

Philip Creighton (1959 -1966?)

I recently received the 2013 Dinner Invitation but living in the USA it really has not been practical to get there. As I get older I looked back over my early years and most of my memories of Southern Grammar seem to be of all the things I did wrong to earn the wrath of Mr Mills, Chatterton and various other members of staff. Between finding places to have a quick cigarette and hiding my Lambretta in the allotments it seemed I was always on their bad side. I remember while waiting to get caned by Mr Mills (one of the times) that he took salt in his coffee which I always felt was strange. I actually remember knocking on his front door as one of a group of young carol singers soon after I went to Southern grammar (I cannot fathom out however why I was in this group) and the stark realization of who came to the door that night (had no idea it was his house).

I enjoyed my time there, found out that I wasn't any good at soccer or climbing ropes, got on the cross country team for one event, probably on the strength of my buss pass on the return run along Langston Harbour. I was on the library committee which gave us a little room to hang out in to cover books or just hang out. Lunch time brought good days (roast potatoes) and bad days (swede) – sitting close to the hatch for seconds and the small bottles of milk if they had any left from the morning. The little sweet shop up the road by the bus stop sticks in my memory too.

I know I was in the CCF as I remember polishing boots etc, rifle range practice, rubber dinghies in Langston harbor and a day out military exercise somewhere on the Downs. Lots of firing blanks on a miserable wet day and more reprimands for ambushing the other side – not sporting I suppose. Although I never was involved in it I remember a mock battlefield in the Rifle Range with plastic model tanks etc in a big sandbox. I think I might have missed the real target on occasion and hit a model tank!

The CCF photograph in the CCF section looks awfully familiar and would have been about the right time – just not good enough to see faces.

Somewhere in all that was O and A levels – probably not as good as I could have got if I studied properly and about that point the family moved to Leicester so I ended up at Loughborough College of Technology doing an I.M.I. Motor vehicle course and getting involved in Motor Racing with a group of friends up there. I remember Alan Pascoe at the University up the road and Phil Read but pretty much lost touch with most of the Southern Grammar classmates. I did hear from Roland Clarke (in my class) a few years ago and he is living and working in Birmingham. The rest, I don't know.

From there after a spell in London working for Esso and running racing cars as a sideline I was recruited to run a team in the USA in 1978, packed up the wife and dog and have been here ever since. The dog died and I got divorced along the way – I miss that dog as the old joke goes. I have

stayed with racing professionally as the importer for various English and Italian racing cars and currently own a workshop in Atlanta GA that looks after a number of historic and modern racing cars. Unfortunately the annual dinner is usually just before the Sebring 12 Hour race for LeMans cars that I usually am involved with.

My website is at [creightonmotorsport.com](http://creightonmotorsport.com) and my longtime girlfriend, partner, racing car engineer and driver is at [manfrinato.com](http://manfrinato.com)

Philip Creighton (March 2013)