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ST. PETER'S SCHOOL  
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# The School Magazine

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1950

TEN YEARS

1940-50

To schools such as Winchester and Eton, whose very stones proclaim more than five centuries of tradition and learning, a decade is but a grain of time, but for us ten years constitutes almost a third of our insignificant mushroom existence. And what a decade these last ten years have been! Dryden's "Annus Mirabilis" was nothing compared with 1940, and by the end of it we had succeeded in digging up our delicate roots and replanting them in western soil at Castle Hill, leaving St. Peter's and Seaford to the tender mercies of an invading army—our own army as it so happened. The Castle Hill days are now little more than a legend except to a handful of our present staff. All that remains is a lovely painting in the hall and a name on a dormitory door, no more; and in retrospect it seems now like some happy Arcadian adventure, for memory prefers to cling to the beauty of the countryside, so familiar to many of our old boys at the public school stage and beyond. The dignity of our surroundings and the friendliness of the good people we found around us, these remain in the mind, while one is tempted to forget the frustration of exile and the feeling of restive nostalgia. Unlike Ovid we needed no self-pity, for we could laugh at the petty adventures and manifold humours of our Devon sojourn—cricket among the bullocks and the cowpats; sports in the deer park to the accompaniment of torrential rain; pushing our bikes laboriously up excruciating hills and whizzing recklessly down the other side; the haven of refuge provided by "The George," South Molton, for bomb-weary parents; its fabulous bar, as we thought then, and parental bowls in the garden. All this seems like a dream, but a very happy dream.

In 1940 England was young and vigorous, ready to face any unforeseen danger. In 1950 she seems old and tired; the unforeseen dangers are still there, but nobody is willing to face them. Half-way through this bewildering period came V.E. Day, and with thumping hearts we started to pack up for our return. No schools which have not experienced exile and, still more so, the return from Babylon can have any idea of the perplexities and turmoil of reconverting temporary barracks or government offices to their former academic condition. Both the energy expended in this process of reconstruction and the interruption in the even tenor of our way were incalculable, but at this crisis in our affairs people were wonderful, as people so often are when really put to it, and not the least remarkable were the parents of prospective Peterites who seemed quite willing to launch their sons on a vital five years cruise in a ship full of leaks and holes, a ship in which the captain and his officers were acting as plumbers and stevedores and doing every conceivable job except their own. It was always a matter of astonishment to me that

people showed such faith in private enterprise under conditions so bewilderingly adverse. Now I am wise and know why, but at the time it seemed incomprehensible. Hardly had we got our dormitories inhabitable, the main staircase rebuilt and the drains functioning once more, when this school, like so many other prep. schools, was booked up for years to come. Those were the great days. An almost apologetic struggle for survival was converted into a triumphal procession, and our flagging spirits were revived.

But 1945, for all its jubilation, was not pure gold. The General Election dealt us a more deadly blow than any secret weapon the Fuehrer could devise, for it paved the way for a revolution in the whole fabric of society and, more particularly, of those classes which independent schools are primarily designed to serve. The succeeding years saw us licking our wounds from one war and adjusting ourselves, so far as was possible, to the birth of the new welfare state which is now tearing such holes in our pockets, without providing us with the material to mend them. In the course of those years was born the conviction that education is as good an investment as any which the stock market can provide, and with the recognition of this principle of paying for school fees out of capital—a policy, by the way, which would have caused our Victorian forbears to fling up their arms in horror—the preparatory schools took on another precarious lease of life. And so we have reached the paradoxical position in which private and independent schools have been saved, at any rate for the time being, by the rising tide of nationalisation and the most crippling measure of taxation within the experience of man. The further the modern state spreads its tentacles, like an octopus behind a cloud of sepia, the greater appears to be the determination among those who have the funds available to buy what must surely be the most expensive form of education in the world, even if it means draining the last drop of their life blood in the process. This, to my mind, is the outstanding feature of these difficult and depressing years, and the schools concerned should be conscious of the solemn trust which is being imposed upon them. For people, who mark with mounting apprehension the moral and spiritual drift of this present barren age, will undergo untold sacrifices and jeopardise even their old age in order to allow their children the opportunity of making contact with a Christian way of life that is founded upon the older virtues which they themselves were familiar with in their own younger days.

I suppose it is true to say that in the course of history many of the people living at the time were quite unconscious of the revolution in which they were playing an integral part, but it can hardly be so in this present high-powered age. There can be no illusions about this for the parent who has to pay educational fees or for the schoolmaster who is responsible for his own miniature city state without any government grants. Nor is the prep. school-boy of 1950 by any means unaffected by the present revolution, though fortunately he lives in one age, and not two. His particular job is very much harder, his career is certainly more hazardous. For him the difference between 1950 and 1940 is very considerable. The public school stream has, contrary to all expectation, been widened and not narrowed by present conditions, and the public school authorities have not unnaturally adopted a more selective attitude. Gone are the days when the back door was left

open for a late reveller. Boys must now clock in and be ready on time, or the bolts will be shot home against them. It was not so long ago that the power of choice lay exclusively in the hands of the parents. Now that is only true, if their sons possess normal or more than normal intelligence. Standards of entry are rising in much the same way as the cost of living, though for entirely different reasons. Admittedly this is cruel hard on the slow mover, and incidentally on the preparatory schools as well, for they cannot shield themselves behind an entrance exam and so they have to shoulder the responsibility of individual failure. The survival of the fittest is, or was, one of the laws of nature, until man's intelligence began to muck about with the process. It is comparatively easy to educate the educatable, but that branch of the profession, for which this magazine speaks, sometimes has to try to do more, and who can say whether we are doing our duty or attempting something "ultra vires"? Traditions die hard in this country, but it is time people realised how highly competitive this system of education is becoming. Education starts in the home, and the tragedy is that the modern home is often too preoccupied to pursue the essentials. The years of six to eight are as important as 11 to 13, in many ways more important, for without foundations no building firm can be expected to erect a stable structure, not even in a Socialist state.

What changes the next ten years are likely to provide not one of us can possibly foresee, and perhaps it is as well. Sufficient unto the day. There are plenty of present problems to engage our attention. One can stop a clock temporarily, until it agrees with the advertised time, but it is not wise to put the hands back by main force.

P.K.-S.



## Cricket.



A gale is blowing, rain is lashing against the windows and there is every sign of a thoroughly rough night. What is worse, the magazine Editor has just opened the door and asked me if I have written the cricket article; fancy even thinking of cricket under the prevailing conditions! I have a French dictation to correct, pages of geometry prep to wade through, and before I go home, I must count out tomorrow's church coppers. There is a rehearsal of the half-term play in progress and, as usual on such occasions, the rest of the school, who can't get into the playroom to "let off steam," are playing wild games in the classrooms. I am "between the devil and the deep blue sea." Which shall it be? French or cricket—no, not French cricket! "Aes" or "pons assinorum"?

Now Bill McCowen was beautifully neat and memories of him have come back at once on opening the first of my form's mathematical books. I can see him now leading his side on the field, his cap set at the right angle, a disarming smile on his face and a crease in his trousers which would have vied with any geometrical straight line. I can picture him choosing the point for the first attack and arranging the circle of fielders within a convenient radius of the opening batsman. I can see Williams and Stewart, Ward and Abbot-Anderson all in favourable positions—they are all in Form 1! There's Marsden with a couple of large rectangles strapped to his legs taking up his stand behind the stumps and Murray-Smith up the other end about to make the first projection. Tisdall, Colin MacInnes, Jarman and Hamlyn Whitty are all there and ready to prove (we hope) that the selectors have constructed the right team, though to date there has been little data to go on.

With this picture in my mind on looking at the first geometrical proof I can't possibly go on correcting any work, so now I had better count out the coppers and then concentrate on the Editor's request for an account of last summer's main game.

At the outset let me say that we had a much better 1st XI than we had in 1949. They were keener and their temperament was more suited to the game. On the whole they were more active in the field and their concentration was greater. Once again though the bowling was not all that it might have been. There were plenty of bowlers to choose from, but none with that greatest of all assets—a perfect length. Bill McCowen and Murray-Smith were the most successful stock bowlers and Abbot-Anderson the most useful first change. The others gave away far too many runs by short balls or

"juicy stuff" on the leg side. "You can't be a successful bowler without length, Hamlyn Whitty; and no captain will chuck you the ball if your habit is to serve up full pitches on the leg side, Gerald Ward."

Stewart, who went in first and eventually took Williams in with him, was generally a thorn in the enemy's flesh. With four scores of over 30 to his credit and a final average of 23 he became the mainstay of the side in the matter of run getting. Williams improved enormously as the season advanced, and his final 36 against Ladycross was, indeed, a grand end to his season.

McCowen had the best average of all (26), and it says much for a captain, who had all the cares and worries on his shoulders, if he can still give a lead to his side with the bat and rescue them at awkward moments; McCowen did this on more than one occasion. Whitty was fourth in the averages and Abbot-Anderson fifth, but whereas the former made his runs mostly by correct stroke-play, the latter generally got his by lashing about.

One thing distresses me about our cricket at the moment, and in talking to Public School masters I find it seems to upset them too. Too many boys fail to try to put into practice, when they are in the nets on their own, the things they have been taught by their coaches at regular net times. One Public School master I know, an Old Blue and a county cricketer, who is in charge of the 1st XI at his school, has forbidden any nets at all unless he is present. He gave voice to my own thoughts when he said, "A boy can destroy in five minutes what you have taken a solid hour to build up." But time marches on, and I haven't quite finished yet.

What are the memories of season 1950? Mine are mostly mentioned above but here is a mixed medley below.

In the Tyttenhanger match the team were all scared of fast bowler, Boyle, and yet it was "tweak merchant" Trussel who bowled them all out. The Claremont match was "rained out" but the tea was "wizard." Abbot-Anderson in a game hit a "cracking six" and broke a few tiles of the pavilion. There was a hoo-doo in matches on the score of 43; several boys reached it but none got beyond it. Stewart carried his bat in making 56 not out in a Set match. Spectators were not nearly so warm on the boundary line as they had been in 1949.

But what of the 2nd XI, the first line of reserves, as it were? They didn't lose a match and that's a record to be proud of, even if at times the cricket was not of the best. They owed a great deal to Parsons for both his batting and his bowling; to Colin MacInnes before the 1st XI seized him; to Eastman, who was only once out and ended with an average of 29; to Knights who lashed about with good effect generally and to Howorth whose bowling usually discomfited the opposition.

Our season has come and gone once more with its hopes and promises, its disappointments and its failures. Now let's sit back and read all about England in Australia. The "imps" have ceased to play; the giants can carry on. [Ed.—Can they? Oh dear!]



1ST XI

Played 10; won 3; drawn 5; lost 2.

- v. TYTTENHANGER (home). Lost by 6 wickets.  
ST. PETER'S: 27 (Stewart 14).  
TYTTENHANGER: 28 for 4.
- v. LADYCROSS (home). Match drawn.  
LADYCROSS: 92 for 7 declared (Abbot-Anderson 4 for 26).  
ST. PETER'S: 82 for 3 (Stewart 43 not out; Abbot-Anderson 12; H. Whitty 12).
- v. NEWLANDS (away). Won by 7 wickets.  
NEWLANDS: 28 (D. McCowen 4 for 6; Murray-Smith 3 for 15; Abbot-Anderson 2 for 2).  
ST. PETER'S: 29 for 3 (D. McCowen went on to score 43).
- v. SUTTON PLACE (home). Won by 7 wickets.  
SUTTON PLACE: 67 for 1 declared.  
ST. PETER'S: 68 for 3 (D. McCowen 28; Abbot-Anderson 20).
- v. CLAREMONT (home). Match drawn; rain stopped play.  
ST. PETER'S: 97 for 5 declared (D. McCowen 43, Stewart 11; Abbot-Anderson 17; Murray-Smith 10 not out).  
CLAREMONT: 22 for 2.
- v. FATHERS' XI (home). Match drawn.  
FATHERS' XI: 142 (J. H. E. Howorth 61, D. H. E. McCowen 23, E. J. S. Ward 11; J. H. R. Chisholm 10. Murray-Smith 6 for 34).  
ST. PETER'S: 129 for 8 (Stewart 38; Marsden 32; Williams 15; Abbot-Anderson 12).
- v. ST. WILFRID'S (home). Won by 7 wickets.  
ST. WILFRID'S: 41 (Murray-Smith 7 for 17; Abbot-Anderson 2 for 3).  
ST. PETER'S: 44 for 3 (Williams 27 not out; D. McCowen 17 not out).
- v. TYTTENHANGER (away). Lost by 6 wickets.  
ST. PETER'S: 45.  
TYTTENHANGER: 48 for 4 (Murray-Smith 2 for 19).
- v. LADYCROSS (home). Match drawn.  
ST. PETER'S: 111 for 4 (Stewart 42; Williams 36; McCowen 19).  
LADYCROSS: 39 for 5.
- v. THE STAFF (home). Match drawn.  
STAFF XI: 151 for 7 declared (M. H. Farebrother 45 not out; K. H. Bartlett-Bell 32; J. C. Norbury 27; S. E. Axten 26).  
ST. PETER'S: 116 for 9 (Stewart 31; H. Whitty 25; D. McCowen 19).  
N.B.—Each boy was allowed 2 innings.  
*Final 1st XI*: D. W. H. McCowen (Captain)\*, J. G. R. Williams (Vice-Captain)\*, I. M. A. Stewart\*, G. W. Murray-Smith\*, D. C. Marsden\*, A. D. W. Abbot-Anderson\*, R. H. Whitty\*, J. P. B. Tisdall, G. J. Ward, C. D. MacInnes, C. J. C. Jarman.  
Also played: A. L. S. Coltman, D. L. Knights.

\*Colours.

2ND XI

Played 5; won 4; drawn 1; lost 0.

- v. TYTTENHANGER (away). Won by 46 runs.  
ST. PETER'S: 81 (C. D. MacInnes 29; Parsons 12 not out).  
TYTTENHANGER: 35 (C. MacInnes 5 for 5; Parsons 2 for 7).
- v. LADYCROSS (away). Match drawn.  
ST. PETER'S: 109 (Parsons 23; C. D. MacInnes 22; Eastman 18 not out; Neve 13).  
LADYCROSS: 61 for 8 (Howorth 3 for 2; Parsons 2 for 7).
- v. NEWLANDS (home). Won by 7 wickets.  
NEWLANDS: 43 (Parsons 6 for 14; Howorth 3 for 13).  
ST. PETER'S: 45 for 3 (Knights 18; Ward 10).
- v. TYTTENHANGER (home). Won by 41 runs.  
ST. PETER'S: 72 for 8 declared (K. T. Whitty 13; Howorth 12; Knights 10).  
TYTTENHANGER: 31 (Howorth 5 for 4; Parsons 4 for 18).
- v. LADYCROSS (home). Won by 21 runs.  
ST. PETER'S: 60 (Knights 14; Parsons 12).  
LADYCROSS: 39 (Parsons 5 for 8; Coltman 2 for 8; Howorth 2 for 17).  
*Final 2nd XI*: C. A. B. Medley (Captain), A. L. S. Coltman, P. G. Parsons, E. J. Rich, A. J. R. Howorth, D. L. Knights, T. Wynne, K. T. Whitty, D. W. Eastman, R. D. Granville, C. J. Gillies.  
Also played: T. H. D. Neve, R. G. Evans, A. G. Keighley.

3RD XI

Played 3; won 1; lost 1; drawn 1.

- v. LADYCROSS (home). Lost by 4 wickets.  
ST. PETER'S: 77 (M. O. McCowen 11; Keighley 11; Johnson 22).  
LADYCROSS: 90 for 8 (Knight 1 for 21; J. F. Kent 1 for 21; Keighley 1 for 9; Murray 1 for 9; Mills 1 for 5).
- v. NEWLANDS (away). Won by 140 runs.  
ST. PETER'S: 168 (Evans 21; J. F. Kent 44; Keighley 25; Murray 31 not out; Johnson 20).  
NEWLANDS: 28 (Swan 1 for 6; Murray 2 for 10; Knight 4 for 3; Keighley 1 for 2).
- v. NEWLANDS (home). Match drawn.  
ST. PETER'S: 99 for 9 declared (Bourke 17; Murray 44).  
NEWLANDS: 62 for 9 (Murray 6 for 18; Bourke 2 for 18).

4TH XI

Played 2; lost 2.

- v. LADYCROSS (home). Lost by 28 runs.  
LADYCROSS: 96 for 7 declared (Blackburne-Maze 3 for 18; Swan 4 for 20).  
ST. PETER'S: 68 (Banks 20; Swan 10).
- v. NEWLANDS (away). Lost by 32 runs.  
NEWLANDS: 104 for 9 declared (Compton 2 for 21; Fison 3 for 16; Martyn 1 for 11; Nicholson 1 for 2).  
ST. PETER'S: 72 (Fison 17; Nicholson 29).

FATHERS' MATCH

Drawn.

Fathers' XI

K. L. MacInnes b Murray-Smith	5
J. H. S. Howorth c and b McCowen	61
R. Jarman b Murray-Smith	0
J. Abbot-Anderson b Abbot-Anderson	5
H. J. Farebrother b Murray-Smith	8
J. R. H. Chisholm b MacInnes	10
D. H. E. McCowen run out	23
E. J. S. Ward run out	11
G. Williams c Jarman b Murray-Smith	1
O. B. Medley c Ward b Murray-Smith	4
R. E. MacInnes not out	7
Extras	7
<b>Total</b>	<b>142</b>

St. Peter's

Stewart c Chisholm b K. L. MacInnes	38
Williams b Farebrother	15
Abbot-Anderson c R. E. MacInnes b McCowen	12
McCowen c McCowen b Howorth	0
Whitty c Howorth b McCowen	4
Marsden c Farebrother b Howorth	32
Murray-Smith run out	0
MacInnes c Medley b Farebrother	4
Ward b Howorth	5
Tisdall not out	7
Extras	12
<b>Total (nine wickets)</b>	<b>129</b>

Jarman did not bat.

STAFF CRICKET

ST. PETER'S v. HOLMWOOD'S

Drawn

St. Peter's

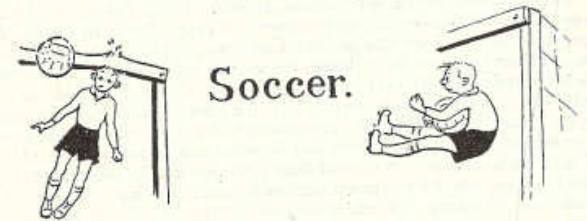
R. M. C. Sanderson lbw b Lee	1
K. H. Bartlett-Bell c Valentine b Manson	1
S. Jagger c Tankard b Murch	78
E. Shell b Valentine	64
R. England b Toppin	4
R. H. Darwall-Smith b Toppin	5
B. L. Talbot b Lee	36
J. C. Norbury not out	24
Extras	9
<b>Total (seven wickets)</b>	<b>223</b>

M. H. Farebrother, P. Knox-Shaw and M. Nelligan did not bat.

Holmwoods

M. H. Lee b Farebrother	24
D. Senst run out	2
C. J. Wilson b Farebrother	1
B. H. Valentine not out	48
C. G. Toppin c Knox-Shaw b Farebrother	18
G. Oakley run out	7
C. G. Dunbar c Snell b Bell	17
S. McDougall not out	1
Extras	5
<b>Total (six wickets)</b>	<b>123</b>

R. Manson and D. Murch did not bat.



Soccer.

It is a little bit difficult, when beginning this account, not to be prejudiced by the results of the last two matches, when the team played such poor and spineless football that the coaches might well have asked themselves whether they had taught the XI anything. However, statistics prove that we did in fact win exactly half of our 14 fixtures, which was a substantial improvement on the gloomy trail of unbroken defeats of 1949. Perhaps we expected too much from a very average team, for in the forward line at any rate, we lacked the necessary skill and weight.

The defence, as usual, sorted itself out early in the term. McCowen in goal possessed judgment and courage of a high degree and was reliable on everything bar ground shots which he sometimes failed to get down to properly. R. H. Whitty, the captain, at his old place of right back, was partnered by C. D. MacInnes. These two, on their day, were a powerful combination; Whitty's kicking with either foot was excellent, and MacInnes's tackling fearless. Both were, however, rather slow to recover when beaten and were unhappy on a greasy surface, which is, of course, the real test of a footballer.

The half line in its original form was a strong one. Rich, in the centre, though slow and liable to misjudge the ball, was a good "stopper" and could drop the ball in the goalmouth for his forwards. Howorth and Marsden, the wing halves, were effective and constructive, and Marsden in particular, with his tigerish tackling, good ball control and clever dribbling, was an asset to the rest of the side.

To choose a forward line to match the defence proved an insoluble problem, though the wings picked themselves early on. Ward, on the left,

with his speed and bullet-like shooting with either foot, and Tisdall on the right with his deceptive dribbling and well-placed centres, were always dangerous. Neither, in fact, were given the ball often enough. This was a pity, for a long diagonal pass out to either wing is the easiest and quickest way of turning defence into attack. Unfortunately, no amount of coaching and practice succeeded in producing any drive in the middle of the line. Almost every conceivable combination was tried and rejected. Finally Marsden was moved to centre-forward and Ward to inside-left, their vacant places being taken by Medley and Johnson. This was particularly successful for Marsden at least soon settled down and scored several fine goals. But the forward line was still the weak link in the side and never developed the understanding and the ability to do the unexpected that is so necessary if a capable defence is to be penetrated.

In the matches played, we deserved, I think, our seven victories, though it must be said in fairness that luck was with us in the Newlands match. As regards the defeats, Tyttenhanger and Ladycross simply outplayed us both times, but our losses to Stoke House, Chesterton and Claremont might well have been averted if the team had shown a fraction of the dash of which it was capable. It is, of course, only too easy to pull a team to pieces from the touch line, but it may be helpful to list a few general faults as a guide to those aspiring to the 1st XI next year. First and foremost lack of anticipation. Time and again we were beaten to the ball simply because we did not start in time. Secondly, there was far too much aimless first-time kicking. Sometimes it is necessary, of course, but whenever possible the ball should be brought under control; and nobody can begin to call himself a footballer until he can control a ball coming to him at any speed and angle, before "pushing" or kicking it accurately to its destination. Thirdly there was too much unintelligent dribbling and passing. The golden rules of masking one's intentions and drawing the man before passing were too often forgotten. The insides, and to a lesser extent the halves, were usually guilty of dribbling straight towards the man they intended passing to, thus leaving the opposition in no doubt as to what to do. Finally, the heading, though good for the most part, was inclined to be aimless. Too often a bouncing ball was headed tamely to an opponent when time would have permitted it to be brought under control with the foot or body.

Many individuals have already been mentioned, but an additional word or so must be said in praise of Tisdall who, in spite of lack of weight, played with undaunted courage and thrust however large and tough the opposition proved to be. To him the Soccer Cup was justly awarded.

J.C.N.

#### 1ST XI

*Team:* McCowen\*; R. H. Whitty (Capt.)\*, C. D. MacInnes\*; Medley, Rich\*, Howorth\*; Tisdall\*, Parsons, Marsden\*, Ward\*, Johnson. Also played: Gillies, Evans, Whitehead.

\* Denotes Colours.

*Matches:* Sutton Place (away), won 2-1; Sutton Place (home), won 7-2; St. Wilfrid's (home), won 3-1; St. Wilfrid's (away), won 5-3;

Tyttenhanger (away), lost 1-6; Tyttenhanger (home), lost 0-4; Chesterton (home), won 5-1; Chesterton (away), lost 0-2; Stoke House (away), lost 1-4; Newlands (home), won 2-1; Ladycross (home), lost 1-4; Ladycross (away), lost 2-3; County Secondary (home), won 2-1; Claremont (home), lost 1-2.

#### 2ND XI

The 2nd XI had a most successful season, for of twelve matches played they won nine, lost two and drew one. They were a relatively better side than the 1st XI and could always give them a game. In fact, the margin between them was only about three goals. Like the 1st XI their main strength lay in the defence. Wynne, in goal, in conjunction with Neve and Blandy the backs, formed a safe and determined trio, and the fact that they only conceded 13 goals in 12 matches should speak for itself.

The forwards had a thrustful centre-forward in Boileau. Though not very skilful, his speed and determination gained him many goals. The insides, Gillies and Murray had their days, but were inclined to be a little slow. Of the wings, Whitehead was the more effective, though Murray-Smith was good as long as the ball came to him. Between them the forwards amassed 58 goals.

*Team:* Wynne; Neve, Blandy; J. Kent, Evans, Coltman; Mills, Gillies, Boileau, Murray, Murray-Smith.

Also played: K. T. Whitty, Blackburn-Maze, Mills.  
*Matches:* Sutton Place (home), won 9-0; Sutton Place (away), won 12-0; St. Wilfred's (away), won 3-0; St. Wilfred's (home), won 2-1; Tyttenhanger (away), lost 0-2; Tyttenhanger (home), lost 1-0; Chesterton (away), won 5-0; Chesterton (home), won 4-0; Stoke House (home), won 8-0; Newlands (away), won 6-0; Ladycross (home), won 1-1; Ladycross (away), won 7-4.

#### 3RD XI

*Team:* Lloyd; Blackburn-Maze\*, Keighley; Granville\*, P. M. H. R. Chisholm\*, K. T. Whitty\*; Knight, Swan, Steer\*, R. W. Kent, Lipscomb.

*Matches:* v. St. Wilfrid's, won 6-1; v. Tyttenhanger, won 6-3; v. Tyttenhanger, won 5-0; v. St. Wilfrid's, won 10-0; v. Chesterton, won 8-1; v. Ladycross, lost 0-3.

#### UNDER 11 XI

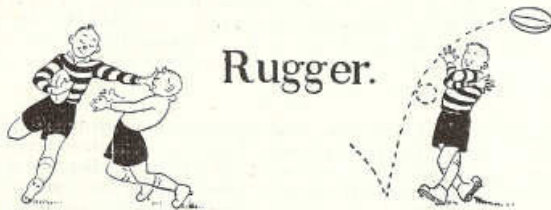
*Match:* v. Kingsmead, lost 0-7.

#### UNDER 10 XI

*Matches:* v. Kingsmead, lost 1-2; v. Newlands, lost 1-8.

\*Special mention.

*Note:* The younger teams are not shown in full for the reason that they have not always been picked on merit alone. Our opponents have often asked us to try to match them in size and age rather than on performance, and this has entailed the exclusion of large and eligible players from matches.



## Rugger.

At the start of each rugger term it is human nature, I suppose, to view with apprehension and despair the prospects of the teams during the coming season and to sigh for a few of last year's stalwarts, now performing prodigious deeds of valour (we hope) at their Public Schools. As the season progresses, however, new stars erupt into our rugger firmament, the team is not so ghastly after all, and by the end of the term it is almost the best side ever! Reviewing the 1st XV, I think we may say that we had a slightly better balanced side than last year, in that the back division saw more of the ball and did its share of scoring, though, here again, the three-quarters were not evenly matched, since in du Boulay we had an outstanding player of rare strength, speed and dash. It was, therefore, only natural that he should be the focus of all the passing movements. The pack was lively and hardworking, but slow at heeling and prone to keep the ball at their feet too long.

Jarman, the captain, set a grand example of speed, determination and suicide tackling, as a back-row forward, as did Colebrooke—a tireless worker—whose place-kicking was sound and accurate. Evans, hooker, MacInnes and N. Murray-Smith were also well in the picture, Evans in particular being speedy and quick to snap up any opportunity that offered. Rich, Abbot-Anderson and J. Kent, if less spectacular, were keen and hard-working forwards. Broughton, Neve and Eastman also played with distinction, the latter making up in venom what he lacked in inches. Of the outsiders, Bill McCowen, vice-captain and fly-half, had a rather up and down season, but tackled well on occasions. He was apt to take and give his passes standing still but perhaps this was due in some part to slow heeling by the scrum. Marsden at scrum-half, was alert, plucky and always in the thick of the fray; it was a joy to watch him stalking and finally obliterating his opposite numbers. Of the three-quarters du Boulay was our scoring hope and he did not disappoint; a strong, determined and very speedy runner and one whom our opponents found almost impossible to stop. Howorth, despite lack of inches, played pluckily and well; he has an eye for an opening and does not hesitate to make for it. Boileau and Ward, both speedy, were tried at right wing, Ward finally getting his place at left wing. Boileau's tackling was outstanding and on more than one occasion he prevented an otherwise certain try. Coltman played once in the three-quarter line and twice at full back for the XV; though a fairly accurate kick, he found the pace too hot and was often caught on the wrong foot. H. Whitty finally filled the bill at full back,

with some success. He tackled and kicked well, but was frequently found out of position and was too slow to cover up this error.

Now for our record. We opened our season with a narrow win at home over Tyttenhanger; a good hard battle with the result in doubt almost to the last whistle. Ladycross then visited and trounced us to the tune of 3 points to 19; they out-pushed us in the scrum, were quicker on the ball and their handling was quick and sure. Following this we paid our always enjoyable visit to Claremont, where we gained a decisive win by 19-0; a most encouraging match, in which both sides played real rugger and du Boulay's strong running was rather too much for the opposition. We next visited Chesterton, where we were beaten by 0-11. This was rather a perplexing match since we might so easily, with a little luck, have won. du Boulay, on one occasion, touched down for a try one yard beyond Chesterton's "twenty-five." Against Kingsmead, away, we outclassed our opponents in all departments to the tune of 34-0. Colebrooke's place kicking was a feature of this game. Our return battle with Ladycross again ended with a defeat, though this time the margin was not so great, 0-9. Our outside-half was suffering from a day off—alas, we are all afflicted this way—and as a result our three-quarter line was put sorely out of gear. Boileau's courageous tackling was notable. Our next match, against Newlands, was without any doubt the best of the term. Both sides battled from start to finish with skill and energy; we saw prep school rugger at its best and the match was not nearly so one-sided as the score 13-0 might suggest. In our last match against Tyttenhanger we were without du Boulay and could not prevent our opponents getting revenge for their earlier defeat. Play was scrappy and disappointing, anticlimax perhaps, after the previous match. Eastman came into the pack and played with distinction.

The 2nd XV, led variously by Broughton, Williams and N. Murray-Smith, did not fare too well. We were beaten twice by Ladycross (one of them by a somewhat astronomical score 0-38), and suffered a very narrow defeat by Sutton Place 0-3. Against these we defeated Kingsmead by 19-5. In spite of this record, we should not worry unduly as to the future, for there are many promising players coming along (and after all the "game's the thing" (pardon the cliché). In M. McCowen we have a very promising forward. Neve also has plenty of thrust, but he will be well advised to cut out the "commando" stuff. K. Whitty and Whitehead are two promising three-quarters, while Wynne is a plucky and energetic scrum-half or full-back. Oh, yes, I think the School rugger outlook is rosy. There is much talent and keenness in the 2nd game.

Our record for the term:—

1st XV. Played 8. Won 4. Lost 4. Points for 88, against 69.  
2nd XV. Played 4. Won 1. Lost 3. Points for 22, against 63.

1st XV Colours were awarded to:—Jarman, D. W. H. McCowen, du Boulay, Colebrooke, Marsden, Evans, Howorth and Rich.

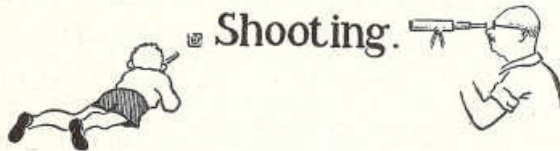
The Set matches again provided the usual stern battles and palpitating thrills. Reds emerged the winners, with Blues second and Whites third. Reds defeated Whites by a good margin (24-3) chiefly owing to du Boulay's



strong running and despite the superhuman efforts of Jarman. They then drew with Blues 9—9 after a gruelling hard fought game, in which all played their part. But perhaps the best match of the season was a pointless draw between Blues and Whites, in which no quarter was asked or given and the tackling of both teams reached a very high standard. The keenness of teams and supporters augurs well for the future.

We are again indebted to B.L.T. for his work with the "talking whistle" at our home matches; his quick decision and fair application of the "advantage rule" have added much to the enjoyment of our matches. Have we forgotten something? NO we have not—it is the keenness and vocal encouragement of the spectators, staff, boys and Duke. We owe much to you all; enthusiasm such as yours is infectious, and it is the last ounce that counts.

S.E.A.



It is tempting but, perhaps, not altogether wise to judge the year's shooting by the number of trophies won, whereas it is the measure of concentration and self-control, subconsciously acquired in the training of a good marksman, which is the most important part of the business. A certain technical skill is essential, as in all things, but the real issues go much deeper than that. The Major is something more than an instructor; he is a student of human nature, and that is one of the reasons for his long string of successes on our ranges here. Howbeit, being human, we can do no other than look at visible results. In the three competitions open each term to the Preparatory Schools of this country we have, in the course of this past year, registered six firsts and three seconds. Most of those trophies were won during the spring and the summer terms. In the autumn a certain decline in form was noticed, due partially, perhaps, to the departure of I. M. A. Stewart, one of the outstanding shots of our time, who put up a record that will not easily be beaten by winning the

Ball Cup six terms in succession. Not that one boy makes an VIII. Far from it, but the standard which he set was so hot that it put everybody on his mettle.

As a result of the 1949 Empire Competition, the Earl Haig Sword has remained in the school for the second year in succession, and altogether our name appears seven times on its plinth. We came seventh in the Empire out of about 1,400 teams competing and third in the British section. The highest honours went to South Africa, who entered 10,787 boys in their competition. They do things in a big way out there, and it is a pity that Great Britain can only muster 2,858 competitors. We have shot in the 1950 competition and now must patiently wait until April for the verdict. Our targets have been checked and given an average of 92.45, which is .35 higher than the previous year. The individual scores for 1950 are: Stewart 97, N. A. P. Evans 96, Williams 94, Mason and N. Murray-Smith 93, Johnson and Abbot-Anderson 92, Colebrooke, Boileau and Swan 91, du Boulay 90.

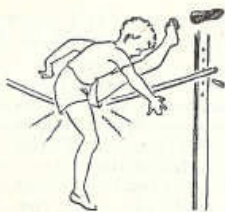
#### PREPARATORY SCHOOL SHIELDS

	St. Patrick's (25 yds.)		St. George's (50 yds.)		St. Andrew's (100 yds.)	
	Score	Position	Score	Position	Score	Position
<i>Easter Term</i>						
1st VIII ..	528	1st	512	2nd	508	1st
2nd VIII ..	*487	10th	—	—	—	—
<i>Summer Term</i>						
1st VIII ..	517	1st	523	1st	503	2nd
2nd VIII ..	433	26th	484	5th	455	3rd
3rd VIII ..	462	19th	—	—	—	—
<i>Autumn Term</i>						
1st VIII ..	503	3rd	489	4th	487	2nd
2nd VIII ..	*491	6th	—	—	—	—

\*Winner of Lord Robert's Cup open to 2nd Vllls only

#### THE YEAR'S HONOURS

	Shooting Captain	Lady Ball Cup	Average (H.P.S. 70)
EASTER TERM	I. M. A. Stewart	1. Stewart .. .. 2. Mason .. .. 3. N. Murray-Smith ..	66.56 66.00 65.9
SUMMER TERM	A. D. Abbot-Anderson	1. Stewart .. .. 2. Williams .. .. 3. R. H. Whitty ..	68.25 65.75 64.75
AUTUMN TERM	R. E. B. Johnson	1. Boileau .. .. 2. Tisdall .. .. 3. Swan .. ..	64.4 63.25 63.2



## Sports.



This year the Athletic Sports were held on 3rd July, after, instead of during, the half-term break, consequently there were comparatively few parents or other spectators present. This took from the occasion a certain gaiety and colour which is always lent by the presence of a cheerful and vivacious crowd, but in compensation the smooth running and rapid despatch of the events was considerably enhanced. The loud speaker was dispensed with, all extras such as obstacle, parents, and children's races were cut out and even the prize-giving was deferred until the end of term, leaving the sports proper to be run off in stern inter-set competitive spirit.

After years of good luck with sports day weather it really seemed as if 1950 was going to let us down. The morning looked most threatening and the cricket ball events which took place before lurch had to be performed between showers. But the afternoon was fine in spite of lowering clouds, and the programme was run through at such speed that the Whole-School Handicap Race was dropped in order to give the exhausted competitors a much-needed breathing space.

The results were as follows :—

### SENIORS

*Cricket Ball* : 1, D. W. McCowen (B.) ; 2, Stewart (R.) ; 3, Abbot-Anderson (W.). Distance, 62 yds. 5 ins.

*High Jump* : 1, Williams (W.) ; 2 and 3 (tie), R. H. Whitty (W.) and Johnson (R.). Height, 4 ft. 11 ins.

*100 Yards* : 1, Johnson (R.) ; 2, Boileau (B.) ; 3, Jarman (W.). Time, 13  $\frac{5}{8}$  secs.

*Hurdles* : 1, Williams (W.) ; 2, Johnson (R.) ; 3, Boileau (B.). Time, 15  $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

*440 Yards* : 1, Boileau (B.) ; 2, Williams (W.) ; 3, Johnson (R.). Time, 71  $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

*Long Jump* : 1, Blackburne-Maze (B.) ; 2, Johnson (R.) ; 3, Boileau (B.). Distance, 14 ft. 2 ins.

### INTERMEDIATE

*Cricket Ball* : 1, G. Murray-Smith (R.) ; 2, Tisdall (B.) ; 3, Parsons (B.). Distance, 59 yds. 1 ft. 5 ins.

*High Jump* : 1, Clay (R.) ; 2 and 3 (tie), C. D. MacInnes (W.) and Tisdall (W.). Height, 3 ft. 10  $\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

*100 Yards* : 1, Tisdall (B.) ; 2, Whitehead (B.) ; 3, C. D. MacInnes (W.). Time, 14 secs.

*Hurdles* : 1, Tisdall (B.) ; 2, Mills (B.) ; 3, C. D. MacInnes (W.). Time, 16 secs.  
*220 Yards* : 1, Tisdall (B.) ; 2, C. D. MacInnes (W.) ; 3, Whitehead (B.). Time, 32  $\frac{1}{8}$  secs.

*Long Jump* : 1, Whitehead (B.) ; 2, K. T. Whitty (W.) ; 3, Tisdall (B.). Distance, 13 ft. 0  $\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

### JUNIORS

*Cricket Ball* : 1, S. L. Butler (R.) ; 2, Fison (W.) ; 3, Compton (W.). Distance, 39 yds. 2 ft. 7 ins.

*High Jump* : 1, Nicholson (B.) ; 2, Royle (B.) ; 3, Powell-Brett (R.) and S. L. Butler (B.). Height, 3 ft. 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

*100 Yards* : 1, Nevill (W.) ; 2, Nicholson (B.) ; 3, Powell-Brett (R.). Time, 15  $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

*Hurdles* : 1, Nicholson (B.) ; 2, A. J. H. Chisholm (R.) ; 3, Previté (R.). Time, 16 secs.

*220 Yards* : 1, Nevill (W.) ; 2, Powell-Brett (R.) ; 3, Nicholson (B.). Time, 37  $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

*Long Jump* : 1, Powell-Brett (R.) ; 2, Fison (W.) ; 3, Nevill (W.). Distance, 10 ft. 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  ins.

### RELAY RACES

*Seniors* : 1, Whites ; 2, Blues ; 3, Reds. Time, 30  $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

*Intermediates* : 1, Blues ; 2, Whites ; 3, Reds. Time, 30  $\frac{3}{8}$  secs.

*Juniors* : 1, Reds ; 2, Whites ; 3, Blues. Time, 35  $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

*Whole Set* : 1, Blues ; 2, Reds ; 3, Whites. Time, 2 mins. 8  $\frac{1}{2}$  secs.

### TUG-OF-WAR

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

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

When totalled up the final placings and points were :—Blues, 103 points ; Whites, 65 points ; Reds, 57 points.

Most of the events ran pretty true to form and Blues scored a fairly comfortable and well deserved win, as had been rather anticipated.

Johnson (Red) won the individual cup for Seniors with 19 points. This was a most deserving victory. He had battled bravely for Reds and, though only winning one first, he was placed in four of the other individual events, thus contributing 19 of the 23 points scored by Red seniors. A lion's share indeed.

Tisdall's (Blues) win in the Intermediates was even more outstanding. In the six individual events he scored three firsts, two seconds and a third, totalling 21 points. A really fine effort and a total of points that can seldom have been beaten by an Intermediate.

Nicholson (Blues) won the Junior cup in convincing style with 11 points.

The only new records established were in 220 yards relay races. In the Seniors, Whites (Jarman, R. H. Whitty, Abbot-Anderson, Williams) finished in 30  $\frac{2}{5}$  seconds, an improvement of  $\frac{2}{5}$  second, while Blues Intermediates (Tisdall, Whitehead, Summers, R. W. Kent) clipped  $\frac{9}{10}$  second off the old time by clocking 30  $\frac{3}{5}$  seconds.



## Boxing.



This year we were luckier than last year in that sickness did not interrupt or postpone the school boxing competition to any extent. The preliminary bouts were completed at leisure during the last few weeks of the Easter term and only the finals were left for decision on the last day; but in order to make a good afternoon's boxing of it five special contests were staged between pairs of boys selected by Captain Woodward, from those who had been eliminated in the earlier stages, and these special contests were interspersed between the competition finals.

The ball was started by Nicholson and Matthews in the midget finals. This was a good and even fight with Matthews doing most of the attacking and showing the better style, and Nicholson rather the stronger of the two, scoring with telling body blows every now and then when he overcame his inclination to adopt a compromise between the orthodox stance and the opposite, with right foot and hand in front. Matthews was declared the winner.

A special contest followed between Leathers and Compton. This was won by the former who proved to have too big an advantage in reach and weight for Compton; the latter, however, put up a creditable show.

No. 3 was the gnat weight final. Here P. MacInnes and Delius kept up a fast pace throughout. MacInnes had the longer reach but was inclined to use the inside of the glove, which is, of course, only another way of saying his punches do not come straight from the shoulder, but in the judges' opinion he did enough to win this fast and even fight.

The special contest which followed was between A. J. H. Chisholm and Hickman. Hickman boxes quite nicely and won the fight very comfortably. Chisholm's effort, as a demonstration of the art of boxing, was deplorable—his only punches were ponderous swings which seldom if ever landed and he had no guard at all—but judged only as a model of how to take a good hammering, it could not have been bettered. Chisholm entered the ring with a smile, and in spite of everything Hickman could do to him, and that was plenty, the smile persisted through three groelling rounds.

The fly weight final was between Rogerson and Kenneth Whitty and was an all-out-all-the-time affair as expected. Rogerson rather rushed his opponent off his feet to start with, but three lovely right crosses from Whitty at the close of the first round made him a bit more careful. Whitty has a devastating right but makes little use of his left; Rogerson punches well with

both hands, but neither of them appeared to worry about defence. Whitty won, and if he can only learn to use his left as well as he does his right and remember to defend himself as well as to attack, he has all the makings of a boxer of outstanding merit.

The next special contest between Eastman and Howorth was rather disappointing. Howorth was one of the few competitors who used the body punch to advantage and he shook Eastman with it in the first round, but in the second round Howorth resorted to wild swings and hit and run tactics with little skill or balance. The last round was the best and Eastman, who had got the measure of Howorth by then, was declared the winner.

Tisdall and Neve came next in the bantam's final. This was a terrific fight all the way and both fought themselves to a standstill. Tisdall has a nice left but by far the majority of these blows Neve took very cleverly on the top of his head which, be it remembered, is NOT on the target and therefore scores no points. To my mind this was the crux of the fight, which went to Neve. Tisdall deserves special praise as he had been off games, boxing and P.T. nearly the whole term having managed to break his wrist the very first day of term.

Next we saw J. F. Kent and Blackburne-Maze in a special contest. Kent seemed a bit too strong and long in the reach for Blackburne-Maze, who boxed well and correctly but without much fire or effect. The last round was the best, but Kent was the winner all the way. The feather weight final which followed, between Marsden and D. W. H. McCowen, was one of the high lights in an afternoon of good fights. There was nothing to choose between the two in the first round, but as the fight went on it was noticeable that though Marsden was hitting the harder and was definitely the better and stronger at fighting, McCowen was constantly checking him with a very well timed left and was using his feet more nimbly and scientifically than Marsden. A really good fight which went to Marsden by a narrow margin.

Next came the heavyweights, Colebrooke and Jarman, and everyone sat back to see the sparks fly, but though the fight was energetic enough the sparks somehow rather missed fire. Jarman has no straight punch and so forfeited the advantage he had in reach. Colebrooke has a nice left but seldom used it, resorting instead to swings. Colebrooke's footwork was much the better of the two but he fought on the retreat all the time and the fight was rightly awarded to Jarman.

Last of all came a special contest between Nicholas Murray-Smith and Richard Evans and gave us a complete contrast in styles. Murray-Smith was always, cool, calm and collected; Evans rushing at top speed both in attack and defence. Evans gained his nick-name of "Seagull" by his graceful swoops on the football field, but he evidently meant to live up to it in the ring also. Once Murray-Smith, seeing him bent on flight, wisely let him go, and Evans sailed gracefully over the ropes and landed in the audience, but he was soon back in the ring again, smiling and full of fight. Evans, like A. J. H. Chisholm, has the happy knack of smiling all the time, win or lose. Murray-Smith won the fight convincingly, but well done, Evans, you certainly gave him a run for his money and—a word in your ear—if you are determined on making a solo flight I suggest you stick to the football field, the gym floor is

definitely too hard when it comes to forced landings.

This would not be complete without a word of praise and thanks to Captain Woodward. He has always produced good boxing shows, but this one outshone them all in efficiency and detail. The arrangements in the ring, the dressing room, for the referee, timekeeper, judges and even the Press were all that they could be and helped a great deal towards making the competition the success it was. Good luck to you, Joe, wherever you are now. We shall miss your cheery face.

N.B.C.

<i>Midget Weight</i> .. ..	Matthews beat Nicholson.
<i>Special Contest</i> .. ..	Leathers beat Compton.
<i>Gnat Weight</i> .. ..	P. MacInnes beat Delius.
<i>Special Contest</i> .. ..	Hickman beat A. J. Chisholm.
<i>Fly Weight</i> .. ..	K. T. Whitty beat Rogerson.
<i>Special Contest</i> .. ..	Eastman beat Howorth.
<i>Bantam Weight</i> .. ..	Neve beat Tisdall.
<i>Special Contest</i> .. ..	J. F. Kent beat Blackburne-Maze.
<i>Feather Weight</i> .. ..	Marsden beat D. W. H. McCowen.
<i>Heavy Weight</i> .. ..	Jarman beat Colebrooke.
<i>Special Contest</i> .. ..	N. Murray-Smith beat R. G. Evans.



### FIVES

Last year the scent ran so strong on the rugger field that asking the forwards to play a diversionary game of fives would have been equivalent to handing St. George a flyswot. We did stage a competition for boys aged 12 and under, and this was won by Marsden and Parsons, who beat Mike McCowen and Keighley 10-4, 10-1 in the final. I find, therefore, that it is of last term that I have most to write about and I must thank a small change in the timetable, the tolerant attitude of the soccer pundits, and the enthusiasm of the boys themselves for making so much play possible.

Marsden was appointed keeper, and we cocked an anxious eye over any possible candidates for a place in the team to play Lancing Juniors on October 2nd. This was a new fixture and an ambitious one, and as the day drew near we were allowed time for a series of vital trial games. Parsons was promising and a strong hitter, but too slow. Tisdall was neat and quick but not strong enough for those long shots from the back of the court. Colin MacInnes was off his form, and Wynne and Kenneth Whitty, although desperately keen and showing signs of becoming good players, were too small, and they were apt to squat in the middle of a rally and wait for their ears to be dusted. In the end the match was confined to two pairs, and we drove off with Marsden and Hamly Whitty as first pair and Ward, a left hander, and Granville as second string. Our opponents were, of course, larger and stronger, but Fives is one of those games where a string of points can be won before the pair who are giving them away realise that they have suddenly lost their grip. When Marsden and Whitty had grown used to the court and began to concentrate, the rallies lengthened. The second game might have been anybody's, and it was over-eagerness which robbed us of it by one point. By this time a kindly crowd was more or less on our side, and with the ledges playing with us we took the last game 20 minutes after the scheduled time for tea. Both Marsden and Whitty tried at times to hit too hard and lost accuracy in their rush for winners. Whitty began by being very slow to reach the top step after cutting but was soon shadowing the server in proper style. It was valuable experience and a match in which our first pair played well above their usual form. Ward and Granville did not run their opponents so close, but their match lasted the longer of the two. Granville hits surprisingly hard from the bottom step but is weak when serving. Wards needs to develop his right hand which he seldom uses. The scores were :-

1st Pair : Lost 8-12, 13-14, 12-8.

2nd Pair : Lost 4-12, 6-12, 5-12.

Whites won the Set competition for the first time since 1946.

	<i>Blues</i>	<i>Reds</i>	<i>Whites</i>
1st pair :	Ward Tisdall	Johnson Granville	Marsden R. H. Whitty
2nd pair :	Parsons Swan	Medley Wynne	C. D. MacInnes K. T. Whitty
3rd pair :	Boileau M. O. McCowen	Knight Clay	Banks Lipscomb

#### Result in points

Whites .. .. .	133
Blues .. .. .	106
Reds .. .. .	67

We took a Staff team of two pairs over to play Lancing Seniors in February and October, and had to fight much harder in the second match. Next term we are entertaining our friends the Jesters on March 11th, and the Old Etonian Fives Club on February 18th. The latter is a new fixture and Peter Blake is coming as match manager to play against us.

[Ed.—O.E. match postponed]

M.H.F.

## SQUASH

A mild Easter term and the claims of rugger left little enough time for practice, but the competition in March produced some keen, and at times quite good, squash.

In the lower half of the draw McCowen went through to the final without very much opposition, but in the top half there were several close matches. Marsden had to work hard to beat Abbot-Anderson in the second round, and his match with Colebrooke in the semi-final was, perhaps, the best of the competition, with both players at the top of their form. Colebrooke did well to save the match after being led by two games to one.

The result of the final was rather unexpected, for it was thought that Colebrooke's hard hitting and speed about the court would carry the day. But McCowen, playing scientifically and coolly, took the first two games before his opponent had settled down. Colebrooke then increased the pace and managed to level the score, but McCowen won the final game fairly comfortably at 9-3, thanks mainly to his accurately placed lob-services into the backhand court.

Generally speaking the standard of play was quite good, though no one, with the exception of McCowen, realised the value of the service as an attacking weapon. Too little use was made of drop and angled shots to lure one's opponent up the court, and of the shot played straight down one of the side walls. For boys there is a lot of ground to cover in a full-sized court. If they can learn to play these shots and to take up a commanding position in the centre of the court, they will find that they can make many outright winners. It may come as a surprise to many of them to be told that a winning squash shot is always made by the swift and ruthless application of the simplest principles of geometry!

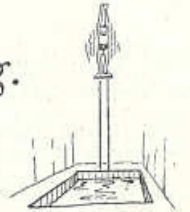
The draw and full scores in the competition were as follows:—

1st Round	2nd Round	Semi-Final	Final	
A-Anderson Ward	} A-Anderson 9-6, 9-0	} Marsden 8-10, 9-7, 10-8	} Colebrooke 6-9, 9-1, 9-10, 9-4, 9-7	} McCowen 9-2, 9-7, 7-9, 2-9, 9-3
Whitry, R. H. Marsden	} Marsden 9-5, 9-0			
Murray-Smith, N. Howorth	} M-Smith 7-9, 9-3, 9-7 } Colebrooke 9-3, 9-1			
	Williams Stewart	} Williams 9-0, 5-9, 9-0		
	Wynne McCowen	} McCowen, D. 9-4, 9-1	} McCowen 9-2, 9-6, 9-0	

N.B.—The first two rounds were the best of three games.

W.L.B.

## Swimming.



### GROYNE-TO-GROYNE RACE

In customary fashion the groyne-to-groyne race was crammed into an already overcrowded last week of term. Conditions, as one might expect, were anything but ideal. A south-westerly wind and a flowing tide combined to make the sea unpleasantly choppy. I feel that Mr. Ernest Bevin could have given a more interesting and detailed account of the proceedings, for he did see the whole race, whereas I only saw the start and then swam rather laboriously behind the competitors shepherding the keen but uncertain swimmers along and praying that none would need saving. There were no outstanding swimmers of the du Boulay class to make the race a certainty. Several names were mentioned and a close finish was expected. Marsden was the eventual winner closely followed by Blandy. Gillies was third and Jarman, a popular choice for first place, was fourth. Then came a bunch with R. W. Kent and D. W. H. McCowen slightly ahead.

K.H.B.-B.

### THE DIVING COMPETITION

The outstanding thing about this year's diving competition was its improvement compared with last year. All the competitors had a really good idea of diving and no one was defeated by the "surface-dive" for the brick. Perhaps it was those short plunges after cricket that did the trick; whatever the cause the result was there, plain for all to see, and the judges had quite a tough job finding any faults for which to deduct marks.

However, the dilemma was nicely solved by Marsden (always an obliging sort of chap) who, having already won the groyne-to-groyne race, proceeded to perform an almost faultless series of dives, thereby settling beyond any shadow of doubt, the question as to who was to be No. 1 on the aggregate marks.

The final positions of the first six in the swimming cup were as follows:—

	Race	Diving	Total
1. Marsden (cup winner)	40 (1)	39 (1)	79
2. Jarman	37 (4)	34½ (5)	71½
3. D. W. H. McCowen	35 (5)	35½ (2)	70½
4. Gillies	38 (3)	31½ (6)	69½
5. Blandy	39 (2)	30 (7)	69
6. Rich	34 (7)	34½ (4)	68½

N.B.C.

## TENNIS

The summer of 1950 was a bad one for lawn tennis since, with the exception of a brief period after the courts were marked out, there was a lot of rain, which always seemed to come as soon as the grass had dried sufficiently for the lines to be redone. Furthermore, in spite of strenuous efforts, it was found that owing to other numerous activities at the end of the term it was impossible to fit in a match against Stoke House.

Some of the best players, who were in the 1st XI, were very short of practice, as was most noticeable when the Set competition was played. This was held during one afternoon, each Set being represented by two pairs who played nine games against their opposite numbers only. Out of a total of 54 games, Blues won 24, and Whites and Reds 15 apiece, though the performance of Whites' 1st pair was the better.

Bill McCowen and Ward (Blues) beat Coltman and Granville (Reds) 8-1, and Hamlyn Whitty and Abbot-Anderson 5-4, who defeated Reds' 1st pair 5-4. There was much steady tennis to be seen, particularly by McCowen and Ward, so that the rallies tended to be long. Quite a lot of volleying was attempted though this stroke was seldom decisive, and only an occasional forhand drive contained any venom. Whitty's service was the most effective, and, indeed, he gave the impression of being the strongest player, though very out of practice. McCowen made an error of tactics when, on winning the toss against Whites, he chose side instead of service, for this meant that Whitty served three times which all but gave them the victory by the odd game.

In the matches between the second pairs, Mills and Rich (Blues) defeated Wynne and Knight (Reds) 5-4, and Kenneth Whitty and Blandy 6-3, who were also beaten 6-3 by Reds.

W.L.B.

## SETS

"If only boys played as hard in School matches as they do in Set matches we should never lose a match." That remark has been said many times, and I wonder if it would be equally true to say, "If only boys worked as hard for their Set as they play for it, their Set should never lose."

Set matches do show up the team spirit to the full and it's wonderful how sometimes a lesser team beats a greater one or only narrowly suffers defeat in the termly battles by sheer determination. The Set soccer matches this term were a wonderful illustration of this. Blues had a very good 1st XI, but by sheer courage and glorious leadership, Whites came very near, ever so near, to robbing them of the treasured cup. The points don't show how

near they were, but points are mechanical things, for whether you win by one goal or 10, you gain just as many of them. The struggle went on to the bitter end and the teams left the field "played-out." Victors and vanquished were equally elated; the former because they pulled it off, the latter because they had confounded the prophets and come very near to doing so. Both had given of their best.

Of course it's easier to do your best when the crowds are standing round and cheering you on. Excitement is in the air; you have been picked for your side; you are in the limelight; you get the feeling that it's "all up to you." But how much harder it is to fight for anything or anybody when you are on your own. Things don't seem to matter quite so much. A little slip-up here or there seems to pass unnoticed. Nobody seems to praise you overmuch, nobody seems to blame you very much. Chaps round you are enjoying themselves in their way; why shouldn't you enjoy yourself in your way? What matter tidiness, punctuality, thoughtfulness, cleanliness, hard work, responsibility, leadership? "A" gets a "gold" for good geometry; "B" gets a "black" for poor Latin. What's that got to do with you? Did "A" by any chance give you the pass that helped you to score the winning goal? Did "B" run you out in the final over of the Set cricket when you two only had to survive to make a draw of it?

Think about these things, study the year's Set results and say to yourself, "Red or White or Blue, how much is due to you?"

B.L.T.

## SET RESULTS

### SHELL CASE

*Easter Term* : 1, Blues (D. W. H. McCowen), 176 pts.; 2, Reds (N. Murray-Smith), 163 pts.; 3, Whites (N. A. P. Evans), 140 pts.  
*Summer Term* : 1, Reds (I. M. A. Stewart), 111 pts.; 2, Blues (D. W. H. McCowen), 110 pts.; 3, Whites (J. G. R. Williams), 83 pts.  
*Autumn Term* : 1, Blues (E. J. Rich), 231 pts.; 2, Whites (D. C. Marsden), 145 pts.; 3, Reds (R. E. B. Johnson), 120 pts.

### WORK CUP

*Easter Term* : 1, Whites, 53 pts.; 2, Reds, 47 pts.; 3, Blues, 34 pts.  
*Summer Term* : 1, Whites, 43 pts.; 2, Reds, 41 pts.; 3, Blues, 37 pts.  
*Autumn Term* : 1, Whites, 43 pts.; 2, Reds and Blues, 41 pts.

### SHOOTING SHIELD

*Easter Term* : 1, Reds, 265; 2, Blues, 258; 3, Whites, 250.  
*Summer Term* : 1, Blues, 256; 2, Reds, 251; 3, Whites, 249.  
*Autumn Term* : 1, Whites, 252; 2, Blues, 250; 3, Reds, 248.

### OTHER COMPETITIONS

*Rugger Cup* : 1, Reds, 9 pts.; 2, Blues, 6 pts.; 3, Whites, 3 pts.  
*Cricket Cup* : 1, Blues, 17 pts.; 2, Reds, 11 pts.; 3, Whites, 2 pts.  
*Soccer Cup* : 1, Blues, 20 pts.; 2, Whites, 7 pts.; 3, Reds, 3 pts.  
*Sports Cup* : 1, Blues, 103 pts.; 2, Whites, 65 pts.; 3, Reds, 57 pts.  
*Tennis Cup* : 1, Blues, 24 pts.; 2, Reds and Whites, 15 pts.  
*Fives Cup* : 1, Whites, 133 pts.; 2, Blues, 106 pts.; 3, Reds, 67 pts.  
*Drill Shield* : 1, Blues, 56 pts.; 2, Reds, 51 pts.; 3, Whites, 47 pts.

## THE YEAR'S AWARDS

### PRIZES

#### EASTER TERM

*Term's Work* : P. W. Lipscomb, T. G. Orr, P. M. L. Butler, A. J. H. Chisholm.  
*Latin* : N. Murray-Smith. *Mathematics* : N. Murray-Smith. *French* : A. C. Mason.  
*English* : N. A. P. Evans. *Scripture* : A. C. Mason.

#### SUMMER TERM

*Term's Work* : J. P. B. Tisdall, G. A. B. Steer, T. G. Orr. *Latin* : A. D. W. Abbot-Anderson. *Mathematics* : J. G. R. Williams. *French* : I. M. A. Stewart.  
*English* : I. M. A. Stewart. *History* : J. G. R. Williams, D. W. H. McCowen.  
*Geography* : J. G. R. Williams. *Music* : T. D. Brocklebank.

#### AUTUMN TERM

*Term's Work* : R. G. Evans, C. J. Gillies, G. A. B. Steer, P. S. Harper, S. P. Walker, C. D. Stancomb. *Latin* : A. L. S. Coltman, P. W. Lipscomb, D. L. Knights.  
*Mathematics* : A. J. R. Howorth, J. P. B. Tisdall, W. N. T. C. Tam. *French* : C. J. Gillies, R. G. Evans. *English* : R. G. Evans, C. D. MacInnes, P. S. Harper, S. A. Martyn. *History* : P. W. Lipscomb, P. M. L. Butler. *Scripture* : C. D. MacInnes.  
*General Subjects* : G. A. B. Steer, T. G. Orr. *Music* : G. B. Norrie.

N.B.—Subject prizes are now given at the end of the year except in the case of boys who are leaving.

### CUPS AND MEDALS

#### EASTER TERM

*Rugger* : C. J. C. Jarman. *Medals* : P. H. du Boulay, M. G. Colebrooke.  
*Shooting* : I. M. A. Stewart. *Boxing* : Senior—D. C. Marsden ; Junior—K. T. Whitty ; *Medal* : P. G. Rogerson. *Squash* : D. W. H. McCowen.

#### SUMMER TERM

*Cricket* : D. W. H. McCowen. *Bowling* : G. W. Murray-Smith. *Shooting* : I. M. A. Stewart. *Swimming* : D. C. Marsden. *Sports* : Senior—R. E. B. Johnson ; Intermediate—J. P. B. Tisdall ; Junior—M. W. Nicholson. *Music* : I. M. A. Stewart.

#### AUTUMN TERM

*Soccer* : J. P. B. Tisdall. *Medal* : D. C. Marsden. *Shooting* : E. R. R. Boileau.  
*Drill Medal* : Senior—A. J. R. Howorth ; Junior—W. N. T. C. Tam.

## THE YOUNGER VIC

### PROGRAMME

A shortened version of

JULIUS CAESAR by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Produced by MARJORIE KNOX-SHAW

#### Dramatis Personae :

Marcus Antonius, one of the Triumvirs after the death of Julius Caesar		W. L. BANKS
Marcus Brutus		C. D. MACINNES
Cassius		C. J. GILLIES
Casca		J. F. KENT
Trebonius	} conspirators against Julius Caesar	R. E. B. JOHNSON
Decius Brutus		S. R. LOWMAN
Metellus Cimber		A. J. R. HOWORTH
Cinna		R. D. GRANVILLE
Varro	} servants to Brutus	A. G. KEIGHLEY
Claudius		C. A. B. MEDLEY
Lucius		D. C. MARSDEN
Pindarus, servant to Cassius		R. H. WHITTY

Citizens : R. G. EVANS, E. R. R. BOILEAU, D. L. KNIGHTS, P. M. BLACKBURNE-MAZE, J. P. B. TISDALL, S. M. MILLS, C. T. J. HOSKIN

Act III—Rome.

Scene 1—Before the Capitol.  
 Scene 2—The Forum.

Act IV—Camp near Sardis.

Scene 2—Before Brutus' tent.  
 Scene 3—Within the tent of Brutus.

Prologue and Epilogue spoken by R. H. WHITTY

With the memories of the charm and impish humour of last year's successful production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" fresh in our minds, some of us felt that in attempting a very much abridged version of "Julius Caesar" the Younger Vic at St. Peter's might o'erreach themselves. The actors had to plunge into their story half-way through the play, without having the advantage of understanding the momentous events that had led to the assassination of Caesar in the Capitol ; and they had to ring down the final curtain before the issue was made clear of the fateful struggle between the contending factions at Philippi. Since it was felt after the dress rehearsal that the audience, too, might be tormented by trying to recollect all that had happened before Mark Anthony met Brutus over Caesar's corpse, and after Brutus had seen Caesar's ghost at Sardis, arrangements were made for Hamlyn Whitty to read a Prologue and Epilogue. This he did with clarity and understanding. As last year, the producer suffered many black moments. Rumours reached us of how one actor spoke his part well but kept on for-

getting his lines, and of how another was so temperamental that he had to be handled with exquisite care. But one and all were brought to the post in perfect condition, and on the final night they fully deserved the applause that greeted their performance.

The scenes selected relied almost entirely for their success on the histrionic ability of those taking the parts of Brutus, Mark Anthony and Cassius. It is, therefore, much to the credit of Colin MacInnes, Banks and Gillies that for the space of an hour their excellent acting wove the spell of Rome around their audience, whose minds were carried back nigh on two thousand years. Theirs was not an easy task, for there is very little humour in these scenes, even of the Shakespearean brand. MacInnes is gifted with a naturally resonant voice and spoke Brutus's lines beautifully, showing that he had great range and flexibility at his command. The transition in the ghost scene from terror to his usual courageous frame of mind was particularly well done. Throughout he conveyed the impression, which any overacting would have spoilt, that though he was entangled in a web of supreme tragedy, he would accept with calm nobility the role assigned to him by the relentless gods. At all costs would he be true to his passionate belief in freedom, however dire might be the consequences to his country and himself. Even when quarrelling with the embittered Cassius, he blended dignity, righteous indignation, and an almost paternal tolerance for a lesser nature, in the most exact proportions. Gillies was made to measure for the part of Cassius, the most dangerous of the conspirators. The spare frame, the dry tones, and the lean and hungry look, were his by right of nature before he submitted himself to the producer's direction or to the wizardry of the Green Room. It remained for him to learn to portray the envy and discontent of a man not lacking in noble qualities, very much in earnest in his scheming, but yet with none of the magnanimity of Brutus; and this he did most excellently. In the quarrel scene we witnessed the piqued pride of such a character, and the swift descent to the depths of a boundless self-pity. Here, one felt, was a man of undoubted parts—and I say "man" advisedly—who had allowed jealous ambition to twist his better nature so that he became the evil genius of the tragedy.

Mark Anthony appeared only in the first of the two acts performed, but he dominated those scenes, and the assurance with which Banks declaimed the opening line, "O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?" was that of a much more experienced actor. In the first minute he stamped this production with the hall-mark of success. Unfortunately the smallness of the stage compelled him to face the wings for long periods, but he overcame this handicap well and was surprisingly audible. In the famous harangue beginning "Friends, Romans, countrymen," he was superb, despite the difficulties of inflexion when reiterating that Brutus was an honourable man. Indeed, one of those whom he was addressing remarked afterwards that it was easy to act in the crowd, because Banks brought the best out of them.

Be that as it may, the crowd deserves a special word of mention. Though huddled together in a corner of the tiny stage, they acted splendidly, and exhibited all the elemental virtues and vices to which a demagogue appeals. Assisted by growls and murmurings from Form I, and led by the stentorian cries of Evans, they displayed a mixture of boisterousness, brutishness,

loyalty, fickleness, cupidity and a combination of bucolic shrewdness and stupidity. Many a barracker on the Hill at Sydney could have embellished his art by listening to them! Mills looked most attractive in feminine attire, and Hoskin was a frail little flower-girl, torn between her desire to hear Anthony's funeral oration and fears for her own safety, once the fury of the mob was aroused. In the minor roles Marsden was a most faithful Lucius, whose sense of duty was too strong to be dulled by drowsiness; and he sang his solo most tunefully. Keighley and Medley, as Varro and Claudius, were well matched for size, and stood to strict attention for a long time without quivering or swaying. They looked most imposing in their helmets, with the soft light in the tent glinting attractively on their armour.

Once again our thanks are due to all those who worked so tirelessly behind the scenes. First of all to the producer, whose store of patience must be inexhaustible, and whose work was crowned by the delight it gave to so many; and then to the same team of assistants who combined so effectively last year. Commander Axten was spared much lengthy toil, since it was possible to utilise the sets previously painted by him; Mr. Bell and his myrmidons performed manfully in their work about the stage; Mr. Norbury moved with a sure touch around the controls for floodlighting, coloured lamps and dimming; and whether they were plying their needles or their grease-paints, the ladies of the Green Room showed equal dexterity. Let us hope that next Autumn term will also be free from epidemics, so that we may have the pleasure of again watching the Younger Vic.

BUSKIN



## WEATHER

In spite of the unavoidably scrappy nature of our weather reports, we think that the weather record of those months when the school terms are in progress is still worth keeping even if it is only for comparison with similar previous records. For some obscure reason the Easter term records are incomplete, so, with apologies for this omission, we give only the Summer and Christmas term figures.

Seaford certainly seems to indulge in a weather all its own, and it never does things by halves. When it is cold Seaford can be bitter; when hot, it can boil with the best; and when it blows, there is no doubt about it—IT BLOWS.

The year 1950 has been an odd one altogether, meteorologically speaking. As you can see from the records below we had the great dearth of summer rain which was experienced all over England. May, June and July averaged less than an inch of rain. In September the weather broke in most districts, but not at Seaford. Here the drought continued right through August and September, and even the usually wet month of October gave us well under two inches of rain. Gardens and fields were parched, flowers lasted only a fraction of their usual season. The Headmaster, who got away for a brief spell further north during the summer holidays, was heard to remark on his return, that coming back to Seaford was like visiting the Sahara!

Well, it takes all sorts of weather to make a year. As these notes go to press we are under a blanket of several inches of snow, and the song of the moment is "Rudolf the Rednosed Reindeer." No wonder!

N.C.

	<i>Thermometer</i>	<i>Barometer</i>	<i>Rain Gauge</i>
<b>MAY</b>			
Maximum	88° on 30th	30 in. on 30th	Max. 0.49 in. on 20th
Minimum	36° on 17th	29.3 in. on 20th	Total 0.78 in.
<b>JUNE</b>			
Maximum	98° on 20th	30 in. on 3rd	Max. 0.3 in. on 15th
Minimum	44° on 16th	28.8 in. on 19th	Total 0.51 in.
<b>JULY</b>			
Maximum	98° on 27th	29.95 in. on 8th.	Max. 0.42 in. on 3rd
Minimum	50° on 13th	29.1 in. on 18th	Total 1.6 in.
<b>OCTOBER</b>			
Maximum	76° on 17th & 18th	30.1 in. on 12th	Max. 0.45 in. on 3rd
Minimum	27° on 28th	29 in. on 23rd	Total 1.73 in.
<b>NOVEMBER</b>			
Maximum	68° on 10th	31 in. on 16th	Max. 0.8 in. on 28th
Minimum	30° on 6th & 8th	29 in. on 21st	Total 6.04 in.
<b>DECEMBER (to 13th only)</b>			
Maximum	65° on 1st	29.95 in. on 9th	Max. 0.4 in. on 1st
Minimum	21° on 4th & 5th	29.3 in. on 11th	Total to 13th 0.87 in.
1950		30	

## PETER'S PIE

### AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Sir or Madam,

I should like to draw your attention to the fact that many children, when at the age of about 11 or 12, are given the chance of travelling either alone or with some other child on a long train journey, for instance from London to Cornwall. This is one of the greatest thrills of their lives and is so often spoilt by those many grown-ups who try to be helpful and kind, but in reality are being an awful nuisance. Here is a common incident.

Two excited children climb into the train at Paddington, final words of advice and many "Don't forgets" being thrown at their ears by harassed parents. The train steams out of the station, and after waving until the platform is out of sight, they settle down in their seats. "Free at last" is probably their first thought. A carriage to themselves and all is well. Or is it? A middle aged woman hurries along the corridor, looks in through the compartment door and says, "Ah! two sweet little children! Where are you going to, my dears?" "Cornwall," is the uninviting reply, said in a voice that suggests "Don't come in here; we are quite happy by ourselves," but no avail, for she puts her case on the rack and says, "I will come in here and look after you. It's such a long journey to Cornwall, and you might fall out of one of the carriage doors, they are so unsafe."

She then laughs at this feeble joke and gets out her knitting. The two go out into the corridor. "Anything to get out of that awful person's way," they whisper to one another. They lean out of the open window and are silently admiring the countryside as it flashes by them, when that dreaded voice floats along the corridor.

"Now, dears, don't lean out of the window. You know what the notice says."

Returning to their seats they sit down to read their books, but soon becoming bored with this they decide to go and buy a drink. Overhearing their decision our charming lady immediately intervenes.

"I should wait until lunch," she says, "for the train might crash while you're out of my sight, and then where should we be?"

That brings me to another trilling item—lunch. I find lunch on the train most enjoyable, and I was annoyed when on one journey I was told to take a picnic lunch with me. These two children are more fortunate than I was, because they have been given the money to buy their lunch on the train in grown-up style. Therefore imagine their dismay when this interfering lady announces that she intends to have lunch with them and, what's more, pay for it! And she sticks to her intention so firmly that no tactful arguing can persuade her not to do so. In this way another stage of the journey is ruined. Thus the day drags on, that dreadful voice sounding forth every minute with some "Don't do this" or "I shouldn't do that." At last the journey ends,

and she disappears, bound for some more unknown mischief. So the beginning of the holiday is spoilt by somebody who will not think of others.

So please think first next time you meet children travelling alone. Leave them to their own devices and they will leave you to yours.

I remain, yours faithfully,

R. G. EVANS

#### BED TIME

*Scene* : Gordon Dormitory.

*Time* : Just before half-past seven.

(Enter Steer)

STEER : "I wonder if Bertie's up yet. I'll tap on the wall. Bother, no reply. Ah! Here comes Jones." (Enter Jones).

JONES : "I say! I saw Roger just now outside the sickroom. You wouldn't know he'd just had his appendix out, 'cos he had the blasted cheek to slish me in the tummy! Heck! He's in for it when he comes back here! (Waltzes round the room shadow-boxing). I say, George, what's the matter?"

STEER : "Scottie's forgotten to give us some water to wash in."

JONES : "Heck! Has she? O you clot, George, you've forgotten it's our bath night." (Taps come from Veryan).

STEER : "I say! Bertie's tapping. I'd better tap back. (Taps, and a message comes back.) I wonder what he says. Oh, I see. C-O-M-E H-E-R-E. Come here. I'd better go and see what he wants." (Exit).

JONES (looking at his watch). "Heck! Quarter to eight. Lumme, I'd better hurry. On second thoughts I think I'll wash instead of having a bath. (He calls). George!"

STEER (poking his head round the door) : "What's up?"

JONES : "Look at the time; it's ten to eight. If I were you, I'd wash. I'm going now." (Exit).

STEER (flinging his clothes onto his bed hay-wire) : "I'll race you, Jones. I bet I'll be in bed before you and before Gillies comes up." (Enter Harper). "Hello, Harper."

HARPER : "Have you washed yet?"

STEER : "I'm going just now."

HARPER : "Golly! You're slow. (Exit Steer). Hey, George, you've forgotten it's your bath night."

STEER (from the passage) : "It's all right. I'm not bathing on purpose. I'm too late." (Enter Gillies).

GILLIES : "Haven't George and Jones come back from the bathroom yet? There's the bell." (Re-enter Jones).

"Jones, it's your bath night. (Re-enter Steer). George, it's your bath night as well. You'd better both be in bed by the time I come back from the bathroom. If you're not, I'll report you both to Clarkie for being slow. I'm not particularly going to hurry, but it depends on whether I get a basin or not." (Exit).

JONES : "Heck! We'd better hurry, George, you know how he washes." (He folds his clothes, very badly, puts on his pyjamas and jumps into his bed. Likewise Steer).

HARPER : "I say, let's ask him to set a booby trap for the H.M. I bet that will get him out of his bait."

JONES and STEER : "Gosh, yes! That's a wizard idea." (Re-enter Gillies).

JONES : "You've been quick."

GILLIES : "Lucky for you you're in bed."

HARPER : "I say, Gillies, let's set a booby trap for the H.M. What's more, let's do it in real style this time? I mean, put a jug of water or something like that."

GILLIES : "O.K. I think we might as well. We haven't done anything like that for a long time."

ALL (together) : "Oh, good egg!"

HARPER : "I'm longing to see his face when it hits his head."

GILLIES : "If you don't hurry and be in bed in five minutes you'll never see his face at all."

HARPER : "Help!" (Exit). (Enter Clarkie).

CLARKIE : "I'm going down now. Why aren't you in bed?"

GILLIES : "I don't know, Clarkie."

CLARKIE : "Look at the time. It's twenty to nine. I'm late and the Headmaster's in Clive at the moment. (Enter Harper). And why aren't you in bed, either? It's a quarter to nine."

HARPER : "Heavens! Is it?"

CLARKIE : "Yes, it is. The Headmaster is coming up the stairs now. Hurry up." (Exit).

GILLIES : "Come on! We'll have to do the light trick, we haven't time for anything else. (They fix a string to the switch and to a hook on the door). No, not you, Harper."

STEER : "Sh! Here he comes." (Enter Headmaster. Light goes off).

HEADMASTER : "What on earth . . . ?"

CURTAIN

C. J. GILLIES

"EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS"

BACK TO CASTLE HILL

As my mother hustled me through the station I wondered wildly what I would be doing in the next 24 hours. I was hauled into the carriage by an awesome looking "magister" with a small moustache, and had just said goodbye to my mother when that same person, who had so promptly pulled me into the hustle of the school compartments, pushed past me and said a few words to her.

I quickly got to know the boys around me; in fact, I cannoned into one of them as the train started and was told by Vernon, whom I knew faintly as my mother's godson, that he (or rather "she") answered well to the name of "Jetty." After about a quarter of an hour a boy with a most abominable squint came haring along the corridor, followed by a crowd of others, dashed into my carriage and asked me what my name was and, having got it, dashed out again, leaving me rubbing my eyes and wondering if he had been in at all or whether it was a bad dream. It appeared later that he had been in a race to get the new boys' names.

On arriving at Filleigh Station I was amazed to see the number of boys that emerged from the train and made off down the platform. From then on I realised what school life was really like. I was whirled along the platform, through the barrier and crammed with about 45 other boys into a bus meant for 30. About 15 minutes later I was standing bewildered in a long alley with stags' heads hung on the wall on either side. I was asked what my name was by about 20 boys, all of whom immediately dashed off, leaving me as lost as before. At last someone handed me over to an individual who went by the name of "Hobday two," who promptly cursed loudly and handed me over to a certain "Harper two," who was given the title of "Father."

I was taken up to my dormitory, which was docketed as Fortescue, and told to dump my luggage. In bed on the first night I listened awefully to tales of people turning off the water supply, of Day getting chased by a bull, of people getting double blacks and so forth, and I was left wondering who all these famous boys were. Then, with my hair standing on end with horror, I heard the dreadful stories of "Snookie's" misdeeds and of the thousands of blacks which she had given and which never came out.

Mrs. Symonds came back late that term. Monocle in eye, black book in hand, she wandered round, looking for the unwary wretch who was blowing soap bubbles when he should have been washing. Unwittingly the terrible Snookie helped me.

"Please, sir, I have been helping Mrs. Symonds to clear up the basins upstairs . . ."

"Please, sir, Mrs. Symonds kept me."

I found it very useful, and in this way many late ticks were avoided. But all that foolery was long ago; I know better now.

I. M. A. STEWART

PUZZLE CORNER

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

I spent last holidays with my rich and witty brother, in company with his ward Thomas, who had come from Keighley in his Morgan with three ghillies. The sun shone in royal splendour, the swans floated gracefully on the lake, the windmills spun like tops, and the martins nested in the disused wells. A keen walker, I roamed the brown and brockle banks on each silent night, shooting clay pigeons and steers, and once saw an owl with a lovely white head. Some like being parsons or butlers, some have the courage to be harpers, but 'tis in the dale of Kent that I like to wear out my shoe leathers in ceaseless roaming, especially in hot summers.

What a medley of sounds come from the lips of Farmer John and his son as they sing of the knights of old, and of how the Scots used to win battles against the lowmen of the south; how beautifully the minstrel sings in the court, nay even plays his one-stringed tambourine, while his son Herbert sits his colt like a man. (His ancestor Previtte de Grand Ville came over with the Conqueror).

I entered for the weight-lifting competition at the village sports. "Come, a ton won't hurt you," said the local blacksmith. Murray was his name. I asked how much the prize was worth and Mr. Ilton told me that a ham and a pound sterling went to the winner.

"Fie, on you son!" said the parish clerk when I failed to lift the stone, but "Good 'eavens" was all he could say when he tried himself. He hurt himself so much that he could not toll the bell nor help to bury the dead for some time. My brother was not interested in the fair. He sat in his den all day eating Mars bars.

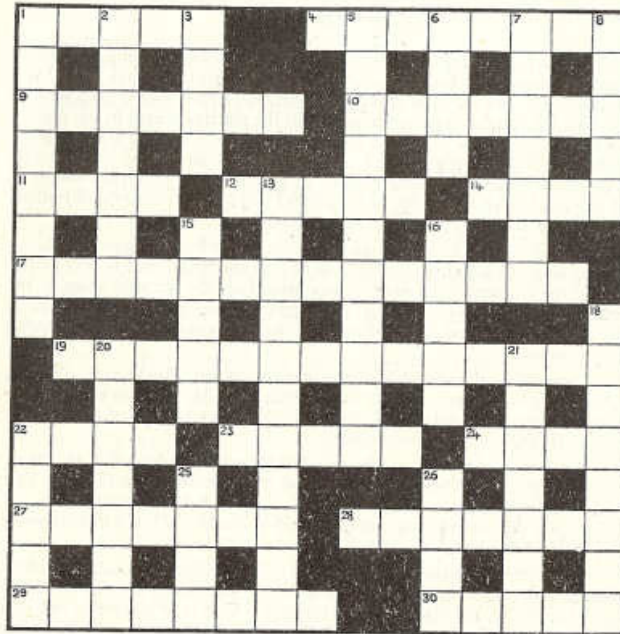
The following week I rode to see Denis on Pender Island. It rained hard and although I gave my mount a welt on the rump, he was too old to trot. On arrival, the innkeeper said jokingly "That hoss is nothing but skin and bone," but I sold it to his son for a nickel. In the parlour was a notice which read:

If your axe should weigh a ton  
Never give a man a clout.  
When the dreadful deed is done  
Nobody will bail you out.

This reminded me of our family motto *Forte Scuene Vede Lius*, which means "Never take a cheese home nor let the milk boil over."

DR. HACKENBUSH

THE LUMPY CROSSWORD



CLUES

Across

1. Made of steel and is cold but not cold steel (5).
4. Colonel Collins conducted two parties to this (8).
9. A sudden attack (7).
10. Followers of Churchill who don't like wigs (4-3).
11. Not a case of housewives needing a rest sometimes when dealing with these (4).
12. Don't this the master or you might get punished (5).
14. Joint between the thigh and the lower leg (4).
17. "Oh dainty duck, oh dear  
Thy — — —  
Stained with blood" (6, 4, 4) M.N.D.—Shakespeare.
19. "Save — — — wheels his droning flight" (5, 3, 6)—Gray.

22. Modern relation to the hackney carriage (4).
23. A plant with aromatic seeds used for flavouring (5).
24. In a famous novel a murder was committed in a red this (4).
27. This negro country sounds eerier towards the end (7).
28. Give the woman this fish when she is engaged (7).
29. A case, usually a tin (8).
30. A very brainy young bullock in Upper School (5).

Down

1. One of last term's new boys (8).
2. Oriental (7).
3. Real (4).
5. No more stars (Anagram) 11.
6. 4 across without all the talk (4).
7. A European country with plenty of room (7).
8. A slight burn (5).
13. Bird that's in for a dark and stormy time (11).
15. When asked a question while dozing you often this out an answer (5).
16. Second or third course (5).
18. The average boy at this school (8).
20. Six in Greece that have gone to become six Angles (7).
21. Don't forget to wash your hands at this if Mr. Bell is on duty.
22. An unpopular thing you may have at the dispensary (5).
25. The only things Noah knew about in geometry (4).
26. Music, drawing, painting, etc., all come from a star (4).

The Editor is in a position to offer substantial prizes for the first correct solution to be handed in of

- (a) the list of names of boys and staff concealed in "What's in a Name?" and
- (b) the Crossword puzzle.

## 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 boys left during 1950 :

*Easter Term* : A. H. G. Broughton (Eton), A. C. Mason (Charterhouse), M. G. Colebrooke (Wellington), N. A. P. Evans (Marlborough), N. J. Murray-Smith (Wellington), N. H. du Boulay (Bradfield).

*Summer Term* : A. D. Abbot-Anderson (Charterhouse), V. R. D. Abdy (Eton), D. W. Eastman (Eton), C. H. C. Jarman (Rugby), D. W. H. McCowen (Radley), I. M. A. Stewart (Haileybury), J. G. R. Williams (Eton). Also A. R. B. Ashburner.

*Autumn Term* : C. A. B. Medley (Canford). Also E. R. R. Boileau and A. C. Clay.

### WINCHESTER

Our Editor-in-Chief paid a personal visit to the College on June 17th and 18th and I have his eye-witness account of a lavish luncheon party staged by John Mollison and his wife in their small back-garden. Amongst a party of 15, the following Old Boys were present : Alastair Thomson, Mark Evans, Tim Drabble, Julian Bower, Alan Lipscomb, Nicholas Yeatman-Biggs, Roland King and John Trustram Eve. Later in the year Mark Evans, a splendid reporter, sent the following notes. Alastair Thomson is a senior prefect in Du Boulay's, a school running Colour and President of Boat Club. He and Mark were in VI book 2b together last half. Alan Lipscomb is as deadly as ever on the range and shoots either for the 1st or 2nd VIII. Has been doing a lot of coxing. Julian Bower is a distinguished performer at Winchester football and soccer. He stands a good chance of being in the Colts soccer side next half. Nicholas Yeatman-Biggs has joined the Corps and came 4th in recruit shooting. Mark Evans himself is taking Higher Certificate next summer and hopes for a scholarship to New College a half later. Has given up rowing but played for the 2nd pair at racquets against Charterhouse. Stop press news of him is that he survived the first two rounds of the Public Schools Racquets Handicap at Queens.

### ETON

Nigel Blake has left as a Member of Pop, a promising singer, a 1st XI soccer Colour and an enthusiastic golfer in addition to his many other accomplishments. He passed his Army exam and is doing his preliminary training at Upper Barracks, Winchester. Hopes to reach Sandhurst in March. Thomas Baxendale, who wrote early in the year, is still lapping up history and doing well in maths. His History beak has a miniature canon on his desk from which he fires pointed match-sticks at inattentive boys. Rumour has it that every hundredth round is "live." Ailwyn Broughton has settled down well and finds work quite easy. Played in Junior League Cricket and last half played for his house in the final of the Lower Boy Ties on St. Andrew's Day. John Williams finds the work quite easy in Upper IVth and was Keeper of his house 2nd Lower Boy. Plays a good deal of fives and squash. We were

delighted to see him in person when he came over on the Sunday of Long Leave. David Eastman has been playing fives and won a Lower Boy Trials prize. Joe Studholme, writing in March, was finding the work quite easy in Lower Remove, and was playing hooker for his house Junior Seven-a-side. They reached the semi-final. The Headmaster and Mrs. Knox-Shaw spent a most enjoyable week-end at the Timbralls last half and gathered all the Old Boys at the Cockpit for tea. The only absentee was Court Granville who was staying out. A most sincere vote of thanks is also due to Mr. and Mrs. Brocklebank for putting up B.L.T. and Mr. Farebrother over the 4th June week-end. This was another occasion for an O.B. tea party, which was well attended.

### WELLINGTON

Nicholas Murray-Smith wrote an interesting and enthusiastic letter about his first term and now plays first pair at fives for the Under 16 at Benson's, as well as scrum half for the Benson's Under 16 rugger side. Played cricket for the Yearlings. John Whittaker has left, although the Army examiners don't seem to have been very kind to him. He has been on 2nd XV, and is a school hockey and cricket Colour. Made 112 not out against M.C.C. last season. Peter Alexander, who visited us during the year, recently wrote a long and interesting letter with news of many Old Boys. He is going to do post-certificate work next term and is specialising in history. Has been playing a lot of rugger as wing-forward and saw Edgington when he came over with the Radley Junior Colts. Gordon Colebrooke plays rugger for the Yearlings and takes a good view of Grubbies. Sends the usual bloodthirsty messages to Blues. John Gilley has left, having passed School Certificate and represented his house in cricket, rugger and hockey. Simon Whitmore won his 2nd XV colours and is now head of Upcott. Charles Spottiswoode became a dormitory prefect early in the year. A letter from Simon Whitmore has arrived as we go to press saying that Peter Mendelssohn has left after passing Higher Certificate and reaching the rank of House Prefect. An innovation to school routine is thermometer drill before breakfast. It is reported, however, that flu victims are seldom detected, since the thermometers are unreliable.

### RADLEY

John Vernon has left as Head of Patons Social, Secretary of Football and 4th Prefect. In the summer he won the Senior Single Sculls and rowed in the 1st VIII. Hopes to go to Cambridge in 1952. Garry Shelford came to see us during the year and finished 3rd in Junior Steeplechase. He won his weight in the Boxing Competition and has taken up History. Represented his Social in the Junior rugger matches, and rode in Junior Eights last summer. Bill McCowen enjoyed his first term and did well to play centre three-quarter for the Midgets XV. Has taken up the clarinet but no doubt has by now been petitioned by all within range to lay it down again. Reports a distant view of Mr. Barrowclough. Michael Edgington has been throwing the discus and won his Junior Colts rugger Colours. Has joined the Marionette Society and represented his Social in Junior rugger matches. Sam Curtis has left and is cramming for Higher Certificate. Helped the Beagles

to kill five brace of hares during his last term and is now playing squash and golf. Barry Wylam paid us a visit at the end of last term, with John Vernon and Bill McCowen. He is an excellent reporter and gave us plenty of general news. He won his weight in the Boxing Competition and represented his Social in Junior rugger matches. Is playing a lot of fives.

#### MARLBOROUGH

Peter Harvey has left and hopes for the R.E. after four months with a sapper unit at Malvern. He passed Higher Certificate last summer. Won his School Colours for Rugby fives and took up fencing. John Harper has left with a great reputation as a photographer. Is a slow leg-break bowler but quickens up when he is on his new motor bike. Peter Jennings is progressing up the school quite steadily and was on his house lower (2nd XV) at rugger and Colts XI in the summer. His Australian housemaster likes him to have a cold bath every morning. Nicholas Evans is enjoying life and has a Latin "beak" whose hobbies are hunting and train spotting. His Maths are under the guidance of an Olympic swimmer, and for History he sits at the feet of a batsman who plays for Warwickshire.

#### CHARTERHOUSE

Willy Parkin is in Upper IV and striving for a promotion to the Removes. He got in to the 2nd Shooting VIII last summer and went to Bisley, where he met the Hobdays. Tim Green must be still alive as we have had a postcard from him, but it gave us no news of himself. Alan Abbot-Anderson has started well and plays in the Colts and Yearlings. Arthur Mason has seen glimpses of Davies and writes "the baths are very good indeed. It is the only one for miles round." Poor old grubby Godalming! He has joined the 1st Charterhouse Scout Troop.

Keith MacInnes writes from Rugby to say that he is in Twenty "A" and doing nothing but Latin and Greek. The previous term he won a prize for coming top of Lower Twenty. He has passed Certificate A and plays for the school at chess. There is no news from Colin Jarman but Keith has seen him in Chapel.

At Oundle, Nicholas Hurry plays for his Junior House XV as a wing forward and gets a lot of fives. The Haileybury news is that Philip Easton has just passed Higher Certificate and has taken the Entrance Exam to Clare. He has won House Colours for cricket and rugger and has also represented his House at fives, squash, tennis and shooting. Ian Stewart wrote an excellent letter about his first impressions. His geography "beak" has a nautical air about him and likes to tack round the classroom in the teeth of a gale. He doesn't cruise far, however, for like other "beaks" I know, he finds the textbook indispensable. Edward Day has just left Uppingham having tried for a scholarship in French and Latin to Trinity Hall (result unknown). Passed Higher Certificate last summer with a distinction in French from Upper VI A, and played fives for his House pair during the Easter term. Last term he was on 2nd game rugger. The only Harrow news is a rumour that both George and John Hobday are in the 1st Shooting VIII and that George is captain of it.

## IN MEMORIAM

### GERALD JOLLIE

G. H. Jollye (1929-1934), was ambushed and killed at the wheel of his car near Malacca on December 13th when returning from an inspection of one of his Chinese villages. His work as a cadet in the Malayan Civil Service received the most glowing tributes not only from the British Resident, but from the leading Chinese officials as well. Gerald had devoted himself with heartening success to the difficult problem of squatter resettlement, and his infectious enthusiasm was largely responsible for the success of a new programme of reconstruction which is gradually taking shape up and down this unhappy country. One has only to read the many press cuttings to realise the dismay which has been widely felt throughout the settlement at the tragic extinction of such a promising career. During the war he served with the Gurkhas and was wounded in Africa. Later he was Adjutant of a battle practice school at Dehra Dun. Selected for the I.C.S. too late to take up his appointment, he joined the Malayan Civil Service in 1947 and spent two valuable years at Macao, near Hong Kong, studying Chinese. Here he learnt the language "with great credit" and came to love the Chinese people with all his heart. His translations from Chinese poetry and his own unpublished verses are a living tribute to the boy, as we knew him here, and to the man whose death so many deplore.

### PETER CRERAR

On October 4th, 1950, Peter John Crerar died suddenly from a heart attack. He was 33. When he was a schoolboy at St. Peter's from 1927 to 1931, his avid interest in the world around him was already evident. He collected everything—butterflies, flowers and pieces of obscure and complicated machinery. Then, as always, he wanted to know how things worked. He would spend the same painstaking care over the re-assembling of an old watch as he would poking at a sundew to examine the mechanism of its closing leaves. From St. Peter's he went to Marlborough and thence to Oxford, where he rejoiced in his new freedom and the study of the subject which fascinated him most—medicine. The war came before he had qualified and prevented him from specialising in surgery, as he so fondly wished. Peter detested war and loathed military discipline. However, he joined the R.A.M.C. and served uncomplainingly with the Indian Division in Italy. After the war came further trials and disappointments. When at last he was released from the Army and had resumed his study of surgery, he had an appalling motor cycle accident. This, once again, interrupted his career, and he had not entirely recovered from the aftereffects when he died. His was a reserved and sensitive character, but the few who were allowed to penetrate his defences were lucky, for he had a fine mind, wide interests, strong ideals and great kindness.

## OLD AND OLDER BOYS

Mrs. Knox-Shaw and I visited Oxford last summer to see a performance of "The Dream," by the O.U.D.S., and to applaud Nigel Davenport's superlative acting in the part of Bottom the Weaver. The long-standing Ellis-Duff partnership formed a supremely efficient committee of hospitality, gave us a memorable cocktail party in Trinity and topped this up with a dinner at the Randolph. Present at the party were Geoffrey Learner, Michael Barrowclough and Ian Ewer, who as ex-staff, should really be entitled to a "Mr." each, David Ferguson, Tony Gillett, David Spottiswoode, Nigel Davenport, as well as our two attentive hosts. Peter Blake couldn't make it, as Oxford were unable to get their opponents out in time. Jeremy Fisher joined us later (he works, you know) and we watched the O.U.D.S., along with Nigel's proud parents, in the beautiful gardens of New College on a perfect June evening. This was an unforgettable experience, especially for M. K-S. whose mind went back to Castle Hill days when it had to be acting, acting all the time in default of any artificial assistance.

In a flying visit to Cambridge in the late autumn on business I met and recognised in the instant David Scott, whom I ran into in the Senate House, of all unexpected places. He is reading History at Trinity Hall. Late in the evening I called on Roger Purchase (Sidney Sussex), who was out at a party, but made amends for this by visiting us at St. Peter's before the end of term, and also Christopher Browning, who was impressively at work on some formidable treatise on chemistry or engineering or something. I was very sorry not to be able to make contact with other members of our colony, but my time was very limited.

No Acworth news this year to start the ball rolling, but John Anderson returned to this country in the early summer with his parents and he started work at the Eastbourne College Preparatory School. Derrick's familiar figure was recognised at Twickenham. He is stationed in Perthshire and times his visits to the War Office with careful discrimination. John and James Bayly continue in Peru, and they had little difficulty in recognising Wallis Hunt on his recent tour out there. Michael Bouquet is a history specialist at Bampton Secondary Modern School, which is no surprise to those who taught him here, and he staged a most novel History Exhibition at Bampton Fair. This was seen by over 600 people and highly commended by the H.M.I.'s. While seeking legal advice, on another occasion, he found himself face to face with Peter Ligertwood. David Bouquet is an architect at Wakefield, on the staff of the West Riding C.C. I had a very interesting letter from Freddie Boardman in Canada, where he is now working as a research chemist and in due course hopes to go into production. He has married a Canadian and set up house 10 miles outside Montreal. He waxes most enthusiastic about the future of the country and the chances which it offers for individual enterprise. Peter Buckle has been training troops assiduously in the arts of jungle warfare, and he is now packing up his belongings as his regiment will

be off to Malaya before this appears in print to wish them luck. The Queen's Own (Royal West Kents) has a very strong connection with St. Peter's, from the commanding officer downwards, both past and present. Gordon Browne is now out of the Army and is in the War Office. Harry Browell, of the Royal Warwicks and lecturer in chemical warfare, descended upon us unexpectedly and revealed an infallible memory of the past. Ronnie Bowlby I found working dutifully in his rooms at Westcott House one very hot afternoon in August, when I was passing through Cambridge and rudely interrupted his theology. Charlie Backus turned up at Victoria to greet the arrival of the School train—a most happy meeting after several years of silence. He is studying agriculture at Durham University and proposes to farm in New Zealand in due course.

Stafford Coulson has been flying jets at something over 600 m.p.h. He was one of the 15 selected from the whole R.A.F. for the special course at Manby and was afterwards navigating pilot on a liaison flight to New Zealand and Australia, altogether visiting 17 countries on the trip. Dick Crockatt has been seen by various witnesses at the Small Arms School at Hythe, where he is an instructor. Jack joined a merchant banking firm on demob. He is married and has one son, who arrived on Easter Day. Bill Christie was married last May and he is steadily passing his Bar exams, intending possibly to work on the legal side of the F.O. He has written a book on "The Antarctic Problem," and his chief hobby is bargees and lecturing on the English Canal System. Dick is happily ensconced with his family in Southern Rhodesia, while Tom reads history, fairly leisurely from all accounts, at Trinity Hall. John Fletcher Cooke has been living in New York and was a delegate to the United Nations. Our congratulations to him on being appointed First Secretary in Cyprus—an attractive and important post. His brother Charles, a Chancery barrister of rising fame, blew in on us at the end of term. He has made a sensational recovery from his "political distemper of 1945" and spoke successfully in the recent election for the Conservative candidate at Colchester. Gordon Cowie found a fellow traveller on the *Strathnaver* in the person of Bill Key, who left at Bombay to join the Vacuum Oil Co. at Calcutta. Gordon proceeded to Australia and New Zealand on a business tour and was much impressed with the friendly welcome and the unlimited possibilities of development. Niel Curwen has finished his National Service and is farming privately before going to an agricultural college. Congratulations to Dick Chignell of Oundle on his recent engagement. I saw both him and his brother Rod playing for the Old Shirburnians on the Marlborough cricket ground in August. Philip Devitt was on the same side and Michael O'Regan, volubly protesting his inability, was playing for the O.M.s. So it was quite a party. Donald Campbell is a busy man, running his own business and in his spare time writing and lecturing in order to whip up enthusiasm to recover the water speed record. He has been dogged with ill-fortune. May 1951 prove more kindly.

Trevor Dawson is finishing his time at Sandhurst and hopes to join the Scots Guards. Peter Davenport is in the wine business up at Ashby-de-la-

Zouche. Nigel Davenport's stage reputation started with Tchekov's "The Bear" and Fielding's "Tom Thumb," although I think we could possibly claim much earlier though minor triumphs in character roles. He is now secretary of the O.U.D.S. Their tour in Germany last August was a great success. Martin Esdaile is still teaching at Ealing Priory, the London branch of Downside, and in his spare time reads theology, history and foreign languages. His only finished literary production this year has been a translation into Italian of a story by Wilhelm Busch. David Ferguson is in his third year at Worcester College, Oxford, and treasurer of the O.U. Liberal Party, but Robin I am uncertain about. Andrew Ferguson, of Seaford, has just started in as a medico at Magdalene College, Cambridge. Before finishing at B.N.C., Tony Gillett was secretary of the Oxford University Tennis (i.e., Real Tennis) and a member of Vincent's. He is now reading for his Bar exams at Inner Temple. P. T. Gordon-Duff is quite a figure in Oxford, ex-master of the beagles and now captain of the University shooting. Wallis Hunt, when not attending to the demands of his young family, is engaged in writing the history of his firm. Incidentally he pays this journal a pretty compliment, "It is good to find something these days which is worth several times what you have to pay for it"—priceless comfort to the suffering Editor. Victor Hellaby is now running an ex-blitzed slum parish in the East End of London, Walworth; he is single-handed and has 14,000 folk to look after. If anybody is in a position to help they would be assisting a good man in a good cause. Andrew Harvey was identified having tea at the next table to ours when we were entertaining our Eton party at the Cockpit. This was a most pleasant surprise. India had changed him little. Francis Hardy is attached to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. as a lecturer and living in Iran with his family. There was a strong St. Peter's representation at the wedding of Rodney Howe to Rosamund Previté last September, as apart from these two names those of Thomas and Whitmore were closely involved. It was a very jolly wedding on the eve of Rodney's departure to Korea.

Another very pleasant wedding earlier in the year was that of Hugh Jackson to Elizabeth de Sainte Croix, which took place in Seaford at Blattington Church, and a few days later Hugh took his bride back to Ceylon with him. Bill Key finds life somewhat austere in Calcutta, as the government have introduced prohibition, which is not good for an ex-naval type, and he is hoping for his next drink when he returns in 1952. Robin Kernick is down from Sidney Sussex with a second (Div. II) in both French and Italian, and he has started in on a job with the Vacuum Oil Co. Charles Lucas had a 21st birthday recently at which 130 of his father's tenants were invited to lunch. Such entertainment of feudal dimensions is rarely seen nowadays. He is training at Cirencester before taking over the management of the family estates. Of his two cousins, Cyril is brewing audit ale in Cambridge with Lacon and Co. (readers, restrain your jealousy), while Rupert is reading engineering within the University. Derek Lucas has got happily dug in at Bristol Grammar School and, I am glad to say, does not regret his choice of profession, and David Lutyens, who needed no converting, has started his teaching career at K.E.S., Birmingham.

David Man reports the arrival of his third child, this time a son, born on July 6th. Such is his native loyalty to Kent that he views with some suspicion a Surrey birth qualification. Charles Morris is enjoying the responsibilities of house physician at Barts. He still keeps up his flying and last summer cleverly combined the V.R. camp at Leuchars with the Edinburgh Festival. He comments favourably on the magazine illustrations—"a striking embellishment." Keith Mollison has left Cirencester, where he used to see Simon Clarke and William Brandt, and is now on his first job as farm manager. John, the Winchester don, staged a most memorable party for my visit in the summer (see public school news) and since then very nearly succeeded in burning his kitchen out—surprising, for he is a most accomplished cook. Henry Morcom is seen from time to time at the United University Club; he has left Aldro and is teaching at Little Appley in the Isle of Wight. Algy Matheson gets about the country quite a lot in pursuit of his wine business and makes frequent contact with our Old Boys in London. One Sunday John Mendelssohn, Bryan Jarman, Paul Studholme and David Ferguson motored down and found me, oddly enough in bed, but so witty and entertaining was their conversation that the cure was both rapid and decisive. George Nickerson is much enjoying a tour of duty in West Africa, where he is serving temporarily with the 3rd Battalion Gold Coast Regiment at Takoradi. Ronnie and Hugh Owen popped in one day unexpectedly and I am proud to report that Ronnie is keeping up the St. Peter's tradition and serving as A.D.C. to Sir Willoughby Norrie in Adelaide.

Anthony Power is studying music (or has been) at McGill University. Teddie Phillips, a regular in the 60th, is serving an attachment and is Adjutant to the Kenya Regiment. Christopher Pirie-Gordon took a week end off us in May and delighted me with his witty reminiscences. Here, surely, is the historian of St. Peter's which I am always looking for hopefully. D. A. G. Preston is now a Lieutenant Commander R.N., and we congratulate him on his engagement to Miss Peggy Russell. Ian Paton is commissioned in the R.E.'s, and, as a ready-made athlete, has travelled about a bit, meeting Ronald Gurney, Trevor Dawson and Jan Thesiger. Louis Ridley and his young French wife visited us in June before the arrival of their son, just to give him a pre-natal view. Nor were they let down, for Alan Patrick did not disappoint them a few months later. Terence Russell likes to escape from Wales and his school, St. John's, Porthcawl, when on holiday, and he looked in here last September with his wife and son. Austin Robinson, better known as Robo, is now in retirement in his very attractive little home, Hill Cottage, Enborne, near Newbury. If passing that way, don't pass, look in. You will find him quite unchanged despite the passage of time. Bill Rogerson has suddenly swum into our ken again. He is running an export business under his own name with tentacles in London, Milan, Vienna and Cairo. Of the three Spottiswoodes, Tony is reputed to be building a tunnel somewhere in Lancashire, David is up at B.N.C., where he is reading science in his spare time, and Charles has passed into Sandhurst. David Symonds has been working for the past 12 months in Steel Bros., a large export agency which believes in private enterprise and has branches all over the world. He is



about to leave England for British Guiana. Paul Studholme passed 10th out of Sandhurst from a total of 250, with a prize and exceedingly good report, which may have surprised him, but not us. He is commissioned in the Coldstream Guards and is now with the 3rd Battalion in Tripoli. Jock Scott is wandering about the Baltic countries and is at the moment teaching "Higher Grade English" in an Institution in Copenhagen. He is always writing, but seldom has anything ready for the publisher. David Strachan is farming in Devon, near North Bovey, and hopes to get married next Easter, if he can find anywhere to live. Douglas Sinclair is still a medical student, and we see him from time to time when his ancient car deigns to function. Owen Scholte is still up at Barnard Castle in the R.A.C. serving with the XII Royal Lancers.

Michael Toynebee is back from Turkey and working temporarily at the War Office, which has not the same attractions as Istanbul. Peter is still at Magdalene, Cambridge, not obviously visible at the first glance, as he is working for the F.O. exam. Now that he has a sister at Newnham he is kept in order. Michael Tisdall we see intermittently, acting in a semi-paternal capacity. He is enjoying Clare and medicine and meets various O.B.'s in the most unexpected places. Toby Tankard (Lloyds) plays in our annual cricket match with Holmwoods, and his shadow never grows less. Many of us owe a great debt of gratitude to Graham Turner for his arduous work in organising the Old Boy Reunion Party. This is no sinecure, and I know his brother Trevor and his mother as well have both been pressed into service. John Whitmore is released from service with the Coldstreams and is now up at Clare, enjoying life to the full and playing rugger for their 2nd XV. Michael Walker pops in here periodically on his way to and from Bodmin. He attends the Bisley Meeting fairly regularly, was in the "King's Hundred" this year for the third time since the war and also first reserve for England—a living testimony to the Major's principles of instruction. Congratulations to John Wood on his marriage in the autumn which, unfortunately, I was unable to attend. One serious omission is that of our congratulations to Peter Blake on his Cricket Blue at Oxford (our first actually since Roger Winlaw at Cambridge) and on his appointment as next year's secretary. Greville Tufnell has been through Caterham along with Robin Britten and is now at Warminster preparatory to Sandhurst and the Grenadier Guards. Adrian Pryce-Jones is now an Assistant Film Director and thinks nothing of doing an 18-hour day. His latest feature film is now appearing at the Leicester Square Theatre. Nigel Poston is with the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. and controlling the outflow of oil at Ahwaz with exacting precision.

## TWO GENERATIONS OR SECOND EDITIONS

The following table of statistics may conceivably be of interest to some readers. It is a list of Old Boys of St. Peter's who have sons in the school or have booked places for them in years to come. The date in brackets after their names refers to their career here.

- 1950 E. G. W. Browne (1925-30), P. J. Butler (1920-25), H. R. Hickman (1921-25), W. R. Nicholson (1921-23), M. Previté (1924-29) and the late G. L. Steer (1921-23).
- 1951 J. J. Hanning (1920-21), M. Previté (1924-29).
- 1952 S. P. Coulson (1925-29), L. H. H. Browell (1926-31), E. G. W. Browne (1925-30).
- 1953 D. F. Furlong (1923-28).
- 1954 L. H. H. Browell (1926-31), B. H. Talbot (1925-29), G. K. Horsey (1920-25), C. M. Monro (1931-34).
- 1955 W. R. Nicholson (1921-23), K. D. Henderson (1925-27), J. Fletcher Cooke (1921-25), J. G. C. Jameson (1928-33), J. W. Maxwell-Lyte (1922-27), A. S. Mallam (1929-34), M. F. C. Walker (1926-29), G. D. Anderson (1928-32).
- 1956 B. H. Talbot (1925-29), O. R. Acworth (1918-24), S. H. Kent (1924-28), E. G. W. Browne (1925-30), P. C. Palmer (1927-31).
- 1957 C. J. W. Bayly (1932-35), R. H. Ince (1926-32), C. M. Monro (1931-34), F. E. M. Hardy (1931-36).
- 1958 J. R. Clarke (1927-31), B. A. J. C. Gregory (1930-34), W. T. C. Rogerson (1924-26).
- 1959 L. M. Ridley (1935-39).

*Sic transit gloria mundi.*

P. K-S.

## OLD BOY REUNION PARTY

On January 16th an O.B. Cocktail Party was held at 16 Chester Street. This charming house had been lent to us for the occasion by Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. J. S. Ward, and a merry company of 60 people celebrated the first social function in their drawing room. It was a most memorable party. Claridges might well have been envious, for Mrs. Ward's floral decorations

and the general ensemble would have done credit to a State reception. Instead of an assembly of solemn ambassadors there was a "throng of eager boys" in various stages of manhood, all bubbling with enthusiasm and excitement to see what their contemporary buddies looked like after so many years of separation. The earliest O.B. vintages came from the 1912 and 1914 bins; the newest wines were bottled in 1940. Of that enthralling cross-section of society I had known all except two in their primitive estate as scrubby little ink-stained horrors; had tried to teach them personally, often with singular lack of success; had lost my patience with them on occasions and cursed them, most deservedly so it seemed in retrospect; had given them "blacks" galore . . . and worse. Clearly time is a wonderful healer. As small boys they had made a ghastly noise in the Setroom and elsewhere, but it was nothing compared with the din they were making now. Time was when it would have been easy to quell the riot. Now it was quite impossible.

I could write pages about this party and am only too sorry that space forbids the mention of each one in turn. There were bundles of letters and telegrams and messages of regret at not being able to attend, but all this savoured too much of a wedding. It was grand to see Mr. Henderson again among his boys, and often I deciphered the one-time familiar word, Buggins, being passed from lip to lip. Suddenly it seemed as if the world had stood still. The dimension of time ceased to exist, and I felt heartened and elated in a way that this present age seldom allows one to feel nowadays. Those who were present made a mighty resolve that good things once started should not be allowed to drop. After some very inadequate thanks to our host (in bed upstairs) and to our hostess (alive and in our midst) a little business was conducted under somewhat unorthodox conditions. Six stalwarts had volunteered to act as a committee for future action. Although they remained anonymous, they were proposed and seconded in one breath and elected unanimously with astonishing despatch. One could have passed any measure at that stage of the evening, short of the adoption of a Communist government, and it was universally declared, though there is no minute extant to the effect, that Mrs. Ward should be made an honorary Old Boy.

A special word of praise to Graham Turner. The whole idea was originally "hatched" in his fertile, ovoid brain, and it was he who did most of the donkey work. There were moments when he may well have wondered what I had let him in for, but when in doubt send for the Royal Marines. If any of you are thinking of organising a party of your own, I can strongly recommend the services of the "Egg." Not least of the remarkable phenomena of the evening was the achievement of Harry Browell, who hopped about in stockinged feet with a mysterious camera, developed the film over his supper and printed the results at 7 a.m. next morning in his pyjamas, while I was still blissfully unconscious. Such is the measure of true loyalty.

P. K-S.

Committee of the Old Boys' Society: E. G. Turner, C. M. Pirie-Gordon, A. M. Jaffé, J. D. Strachan, C. I. A. Matheson, C. D. A. Cohen, R. N. Chignell.

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## PARENTS' PUDDING

### PARENTS AND MASTERS

I think that I can assume that all St. Peter's parents have, by now, acquired a sound working knowledge of the new philosophies of "Gamesmanship" and "Lifemanship" propounded by that great master, S. Potter. I wonder, however, whether any, and if so which, parent has been struck, as I have been, by the curious omission from the hitherto unpublished works of any reference to two of the most important fields of Lifemanship—I refer to Mastership and Counter-Mastership. I suggest, boldly, that there are few spheres in which the application of Lifemanship principles requires greater dexterity, or brings greater rewards, than the complex and difficult relationship between the Parent and the Master. In the absence of any authoritative circular or other publication from Station Road, Yeovil, we parents must do what we can to help each other. It is in this spirit that these lines are written.

MASTERSHIP—is important for parents in so far as, and only in so far as, it involves or connotes

COUNTER-MASTERSHIP\*—and on this important gambit I have been asked—need I say by which St. Peter's parent—to contribute a few notes.

*A Warning.* Remember that every Master is, essentially, a Lifeman; and remember, too, that every Master is, always, in play as such. In an un-circulated Circular to Parents, P. Cracks-Wood has laid it down, with characteristic obscurity, that the degree of efficiency of any Master at any given time† will, in the Northern Hemisphere, be found to be in direct ratio to the degree of playfulness (*spielsamkeit*) manifested by that Master at that time in the circumstances then obtaining and in so far as the same are then ineluctable.

*The Aim—and the Object.* The important thing is to establish the *one-ness* in relation to the School as a whole, and to every other boy in particular, of your own off-spring; to prevent at all costs the submersion, as it were, of the individual in the mass; to grapple with and to master the deadly School-Master-Boy syndrome. Therefore, do everything you can—and nothing you cannot—to avoid identifying yourself with the Mass Idea. As A. Tomm has it, get the teleological technological, as opposed to the historical hysterical, approach.

\* In these Notes, Mastership includes Headmastership, unless the contrary, expressly or impliedly, is implied or expressed. But s. 1 (1) (a) of the Interpretation Act, 1889 (which provides that the masculine includes the feminine) should not be applied to the interpretation of these Notes. Very—repeat VERY—different considerations apply to the treatment of Mistresses.

† It is thought that the times 10.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m. and 6 p.m. to 10.30 p.m. at the Seven Sisters Hotel are excluded in the computation of time for the purposes of this thesis.

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*Some Simple Rules.* There are some obvious pitfalls. It is fatal to turn up at half-term, wearing the tie of your Old School, or of a well-known University Club. It will simply enable even a quite lowly-graded Master—I mean lowly-graded Mastership—to recognise you as a parent who is imbued with the team-spirit<sup>1</sup>, and therefore willing to sacrifice little Johnnie's individuality for the *good of the school*. On the other hand, it is a good ploy, on an occasion when all the other male parents visiting the school are dressed in well-cut flannel or worsted suits, to wear a rusty jacket and vest, with drain-pipe trousers and a light panama; or, alternatively, a suit of baggy grey plus-fours and a black Anthony Eden. This is regarded as fair, even though it may take your boy the remainder of the term to live it down.

At all costs avoid in conversation with Masters, the dismal, reminiscent, heartiness which associates the layman so inexorably with the "Old School" concept. For instance, while watching a recent Fathers' match, R. Wingate—who had just scored 12 with two incredibly lucky swipes over mid-on—was heard comparing the easy time enjoyed by his boy at St. Peter's with the "belaying pin soup"<sup>2</sup> methods which had to be employed at his old school to get any work out of him. He well deserved the faint smirk of contempt with which these blitherings were greeted by a Master who was compelled, as a matter of duty, to listen to them.

Clearly, Counter-Mastership must be based on ordinary Lifemanship rules. Where the layman, with his clumsy heartiness, or, as the case may be, his timid deference, will inevitably and at once go one down to the Master, your Lifeman will maintain his position by insinuating his deep awareness of the heavy responsibility resting on the shoulders of any Master who, for the time being, controls the destiny of this embryonic Leader—this Dan Dare of the future—your son.<sup>3</sup> Ask the Mathematics Master how he is getting on with the ticklish task of restraining, but not frustrating, Tommy's phenomenal precocity with algebraic formulae. Show concern lest David's natural, inherited genius with the long-pass from the base of the scrum is being misdirected in the bovine hands of the Rugger Master. Shift, as it were, the onus. The rest should be easy.

(Signed) A PARENT\*\*

<sup>1</sup> See "Team-Spirit: Some Effective Counters." This important work by I. McCad is not yet to hand. It is to be published by the Saxepece Press, Edinburgh, early in the New Year.

<sup>2</sup> "Toughmanship" is, of course, a hopeless ploy, and is simply asking for trouble; avoid it as you would avoid the front at Seaford.

<sup>3</sup> F. Christmas points out a difficulty here. It is twenty to one that the Master will not have the faintest idea which boy you are talking about. Do not hesitate to introduce yourself to Masters by the American (and therefore un-English) method—this will help you to gain the initiative.

\*\* Not really.

## STAFF STEW

### COMMON ROOM CAPERS

When the School play was almost ready for public presentation last term, it was decided that a prologue was necessary to set the scene, and an epilogue to give an air of finality. Mr. Baillieu set to work at very short notice and composed the lines spoken by Hamlyn Whitty on both occasions. The epilogue which appears below is intended as a sincere tribute to a clever pen. It shows you what might have happened if the task had been in less sensitive hands.

Behold, you bovine mums and dads, our play  
Contrived by Shakespeare on a rainy day,  
Who, by his genius and a pint of mead  
Gave us this giant masterpiece to read.  
Great Caesar, who by bloody, blameful blade  
is struck six times "a tergo," and is laid  
upon the floor at Pompey's marble feet, is  
mourned by Lawrence Banks, the paraclete  
or earthy advocate of Caesar's love  
for all, and Banks, this dove with olive twig  
doth foam and froth, and in his Roman rig,  
so stirs the hearts of Knights and Blackburne-Maze  
and other trusty "Romans" that they raise  
their piping squeaky voices in a shout  
for justice—then they carry Caesar out.  
But wait, for baffled Brutus is at hand,  
His spirits low, his shinpads full of sand—  
and when the hungry Cassius comes to tea  
MacInnes is as brutish as can be,  
and Potter, much in need of Yorkshire pudd,  
comes near to putting paid to Mac. for good.  
Then comes young Lucius Marsden with his lyre  
and though the tune is still-born in its wire,  
he sings a mournful air, and does it fine  
until Great Caesar's ghost comes on the line—  
a personal, long distance call from hell,  
with special light effects by Mr. Bell.  
So let the players now produce their fun.  
In short—Will Shakespeare's "Caesar get your gun!"

M.H.F.

## RENAISSANCE

Every anxious mother knows the decisive way in which a father will glorify and embellish the brutality of his old school, if sufficiently put upon his mettle by a small son complaining of an unfair imposition—a mere five hundred lines of Virgil. In the far off days of long ago conditions were always tougher, headmasters always more despotic, food seldom edible, and last but not least, the schoolboy always far more intelligent. The daring deeds of Smith minor of today will for ever pale before the fearless roistering of Carruthers major of yesterday, or even, to be quite safe, of the day before yesterday.

Let me make one claim however for the schoolboy of today, the veracity of which I can vouch for from personal experience, and before which the heights reached by all legendary and even authentic figures of the past will seem like a line of sand dunes. It was my unhappy duty in recent weeks to correct a number of history papers written during the Common Entrance trials. After a short perusal of the papers as a whole I began to eye my textbooks, and after a closer scrutiny I was feverishly scanning Trevelyan for confirmation of what I had always believed to be true. Not long afterwards I was cross-checking in Warner and Marten and backing that up with Arthur Bryant. Before my very eyes, British history was not only being re-edited, it was being entirely rewritten.

In the blush of youth, and indeed ever since, I used to imagine that a certain Queen Boadicea ravaged London and Colchester under Roman noses during the year A.D. 61. But I stand corrected. It would seem that her name was really Bodica, and that my grandfather must surely have caught the rumble of her chariot wheels as she plied her way down the Strand in the middle of the 19th century, on her way, perhaps, to seek fresh laurels in the Austro-Prussian War. I don't suppose that any save the widely read will know that King Alfred was 195 years old when he died, having reigned backwards from 597 to 402. William I, with positively indecent haste, seems to have clambered on to the English throne at the very moment that his successor was being laid to rest, although there was an alternative and more harmonious version of this episode that testified that the Conqueror and his red-headed son came hand in hand to their coronation in the same year. The Danes, to their undying shame, produced a king called Cuthbert who, on arrival, was instantly defeated by centenarian Alfred. It is understandable that our friends across the sea have always tried to keep the records of this inglorious encounter a dark secret. But the truth will out. And so the revelations continued. I was introduced to A. Hypocaust, a Roman historian, and a revised version of the Magna Carta signed in 1658. The Iron Duke is pictured as scampering off the field of Blenheim in a complete panic, only to reappear as a wise and more experienced general in the Crimea. Age apparently did not weary him, nor surprisingly, does the modern generation condemn.

This evidence should be sufficient to convince readers that the schoolboy of today is by no means content to give his predecessors best in the carving

of a niche for himself in the halls of questionable fame. Surely these historical theories will be game, set and match at any gathering where "I remember when . . ." is played. But what of the schoolboy of tomorrow? It is obvious that we must look to the future and train for it. The torch must be held high and handed on. In the co-ordinated textbooks of the nationalised education of—shall we say—1980, Duke William may well report on his successful invasion of our Islands as follows:

"So I decide to give this guy Harold the works, and open proceedings by doing a swift beat-up of a dump called Pevensey. This kind of catches Harold with his pants down, as some Norwegian wideboys have been gumshoeing around in the North; and having given the pay-off to their little racket, Harold has to take a run-out powder on that part of the world and come down south to see what all the fuss is about. We meet up at a place near Hastings and after we have all shaken hands and said how d'ye do I give him the berries, or as my old granny used to say, I put his light out for good."

M.H.F.

## SCHOOL NOTES

The following boys entered the School during 1950 :

- Easter* : B. D. Compton, A. M. A. Previtè.  
*Summer* : S. L. Butler, P. G. L. Coulson, Lord Courtenay, N. C. Farebrother, G. B. Norrie, C. D. Thomas, W. D. S. Wells.  
*Autumn* : M. J. Courage, P. R. Courage, J. H. Denison-Pender, M. R. Denison-Pender, S. H. Fortescue, T. Jones, C. D. Stancomb, B. Stirling-Hamilton, S. P. Walker.

### SCHOOL CAPTAINS

	<i>Easter</i>	<i>Summer</i>	<i>Autumn</i>
School ..	N. J. Murray-Smith	J. G. R. Williams	D. C. Marsden
Games ..	C. J. C. Jarman	D. W. H. McCowen	R. H. Whitty
Reds ..	N. J. Murray-Smith	I. M. A. Stewart	R. E. B. Johnson
Whites ..	J. G. R. Williams	J. G. R. Williams	D. C. Marsden
Blues ..	D. W. H. McCowen	D. W. H. McCowen	E. J. Rich
Shooting ..	I. M. A. Stewart	A. D. Abbot-Anderson	R. E. B. Johnson



The background to our life in February was, of course, election fever. Mr. Norbury bought himself a scarlet three-wheeler and in answer to this Mr. Baillieu volunteered to speak at public meetings in support of our Conservative Candidate. Compared to his Australian experiences he must have found our local Sussex audiences almost too docile. He departed one evening with Messrs. Bell and Norbury as bodyguards and with the light of battle in his eye, only to find himself addressing a small audience of near-centenarians who agreed with every word he said—Mutinous Marinos or Sydney Stevedores are, no doubt, easier to work on.

The day on which the results were announced converted St. Peter's into a replica of the Stock Exchange during a boom. It was quite impossible to continue with school work after lunch, and the Setroom blackboard became a scoreboard instead. Tellers ran to and from the countless wireless sets which had been pressed into service, and as the results poured in the excitement

grew. Cheers and boos told the story of gains or losses and individual reputations hung in the balance.

"Where is Smith?"

"He's sulking in the changing-room, sir."

"Why?"

"Because he's going to Eton."

"That's nothing to sulk about."

"It jolly well is. Eton and Slough have elected a beastly Socialist."

A party of leaving boys were taken over by the Headmaster and B.L.T. in two cars to Lewes, for the declaration of the poll. After an historic lunch in the town they were at the County Hall for the official announcement and all shook hands with Major Tufton Beamish. It seemed that St. Peter's was the only Seaford school to be represented. None of us will forget such a memorable day for a long time.

The Vicar agreed to give us a series of weekly addresses during Lent, and these are now a regular and much appreciated feature of the Easter Term.

Donald Campbell came back to his old school to tell us about his attack on the world water speed record at Lake Coniston and showed us the film which his father had shown a previous generation of Peterites, telling the story of the famous Blue Bird car. Donald brought the family history up to date with some excellent slides and a film of his own efforts on the water.

Mr. Henderson departed from his usual custom of visiting us during the summer and came for a week-end towards the end of March.

The summer term began with a visit from Michael Brislee, who brought his submarine to Newhaven and threw open the hatches to St. Peter's on Sunday, May 7th. A party of boys went over after church and had a thrilling tour of inspection, and the Headmaster and B.L.T. went aboard in the afternoon for what they thought would be a gentle surface cruise to the Esplanade Hotel and back. Instead they found themselves party to a large scale naval exercise, and lay submerged for two hours in mid-Channel while the latest motor anti-submarine boats whined overhead dropping hand grenades with pin-point accuracy. Back at St. Peter's the ship of state wallowed "rudderless" in a sea of speculation, but at last we proceeded with Evensong where we sung with more than usual feeling on behalf of "our brethren 'neath the restless wave."

Firle Beacon was again visited but for the first time on record the Headmaster was prevented from going. The Swiss twist to his leg was still making itself felt, so he went with a party of Juniors to Cuckmere and cut down the walk for them in both directions by running a shuttle service in the Chrysler.

June 1st saw the beginning of a four-day heat-wave and we had our first sea bathe on the 4th.

A party went over to the County Ground at Hove to see the West Indians manufacturing runs. Such an event is always followed by an increase in the number of boys who bowl imaginary balls and hit imaginary off drives while walking from the Setroom to the washroom and vice versa. The imitation of good players is an important process in learning the game, but the Staff have to mind their noses when arms are coming over high in the hall.

The Holmwoods match is reported elsewhere, and the detailed scores are given, but let us pay tribute once again to the generosity of our visitors. This time the score cards had an excellent cricket quiz on the back, and Hamlyn Whitty and Wynne won the senior and junior prize respectively. They each received a new cricket ball.

On July 5th a large party went on an expedition to the Farnborough Air Display, and returned in the gloaming with many exciting memories and a nasty crick in the neck. To hear the graphic accounts of jet fighters showing their paces brought back memories of visiting a Fighter Squadron Mess in 1940.

On Wednesday, July 12th, a Conservative Fete was held in the School grounds as a result of which £500 was handed over to the party's fighting fund. Mr. Denis Compton very kindly came down to open it for us and there were 26 sideshows organised by St. Peter's and neighbouring schools. Mrs. Knox-Shaw welcomed Major Tufton Beamish, the member for the Lewes Division, and read a telegram from Lord Woolton. The weather was kind to us and business was so brisk that it was not until 8 p.m. that sideshow attendants were reluctantly obliged to close down. Our grateful thanks are due to the army of helpers whose efforts enabled the School grounds to return to normal by the afternoon of the following day.

We were delighted to welcome a number of visitors from South Australia during the term, and to forge new links between ourselves and St. Peter's, Adelaide. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hawker were followed by Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barr Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Irwin, who spent the week-end in Seaford and came to our Chapel Service on the Sunday evening. It gives us very real pleasure to entertain our friends from overseas and we can only hope that they take away memories of their visit as happy as those they leave behind with us.

During the year we have had to say good-bye to Captain Woodward, and shall miss his cheerful personality and bone-cracking handshake. We wish him, Mrs. Woodward, and their young son, the best of luck for the future.

Mr. Tom Baldwin has joined the Staff to look after the P.T. and Carpentry, and it is already difficult to think of the place without him.

Mrs. Summers again gave the whole School a most glorious strawberry tea for which we thank her very much indeed. One of the most important presentations ever made to the School was the gift of six wrought-iron chandeliers from Dr. and Mrs. Jarman. They completely transform the dining-room and make a very large contribution towards the beauty of our surroundings. Future generations of St. Peter's boys will, I hope, never fail to appreciate the generosity of this gift. We spend a great deal of our time in the dining-room.

After the Common Room tea party for leaving boys we amused ourselves by filling up balloons with hydrogen and attaching them to an old pair of Mr. Norbury's pyjama trousers. When they were ready to become airborne the School was assembled on the tennis courts and a label was attached giving details of origin and requesting acknowledgement of receipt. The intrepid "aeronaut" took off amid scenes of great enthusiasm and was driven hard and horribly low by the gale in the direction of Eastbourne. On July 27th the following letter was received by the Headmaster from the Mayor of Outreau, Pas-de-Calais:—"Monsieur. Cette etiquette a été retrouvée à Outreau, à 2 Kms du Sud de Boulogne-s-mer, Pas-de-Calais. Elle était attachée à un pantalon de pyjama qui était accroché à un pylone métallique de 15 m de haut, et supportant une ligne électrique de 5,000 volts. C'est un père de famille de six enfants qui a été le chercher. Merci pour le pantalon de pyjama et je vous souhaite bonne chance." We instantly posted the top half of the pantalon to the courageous papa and have been hoping to see a procession of little bottles of cognac come bobbing over Seaford Head in our direction. If this does occur, the Major is ready with a mobile patrol to shoot them down on St. Peter's territory.

P. K-S. celebrated his 50th P.P. as Headmaster, and has attended nearly 100 in all since he first joined the Staff. Those Old Boys who are hoping to be present when the centenary is reached had better look to their calculations. The total is somewhere in the nineties!

We celebrated Guy Fawkes Day on Saturday, November 4th, and thanks to the generosity of many parents and boys our fireworks made a brave show. B.L.T. combed the South of England by car and telephone and his last minute acquisition of a box of Hong Kong hand grenades gave the Staff some anxious moments. Clarkie's version of Stalin would have done credit to Tussaud's and before being hoisted over the fire "he" was brought in procession from the Changing Room. Each boy had a "sparkler," and the school wound like an illuminated snake past the Major's astonished live-stock to the field beyond.

Miss Vincent came to give us a lecture on Malaya which was far superior to the average travel talk one hears. She illustrated her remarks with slides and showed a most impressive knowledge of her subject—especially at question time.

A word of thanks to B.L.T. for presenting to the School such a magnificent new ping-pong table. It has raised us from mere ping-pong to the level of table tennis, and looked well under the arc lights at the end of term when Coltman beat Hamlyn Whitty in the final of the competition.

The new School billiards champion is Murray-Smith who defeated Wynne in the final.

A party went off on the traditional visit to Twickenham for the Varsity Match where they saw a goodish game played under appalling conditions.

Congratulations to :

The Headmaster, for being the first speaker on behalf of the I.A.P.S. (Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools) to be given the task of addressing the Undergraduates at both Oxford and Cambridge.

B.L.T. on his recent election to the I.A.P.S. Council and Joint Standing Committee to the Common Entrance Board.

Mr. Baillieu on the birth of a son—James.

Memories of November 4th were revived on the evening of December 10th, when B.L.T. started his own private bonfire in his study. When the smoke reached the dormitories it was instantly reported by Marsden, and the source of the trouble was speedily brought under control. We didn't even have an excuse for using a Minimax.

The scheme for decorating the dining-room with shields bearing the coats-of-arms of public schools is going ahead well. Leaving boys have already supplied us with Eton, Winchester, Charterhouse, Wellington, Haileybury, Rugby and Radley. We are very grateful for these attractive gifts.

The Carol Service brought a large number of our friends to the Chapel which was beautifully decorated. The service opened with a Christmas fanfare, and Mrs. Lucas (Sylvia Lockwood) supported the choir with some perfect playing on her cornet. We revived the Coventry carol and the choir sang *In Dulci Jubilo* in three parts. The readers were Marsden, Hamlyn Whitty, Coltman, Howorth, Gillies and Colin MacInnes.

Here's an item for your history notebooks from the pen of an anonymous professor. "Torres Vedras was a French leader and all the French starved in front of him." No doubt he was the gentleman who once offended Napoleon by saying "Take yer Elba out of the Soult."

We sent a cable of Christmas greeting to St. Peter's College, Adelaide, and end these notes on 1950 by wishing all our readers every happiness in the New Year.

#### CALENDAR, 1951

*Spring Term* : Tuesday, January 23rd to Tuesday, April 3rd.

*Summer Term* : Tuesday, May 8th to Tuesday, July 31st.

*Autumn Term* : Tuesday, September 18th to Tuesday, December 18th.