

THE
SCHOOL
MAGAZINE



ST. PETER'S
SEAFORD
SUSSEX

No. 88

1951

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The School Magazine

No. 88

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PECCA VI

When I am interviewing prospective parents, as they are commonly called—an illogical term, because presumably they have started a family by the time they have reached a headmaster's study, but let it pass—I am asked from time to time what is my attitude to punishment and what system is in practice at St. Peter's. This is an extremely tortuous question to answer, and any instinctive hesitation I may show is an indication that there is no cut and dried reply. Quite honestly I do not know of any final system of punishment, and the longer I spend at my present job, the more do I become aware that systems are dangerous things, if one pins one's faith exclusively on them. There is no ultimate or rational solution to the problem of how to instil discipline or leadership or submission to the unwritten laws of society. We have just got to feel our way about it tentatively rather than argue or lay down the law decisively, for different personalities very often demand a different approach, which is after all what every teacher finds, in whatever subject he is trying to put across, provided that the unit he is dealing with is small enough to allow him the opportunity of studying and encouraging the individual; and I believe the same approach holds good in respect of punishment as it does in teaching. Mass instruction or mass discipline may perforce have to be systematised, but a school of this nature is not like a factory where the component parts are despatched on a conveyor-belt and assembled in accordance with routine, nor does our little community aim at being a miniature Nazi state. That is why independent education costs a mint of valuable money, and, surprisingly enough, people still think it is a profitable capital investment.

I have noticed in recent years a gradual change of attitude on the part of parents towards punishment in general, and particularly towards the thorny subject of corporal punishment. In the 1930's, when I was asked if I believed in the efficacy of the stick, I replied in the affirmative, as delicately and as tactfully as possible, but not infrequently a strained and awkward silence ensued, implying obvious disapproval of such obsolete and barbarous methods. Then the war intervened with a realisation of greater horrors, and after the war the long battle of social difficulties; and now the same question still receives the same laconic reply, but I have a feeling that there is a definite sense of relief, greater than what is easily expressed in such brief interchanges of thought and experience. Thank goodness, the questioner says to himself, the man is not one of those new fangled moderns or a performing cyclist. Now we can get down to business together. I don't pretend to understand the reason for this apparent swing of the pendulum, except that it is in the nature of the pendulum to return by its own momentum, but perhaps this is a more realistic decade than the one we passed through before the war. At any rate, we have learnt politically that appeasement

doesn't work, and we have seen, during the past years, and still do see distressingly obvious signs of a decline in national discipline. It may be that people in general are beginning to realise that some of our present troubles are due to a policy of soft options, which was at one time so popular, and that there is no merit in avoiding the hard way, simply because it was the old way. I have never been able to fathom the desire to reverse everything that has been handed down from a previous generation, without pausing to consider the effect, whether it be in the realms of art or music, the law courts or the headmaster's study. By all means let us modify and, if possible, improve our inheritance, but a flat refusal to see any good in tradition is pig-headed rebellion.

It is the theorists who rush into print at the slightest provocation, whereas those who have the difficult task of administering justice either to the community at large or to the smaller units of schools prefer, for the most part, to remain silent until they are goaded into exasperation by the assumed omniscience of the critics. Most of us who were educated twenty to forty years ago, or even more, learnt to tread the right path in the hard way, and I cannot believe we are any the worse for it. In some respects it was unnecessarily hard. Too little thought was given to the possibility of appealing to the various facets of a boy's nature, thereby releasing the current of influence which one personality can exert on another. In the main there was only one answer to a misdemeanour, and that was contained in those two simple, but ominous words, "Bend over." The question is, are we now any the worse for this brusque treatment? I have a fairly wide circle of friends, many of whom are schoolmasters and therefore in all probability had schoolboys originally, but I am not aware that any of them are mal-adjusted (the professional word, I believe) as a result of previous correction. The psycho-analysts may like to think so, but they have got to make their living same as any other man, and I reckon that many of their patients come to them because they have not been punished for their early peccadilloes rather than as a result of over-punishment.

In the course of quite a long sojourn here I have had the privilege (more than privilege, it is one of a schoolmaster's greatest rewards) of welcoming hundreds of old boys back to the scene of their first school. Sometimes they return alone, sometimes with their fiancés or their wives, or, more proudly still, with their sons. Some are rich, some are poor. Their ways of life are amazingly diverse, but one thing they have in common—they all seem to want to show off to their kith and kin 'the place where father suffered, when he was a boy; the room where he expiated his misdeeds; the pattern of the carpet with which his eyes became involuntarily familiar!' This may be a strange or a shameful or a pathetic trait in our character, according to your point of view, but it is none the less true. There is no sense of shock, no thirst for recrimination, no flashback of burning injustice; if anything, there is a quiet curl of the mouth and a good-humoured comment on the justice of things and the scruffiness of schoolboys in general, and of this one in particular. It is like a soldier returning to the battlefield; he may not have enjoyed the feverish moments of action, but return he must, for there is something in that place which he endured, and he knows with

pride that he is the better man for having endured it. This habit of ours of wanting to return to the scene of our periodical discomfiture strikes me as being peculiarly British and therefore of inestimable worth.

To my way of thinking, the stick must remain. Too great reliance should not be placed on it, but it must be there in the background and, at times, in reasonable use. It is not the universal solution that our grandfathers sometimes believed, and there are other means which ought to be tried first, but these other means often fail, because human beings vary to a surprising degree. Some boys react to appeal, some to warning, some to a sense of fair play, a few to rational argument. Some react only temporarily, for memories are short; others react to nothing at all, for their self is their creed. But all the time the possibility of corporal punishment should be there, and as a race we are weakening if we refuse to recognise the fact. What this present age lacks more than anything is a sense of awe and respect, particularly as regards law and order. The value of punishment as a deterrent must never be overlooked. It is natural, and what is natural is right. It is not in punishment, but in the manner in which punishment is sometimes administered that offence is incurred. If it is done in a spirit of vindictiveness or sadistic satisfaction, then it were better that a millstone were hung about the perpetrator's neck, but those who choose to return to the scene of execution do so because they know, even if they do not pause to reason it out, that the stick which was lifted against them was not raised in the heat of revenge, but in good-humoured fairness and with a paternal concern for their future welfare.

P.K.-S.



It really was disappointing that German measles reared its ridiculous head—or rather revealed its miserable spots—just as the first matches were due to be played. There we were with a team which showed plenty of promise, which had practised hard and were more ready to try themselves out than many XIs of previous years. The captain, R. H. Whitty, was beginning to know his job too; it's always a difficult one captaining a cricket XI successfully, and far more difficult to my mind than running a rugger or a soccer side. The vice-captain, D. C. Marsden, was backing him up

splendidly, and the remainder, from which the eventual team would be picked, were showing plenty of confidence in themselves and a readiness to learn and, better still, to practise what had been preached.

Last year I made a remark about boys being inclined 'to destroy in five minutes what had taken a solid hour to build up' by not bothering very much when in nets on their own to try to carry out their coaches' instructions. This year we issued an edict at the outset—'no nets without a coach,' and I must say it payed handsome dividends. The batting improved steadily, the bowlers began to develop good actions much earlier in the season, and the net wickets suffered far less damage than had usually been the case. I really believe I am not exaggerating when I say that when the season drew to an end, there wasn't a boy in the 1st XI who didn't look like a cricketer, even though great success had not necessarily attended all his efforts. Even the tail-enders could produce a lovely off-drive and hammer the ball to the boundary on the leg. The bowlers looked like bowlers and the fielders had that alert appearance which makes batsmen think twice before running down the pitch.

Three matches we had against schools which feared not the 'Plague' and they revealed that the only thing wanted now was match practice to gain match temperament. We could invent matches to keep us on our toes. We did. Army v. Navy, Oxford v. Cambridge, North v. South, etc.; but we knew all about ourselves, and these matches, while good for morale and played in the right spirit, are no tests of real ability (100 per cent. in a Prep. is a very different thing from 100 per cent. in the Common Entrance Exam.).

The Set Matches, put in at intervals during the season, gave pleasure to the spectators and added excitement to the life of the players, particularly when Whites 2nd XI only scrambled home by 4 runs against Reds 2nd XI, or when Hamlyn Whitty (70) and David Marsden (73) made an opening stand of 148 for Whites 1st XI against Reds 1st XI. (Is this a record for Set Matches, I wonder?) Incidentally, if these two boys don't play for their Public Schools XIs presently I will eat my cricket-cap, or rather what's left of it by the moth! Deservedly they carried off the cricket cup between them at Prize Giving. Colin MacInnes and Gordon Murray-Smith were the most successful bowlers taken all round, and for some extraordinary reason the former headed the batting averages as well as the bowling (sorry, Colin, perhaps I am thinking of style rather than of your honest-to-goodness punching of the ball, which is always a joy to see from any cricketer).

Five colours were won, but of all of these only one, J. P. B. Tisdall, will be left to fight again in 1952. A season short of matches demands but a short comment, and this year I shall end it by giving thanks from us all to Mace, whose cricket squares are the envy of all who see them and the joy of everybody who has the luck to use them.

B.L.T.



1ST XI

Played 4; won 0; drawn 2; lost 2.

- v. THE STAFF. Lost by 3 wickets.
ST. PETER'S: 80 for 7 declared (Murray-Smith 18, Marsden 13, H. Whitty 13).
STAFF VIII: 81 for 5 (C. D. MacInnes 3 for 4).
 - v. ST. ANDREWS (home). Lost by 4 wickets.
ST. PETER'S: 71 (Murray-Smith 18, K. Whitty 13, Howorth 10).
ST. ANDREW'S: 73 for 6 (K. Whitty 2 for 26).
 - v. CHESTERTON (home). Match drawn.
ST. PETER'S: 71 (Coltman 17, McCowen 14).
CHESTERTON: 70 for 7 (Parsons 3 for 4, Murray-Smith 2 for 10).
 - v. CHESTERTON (away). Match drawn.
ST. PETER'S: 104 for 8 declared (Marsden 38, Parsons 18, Gillies 11).
CHESTERTON: 53 for 3 (H. Whitty 2 for 6).
- Final 1st XI:* R. H. Whitty (Captain),* D. C. Marsden (Vice-Captain),* G. W. Murray-Smith,* J. P. B. Tisdall,* C. D. MacInnes,* A. L. S. Coltman, P. G. Parsons, A. J. R. Howorth, K. T. Whitty, M. O. McCowen, C. J. Gillies.

2ND XI

Played 3; won 3; drawn 0; lost 0.

- v. ST. ANDREW'S (home). Won by 5 runs.
ST. PETER'S: 54.
ST. ANDREW'S: 49 (M. J. Knight 3 for 3, Murray 2 for 5, Granville 2 for 14).
 - v. CHESTERTON (away). Won by 111 runs.
ST. PETER'S: 141 for 6 (Granville 71, Wynne 12, Summers 10, Murray 10).
CHESTERTON: 30 (Neve 4 for 5, Murray 2 for 3, J. Kent 2 for 7).
 - v. CHESTERTON (home). Won by 10 wickets.
CHESTERTON: 28 (M. Knight 4 for 3, Lloyd 4 for 3).
ST. PETER'S: 83 for 6 (Swan 46 not out, Wynne 19).
- Final 2nd XI:* F. J. Rich (Captain), D. L. Knights, T. Wynne, R. D. Granville, T. H. D. Neve, J. F. Kent, S. M. Mills, M. D. Murray, M. J. Knight, D. G. Swan, R. M. Lloyd.
- Final 3rd XI:* R. E. B. Johnson (Captain), P. G. C. Summers, P. M. Blackburne-Maze, U. G. Bourke, J. W. E. Blandy, P. MacInnes, W. L. Banks, B. D. Compton, T. G. Orr, G. E. Welton, A. J. Herbert.
- Final 4th XI:* P. W. Lipscomb (Captain), C. J. B. Whitehead, R. W. Kent, D. R. Fison, T. J. W. Tindal-Robertson, J. B. Lowther, P. M. H. R. Chisholm, D. J. Delius, S. A. Martyn, S. R. Lowman, T. D. Brocklebank.

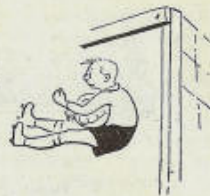
UNDER 10 v. ST. ANDREW'S (played at home). Lost by 47 runs.
ST. ANDREW'S: 64 (Compton 7 for 15, Royle 2 for 15).
ST. PETER'S: 17.

Team: B. D. Compton (Captain), C. D. Thomas, M. J. F. Royle, A. M. A. Previte, C. D. Stancomb, S. L. Butler, J. H. and M. R. Denison-Pender, S. P. Walker, C. F. Powell-Brett, J. M. Franklin.

*Colours



Soccer.



This term has been something of a disappointment, for of 11 matches played we won 3, drew 2 and lost 6. We suffered mainly from an inability to score goals, and the blame for this must be laid chiefly at the forwards' feet, for although the half-line chopped and changed a good deal, there was no lack of 'feeding' from this quarter. In general, the line was handicapped by lack of weight and thrust, and although Tisdall at inside right worked like a beaver, there was never the understanding and anticipation between the insides and the centre-forward, or the ability to do the unexpected that is the hallmark of a good line. In addition, the two wings lacked dash and control, though it must be said that Lipscomb's kicking and centering were effective, provided he was allowed plenty of time for his manoeuvres.

The half-line, and indeed the whole team, really revolved round Parsons at centre half. He was a tower of strength throughout the season and never had a bad match. His ball control, kicking and heading were in a class by themselves. Always up with the attack, he yet contrived, time and again, to get back in defence and retrieve desperate situations. To him the Soccer Cup was unanimously awarded.

The two wing-half positions were the subject of various experiments, but the places were finally filled by Blandy, who moved up from left back to left half, and by D. Fison, who appeared one day from the second game, and after one trial match firmly established himself as the team's right half. A natural footballer, he should be really good next year.

Of the rest of the defence, the two backs rarely inspired full confidence. MacInnes, though a fearless tackler with a sound positional sense, was prone to misjudge both man and ball, while Blackburn-Maze, though a good kick and quick to recover when beaten, was a somewhat timid tackler. Both suffered from some heart-stopping spasms of miskicking, particularly with a greasy ball, and had a tendency to lie too far back when pressed, thus unsighting the goal-keeper. McCowen, in goal, deserves praise for his coolness and judgment under the heaviest bombardment. He was never happier than when diving for the ball at the forwards' feet, and his only fault was an inability to reach his wings when punting clear. All told, he conceded 22 goals in 12 matches, whilst the forwards scored 15 between them, chief scorers being Tisdall 4, Murray 4, Murray-Smith 3.

The 2nd XI have an impressive record of wins as the statistics show, but the fact remains that they were not a good side and won most of their

matches by sheer size and weight. The forward line mustered some 33 stone between them, and the defence, aided by Neve, who made up in destructive play what he lacked in weight, were not far behind.

In the Set Matches Blues proved easy winners, as indeed was only to be expected with six of the 1st XI in their team. Reds were swamped by them, and though Whites put up a brave show until half-time, when the score was 0-0, they cracked in the second half, and Blues playing more and convincingly, piled on four goals to win match and cup.

The Under-10 v. Newlands provided one of the best matches of the season, for although we were beaten 3-0, there was a do-or-die atmosphere about the whole thing which was vastly encouraging to referee and spectators alike. It is perhaps unfair to single out individuals for praise in a team which tried so hard, but undoubtedly Powell-Brett (the captain), Stancomb, Compton, Franklin, S. R. Butler, P. Courage, Churchill and Stabb all have plenty of football in them. Let us hope their promise will be maintained next year in a higher game.

Prospects for next season are problematical. Boys are unpredictable, and it is impossible to forecast their form a year ahead. But I do wish that boys who have any hopes of becoming footballers would seize every chance they may have of going to see the professionals play or better still, top-class amateurs. Many boys watch cricket and rugby in the holidays, and accordingly have some idea of just how well those games can be played, and can set themselves a standard to aim at. Few watch soccer. Eight boys, five of whom had never seen good soccer before, had the opportunity, thanks to the generosity of the H.M. and B.L.T., who provided transport, of seeing Pegasus play at Eastbourne one Saturday. They came away with a new appreciation of the game; a realisation of what could be done with a football; a new standard, in fact, to aim at. But until more boys have the ambition to become better footballers and are prepared to spend more time practising the basic skills of kicking (with either foot), trapping, heading, dribbling and all the other little individual details which go to make up a footballer, we shall continue to produce indifferent teams.

J.C.N.

1ST XI

Team: McCowen*; C. D. MacInnes (capt.)*, Blackburne-Maze; D. R. Fison, Parsons,* Blandy; Lipscomb*, Tisdall*, Murray-Smith*, Murray, Whitehead. Also played: Summers, Swan, Banks, Neve, Tindal-Robertson.

*Denotes Colours.

2ND XI

Team: Banks; P. M. H. R. Chisholm, Orr; Neve, Swan, Bourke; Tindal-Robertson, Summers, Knights, Mills (capt.), Whitty.

3RD XI

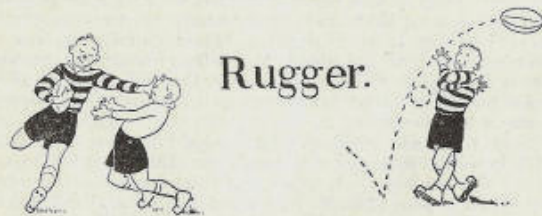
Team: Lloyd; Welton, Harper; Kent, Lowther, H. Jones; Compton, M. J. Knight, Powell-Brett, P. MacInnes, Herbert.

4TH XI

Team: Morgan; P. M. L. Butler, Brocklebank; Royle, R. E. B. W. Browne, Rogerson; Hickman, Delius, A. J. H. Chisholm, Nicholson, Tam.

UNDER-10

Team: Glyn; Courtenay, S. L. Butler; Walker, Compton, P. R. Courage; Stabb, M. J. Courage, Powell-Brett (capt.), Franklin, Churchill.



Though we did not complete our full programme of inter-school fixtures, we played a sufficient number of matches to show that we had a keen and well-balanced side. We achieved the distinction of an unbroken record with a total of eight matches played, of which the 1st XV won four and drew one, while the 2nd XV won two and drew one. As a result of this gratifying performance colours were awarded to each member of the 1st XV. Stoke House were our first victims, when we registered a convincing win of 42-0 against a plucky but weaker side. Against Chesterton we drew 0-0, a thrilling match in which the defence of both teams proved superior to the attack. An exciting and fast game against Newlands resulted in a victory by 11-0, due to a large extent to the embarrassing attentions paid by the whole team, to an outside and potentially dangerous winger of Newlands! This was followed by a breathtaking win over Ladycross by 3-0, the deciding score being a magnificent and opportunist try by the skipper, Marsden; the whole team rose to great heights in this match. Our last fixture, that against St. Wilfrid's, resulted in a win by 9-5, an excellent match between two very even sides, in which Tisdall made his first appearance for the School at fly-half, having been injured earlier in the term. The 2nd XV, though only getting three matches, showed unbounded enthusiasm and plenty of promise. We accounted for Chesterton 2nd XV by 16-3 and Newlands by 5-0, while the match against Ladycross produced an intense struggle, resulting in a draw 8-8.

The 1st XV was on the whole a well-balanced side, with the outsiders making the most of the chances given them by a speedy and hard-working set of forwards. The pack, most ably led by Richard Evans—hooker and vice-captain—worked hard both in the tight and in the loose, though the heeling was at times slow and uncertain. Knights, Evans and Hamlyn

Whitty, the latter a full back last year, formed a good front row, always up with the ball and showing plenty of zeal in the loose. Rich and John Kent were heavy and powerful as a second row, Kent in particular showing an immense turn of speed and always a potential try-getter. Neve and Colin MacInnes performed intelligently and tirelessly as wing forwards, while Keighley, with his great height and telescopic reach, was a most useful forward in the line-out.

At scrum half we were most excellently served by the skipper, David Marsden. Always in the thick of the fight and seldom at a loss, he was an inspiration to the whole team. A plucky and determined tackler in defence, he was also a sound kick and could frequently be seen bullocking his way through the opposition, when no other move offered.

Until Tisdall was able to play, Howorth usually filled the fly-half position. A very fair eye for an opening and quick off the mark, but his handling was definitely suspect.

The three-quarters, Gillies, Ward and Johnson, were all speedy and all potential scorers, Gillies in particular had considerable thrust and was no mean tackler. Parsons, though he did not eventually keep his place in the team, played in most of the matches and was quite an outstanding place-kicker, for a boy of his age; he should be a very useful member of next year's team. Finally our full-back, Coltman. Though a little slow, he was a most reliable last line of defence—always calm, a sound kick and a sure tackler; our line was crossed once only during the season, and that speaks for itself. The team played the better in their knowledge that Coltman "would get his man," when an enemy score seemed certain.

Turning to the 2nd XV, Lloyd performed ably as hooker, while Murray-Smith and Blandy did all that was expected of them in the front row. Blackburne-Maze and Granville fitted in well as second, while Banks, McCowen and Welton made up a lively and hard-working back row. Wynne, at scrum half, small but tough and always in the thick of the play, and Lipscomb at stand-off half was speedy and capable of carving openings.

Of the three-quarters, Whitehead and Kenneth Whitty were always dangerous, while Swan and Richard Kent, if not so fast, played their part manfully in defence. Mills at full-back was adequate, if a little uncertain at times.

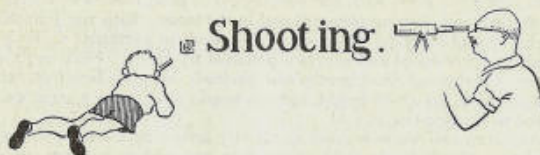
The Set Matches provided the usual keenly contested struggles. Blues, as was generally expected, emerged the winners of the competition, with convincing wins over Whites (11-3) and Reds (13-0), while Whites finished second with a win over Reds (8-3).

In conclusion our thanks are due to B. L. T. for his masterly handling of the home matches, and to our supporters on the touchline, whose vocal support did much to ensure a very successful season.

S.E.A.

1ST XV

Team: A. L. S. Coltman, C. J. Gillies, G. J. Ward, R. E. B. Johnson, A. J. R. Howorth; J. P. B. Tisdall, D. C. Marsden (capt.); D. L. Knights, R. G. Evans (vice-capt.), R. H. Whitty, E. J. Rich, J. F. Kent, T. H. D. Neve, A. G. Keighley, C. D. MacInnes.



Shooting.

The early and middle part of 1951 did not find our shooting at the high standard at which we are accustomed to see it here. It appeared to be rather in the doldrums, but I am glad to be able to report that in the autumn term there was a marked improvement, and we start the leap year with some promising young marksmen, of whom we have great hopes. There are about 50 boys on the shooting register, and I hope they realise that the outside world expects great things of St. Peter's, for we are still sometimes known as "the shooting school." In the course of the year we only won two of the Prep. School trophies. The 1st VIII carried off the St. George's Shield in October and the 2nd VIII won the Lord Roberts Bowl in June. It is true that the senior team twice missed the St. Patrick's by one point, but even so they were indifferent scores, hardly deserving to win. Term after term the sheet of results comes in, and the record score of 544, held jointly by Aysgarth and St. Peter's in 1939, does not seem in any danger of being overhauled. It is not easy to account for the general deterioration in boys' shooting. The best carpenters avoid blaming their tools, unless there is some vitally strong reason for doing so, and I am afraid it is the human element which is at fault, as is so often the case in this imperfect world. Competition shooting is a very exacting business indeed. It demands the maximum of self-control and concentration. To get first-class results there must be a supremacy of mind over matter, and that is why shooting plays such an important part in a boy's general training. There is no room for any loose ends here. However, the Major is still in office, as you can see from the caption sketch on this page, and nothing except the best and something a bit more than the best ever satisfies him. It is certainly a fine tribute to him, that boys from this school seem to carry off the marksmanship honours at their public schools and the universities, as if it was a privilege to which they are naturally entitled.

As a result of the 1950 Empire Competition we have relinquished the Earl Haig Sword in favour of the highest award which is open to us—the Junior Imperial Shield. This arrived in England from New Zealand some ten or eleven months after it was won by us, and at the time of writing it is still reclining peacefully at the docks waiting for H.M. Customs to give it official release. Unless the authorities can expedite the results, or rather the fruits of the results, the best of all competitions will lose some of its appeal, for those who shoot in it have left the school before they have a chance of seeing any trophy which they may have won. The names of the boys who won this Shield and the scores they made were printed in the last issue of

this Magazine. Our 1951 team have completed their shooting, and the scores are as follows: K. T. Whitty 96, Blandy 95, Knights and Parsons 94, Blackburne-Maze and C. D. MacInnes 93, R. H. Whitty 92, Johnson, Tisdall and Lipscomb 91. Average: 93.1.

P.K.-S.



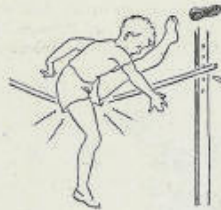
PREPARATORY SCHOOL SHIELDS

	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	515	2nd	480	5th	481	2nd
2nd VIII	478	18th	—	—	—	—
<i>Summer Term</i>						
1st VIII	515	2nd	500	2nd	481	2nd
2nd VIII	495	8th	—	—	—	—
3rd VIII	476	17th	—	—	—	—
<i>Autumn Term</i>						
1st VIII	522	2nd	514	1st	491	2nd
2nd VIII	466	17th	—	—	—	—

*Winner of Lord Roberts' Cup open to 2nd VIII only

THE YEAR'S HONOURS

	Shooting Captain	Bull Cup	Average (H.P.S. 70)
EASTER TERM	G. J. Ward	1. C. D. MacInnes	64.25
		2. R. H. Whitty	63.75
		3. J. P. B. Tisdall	63.5
SUMMER TERM	E. J. Rich	1. R. H. Whitty	64.75
		2. D. G. Swan	64.75
		3. D. L. Knights	63.75
AUTUMN TERM	D. L. Knights	1. P. G. Parsons	65.1
		2. D. G. Swan	65.0
		3. K. T. Whitty	64.3



Sports.



The School Sports, held on Saturday, 14th July, were once again blessed with fine warm weather. Blue Set won the Sports Cup with 105 points, which was a lead of nearly 40 points on their nearest rivals Reds.

There was some excellent individual performances and no less than four school records were broken, while a fifth was equalled. In the very first event Compton beat the 1941 cricket ball record for juniors of 46 yds. 2 ft. 2 ins. with a throw of 50 yds. 1 ft. 5 ins. Next, Stancomb knocked a fifth of a second off the junior hurdles record of 1940 by doing 14 1/5 seconds. John Kent then equalled the 1933 senior 100 yds. record with 12 3/5 seconds, but not content with that he beat the 1948 hurdles record by 4/5 of a second by returning a time of 14 seconds dead. This was a fine effort, but shortly afterwards Blackburne-Maze uprooted the long jump record which has stood at 14 ft. 102 ins. since 1928! He cleared 15 ft. 2 ins.

The Junior Sports Cup was won by Stancomb who swept the board in that division. Summers won the intermediate cup with 18 points from R. W. Kent who scored 13. The Senior Cup was won for the second year in succession by Johnson; he scored 22 points, although the 440 yds. was his only win. He was second to John Kent in his record 100 yds. and hurdles and second to Blackburne-Maze in his record long jump, also second to R. H. Whitty in the high jump (these two had divided second place the previous year); altogether a real all-round performance against stiff opposition which, for the second time, made "Johnny" a very worthy winner of the Senior Sports Cup.

Mrs. Marsden very kindly gave away the prizes.

N.B.C.

SENIORS

Cricket Ball: 1, Murry-Smith (R.); 2, Granville (R.); 3, Tisdall (B.). Distance, 62 yds. 0 ft. 6 1/2 ins.
High Jump: 1, R. H. Whitty (W.); 2, Johnson (R.); 3 (tie), Blackburne-Maze and Gillies. Height 4 ft. 3 1/2 ins.
100 Yards: 1, J. F. Kent (B.); 2, Johnson (R.); 3, Tisdall (B.). Time 12 3/5 secs.
Hurdles: 1, J. F. Kent (B.); 2, Johnson (R.); 3, R. H. Whitty (W.). Time, 14 secs.
440 Yards: 1, Johnson (R.); 2, Kent (B.); 3, Tisdall (B.). Time, 72 3/5 secs.
Long Jump: 1, Blackburne-Maze (B.); 2, Johnson (R.); 3, C. D. MacInnes (W.). Distance, 15 ft. 2 ins.

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INTERMEDIATES

Cricket Ball: 1, Tindal-Robertson (B.); 2, Summers (B.); 3, K. T. Whitty (W.). Distance, 55 yds. 2 ft. 9 ins.
High Jump: 1, R. W. Kent (B.); 2, Tindal-Robertson (B.); 3 (tie), K. T. Whitty (W.) and Lowther (W.). Height, 3 ft. 11 1/2 ins.
100 Yards: 1, Summers (B.); 2, R. W. Kent (B.); 3 (tie) K. T. Whitty (W.) and Rogerson (R.). Time, 13 3/5 secs.
Hurdles: 1 (tie), R. W. Kent (B.) and Lloyd (B.); 3, T. Jones (R.). Time, 13 3/5 secs.
220 Yards: 1, Summers (B.); 2, K. T. Whitty (W.); 3, R. W. Kent (B.). Time, 32 2/5 secs.
Long Jump: 1, Summers (B.); 2, K. T. Whitty (W.); 3, Herbert (W.). Distance, 12 ft. 7 ins.

JUNIORS

Cricket Ball: 1, Compton (W.); 2, S. L. Butler (R.); 3, Previte (R.). Distance, 50 yds. 1 ft. 5 ins.
High Jump: 1, Compton (W.); 2, Powell-Brett (R.); 3, Stancomb (W.). Height, 3 ft. 6 1/2 ins.
100 Yards: 1 (tie), Stancomb (W.) and M. J. Courage (W.); 3, Powell-Brett. Time, 14 4/5 secs.
Hurdles: 1, Stancomb (W.); 2, M. J. Courage (W.); 3, Franklin (B.). Time, 14 1/5 secs.
220 Yards: 1, Stancomb (W.); 2, M. J. Courage (W.); 3, Powell-Brett (R.). Time, 36 1/5 secs.
Long Jump: 1, Stancomb (W.); 2, Powell-Brett (R.); 3, Compton (W.). Length, 11 ft. 6 ins.

RELAY RACES

Seniors: 1, Blues; 2, Reds; 3, Whites. Time, 29 1/2 secs.
Intermediates: 1, Blues; 2, Reds; 3, Whites. Time, 32 2/5 secs.
Juniors: 1, Reds; 2, Whites; 3, Blues. Time, 34 3/10 secs.
Whole Set: 1, Blues; 2, Reds; 3, Whites.

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Boxing.



The annual Boxing Competition took place this year on Tuesday, 27th March, and had to be rather a hurried affair as the term was being rushed to an unexpectedly early end by a late appearance of ailments of the infectious kind. In consequence, the shortened programme consisted only of the finals in eight different weights, with no bouts or exhibitions.

First came the Midgets in the persons of Leathers and Stancomb. Quite a good fight though it started rather tamely, Stancomb being rather bothered by Leathers' awkward methods and his way of changing his stance from left to right hand leading. In the second and third rounds Stancomb got a definite lead on points and was awarded the decision.

Steer and Hoskin came next in the Gnatweights. This was a terrific fight considering how light the contestants are. Defence was thrown to the winds in an all-out offensive by both boys. Hoskin must be a very difficult opponent to fight for he stops for nothing, and as long as his strength and wind last he showers blows on his antagonist quite regardless of what he himself is receiving. Though ringcraft and tactics were lacking, this was a most spirited contest and was justly awarded to Steer. Well done, Hoskin, all the same! A very gallant effort.

Martyn and D. R. Nevill met in the Mosquito-weight final and started off briskly. Nevill had an appreciable advantage in reach but made no use of it and it was Martyn who did all the leading, and, though his footwork is clumsy he was able to duck and sidestep Nevill's punches. The final round was rather tame, but by then Martyn had established a good lead and was a clear winner. When he has learnt to co-ordinate hand, eye and foot, Martyn should make a boxer of some merit.

Next came the Flyweights represented by Rogerson and Lowther who, as expected, gave us a most spirited display. Rogerson was always the more aggressive and did most of the leading, but Lowther placed his punches carefully and seldom wasted a blow. All three rounds were fought at top speed, the last round perhaps being the fastest of all, and the judges must have had difficulty in picking the winner. Though Rogerson had delivered by far the greater number of blows and had made the pace all the time, he is inclined to slap with the inside of his glove, and this combined with his rather wild attacks contrasted with Lowther's calm and calculating style, may have been what tipped the scale in favour of Lowther, who was awarded the verdict at the end of this excellent bout.

The Bantam finalists were K. T. Whitty and Parsons who produced rather a disappointing fight. It reminded one of a small railway station on a very busy main line, where there is a great deal of movement but very few connections. Whitty tried to get to grips, but he lacked the one essential for the occasion, a punch in his left hand. His left was never more than a threat and when the unvarying right-handed attack arrived, Parsons was the other side of the ring. The fight was awarded to Whitty.

Next in the ring were Featherweights Ward and Tisdall. This was a good even fight with Tisdall doing more of the attacking but both going all out. The final round slowed down a little owing to mutual exhaustion. A bright ding-dong battle with Tisdall awarded the honours.

Marsden and Neve met in the Lightweight final and produced the fierce, hard-hitting bout that had been predicted. Both of these boys can punch their weight, both box coolly and with judgment, and both can take and hand out punishment. The result was three gruelling rounds with very little in it either way. No wild rushing, no wasted blows, and well-controlled footwork. An excellent fight which did credit to the two boxers and to their instructor. Marsden the winner.

The final fight, for the Welterweights, was between Rich and Keighley; the latter with the longer reach wisely tried to keep Rich out with a straight left, but Rich kept boring in to mix it at close quarters where the advantage was his. Keighley came back strongly whenever Rich gave him time to do so and we saw a scrap which, even if not highly scientific, was a good hearty one in which each gave of his best. Keighley was the winner.

This was the first school boxing competition Tom Baldwin has run and he is to be congratulated not only on the smooth running of all arrangements, but also on the grouping of the boys in their respective weights—no easy matter when a nice balance has to be maintained between the often conflicting elements of age, strength and weight.

Everyone was delighted that our old instructor, Joe Woodward, was able to be present and to referee the competition. Joe's stories of Borstal and Wormwood Scrubs were even more exciting than the boxing—told, let me hasten to add, from the official angle and not that of the non-paying resident.

N.B.C.



FIVES

During the year we have had the builders in to reshape some of the top ledges and fill in the cracks. In addition, ventilators have had to be let in to both courts to keep the foundations of the carpenter's shop healthy. In the open court this has been done in the face of the front wall at ground level, but next door it has been necessary to let air in through the floor itself. However, the alteration is immediately under the face of the front wall and should not interfere with the play.

We had a most enjoyable fixture with St. Wilfrid's in February, in which all our three pairs were successful. The pairs were: 1st, Hamlyn Whitty and Marsden; 2nd, Ward and Colin MacInnes; 3rd, Granville and Wynne. This was St. Wilfrid's first season since the rebirth of their court, damaged during the war, but they had obviously done much in a very short time to build up their play.

The Set Cup was won by Blues, who were able to put up a most formidable team. Parsons is keeper for 1952, and we have the possibility of quite a heavy list of fixtures in February and March. We hope to visit Lancing again to compete against their juniors. Who are our leading players at the present time? Well, it is obvious that Parsons, McCowen, Kenneth Whitty and Murray Smith are having some quite admirable rallies together and seem to head the field. But Tisdall, Swan, Murray, Summers, Michael Knight, Lipscomb and David Fison show promise and there are plenty of young ones coming on and eager to learn. One general criticism is perhaps enough. We don't use our left hands or the pepper pot nearly as much as we ought to.

Set Cup

	Reds	Whites	Blues
1st pair:	Neve M. J. Knight	C. D. MacInnes K. T. Whitty	Parsons McCowen
2nd pair:	Harper Knights	Lipscomb W. L. Banks	Tisdall Swan
3rd pair:	P. M. H. R. Chisholm Murray-Smith	Welton D. R. Fison	Murray Summers

Result in Points

Blues	143
Whites	87
Reds	47

The Staff were defeated by Lancing Seniors towards the end of November and are out for revenge next time. Our team is not only representative of St. Peter's, for Mr. Pyper from Stoke House and Mr. Moon from St. Wilfrid's are regular members. The Jesters, who brought two pairs for the first time, played their usual game and showed us the heights which can be reached by really good players.

M.H.F.

SQUASH

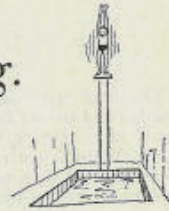
The decision that the Easter term should end four days earlier than had been planned, in order that the whole school might not have to spend most of the holidays in quarantine for measles, made it impossible to hold the usual squash tournament in March. It had to be postponed till the summer term, when there was little enthusiasm for this game. The organiser had to resort to much chivvying of the competitors, who evinced a polite interest in his presence but also a talent for procrastination.

Under these circumstances it was not surprising that the standard of squash was lower than last year's and that there was at least one unexpected result. In the lower half of the draw Marsden, who was thought to be a certain finalist in spite of his lack of practice, was beaten 9-7, 9-4 in the semi-final by Granville, a steady and much improved player. The latter had previously lost a close first game to McCowen, but had won the remaining two comfortably enough.

In the top half of the draw Hamlyn Whitty reached the final without losing a game, though both Coltman and Wynne had gone down with their colours flying by taking him in the second game to 10-8. Granville ran hard in the final and did well to take the third game, but there was no doubt that Whitty was the better player. He won by 9-4, 9-2, 7-9, 9-1, and it is to be hoped that he will find the time to devote to this game. Squash racquets and cricket are by no means incompatible.

W.L.B.

Swimming.



GROYNE-TO-GROYNE

The outstanding feature of this race was the easy victory of Stirling-Hamilton in 2 mins. 11 7/10 secs, 13 seconds ahead of his nearest rival Marsden. It was a good effort for a boy barely half-way up the school, and it looks very much as if he will have a monopoly of it for the next few years.

DIVING COMPETITION

The Diving Competition in the School Plunge Bath was a very close affair with only three marks separating the first four boys. The diving itself was good throughout and the only fair criticism one could level at it would be the surface dive for the brick, in which the competitor ought really to swim till nearly above the brick and then "jack-knife" down without kicking with the legs; this did not appear to be understood generally by the competitors. The positions of the first six in the Swimming Cup were as follows:—

	Race	Diving	Total
1. Marsden (cup winner)	25 (2)	27 (1)	52
2. Stirling-Hamilton	27 (1)	21 (7)	48
3. Johnson	17 (6)	25 (3)	42
4. R. H. Whitty	15	26 (2)	41
5. Rich	15	25 (3)	40
Blandy	19 (5)	21 (7)	40

N.B.C.

TENNIS

Though the claims of cricket and an indifferent summer reduced the amount of time available for practice, some boys showed real enthusiasm for this game and many others had occasional lighthearted knock-about. As a result it was found possible for each set to provide three pairs, each playing only against its opposite number, in the competition at the end of the term. These were as follows:—

1st pair: Coltman and Wyane (R.); H. Whitty and Marsden (W.); Howorth and Mills (B.).

2nd pair: Granville and Knights (R.); K. Whitty and Blandy (W.); Rich and Murray (B.).

3rd pair: Johnson and Knight (R.); C. MacInnes and Lipscomb (W.); Gillies and McCowen (B.).

Matches consisted of nine games, and the final scores were: Whites 35 games, Reds 34, and Blues 12. Whites were a little lucky to win, for Hamlyn Whitty and Marsden were beaten 8—1 by Coltman and Wynne, and after these pairs had both massacred Howorth and Mills Reds had a lead of six games. However, Kenneth Whitty and Blandy reduced this lead to three by winning both their matches by 6—3, and Colin MacInnes and Lipscomb just managed to turn the tables in the third section.

To an unbiased spectator it certainly seemed that the captain of the School was overplaced in Whites' first pair. Marsden had a thoroughly off-day, and left Hamlyn Whitty, the strongest player in the tournament, too much to do. Had the latter been partnered by his brother it is probable that not only would Whites have won by a greater margin, but they would have had the satisfaction of winning in the first section.

W.L.B.

SETS

THE COLOUR PROBLEM

The effect of colour upon the development of character and personality is a subject which is not sufficiently understood, although I have often heard boys here exclaim, "Oh, yes, but he's a typical Blue," sometimes contemptuously, sometimes in pride. The patient student of Set statistics might perhaps make a valuable contribution to this little known science. Since the inception of the Shell Cases, presented to us by the far-seeing Mr. Harry Pirie-Gordon in the summer of 1919, Red has been the predominant hue, but I hasten to add that our Set system is an organisation totally devoid of any taint of political significance. Over the span of years Reds can claim 39 victories as opposed to 31 by their White rivals and 27 by the Blue boys. Let that be a consolation to certain partisans, if at the moment success does not come their way, and at the same time an incentive to others. However, behaviour and discipline are not the only medium of competition. Cricket is undoubtedly a game of the Blues, as it is at the top of the educational tree, for they have won this cup twice as many times as either of their opponents, which is an overwhelming superiority; and they have a definite lead on the Soccer field as well. On the other hand, it is the cool, rigid nerves of Whites which brings them success again and again on the range. Their coloured brethren are nowhere near them. Perhaps it is that "Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance." This may not have been in the poet's mind at the time, but the fact remains that it is

clearly White for markmanship all the way. The fiery turmoil of Rugger is, not unaturally, a Red game, but in Athletic Sports the roses of York and Lancaster are dead-heating for second place, while Blues are breasting the tape two points ahead. Red appears to be the colour for hard work, like the Welsh forwards at Twickenham, for they have won the Work Cup more often than the combined successes of both their opponents. The only field, or perhaps I should say floor, of competition in which colour seems to have no influence is the more impersonal P.T. Shield, for that alone of all the trophies is held evenly by all three. The grand total of all this endeavour leaves the time-honoured competitors in the order in which they are inevitably referred to—Red, White and Blue—and we must bow to the dictates of our national flag.

The feature of this last year has undoubtedly been the renaissance of Whites, who have emerged from obscurity and managed to get their Set captain's name engraved on the Shell Case after a ten-year period of alternating colour. As the autumn term drew to its close and the final issue swayed in the balance, now one way, now another, the feeling of tension was well nigh unbearable. So much was at stake; it was not only a question of immediate success, but something bigger—the vindication of a loyalty which was almost beginning to falter. Now they can raise their heads and look their ancestors in the face again, for we are all aware, whatever our creed or colour, that the eyes of the past are fixed, critically and inexorably, upon the activities of the present representative generation.

SET RESULTS

P.K.-S.

SHELL CASE

Easter Term: 1, Blues (E. J. Rich), 175 pts.; 2, Whites (D. C. Marsden), 100 pts.; 3, Reds (R. E. B. Johnson), 97 pts.
Summer Term: 1, Blues (E. J. Rich), 171 pts.; 2, Reds (R. E. B. Johnson), 140 pts.; 3, Whites (D. C. Marsden), 126 pts.
Autumn Term: 1, Whites (C. D. MacInnes), 185 pts.; 2, Reds (G. W. Murray-Smith), 175 pts.; 3, Blues (J. P. B. Tisdall), 169 pts.

WORK CUP

Easter Term: 1, Reds, 43 pts.; 2, Whites, 39 pts.; 3, Blues, 30 pts.
Summer Term: 1, Blues, 51 pts.; 2, Reds and Whites, 46 pts.
Autumn Term: 1, Reds, 44 pts.; 2, Whites, 37 pts.; 3, Blues, 29 pts.

SHOOTING SHIELD

Easter Term: 1, Whites, 249; 2, Reds and Blues, 241.
Summer Term: 1, Whites, 256; 2, Blues, 255; 3, Reds, 243.
Autumn Term: 1, Blues, 253; 2, Whites, 252; 3, Reds, 243.

OTHER COMPETITIONS

Rugger Cup: 1, Blues, 12 pts.; 2, Whites, 6 pts.; 3, Reds, 0 pts.
Cricket Cup: 1, Blues, 20 pts.; 2, Whites, 10 pts.; 3, Reds, 0 pts.
Soccer Cup: 1, Blues, 16 pts.; 2, Whites, 14 pts.; 3, Reds, 0 pts.
Sports Cup: 1, Blues, 105 pts.; 2, Reds, 66½ pts.; 3, Whites, 53½ pts.
Tennis Cup: 1, Whites, 35 pts.; 2, Reds, 34 pts.; 3, Blues, 12 pts.
Fives Cup: 1, Blues, 143 pts.; 2, Whites, 87 pts.; 3, Reds, 47 pts.
Drill Shield: 1, Whites, 81 pts.; 2, Blues, 80 pts.; 3, Reds, 77 pts.



THE YEAR'S AWARDS

PRIZES

EASTER TERM

Term's Work: J. P. B. Tisdall, G. A. B. Steer, K. T. Whitty, C. D. Stancomb.
Mathematics: R. G. Evans, A. G. Keighley. *French:* G. J. Ward. *Reading:* R. H. Whitty, S. A. Martyn, S. P. Walker. *Writing:* A. L. S. Coltman, G. B. Norrie.

SUMMER TERM

Form Prizes: C. J. Gillies, G. A. B. Steer, S. M. Mills, M. O. McCowen, G. B. Norrie, D. R. Fison, J. H. Denison-Pender, A. A. Brown. *Cheltenham Scholarship:* D. C. Marsden. *Term's Work:* C. J. Gillies, P. MacInnes. *Music Cup:* J. B. Lowther. *Music Prize:* D. R. Fison.

AUTUMN TERM

Form Prizes: C. D. MacInnes, P. MacInnes, C. J. B. Whitehead, P. M. L. Butler, C. F. Powell-Brett, T. Jones, G. R. W. Browne.

CUPS AND MEDALS

EASTER TERM

Rugger: D. C. Marsden. *Rugger Medals:* R. G. Evans, A. L. S. Coltman. *Shooting:* C. D. MacInnes. *Boxing:* Senior—D. C. Marsden; Junior—J. B. Lowther. *Boxing Medals:* T. H. W. Neve, P. G. Rogerson, S. L. Butler. *Squash:* R. H. Whitty.

SUMMER TERM

Cricket: R. H. Whitty, D. C. Marsden. *Bowling:* G. W. Murray-Smith. *Shooting:* R. H. Whitty, D. G. Swan. *Swimming:* D. C. Marsden. *Sports:* Senior—R. E. B. Johnson; Intermediate—P. G. C. Summers; Junior—C. D. Stancomb.

AUTUMN TERM

Soccer: P. G. Parsons. *Shooting:* P. G. Parsons. *Drill Medal:* Senior—R. W. Kent; Junior—R. E. B. W. Browne.

THEATRICALS

THE TRIAL SCENE from ALICE IN WONDERLAND Produced by Miss D. H. DAUNT

Characters:

Alice	S. H. FORTESCUE
King of Hearts	S. P. WALKER
Queen of Hearts	B. D. COMPTON
Knave of Hearts	M. J. COURAGE
White Rabbit	C. D. STANCOMB
Mad Hatter	P. R. COURAGE
Cook	A. A. BROWN
March Hare	S. L. BUTLER
Dormouse	T. JONES

Guards: H. R. COURTENAY, C. F. POWELL-BRETT, M. J. F. ROYLE, C. D. THOMAS.
Jury: D. B. L. BATCHELOR, J. H. DENNISON-PENDER, M. R. DENISON-PENDER, N. C. FARIBROTHER, J. M. FRANKLIN, D. W. STEEL.

GOOD ENGLISH ALE

A rustic scene by REG LOW
Produced by Mrs. KNOX-SHAW

Characters:

Rustics: T. J. TINDAL-ROBERTSON, G. W. MURRAY-SMITH, S. M. MILLS	
The Lady M.P.	J. P. B. TISDALL
The Landlord's Daughter	T. D. BROCKLEBANK

SHIVERING SHOCKS

By CLEMENCE DANE
Produced by Mrs. KNOX-SHAW

Characters:

Captain Dallas, V.C., D.S.O.	P. W. LIPSCOMB
Kysh, his servant	P. M. H. R. CHISHOLM
Granville Hughes, B.Sc., an inventor	P. S. HARPER
Dawson	P. MACINNES
"The Shepherd" } Crooks	R. W. KENT
Inspector James Pollock, alias "Rowley"	D. G. SWAN

Police Constables: D. L. KNIGHTS and J. W. E. BLANDY.

"Shivering Shocks" is published by Messrs. Samuel French, Ltd., 26 Southampton Street, W.C.2.

The General Election, which absorbed so much of Mrs. Knox-Shaw's time and energy during the first five weeks of the Autumn term, and the exacting demands of the Common Entrance examination, which prevented our two best actors from repeating their triumphs in "Julius Caesar," stifled any idea of staging a portion of one of Shakespeare's plays for the official half-term entertainment. Instead, a mixed programme was arranged, giving scope to the juniors as well as the seniors and also to some of the songsters.

It is rumoured that there was a last-minute crisis behind the scenes, averted by the resourceful Clarkie taking the ailing actor for a walk into the

night; but none of this was apparent when the curtain rose on the colourful spectacle of the Trial Scene in "Alice in Wonderland." All the costumes were as faithful reproductions of John Tenniel's drawings as the patience and ingenuity of the producer could devise. On thrones at the back of the stage were Walker and Compton, the King and Queen of Hearts, and both played their parts well. The King exhibited all the petulance of a weak man who, knowing that he knows nothing of the matter in hand, but feeling that he must uphold his authority, talks too much, cracks feeble little jokes, and is fierce at the wrong moments. Compton glowered throughout his brief reign, and made the best use of his unusually penetrating voice, which was ideally suited to a display of temper. He fairly withered the wretched little Dormouse. As the herald, who had to read the grave accusation concerning the theft of the tarts, Stancomb spoke his lines very clearly and made a trim and decorative figure in his white rabbit's costume. Piers Courage as the Mad Hatter, and Anthony Brown as the Cook, were very comical witnesses. I particularly liked the way in which the Mad Hatter quavered "I'm a poor man, your Majesty," and the burly Cook's truculent impartiality in casting pepper into the faces of everyone present. Michael Courage, too, as the Knave of Hearts, made a hit with his only line, being properly mournful about the idea that he could swim. In the title role Fortescue displayed a haughty disdain, knowing that the others were "nothing but a pack of cards." It was, of course, impossible for him to grow at the rate demanded by Lewis Carroll, but at the right moment he managed to cause considerable confusion amongst the assorted animals who comprised the jury.

The only mild criticism that can justifiably be levelled against this gay and fanciful production concerns not the actors but the audience. Parents who will subsequently enthuse over the evening's entertainment are content to sit through the show without giving audible expression to their pleasure. Perhaps some of them are apprehensive lest their sons should muff their lines, and others have been firmly ordered by their offspring not to make an exhibition of themselves by laughing too loudly; but, whatever their reasons for this stern and thoroughly British repression, it must be just as disheartening to a young actor as it would be to Sir Laurence Olivier for a funny line to fall flat.

The sketch that followed extolled—how rightly!—the virtues of "Good English Ale." Seated around a small inn table, with their tankards in their hands, Tindal-Robertson, Murray-Smith and Mills gave a convincing performance as rustic old cronies who were well content with their simple lives and pleasure. Though few of the audience would agree with them when they sang of the gastronomic delights of parsnips, potatoes, and "a nice bit of ba-a-con," yet one sensed a complete unanimity when the chorus demanded that this (or any other meal) should be washed down with a draught of ale. In the background Brocklebank made a winsome landlord's daughter, pink and white both in dress and complexion; and Tisdall as the lady M.P., dressed in black and equipped with a battered umbrella to drive home the points of his harangue, used his eloquence in vain to prove that politics is more important than beer.

Last on the programme came Clemence Dane's "Shivering Shocks." The hero, Captain Dallas, V.C., D.S.O., was well portrayed by Lipscomb, who resisted the temptation to overplay this part. He combined modesty and fortitude, and had obviously won the battle against the forces of self-pity that every crippled soldier must wage. Rory Chisholm was brusquely affectionate towards his master in his role as the servant, Kysh, and gave a creditable imitation of the cockney accent. Kent, too, had mastered the Irish brogue of "the Shepherd," and his companion in crime, Patrick MacInnes, though less flamboyant, was equally sinister. But in spite of their villainy, more was needed to give a placid audience the shivers. Harper, as the scientific genius, Granville Hughes, was nervously fidgety, and did his best to instil this atmosphere, but he lacked the experience to be really convincing in this difficult part. Finally, great praise must be given to Swan for his excellent performance as Inspector Pollock, alias Rowley. His imitation of a drunkard was particularly lifelike, and he made a brisk enough detective when the time came for him to reveal his true identity. Let it be whispered, however, that seldom can two crooks have been so co-operative when being handcuffed. Perhaps the presence of two such stalwart constables as Knights and Blandy made them submit so meekly to this indignity!

Our thanks are due to all those who contributed to the success of this theatrical evening, particularly to Miss Daunt and to Mrs. Knox-Shaw. Not a lot of time was available for rehearsals, and the high standard reached in all three productions is a notable tribute to their skill and patience.

BUSKIN

WEATHER, 1951

Our weather records for 1951 are given with the warning that they must be accepted with some reserve. Our recorders are keen volunteers who change from term to term; the instruments are delicate and easily mis-read, and it is probable that from time to time incorrect readings may be entered on the chart; however, be it noted that whenever a cross-check has been made the boys' readings have proved to be exact.

Very high maximum temperatures were recorded in May, June and July. This was probably due to the fact that the thermometer faced east, and thus caught direct the early morning summer sun, so that the recordings represented sun and not shade temperatures. To avoid a recurrence of this, the instrument and its stand have now been readjusted to face north.

The most remarkable record of the year was the rainfall of 1.5 inches on 29th October. October, which on the average is our wettest month, would have touched a record low of little over an inch had it not been for this terrific downpour. November made up for it with rain nearly every day!

The autumn was so mild that mowing of grass had to be continued far later than usual, and in many gardens spring flowers appeared before Christmas.

N.B.C.

PETER'S PIE

TRIALS OF A C.O.D.

Being Captain on Duty is a task which I never welcome. Someone always seems to be saying, "Oh, where's that slack C.O.D.?" The bell ought to have gone ages ago!" or "How many more times have I got to remind you that you are C.O.D.?" That's the third time today." After this I make rash promises that I'll never forget again. That, however, is easier said than done, and when some nice person asks you to have a game of billiards, the opportunity is too good to be missed, and the whole procedure begins all over again.

Another time when I find it most annoying to be C.O.D. is when the Headmaster has set a stinking Latin Prep, and you feel you must continue after the bell or you will hardly get any marks at all. Under these trying circumstances one generally attempts to palm the job off on someone else. If this fails, most people try to come to an agreement with the Master on Duty, at the same time explaining their worries as briefly as possible to him. He replies that you had better ask someone to do it for you, but the trouble is that I can't find somebody and I feel that I could almost fly at the unfortunate master. When you have at last found a reasonable answer to the problem, you look at the clock and, to your utter disgust, you invariably find that you have wasted so much time talking that it's no use continuing your Prep.

But by far the worst duty of the C.O.D. is, in my opinion, having to be the first boy to finish making your bed in the morning. You have to do this so as to ring the bell for Rep. and see that other boys are ready to begin their work. This is quite straightforward, but the reason that I dislike it is because it means that I have to eat my breakfast at almost breakneck speed in order to race other people over bed-making, and if it happens to be kippers for breakfast (and kippers come quite frequently) the result is often disastrous. Every time I take a mouthful I generally get a mixture of skin and bone instead of fish. When I have at last finished struggling with the wretched fish, there is no time to lose, and with hardly a moment to spare, quite forgetting to say "Good Morning" to Mr. Talbot as I go out, I run upstairs to make my bed in record time; after which I race downstairs again to discover that it's exactly twenty-five to nine when the bell should go. As I ring it, I realise with a sigh of relief that I am just in time and all is well.

P. W. LIPSCOMB

FIRE DRILL

The H.M. had just left Cubicles when the firebell shattered the silence of the night with its infuriating din. There was a muttered curse from the end cubicle, and I leapt or rather rolled from my bed and bellowed " Silence," as I stumbled to the door and turned on the lights.

I rushed down the cubicle stairs, dived under the notice saying " No Through Way," vaulted the Burmese war gong on the other side and studied my position. Halfway down the back stairs was another infernal notice saying " Staircase out of order." I was furious, but I found that, much to my relief, the reading-room stairs were free. I returned to my dormitory by the same hazardous route and ordered Welhead to lead the way down the reading-room stairs. There was no " Yes, Mac," as I had expected, and only then did I realise that everyone had left. I immediately dived into my cubicle, rolled up my clothes in my rug and shot out again. I did the 50 yards to the playroom in record time, contrary to all orders about no running in a fire practice. On arriving at the playroom I got the surprise of my life, for no one was there either. The place was completely empty. The situation was desperate. Where was everybody? Was the school burnt to a cinder, without trace? I must have spent at least half an hour looking for the elusive boys, but at last I gave it up and returned to my cubicle.

Next morning when I woke up everything seemed normal. Nobody was talking about a fire practice, as they usually do after one. So, perplexed as I was, I held my peace. As I came down the stairs I saw Mr. Talbot standing at the bottom. Gosh, he's arrived very early this morning, I thought to myself. I said a very sleepy " Good morning, Sir," as I reached the hall, and I was just going to enter Form II when he said to me:

" Who was C.O.D. last night?"

" I was, Sir," I replied rather shakily.

" Well, your set has been deprived of five duty points," he said in his usual cutting way. " You left all the lights on last night!"

C. D. MACINNES



GEORGE VI

THE FUNERAL OF HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI

It came as a great shock when the Headmaster broke the news to us, that the King had died in his sleep. It was, perhaps, the first experience that I had had of a public disaster—of a national calamity. Work was carried on that day as usual, but somehow there seemed to be a general atmosphere of surprise, of the magnitude of the King's death. It was something which was new to us all, and as we hope, the last time that it will occur in the course of our lives.

The day appointed for the funeral dawned rather cold and misty in London. The vast crowds that lined every inch of the way to Paddington seemed strangely silent, compared with the noisy, jostling holiday hordes, so frequent a few months before in Britain's festival year. The whole procession seemed so unreal in their proud yet sorrowful uniforms. Not one man of the forces was ever out of step. The silent crowds and the shadowy day seemed to be appropriate to the majestic sadness of the occasion.

As, one by one, the different sections of the procession marched slowly past, I felt that it wasn't really true; the troops seemed unable to make any mistake. When the gun carriage reached Paddington we were unable to see what was going on, but instead we listened to wirelasses. Alternately the Scottish

massed pipes and the different bands played some of the most moving yet proudest music that I have ever heard, and then the train pulled out of the station on the King's final journey to Windsor from his capital.

With gentle care the coffin was at last lifted out of the funeral train. The naval ratings who had drawn the gun carriage so magnificently in London, once again took up the ropes. How impressed the foreigners who had come to pay their last loyal homage to the late King must have been. What a thrill it must have given them to see such perfect discipline in the ranks, and the absolute silence everywhere save for the measured tramp of the feet of the troops on Windsor's cobbled streets. Forming an appropriate background to such a solemn picture, the huge Sebastopol bell, tolling every half-minute, completed the mournful scene.

Slowly the procession approached the grey mass of the Castle and St. George's Chapel. In sudden contrast, the Bosun's pipes wailed their last shrill cry "Piping the Admiral on board."

After a short service the King was lowered into the vaults below the Chapel, while everybody silently prayed in thanksgiving for one of Britain's greatest monarchs. There his body will remain, but he will certainly join his ancestors in heaven.

Let all England now have the same thought—

"LONG LIVE THE QUEEN."

K. T. WHITTY.

(It is hoped that readers will accept these unaffected impressions from a boy who watched the Royal Funeral on our television, as the most human tribute which this Magazine can give to an event which will never be forgotten.—Ed.)

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 1951 :

Easter Term : R. G. Evans (Wellington), A. G. Keighley (Harrow), G. J. Ward (Eton).

Summer Term : A. L. S. Coltman (Rugby), C. J. Gillies (Shrewsbury), R. D. Granville (Eton), A. J. R. Howorth (Rugby), R. E. B. Johnson (Uppingham), J. F. Kent (Sherborne), S. R. Lowman (Radley), D. C. Marsden (Cheltenham), E. J. Rich (Marlborough), R. H. Whitty (Clifton), T. Wynne (Harrow). Also A. M. A. Previte.

Autumn Term : W. L. Banks (Rugby), C. D. MacLanes (Rugby).

ETON

Raymond Boileau enjoys the field games and plays for his tutor's junior. He is not finding the work very difficult at present, but I can see from his letter that there is still a quaintness about his spelling that must keep the professors guessing. Ailwyn Broughton was Keeper of his house "Lower-boy" last half, and sends messages of encouragement to Reds. James Caulfield has been an upper for a year now, and plays corner for his tutor's Sine. He plays cricket for his house and never seems to get less than a first-class in trials. David Eastman is a wet bob and just the right size to cox his tutor's Junior Four. Spends his holidays in Germany. Gerald Ward is settling down well and managed a first class in trials in the summer. He met Raymond Boileau in the first round of the New Boy Fives Competition and went on to reach the semi-final. Richard Granville has started well by earning a double remove at the end of his first half. He was in the same French div. as Huish Bower. Enquires anxiously after Reds. John Williams reached the semi-final of the New Boy Fives Competition (Autumn, '50), but his partner then got measles. He has given up Greek and seems to be a distinguished mathematician. Has taken to wicket-keeping and kept for his house Under 16 XI. He reports favourably on Tim Ashburner and Alastair Forbes. Valentine Abdy appears to have bought himself a stretch of the counter at the largest food shop, and is usually too busy to be interviewed.

WELLINGTON

The Editor paid a visit to the College during the year and found the place spick and span, in readiness for a visit from H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester. The rhododendrons were not fully open, but Grubbies was,

and quite by chance we happened to bump into—well anyway, there was an orgy. Richard Evans has started well, and in the summer divided his time between cricket, athletics, land work, rounders and basketball. Last term he was 3rd out of 31 in his form and got a budge into the 11 block. Played hooker for the Yearlings against Radley and the Dragon School. The Lobster (Nicholas Murray-Smith) helped the Junior Colts to defeat their opposite numbers at Eton by six wickets, and took 8 for 7 in a dormitory match! (Were the other side out of bed?) Is now in 1st Block and has ceased to fag. Gordon Colebrooke played for his Dormitory 1st XI last summer, and happened to see one day, pinned to the College wall, a notice stating that he had broken the Junior Hurdles record with a time of 17.8 secs. Last term he captained the Lynedoch team which won the Junior Cock Match, and, as a side line, throws boomerangs about on the athletics ground. Peter Alexander plays a good deal of squash and specialises in history. Is in the Lower VIth and takes the G.C.E. in the summer.

CHARTERHOUSE

Richard Davies paid us a visit just before going off to join the R.A. at Oswestry. He distinguished himself by being Director of the School theatre, the youngest School Monitor, the head Senior Under Officer of the C.C.F., and the leader of the winning house in the Corps Competition. He was in the History VI and gained Higher Certificate in Art, History and English literature. He also won the School literature prize, and hopes to go up to Queen's, Cambridge in 1953. Owns a most unreliable motor bike. Tim Green, whose handwriting suggests he does his correspondence from the top of the flagpole in a high wind, is struggling with German and hopes to take the G.C.E. this year. Allan Abbot-Anderson is now a 1st VIII (shooting) colour and won the Daldy Medal in the summer for recording the highest average in matches throughout the quarter. Was awarded 10s. for a possible in the Surrey Schools Competition. (Ed. This is all 303 shooting, of course, and done in the grand manner at Bisley.) He played for the Yearlings Cricket XI, and captained them at hockey. Is thoroughly enjoying Science, and hopes to specialise in that subject when the time comes. Plays Fives and Chess for his house. Arthur Mason has forsaken the Scouts and joined the Corps, and I hear a rumour that Willy Parkin now has a study.

RUGBY

Tony Howorth has been moved up into L.M. 2a and shares a study with two other boys. He finds the work quite easy except for the French, and has to pay heavy fines for leaving windows open and lights on. Plays left centre in New Men's Rugger 1st game and fly-half for his House Countings 3. Leicester Coltman is impressed with the high standard of speed, accuracy and neatness required, where work is concerned, and is up to a St. Peter's Old Boy for German. Everything seems to be going well for Colin Jarman, and during his first term he played several times for the Under 15 Rugger side. He reports well on the Stodge (School Shop), and sends messages of encouragement to Whites.

HARROW

Tim Wynne has been on the ranges quite frequently and found that as a new boy, he had to sing "Men of Harlech" in front of his house. He finds his house enthusiastic about rugger and is in the Concert Choir. He doesn't mention work, but I believe they have to do a certain amount. Graham Keighley started in S2A and thinks highly of the food. He also reports on an ancient tribal custom known as a "House-Tosh"—the details of which are too terrifying to mention here. Plays rugger for Colts C. Bill Liddell ended up as a sixth former and house monitor, and has now gone to Faraday House Electrical Engineering College. George Hobday (an excellent reporter) is captain of Shooting, has passed School Certificate, and was awarded his House Socks for rugger. Is now 6ft. 3 in. Bill Mercer has just got his house cap (or "fez") for Harrow football and is in the Gym. VIII. John Hobday has been awarded his Miniature Range Shooting Scarf by George, and now has his colours for both Long and Miniature Range. He was in his house team for Harrow football and came second in the Junior Steeplechase. Christopher Cooper is said to be doing well at cricket.

SHERBORNE

John Kent who writes an excellent letter, plays on Thirds (Under 15), and finds a high standard of neatness is required, especially where bed-making is concerned. He says the work is quite easy and describes a punishment ("calling") which necessitates getting up, having a cold bath, and dressing within five minutes of the morning bell. It is possible if you don't panic. He manages to hold his own quite well in the gym, where physical training is taken very seriously. Neville Combe has had chickenpox, but seems to be enjoying himself.

RADLEY

The news of Bill McCowen is that he got into his Junior teams for rugger and cricket, and was in command of the junior boys' common room at this social. Michael Edgington has had a study for a year, and specialises in science. Takes the G.C.E. next summer. He has been rowing in the Colts B VIII, and has ceased to fag. Garry Shelford is a house prefect and has been rowing in the Colts VIII.

WINCHESTER

Some general news of Winchester comes from John Mollison and Tim Drabble. Tim is in Senior Part 2 and specialising in modern languages. Plays golf and has given up racquets. Mark Evans is in VI Book 1 and came in first in the Senior Steeplechase. Alin Lipscomb, who paid us a visit, is on Science ladder and stroked the winning crew in both Junior and Middle IVs. Julian Bower is in Senior Part 2. (Ed.: Winchester news was very scarce.)

At Shrewsbury Christopher Gillies spends his time doing "penals," having cold baths and going for runs. Has caught glimpses of Gilbert and Jetty Pearson. Hamlyn Whitty is enjoying life at Clifton and has a famous rugger international as his form master. Was in Junior Colts B, and fags for the head of his house. Anthony Medley wrote early in the year from Canford. He goes for five-mile runs and does a good deal of housework for his fagmaster. Nicholas Hurry plays a good deal of fives at Oundle, and got into the final trial for the Colts. Jan Farquharson breaks the Marlborough silence with the news that he has matriculated with five distinctions and three credits. He also won the Junior Farrar (?) Prize for English literature, the School Magazine prize for a short story, and got into his house upper team as scrum-half. Is assistant editor of "The Kennet," a college magazine. Peter Jennings has passed School Certificate with four credits and is specialising in maths. Played for his house at cricket and rugger. Peter du Boulay was in the Under 15 teams for hockey and cricket at Bradfield, and in the Under 16 swimming team. From Haileybury the news is that Ian Stewart plays for his house at cricket and squash and is in the 2nd shooting VIII. Is now in the Lower Fifth. Martin Thomas is in the Maths. VI B at Malvern, and after taking Higher Certificate in the summer hopes to go to Cambridge. At Cheltenham David Marsden has been playing scrum-half for the Junior Colts, and has hopes of boxing for the College. Sings treble in the choir. Robert Johnson spends a good deal of time fagging at Uppingham.

The latest from Stowe is that Adam Blandy won the Under 16 Open Squash Championship, which was indeed a noble effort. David Pickard-Cambridge is a most distinguished member of Michaelhouse, South Africa. He is one of the senior prefects, has his colours for gym, cricket and rugger, is in the VIth Form, and writes nature articles in the Balgowan Magazine. His hobbies are polo, entomology and farming.

OLD AND OLDER BOYS

John Anderson has been teaching at Monkton Combe and is about to forge another St. Peter's link by joining "Timothy" White at St. Faith's, Cambridge. David blew in here for a moment recently on his way to visit his wife who was ill. He was married last year at Oundle, with his old collaborator, Dick Chignell, as best man. Derrick Anderson is still in Perthshire with the K.O.S.B.s.

James Bayly has moved out of Lima up into the hills, where he lives in perpetual and blissful sunshine. My humblest apologies for omitting him and his son, Tony, in the "Two Generations" list in the last Magazine. Now he has a third member in the nursery, but we do not list daughters officially. His brother John recently took his family for a trip to Canada. John Britten has given up aircraft designing and is now in the cinema business, but in his spare time he designs sailing boats. Robin is a 2nd Lieutenant in the Coldstreams and has been involved in all the turmoil of the Canal Zone. Geoffrey Bullock is working with John Holt & Co. in Nigeria, trafficking chiefly in cocoa and covering about 2,000 miles a month. He likes darkest Africa and finds the white man's grave quite healthy. Charlie Backus finished his horticultural course at Durham University and sailed for New Zealand last September to start his farming career. He spent two very vigorous days with us in July and found staff cricket as exacting as rowing. William Brandt was married last July, and his wedding was a tremendous affair. Mrs. Know-Shaw and I, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot, and Miss Clarke motored over from Seaford, and it was quite a St. Peter's party with the Prests, the Toynbees, the Backhouses and the Mills family all participating. William now has his own farm at Wallingford, and John travels about in timber for the family business of merchant bankers. He is now selling "firewood" in Aberdeen. Fred Boardman sent us Christmas greetings from Canada, where he is now permanently domiciled, together with a powerful diatribe against the position of classics in education. He, too, now has a son, Ralph, aged six months, but proposes to educate him as a Canadian. Congratulations to Peter Blake on being captain elect of Oxford University Cricket Club. May he lead the dark blues to victory in all their matches except one. Nigel Blake enjoys Sandhurst after the rigours of life in the ranks, but he finds the R.M.C. exacting and is told that he is the wrong shape for drill. He has great battles at squash with Peter Harvey (R.E.). Trevor Dawson won his fencing colours and is a junior Under Officer. He is reported to be "a very horsey type, but in spite of that awfully nice." Greville Tufnell (Grenadier Guards) has been ill recently, but that has not prevented his promotion to Under Officer. Charles Spottiswoode (R.E.) and Michael Poynder (7th Hussars) complete the Sandhurst picture. Peter Buckle has been jungle fighting for nearly a year now in Malaya, round about Kuala Lumpur, with the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, and he met Owen Scholte (12th Royal Lancers) engaged in a similar unsavoury pursuit.

Gordon Cowie was married last June in New Zealand. The familiar features of the bridegroom were recognised by May and Violet in the kitchen from the photos in a New Zealand paper which, for some undiscoverable reason, is taken in by one of our Dutch girls. Douglas Campbell has emerged from the silence of the Royal Navy and has entered his son for St. Peter's. He is living at Blackheath. Our warmest congratulations to Charles Fletcher Cooke on being returned as Conservative M.P. for Darwen (Lancashire)—a most welcome success after his failure in the 1945 on the other side. His brother, John, is first secretary in Cyprus. Niel Curwen is working on a farm at Ewhurst and likes the hard life; was sorry to miss the O.B. reunion last January. Robert Cobb has come to life after a 20-years' silence and entered a son for 1958. John Clarke looks in occasionally, but not often enough, when military duties allow. Richard is farming the family acres up in the Highlands, at Fasnagyle, Inverness-shire. Christopher Cohen is working in London, legally minded, and was in excellent form when he attended the O.B. Committee at my club. Jeremy is at Cambridge, but does not advertise himself much, at least as far as we are concerned. Pat Davis finished with the Ghurkas, got a 2nd Class in History and the Diploma of Anthropology at Oxford, and he was last heard of in Italy before getting down to the job-hunting racket. Leonard Dresel is now a lecturer in mathematics at the University of Reading, but in the long vac. he continues his atomic research work at Cambridge and his holidays he wisely spends in the high Alps. Peter Davenport has changed his job and is now in Robertson's Building Services at Chester; congratulations on his recent engagement. Nigel is down from Oxford, was married last July—an occasion which unfortunately I could not attend—and at the moment of writing he is understudying two of the leading parts in Noel Coward's "Relative Values." John Davies has been recently appointed a member of the Film Council and acts in an advisory capacity to the Board of Trade—no mean honour. His son, Richard, visited us last term during a bit of National Service leave. Our apologies for omitting these two in the 1950 list of "Two Generations."

Roger Ellis is reading History at Trinity, Oxford, and was in excellent form when he piloted me to Twickenham for the Springbok Match. Mrs. Eddison (Mr. Henderson's sister) renewed her connection with St. Peter's which had been broken for nearly 20 years when she paid us a visit in October, and her daughter, Mrs. Latham, was here in July. We were very disappointed that Mr. Henderson was unable to put in his annual appearance. This must be rectified in 1952. Mr. Forbes, headmaster of St. Hugh's, Woodhall Spa, spent an energetic night here and revived a lot of burning memories. Andrew Ferguson (Magdalene College, Cambridge) has the signal distinction of being the only one out of a large number of applicants to be selected for St. Mary's Hospital. His brother Peter, a law student and a golfer of promise, won the light-weight contest in an amateur boxing tournament at Brighton. Duncan Geddes is adjutant to the Cameron Highlanders at Inverness and living at the Dower House of Cawdor Castle. Ronald Gurney is up at Trinity, Oxford, where so many of our old boys go. John Gilley is out in Switzerland studying hotel management. David Owen Hughes has left

Shrewsbury and is serving with the Welsh Guards. Kenneth Henderson dropped in on his way to France, and Philip Haynes visited us unexpectedly in the middle of a Set match. Hugh Harvey rolled up majestically while purchasing a horse in Sussex. John Hobbs spent a night with us during his Naval leave. Alec Jaffé attended the O.B. Committee and gave us sound advice, as one would expect. Christopher is still working in the City and hopes to take his solicitor's finals this year. David Jennings has set up in business on his own and has entered his son for 1958. Brian Jarman has finished with the high seas and is working at Lloyds. Congratulations to Bill Jack on having two of his pictures exhibited in the Paris Salon.

I was sorry to miss Robin Kernick's wedding in the summer; both time and place were impossible. Rupert Lucas (Trinity, Cambridge) is doing a 4th year as a graduate, studying engineering before taking an appointment with the Rolls works at Derby. Cyril, his elder brother, is manager of the Cambridge branch of Lacon's Breweries. Charles (cousin) has finished a two years' course on farming and estate management at Cirencester, and he is most energetically farming 120 acres at Warnham. Derek Lucas and David Lutyens are two promising limbs of the teaching profession, and the lucky schools are Bristol Grammar School and K.E.S., Birmingham. Michael Monro is back from his medical work in Malaya and was last heard of looking for his "dream practice." Many thanks to Charles Morris for a gift of some of his own books to the School Library—most welcome in these difficult times. He is now H.P. of the Skin Department at Barts. He was flying with the R.N.A.S. last summer at Gosport and sailing at Itchenor. Edward Morse has been back recently from Canada, where he is an engineer with the Studebaker Motor Car Co. John Mollison, the Winchester Don, takes a paternal interest in our colony there, making good the lacuna in their correspondence. During the election he met Christopher Pirie-Gordon, who was speaking there, and was regaled with his electrifying stories of Jordanian royalty. Christopher is now back in the Foreign Office again. David Man was sitting directly behind our party at Twickenham at the Oxford and Cambridge match. It was perhaps as well that the representatives of his old University did not hear his comments on their play. Henry Morcom has been working temporarily at a school in Seaford and has been able to keep in touch with us. Algy Matheson tours about in pursuit of wines and he assisted our deliberations at the O.B. Committee.

Tony Naumann descended upon us quite recently. He was in great form, has two lively daughters in his country home at Cranleigh and an equally lively colony of whippets which he breeds. Ronnie Owen is still out in Adelaide, where he is A.D.C. to Sir Willoughby Norrie. John Pollock now has a curacy in Marylebone, but he hankers after a university appointment. Anthony Prower divides his time between the Toronto Conservatory, where he is studying music, and Trinity College School, where he teaches music. Ian Paton is reading for the Mechanical Science Tripos at Peterhouse, Cambridge. He played for his college 1st XI at soccer and got a freshman's trial. Serious athletics start this term. Nigel Poston came back from Abadan when the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company blew up, but it is not known what has

happened to Francis Hardy. John Platt is married and working at Wells Theological College. His brother, Robert, is with the firm of Mather and Platt, Manchester. James Prest is anxiously awaiting news of his Chartered Accountant's exam., and Michael, now Sub.-Lieut. in H.M.S. *Implacable*, was sent out to Switzerland for the Navy ski-ing trials and has a chance of being selected for the R.N. ski-ing team. Roger Purchase is down from Sidney Sussex, Cambridge. He is going to finish his medical training at University College Hospital and has decided ultimately to take orders. John Rogers, now living at Emsworth, has been working in the R.N. Scientific Service—a real live boffin apparently. Michael, 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, is back from Hong Kong and was last heard of at Bovington. Louis Ridley, very much a family man nowadays, was down here recently. News of the Spottiswoodes comes through their cousin in Canada—Tony, now married, is still supervising engineering works connected with Manchester's water supply. David is down from B.N.C., Oxford, with a 2nd in Physics and is doing something in or for the Foreign Office. Clive Sykes has been on leave from West Africa, where he handles millions of bananas which we rarely see. David Symonds writes interesting letters from Georgetown, British Guiana, where he is an agent for Steel Bros., Ltd., dealing chiefly in greenheart. Donald Service is reading for orders and finds life at Ridley Hall more regimented than Trinity, but enormously repaying.

Michael Tisdall, Clare College, Cambridge, is on the last lap of his medical studies. Christopher visited us in the summer term when he was showing the flag at Eastbourne with H.M.S. *Vanguard*. He is now in the *Theseus*. Jan Thesiger is up at Christ Church, Oxford. Michael Toynbee is out of the Army and has joined his father's banking firm. Peter is down from Cambridge and is temporarily teaching at West Downs, Winchester. Graham Turner, alias the Egg, spends much of his spare time on behalf of the Old Boys' Committee, of which he is the Hon. Secretary, and he is full of enterprising ideas. Trevor spent Christmas in hospital for a hernia operation and had a royal time there apparently. Bernard Vann was Flag Lieutenant in the *Vanguard* and now has a shore job in the office of the Flag Officer at Rosyth. He has a house in Gloucestershire and a brace of sons. John Vernon has left Radley and is serving with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment in Austria. John Whittaker dropped in at Christmas some before going to Berlin with the Durham Light Infantry. He hopes finally to take up an appointment in a Prep. School in 1953.

I crave the indulgence of Old Boy readers for any errors or omissions in these paragraphs. The information is often harvested from an early crop of letters, when the conscience is stirred to activity on receipt of the Magazine, and some of it therefore is out of date. Much of it, too, is passed on second-hand, "from what somebody said when I last met him," and my memory for these *obiter dicta* becomes increasingly fallible with the march of time. However, I can assure those who write and report of their own doings, that these words of information are much appreciated by their one-time contemporaries at St. Peter's.

TWO GENERATIONS

The following table of statistics may be of interest to some readers. It is a list of Old Boys who either 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.

- 1952 E. G. W. Browne (1925-30), P. J. Butler (1920-25), R. H. Hickman (1921-25), W. R. Nicholson (1921-23), the late G. L. Steer (1921-23), J. J. Hanning (1920-21), (to come) M. Previtc (1924-29), L. H. H. Browell (1926-31), N. D. Campbell (1925-28).
- 1953 D. F. Furlong (1923-28), H. R. Hickman (1921-25), S. P. Coulson (1925-29).
- 1954 L. H. H. Browell (1926-31), B. H. Talbot (1925-29), G. K. Horsey (1920-25), J. W. Davies (1920-21), 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), G. K. Horsey (1920-25), C. M. Monro (1931-34), F. E. M. Hardy (1931-36), J. W. Alington (1924-29).
- 1958 J. R. Clarke (1927-31), B. A. J. C. Gregory (1930-34), L. M. Ridley (1935-39), W. T. C. Rogerson (1924-26), R. L. P. Cobb (1925-30), J. D. Jennings (1934-39).
- 1959 E. J. G. Clarke (1934-39), J. G. C. Jameson (1928-33), D. M. Man (1928-33).
- 1960 E. G. W. Browne (1925-30), J. L. F. Bayly (1934-38).

OLD BOY REUNION PARTY

As the summer of 1952 witnesses by 100th term at St. Peter's, the O.B. Committee has decided to hold this year's Reunion Party at St. Peter's instead of in London. This will take place on Saturday, 5th July, and notices are being sent to all Old Boys over the age of 18. If you have not received one, please get in touch with the Hon. Secretary O.B. Committee, E. G. Turner, Sherborne, Dover House Road, Roehampton, S.W.15.

P.K.-S.

PARENTS' PUDDING

THE REPORT COMES IN

The postmark suggests it probably is. The envelope is large enough and fat enough for it to be. The fingers explore, and out it comes, the same shape and size as an air ticket. Even after all these years I read it with some trepidation; I still dimly feel that I shall catch it if I get caught snooping before the Parent sees it first. Yes, the Parent must read it first, with horrid deliberation, and then oratorically demand my explanation for *this*. Impossible to believe that I am now the Parent and that Marmaduke is myself. I doubt whether Marmaduke appreciates Time's revenges either; he is unconcernedly disguised as Al Capone, shooting up his two-year-old brother in the role of Bugsy Moran. If I attempt to demand any explanation for anything, I shall undoubtedly go the way of Bugsy.

I turn the report over in my fingers, reflecting on school reports I have come across lately. There was my nephew's. The Headmaster's note reads: "He has much enjoyed the numerous excellent entertainments—ranging from conjuring shows to the latest suitable films. He has also had some great set-tos in the gym (under the able tutelage of the Sergeant-Major) with Tom Blankshire." Blankshire's father is a Cabinet Minister, and it seems to me that Dr. Grimstone of *Vice-Versa* could hardly have produced a more self-satisfied and self-condemning document, or one better calculated to make a parent decide that this is no school for any son of his.

Again there's the report written by an eminent sportsman, a friend of mine, who, holding a sinecure as a prep. schoolmaster, was required to fill in the report on the term's work in scripture of each of the 53 boys in the school. The effort to be discriminating proved to be too much for his imagination. Finally he wrote against each boy's name the simple tribute: "Very fare."

At last I open the report. I like it because it tries, unaffectedly, to tell me the truth about Marmaduke. I am amused to find that in his worst subject "he has had a satisfactory term." He has finished ninth out of ten. Would that he had finished eighth and could be described as brilliant!

But I am not reading the report to find out what the masters think about Marmaduke. I *know* about Marmaduke. (He is idle, witty, clever, fond of showing off, and adorable.) I want to know about the masters. From the report I learn about them. They don't sound as if they thought themselves infallible. They sound human, and interested in children.

Marmaduke looks up from the bullet-riddled corpse of Bugsy. He sees I have read it, and his eyes question me.

"Jolly good," I say to the young genius who is ninth out of ten, and he sighs in satisfaction. But, of course, I am not talking about *his* performance.

EX. SCHOOLBOY

STAFF STEW

STAFF MEETING

An enlightening play in three short but telling scenes.

SCENE I

Time: January. Second day of term.

Place: In a room apparently dating back to the Ice Age, the teaching staff huddle over a valiant but quite inadequate electric fire. The one lady present takes a mean advantage of her position to monopolise the only warm radiator.

The HEADMASTER weighs in:

"To put it plainly, we've simply got to down to it this term. There has been a certain waste of time in the past and we must aim particularly at making the fullest use of time all round.

"Slacking has never been a good idea of course, but as things are now with C.E., the professions and so on, it's unforgivable. Half-pressure won't do, and if we can impress this on the boys, we'll be well on the way.

"You will have your own ideas on how best to get on with the job, new approaches and so forth." (Solemn faces fill the room—all that is, except for the M.O.D. who has been reconnoitring in the school at present under the stern command of its captain, Curry-Sniff. Fresh from the genial atmosphere of hot cocoa, sticky buns and happy faces, he eyes the blue-nosed crusaders with something like sorrow.)

After much dreary business and discussion of individual boys and their problems the meeting breaks up, slowly with stiff limbs.

Curtain

SCENE II

Time: Five minutes later.

Place: Outside the Reading Room. Emerging master meets passing boy.

BOY: "Hello, Sir! Had a good meeting, Sir?"

MASTER: "Good? Well, that's hardly the word to describe the *industry*, the serious tackling of profound problems—the—err—"

BOY: "What! Didn't you have any sherry, Sir? No gaiety, no fun and games? (*Puzzled.*) It was the staff meeting each other after the hols, Sir, wasn't it, Sir?"

Curtain

SCENE III

Time: The following morning.

Resolute Form Master tackles a history period in the new spirit.

R.F.M.: "Right. Now to-day we have a lot to get through; so you, Bampton, can pay attention for a change and leave the structural alterations to your desk until some other, let us hope, more suitable time. New work to-day with a test next lesson; so there's not a minute to lose. (*Clears voice.*) As we found last term Charles II was restored to the British throne in 1660 and he made it clear from the start that he had no intention of being turned off it—(*unnoticed by zealous magister, enter 'the formidable and undaunted figure of the Music Mistress'*). Now as this is a famous quotation you may as well get it right. What Charles actually said was —"

MUSIC MISTRESS (*interrupting*): "Why hasn't Wilson gone up for his music lesson? I sent a message 10 minutes ago."

R.F.M. (*frowning*): "Wilson! You have a music lesson now?"

WILSON (*brightly*): "Yes, Sir!"

R.F.M.: "Go on then."

(*The class settles down again*)

R.F.M. continues: "determined not to be sent on his travels again and never to set foot in —"

WINDOW-GAZING BOY: "The taxi, Sir."

R.F.M.: "What did you say?"

BOY: "The taxi, Sir. It's here. To take Harker to the station, Sir. He's got a dentist's appointment in London."

R.F.M. (*Patently*): "never to set foot in foreign lands. To England herself, the Restoration meant unity of a kind at home and abroad, peace with —"

Newly arrived boy with plastered hair: "Can six more go to the hairdresser, please?"

(*Despair grows in R.F.M.'s heart. He counts six remaining faces, all grinning—a nucleus perhaps—better push on.*)

R.F.M.: "What were the benefits of the Restoration, Drake?"

DRAKE: "Unity at home and peace abroad, Sir."

R.F.M.: "Right." The boy must have been listening after all. Cheered by this, he continued, "and so it is vital to remember that in spite of what many historians say, and they deserve respect, the truth is —"
Enter Major (not to be overlooked)

MAJOR: "Sorry to butt in—old chap, but I want Bishop for shooting. Imperial Shield, you know, very important."

R.F.M. (*desperately*): "Must it be now?"

MAJOR: "Only once a year, you know, won't hurt him to miss —"

R.F.M.: "All right. Take him. Take the lot and shoot 'em all if you like."

M.O.

SCHOOL NOTES

The following boys entered the School during 1951 :

Easter: P. B. D. Banks.

Summer: A. A. Brown, T. W. Fison, J. M. Franklin, J. E. Gilbert, D. W. Steel, T. R. de Zoete.

Autumn: M. R. Butler, D. B. R. Batchelor, G. R. B. Browne, M. J. L. A. Churchill, P. D. Gardner, R. L. Glyn, J. R. Hanning, J. C. Knight, M. G. R. Nevill, A. W. Stabb, E. M. Shawcross.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

	<i>Easter</i>	<i>Summer</i>	<i>Autumn</i>
School ..	D. C. Marsden	D. C. Marsden	C. D. MacInnes
Games ..	D. C. Marsden	R. H. Whitty	C. D. MacInnes
Reds ..	R. E. B. Johnson	R. E. B. Johnson	G. W. Murray-Smith
Whites ..	D. C. Marsden	D. C. Marsden	C. D. MacInnes
Blues ..	E. J. Rich	E. J. Rich	J. P. B. Tisdall
Shooting ..	G. J. Ward	E. J. Rich	D. L. Knights



"THE ONLOOKERS"

The first term of the year, though a healthy one, did not open with the best weather for rugby, and I find in my diary that by 18th February we had only had half a dozen games. But there were other activities. After much preparation by Mr. Norbury, Nr. Bell and a number of boys, the first electric trains began to show their paces round the school track. No golden rivet was hammered home by a top-hatted director, and no vintage champagne was splashed over the boiler of a Hornby locomotive, but the

introduction of a "live" rail was no mean feat and our thanks are due to all those who helped to make it possible.

We had to say a reluctant good-bye to Miss Carr, who left us at Christmas, and welcomed her successor, Miss Marjorie Ogden, who needs no introduction here after a year with us.

One wet afternoon we amused ourselves by silently acting historical scenes for the audience to guess. Much was left to the imagination, especially when members of the Staff dragged themselves across the stage amid cries of "Scott of the Antarctic" and "Dr. Livingstone." A perspiring Headmaster at last gave the answer, "The Retreat from Moscow."

It was delightful to have Captain Lawson Smith with us again to lecture on deep sea diving. He walked up from the bus carrying his equipment, and when four members of the Staff had managed to get it as far as the playroom, the fun began. The climax came when a hollow bolt was fired through a piece of steel and penetrated the playroom floor.

Member of the Staff: "Is your father an Old Boy?"

Boy: "Well, I suppose he is rather. He's fifty-six."

The traditional visit was paid to Twickenham for the Varsity Match which Oxford won.

It was very sad for us to have to say good-bye to Miss Scott, "Scottie" as we shall always think of her, and Miss Iliffe in April. Their services to us were not only confined to the somewhat dingy purlicus of the linen cupboards and laundry baskets, and it seemed that nothing could be quite the same without them. Nevertheless it is part of our experiences at school to suffer sad farewells and try to extend cheerful welcomes almost in the same breath. The arrival of Miss Robins and Miss Lester must now be officially recorded, but they have long since passed their new boys Exam' with flying colours.

The Holmswoods Match, always a most happy occasion, resulted in a win for the visitors, and an exciting one too. I think it was extra-cover who gobbled up a catch from the Headmaster when we needed only one run to tie. Our friends always devise some sort of ingenious cricket quiz for the boys, and this year it took the form of a picture gallery of photographs of famous players for identification. The beefy Bedders were easy meat, but "Who's that chap with no peak to his cap and the walrus moustache?" The Whitty brothers knew more than anyone else, and each received a new cricket ball, a rare and treasured possession these difficult days.

We had news that the School had won the Junior Section of the Imperial Shield, and we are still waiting for it to complete its haphazard journey from some distant corner of the Empire.

The Headmaster of Brighton College, Mr. W. Stewart, preached to us at Evening Service on 17th June.

Mrs. Summers again gave the school a delicious strawberry tea and Richard Evans presented a garden chair of noble proportions which would clearly sooner die than be on the "indoors" list. The decoration of the dining-room with the coats of arms of public schools is nearing completion. Old boys have now provided us with Eton, Winchester, Charterhouse, Wellington, Haileybury, Rugby, Radley, Harrow, Blundells, Cheltenham, Malvern, Clifton, Marlborough, Shrewsbury, Sherborne, Uppingham and Bryanston. Stowe is promised. An important addition to our equipment has been the gift of a new school flag, bearing the cinquefoil and crosskeys in white. Those responsible were Tony Howorth, Lawrence Banks, Court Granville and Colin MacInnes, and we are most grateful to them.

Congratulations to David Marsden on an Exhibition to Cheltenham.

In September we were again caught up by the excitement of an election, and the boys formed their own Younger Conservative Association. Mysterious meetings were held behind locked doors—committee members wore rosettes, and important letters from Central Office poured in. The likeness of the Member for the Lewes Division stared down at us from all angles, but, disappointingly, there was no threat of rivalry or counter plot. In the pocket borough of cubicle bathroom there was no lobbying for Labour, and in the more open and less furtive debate of the changing room the world was for Winston. A convoy motored to Lewes for the declaration of the poll, but arrived too late and returned just as the final figures were lovingly inscribed on the setroom blackboard with the last remaining stubs of coloured chalk.

Mr. Bell, who came to St. Peter's in January, 1945, left us at the end of the summer term for a post in Yorkshire, and it was hard to say goodbye to one, who had given our many activities the benefit of his good humour and sound advice for so long. We wish him and his family the best of luck in their new surroundings.

Mr. Calkin lectured to us on "What lies under the ground," and it was only the shortage of equipment that prevented the school from demolishing the cliffs of Seaford Head with hammer and chisel the next day.

When we had the film "Man of Aran," Miss Barbara Mullen was kind enough to come and tell us about her own experiences on the island. Her talk helped us to appreciate the simple but perilous life of the Aran fishermen, and the combination of Miss Mullen and some admirable photography made it a memorable evening. I think we all felt over-civilised, and horribly pampered afterwards.

Mr. Evetts gave us a delightful talk on "Red Deer," and was clearly master of his subject. He would still be answering questions if he had had the time to spare.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Heap gave us another of their puppet shows which are always a joy to watch, both for their fantasy and colour, and for the music. This time it was "Aladdin," and the performance lacked nothing. Dragonflies flashed through the shadows of enchanted gardens, the Slave of the Lamp appeared from puffs of smoke, and the magic carpet flew on and on and on. It was over all too soon.

In the Scaford Horticultural Show for 1951 Lockwood had ten entries in the vegetable and fruit sections, and not only won four first prizes, five seconds and one third, but also the cup for the best fruit of all classes grown locally. Mace had seven entries in the flower division, and won three firsts, two seconds and two third prizes.

On 5th November we decided to have the fireworks on the playing field outside the setroom windows and under a new moon a group of muffled figures, armed with paraffin torches, stood like a team of gunners round a 25-pounder. The "gun" was the school cart laden with lethal weapons of the "retire immediately" kind, and on prepared benches was a battery of the lesser fry, "stand upright in firm ground," or merely "not to be held in the hand." A moment or two later, everything in the cart began to please itself about igniting. It was too late to dig in, but there were no casualties. B.L.T., after showing much gallantry under heavy fire, led the way to the bonfire and Guy Fawkes was soon hoisted to the top where he lounged casually on one elbow (his supporting wire was strung a shade too low). He soon changed his ideas, however, and with muffled explosions coming from his biceps and the toes of his boots collapsed into the impressive furnace below.

The Carol Service was very well attended and we had 50 visitors in the body of the Chapel. The decorations and lighting were as lovely as ever, and the singing of "When the Crimson Sun has Set," in parts, was perhaps the best in a generally good performance. Another carol, fresh to our service, was "Est Ist Ein Rosen Entsprungen." The readers were Lipscomb, Blackburne-Maze, Tisdall, Kenneth Whitty, Mills and Colin MacInnes, and the standard was high.

The photograph at the top of these notes was taken by B.L.T. and used as our Christmas Card for last year.

Mr. George Grimmond gave us another of his conjuring displays at the end of the term, and very good it was.

We were very lucky to get John Woodcock down in person to show us the film he took of the most recent M.C.C. tour in Australia. "Elusive Victory" is a unique record of the doings of F. R. Brown's team, and the younger generation especially enjoyed watching what to them was a novel experience—England's win in the last test match.

The School Concert gave us a varied programme ranging from "The Camel's Hump," sung by the Juniors to Handel's "Silent Worship" and an old favourite, Easthope Martin's "St. Nicholas Day in the Morning." After a successful group of songs there were still some with breath enough to perform the Flamborough Sword Dance for us. The team was led by Whitty, and consisted of Summers, Parsons, Herbert Jones, Lowther, Tindal-Robertson, Stirling-Hamilton and Norrie. They knew the intricate changes perfectly and danced not only with grace but evident enjoyment.

CALENDAR FOR 1952

Easter Term: Tuesday, 22nd January, to Friday, 4th April.

Summer Term: Tuesday, 6th May, to Monday, 28th July. *Half Term:* Saturday, 28th June.

Autumn Term: Tuesday, 23rd September, to Tuesday, 16th December. *Theatricals:* Saturday, 22nd November.

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