



Memories of Whitgift

“A story of the school, in the boys’ own words”

compiled and edited by Old Whitgiftian, Peter Cox

MEMORIES OF WHITGIFT



The Boys’ Own Tales

1880–1980

COMPILED AND EDITED BY PETER COX

Without doubt the most eagerly awaited publishing event of 2013 was the launch of *Memories of Whitgift*, a 266-page hardback book compiled and edited by our very own Peter Cox (1955-64).

This splendid volume of anecdotes, photographs and items assembled from reminiscences sent in by Old Whitgiftians and culled from *The Whitgiftian*, gives a lively account of the life of boys at the School from 1880 to 1980.

Memories of masters, sports, the arts, war and peace, school lunches and the facts behind the Great Desk Swap of 1960 are all there.

The book is available for sale for £20 plus £3 p&p

Please complete the order form on the reverse of this page, or go to www.WhitgiftianAssociation/memories-of-whitgift if you’d prefer to order online using PayPal, a credit or debit card.

“No OW should fail to buy a copy!”

“Boy, you’re going up the down stairs”. It was my second day. I muttered: “I didn’t know”. “You should have. Write me a 350-word essay by next Wednesday”, and he swept away in his purple pomp, his gown swirling in his wake. Edged with black fur – he was the school’s Second Prefect.” *p. 5*

His portly presence was a signal for mirth. Blowing fuses was a maddening pastime in which we indulged: “Now, if any boy blows out a fuse - pronounced ‘fooze’ - he will have to stay behind and have two strokes of the cane.” Oh, sir! “All right then, *one* stroke.” *p. 49*

Mr Bell inquired what I had down my pants. “Nothing, sir, just my pants” ... I did not feel a thing. *p. 93*

We entertained fellow students at the House Music Competition, but apparently not the judges, with a combo of mandolin, violin, drums and tuned bottles, playing a medley of classics such as *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes*. Needless to say, we came last. *p. 142*

The masters showed an extraordinary lack of intelligence: they went in search of their own desk, whereas the efficient thing would have been to identify the owner of the desk in their room and send it back. *p. 187*

She always gave me something to try and often asked for my opinion. I liked her immensely and when I left Whitgift I went to say goodbye. She said, “Good luck, you’ll do well. I always fancy the chances of a lad who likes his food.” *p. 241*