

# THE ELIZABETHAN



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WESTMINSTER  
IN SUSSEX

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# The Elizabethan

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## CONTENTS

EDITORIALS - - - - -	429	CAMBRIDGE LETTER - - - - -	436
SCHOOL NOTES - - - - -	432	CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT - - - - -	437
LANCING IMPRESSIONS - - - - -	432	POEM - - - - -	439
WESTMINSTER IN THE 'SEVENTIES - - - - -	433	THE MUSIC - - - - -	440
GAUDY—1939 - - - - -	434	OLD WESTMINSTERS - - - - -	441
OXFORD LETTER - - - - -	435	CORRESPONDENCE - - - - -	443
LATE NEWS - - - - -	444		

### APOLOGIA

"You're late—six weeks late." So we might expect to be greeted on our appearance in this, the second week of February instead of our normal, unobtrusive entry into the world at the end of the Play Term. We have considered the question at length, and have decided that we owe our readers at least an explanation of the delay.

The financial status of THE ELIZABETHAN has now for two years been a question of acute anxiety to THE ELIZABETHAN staff, and it has now come to the position that either expenditure must be drastically reduced, or revenue considerably augmented. The members of the School already pay more for their copies of the paper than ever before, and any further increase in its price would be an unfair levy on the part of our public which can least afford it. The Elizabethan Club,

which is the source of the other half of our revenue, increased its annual subscription by £20 not long ago, and any further increase from that quarter is unlikely.

So, since there is little chance of an increase in revenue, the only other alternative is to reduce the expenditure of the paper. This can be brought about in many different ways, and all the little, insignificant items of economy mount up into a considerable saving, if reasonable care is taken. It was for this reason primarily that the Editors decided to produce only five numbers this school year, in place of the usual six. There were other reasons also: if we had produced an issue of THE ELIZABETHAN in December there would have been so little subject-matter of any interest or importance as to make it hardly worth the expense; the duties of the Editors were made much

more difficult because of the School's move to Lancing and Hurstpierpoint. But after enquiry into the matter the saving for THE ELIZABETHAN which ensued upon the cancellation of the December number was found to be sufficient to warrant that cancellation.

All we can do is to express our regrets if any anxious Old Westminsters feared that even a war could put THE ELIZABETHAN completely out of commission, and to promise that the economy will not occur again this year.

### ILLUSTRATION

We are come to the end of a volume. The next number produced will be the first of Volume 23, and with it the essentials of policy for the next three years must be decided. In 1938, for the first time in its history, THE ELIZABETHAN appeared in an illustrated cover, and has done so ever since.

We should like very much to know the views of our readers on this question, and shall be grateful to receive any further suggestions for this Magazine.

We present our illustrated cover this month with no apology. It may appear out-of-date, inappropriate and unnecessary. But there is a reason for it. Down in Sussex we are bound in some measure to forget Westminster, and all we hold dear there; we cling on to our old institutions, Latin Prayers and the like, but they seem a parody of similar things in London. What we want to show is that wherever they are held, Latin Prayers are Latin Prayers, Westminster's own right, and wherever it may be, Westminster is still Westminster, despite the changes around it. We may plant potatoes instead of playing in Green, as our photograph here shows; we may go to the Grubber, instead of up Sut's; but the spirit of Westminster is still in us, and that is all that matters.



*Allotments situated behind Lancing College Farm, the present abode of the senior half of Grant's*

*By kind permission of the "Granite Review"*

Illustrations have not been confined only to the cover, and from time to time articles of interest have been embellished with photographs.

Now we have reached the turning-point. Either we can continue to produce this paper with an illustrated cover, varied from issue to issue, or we can determine upon a pleasant cover of sorts, which we shall retain for the next three years. The first course will be more difficult and more expensive, the second difficult too in its way, and perhaps an anti-climax after the last eight issues.

### PLAY TERM CONTEMPORARIES

Not even the descent upon Lancing can check the undoubted literary and journalistic talent that exists among Westminsters to-day. Besides, of course, THE ELIZABETHAN, the production of which naturally causes some stir in literary circles, there are in existence five Westminster papers of sorts, which appear periodically to enliven the passing hour. College, busy as ever despite the cancellation of the Play, yet manages to produce two papers, edited, it is true, by the same slightly

futuristic combine, but nevertheless of different natures: *The King's Scholars' Chronicle*, official organ of College since its foundation in 1927, has put in two appearances. Not much, one may say, when compared with its heyday of two or three years back, when it flourished strongly once a week. But, all the same, its production at all in the present circumstances may be regarded as a triumph in itself.

*bogeur*, the other paper emanating from College, still continues to live up to its name, and, moreover, to provide amusement to most King's Scholars. A few telling selections from *bogeur* may illustrate the quality of its contents:—

"Listen, folks, with this swell noo number of *bogeur* we're bringing you culture. Take a look at *bogeur*. It's free, it won't cost you a cent. Who's gonna make a big ripple in this little old world? Is it the guy with a ritzy accent an' a lot of high-hat talk about Art? I'll say it is. Didja ever wanna go places? . . . London? . . . Paris? . . . Noo Yoik? You can't go right now, because there's a war on; so take a look at *bogeur*. You can have a mind like ours in two weeks. It's a cinch. It's colossal. We've got culture, folks, so come an' get it!"

"The Englishman is a colt,  
And when he has shot his bolt  
He hire-purchases a seat in heaven  
And plays right-back in the 1st XI."

Or again:

"*bogeur* is haunted by two spectres, the originality of its thought, and the thought of its originality."

So much for College and *bogeur*. In addition to College's effort, each of the Townboy houses at Lancing has produced at least one issue of a house magazine. The latest addition to these ranks, *The Adur*, from Homeboarders at Shoreham, takes its name from the muddy river which divides Homeboarders from the rest of Westminster at Lancing. We can at least say of *The Adur* that it is bound nicely. But on opening the beautiful red and white cover, it is rather disappointing to find the usual clichés so common in editorials of every kind:

"To begin a house magazine must always be something of a risk. . . . A house magazine suffers disadvantages which outside periodicals do not. . . . We do not intend trying to please everybody because it is impossible."

After the inevitable and apparently necessary House Water, Cricket and Football write-ups, we come to "House Notes," in which the only novel item is the spelling (in triplicate) of the word

*gramophone* (sic). The bright spot of the paper is a short story entitled "Hammersmith Bridge," by one who signs himself "Jeantornnemiche." The rest consists mainly of rather tedious verse of a more or less facetious nature.

We would not presume to teach the editorial staff of *The Adur*, which numbers six, their job; but we cannot do better than quote the words of *The College Street Clarion*:

"Whether this division of responsibility is a good thing or not one finds it hard to say; but there is an old saying about cooks and broth that might be sent to Shoreham in the shape of a framed text."

*The College Street Clarion*, young and wide-awake organ of Busby's, still flourishes, and at the time of writing we have just received its seventeenth issue. The *Clarion* is fortunate in its poet, who contributes, we believe, more matter to the magazine in addition to his usually excellent verse. It is difficult to quote succinctly from the *Clarion*, but the general standard of writing in it is high, and despite a slight tinge of House-spirit propaganda, it does not descend to the depths of printing long, dull accounts of victories on the playing fields—is this, partly, perhaps, because Busby's can rarely boast of victories on the playing fields?

*The Grantite Review*, on the other hand, is rather inclined to do this. We would not deny that it is necessary to keep some sort of record of house victories and house teams. We would not even deny that it might give Grantites a thrill to read that:

"Grantites at camp were Greenish and Winckworth, patrol leaders; Farley, Gammon, Craig and Abrahams, seconds; Andrews and Whitehead. Of the five rovers, three are old Grantites."

House spirit is all very well in moderation, but when it comes to patting oneself on the back for the number of P.L's. or Sergeants in the House—!

The pick of the numerous contributions was, in our opinion, a short story called "The Bomb," while a piece of humorous verse entitled "Roguish Rhymes and Trite Truths" comes second in our estimate. It will not, we hope, bore our readers to read a typical extract from it, the following verse:

"Liddell Hart's 'Defence of Britain'  
MUST be read throughout the land!  
Personally I find it's just a  
Liddell Hart to understand,"

Talking about Trite Truths, this, we feel, takes the biscuit :

“ The final match was won comfortably by eight wickets, and so we had the Juniors Cup to have near the Seniors’ shield in hall.”

—What a have !

We hope that these candid and uncalled-for criticisms of our contemporaries will not be taken in the wrong spirit. The spirit of Westminster journalism is thriving now as it has not done for many a year, and we would not wish to damp its ardour. We merely try with all our feeble powers to set its feet on the right path.

### SCHOOL NOTES

The 1st XI beat Aldenham by 5 goals to 4 at Lancing on November 28th.

We are sorry to say good-bye to Mr. Rowe, who left us at the end of last term with a commission in the Scots Guards.

The prize offered jointly by the Head Masters of Westminster and Lancing for an unaccompanied carol was won by N. J. P. Brown, K.S.

The Phillimore Prize for Latin Translation was won by M. W. Sweet-Escott, K.S.

The Ireland Prize for Greek Verse was won by M. W. O’Brien, K.S.

The Gumbleton Prize for English Verse was won by R. A. Wollheim, K.S.

The portion of the School at Lancing was honoured by a visit from the Dean of Westminster, Chairman of the Governing Body, on the occasion of the admission of the new King’s Scholars last term.

Mr. C. F. Watherston, C.B. (O.W.), has been elected a member of the Governing Body. Mr. Watherston was admitted as a Queen’s Scholar in 1888, and obtained a double 1st in Maths. at Balliol College, Oxford. He entered the War Office, and became Assistant Under-Secretary of State in 1924, when he was made C.B.

D. C. Hampton-Smith, K.S., has been elected Captain of Running.

R. O. I. Borradaile has been elected Secretary of Football.

K. A. H. Hinge has been elected Secretary of Cricket.

On Monday, December 18th, the last day of the Play term, an entertainment was presented in

Lancing Great School by members of Grant’s and Busby’s. Grant’s performed F. Sladon-Smith’s play, “ The Invisible Duke,” which was followed by Busby’s home-made pantomime, “ Dick Whittington.”

There has been great activity in Little Dean’s Yard, where all the moveable furniture from the buildings around has been transferred to School and stacked there. Only Busby’s is now inhabitable : it is used as a bursary, a general depot and a lodging for all concerned with work on the School.

### SOME IMPRESSIONS OF WESTMINSTER AT LANCING

After the declaration of war, I am afraid one of my first thoughts was “ those wretched Westminsters again ! ” However, after two months of them, I can truthfully say that they have fitted in well at Lancing. I am now quite used to gowns and multi-coloured sports coats, white tie and tails on Sundays, queer calls and expressions, and bells at all hours of the day : a very good excuse for lateness now might be, “ Sorry, sir, I thought that was for Westminster ! ” Hall and ante-Hall are pleasantly full, and definitely much noisier.

Some Westminsters come into form with Lancing and no doubt enjoy themselves, while others wander from class-room to class-room, pursued by masters unversed in Lancing geography, with the phrase “ Oh ! I’m so sorry ” always on the tip of their tongues. Indeed, to watch this and listen to unaccustomed voices and expressions emanating from all sides of Great School is a most diverting spectacle for Lancing “ sitters out ! ”

To the great joy of certain Lancing football supporters, in very good voice at the time, Westminster beat Aldenham by five goals to four in an excellent game. The local Press was full of praise and pictures for this unique event “ in the annals of the famous Westminster School ! ”

Though naturally Westminster would prefer to be back in London, and Lancing to be by herself again, I think both schools deserve to be congratulated on the cordial relations which exist between them, and which must continue if they are to live together peacefully for the duration.

H. H. H. C.

## WESTMINSTER IN THE 'SEVENTIES

[CONCLUSION]

By SIR CHARLES FORTESCUE BRICKDALE

(Q.S. 1870-5)

This little attempt to reconstruct the incidents of our daily life would not be complete without some mention of various worthy shopkeepers and others who ministered to our wants and with whom we were on familiar and friendly terms. Their shops in Great College Street and Prince's Street have disappeared, and I don't know who or what has replaced them.

First among these I shall always remember Old Martin, bootmaker and supplier of racquets and racquet balls. He had been functioning in the same manner and the same place from my father's time, 40 years before, and went on doing so for several years after I left. Though never free from pain owing to some gouty disorder, he was one of the most cheerful and good-tempered old fellows I have ever known. His predecessor, Cobbler Foot, I was told by the ancients, was the very reverse—a sour, ill-tempered curmudgeon to whom it was the custom to send new boys for a bottle of strap oil, with results that may be imagined. Someone had made a portrait of him, with his strap, complete, which used to hang in the shop. I wonder what has become of it!

Martin and his son Arthur used to sit in their little shop window in College Street visibly making or mending boots and racquets all day, while we sprawled over his counter and watched the work proceeding, and discussed the (mainly local and personal) news of the day. He made the most comfortable and serviceable boots I ever had, and I went on with him until not only he but a son who succeeded him had finished their course. Next door to Martin's was Ginger, bookseller and stationer, who had also been over 40 years at his job, and, I think, had succeeded a father and grandfather in the business. He was a very picture of a stationer; a small, very neat and dry-looking old fellow, well versed in the literary history of the School and all that pertained to it. Among other things he supplied the historic little glass ink bottles called "dips" which we all carried about in our pockets until,

I believe, one day (after my time) a boy fell and cut himself badly with the fragments. The dip contained a little bit of cotton wool soaked in ink, which when skilfully squeezed with a quill pen would afford a surprisingly continuous supply of the fluid. Its commercial value was probably 2d. at the outside, but 6d. was the regular charge for it in the bill, and it was one of Ginger's star turns to explain, on request, exactly how the conventional price was made up. He lived to a great age and, on retiring, changed his name to Godfree (I believe his mother's patronymic) and was for many years a regular spectator at all School events.

In Tufton Street there was a sculptor named Miller, unknown to fame, but enjoying a steady and interesting employment in high-class sepulchral statuary for a leading Regent Street firm. He was an amusing and talkative fellow, and I learned from watching him quite a fair amount of the various complicated processes of his Art. One of his works was a colossal figure of a deceased Colonial judge whom he had never seen and only had a photograph of moderate size to go by. Another of his works was more romantic, a fine life-sized figure of an angel in a sorrowful attitude contemplating a cross.

Sutcliffe's (at the corner just opposite the arch coming from Dean's Yard) and Harvey's (next door to Miller's studio in Tufton Street) were the two established purveyors of such supplementary refreshments as we needed to sustain life and health in addition to the regular meals. Each had its character. An air of quiet decorum prevailed at Sutcliffe's, and everything was paid for in ready money. At Harvey's a somewhat freer atmosphere was met with and a certain amount of "tick" was allowed. Here, too, in Mrs. Harvey's little back room, the second election breakfast was given by Mon: Os: on St. David's Day, the produce of Sir Watkin Wynn's tip, and consisting usually of hot sausages and mashed potato.

In Prince's Street, half-way up on the left, was our hosier, Dobbs. A competent tradesman, but rather short-tempered—a failing which, once discovered, was given plenty of opportunity for display.

Further up the street was Lyons the baker, whither the Q.S.S. used to repair for hot French rolls for breakfast. Mrs. Lyons was a very handsome old lady—rather suggestive of Mrs. Vincent Crummies in *Nicholas Nickleby*, but not otherwise remarkable.

Joe Simpson, one of the Abbey workmen, was a strong character. He had been in the Navy and, being probably a handsome boy, had acted in ship's theatricals and could spout Shakespeare in masterly style. He was much to the fore at the Play time and directed all the operations connected with the setting up of the theatre and scenery. I think it was due to his skill and care in the hauling of ropes, etc., that the scenery in the first twenty years of its existence suffered hardly any damage during its annual gymnastic excursion from the cloister vaults to the dormitory. He picked a few Latin tags from the plays which he produced often with telling effect. Later, I believe, he adopted a business career in the confectionery line, with what success I don't know.

Another characteristic figure and I have done. This was Mr. Lawrence, the last working man who always appeared in a tall hat—a pale, spare man with rather a melancholy expression, and always spotless linen and neat check cravat, twice round the neck and tied in a bow. He and Joe Simpson, who was distinctly corpulent and had a ruddy complexion, a loud voice and jovial manner, formed a delightful contrast. Here I will leave off, though I could still mention a few things more; but I am sure, gentle reader, that you have had enough.

### GAUDY—1939

In an age whose tendency is to discard ancient ceremonial and yet remain fundamentally undemocratic, it was a pleasure to be offered the opportunity of taking part in a function which both in spirit and setting forms an abiding link with the past. Such is the Christ Church Gaudy—

and this recent occasion in June did ample justice to a revered tradition.

All those acquainted with the precincts of the House will readily conjure up the scene of this summer night's banquet, but the normal aspect of its Tudor splendour was heightened to one of almost fantastic beauty by the brilliant academical dress of doctors and divines who mingled in its quadrangles.

Founders' Prayers were said at 5 o'clock in the Church, which stands on the original site of the ancient Abbey of St. Frideswide, and which performs the double function of Chapel to the College and Cathedral to the City. Shortly after this we proceeded to the Chapter House where, according to Holy Writ, we gave "praise to famous men." In this case a distinguished scholar read a speech on the life and character of John Keble, another illustrious son of the House, at the conclusion of which we adjourned until dinner.

It was in Tom Quad immediately preceding our entrance into Hall that the picturesque ensemble of robes against the background of grey stone and ancient pleasance made the striking picture already alluded to. A friend and myself saw a well-known Judge of His Majesty's High Court standing forlornly in the inadequate attire of mere tails unadorned by any brilliant academical vestment, and so hastened, perhaps out of a misguided sympathy, to engage him in conversation. This comfort was found to be entirely unnecessary, but in return we enjoyed a stimulating talk before finally taking our allotted seats at table.

The gathering was immense; it included men distinguished in every walk of life, especially those who had just received high academical honour at the hands of the University on its Degree Day, besides the old students returning according to their allotted span to dine once more in their Hall hallowed by time and history and by their own memories. The menu was in every way fitting to such an occasion, and jaded indeed would be the palate which survived its eight Lucullan courses with no perceptible enjoyment.

At the close of the meal the new Dean rose to speak. He came from the great Dominion across the Atlantic; but the Old World could ask for no

finer champion than this man in whom new vision is combined so happily with a deep sense of tradition. The only incongruity was the slightly nasal voice as it came over the amplifiers, giving one the unusual sensation in that historic hall, of being tuned in to an American short wave radio station. When he had concluded, the High Commissioner for Canada gave a moving address, which was followed by Sir Maurice Gwyer (O.W.), an old student of the House, and the recently appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of India. After this Mr. P. G. Wodehouse was vociferously called upon, but he refused to rise.

Gradually the guests broke up into little gatherings, renewing old friendships or making new contacts, and the Hall eventually emptied. Before the night was over we had to put in operation the age-old ritual of putting one of our number to bed!

Now, when Europe is in convulsion, it is good to remember moments such as these, when life displayed its civilised and ancient arts to the full, and gave promise that the present chaos was merely the birthpangs of the Age of Peace. But it seems clear that the individual will still play the important part in the development of history that he has done hitherto, despite the prevalence of suffocating political regimentation, and so it is in conclusion that we would fervently endorse that parting prayer of Queen Elizabeth: "Farewell, dear Oxford; God bless thee and increase thy sons in number, holiness and virtue."

M. F. M. C.

## OXFORD LETTER

Sir,

It can seldom have been the lot of an Oxford Correspondent to describe a stranger term than that which is now rapidly coming to its close. For Oxford, in common with all centres of learning, has been facing a veritable crisis in its history, in which step by step the needs of education have had to give place before the requirements of war.

But this time it has been decided that University life shall continue, and consequently the term

has proceeded in far more normal conditions than many had thought would be possible. The changes are, of course, numerous: two and sometimes three Colleges are often housed inside a single building, with the result that there has been much room-sharing; the luxury of having meals in one's own rooms is likewise a thing of the past. "Calling-up" has led to a change in the curriculum, since the usual "schools" have been broken up into a series of sectional examinations, one of which has to be taken each term.

Oxford retains, however, much of its gaiety, and even the war has its advantages. The New Theatre has launched forth into an unprecedented run of West End attractions, most notable of which has been the visit of Mr. John Gielgud (O.W.) and an all-star cast to perform "The Importance of Being Earnest"; and even the black-out has made up for its drawbacks by showing unimpeded for the first time the beauty of Oxford by moonlight.

But we stray, sir, from the object of our letter, for your desire to hear of the doings of the colony of Old Westminsters is still unsatisfied. That colony is still a large one, though it is lacking in third and fourth-year men, and it continues to distinguish itself in many fields. Mr. Cherniavsky now lives in Trinity in company with a radio-gramophone which the last owner of his rooms forgot to take away with him; Mr. Orbach, looking naively oriental, is to be seen among the organisers at Conservative meetings; Mr. Castellain is said to be keeping white mice in his rooms in Christ Church; and Mr. Oliver Dick is reported to be still making up his mind whether to read History or "Modern Greats." The Freshmen are also to be seen at the usual undergraduate haunts: Mr. Hallett lives in a garret in Queen's and meditates on the pros and cons of the Catholic Church; Mr. Kidner does Latin verses to the inspiration of the hottest collection of Jazz Records in his College, and Mr. David Pears does this rather more successfully to the pleasanter accompaniment of Beethoven. Mr. Carlyle has helped the B.N.C. Boat Club to win some races, and Mr. Woodward has continued his career on the stage by appearing in a performance of Shelley's translation of Goethe's "Faust." Mr. Kinchin-Smith, that unflinching opponent of militarism, has betrayed all his principles by



joining the University O.T.C., while Mr. Walker-Brash and Mr. Meyer have both been seen at the Freshmen's Sport, where the former increased his athletic fame by winning the "putting the weight" event.

Such, sir, has been the Michaelmas term—strange and uncertain, but not lacking in the pleasures which Oxford can bestow. Among those who have tasted these pleasures for the first time and found them good is he who has the honour to call himself

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

## CAMBRIDGE LETTER

Dear Sir,

Despite the wildest rumours propagated by various means, that all lecturers' stipends were to be suspended, that the Universities were to close down for the duration of the war, and other similar ribaldrous statements, many Old Westminsters find themselves once again at the end of a Cambridge term.

It is, of course, true to say that we miss very greatly our friends who have left the University prematurely, in order to join the armed forces, but it is, nevertheless, clearly of major importance that University life should continue so far as possible.

It is as yet early to foresee what developments may occur; suffice it to say that the "black-out" is an item of great inconvenience to all, not least to the Proctors!

The recent successes of Old Westminsters at Cambridge, Mr. Barlow's award of a College Exhibition at Trinity in Law, the good record of "Firsts" obtained last term, these are perhaps past history now. Of the present, we see Mr. Hogg as President of the 3rd Trinity Boat Club, his eight coxed by Mr. Skrender.

Mr. Huxley, we learn, continues to carry out his extensive physiological investigation of national importance, the nature of which we do not know.

From the more trivial side, we cannot but help notice Mr. R. L. Batten, by the absence of his recently-grown beard. So absorbed was he in its cultivation that he omitted even to turn up for his M.B. examination!

Mr. Wilkinson we find exiled, writing his "Tristia" no doubt for his supervisor, on the far side of the Cam.

The trek to his abode in Kimberley Road is accomplished most days by Mr. Adams, who may be found at early hours in the morning, crazily and angrily riding his Œstrous cycle to the Medical School, a danger to the public and to himself. He has already been the cause of a very narrow escape for two Newnham medicos, whom he nearly precipitated beneath a bus.

We welcomed most heartily in Cambridge certain Old Westminster students evacuated from the University of London.

Messrs. Glanfield and Grewcock reading economics are living at Peterhouse, where they are cheerfully horrified at the expense of living in Cambridge.

Of the present appearance of Cambridge there is little to be said. Sand-bags and gas-detectors scar some of our finest courts. The glass of King's Chapel is replaced by hideous boarding. The ugliness of war thrusts itself upon us in all directions. The "backs," nevertheless, still maintain their traditional beauty and fascination unmarred by any war.

Cambridge weather has, I fancy, been mentioned before in such letters, and it requires no comment. It need hardly be added that cold, drenched, but thoroughly cheerful and happy, arguing over the preposterously exorbitant coal and electric light bills, you would most undoubtedly find

YOUR CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT

## LOST

The Captain of the King's Scholars would be grateful to receive information concerning the whereabouts of any volume (or volumes) of the Westminster School Games Committee Ledger previous to 1930. The existing volume begins in 1930, but there is no record of any meetings before then. If former Secretaries of the Games Committee know anything about other ledgers, the Captain of the King's Scholars would be very pleased to hear from them.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

THE INVISIBLE DUKE

by

F. SLADON-SMITH

Performed by members of Grant's

CAST

THE MAGICIAN	- - - - -	M. H. Flanders
NEKKO	- - - - -	N. D. Sandelson
DEKKO	- - - - -	D. O'R. Dickey
THE DUKE	- - - - -	A. D. Self
LADY AMELIA	- - - - -	I. J. Abrahams
COUNT FRANCESCO	- - - - -	R. O. I. Borradaile

A rather feeble and uninspiring plot gave opportunities for brilliant acting on the part of several members of the cast. The actor taking the part of the Duke is to be congratulated upon his almost faultless performance, when it is realized that he only took on the part as an understudy a few days before the performance.

The highspot of this performance was Flanders' portrayal of the magician: ably assisted by Sandelson and Dickey, he held the stage throughout nearly the whole play, and is heartily to be congratulated on the success he made of the part, by putting badly-needed life into a mediocre play.

DICK WHITTINGTON

A PANTOMIME

Presented by Busby's

CAST

DICK WHITTINGTON, <i>a newsboy</i>	- - - - -	R. G. Whittington
MINISTER OF INFORMATION	- - - - -	M. S. de Mowbray
JACK, <i>a subaltern</i>	- - - - -	J. S. Meyer
LORD MAYOR OF LONDON	- - - - -	D. S. Brock
LADY MOON, <i>his wife</i>	- - - - -	J. H. Ferrers-Guy
OSRIC, <i>their son</i>	- - - - -	S. G. B. Underwood
GLADYS } <i>Typists at the</i>	- - - - -	J. P. Crisp
MARY } <i>Ministry</i>	- - - - -	N. M. Briggs
ELSIE, <i>a friend of Jack</i>	- - - - -	P. A. R. Dickinson
CARL, <i>a German agent</i>	- - - - -	F. P. M. Hurdis-Jones
MORTIMER	} <i>Westminster boys</i>	J. P. Crisp
PIGOT		P. A. R. Dickinson
PLUSH		A. N. Wedgwood-Benn
EDWARDS		W. J. Gerrish
TEDDY	} <i>Newsboys</i>	W. E. A. Fowler
BERT		P. J. Howes
ALF		T. J. Lee-Warner

TAXI DRIVER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	B. M. Deakin
CAPT. MANNERS, <i>A.R.P. Officer</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	W. E. A. Fowler
PORTER	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	B. M. Deakin
ADOLF	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	M. P. L. Hamburger
ROSENBERG	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	F. L. Greenland
VON BLOMP	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	A. Punchard
KRUPP, <i>an attendant</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	P. Hampton-Smith
CECIL, <i>a cat</i>	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	B. D. Naylor

CHORUS OF WESTMINSTER BOYS, PARENTS, A.R.P. WORKERS, etc.

The performance lasted well over two hours, and yet at the end one felt still that one wanted more. Only in a very few places did the action or the dialogue flag at all, and the whole cast can rightly be proud of its achievement. It is difficult to pick out from such a galaxy of talent any outstanding performances, but on consideration, perhaps D. S. Brock, as Sir Marcus Moon, the henpecked Lord Mayor of London, should receive the principal acting honours. J. S. Meyer and R. G. Whittington deserve high praise for their performances as the two heroes, and F. P. M. Hurdis-Jones as Carl Schnapps, the German spy. Among the others, J. P. Crisp made it evident that he is still unrivalled at Westminster as a treble. A. N. Wedgwood-Benn gave a good rendering of a typical public schoolboy, and W. E. A. Fowler mixed cockney and American in the true second-class-cinema style.

One of the few disappointments was the imitation scene. By looking at one's programme, and by using one's imagination, one could guess the object of imitation, but there was very little attempt at parody in this, and the scene appeared flat, in comparison with subsequent scenes.

A new verse of the School song was written for the occasion by the Head Master :

Hodie, periculo  
 Martis minitante,  
 Flemus in exilio  
 Quale numquam ante !  
 Sursam corda ! Pace nos  
 Laeti revisemus  
 Urbem, Tamesin, Agros ;  
 Et domi canemus :  
 Domus Alma floreat !  
 Domus Alma floreat !

### EXCHANGES

The Editor of THE ELIZABETHAN acknowledges the receipt of magazines from the following schools :—

Rossall, King's College School (Wimbledon), Winchester, Fettes, Durham, Gordonstoun, Dulwich, Cheltenham, Blundells, King Edward VI School, Southampton, St. Paul's, Roedean, Chicago Latin School (U.S.A.), The William Penn Charter School, Germanstown (U.S.A.), Sedbergh, Marlborough, Edinburgh Academy, Lancing, Saraspotak (Hungary), Glenalmond, Milton Academy (U.S.A.), Charterhouse, El Nopal (Texas), Shrewsbury, Harrow, Malvern, Bedford, R.N.C. Dartmouth, King's School (Canterbury), Radley, St. Edward's School (Oxford), Rugby, Felsted, Beaumont, St. John's (Leatherhead), Wellington, Bradfield, Clifton, Eton College, Christ's Hospital, Tonbridge, Christ's College (New Zealand), Aldenham, Wycombe Abbey, Haileybury, Sherborne, High School, Binghampton (U.S.A.), Brighton, Uppingham, Repton. And also of copies of the :—

*Trinity University Review, I.P.C. News Letter, Public Schools Assoc. Bulletin, Artists Rifles Gazette, Boy Scout's News Bulletin, The Boy's Magazine.*

### CHANGES OF ADDRESS

All changes of address should be notified promptly to Mr. C. F. Watherston, C.B., 20, Northwick Park Road, Harrow, Middlesex (NOT TO THE EDITORS OF THE ELIZABETHAN). He will be responsible for informing the Elizabethan Club, the Entertainments Committee, the Westminster School Society, the Secretary of the School Mission and the Editors of THE ELIZABETHAN and the Record of O.W.W. If changes are not reported, the return of THE ELIZABETHAN through the Dead Office Letter necessitates the removal of the addressee's name from the publisher's list.

## BATTERSEA POWER STATION

(The winning composition in the Gumbleton English Verse Prize)

Frozen guardian of an age erect you stand,  
 Scorning the skies you point with ferro-concrete wand  
 To the man-made rent in the heaven  
 Where limping power fell out and came to men :  
 Nerve centre of pylons, rapping out the wishes of the centre,  
 Modern age, behold your stern and autocratic mentor.

Squat monument to the history that has exploded,  
 Remember sleek piston is rifle unloaded  
 Will spell destruction with iron fist  
 'Neath waiting for the advent of a turning wrist ;  
 Black-shirted cranes with steel embrace  
 Girder side pattern is your cold lace.

Over Battersea Park, desert of forgotten loves  
 Where city Venus throws bread-crumbs to her sooty doves  
 And ghosts of promises half-made at a tea-party still linger  
 Watch you sky-writing metropolis with curio finger  
 Wall-papered with memories of Greece  
 And dream and dream how you burst in upon our peace.

Cathedral of power, bearing still religion's germs  
 Release us from our latest contract's latent terms.  
 The Southend of our multi-millionaires  
 Is the only God that still is with us with our falling, falling shares.  
 The Black Stone of an age more adult  
 The phallic symbol of a metallic cult.

Typist and her soot-eaten love fawning in their local lido,  
 Look to you across the anchored houses flung too far, murmuring their credo,  
 " Be our mother, be our father, be our only hope,  
 Our half-holiday, our Garbo and our honorary dope,  
 Our games on Sunday on our suburb green,  
 Our local anæsthetic and our still more local parish magazine."

In April, when the crocus are blooming and davits are swinging,  
 Watch the cranes move their arch necks with hydraulic longing,  
 Heaving their anatomical bodies through a smoke-screen of blossom  
 Steel and the trees' Chinese lanterns swirling in rhythm.  
 In summer chimneys, when the wharfs are tired,  
 Pant out puffs of smoke like rifles recently fired.

Winter river with sullen load of tar and orange peel  
 Reflect the blue-green secrets of the bridge's steel  
 No longer show the heaven's crumb of smiling blue  
 But rats and lust and bricks stuck in a patent-pending glue.  
 By wharfsides from your cold and reddish buttress disgorging antennæ  
 Nonchalantly toss a day's débris where dreaming barges lie.

Now in these days when the bombers are droning,  
 Now in these days when the wounded are groaning,  
 Security lies like a sheep on its back :  
 We read to-day's message from the top of the stack  
 Caught like a passing, sweating express chugging to a nearby junction  
 Waving a good-bye streamer of white to the fading London.

R. A. W.

## THE MUSIC LANCING

Although in some respects school activities have been curtailed owing to the evacuation, musicians have had several opportunities which they would not otherwise have had. Three events of musical interest took place in the course of last term. The first and most important was the B Minor Mass of Bach, in which the Lancing Choral Society, together with contingents from Westminster and St. Michael's School, Bognor, took part. In ordinary circumstances Lancing would have had the help of several other Woodard schools, but this was prevented by the war. In view of this the success which met the strenuous efforts of our conductor (J. B. Rooper, Esq., Musical Director of Lancing) was even more gratifying—in view also of the facts that only one short rehearsal with St. Michael's was possible, and none at all in the Chapel, a building in which it is most difficult to sing. All the major choruses but three and several solos and duets were performed, making in all thirteen numbers. The performance, which, owing to the difficulties, was in the nature of a rehearsal performance, went well, although it is difficult for one who was in the choir to appreciate the result as a whole. The solo, *Et in Spiritum Sanctum*, was sung by the Master of the King's Scholars, Rev. W. R. Derry (Lancing) and T. B. Nicholas, K.S.

On Sunday, December 17th, a Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols was held in Chapel: the choir was augmented by five members of Westminster for the occasion. The service was most impressive, and made a fitting conclusion to the term.

Earlier in the term the Head Masters of Westminster and Lancing offered a prize of music for the best unaccompanied carol submitted to them.

This prize was won by a Westminster boy: two other Westminsters were highly commended.

It seems necessary to take this opportunity of emphasizing that although Westminster has, through the kindness of Mr. Rooper, co-operated in most musical activities with Lancing, this does not mean that Westminster music as such has ceased to exist; all those, therefore, who play any musical instrument or possess any singing voice at all are urged to take their full share in whatever the Musical and Orchestral Societies may do this Lent Term.

N. J. P. B.

## HURSTPIERPOINT

Mr. Arnold Foster visits us here on Fridays and for a short time on Saturday mornings to give piano lessons. Unfortunately, on our arrival we found that there were no orchestral facilities; but since the Exeat Mr. Foster has formed an orchestra which meets every Friday evening, composed of masters and boys from Westminster and Hurst College, and also of amateurs from Hurstpierpoint Village, including two Austrian refugees. The orchestra, which increases in quality and number every week, and now numbers about twenty-four players, is playing, amongst other works, Haydn's London Symphony and the Beethoven Piano Concerto in C Minor, in which the solo is played by the Hurst College organist, Mr. Meredith Davies.

A. W.

## THE ELIZABETHAN

The Editor's address is: Westminster School, Lancing College, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex. All contributions to the March issue should be sent in by Monday, February 26th.

## OLD WESTMINSTERS

### GENERAL

Mr. S. F. WATERSON, South African Minister in Paris, has been appointed High Commissioner in London for the Government of South Africa.

The Revd. EDWARD WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, Chancellor of Llandaff and Warden of St. Michael's College, Llandaff, was consecrated Bishop of Swansea and Brecon in Bangor Cathedral on November 30. The Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the Lambeth Degree of Doctor of Divinity on him.

Col. C. E. G. SHEARMAN, D.S.O., M.C., has been appointed to the command of a Territorial District with the rank of Brigadier.

Lieut. D. H. ACHESON, R.N., and Lieut. K. M. SYMONDS, R.N., have been promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Commander.

Mr. E. REMINGTON-HOBBS has been gazetted Adjutant of the 5th/6th Battn. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Captain whilst so employed.

Mr. J. R. A. STICKLAND has passed into the Royal Navy, and Mr. R. A. REED has passed into Sandhurst.

Mr. A. A. MILNE has published an autobiography under the title *It's Too Late Now*.

Sir PHILIP MAGNUS has published a life of Edmund Burke.

Lt.-Col. H. G. DE WATTEVILLE has published a biography of Lord Kitchener.

A stage version of ALEXANDER BLOK's *The Rose and the Crown*, translated from the Russian and adapted by Mr. Peter Ustinov jointly with Nadia Benois, has been produced at the Bath Theatre, Here.

Major-General H. S. GASKELL, C.B., D.S.O., has retired from the Army upon completion of his term as Engineer-in-Chief, H.Q., India.

Col. G. N. FORD, C.B., D.S.O., has been granted the honorary rank of Brigadier in retirement.

Mr. D. M. G. KIRALFY has been appointed a Joint Operations Officer in the Directorate of

Operational Services in the Civil Aviation Department of the Air Ministry.

Mr. W. CLEVELAND-STEVENS, K.C., has been appointed Head of the Inns of Court School of Law and Director of Legal Studies of the Council of Legal Education. He has also been appointed Deputy-Chairman of the Enemy Exports Committee.

The Revd. G. H. STEVENS has been appointed Vicar of Tong, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Mr. CACHEMAILLE-DAY is the architect of two of the new churches being built in the diocese of Chelmsford—St. Edmund, South Chingford, and St. Laurence, Barkingside.

Mr. G. B. N. HARTOG and Mr. D. F. HUBBACK were successful in the examination for the Home Civil Service.

Mr. M. H. MATTHEWS was placed in the First Class in the Honour School of Jurisprudence at Oxford.

Mr. A. C. H. BARLOW has been awarded a Gerald Moody Entrance Scholarship at Gray's Inn.

H.M. King Farouk of Egypt has appointed F. D. BAKER, the Commandant of the Alexandria City Police, to the rank of Lewa and the grade of Pasha.

Baker Pasha is the fourth member of his family to earn this distinction. His predecessors were Sir Samuel Baker, the famous explorer, Valentine Baker, the unlucky Commander of the half-trained force of mixed Turks and Egyptians, who were cut up at El Teb in 1884, and Charles Baker, an Inspector of Police in Middle Egypt from 1894 to 1897.

F. F. RICHARDSON is a member of the Princeton University Soccer Squad.

L. V. WORTHINGTON has been awarded a Princeton University Scholarship for the coming year. He is a member of the Junior University Soccer team.

Mr. C. F. WATHERSTON, C.B., has been elected a member of the Governing Body.

Mr. D. B. FARLEY has passed the examination for the Associateship of Trinity College, London, in Music.

### THE SERVICES

The following is the third instalment of a list of appointments of O.W.W. in the Navy, Army and Air Force noted by the Editors of the Record of Old Westminsters since the publication of the Supplement.

The Editors will be grateful for any additions to the list, which should be sent to Dr. Radcliffe, Glebe House, Knebworth, Herts.

Airy, A. G.—2nd Lt., R.A.  
 Allpress, A. L.—Capt., R.E. (S.R.)  
 Aris, G. B.—Capt., R.A., T.A.  
 Ashley, J. O. M.—Major, R.A.; Staff Officer, R.A., India.  
 Barley, J. H. T.—2nd Lt., R. Signals, T.A.  
 Beeman, P.—Lt., R. Marines.  
 Bennett, R. L.—Lt.-Col., The Rangers, K.R.R.C., T.A.  
 Black, A. A. G.—2nd Lt., London Scottish.  
 Bruges, W. E.—Capt., R.A.  
 Bune, J. C.—2nd Lt., R. Fusiliers.  
 Chesney, E. C.—Col., Indian Army.  
 Baker-Cresswell, T. H.—Lt., R. Marines.  
 Daisley, G. C.—2nd Lt., Green Howards.  
 Ainsworth-Davis, J. C.—Sqdn.-Ldr. (Medical Branch), R.A.F.  
 Deakin, F. W.—2nd Lt., R.A., T.A.  
 Eager, D. M.—2nd Lt., Worcs. Rgt.  
 Edwards, H. R. A.—Sqdn.-Ldr., R.A.F.  
 Fever, D. G.—Acting Pilot Officer, R.A.F.  
 Fewtrell, A. H. H.—Major, Indian Army.  
 Fielding, D'A. E. M.—Major, York & Lancaster Regt.  
 Finn, J. W.—2nd Lt., R.A.  
 Fraser, F. W. I. V.—Flying Officer, R.A.F.V.R.  
 George, G. O.—2nd Lt., R.A.  
 Greig, R. B.—Major, R.A.  
 Harley, J. R. H.—Lt., National Defence Co.  
 Davidson-Houston, W. E. C.—Major, R. Berks Regt.  
 Howell, H. A. A.—Capt. & Paymaster, R.A.P.C.  
 Kiralfy, D. M. G.—Flying Officer, R.A.F.V.R.  
 Kirkness, D.—2nd Lt., R.A.  
 Lilly, G. L.—2nd Lt., R. Norfolk Regt., T.A.  
 McNeil, C.—Lt., R.A.M.C.  
 Magnus, Sir Philip, Bt.—2nd Lt., R.A.  
 Main, J. M.—Lt., R.A., T.A.  
 Major, P. A.—Pilot Officer, R.A.F.  
 Marchand, R. A.—Acting Pilot Officer, R.A.F.  
 Moon, J. R.—2nd Lt., R. Sussex Regt., T.A.  
 Morton, J. C.—2nd Lt., R.A., T.A.  
 Mounsey, R. R.—Capt., N. Staffs. Regt.  
 Munt, H. R.—Lt., R.A., T.A.  
 Myring, C. W.—Pilot Officer (Accounts Branch), R.A.F.  
 Negus, A. J. S.—Flying Officer, Air Force Reserve.  
 O'Malley, D. K. C.—Pilot Officer, R.A.F.V.R.  
 Ormiston, J.—2nd Lt., East Surrey Regt.  
 Peacock, D. I.—Flying Officer, Air Force Reserve.  
 Peak, P. E. S.—2nd Lt., R.E., T.A.  
 Percy-Pitt, P. G.—2nd Lt., A.A. Battn., R.E., T.A.  
 Philcox, P. G.—Sub.-Lt., R.N.V.R.  
 Porterfield, M. F.—Lt., Army Dental Corps.

### BIRTHS

ALERS-HANKEY.—On July 1, the wife of Richard Lyons Alers-Hankey, a son.  
 BELHAVEN and STENTON.—On July 3, the wife of Lord Belhaven and Stenton, a daughter.  
 BROUSSON.—On September 2, the wife of Capt. A. G. H. Brousson, R.E., a son.  
 CLARK.—On June 15, the wife of Charles Peter Clark, a daughter.  
 GATES.—On July 3, the wife of Terence Gates, a daughter.  
 RAMBAUT.—On September 25, the wife of Hugh Rambaut, a son.  
 VATCHER.—On November 21, the wife of Dr. Sidney Vatcher, a son.  
 WAKELY.—On October 26, at Delhi, the wife of L. J. D. Wakely, I.C.S., a son.

### MARRIAGES

ABBOT-NICOLLS.—On September 15, James Alexander Abbot to Eleanor Dorothy, youngest daughter of the late Mr. E. H. Nicholls and of Mrs. Nicholls, of Rownham, Stevenage.  
 AITKEN-MONTEITH.—On August 26, the Hon. Max Aitken to Cynthia, daughter of Col. H. G. Monteith, O.B.E., D.S.O., R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Monteith.  
 ALDERSON-BURGIN.—On September 21, John Alderson, son of Mr. J. H. Alderson (O.W.), to Diana Mary, daughter of the Rt. Hon. E. L. Burgin and Mrs. Burgin.  
 CARR-MCMORRAN.—On October 14, Ralph William Dale Carr to Sheila Mary, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McMorran, of Firthwood House, Northwood.  
 CHISHOLM-GOUDGE.—On October 21, Archibald Hugh Tennent Chisholm to Josephine, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Goudge, of Bedford.  
 GLANVILLE-CARTWRIGHT.—On September 2, Richard John Bell Glanville to Genista Cartwright.  
 HOWLETT-STUART-BLACK.—On September 7, Bernard Hamilton Howlett, son of Bernard Featherstone Howlett (O.W.), to Margaret Katherine Stuart-Black.

**HUBBACK-WILLIAMS.**—On July 22, David Francis, son of the late F. W. Hubback (O.W.), to Elais Judith, daughter of Sir John Fischer Williams, K.C., C.B.E., and Lady Fischer Williams.

**IVANOVIC-FISHER.**—On October 19, Ivan Stevan Ivanovic to June Veronica, only daughter of the Revd. John L. Fisher and the late Mrs. Fisher.

**LEWIS-STEWART.**—On July 15, Clive Lewis to Anne Allison, second daughter of the late Mr. J. Douglas Stewart and of Mrs. Douglas Stewart, of Jock's Lodge, Hook Heath, Woking.

**LYGON-NORMAN.**—On August 30, the Hon. R. E. Lygon to Patricia Janet Norman.

**NOTCUTT-SICHEL.**—On September 23, Edward Victor Notcutt to Elizabeth Mary Kathleen Sichel.

**O'MALLEY-MACDONALD.**—On October 21, Pilot Officer Derek O'Malley to Rachel, second daughter of the late Andrew Macdonald, of Hilton House, Inverness, and of Mrs. Macdonald, Wharfe House, Henley-on-Thames.

**ROBBINS-BANNATYNE.**—On October 21, Richard Michael Robbins to Rose Margaret Elspeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Bannatyne, of White Gates, Lindfield.

**WATSON-CATTO.**—On November 25, Euan Watson to Gladys, second daughter of Lord and Lady Catto.

**WORTHINGTON-DE JOUX.**—On September 27, Squadron-Leader F. R. Worthington, R.A.F., to Audrey, younger daughter of Lt.-Col.

J. S. N. de Joux, C.M.G., and Mrs. de Joux, of Ballard Lodge, Alverstoke, Hants.

## OBITUARY

**HENRY PARK HOLLIS**, who died on August 7, was the son of Henry Hollis, of Camden Road, London. Born on January 9, 1858, he was at Westminster from 1873 to 1876. After coming down from Cambridge, where he was at Jesus College, he became an Assistant in the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, and he was Superintendent of the Astrographic Department from 1896 to 1920. He was President of the Royal Astronomical Society 1908-10, and was the author of numerous books and articles on astronomy. He married, in 1882, Clara Susanna, daughter of Edward Clark, of Cumberwell, Surrey.

**ARTHUR ALKIN SIKES** was the eldest son of the late Revd. T. B. Sikes, of Werbleton, Sussex. He was at Westminster from 1875 to 1880. After Cambridge, where he was a Westminster Exhibitioner at Trinity, he became a master at St. John's School, Leatherhead. Since 1887 he had been an Army and University coach. From 1891 to 1903 he was assistant editor of Henry Blackburn's Art Handbooks, and in 1903 he joined the outside staff of *Punch*.

In 1895-6 he was a special correspondent of Reuter's, and attended the Dutch and Russian Coronations, and he also worked in South Africa and Palestine. He was the author of numerous publications. He married, in 1897, Nellie, daughter of the late Mr. R. D. Ganthony, of Richmond. He died on September 23, aged 78.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### SCHOOL MISSION

Sir,

May I, through the correspondence columns of THE ELIZABETHAN, please inform both present and past Westminsters that the School Mission Club still exists, in spite of the war. Old Westminsters staying in London will be very welcome visitors, especially now that the School has been evacuated to Lancing and present Westminsters find it difficult to pay any regular visits except during holidays.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

F. T. EARLE,

(Honorary Assistant Secretary).

Lancing College Farm,  
Shoreham-by-Sea,

### THE PANCAKE GREAZE

Sir,

In his interesting description of school life in the 'seventies, Sir Charles Fortescue Brickdale tells of one, Vidal, winning the "Greaze" though hardly taking part in it at all.

Curiously enough, this incident was repeated in my time, some thirty years later, in 1901, I think.

When the pancake was thrown it broke into two pieces and the "Greaze" was formed on top of the unfortunate holder of the smaller piece. One boy, however, seeing an almost complete pancake on the floor, picked it up and put it under his waistcoat—we wore our school clothes for the "Greaze" then—taking practically no part but securing the honour and the guinea in the end.



His name is not unknown to countless O.W.W. to-day—E. R. B. GRAHAM!

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

R. C. ORPEN.

London, S.W.5.

### BUSBY TRICENTENARY

Sir,

Dr. Busby's "hat" was the College "Cap" which has hardly altered (making allowance for the discarding of wigs) through the centuries. I was present at the Pancake Greaze in 1919, and Dr. Gow did not presume to follow Busby's example; but it was noticed that, when escorting the Royal Party across the Yard after the ceremony, the Headmaster replaced the College cap which he had been carrying in his hand. The Royal Command to do so has been attributed to a relation of the story of Dr. Busby by Dr. Gow to the King. But, as Queen Mary was with him, I am certain that this pleasing episode was due to her. There must be few ceremonies which she has attended, at which her knowledge of history or tradition is not equal to that of anyone present.

Yours faithfully,

F. J. VARLEY.

64, Banbury Road,  
Oxford.

### O.T.C. CAMP

Sir,

May I point out a mistake in your report of O.T.C. Camp 1939.

You refer "to the rain which played havoc with the MILITIA at Beaulieu," and I, as a Territorial Officer, would like to point out that the mud, rain and discomfort, referred to were cheerfully born by Territorial (Volunteer) Soldiers, and that no Militia were ever seen in the Camp.

Yours faithfully,

A. E. BLOOM, *Capt.*

1 Lon. Div., R.A.S.C.,  
Carlisle Road,  
Eastbourne, Sussex.

### CONTRASTS OF TYPE

Sir,

I was surprised to see the extraordinary jingle of type in November's issue of *THE ELIZABETHAN*, the letters at the top of the first page being printed in "Ye Olde Gothicke," the rest in reasonably satisfying type. This, no doubt, being due to the lack of taste for which the English are noted.

I. J. CROFT.

### THIS WAR

The writer fully realises that he is not making any original remark when he says that this war is unlike any other that has preceded it. Cast your minds back to the ideas produced by August 4, 1914. What happened then? The doors of the recruiting offices were thrown open wide immediately for the adventurous and the patriotic. What about to-day?

My military career, which is of an extremely assorted character, started in the School O.T.C. Band and, after

passing through stages of the Indian Army Regulars, the Middlesex Territorials, the Indian Army Reserve, finished with a spell of Royal Engineers T.A. for the three years ending at Easter last year, giving a total of just under eighteen years commissioned service on the active lists. Professionally I am—I beg your pardon was—a schoolmaster with a small private school of my own, and it was with the idea of preventing myself from being forced suddenly to leave my school in the lurch, without time to make adequate provision for it, that I resigned from the T.A. last March.

I subsequently made arrangements with another school in an evacuation area to take over my show in the event of war, leaving me free to "do my bit," and this scheme, of course, came into effect early in September. Having no tie and, incidentally, no job, I at once applied to the military authorities for a commission (seeing visions of the entire War Office breathing a sigh of relief and saying "Now he is back with us again we shall soon finish off this continental business"). My application was turned down forthwith because, as a schoolmaster, I was in a "reserved occupation." Not to be outdone, I registered myself at the nearest Labour Exchange as a shop assistant, having first received the consent of a stationer that he would be party to my plot, re-applied for a commission, was summoned for an interview in Bristol on September 13, when I was passed Grade 1 medically, and also, I believe, socially.

Nothing more was heard till November 3, when I was told that, if I wished, I might go, at my own expense, to Devonport for an interview on the 7th. Of course I went—taking, poor fish, all my uniform and equipment with me—hoping against hope that I was going to be given the opportunity of an Army job at once. Needless to say, I returned home empty. I still have all my kit packed ready to leave at a moment's notice for any portion of the globe.

I am contemplating applying to the school for a post as Acting Lance-Corporal in the O.T.C. Food, a roof and tobacco allowance are all I require. I shall still be waiting ready packed if my offer is accepted. (Bright afterthought. I can offer to serve in the school shop in my spare time as an extra inducement.)

I remain, yours,

O.W.

### LATE NEWS

Owing to the ravages of frost on the Lancing water-system neither Lancing nor Westminster at Lancing were able to return until January 26th.

R. O. I. BORRADAILE [Grant's] and R. WAKEFORD [Head of Rigaud's] have been appointed School Monitors.

T. B. NICHOLAS, K.S., and J. A. STAYNES, K.S., have been awarded Open Scholarships at Trinity College, Cambridge. H. C. GARNER, K.S., has been awarded an Open Scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge.