

MR. WINTER

John Leslie Heywood Winter, M.A., was at school at Wellingborough, where he captained the XI, and went on to St. John's, Cambridge. Here he played some good games and, *inter alia*, did some good work, obtaining a 1st Class in "Mays" and a 2nd in Finals. After a little prep. school teaching, he came to Queen Elizabeth's.

That was thirty years ago: now, after spending all his best years in our service, he leaves us—and the school will not be the same without him. At first he taught several subjects and, in the old buildings, alone was happy in one of those horrible hut rooms that other masters abhorred and occupied in turn. Perhaps it was his association with this grim hole, as much as his surname, that brought him his sobriquet of "Frosty". By the time we moved to the new buildings, his work was concentrated entirely on his own special subject of History, and literally hundred of boys have owed their

successes in School and Higher Certificate, and the Advanced level G.C.E., to his teaching of it. Since school memories are short, boys probably think of him, apart from classes, just as the father of Leicester House and of the Stamp Club. But older O.Es. will remember that in his younger days he was a class wicket keeper and a more than useful opening bat. He played a large part in our cricket coaching, and in the war years he carried nearly all the weight of it, besides running an active War Savings group and sharing with the Head the chief responsibility for our Harvest Camps. It is not so many years ago that he dropped out of coaching, but some time before that his own interests had shifted to golf, which he played to a very low handicap, and lately they have moved from golf to gardening, at which he is an acknowledged *maestro*.

He has been a first class judge of a boy: and though his oburgations in form rarely went beyond "You ass", his denunciations, at a masters' meeting, of the slacker or skrimshanker have been terse and blasting—while his support of the deserving has been as earnest, though curt. When he had had to "run out" a boy for anything serious, he has always been at pains to point out any excuse that could be offered in his favour, for he is essentially kindly. A slightly shy man, he has a tremendous sense of fun, is excellent company, and carries with him that unnameable quality that makes for good fellowship and has won the affection of all who knew him.

He and Mrs. Winter, to whom also, as most boys will know, the School owes much, have brought an orchard property by Windwhistle, on the Dorset-Somerset border near Chard. May they long be happy there, may they find time to come occasionally to see us, and, however the wind may whistle on the neighbouring hills, may it always waft kindly memories of us to Frosty's new home!

