent and talk to the Upper School. He is a very busy man and we are most grateful to him for finding the opportunity to make what, to us, is a valuable contribution to our School life at this important time in the Church's year.

No account of the Easter Term would be complete without mention of a talk by Mr. Shebbeare on Mount Everest, and the problem it sets the mountaineer. He himself was in charge of the transport on the last expedition and has the distinction of being the oldest climber to reach the North Col. Something of the team spirit and rugged endurance so necessary on all climbing expeditions filtered into our souls as Mr. Shebbeare warmed to his task and, under a battery of questions, unfolded before us the glories and hazards of trying to conquer the highest peak in the world.

When we returned in May we little thought that the coming months were to bring such a procession of warm, sunny days. In a few weeks the fields looked dead and bare, and the sprinkler, labouring at the extremity of its long black artery, became the symbol of salvation to all cricketers. But though it struggled manfully in the midst of desolation and brought back some life and colour within its small radius, the drought claimed all other territory and in the out-field the ball bounced and shot like a mad thing, and ran on for hundreds of yards into the distance, to be returned by a chain of throwers.

The warm weather even brought Mr. Bell from his bed earlier than usual, to crouch in a window of Little St. Peter's and provide a lethal breakfast for the rabbits which were thoughtfully eyeing the Headmaster's vegetables. The plunge bath was filled on May 30, and June 1 saw Mrs. Knox-Shaw out for the first time for many a long week, albeit in a bathchair.

Mr. Howard, a schoolmaster from Toronto, studying at London University, came for a brief stay and showed great interest in all our activities. He was a keen cricketer and I was interested to hear that in Canada the schools play a form of league cricket in which the results of each match count as points and help to improve each team's position in the table. He bewailed the absence of the friendly encounter, on the outcome of which no championship hangs, and which he regards as a most valuable feature of our inter-school sport in this country.

The New Zealanders visited Hove and a chosen few went over to see how the County could grapple with them. They came back tired and happy and with more than a hazy idea of the inside of a certain restaurant in Brighton.

In June also we had to say goodbye to Mr. Underhill, who was leaving his curacy in Seaford for a country-living at Ruspur also in Sussex. He has been a good friend to St. Peter's and we are grateful to him for his ready assistance on more than one occasion. Sports, half-term, the Lintott and the Holmwoods match all followed one another in sunny and carefree enjoyment, and we welcomed another new preacher, the Archdeacon of Chichester, whom we counted as a friend before he had been with us very many minutes. He spoke to us on the importance, not only of sincerity, but of being certain that one is sincere about the right thing. As an illustration he painted the stimulating picture of the Archbishop of Canterbury, a honeymoon couple and, for want of a better word, a "squabble" of schools all catching what they sincerely believed to be their correct trains from Victoria and arriving at one another's destination. The briefest excursion into the realms of this fantasy is sufficient to drive home the point.

A party of golf enthusiasts had an unusual treat when they saw Bobby Locke go round Blatchington the day after he had won the "Open." The unfamiliar course held no terrors for him and our observers came back with marvellous tales of the nonchalant perfection of his stroke play and of a bag of clubs that looked like a beer barrel stuffed with organ pipes.

The finale of the still drought-ridden term was a demonstration by the Fire Brigade, who obligingly emptied the plunge bath on to the garden at immense velocity and with great good humour.

Most of the outstanding events of last term have been already dealt with in full. We welcomed Mr. W. L. Baillieu of Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford, on the staff to replace Mr. Ewer, who has left us for Christ Church, Oxford. Mr. Barrowclough, who left us in the summer of 1948, is up at Trinity, Oxford.

The traditional pilgrimage to the varsity match at Twickenham was made by a band of solidly light blue supporters. The mysterious appearance of rosettes in many buttonholes at breakfast gives this day a particular flavour of its own. Oxford supporters hatched a cunning plot and the

Cantabs departed, after much diversionary persiflage, with enemy streamers trailing from the luggage grid.

On November 5 the celebrations took place in the field behind Little St. Peter's. The customary deafening explosions and flights of aerial zoomers went off without a hitch and the rockets in particular ascended with a rapidity which one would expect after their stay in the Headmaster's study. The heavy rain which had fallen all day obligingly gave way to its humble if golden relative, and the bonfire obliged us by burning with tremendous gusto. It was rumoured that the Major was eating roast chicken for days afterwards.

Early in the term Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Heap again brought their marionettes to the School. This time the story was "The Tinder Box" and, to the background music of Chopin, Delius, Moussorgsky and Delibes, we were wafted from forest glades to the Enchanted Boudoir, from the Palace ramparts to the dungeons of the Copper Castle and, in the end, of course, the handsome soldier married the Princess amidst scenes of great rejoicing.

We are very grateful to Neville Combe and Nicholas Yeatman-Biggs for gifts of books to the library. The need is great and the value of such contributions is beyond measure. We also have to thank Mr. Abbot-Anderson for a generous gesture to the Railway Club. His presentation of lines has helped considerably towards an extension of the track. While we are on the subject of acknowledgments let us include Mrs. Summers, who provided a superb strawberry tea for the whole School during July, and Colonel Swan who arrived one day, doubtless from some oriental hatchery, with a family of goldfish for the zoo pond.

James Caulfeild has presented the School with a lovely coloured shield of the Eton Coat-of-Arms for which we thank him very much. It has been hung on the panelling in the dining room and look very well. Should any leaving boys or old boys now at their public schools wish to present a commemorative gift to the School on the same lines which would help decorate the dining room, shields can be obtained from Truslove and Hanson, 6b, Sloan Street, S.W. 1. Our personal contact there is Mr. A. E. Chalmers, and he will carry out your instructions and ensure uniformity in size. The price is reasonable.

The Carol Service saw many friends of the School gathered in the Chapel, and the introduction of "Holy Night" and the "Carol of the Star," amongst the old favourites. The decorations were as lovely as ever and the singing and reading of the lessons combined to make the service an impressive and joyful one. It is occasions such as this that help us who live so much with doubt and uncertainty to open our hearts to the happiness and goodwill of this great festival. The wind may be chill, "but let it whistle as it will. We'll keep our Christmas merry still." That is the message of carols. The readers were Williams, Broughton, Stewart, Nicholas Evans,

Mason and Abdy. Williams had the distinction of representing St. Peter's at the joint schools' Carol Service at the Parish Church. He read the first lesson and read it extremely well.

* * *

Scene: The dining room.

New boy (looking at picture on the wall): "Who is that?"

M.K.S.: "Oliver Cromwell."

New boy: "Was he a master here?"

* * *

In bringing 1949 to a close I feel that some statement, however cursory, is necessary to explain the condition under which the Headmaster is starting 1950. Under the auspices of Thomas Cook, a party with a strong St. Peter's flavour, burst the iron bonds of currency regulations and other Government impediments to foreign travel and spilled itself joyfully upon the hazardous and barely snow-covered slopes of Wengen. With horror frozen on our features as by the steely hand of death, we launched ourselves from the summits of vertical mountains with the forced gaiety of a small boy smoking his first cigar. "Yes," we had said, "we will see the Headmaster comes to no harm. Leave it to us." For a week we toyed with disaster and flaunted a daring disregard for the geometrical symbol of parallel lines. Then, to cut a long story short, the Headmaster met his fate on the lower slopes of the Scheidegg run. For four days he lay in the local clinic while a fractured ankle was encased in the plaster which until recently adorned it. The bone-building diet of nuts and mown grass brought him to near starvation and the provision of 3 ft. 6 in. crutches by an efficient and smiling doctor who had not the slightest intention of allowing him the least mobility, was a shrewd but bitter blow. However he lives to travel another day, and can flog tolerably well from a sitting position. I have no doubt that future years will see him back once more among the alpine peaks he loves.

But to the infrequent skier, a word of warning. Before attempting to emulate the high standard of skill and technique shown by all around you, go humbly to the nursery slopes and grow slowly accustomed to the unwonted strains and stresses of this fascinating but exhausting sport. We soon learnt our lesson—but before doing so, and as we lay in heaps upon the playing fields of the mighty, these lines from Shakespeare's "Richard II" came floating on the breeze:

"Mount, mount my soul! Thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downwards here to die."

CALENDAR, 1950

Easter Term: Friday, January 20, to Tuesday, April 4.

Summer Term: Friday, May 5 to Friday, July 28.

Half-term: June 24 to 26.

Autumn Term: Friday, September 22, to Tuesday, December 19.