

Akers-Douglas

THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE



ST. PETER'S
SEAFORD
SUSSEX

No. 91

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The School Magazine

No. 91

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UNWRITTEN AUDIT

Twelve months have slipped by since this little journal made its last bashful appearance, and a twelvemonth is a long time. Even to a boy in his last school year here it is a quarter of his competitive life, so to speak; to some a half, to others three quarters. It is always a source of wonder to me, how people change while still retaining the same individual identity; how we are all the time adapting ourselves either consciously or subconsciously to our environment and the network of daily problems which beset us. Truly has it been said that change is the only permanent thing in life.

These few words of mine are being written on the last day of 1954, although it may be a month or two before they reach print, and my thoughts are conditioned by the dying hours. Old Father Time must be excused if he succumbs to the temptation of being reflective and, perhaps, a little maudlin before he makes his final exit and stumbles out into the dark night. What are the profits and losses, one wonders, in the personal account of a schoolboy as revealed by the cold light of calculation in the annual audit? Mainly of course they have to be taken on trust, because the true figures often are not divulged until the boy is 15 or perhaps 25 or even 35. Three times a year the long-suffering parent opens a painful packet and, pushing the bill aside, reads the term's report with or without satisfaction, as the case may be. But do these reports really tell you the things you most of all want to know—these formalised summaries, written by a band of jaded men at a time when their mental vitality is at its lowest ebb? They disclose in a variety of ways all those details which appear vastly important at the time, but in the long run are of minor significance—"is making progress with his pronouns," "has on the whole (such a favourite cliché) had a satisfactory term," "finds Algebra difficult," "could do better if he concentrated," and a host of other commonplace slogans, many of which apply equally well to the writer himself, when faced by a really stiff book or listening unwillingly to an erudite sermon. The only really human incident about report writing occurred in the commonroom of St. Peter's when I was a young assistant master. Another fellow beak had just finished and, burying his head in his hands, was heard to mutter in tones of agonised despair, "Oh God, I haven't the face to ask for my term's salary!" If only we were as honest in public, but little touches like that do not appear in the tell-tale pages. All the same it is as well to realise that however many hundred times the word 'satisfactory' appears, no true schoolmaster is ever satisfied; if by any chance he is, then he had better seek another profession. But I wander.

Inevitably we have to write about percentages and places and other such mundane facts, because they are the only things that can be measured. What one really wants to be able to assess is the extra amount of personal effort expended over and above what is already there; the quality of mental

endurance; the power of resistance to intellectual temptation (the easy way, the short cut) and, more important still, the expansion of personality and character. But here we are in deep water, and our judgement is fallible; best keep the mouth shut for fear of making a mistake. Although most schoolmasters are sedately reliable on the old-fashioned velocipede, we have not been trained in the antics of a trick cyclist, but it is they who have the answers to the most vital questions, if only they did not mistake the abnormal for the general and speak a tribal dialect of their own. I long to have the piercing eye of detection which could distinguish in a flash between original and borrowed glory, between results achieved by natural ability and those which come from the sweat of the brow, between lack of effort and absence of understanding, not to mention all those behaviour twists, complexes I believe is the fashionable word, which have an origin in the society of the home or the school. Sometimes one can tell, but can one always be sure? Is there any degree of certainty? We think we know so much about the teeming lives which it is our privilege to direct, their visible successes and their more obvious failures, their spontaneous outbursts and their sulky withdrawals, and yet in reality we know so little, and that precious little is often a matter of guesswork.

A boy comes to his first boarding school, fresh from his home—I started to write "nursery," but that is now, alas, almost obsolete—and his first experience is to measure himself against other boys of his own age. The whole of his conscious day is absorbed by this new life. He works and plays and behaves in public, cats in public, dresses and undresses in public; even his prayers are said in public before the eyes of others prying through finger loopholes. By constant daily encounter he begins to form his standards; his ideal of a decent chap, one to be imitated; the type he dislikes, one to be avoided; and then, as he moves on into the school, his ideas start to take shape about the men and women with whom his life is shared—those to whom he responds with some warmth of feeling, the ones whom he tolerates, and others who leave him cold. It is this gradual acquisition of standards of judgement which is perhaps the most important thing that can be learnt at school, together with a growing awareness which helps him to discriminate between what is cheap or shoddy and what is genuine or real, both as regards people and intellect. In process of time the new boy sheds his skin and begins, often by painfully slow degrees, to develop some personal ambition, primarily for selfish reasons, but ultimately because he feels an ill-defined urge to serve the community in some way or another. He finds that he has some talent to exploit; it may be intellectual or athletic or artistic; it may be the taste of active leadership or that indefinable, intangible gift of making other people happy and helping to shape public opinion. At some stage he probably discovers, at least if his masters do their work properly, that material success is not the sum total of endeavour; that there is a cultural and spiritual side to his nature as well. Some chance word or some unrehearsed incident, the way a ceremony is conducted or a prayer said, may well leave an impression from which something really important will emerge. The tiny spark perhaps lies dormant for a while, but at a later stage it is fanned into a blaze by the draught of opposition or the cold wind of

reality, and then the boy begins to put on the vesture of manhood, when he realises that deep down within him there is a primitive urge for worship and awe which must be fulfilled.

These surely are the vital issues, the dramatic stages by which personality and character are shaped, but it baffles the wit of a plain, working schoolmaster to recognise or record these climacterics of development. On this score the school report is generally silent, and perhaps after all it had better remain so. It is tempting, I know, to dig up a plant and see why it is not growing more fully, but the first job of a schoolmaster, as I see it, is to prepare the soil with the utmost care and make sure that it is productive and not sterile; to see that encouragement, sympathy, liberty of action, restraint, correction, independence, sense of humour, love of mankind, faith in God are all there in due proportion—the intangible, essential components which go to make up a rich soil; and there let the seed be cast, to bring forth fruit, some a hundredfold, some sixty, some thirty.

P.K.S.



Cricket.



It is a reflection on the character of the weather this term that, as I write this article, the tropical flower of the Pakistani batting is being rudely buffeted at Manchester under stormy grey skies, and that Lord's provided equally unfavourable conditions for our visitors. Cricketers mature better in sunlight than in twilight, and a suspect pitch on a two-sweater day is a contingency which not only blunts the edge of enthusiasm, but makes high demands on skill and technique. We faced our 1954 season with a small, young collection of players in the top game, only two of whom had any sort of ready-made reputation. It was round David Fison and Compton therefore that we had to try to build a team, and it was while we were in the preliminary stage of doing this that German Measles "removed the bails" from a number of our potential fixtures. It is seldom that one finds in a captain the blending of all the qualities that make for perfection, but it must be said of David Fison that his enthusiasm and business-like administration of affairs, both on and off the field, were outstanding. His forceful batting took him to the top of the averages, and from his position behind the stumps he shared in the downfall of ten of our opponents. Compton, the vice-captain, is an all-round player of some promise, who will be more successful

when his temperament is less delicately balanced. A good exponent of the cut, and what I may perhaps call the "family shot" wide of square-leg's right hand, he is not convincing when playing the ball in front of the wickets. It is not surprising therefore to note that he has offered easy catches off the forward foot on several occasions, which have been gratefully accepted. His bowling, though unrhythmical, has been steady and his fielding crisp.

There were those of us who feared that lack of talent would account for a lean year, and that if we produced any distinguished players, they would have to chasten themselves with the thought that "in the country of the blind, the one-eyed man is King." The results of the first three of our seven matches were, however, undeniably encouraging, for we won them all. We were then outplayed by Newlands, drew very much in our favour at Chesterton, and lost our last two engagements. There is no doubt that the weakness of our opponents in the earlier matches flattered us unduly, and as success fell away, and we found ourselves struggling to regain confidence, we learnt the value of being a well balanced team. Although Charles Stancomb, Piers Courage, Campbell and Johnson were, in their different ways, capable of making runs, the character of our middle batting was never really anything stronger than whimsical. We developed a horribly long "tail," and our bowlers found themselves struggling to remove sides who were within reach of victory when the half century was on the board.

In turning to review the bowling, we were perhaps old-fashioned in starting with pace from one end and flight from the other. Suffice it to say that our openers took first and third places in the averages, with 33 wickets between them. Charles Stancomb, though lacking in inches, has a smooth natural action and seems likely to develop the beam and stamina necessary in a good fast bowler. The fact that he can move the ball considerably in the air has, at this stage, proved more a difficulty than an asset. His direction was unreliable and not assisted by the high cross-wind which seemed to blow permanently across our Seaford grounds this year. Campbell keeps his left arm beautifully high, but his length deserted him towards the end and he does not yet bowl from the hips. Experience will teach him to flatten his trajectory and employ a faster ball now and then against a batsman who uses his feet. Compton and, to a lesser extent, Anthony Stabb shared the rest of the work.

There was one department of the game in which we compared favourably as a team with all our opponents. The ground fielding and throwing, especially near the wicket, was keener and of a higher quality than I have known it. The catching was, at times, unreliable but despite this, the fielding accounted for half the number of wickets taken, and this is the sort of support that hard-pressed bowlers need. We had six boys who could flash the ball in from cover with the hand just below the shoulder, and I dream of the day when there will be no-one on the first game who has to resort to what I commonly describe, with apologies, as "the governess donkey-drop." Anthony Stabb was particularly outstanding for the manner in which he placed his body behind the line of the ball however severely it had been hit.

A preparatory school season is short and can suffer a host of interruptions. It is therefore the duty of the coach to remember that while patience and

encouragement may beam in one of his eyes, cold and dispassionate calculation must shine from the other. Although he is attendant upon the cradle rather than the maturity of so many cricketing careers, he must try to pick a team of successful rather than merely promising players. Under these circumstances, as Sam Weller once observed, "poverty and oysters always seems to go together." Although, on the balance, we may have felt impecunious in the latter half of this term, there is always the hope that the "paupers" of today may be the millionaires of tomorrow. Next year we shall still have many of the players who have contributed a lively enthusiasm to our cricket and to whom another 12 months growth may make a world of difference. The prospects for 1955 would seem sufficiently bright to make our winter speculations on next season a warming and cheerful pastime.

M.H.F.



CRICKET SCORES

1ST XI

Played 7; won 3; lost 3; drawn 1.

- v. THE STAFF. Drawn.
STAFF: 138 for 7 declared.
ST. PETER'S: 103 for 7 (D. Fison 31, C. Stancomb 17 not out).
- v. SUTTON PLACE (home). Won by 75 runs.
ST. PETER'S: 127 for 4 declared (D. Fison 46 not out, Compton 23, Johnson 22).
SUTTON PLACE: 52 (C. Stancomb 3 for 13).
- v. NORMANSAL (home). Won by 61 runs.
ST. PETER'S: 89 (P. Courage 27, D. Fison 19).
NORMANSAL: 28 (C. Stancomb 6 for 11, Compton 2 for 2).
- v. TYTTENHANGER (home). Won by 5 wickets.
TYTTENHANGER: 86 for 8 declared (C. Stancomb 2 for 14).
ST. PETER'S: 87 for 5 (Compton 45).
- v. NEWLANDS (away). Lost by 8 wickets.
ST. PETER'S: 52.
NEWLANDS: 53 for 2.
- v. CHESTERTON (away). Drawn.
ST. PETER'S: 96 for 4 declared (D. Fison 53, C. Stancomb 21 not out).
CHESTERTON: 52 for 8 (Campbell 4 for 10).

- v. NORMANSAL (away). Lost by 1 wicket.
 ST. PETER'S: 52 (Compton 17).
 NORMANSAL: 53 for 9 (C. Stancomb 5 for 17, Compton 4 for 14).
- v. TYTTENHANGER (away). Lost by 6 wickets.
 ST. PETER'S: 56.
 TYTTENHANGER: 57 for 4.

Final 1st XI: D. R. Fison (Captain),* B. D. Compton (Vice-Captain),*
 C. D. Stancomb,* A. W. Stabb,* J. D. Campbell, C. F. Powell-Brett, P. R.
 Courage, W. F. B. Johnson, S. L. Butler, J. C. Knight, J. M. Franklin.

* Denotes Colours.

2ND XI

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

- v. SUTTON PLACE (away). Won by 14 runs.
 ST. PETER'S: 27.
 SUTTON PLACE: 13 (Knight 6 for 5, Churchill 4 for 6).
- v. TYTTENHANGER (away). Lost by 39 runs.
 TYTTENHANGER: 71 (M. Denison-Pender 5 for 29, Knight 3 for 25).
 ST. PETER'S: 32.
- v. NEWLANDS (home). Lost by 3 wickets.
 ST. PETER'S: 90 (Franklin 21, T. Fison 23 not out).
 NEWLANDS: 91 for 7 (Knight 3 for 40, T. Fison 2 for 6).
- v. CHESTERTON (home). Drawn.
 ST. PETER'S: 60.
 CHESTERTON: 46 for 9 (Knight 3 for 12, Royle 3 for 11, Churchill
 2 for 11).
- v. TYTTENHANGER (home). Won by 27 runs.
 ST. PETER'S: 71 (M. Courage 19 not out).
 TYTTENHANGER: 44 (Royle 5 for 11, Churchill 3 for 33).

The 2nd XI: M. W. Nicholson (Captain), T. W. Fison, M. J. F. Royle,
 M. J. L. A. Churchill, S. P. Walker, S. H. Fortescue, J. H. Denison-Pender,
 M. R. Denison-Pender, N. R. E. Previtc, M. J. Courage, A. A. Brown.

3RD XI

Played 1; lost 1.

- v. NEWLANDS (away). Lost by 15 runs.
 NEWLANDS: 76 (J. Willis 4 for 11, Akers-Douglas 4 for 24).
 ST. PETER'S: 61 (R. Browne 16, A. J. Chisholm 13).

The 3rd XI: A. A. Akers-Douglas (Captain), R. L. Glyn, J. P. Willis,
 E. H. H. Browell, G. R. W. Browne, D. W. Steel, D. B. L. Batchelor,
 A. J. H. Chisholm, A. de V. Russell-Roberts, P. J. R. Brown, R. J. Sinclair.



Soccer.



How often in the past, as I sat down to write the Soccer account, have I racked my brains to think up a convincing excuse for our having lost so many more matches than we won. This year no such excuses are necessary, for of 9 matches played, we won 6, lost 2 and drew 1, and to the forwards must go most of the credit for our successes. They proved over and over again the truth of the old adage, "attack is the best form of defence." From this it must not be inferred that the defence was particularly weak. It was not. Richard Glyn in goal was courageous and safe with a sound sense of anticipation, and surprising speed off the mark considering his bulk. Both the backs, though light-weights, were very effective. Churchill, with his almost uncanny anticipation and effortless kicking with either foot, was probably the better footballer. Simon Butler, though rather one-footed and inclined to "scuffle" the ball with the side of the boot, was a fearless tackler and quick to recover when beaten. After an initial period of playing too wide and too square they covered each other well, and effectively closed the path down the middle of the field. Their main fault was an inability to take goal-kicks properly, in spite of much practice. This failure perhaps accounted, to some extent, for the tendency of our half-back line to play a defensive rather than an attacking game. Powell-Brett, as the centre-half, was an excellent tackler and possessed unlimited courage and stamina. His anticipation improved greatly as the term went on, but his judgment of man and ball was sometimes suspect, and he did not, in general, create enough openings for his forwards. The same could be said of the two wing halves. Michael Courage was a sound tackler and never gave up. But he was rather "one-footed" and his passes were restricted merely to his outside man, where often a cross-pass with the left foot to the unmarked centre-forward or opposite outside would have paid dividends. Craig, the right-half, has the makings of a really good footballer, for he has ball-control and anticipation and never allows his attention to be distracted from the ball by his opponent. At present he is handicapped by lack of speed, and to some extent, lack of strength in his kicking.

The fact that the "feeding" of the forwards was not always all it might have been, threw a heavier burden than ever upon the shoulders of the insides, and upon Stabb in particular. From the very beginning he stood out as the footballer of the year, and though in the early matches the ball did not "run" for him, and his own individual score was small, he engineered most of the openings. A powerful kick with either foot, his

long passes to either wing were often near-perfect. His heading, dribbling and ball-control generally were in a class by themselves and his shooting was deadly. To him the Soccer Cup was justly awarded. Of the other forwards, Compton on the right wing was always dangerous. Though not very fast, his excellent ball-control, tricky body swerve and ability to change pace and direction suddenly, made him virtually unstoppable. His centring, too, and narrow-angle shooting were excellent. His opposite number, Campbell, though rather slow, and not always courageous, played intelligently and centred well, providing he was given plenty of time for the operation. Franklin, in the centre, was perhaps the most improved player of the term. By sheer enthusiasm and perseverance he so improved his ball-control and positional play that by the end of the season he was a thrustful and most effective centre-forward. This was the more remarkable as he started the term as a centre-half, and though it is not unusual for forwards to become halves, the converse rarely happens. Finally, but by no means least, the captain, Charles Stancomb, this year voluntarily forsook his well-loved position on the left wing to fill the gap at inside-right. He took a little time to settle down, but once established, his speed and powerful kicking with either foot made him one of the most dangerous attackers. Many of the goals came from a Stancomb-Compton move down the right-hand side of the field.

Finally I would like to thank the captain and vice-captain for fostering the "team spirit" which did so much to win our matches. Two games in particular stand out in my mind. Firstly, our return match *v.* Tyttenhanger, where we avenged our previous defeat 7-5 after some inspired forward play, and secondly, our unexpected 4-3 victory over Newlands, who up to then had had an unbeaten record for nearly two years. These victories were in no small part due also to the practice that various individuals put in in the evenings both at play-room soccer and heading practice in the Squash Court. There was never any shortage of volunteers for these. There are no short cuts to acquiring skill at any game, particularly soccer, which is highly skilful. But while boys have the desire to play better and the enthusiasm to practice until they do, then there is every hope that we can produce an even better XI next year, for there is plenty of talent lower down the School.

J.C.N.

1st XI—R. L. Glyn,* Churchill,* S. L. Butler,* Craig, Powell-Brett,* M. J. Courage,* Compton* (vice-captain), C. D. Stancomb* (captain), A. W. Stabb*, Campbell.

* Denotes Colours.

Matches played; won 6; lost 2; drew 1.

2nd XI—P. J. Brown, Royle (captain), E. H. H. Browell, T. W. Fison, J. C. Knight, M. R. Butler, Previté, Batchelor, Johnson, P. R. Courage.

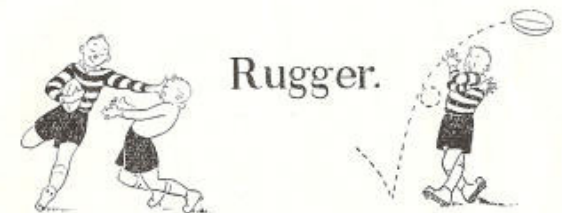
Matches played 9; won 6; lost 1; drew 2.

3rd XI—R. V. Courage, C. G. Leathers, S. P. Walker, G. R. W. Browne, Steel, J. H. Denison-Pender, D. F. Stabb, Lipscomb, M. R. Denison-Pender, J. P. Willis, Jenkins.

Matches played 3; won 2; lost 1.

4th XI—Courtenay, P. G. L. Coulson, T. Jones, Fortescue, A. A. Brown, Hanning, N. C. Farcbrother, Sinclair, Furlong, A. J. Stancomb, Nevill.

Matches played 2; won 1; lost 1.



Despite our own clean bill of health, we were unable to complete our full programme of matches owing to the prevalence of various ailments among the ranks of our intended opponents.

The matches we did play, however, confirmed the opinion that we were weaker as a team than in previous years, but in extenuation it must be noted that an injury early in the term robbed us of the assistance of Powell-Brett, a key player. We opened our campaign with a defeat by St. Wilfrid's at home, 15-0, our somewhat sluggish pack being run off their feet by their more lively opponents, while the passing and taking of passes among the backs was mechanical and uncertain. We next met Sutton Place, whom we defeated by 15-5, a flattering score, since it was not until well into the second half that we really got going. Our opponents were lighter but their outsides were speedy and gave us some very anxious moments. Against Normansal (away), though winning by 21-0, we were not convincing against a less experienced side and sadly lacked a Paul Parsons to convert our tries. In the return we were held to 11-0: a win, but it might easily have gone the other way. Tyttenhanger (away) gave us a salutary lesson in speed on the ball, anticipation and backing-up, by beating us 20-9. Though we put up our best performance to date in this match, we were just not good enough. Our last match, against Newlands (home) resulted in a 21-11 win for our opponents: a splendid battle in which both teams rose to great heights. On the same day our 2nd XV took the field against Newlands 2nd XV. From St. Peter's point of view, a veil (extra thick) should be drawn over this event, for we were crushed by 58-0, and rightly, since apart from Fortescue, who performed with great vigour (but little skill) there was a complete lack of "guts."

A word on the individual players. David Fison, Captain and scrum-half played consistently with pluck and intelligence, his tackling and falling being of a high order. Martyn, vice-captain, large and ferocious, was most useful in the "line-outs," but was lacking in the finer points of the game: too much "foot" and too little "hand." Nicholson proved a useful hooker but was slow, while Royle and Antony Brown completed a hard-working but cumbersome front row. Paul Butler and Jack Chisholm applied their not inconsiderable weight to the scrum as "locks," while Franklin and Michael Courage showed great promise as wing-forwards, being lively and courageous. Anthony Stabb, at outside-half, is a match winner on his day. He is quick off the mark, tackles splendidly and has a safe pair of hands and a deceptive swerve. However, he must learn to get his three-quarters moving and to curb his desire to go through on his own on every occasion. Powell-Brett, who missed half the term through injury, showed himself to be a fast and penetrating three-quarter, and should prove most useful next season.

Charles Stancomb ran fast as a three-quarter but like Compton alongside him, is weak in defence, and has yet to learn to draw a man before passing. Compton has a good swerve and can make the best of an opening. Simon Butler, wing three-quarter, tackles well and goes hard: he should prove more than useful as he gains experience. Timothy Fison, small but sturdy, performed creditably at full-back. He is slow, but he tackles well and is a very fair kick. Of others who played for the School, Johnson and Robin Browne showed promise as three-quarters, the latter being a fearless tackler. Nevill performed bravely at full-back, while Batchelor played with intelligence and liveliness as a forward. Space does not permit mention of all who played in the first "40," but there is keenness and promise there.

Summing up, most of the tackling and passing was below our usual standard, and it was not until the Set Matches that we discovered a place-kicker, when Martyn, to the surprise of himself and everyone else, demonstrated his skill in this department of the game. In the Set Matches, played with the usual keenness, Whites were worthy winners by beating Blues 14-11, and Reds 17-6. Blues came second with a win over Reds 24-3, the latter being unlucky to be without the help of Stabb and Powell-Brett.

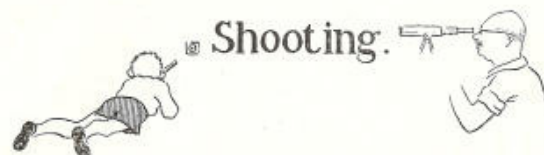
S.E.A.

1st XV—T. Fison (back); Compton, C. Stancomb, *Powell-Brett, S. Butler (three-quarters); *D. Fison (Capt.), *A. Stabb (halves); Royle, *Nicholson, A. Brown, P. Butler, A. J. Chisholm, *M. Courage, *Martyn, *Franklin (forwards).

*Denotes Colours

SUMMARY OF MATCHES

v. St. Wilfred's	lost, 0-15
v. Sutton Place	won, 15-0
v. Normansal	won, 21-0
v. Normansal	won, 11-0
v. Tyttenhanger	lost, 9-20
v. Newlands	lost, 9-13
2nd XV v. Newlands	lost, 0-58



Shooting.

The year started with a series of apologies and laments owing to the apparent dearth of talent, but it ended in a blaze of unexpected glory, with glaring headlines in the Sussex papers and press photographers demanding admittance. We did not produce any good scores in the Preparatory School Shields. The 1st VIII twice gained second place in the St. Patrick's, and the 2nd VIII twice won the Lord Roberts Cup, that much maligned bowl which in spite of all our banter has its uses. Recently we have not been sending in teams for the 50 and 100 yards competition, not entirely because the firing point has been demolished in favour of the new swimming pool, but largely as a measure of economy while we were building up our eights, which were for the most part both young and inexperienced. In any case both these contests are highly unsatisfactory, because so few schools enter for them. In the so-called Summer Term only two competed in the St. George's and one in the St. Andrew's, and this state of affairs renders them practically meaningless.

While the November-December hurricanes were lashing our scafront and we were almost battered down under hatches, news came by telephone—the press fiends, of course—that we had again won the Junior Imperial Shield. This was the 1953 issue, the results of which were divulged by the supersonic N.R.A. eleven and a half months after the conclusion of hostilities. We considered that we had put in rather a mediocre score, but the local press-mongers, who must have been lamentably short of more sensational shooting-to-kill news, worked themselves up into a pestering state of excitement about it. My telephone bell went with unpopular frequency. “Had I read out to the boys the Queen's letter?” “No, I hadn't. Didn't even know she'd written one.” “Could they photograph the successful team?” “No, they couldn't. They were scattered all over England; not a single one left in the School.” “To what did I attribute their remarkable success?” And the laconic reply came in two familiar words—“Major Apperley.” And so on, and so forth.

All this was quite pleasant news. This ornate imposing shield had spent a twelvemonth in our hall fireplace, and now we would have it for yet another spell. It fits in extraordinarily well there and saves us the labour of having to look after another fire. But many of us rejoiced for quite another reason. The Major had been distressingly unwell in the early autumn days, so much so that it was questionable at one time whether he could carry on. A lesser man than he or one who even faintly considers his own well-being would most certainly have given up. Colonel Collins acted as his assistant and gave him most valuable aid throughout the term.

The standard of shooting, by some miracle of divine providence, started quite suddenly to improve, and this did far more to restore the Major's health than all the doctors in Sussex and their accumulated dope. Term ended on a high note, for our 1954 Imperial Team has sent in one of the best totals we have ever submitted. Generally, an individual score of 93 or 94 gets included in the team, but this year all eight targets are between 99 and 95.

If anyone has the country's interest at heart in respect of training the youth of England in the art of shooting, I hope they will know where to look when the next Honours list is compiled, but I expect this will be yet another case of yeoman service unrewarded.

P.K.-S.



PREPARATORY SCHOOL SHIELDS

							St. Patrick's (25 yds.)	
							Score	Position
<i>Easter Term:</i>								
1st VIII	512	3rd
2nd VIII	455	12th
<i>Summer Term:</i>								
1st VIII	513	2nd
2nd VIII	483	13th*
3rd VIII	466	19th
<i>Autumn Term:</i>								
1st VIII	512	2nd
2nd VIII	505	5th*

*Winners of Lord Roberts Cup for best 2nd VIII

IMPERIAL SHIELD

1953 Team (Winners)

Stirling-Hamilton, 98; Whitty and P. M. L. Butler, 97; Kent, 96; Wells, 95; Norrie and Orr, 94; Herbert 93.

Average per cent., 95.375.

1954 Team (scores unconfirmed)

Wells and C. D. Stancomb, 99; Campbell, Previté and P. M. L. Butler, 98; J. H. Denison-Pender and Royle, 97; C. G. Leathers, 95.

Estimated average per cent., 97.6.

THE YEAR'S HONOURS

	Shooting Captain	Ball Cup	Average H.P.S. 70
EASTER TERM:	P. M. L. Butler	1. P. M. L. Butler	65.00
		2. M. W. Nicholson	64.3
		3. W. D. S. Wells	63.3
SUMMER TERM:	S. P. Walker	1. W. D. S. Wells	67.0
		2. C. D. Stancomb	65.0
		3. A. W. Stabb	64.5
AUTUMN TERM:	S. P. Walker	1. J. D. Campbell	68.5
		2. C. D. Stancomb	67.4
		3. J. H. Denison-Pender	67.3



Sports.



As it takes a whole week to prepare for Sports Day, and each hour of that week is vital to all measurers, markers, trainers and flag hammerers, there was a good deal of cloud watching and finger crossing this year, the weather being what it was. However the rain did not interfere until Friday, and even then we managed to catch up on the preliminaries, leaving nothing but the traditional programme for Saturday afternoon.

As a Set contest it was uncertain whether Reds or Whites would win until the last two events, with Blues never looking swamped but never seriously challenging the other two. No records were set up, unless they were unofficial ones achieved during the tea interval, but I shall be very surprised if something dramatic does not happen in 1955. Charles Stancomb won all the main senior events and was winner of the cup by a margin of 19 points. This was an outstanding performance by an all-round athlete of great promise and it will be most interesting to see what another year's growth will enable him to do in his last summer here. If Stancomb was a "Bannister," then Nicholson played a distinguished role as his "Chataway" and made most of the running.

Anthony Stabb, in his last year as an Intermediate, made sure of that particular cup with a lead of 11 points over Johnson, who was a Junior last year. Stabb is a strong runner and may well be on Stancomb's heels next year, while Johnson seems likely to dominate the Intermediate section. They will make a strong pair for Reds, with Simon Butler to help strengthen the Seniors. David Stabb and Sinclair carried off the Junior Cup as joint owners.

There are prospects of a most interesting battle next year. Charles Stancomb will have Compton to help him for Whites with Nevill, Robin Courage and Michael Clarke, who are among their promising performers. Reds are lucky in having the Stabb brothers, Simon Butler, Johnson and Furlong. Blues can call on Russell-Roberts, Sinclair and Graham Coulson, who have already proved themselves and will no doubt find others to support them. My hope is that some records will go, that there will be time for a parents' race, that the announcer's voice may be heard clearly for the first time in history and that B.L.T., who really runs the sports, will not suddenly decide that I am old enough to do it by myself.

M.H.F.

SENIORS

Cricket Ball: 1, S. L. Butler; 2, C. D. Stancomb; 3, Royle. Distance, 58 yds. 2 ft. 2 ins.
High Jump: 1, C. D. Stancomb; 2, Compton and Nicholson. Height, 4 ft. 1½ ins.
100 Yards: 1, C. D. Stancomb; 2, Nicholson; 3, Powell-Brett. Time, 13 secs.
Hurdles: 1, C. D. Stancomb; 2, Nicholson; 3, M. J. Courage. Time, 16 secs.
440 Yards: 1, C. D. Stancomb; 2, S. L. Butler; 3, Nicholson. Time, 72½ secs.
Long Jump: 1, C. D. Stancomb; 2, Compton; 3, Nicholson. Distance, 13 ft. 9 ins.

INTERMEDIATE

Cricket Ball: 1, A. W. Stabb; 2, T. W. Fison; 3, J. P. Willis. Distance, 56 yds. 11 ins.
High Jump: 1, Churchill; 2, Nevill; 3, A. W. Stabb. Height, 4 ft. 0½ ins.
100 Yards: 1, A. W. Stabb; 2, Russell-Roberts; 3, Nevill. Time, 13½ secs.
Hurdles: 1, Johnson; 2, A. W. Stabb; 3, M. R. Butler. Time, 15½ secs.
220 Yards: 1, A. W. Stabb; 2, Russell-Roberts; 3, Johnson. Time, 32½ secs.
Long Jump: 1, Johnson; 2, A. W. Stabb; 3, Russell-Roberts. Distance, 13 ft.

JUNIORS

Cricket Ball: 1, D. F. Stabb; 2, Lawther; 3, R. V. Courage. Distance, 44 yds. 2 ft. 8 ins.
High Jump: 1, D. F. Stabb; 2, Imbert-Terry; 3, R. V. Courage. Height, 3 ft. 4 ins.
100 Yards: 1, Sinclair; 2, M. N. Clarke; 3, Furlong. Time, 15 secs.
Hurdles: 1, Whitehead; 2, Sinclair; 3, Lipscomb. Time, 16½ secs.
220 Yards: 1, M. N. Clarke; 2, Sinclair; 3, B. M. L. Coulson. Time, 35½ secs.
Long Jump: 1, P. G. S. Coulson; 2, R. V. Courage; 3, Furlong. Distance, 11 ft. 4 ins.

RELAY RACES

Seniors: 1, Whites; 2, Reds; 3, Blues. Time, 31½ secs.
Intermediate: 1, Reds; 2, Blues; 3, Whites. Time, 31½ secs.
Juniors: 1, Blues; 2, Whites; 3, Reds. Time, 33½ secs.
Whole Set: 1, Reds; 2, Blues; 3, Whites. Time 2 mins. 2½ secs.

TUG-OF-WAR

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

SCHOOL HANDICAP

1, D. C. Willis; 2, Lawther and J. G. T. Glyn.

SET SPORTS CUP

1, Reds, 93 pts.; 2, Whites, 75 pts.; 3, Blues, 57 pts.
Senior Sports Cup: C. D. Stancomb.
Inter-Sports Cup: A. W. Stabb.
Junior Sports Cup: D. F. Stabb and Sinclair, tie.



Boxing.



The School boxing finals took place on Thursday, 25th March. There were ten fights in all, one being a semi-final in which it had been impossible to bring the two competitors together beforehand, the remaining nine being the finals of the nine different weights.

The final scoreboard read as follows:—

1. Semi-final Lightweight ... C. D. Stancomb beat T. W. Fison.
2. Final Midgeweight ... T. J. Farebrother beat Furlong.
3. Final Welterweight "B" ... P. J. R. Brown beat Sinclair.
4. Final Welterweight ... Nevill beat S. P. Walker.
5. Final Heavyweight ... A. J. H. Chisholm beat P. M. L. Butler.
6. Final Featherweight ... S. L. Butler beat T. Jones.
7. Final Lightweight "B" ... E. H. H. Browell beat Kennedy.
8. Final Flyweight ... Johnson beat A. J. Stancomb.
9. Final Bantamweight ... S. R. A. Chisholm beat Craig.
10. Final Lightweight ... C. D. Stancomb beat M. R. Butler.
11. Final Middleweight ... Franklin w.o. A. W. Stabb (unfit).

Taken as a whole the boxing was a little disappointing. There were several reasons for this, the chief one being that several of our best and proven boxers were, for one reason or another, unable to compete. Martyn had no fight because no opponent could be found capable of standing up to his superior weight, reach and experience, while A. W. Stabb, C. G. Leathers and Powell-Brett had broken bones or other injuries which prevented them from competing. It must also be remembered that last year there was no boxing competition at all so that even amongst this year's finalists there were several making their first public appearance in the ring. In most cases the fighting spirit was well in evidence, but some contests were very uneven. A. J. H. Chisholm, S. L. Butler and Johnson were never even extended and all their fights had to be stopped by the referee, in either the first or second rounds.

Two fights I would pick as outstanding, being evenly balanced, hard fought, and the result uncertain up to the last gong. Firstly the Nevill-S. P. Walker fight; here neither was a strong puncher or showed great ability, but both fought in a similar fashion, raining blows at his opponent's face and head almost without pause. At the start of each round Walker showed better judgment and direction but he weakened more quickly than Nevill.

The latter took all that was coming to him and was always able to pull back the lost points in the last fifteen or twenty seconds of each round, and eventually to get the verdict by what must have been a very small margin.

But without doubt the most stirring battle was that between S. R. A. Chisholm and Craig. These two boys can both box and punch hard and accurately. Craig showed the better style and had the advantage in reach, but Chisholm carried the heavier punch. Right from the start Chisholm threw defence to the winds and boxed in at close quarters, Craig countered well and remained more or less on the defensive until, towards the end of the round, Chisholm began to tire whereupon Craig immediately took up the offensive and levelled up the score. All three rounds followed the same pattern and there was very little to choose between them at the end and both boys had fought themselves almost to a standstill. The verdict went to Chisholm.

The senior and junior boxing cups were awarded to Martin and Johnson respectively.

Boxing medals were awarded to Simon Butler and Charles Stancomb.
N.C.

SQUASH

There were ten entries for the Squash competition, none of a very high standard this year. But it was satisfactory to find that the rough and ready seeding did at least bring the four best players into the semi-finals. In the first of these Powell-Brett had a comfortable win by 9-3, 9-1, 9-4 over Sandy Walker, who found his opponent's service much too good for him. He was quite unable to cope with it off the back wall. In the other semi-final Nicholson beat Anthony Brown 9-1, 9-5, 6-9, 9-4, winning the first two games on his service. But he himself is a poor taker of service, particularly in the backhand court where he stands against the wall and tries to take everything on the forehand, with the result that Brown claimed one game.

It was expected that Powell-Brett and Nicholson would reach the final, but this was an unsatisfactory match. Powell-Brett had damaged an ankle shortly beforehand and was in obvious discomfort, and a break had to be made after three games. Nicholson deserves credit for taking advantage of his opponent's comparative lack of mobility about the court and winning 4-9, 9-5, 10-8, 9-7; but Powell-Brett deserves sympathy for his unfortunate accident. He will, however, have another chance of winning the Squash cup soon after these words appear in print. The final, too, was dominated by service, which was often very good; but even mediocre deliveries won points, for the taking of service was uniformly bad.

W.L.B.

TENNIS

A wet summer and the prior claims of cricket meant that little time was left for tennis during the first two months of the term, and then the opening of our delectable and sumptuous swimming-bath provided an overwhelming counter-attraction throughout July. However, there was one very hot day towards the end of the term,—the last, as it turned out, on which it might have been possible to hold a swimming competition—and on this the tennis tournament was held. Each set provided two pairs, as follows:

1st pair: Powell-Brett and S. Butler (Reds); D. Fison and C. Stancomb (Whites); Nicholson and Royle (Blues).

2nd pair: Knight and Campbell (Reds); S. Walker and T. Fison (Whites); A. Brown and M. Denison-Pender (Blues).

Each pair played nine games against the other two pairs in its section, and every game won by a Set counted in its score. Reds were victorious with 26 games, Whites coming second with 15 and Blues third with 13. This clear-cut win for Reds was mostly due to the efforts of their 2nd pair, who lost only three games out of the 18 played. In the section for the 1st pairs Reds only beat Whites by 11 games to 10, and were actually beaten by the odd game in their match against Whites. None of the tennis was of a high standard, but Powell-Brett and Simon Butler combined better than their opponents, though Charles Stancomb was probably the best player on the courts that day.

W.L.B.

SETS

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever."

Yes, the Set system goes on and each generation learns its value in the end. It started years ago when the School was very young; it gathered in strength as the School swelled in numbers; it went through the war during the evacuation and strengthened afterwards as an ever-widening circle of Old Boys made it a matter for enquiry in their letters. The very young boys at the School, quite naturally, do not understand its implications. To them the individual award of a "black" or of a "gold" is a personal affair. A nice number of golds in the bag at the end of any term is akin to a full bag of toffees to eat in the train going home. A total of blacks that exceeds the normal quantity is often something to crow about until a sharp reminder from a Set Captain or the H.M. on Sunday evening makes the recipient review the situation somewhat hurriedly. (Monday morning at the best of times is not the moment to annoy anyone, especially a Headmaster.)

Perhaps in the Middle School the team spirit is felt a little more and the welfare of the Set begins to match up with personal triumphs or failures. A sharper eye is kept upon the "little man" as he is moved up (or down) the

ladder. A little more pride is felt, possibly one is called out to receive a Set button, or a pang of remorse creeps in over the realisation that after all one has rather played the fool.

When does one really develop team spirit to the full? Is it left to the time a boy gets into the Upper School? Must he be nearly (or actually) a Captain or Lieutenant before he really learns that "self" is an unimportant word in community life although the Oxford Dictionary takes nearly two pages to explain all its uses? He might get quite a shock if, after all the preaching about team work, he turned over the pages to find what was said about "team." "Two or more beasts of burden harnessed together" is hardly an explanation to fire him at first sight.

Thank goodness our Captains and Lieutenants are not the type that merely look for answers to their problems in a book. They have learned somehow and somewhere that they have to deal with human problems and right well do most of them carry out their duties. Red, White and Blue mean much to them now, for by virtue of their office "self"-reliance has been touched upon, and "beast of burden" experienced. Presently, the value of their early attempts at leadership will mean so much more, whether they look forward or back. An Old Boy who was recently invited to row for Cambridge in this year's Boat Race has written to us. "May both the St. Peter's Reds and the Cambridge Blues lead all the way" is how his letter ends. It was not only the alliance of his Set with his University that caught my eye, but the order in which he wrote them down.

B.L.T.

SET RESULTS

SHELL CASE

Easter Term: 1, Whites (D. R. Fison), 163 pts.; 2, Blues (S. A. Martyn), 147 pts.; 3, Reds (P. M. Butler), 139 pts.

Summer Term: 1, Blues (M. W. Nicholson), 194 pts.; 2, Whites (D. R. Fison), 141 pts.; 3, Reds (A. J. H. Chisholm), 132 pts.

Autumn Term: 1, Reds (C. F. Powell-Brett), 201 pts.; 2, Blues (M. Royle), 183 pts.; 3, Whites (B. D. Compton), 165 pts.

WORK CUP

Easter Term: 1, Whites, 68 pts.; 2, Blues, 48 pts.; 3, Reds, 35 pts.

Summer Term: 1, Whites, 60 pts.; 2, Blues, 51 pts.; 3, Reds, 31 pts.

Autumn Term: 1, Whites, 66 pts.; 2, Reds, 43 pts.; 3, Blues, 41 pts.

SHOOTING SHIELD

Easter Term: 1, Blues, 251; 2, Reds, 249; 3, Whites, 230.

Summer Term: 1, Whites, 254; 2, Reds, 253; 3, Blues, 247.

Autumn Term: 1, Reds, 261; 2, Whites, 260; 3, Blues, 255.

OTHER COMPETITIONS

RUGGER CUP: 1, Whites, 12 pts.; 2, Blues, 6 pts.; 3, Reds, 0 pts.

CRICKET CUP: 1, Reds, 14 pts.; 2, Whites, 12 pts.; 3, Blues, 4 pts.

SOCCER CUP: 1, Reds, 20 pts.; 2, Whites, 8 pts.; 3, Blues, 2 pts.

SPORTS CUP: 1, Reds, 93 pts.; 2, Whites, 75 pts.; 3, Blues, 57 pts.

TENNIS CUP: 1, Reds, 14 pts.; 2, Whites, 12 pts.; 3, Blues, 4 pts.

DRILL SHIELD: 1, Whites, 73 pts.; 2, Reds, 72.5 pts.; 3, Blues, 72.3 pts.

FIVES CUP: Competition postponed.

SWIMMING CUP: Competition cancelled owing to poor weather.

CHAMPION SET FOR 1954 (points for each competition 10, 5, 0)

1, Whites, 100 pts.; 2, Reds, 80 pts.; 3, Blues, 45 pts.

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THE YEAR'S AWARDS

PRIZES

EASTER TERM

Form Prizes: P. M. L. Butler, G. R. W. Browne, M. R. Denison-Pender, E. H. H. Browell, A. A. Akers-Douglas, J. G. S. Hodgson, A. H. B. Imbert-Terry, A. H. H. Browell.

General Education Prize: S. A. Martyn.

SUMMER TERM

Form Prizes: S. P. Walker, S. H. Fortescue, J. M. Franklin, W. F. B. Johnson, J. F. Craig, J. P. Willis, M. N. Clarke, J. B. Leathers.

Music Cup: J. D. Campbell.

Choir Prize: M. J. F. Royle.

AUTUMN TERM

Form Prizes: S. P. Walker, J. H. Denison-Pender, M. J. Courage, R. A. Duff, J. P. Willis, M. N. Clarke, F. J. B. Whitehead, M. D. Knight.

Rayner Handwriting Prizes: C. F. Powell-Brett, P. W. Lipscomb.

CUPS AND MEDALS

EASTER TERM

Rugger: D. R. Fison. *Shooting:* P. M. L. Butler. *Squash:* M. W. Nicholson. *Boxing (Senior):* S. A. Martyn. *(Junior):* W. F. B. Johnson.

Boxing Medals: S. L. Butler, C. D. Stancomb.

SUMMER TERM

Cricket: D. R. Fison. *Bowling:* C. D. Stancomb. *Fielding:* A. W. Stabb. *Shooting:* W. D. S. Wells. *Sports (Senior):* C. D. Stancomb. *Intermediate:* A. W. Stabb. *Junior:* D. F. Stabb and R. J. Sinclair. *100 Yards, 440 Yards, High Jump and Long Jump:* C. D. Stancomb. *Swimming:* No award due to bad weather.

AUTUMN TERM

Soccer: A. W. Stabb. *Medals:* C. D. Stancomb, B. D. Compton, J. M. Franklin. *Shooting:* J. D. Campbell. *Drill Medals:* C. D. Stancomb, C. F. Powell Brett, M. F. J. Royle, R. D. M. Furlong.

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1954

THEATRICALS

PROGRAMME

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A shortened version in three Acts

Dramatis Personae

Theseus (Duke of Athens)	H. R. COURTENAY
Lysander	C. G. LEATHERS
Demetrius	P. G. L. COULSON
Philostrate (Master of the Revels)	J. H. DENISON-PENDER
Guards	A. W. STARR and J. M. FRANKLIN
Hippolyta (Queen of the Amazons)	M. G. R. NEVILL
Hermia	S. L. BUTLER
Helena	R. J. SINCLAIR
Quince (a carpenter)	C. F. POWELL-BRETT
Snug (a joiner)	J. D. CAMPBELL
Bottom (a weaver)	A. A. BROWN
Flute (a bellows mender)	D. W. STEEL
Snout (a tinker)	M. R. DENISON-PENDER
Starveling (a tailor)	S. H. FORTESCUE
Oberon (King of the Fairies)	M. J. COURAGE
'Titania (Queen of the Fairies)	A. RUSSELL-ROBERTS
Puck or Robin Goodfellow	C. D. STANCOMB
1st Fairy	D. M. A. STOKES
2nd Fairy	S. M. CORBETT
Pease-Blossom	T. J. FAREBROTHER
Cobweb	H. G. STUCLEY
Moth	J. B. LEATHERS
Mustard Seed	R. D. M. FURLONG

Scenes: Theseus' Palace at Athens
Quince's House
A Wood near by

Singers: S. H. FORTESCUE, D. W. STEEL, R. D. M. FURLONG, H. R. COURTENAY, M. J. F. ROYLE, T. J. FAREBROTHER, N. C. FAREBROTHER, C. D. STANCOMB, M. G. R. NEVILL, J. D. CAMPBELL, J. H. DENISON-PENDER

Stage Managers:

M. J. F. ROYLE, B. D. COMPTON, T. JONES, N. C. FAREBROTHER, J. R. HANING

Mistress of the Robes: SYBIL CLARKE

Producer: MARJORIE KNOX-SHAW

After an interval of five years it was decided to produce once again the same shortened version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as the one in which Robert Johnson as Puck and Colebrooke as Flute gave such excellent performances. Many of our audience saw both productions, and indeed one boy took part in each of them. But I wonder how many recognised the fragile Moth of 1949 as the burly Christopher Leathers, with breaking voice, who portrayed Lysander in 1954? How appropriate, therefore, it was that Jeremy Leathers should this year take the part of Moth, thus, we are told, being the second son to follow in his mother's footsteps in this role.

In view of the fact that these two performances were separated by an interval of only one longish school generation, it is natural to ask how they compared. All of those with whom your present critic talked after the show agreed with him that the present company of actors at St. Peter's has just cause for pride in having, if anything, excelled the splendid production of 1949. Indeed, so high was the general standard that it seems invidious to single out any actors for special praise; yet not to do so would be most unfair to Anthony Brown, Charles Stancomb, Michael Courage, Steel and Powell-Brett.

Anthony Brown made a rollicking Bottom, and deserves particular credit for making himself audible when he had been translated into an ass. (Messrs. Drury, whose costumes were otherwise first-class, produced an ass's head that muffled the actor's voice, and so one made five years before by Miss Clarke was resurrected after the dress rehearsal.) Whether it was as "bully Bottom" or as Pyramus, Brown held the centre of the stage and he extracted all the rich juice of the comedy in his part. Stancomb made an ideal Puck, being lithe of limb and like quicksilver in his movements. His prowess as an athlete stood him in good stead as he pirouetted and leapt and twinkled about the stage; and his appearance, voice and gestures all combined to create that shrewd and knavish sprite called Robin Goodfellow. As Oberon, king of the fairies, the eldest Courage was properly stern and unbending in his determination to secure for himself the little changeling boy who was page to his queen. From the moment when he declaimed the ringing line, "Ill met by moonlight, proud 'Titania,'" it seemed certain that his will would prevail, and yet, when with the aid of Puck and the magic properties of the flower called love-in-idleness he had obtained what he wanted, he proved that he could be compassionate in his reconciliation scene with Titania.

Of the "rude mechanicals" Bottom has already been noticed, but Quince and Flute, played by Powell-Brett and Steel respectively, were also outstanding. Powell-Brett was particularly good when delivering the prologue to their play, and Steel as the coy Thisbe was very funny in his love scene with Pyramus. In this he was assisted by the antics of the younger Denison-Pender, playing the rought-cast wall, and of the grotesquely garbed Fortescue as Moonshine and also by the caperings of Campbell's lion.

For the rest, Courtenay spoke with clarity and distinction the part of Theseus, Duke of Athens, whose heavy humour is not calculated to enthrall a modern audience, and Russell-Roberts embarked confidently on 'Titania's

long and involved speech about the changing of the seasons. Here is a young actor of promise. He really seemed to be enamoured of an ass. Stokes, too, threw himself with enormous zest into the part of the First Fairy—I shall long remember his question to Puck, "Are you not he?"—and Pease-Blossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustard-Seed were as dainty as their names. James Denison-Pender made an impressive Master of the Revels, and the other members of the court managed to look decorative and to be in the right place at the right time—no small feat on a small stage. As Hippolyta, Nevill did not have the same scope as when he was Richard II's Queen, but he played this dull part well; and Simon Butler and Sinclair looked charming in their dresses.

Thanks to the marvels of M.H.F.'s tape recorder, which provided all the music ranging from the overture through nocturnes and scherzos to trumpet fanfares, and also a cuckoo's call recorded from his study window the previous summer, the song "You spotted snakes . . ." reached a sufficiently high standard in rehearsal to be recorded unaccompanied and included in the performance. The "voices" in this difficult song worked very hard to blend the parts, and owed much to Miss Barwell's accompaniment in the early stages and to Mr. Farebrother's unremitting patience. Commander Axten did a lot of work rejuvenating the original scenery, and Mr. Norbury must be congratulated not only on his lighting plot but also for his fairy wands which "through the house gave glimmering light." Miss Clarke and the other ladies of the Green Room made the necessary alterations in the costumes, and Miss Rothwell helped to apply large quantities of make-up to the whole cast before each performance. A tribute should also be paid to the Stage Managers, who worked hard and successfully at their complicated job.

Finally, our thanks and most cordial praise go to Mrs. Knox-Shaw, who can surely count this as one of the most successful of her productions. Your critic makes a point of never attending the early rehearsals, but those who did so can vouch that the raw material, in the form of the actors, is often most intractable; boys can be as impervious to realising the importance of an inflexion or gesture as they are to learning, let us say, Latin grammar. It says much for Mrs. Knox-Shaw's patience and knowledge of the theatre that the boys always seem to have a real understanding of their parts, in spite of the difficulties in Shakespeare, and that this was such a successful production. Though she was often very tired after rehearsals, the gratitude of her large audience will, we hope, richly reward her. It comes from all our hearts.

BUSKIN



PETER'S PIE.



"THE DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST"

The scene was one of beauty, but in that beauty was something fierce and wild. It was a valley, sunk in a small chain of mountainous peaks. The valley was thickly wooded, the dark green of the conifers contrasting sharply with the dazzling white of the snow.

Surrounding it were the peaks, also a dazzling white, reaching skyward to the thick clouds, heavy with an impending blizzard. It was a land where at night the wolves howled in chorus with the icy winds, where, high among the jagged peaks the avalanches crashed and roared and the torrents pounded beneath their fetters of ice. Winter had fallen, shutting the outside world completely off. In the valley, the thin blue wisp of smoke from its chimney hanging on the frozen air, stood a lonely shack. Inside, crouching around the fire sat three men, smoking. The leader, who was a big man, with cruel sunken eyes set deep in his craggy face, had an enormous unkempt black beard. His rough snow-jacket and mittens were still streaked with crystals of ice, which, as yet unmelted by the warmth of the cabin, were proof that he had only shortly come inside. The other seated man was unshaven, and his hair, which was bright red, hung untidily over his brow. He was even bigger than his companion, and his huge shoulders and tremendous chest bespoke great strength. The third, who was young and pale, was lying on a rough camp bed, and one of his arms was bandaged. Even though his face was drawn with anxiety and suffering, it was easy to see that he had once been good-looking.

He had good reason to be worried; for three weeks ago he had lost one of his mittens while out on his trap-line. He had become frost-bitten, and his arm was still on the decline. He knew that if he had not reached a hospital by the end of another few weeks it would mean amputation. Two days ago the other two men had dropped in. It appeared that they had lost their way and their dogs in the mountains, and had had the luck to find his shack. Johnson, for that was the injured man's name, had been delighted to see them arrive, for he had hoped that they would, with his dogs, ferry him back to civilisation. But after only a few hours his hopes had been shattered. They had said that they would take some supplies and his dogs, leaving him just enough to live on. They had said also that they would bring help back with them. But Johnson was not fooled by that. He knew that if they went

—and with his crippled arm and bad condition there would be little chance of stopping them—then they would leave him to die. Even as these thoughts raced through his mind, Cranz, the black-bearded leader, rose to his feet.

"Well son," he said, making little attempt to disguise the sneer in his voice, "we're leaving in an hour."

"Will you take me?" Johnson queried.

Cranz twisted his face into a snarl. "So you're still whining are you?" he grated. "Well, get this. When we pull out we're leaving you grub and sorghum, and you'll just stay put—and wait till we come back." Johnson groaned, and made as if to get out of bed, but a stab of pain shot through him as Cranz pushed him back again. The trapper lay helpless, gazing dully into the fire.

Just over an hour later the eager whining of the dogs showed that Cranz and his companions had made their departure. Inside the cabin Johnson, his face twisted with pain and anger, was struggling into snow-shoes and his heavy fur-lined gloves, boots and jacket. He looked around. Seeing the shelf of supplies, he grabbed some tins and thrust them into a pack, which he then slung on his back. He took his rifle and the few remaining cartridges and flung open the door. A bitter wind met him as he stumbled out.

Meanwhile, Cranz and Saunders were rolling into their sleepingbags for the night. The fire flickered around in weird shapes, and the eyes of the huskies glowed green. Then in the distance, carrying like a voice from hell over the desolate wastes, a long-drawn wail came down, born on the bitter wind, the hunting cry of the wolves. The men stirred and the huskies growled and whimpered, their hackles rising . . .

The dawn broke, its long rays throwing a pink light over the frozen snow. Through the trees stumbled a figure, a pack on his back, and a rifle in his gloved hand. Johnson was making surprisingly good going. His arm was not causing too much trouble, and, much to his astonishment, he had not been bothered by wolves. In his mind ran the rather unpleasant saying "and the Devil take the hindmost." Rounding a bend he stopped short in horror and astonishment. Then he hurried forward. A hideous shambles lay in the clearing before him. The snow was literally red with blood, and the sledge was overturned. Tins, clothes, rope, wood, all lay scattered. Lying weltering in gore were the mutilated bodies of Cranz, Saunders and eight huskies. The tracks of wolves were everywhere. The devil had claimed his own, and as the sick man raised his eyes to the horizon where, clear against the fringe of dark pines he could see the flurry of an approaching sledge, he realised that this was an occasion when to be "the hindmost" did not spell disaster. By a queer stroke of fate, it was to mean—survival.

S. A. MARTYN.

OLD BOYS 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 1954:

Easter Term: S. A. Martyn (Marlborough), P. M. L. Butler (Harrow).

Summer Term: D. R. Fison (Marlborough), M. W. Nicholson and A. J. H. Chisholm (Harrow), W. D. S. Wells (Eton).

Autumn Term: M. J. F. Royle (Eastbourne), C. G. Leathers (Rugby), N. C. Farcbrother (Malvern), J. H. and M. R. Denison-Pender (Eton) and J. J. L. Roughton.

WELLINGTON

Richard Evans won a cup awarded to the boy, below the rank of dormitory prefect, who does most for the welfare and good name of his dormitory throughout the year. He also earned his colours as "hooker" in the 1st XV. We congratulate him on two fine achievements. Ulick Bourke has been to see us and seems to be enjoying life. He represents his house in all junior teams and reached the finals of his weight in the boxing competition. He has joined the C.C.F. and earned the title of First Class Shot. Nicholas Murray-Smith has left after a distinguished career. He was a school prefect and head of the Benson, and is now doing his R.N.V.R. Service. Gordon was on Colts (Under 16) in the summer, and had a good season. He captained the Colts last term and was in the semi-final of the squash competition. Perhaps he won it.

WINCHESTER

Peter Lipscomb has been playing football for his house Under 16 side, and is now in M.P.1 and George Steer, who came to see us recently, has raised books and taken G.C.E. Latin and Maths. He reports the discovery of a hymn book in chapel with "Baillieu" written on the fly leaf. David Knights was in the .22 Shooting VIII which won their section of the "Country Life" Competition. He also shot for the Cadet pair at Bisley. He has taken part of G.C.E., and started science. Timothy Tindal-Robertson was in his house junior four and seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his first year.

ETON

Joe Studholme, now in the Army, was elected to "POP" for his last half. John Williams played for his house at the Field Game and is now a history specialist. Anthony Herbert has earned three consecutive "distinctions" in trials and has the scholars on the run. David Eastman has passed

G.C.E. and coxes his house four. Gerald Ward is distinguishing himself as a footballer and Thomas Baxendale stroked his house "bumping" four. Daniel Brocklebank coxes his house novice four and, by avoiding the bank, helped them to row over as head of the river in the bumping races. He also steers for his 2nd house four. I have it on the very best authority that Daniel and Guy Norrie, with a friend each, met in the first round of the Lower Boy Pulling, which resulted in a victory for Brocklebank and friend. David Wells has done well with his work and Michael Knight played the oboe for his house when they won the instrumental cup. Ailwyn Broughton has left after passing G.C.E. in six subjects. He is now in Switzerland learning French and German and starts his army career in June. James Caulfeild, an excellent reporter of Old Boy news, won his Middle Club in the summer and will be captain of his house next half. Huish Bower has won his school rugger colours and his house colours for the field game.

MARLBOROUGH

Jeremy Tisdall has kept up his shooting and has been playing all games. He and James Rich took G.C.E. together in the summer. Simon Martyn seems to be developing as a fast bowler and to have settled down well. He was promoted from S.O.B. Lower to the Upper game in rugger. David Fison writes with enthusiasm about the food and the rugger and sends his best wishes to Whites.

HARROW

Jack Chisholm finds the work within his grasp and is taught gymnastics by two ex-commandos. He finds it "rather uphill work." He is in the choir as a treble. John Morgan is now living in Norway during the holidays. Michael Nicholson has made a good start, and has been playing rugger. He warns future Harrovians that a great quantity of work is demanded and sends encouraging messages to Blues.

Bruce Stirling-Hamilton finds the work to his liking at Pangbourne. He is given 90 seconds to dress for an early morning run which is followed by a cold shower. He saw one of the McCovens at a boxing match against Radley. Richard Lloyd, writing from Malvern, tells of trying his hand at athletics and rugger, but has not done any shooting since he left St. Peter's. Rory Chisholm paid us a visit from Bryanston where he has taken up pole vaulting and has become an expert photographer. Stephen Mills has passed G.C.E. "O" level in five subjects and won the Sculpture Prize for an eagle. At Cheltenham Richard Browne is a treble in the choir and has joined the Chess Club. David Marsden has his cricket and rugger colours which is a fine record. Robert Johnson has won his running colours at Uppingham and his house running cup for the second year in succession. He saw Peter Summers at Stowe. Anthony Medley has taken up rowing at Canford and was runner-up in the Junior Sculling cup. He has his house colours for rugger and is in the naval section of the Corps. Billy Tam

achieved athletic "standards" in the Junior Long Jump and hurdles at Epsom. The news from Haileybury and I.S.C. is that Ian Stewart has been in the Sanatorium with a dislocated cartilage, and is now secretary of Shooting. At Charterhouse, Alan Abbot-Anderson is captain of Shooting and Tim Orr, who has been to see us, has taken up German. He finds the work quite easy. Paul Parsons writes from Eastbourne College to tell us he is now an able seaman in the naval section. He came to see us during the year and is preparing to take G.C.E. next summer. Bill McCowen is head of his house and a College prefect at Radley and we congratulate him on both appointments. His brother Mike has his Junior Colts Colours. Neville Combe has left Sherbourne and is in the army. He was a school prefect and a sergeant in the C.C.F. He is hoping to go up to Cambridge to read agriculture. Michael Murray has a study, plays fives and has been awarded his badge as scrum half for the Colts Under 16 side. He urges everyone to take boxing seriously at St. Peter's as he is finding Mr. Baldwin's lessons most valuable. Hamlyn Whitty is in the Upper Vth at Clifton and was in the XXII in the summer. He played at one moment for Clifton 1st XI against Cheltenham, and found himself up against David Marsden. He has passed G.C.E. in four subjects and is a house "fourth" (under prefect). He plays 3rd pair for the school at rackets and hooks for the 4th XV. Kenneth was in the Junior Colts Cricket side and took the part of Ophelia in his house production of "Hamlet." He has joined the C.C.F., has been boxing featherweight and is a promising artist in watercolours. Michael Hampson has left Kelly College as captain of boxing and with his colours for rugger and hockey. He has played rugger for North Dorset and in the Dorset and Wilts Schoolboy Trials, and is joining the Royal Marines at Deal in February. Colin MacInnes is in the 2nd XV at Rugby and won his form history prize.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL

● given to Old Boys who have
not sent in their news
for
the last two months.
Date December 21, 1954.

THE EDITOR.

OBITUARY

GEOFFREY GOMER DAVIES

The early death of Geoffrey Davies at the age of 47 was a great shock to those who knew him. He came to St. Peter's during the first war and went on to Lancing in 1921. He studied for Chartered Accountancy, but his calling was for the stage and, after a few years, he became an actor. He was making a name for himself in this difficult profession when war came and interrupted his career. He was a Territorial and served in the Royal Artillery, mostly in the Middle East and Italy. Eventually he was seconded to take charge of the Army Broadcasting Service in that theatre of war. After the war he formed and ran a repertory company in Dartford, known as the Richmond Players. It was uphill work, but he put his heart and soul into this venture and achieved a measure of success. The long hours of work, combined with the constant worry and strain of it, undoubtedly shortened his life. His death was deeply regretted by his many friends in Dartford, professional and otherwise, who had great respect for his character and admired his upright principles. To us a charming schoolboy of an unselfish disposition, to his circle of friends a delightful companion on whom they could always rely.

OLD AND OLDER BOYS

I saw something of the Acworth fraternity when in their neighbourhood last August. Bill is out of the Navy now and has settled on a farm at Stanford-in-the-Vale, near Faringdon. I attended Roney's church at Chobham and afterwards watched his numerous but delightful family disporting themselves on the lawn, while we sipped the vicarage sherry. John Anderson got together with B.L.T. recently, when the latter was in Cambridge on matters of high mathematical estate. John is running one of the boarding houses for Tim White (also tarred with the Petrine brush) at St. Faith's. Derrick has given up teaching history at Strathallan, and has fled to the Middle East again. And David continues to collect kudos by organising realistic field days at Oundle. I was particularly sorry to miss him when he visited us last Easter.

Peter Blake was ordained deacon last Michaelmas and is now happily immersed in the vortex of a slum parish of Leeds. This stage in his career has been heralded by the arrival of his second daughter. Nigel, a great popper-in, can no longer do so, as he is now out in Kenya with the 1st Rifle Brigade. According to him the animals of the jungle are far more dangerous than the Mau-Mau. Fred Boardman still writes his annual letter from Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, where he is busy founding a family and is absorbed in the duties of parenthood. The Bryans family, both boys and mother,

paid us a surprise and much-wanted visit. Stephen is on his last two years of medical apprenticeship, and Jeremy was on leave from Calcutta, where he is a tea broker. I wish he could bring the price down. Peter Buckle was very busy last summer organising a battle for the London Territorial Division on Salisbury Plain. He has recently been given the command of his regiment, The Queen's Own Royal West Kents, and will be going out to Germany in March. We see much of Harry Browell; inevitably so, as he has two sons in the School and, in spite of that, is official press photographer to the community. He suffers from a battery of amateur enthusiasts when he makes St. Peter's a port of call in one of his veteran cars competing in the Brighton rally. Pat Butler has been visiting us regularly now for six years and is a marvellous good friend to the School.

Our congratulations to Dick Chignell, who has become a housemaster at Oundle. Gordon Cowie (Hamilton, N.Z.) has enrolled a son for St. Peter's. He has given up the textile for the motor industry, in which he is the manager of one company and has a directorship in six others. Best wishes to Christopher Cohen, who was married in September. B.L.T. and I met his fiancée on the golf course at Rye but, unfortunately, were prevented from being present at his wedding. David Crerar has started a family, a daughter being born out in Ireland in the early summer. We see something of Stafford Coulson these days, now working at the Air Ministry, as he makes periodic raids to see his son at St. Peter's. Miles Colebrook is doing National Service in the Navy and is now somewhere on the high seas. Good luck to Donald Campbell when he next tries to break the world waterspeed record. With all the new equipment he has collected he should stand a good chance. If he fails, it will not be for want of trying. I was delighted to see and hear Charles Fletcher-Cooke, M.P. for Darwen, in a political discussion on the TV. He was very good and quite merciless with his socialist opponent.

Nigel Davenport has been acting in repertory this last year up in Derbyshire, very hard work but interesting; he hopes to move south in the near future. Leonard Dresel has taken the degree of Ph.D. at Cambridge and is still lecturing on mathematics at Reading University. John Davies visits us from time to time, as he now has his second son in the School. Roger Ellis is very happy as a beak at Harrow; he likes the boys, he likes the staff, and wouldn't swap his present billet except, perhaps, for a post overseas. Robin Ferguson went on a most exciting tour, to enliven his theological studies, covering Damascus, the Lebanon, Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Galilee. On his way back he met Archbishop Makarios at Cyprus and conversed by interpreter. Ronnie Furse (New York) is now married and for his honeymoon did an extensive tour in Europe. Mr. Forbes visited us in June, cracking jokes in dormitory as ever and taking a special interest in the sons of the boys he had taught here. David Furlong is one of the many O.B.s with a son at St. Peter's.

Court Granville (Royal Fusiliers) came to see us and say good-bye before going out to Khartoum, where he is stationed. Tony Gillett was back from

Somaliland before Christmas, doing his Bar exams, and while over here he took the opportunity of having his son christened in the School Chapel. This unique event, our first and only christening, was conducted by the Rev. Cecil Wood on the day after the end of the autumn term. The Chapel looked lovely, the Christmas decorations being still up, and the lusty young Charles took an active part both in the ceremony and the reception afterwards. We had to improvise a font of course. The component parts, one of which appealed particularly to the Major, were somewhat original perhaps, but none the less extremely effective. Mike Grundy has a new job. He has been appointed Statistical Adviser to the National Foundation for Educational Research. I am hoping he does not counsel intelligence tests for headmasters. Silence from Michael Gilbert, at any rate since the last O.B. reunion party. I trust this means that he is busy on another book. His *Fear to Tread* was chosen as the Sunday Evening Book here and went down exceedingly well, though I believe the reader had to use his discretion at times.

I visited Mr. Henderson in August, and you will all be glad to hear that I found him very well, better, in fact, than on my previous visit. We watched some cricket together on the Marlborough ground and gossiped endlessly about the "good old days"—good for some, not so good for others. Nicholas Hurry has covered much of the world in his survey ship, H.M.S. *Dabrymple*, and was last heard of leaving the Persian Gulf *en route* for South Africa. Peter Harvey is back from Korea, where he served in the Commonwealth Division, to his great delight, and he has now had a year at King's, Cambridge, on a mechanical science course for R.E.s. While out East he spent his leave in Japan and was fascinated by the country and the women, but not the men. John Hobbs came to see us; he, too, had a long spell in Korean waters. The Rev. Victor Hellaby has left Walworth and been recently instituted by the Bishop of Chichester at St. Andrew's Church, Eastbourne. So we hope to see something of him. He hobnobbed with Peter Buckle during the Territorial divisional training last summer. Guy Horsey we see frequently, as he has now started on his first instalment of St. Peter's parenthood. Patrick Hampson has a commission in the Royal Artillery and is stationed at Gravesend. He played hockey in his regimental team (75th H.A.A.), which won the Army Cup last year, and during Cowes week he crewed for his Brigadier in the Swallow Class. Herman Hickman motors over from Cranleigh, as his second boy is now at St. Peter's.

Peter Jennings was last heard of in the Royal Marines at Malta. I met Brian Jarman in London—a good dinner too—just before he went out to Chicago where he now resides, representing his firm at Lloyd's in a specialised form of reinsurance. Colin has left Rugby, without advertising to us that he got his rugger colours as a centre three. He is now doing accountancy in London, prior to national service, and is playing for Rosslyn Park 2nd XV. Hugh Jackson has been home on leave from Ceylon, where he is a tea planter, and he attended our summer term sports. Sidney Kent (Lieutenant-Colonel K.O.Y.L.I.) has been for the last two years at the Canadian Army Staff College, but is now home waiting for a posting, probably Kenya. While in

Canada, he travelled through the country from coast to coast and from the Arctic to the Gulf. Harry Liddell is still out in Singapore with the R.A.F. Alan Lipscomb, H.M.S. *Comet*, had a wonderful experience as his was one of the escort vessels which conducted the Queen from Tobruk to Malta at the end of her Empire Tour. Geoffrey Learner visited us last September. He is still teaching at Highfield and is their chief play-producer.

John Mollison is back from his exchange job in Australia and has taken up the threads again at Winchester. He wrote a most interesting pamphlet comparing Melbourne Grammar School with Winchester, to the advantage of both. This deserves something better than private circulation. David and Lorna Man came over to see us in October, bringing Bishop Carey and his wife with them. David is not too fit and is moving from Woking to Arlesford. Bill Mercer is yet another of our contingent in Canada. He did five months labour on a farm and is now in calmer waters at the Ontario Agricultural College. He plays rugger in the College XV and has taken up acting in his spare time. His sister Jean has a war office job in Hong Kong, where she ran into James Prest. She visited Japan and is returning to the U.K. this spring. Henry Morcom is to be congratulated on the success of his school near Reigate which has risen from zero to 72 in two years. Keith MacInnes on leaving Rugby, needless to say with a £60 scholarship in his pocket, toured the Rhine in a canoe with Bill McCowen and had sundry adventures. He then joined the R.A. and discovered by means of National Service that his school days were "the happiest time of his life," and he much regrets not having kept up with some of "the fine St. Peter's types."

Willie Nicholson now has a brief respite as regards St. Peter's parenthood, but only until next May. Ronnie and Barry Owen paid us a fleeting visit in the summer, and there was much gossip and hilarity. It was nice to see Marjorie Ogden here for the autumn theatricals. It seemed as if she had never left. Christopher Pirie-Gordon has been out in Dubai Trucial States, living in comfort in the new official residence which resembles externally a cowshed. He hopes for a European appointment this spring. Ian Paton is down from Cambridge and has been touring ball and roller-bearing factories in the Midlands. Some of us read his excellent letter to the D.T. in defence of American athletes as opposed to Russian. Best wishes to Roger Purchase (Westcott House) who was married just before Christmas and now lives in a flat in the Master's Lodge of Magdalene College. Tony Prower (Canada) is reputed to be also on the verge of marriage to a ballet dancer. James Prest has been globe trotting under the pretext of accountancy, the length and breadth of Canada, Honolulu, Hong Kong and Singapore. Michael Prest (H.M.S. *Reggio*) has been navigating officer of a tank landing craft based on Malta. Michael Previtè is back from Trinidad and now domiciled in England; it is nice to see his portly form here again.

Jeremy Rogerson has been on the staff of the C.-in-C. East Indies and when in Dubai he met the great Pirie-Gordon of course. Bill Rayner and family visited us before returning to Singapore, in order to enrol his son. I called in to see Mr. Robinson (erstwhile Robo) last August. He still

suffers a lot from insomnia, but much enjoys a St. Peter's gossip. Noel Scholte (XII Royal Lancers) is back from Malaya and has gone with his regiment to Germany. David Strachan is living in Toronto, where he is in the building trade. His family consists of one boy and one girl. David Spottiswoode and his wife stayed with us on their return from Jordan before taking up a new F.O. appointment at Bonn. He gave the school an unconventional and delightfully witty lecture on the Arab way of life with some fascinating coloured slides of his own making. Talking of the East, Paul Studholme (Grenadier Guards) did a detachment with the Arab Legion at Amman, and we saw his picture in full Arab costume, a sort of T. E. Lawrence; very impressive. Charles Spottiswoode (R.E.) has returned from the fleshpots of Austria and is in a demonstration squadron at Chatham which sounds like serious work. David Symonds (British Guiana) was last heard of running a saw-mill on a 25 acre island in the back of beyond, a change after four years in the head office. Our congratulations to Clive Sykes on his engagement. Michael Tisdall (Middlesex Hospital) is forging his way through a series of exams and takes his finals this year. His brother Christopher is a sub-lieutenant in a Minesweeper. Warmest congratulations from all old boys to their noble secretary, Graham Turner, who was married last October. He is now happily ensconced in a nice house of his own, 20 Clydesdale Gardens, Richmond, and has inherited a charming step-daughter aged eight. B.L.T. and I were invited to dine by Greville Tufnell with the officers of the Queen's Guard at St. James's Palace. It was a unique occasion, because of the three officers on duty, two happened to be Old Boys, Greville and Julian Bower. It was a wonderful party, never to be forgotten. How we managed to catch the last train from Victoria I don't know, but we did.

Capt. Woodward has been much in evidence in the Mau-Mau country, running military camps and organising prisons. He writes magnificent letters and relays to us thrilling stories of escapes and adventure. He is about to take up an appointment in the Malaya Federated Army. Barry Wylam has a short service Commission in the R.A.F., and he may eventually turn this into a permanent one. Congratulations to Billy Winlaw, who has left Rugby to take up the headmastership of Achinota School on the Gold Coast. This is a co-ed. boarding school, and the appointment was made by the Gold Coast Government. We met the whole Whitmore family at Rye, when John was playing for the second time in the Oxford and Cambridge Golf Match. Simon is now up at Clare, looking lankier than ever in a platypus corduroy cap, and cousin Roger was then at Eaton Hall, hoping for a commission in the Rifle Brigade. Brian Wise came to see us; he is now a tea merchant in London, firm of Matheson.

Michael Walker was a member of the British Shooting Team which toured Canada and the United States last summer. They received overwhelming hospitality wherever they went and were treated like royalty, but the purpose of the trip was to represent England on the ranges. Michael was chosen for England's VIII in all three international matches. They won two and lost the third owing to a crack marksman getting muddled with his sights. In all

it has been a good year for him, as he has been in every English and British team on both sides of the Atlantic. Congratulations to John Vernon on his engagement, and furthermore on his rowing blue. All power to him, as he is the first old boy to achieve this distinction. Alastair Thompson was in the running, but was the last person to be dropped before the trial race.

P.K-S.



DUCKS AND DRAKES

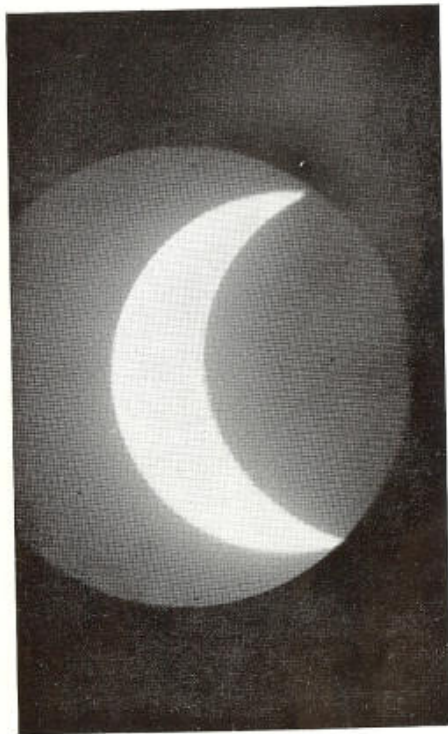
It was the birth of the new outdoor swimming bath which captured the headlines of the summer term, born out of time, poor thing, climatically speaking. We had watched every stage of its fascinating emergence, from the day when the first sod was cut on March 16. A week later a 10-ton bull-dozer started tossing the muck about, like some mechanised monster from another world gluttonously devouring great spoonfuls of chocolate blancmange, while we stood round in a ring spellbound. The power of this demon, combined with perfect accuracy of control, was quite breathtaking, and the vast hole was completed in just under two days' work. Daily visits to the scene of action became part of the School routine, and throughout the operations B.L.T. kept up a series of brilliant photographic records, while M.K-S. boiled more kettles for tea than any government department has ever recorded, for Frank Male and his gallant band of assistants were tigers for work. They laboured regardless of time and days, and trade union restrictions were unknown to them. Like Gallio, "They cared for none of these things," and perhaps the greatest reward of all during this period of construction was the privilege of getting to know intimately a small party of British artisans who took a real pride in their work and put their immediate objective before all personal considerations. How it restored one's faith in the British workman, who alas so often seems but a faint echo from the past.

There was a rush on the first day of the summer term to see what progress had been made during the holidays. The shape of things to come could now most definitely be understood, and the question on everybody's lips was, "When will it be ready for use?" The later stages were not without their anxious moments. The plasterer, a terrific figure commonly known to us as "the pirate" because he togged himself up like some Elizabethan buccaneer, happened to coincide with a couple of really warm days, and he found it so

swelteringly hot slapping on his subtle brew that he had to be revived with iced orangeade instead of the proverbial tea. Nor did a violent thunderstorm make life any easier for him. Half-way through June the great moment for filling at last arrived and the local fire brigade was set in motion under cover of the stealthy silence of a summer's evening. The bath was looking like some blushing new bride spotlessly adorned, but dark tragedy came rushing through the hoses, for instead of a flow of limpid, sparkling water there emerged a nauseating concoction of rusty sludge. What was said at that particular moment might well have set fire to the English Channel, and a council of war was held in the kitchen of my house at midnight. Next day St. Peter's swarmed with uniformed and gesticulating gentlemen clustered around an impressive array of fire-fighting machines, now diverted to make good the damage.

So everything was ready after all for the opening ceremony on Sports Day, and a bevy of distinguished people lined the bath—fathers tactfully silent about their past aquatic attainments, mothers looking more charming than ever in their Ascot frocks. It was a unique scene to which the late lamented Pont would have done full justice. The inevitable "few words" from the Headmaster had to be endured, for there was a tribute to be paid to Mr. Gilliam, the designer, Frank Male, the friendly foreman, his noble henchmen and, most important of all, to the absent and anonymous and utterly magnificent donor. If only he could have heard the cheers and seen the bewildered delight on the faces of the onlookers, both young and old. The highlight of the whole proceedings was a speech by the head boy, David Fison, delivered with so much composure that it seemed as if he made a habit of opening swimming baths. He deplored the fact that he was leaving at the wrong time in the history of the School and envied those who were destined to outlive him. Finally, claiming to be a man of action rather than one of words, he declared the bath open in ringing tones and, flinging aside his blazer with a triumphant gesture, plunged head first into the virgin surface of the chilly water, whereupon four other secret stooges who had meanwhile been baring their brave bodies behind a protective zareba formed by members of the Staff, managed to weave their way through the throng and flung themselves simultaneously into the deep end. There then ensued a desperate race to the other end, with a bottle of champagne dangled temptingly on the water in front of the leading swimmer. Anthony Brown, going like a windmill, was the first one home and, amid tumultuous applause, claimed the floating phizz. So the bath was duly opened, and one boy at any rate was unusually popular with his parents.

Very likely if the donor had been present at this unconventional ceremony he would have felt awkward and embarrassed, for he is a man of rare humility who sets no store upon himself. Most of all would I have liked him to see the blissful joy of the boys, in the following month of July, flinging themselves off diving boards and clambering out again at breakneck speed so as not to miss one second of the fun, or alternatively poisoning themselves diffidently for a new and untried experience. The sea is a lovely place when it smiles in friendly fashion, but it can be uncomfortably cruel as it was throughout the whole summer term. The advent of this bath, as all who have seen it or used



This photo was taken through the eye piece of a 2 1/2 in. Astronomical Telescope at the height of the partial eclipse of the sun by the moon on Wednesday, June 30th. The film used was Kodak Soper xx Panchromatic and the exposure 100th sec. at F 16. The camera was an Exakta with Tessa 1 : 2.8 F = 7.5 cm. lens.

The photo shows clearly that part of the sun 'uncovered' by the moon, the outer circle being merely due to light reflected on to the film from the polished interior of the telescope tube.

it know well, will make all the difference in the world to the aquatic life of the School. Boys were learning to swim and dive so effectively that we decided to postpone our annual water sports to the last possible moment, but we were cheated of this for the last five days of term were so tempestuous that even the thought of waiting one's turn on the diving board was repellent. Now our eyes are focussed upon the summer of 1955, and may she behave in a manner worthy of the temple where we hope to worship her name.

P.K.S.

OBSCURATIO SOLIS

Optimism is a strong characteristic of the British. Perhaps it is our long struggle with wind and rain, fog and frost that has taught us the value of hoping for the best, and brings coastal dwellers in excited rather than depressed groups to watch a storm and the relentless power of the sea tossing aside man-made defences—and incidentally putting up the rates. With Tennyson, we seem to "Thank him who isled us here and roughly set his Briton in blown seas and stormy shores." So it was that on Wednesday, June 30, at the height of a summer that had so far been a mere mockery of the name, St. Peter's prepared with delight to celebrate yet another of the sun's disappearances. It must of course be remembered that on this occasion it was "official," and no blame could be attached to Apollo for his perfidious behaviour. It was to be one of those rare and wonderful disclosures of the divine order of things, at which the mightiest of our stars was to give way to a humbler planet. While, therefore, the celestial stage awaited the "cold and wandering moon," whose navigation was to prove itself as unerring as ever, strange meetings were taking place in B.L.T.'s study. The tinkle of breaking glass sounded from behind closed doors. There was a frantic search for candles. Unskilled photographers brightened up when they found that "bished" negatives were suddenly as valuable as gold nuggets. Clarkie issued X-rays of long forgotten fractures and one or two privileged persons were handed close-ups of the Headmaster's ankle—relics of a skiing accident at Wengen. We listened to the Astronomer Royal speaking on the wireless about "the path of totality" and "daytime aurorae," and envied him his airplane trip in the Arctic Circle. B.L.T. had bought us a telescope on a stand at a recent sale, and it was discovered that there were sun filters built in, and so this was erected on the front lawn. Conditions could not have been better and apart from the time spent at lunch, which must have been the quickest meal ever consumed at St. Peter's, we watched the whole programme. The Colonel brooded over his meteorological instruments on the front doorstep and the temperature variations he recorded were not without interest. Under a cloudless sky there was a difference of sometimes 10 degrees in almost as many minutes. Meanwhile B.L.T. was taking photographs up the spout of the telescope and boys lay strewn about the grass like casualties after a battle. Soon everything was back to normal, the vigil was over and the smoked glass clattered into the dustbin. It did not seem worth keeping the same bit for the next 45 years.

M.H.F.



AU REVOIR

We parted at Victoria station. He was going south, to Seaford school, and I to further points south. By the time my plane was slowly lifting itself, to fold-in its insect's legs above the West London bungalows, he would be alongside the sea, and could look through the thickening twilight at the descendants of the waves boys had seen over five centuries ago, on a chill October evening on their way to Azaincourt; rearing and thunderous and unchanged since the Argonauts, and hiding the sweep of the down; and the Sussex villages where the sons of Henry's bowman cried themselves to sleep that night. But, of course, he wouldn't notice the sea. He'd be swapping toffee for Peter's sherbet, and bragging about five Christmas plays, and challenging anyone under 12 to beat that record.

So, on Victoria station, I said "So long" to him: indistinguishable from every other boy in the green cap with the cinque-foil; but it was saying good-bye to St. Francis and Nelson and Anton Dolin and Robert the Bruce and Nim Hall, all the same. The train draws away out of the station; and London is the same, and yet not the same.

I had first known the town when Hobbs was in full flower at the Oval and José Collins sang at the Alhambra till the girls whistled in moonlit Leicester Square, and whisky was 12s. 6d. a bottle, and the Zeppelins had raised me to a local hero by making a big hole in our front window in Holland Park. You may imagine that such changes as these are as big as history can show in one one man's lifetime; but they aren't. Not as big as the time between the train vanishing round the curve and my plane taking off into the dusk.

Night falls. Canopus rides the London-rosy sky. I see no sea, and—unlike my boy—never shall; but above the cotton-wool quilt of cloud Orion and the Pleiades prick themselves out as we drone south-east like a great sewing-machine in the sky. By the time I see the low dark curve of the whale-backed downs again in some unimaginable dawn around half-term, history will be written and perhaps war or peace ratified; and quite probably the major decision will be taken as to who is to play full-back for St. Peter's.

Partir, said some fool of a Frenchman, putting his finger on the perimeter of truth as epigram-makers complacently do, *c'est mourir un peu*. But it isn't, of course. *Partir, c'est mourir*: no *un peu* about it. We die and we revive, and die and revive and . . . But better not go on. Better to look forward to the letters I shall get when my plane touches down where the Southern Cross embroiders the blue velvet dark and the stars are, as Kipling said, large and luminous as cattles' eyes in the moonlight.

"Dear Daddy,

We played Tyttenhanger and won (or lost: you can't read the writing). There was a film: 6 out of 10. We had ices on the H.M.'s birthday and gave him a pipe (six d. each). I got a gold for Latin. It has been cold and and hot. A new boy called X—is a weedy wet. Love from J—."

Next week it will be the same letter, except that we—yes, whatever happens in the Tests, it is *we* when St. Peter's takes the field—will have won/lost against Sutton Place. And so sun and porridge and a code as old as chivalry are absorbed, and in years to come perhaps someone will rule England and make the speech that will unite Europe.

And before that happens we shall meet again. He won't have seen me for as long as he generally doesn't see me at the term's beginning. "Hullo, daddy! What was Australia like?" The million square miles of desert and gum trees come to life again. The sunken valleys of the Blue Mountains, as old and mysterious as the crevices among the mountains on the moon. The growing cities of a New World which will live when London is a memory. The boom of the surf from the Bondi blow-hole across the foam-crested bay.

"Oh," I say, "hot."

"And Tyson, daddy? What was he like?"

"He was —," I pause. "Well" (in a confidential tone) "He was fast."

"Was he really, daddy?—and gosh, could I have chops for lunch? And after that, pineapple and cream. We have nothing but horse and field-mice at school, but the grub's terribly d. There's a new squat called L—who's a weedy wet. He thought Tyson bowled leg breaks and he believes in Father Christmas."

Home again. The lights of London glow once more in the midnight sky.

"CAELEBS."

LOOKING BACK

No. 2

1920

Every boy played for the School in one of the three soccer elevens. In the Junior XI, Horsey was goal and Michael Gilbert left-half. Boys who contributed to the total of the winning set for the week were allowed to wear a set button for the first time. Blunt scored 38 goals in one term. Shooting was hampered "because the rifle was in hospital until half-term."

1923

The existing playroom floor was laid down, "mainly of Canadian maple."
"The old Cinema engine has been replaced by a large 5-h.p. Petter, which is intended eventually to light the whole house."
Churchill Dormitory was built.
Mr. Knox-Shaw was one of a quartet which sang "Poor Old Joe" at the half-term concert.
Some boys went beagling and finished the day by having tea at Exeat Farm.

1926

The present billiards table was placed in position (new cloth fitted in 1938).
The second game pavilion was built.

1932

B.L.T. went in 7th for the Staff v. Pembroke College and made 117 not out (19 fours and 2 sixes).
During the School outing to Cuckmere some boys went out for a row with the Major, and Mrs. Knox-Shaw "gallantly caught a lobster." (It was afterwards eaten by Chignell.)
A party went to the daylight rehearsal of the Aldershot Tattoo. "Little Princess Elizabeth took the salute."

1935

The Zoo pond was found to be leaking at the rate of 4 in. a day. It was during repairs that the present fountain and the island from which it emerges were put in.
Two fantail and two tumbler pigeons, presented by Mrs. Mitchell and Mrs. Knox-Shaw, lived with two carriers in a dovecote on the H.M.'s lawn.
There was a fathers' "tug-of-war" at the sports—(not popular with the mothers).

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SCHOOL NOTES

The following boys entered the School during 1954:

January: M. N. Clarke, A. H. Talbot.
May: C. E. Blatherwick, J. G. T. Glyn, I. C. M. Lawther, J. B. Leathers, D. C. Willis.
September: M. J. Davies, C. G. Elliott, A. K. Horsey, M. A. G. Jack, M. D. Knight, I. M. MacInnes, P. R. G. Manson, J. S. B. McCowen.

CAPTAINS

	<i>Easter</i>	<i>Summer</i>	<i>Autumn</i>
<i>Head of the School</i>	S. A. Martyn	D. R. Fison	C. F. Powell-Brett
<i>Captain of Reds</i>	P. M. Butler	A. J. H. Chisholm	C. F. Powell-Brett
" " <i>Whites</i>	D. R. Fison	D. R. Fison	B. D. Compton
" " <i>Blues</i>	S. A. Martyn	M. W. Nicholson	M. J. F. Royle
" " <i>Games</i>	D. R. Fison	D. R. Fison	C. D. Stancomb
" " <i>Shooting</i>	P. M. Butler	S. P. Walker	S. P. Walker
" " <i>Fives</i>	B. D. Compton		B. D. Compton
" " <i>Squash</i>			C. F. Powell-Brett

Other dormitory captains during the year were, W. D. S. Wells, C. G. Leathers, N. C. Farebrother, M. J. Courage, S. H. Fortescue, Lord Courtenay, T. Jones, J. R. Hanning.

We had not been back a week in January before the snow came and icy winds blew it in stinging clouds across the rugged fields. Giant snowballs were soon scattered about, and remained long after the thaw, looking like ancient monoliths. B.L.T. organised snow sports and teams of "horses" dragged eager victims on toboggans who usually flew off at the first corner. Meanwhile Mrs. Knox-Shaw entertained the seagulls to "elevenses" everyday.

In talking about the films and entertainments we have had during the year, we must first of all acknowledge with great gratitude a most generous donation which has enabled us to buy the latest model in cine projectors. Those concerned must needs remain anonymous for the moment, but the thanks of many future generations of St. Peter's boys are also due to them, for it looks as if this machine will last for ever. It glitters with knobs and switches and even B.L.T. was a bit groggy after the engineer had spent an afternoon explaining its finer points. Among the films we have shown were "Appointment with Venus," "The Drum," "King Solomon's Mines," "Ivanhoe," "Kim" and "The Wild North."

Commander Lipscomb came to give us another of his fascinating lectures, this time called "The Background to Naval History." Even the most confirmed landlubber like myself, who feels sick on the Gosport ferry,

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1954

cannot fail to enjoy these expert and enthralling talks. We were also fortunate in having the Rev. Hooper to tell us about the diary of a former Vicar of Penshurst. He illustrated his talk with some excellent slides and brought to life for us the vigorous and colourful personality of this country parson of "the good old days."

We have been reminded on more than one occasion of the joys of a more tropical climate, for our wintry breakfasts have been enlivened by most generous consignments of grapefruit sent by Mr. and Mrs. Previté.

For the first time that I can remember we had our own home-made puppet show—"The Treasure of the Witch's Cavern—in ten scenes." Wells, Nicholson, Powell-Brett, Simon Chisholm and Christopher Leathers were the operators, the two Denison-Penders painted the scenery, Martyn, Steel and Courtenay arranged the lighting, Tim Jones was stage manager and Fortescue was responsible for the music. It was a most professional affair with illustrated programmes, and the skill of those concerned was well rewarded by an enthusiastic audience.

Apart from the Boxing Finals, which are reported elsewhere, and a special showing of the Everest film which we all attended at the local cinema, I must report on a musical evening with which we closed the Easter term. It was on the last Saturday, and after Miss Rothwell had directed Form VIII in a version of the Raggle Taggle Gypsies starring Minards and Talbot, Compton, Steel and Charles Stancomb sang "Funiculi, Funicula" as an opening chorus. David Fison announced the items rather like the Clerk of the Court calling witnesses at an Assize, and there was plenty of variety. I remember particularly "Widdicombe Fair" by the Juniors, and the Upper School singing "Twickenham Ferry." Amongst a number of piano soloists, Campbell and Nevill were perhaps the most accomplished.

During the year we have had to say goodbye to Miss Robins and Miss Daunt, and the problem of replacing two members of the staff who have served St. Peter's so well was considerable. However, our luck has held and we extend an official welcome to Miss Loughnan, who took over from Miss Robins in the summer, and Miss Barley who joins us in January.

The summer term started in most unusual circumstances. Twenty-four boys were unable to return and the Headmaster was confined to Little St. Peter's convalescing from chicken-pox. It had been no light attack and it was a day or two before he could cross from his island to the mainland of the School. Meanwhile excited parties were out examining the progress made by Frank Male and his men on the swimming bath. A new device had come to their aid which hopped about on its one leg and helped to ram the earth down. The strange rhythmical clattering of "Jumping Johnny" as we called it, was with us for sometime.

No one needs to be reminded of the winter that returned to us in June and July, and when B.L.T. set off with five boys for a day at the Lord's test match (tickets kindly provided by John Jameson) we felt that the weather must surely bring them nothing but disappointment. Rain it did, but leaving the weather outside they advanced on the Royal Tournament at Olympia, found excellent seats, and had a wonderful time.

We are very grateful to Mr. Parvin for his presentation of a new swimming cup and to the Major for a thermometer which tells us when the water is warm enough to be inviting. A careful "taking" of the temperature is a vital prelude to a bath. We are indebted to the Old Boys too, for the Headmaster has made good use of the cheque presented to him at the celebration of his hundredth term. There is now a magnificent teak seat in the swimming bath enclosure, which is a joy to all spectators.

The Holmwoods Match ended in a victory for the visitors after quite a close run affair. Holmwoods declared at 184 for 8, and we suffered severe palpitations when Mr. Darwell Smith arrived back in the pavilion without a run on the board. However many a good cigar was needlessly stubbed, for the scoring steadied down and it was not until we were only 20 short of their total that our last wicket fell. The subsequent dinner was thoroughly in keeping with our friends' limitless hospitality, and they also presented four boys with new cricket balls as prizes in the scoring chart competition.

Here is an interesting statement I have had up my sleeve for some time, culled from a senior history form: "Pocket boroughs were little estates that had a field of about an acre, a garden with vegetables, a garden with flowers, a patch or two of grass, and a reasonable house. In about 1800 these were abolished."

I must return to the subject of teak for the moment for two very good reasons. Those who left at the end of the summer term joined together to present us with a large outdoor seat with their names and dates carved on the top. It was a most welcome and attractive present, for our existing garden furniture is literally on its last legs and frequently has to undergo the attentions of amateur painters. We were also very fortunate in that Tony Priday heard quite by chance that we needed some new diningroom tables. Forthwith he made us a present of the raw material that was needed and Mr. Baldwin's patient skill did the rest.

One Sunday afternoon in the autumn I telephoned Mr. John Christie at Glyndebourne to ask if a party might visit the grounds. The answer was yes, and as the five of us emerged from the car we were met by Mr. Christie himself. From that moment we were in another world. A tour of the garden was followed by a walk through the house and a close-up of a glorious collection of pictures. Then we found ourselves backstage, our voices echoing in what seemed like the great distances of a cathedral. We saw the dressing rooms, with doors made especially wide for the Crinolines of Mozart's operas, the steam boiler which provides stage "smoke," the lift which can raise or lower any section of the stage, and row upon row of superb costumes. Finally we were invited to tea and arrived back only just in time for Chapel. Our very sincere thanks to Mr. Christie for his boundless hospitality and a thrilling experience.

Two carloads nosed their way to Twickenham again for the Varsity Match, fairly confident that anything would be an improvement on last year's game. There was certainly less all-in wrestling, but the ball came painfully slowly, almost grudgingly, to the halves, and the outsiders were the most guileless I have ever seen. Tea at Reigate was on the same grand scale

as the lunch we had taken with us, and we arrived back at peace with the world.

A number of boys are working at the Italigraph style of handwriting and John Rayner, who came to visit us with his family, generously offered two pens as prizes at the end of the Christmas term. Christopher Powell-Brett put in some hard practice which was rewarded when he won the senior prize, and Robert Lipscomb headed the Junior Section. Mrs. Talbot kindly offered a second prize to the seniors which was won by Anthony Stabb.

We are grateful to Lord Fortescue for sending us his photograph in Garter robes now hanging in the dormitory which bears his name, to Mrs. Garton for supplying the whole school with a delicious meal of venison, sent from Lairg, and to Sir Willoughby Norrie for a new diningroom chair.

The Carol Service was a great success, and the choir were on the top of their form. Royle, Compton, Steel and Campbell sang solos, and the readers who backed up the choir splendidly were Fortescue, Courtenay, Nigel Farebrother, Charles Stancomb, Michael Courage and Sandy Walker. "A Great and Mighty Wonder," "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "The Five Lesser Joys of Mary" were sung again this year and Mrs. Knox-Shaw and Mrs. Talbot had given us a beautiful setting for the service.

CALENDAR FOR 1955

Easter Term: Friday, January 21, to Friday, April 1.

Summer Term: Tuesday, May 3, to Wednesday, July 27. Half-Term,
June 25-27.

Autumn Term: Tuesday, September 20, to Friday, December 16.
Half-Term, Saturday, November 19.