

The Elizabethan

Vol. XIX. No. 14.

WESTMINSTER, JUNE, 1930.

Price 9d.

THE FOOTBALL SEASON, 1929-30.

HAVING with the usual human frailty put off the moment of writing this article until well after the eleventh hour, I now find myself without my book of details and with no time to recover it. And since I have already failed the unfortunate Editor once, I dare not do so again, and must therefore plead forgiveness if this article is more of a general survey than a detailed analysis of the past season.

If we regard results, the most enthusiastic supporter of Westminster cannot pretend that the season was other than a lean one. Counting only genuine matches against proper sides, and omitting those against scratch elevens, I cannot make the number of wins add up to more than three, with, I think, a similar number of drawn games. But there are several things to set off against this, and many things about the past season which are encouraging. To begin with, to have a nucleus of one old Pink, and he the outside right, is an uncomfortable beginning for

any team, and especially is that so here, where the number of footballers does not exceed two hundred. Moreover, the Eleven, as it was finally settled, was lacking in the physique which is necessary if a school side is to meet the club sides which come to Vincent Square on anything like level terms. It was reckoned that the average age of the Eleven worked out at something like sixteen and a half only! In connection with this, it is significant that of the three matches which were won, two were against school sides (Lancing and Highgate) where the physical balance was more evenly adjusted.

The second reason why I would say that the season of 1929-30 was not an entirely disappointing one is that in almost every match, even if they were being obviously beaten, the side did go down with colours flying, and played their very hardest right up to the final whistle. This is a very great thing, and a very welcome thing here, for Westminster sides have sometimes been lacking in that whole-hearted vigour which should be one of the great glories of amateur—and particularly public school—football.

The third redeeming feature was that towards the end of the season the side definitely began to show that they were beginning to appreciate the subtler points of the game. The best example of this was the Winchester match, when, though heavily outweighed man for man, and after being penned in their own half until the interval, the side suddenly in the second half began to play such scientific football that only bad luck and bad shooting prevented them from snatching a win. It is much to their credit that they achieved this knowledge (little though it may have been) of the science of the game, for in a season when it was most urgently needed it was unfortunate indeed that the sage counsels of that astute footballer, Mr. D. J. Knight, should not have been at the service of the young and inexperienced Eleven. Probably no one realises as well as I do how much his coaching was missed, and I take this opportunity of thanking him for all the enormous good he has done in the past ten years for Westminster games, and of wishing him as happy and successful a tenure of his new position as House Master of Home Boarders. If I may be allowed to digress a little further, I cannot help pointing out that Home Boarders this year swept the board in the inter-house events by winning Junior-Juniors, Juniors and Seniors. This remarkable achievement needs no comment.

The faults of the Eleven were briefly these: a fatal inability to get going right at the start of a match and consequently finding themselves in the unpleasant position of being a goal down in the first few minutes; extremely inaccurate and feeble shooting; the failure of the half-backs to make winning openings for their forwards; a tendency of the backs to get out of position, though this was not always so. Space does not permit me to enlarge upon these matters, nor would it serve any useful purpose if, at the beginning of the cricket season, I were to embark upon the technicalities of football! I will, therefore, have done and merely say that with all the failings I have enumerated, yet the 1929-30 side did play football in the spirit in which it should be played, and for that alone we should be grateful to them.

The Colts, as ever enthusiastically coached by Mr. Murray-Rust, after a weak beginning developed into a highly efficient side. They had speed, some weight, and a notion of position play. I expect a good deal from some of them. A feature of the season was the additional number of second Eleven matches arranged, and I hope we shall be able to have still more next season.

Football in general throughout the School,

though inevitably I cannot actually see very much of it, seems to be in a flourishing state. The League games were keenly contested, and I certainly noticed that the style of play was more vigorous and robust than it used to be. But there is still room for improvement in this respect, and I hope to see it next winter. Finally, even though more of the Eleven are leaving than could reasonably be expected, I think we may look forward to improved results next season with a good measure of confidence.

C. H. T.

CHARACTERS OF THE ELEVEN, 1929-30.

H. J. THOMSON (CAPT.) (*outside-right*).

A player of distinct promise. He is very fast, much more robust than he looks, and has the knack of shooting goals from the most unlikely angles. At present he shoots too much and centres too seldom, but that is doubtless accounted for by the weakness of his inside forwards in shooting inducing him to have a go himself. He may well be heard of in University football. As Captain and sole remaining Pink, he had no light task, but he threw himself whole-heartedly into it, and set an example of keenness to his side. Under him the Eleven always worked well together. His organisation of school games was careful and efficient.

I. I. MILNE (*inside-right*).

A splendid trier and a robust player. But he has not the knack of being in the right place at the right time—the first essential for an inside-forward—and his ball control is clumsy. Shot hard but inaccurately.

M. BROADHURST (*centre-forward*).

A wonderfully neat player and a beautiful dribbler. He was greatly handicapped by his slight physique, but he should be a very good player indeed next year, if only he improves his shooting, which at present is negligible.

J. D. ARGYLE (*inside-left*).

A highly promising player. As a constructive forward he stood out above the rest. He is a powerful shot if given time, but he must learn to get in his shot quicker under pressure. He has a fine physique, and I expect a great deal from him next year.

W. H. D. WAKELY (*right-half*).

He improved enormously during the season, and played magnificently in the Winchester

match. His ball control is good, but he is too slow to recover and get back after his man.

E. H. G. LONSDALE (*centre-half*).

His lack of inches was a constant handicap to him, and as yet he knows little about the constructive side of a centre-half-back's job. But he is a most tenacious player with any amount of courage, and should do exceedingly well next year.

P. N. LABERTOUCHE (*left-half*).

He has the makings of a good half-back, but at present his methods are a little lacking in resolution, and he tires rather quickly. With an added year's strength he should be able to remedy both these defects.

I. S. IVANOVIC (*right-back*).

He is blessed with magnificent physique and joints which permit him to get into positions impossible to the ordinary mortal. A fine tackler and good kick, but knows little about the finer points of the game yet. It is a thousand pities he is leaving so young.

R. N. HEATON (*left-back*).

His great fault lay in his inability to make up his mind quickly about the course of action to take, and in his failure to learn to kick with his left foot. Yet he deserves great credit for the improvement he made in his game during the season.

J. A. G. BENSON (*goal-keeper*).

He was perhaps the great find of the season. He is very quick, anticipates well, and is most reliable. Served the side excellently throughout the season.

J. G. BYRNE, C. H. HUNTER, W. T. WELLS
(*outside-left*).

None of these received their Pinks, but each played in a number of matches. Hunter was the best, but unfortunately damaged his back. Byrne is best with his feet, and, if only he will learn to run, may be useful. Wells can centre well with either foot, but has as yet no notion of position play.

C. H. T.

School Notes.

THE Madrigal and Orchestral Societies' Concert was given on Monday, March 31.

THE Ireland Prize for Greek Verse was won by I. I. Milne, K.S.

THE Ireland Prize for Latin Verse was not awarded, but a second prize was given to D. A. G. Hinks, K.S.

A confirmation will be held in the Abbey on June 18, at 12 noon.

THE Gumbleton Prize for English Verse was not awarded, but a second prize was given to R. A. Jauralde.

DATES OF FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

- June 11-12—*v.* Stowe (Home).
 „ 14—First Eight *v.* St. Paul's First Eight.
 „ 21—*v.* Radley (Home).
 „ 21—First and Second Eights *v.* St. Paul's First and Second Eights.
 „ 28—*v.* Wellington (Away).
 July 2-5—Henley Royal Regatta.
 „ 5—*v.* Charterhouse (Home).
 „ 9-10—*v.* Sherborne (Away).
 „ 25—The Concert.
 „ 25-26—O.W.W. Match.
 „ 28—Election Dinner.
 „ 29—Term ends.

HALL EPIGRAMS.

It has been decided to announce the theses for Hall Epigrams now, in order to secure more contributions. Epigrams should be sent to the Master of the King's Scholars at 3, Little Dean's Yard, before June 29. They may be in any language or metre.

The theses are :—

1. Pax ades et toto mitis in orbe mane.
2. Cantat vacuus.

O.T.C.

THE Inter-House Drill Competition, which took place at the end of Play Term, was won by Rigaud's (Sgt. H. P. Straker).

There were two field days last term, the first in conjunction with Aldenham School O.T.C. at Aldenham, and the second with Lancing College O.T.C. on the Sussex Downs near Lewes.

We would express our best thanks to the Commanding Officers of both Corps for so kindly giving us tea.

THE Annual Inspection took place on March 21, the Inspecting Officer being Col. H. D. Goldsmith, D.S.O., of the War Office staff, who came in place of Field-Marshal Viscount Plumer.

The following promotions were made at the beginning of this term :—

To be Under-Officer.—Sgt. A. J. Page.

To be Sergeant.—Cpl. C. Tyrwhitt.

To be Corporals.—L.-Cpls. P. M. Sutton, J. L. Hackforth, G. A. Jennings, W. S. D. Munro, P. H. Chalk, J. J. D. Duke, G. B. Parker, T. I. Tetley-Jones.

To be Lance-Corporals.—Cdts. P. G. Wormell, J. O. V. Edwards, T. C. Wootton, M. Reed, R. W. Smith, W. Hawthorne.

Camp this year is at Tidworth Park, Salisbury Plain.
G. L. T.

THE FIELDS.

KING'S SCHOLARS *v.* TOWN BOYS.

(*Drawn, 1-1.*)

Played at Vincent Square on March 4. This match did not produce football of a very high standard, but showed how a comparatively inexperienced side can make up for its lack of skill by great determination, although it was not always the fault of the King's Scholars that the Town Boys failed to score. The ground was in a good condition, though perhaps too dry for clever ball control. As a result of this defence work was the predominant feature of the game, since the forwards were unable to keep the ball for very long.

What attacking the King's Scholars did was mainly in the first half, and it was not long after the beginning that Argyle scored with a hard drive. Town Boys, however, soon replied when Tetley-Jones put in a hard, rising shot which bounced over the line after hitting the underside of the cross-bar. This was all the scoring the game produced, and it now developed into almost constant attacking by the Town Boys, but their forwards seemed incapable of getting the ball into the net. The King's Scholars forwards were so small that they found it very difficult to pierce the opposing defence, who were much heavier, so that on the rare occasions in the second half when they did get the ball it soon came back again. Yet in spite of this constant attacking by the Town Boys, the score gives quite a fair representation of the game, since they had only themselves to blame for their pronounced failure to score.

King's Scholars.—E. R. Smith; R. N. Heaton, J. R. C. Engleheart; J. E. Rich, J. D. Argyle, W. R. S. Doll; R. H. Vigor, I. I. Milne, F. E. Pagan, J. F. B. Stevens, J. A. Evetts.

Town Boys.—J. G. Benson; I. Ivanovic, A. J. Page; W. H. D. Wakely, E. H. G. Lonsdale, P. N. Labertouche; H. J. Thomson, I. K. Munro, M. Broadhurst, T. I. Tetley-Jones, C. H. Hunter.

THE SPORTS.

THIS year's Sports were characterised by a number of innovations, of which the chief were the introduction of two new races, a Long Distance Race and the Low Hurdles, and of a new fixture against Eastbourne; the provision of more correct and far less dangerous hurdles; and the institution of a new system of scoring points for the House Cup under which a boy who attained a standard time or distance in any event scored a point for his House.

The Sports really started with the lecture, of a new and most welcome type, to the whole School on Athletics by Mr. D. G. A. Lowe, and continued with a detailed organisation of testing and training by House and School authorities. In the middle of the training period, on Thursday, March 13, the first of the new races was run, one of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles along the towpath from opposite Duke's Meadows to the School boat-house. The fifty competitors were conveyed to the start in the Morden buses, which then brought back their clothes by road to await the arrival of their exhausted owners. An unforeseen catastrophe, which might have ruined the whole race, was by good luck narrowly averted, for a rowing race, attended on the path by a crowd of numerous, and not entirely orderly, enthusiasts, started only just in time to get clear away before the runners came up on it. However, all ended well, and H. J. Thomson, the Captain of Running, secured his first victory after a close finish. The House Cup went to Ashburnham, of whose runners the first three secured fourth, fifth and tenth places.

The introduction of the 220 yards Low Hurdles replaced the 'Cricket Ball,' an event uninteresting to watch and most unpopular with the cricket authorities, with what is probably the prettiest of all races, as well as one of the most exacting to run, and for a first year the results attained were promising. The standards, fixed experimentally for this year, chanced in nearly every case to be what was wanted, though possibly that for the open 100 yards was on the easy side.

The outstanding feature of the results was the brilliant performance of Thomson, who added to that in the Long Distance Race victories in all the open flat races, second place in each of the Hurdles, and third in the Long Jump. He is to be congratulated on this spectacular gain of the Victor Ludorum Cup for the second year in succession and incidentally on his able captaincy throughout.

The official end of the Sports must not go unmentioned, at which Mr. Smedley, acting for

the Headmaster, introduced Mr. Knight as this year's presenter of the prizes. Mr. Knight had contributed among his widespread services to the School a very great deal towards the successful running of the Sports, and it was most fitting that he should have been asked to undertake this task on the occasion of his giving up the control of the School games. T. M-R.

LONG DISTANCE.—I Thomson, 2 G. D. Milne, 3 Baker-Cresswell. 15 mins. 35 secs.

House Cup.—Ashburnham (Ivanovic, 4th; Edwards, 5th; Smith, 10th).

MILE.—I Thomson, 2 ten Doesschate, 3 G. D. Milne. 5 mins. 8½ secs.

HALF MILE.—I Thomson, 2 ten Doesschate, 3 Argyle. 2 mins. 15½ secs.

QUARTER MILE.—I Thomson, 2 Jamieson, 3 ten Doesschate. 55½ secs.

100 YARDS.—I Thomson, 2 Fitzsimons, 3 Sutton. 11 secs.

HIGH HURDLES.—I Ivanovic, 2 Thomson, 3 Chalk. 18½ secs.

LOW HURDLES.—I Ivanovic, 2 Thomson, 3 Benson. 29 secs.

HIGH JUMP.—I Stone, 2 Benson, 3 Wilmoth. 4 ft. 10¾ ins.

LONG JUMP.—I Ivanovic and Stevens (tied), 3 Thomson. 18 ft. 6 ins.

MILE (under 16).—I Baker-Cresswell, 2 Matthews. 5 mins. 17¾ secs.

HALF MILE (under 16).—I Matthews, 2 Baker-Cresswell. 2 mins. 28¾ secs.

QUARTER MILE (under 16).—I Baker-Cresswell, 2 Snelling. 59¾ secs.

100 YARDS (under 16).—I Baker-Cresswell, 2 Stevens. 11½ secs.

QUARTER MILE (under 15).—I Byers, 2 Edgar. 63¾ secs.

100 YARDS (under 15).—I Byers, 2 O'Brien. 11½ secs.

HIGH HURDLES (under 15).—I Byers, 2 Alderson. 22¾ secs.

LOW HURDLES (under 15).—I Byers, 2 W. Studt. 30 secs.

HIGH JUMP (under 15).—I W. Studt, 2 Byers. 4 ft. 5 ins.

LONG JUMP (under 15).—I W. Studt, 2 Edgar. 14 ft. 2½ ins.

150 YARDS (under 14).—I Lonnon, 2 Arnold. 19½ secs.

CONSOLATION RACE.—I Brookes, 2 Moon.

300 YARDS HANDICAP.—I Frampton, 2 Edev.

O.W.W. RACE.—I Mackenzie, 2 Gardiner. 11¾ secs.

INTER-HOUSE RELAY.—Ashburnham.

INTER-HOUSE TUG.—Ashburnham.

K.S.S. v. T.B.B. TUG.—K.S.S.

VICTOR LUDORUM.—Thomson.

HOUSE CHALLENGE CUP.—Busby's.

SPORTS v. EASTBOURNE.

This new fixture took place up Fields on Thursday, March 27, and Eastbourne were successful by 4 events to 3, taking the 100 yards, Mile, Long Jump and High Jump, while Westminster secured the ¼-mile, ½-mile and High Hurdles. The outstanding features of what was a very close contest were first the triple victory for Eastbourne of Davis, especially his fine running in the 100 yards, and secondly the breaking of the School record for the quarter by Thomson.

The ½-mile provided a touch of comedy, the first lap being run so incredibly slowly that Thomson, quite untired by it, was enabled to win the race by a narrow margin from his second string, the Eastbourne first string coming up only just behind, having too late realised his mistake in pace-making.

100 YARDS.—I Davis (Eastbourne), 2 Hopkinson (Eastbourne). 10¾ secs.

MILE.—I Tripp (Eastbourne), 2 Baker-Cresswell (Westminster). 5 mins. ¾ sec.

LONG JUMP.—I Davis (Eastbourne), 2 Ivanovic (Westminster). 19 ft. 1 in.

QUARTER MILE.—I Thomson (Westminster), 2 Gray (Eastbourne). 54¾ secs. (School record.)

HIGH JUMP.—I Davis (Eastbourne), 2 Stone (Westminster). 4 ft. 11¾ ins.

HALF MILE.—I Thomson (Westminster), 2 ten Doesschate (Westminster). 2 mins. 25 secs.

120 YARDS HURDLES.—I Ivanovic (Westminster), 2 Hampton (Eastbourne). 18½ secs.

TRIANGULAR ATHLETIC MEETING v. ALDENHAM AND THE ACHILLES CLUB.

This took place up Fields on Monday, March 31, and again provided some spectacular contests. As well as giving us the æsthetic pleasure of seeing them run and jump, the Achilles team render us a very great instructional service, and we must take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to them, and especially to their 'manager,' Mr. M. F. Young, for the trouble he takes over the fixture. We were also very glad to welcome again not only the Aldenham team, but their entire School, and most of their staff—the sight of the two schools with their contrasted headgear added considerably to the picturesque of the ground!

The result was:—Aldenham, 4 events; Westminster and Achilles, 2 events each; and in the inter-school contest, Aldenham secured 5 events to Westminster's 3. Ivanovic started the afternoon by putting up a school record for the High Hurdles of 17¾ seconds, and this was followed later by the brilliant running of Burghley in the final, when, conceding 10 yards and a hurdle, he won in 15¾ seconds. It was very unfortunate that Revans should strain a muscle in the 100 yards and so be unable to compete in either of the jumps, but again le Fleming provided a pretty exhibition in the High Jump, though not clearing as great a height as last year. The Aldenham long jumper, Allden, won his event with an unusually fine jump of 20 ft. 4½ ins., and in the absence of any Achilles competitor, showed a style far superior to any of the others. The meeting ended with a relay between the Achilles and a combined Aldenham and Westminster team, which the Achilles won comfortably.

120 YARDS HURDLES (Inter-School Round).—I Ivanovic (Westminster), 2 Mattinson (Aldenham). 17½ secs. (School record.)

MILE.—I Cornes (Achilles), 2 Gibbon (Aldenham), 3 Baker-Cresswell (Westminster). 4 mins. 55½ secs. (Achilles ran on a track longer by 116 yds.)

100 YARDS.—I Alden (Aldenham), 2 Hacking (Aldenham). 11¼ secs. (Achilles handicapped 4 yds.)

120 YARDS HURDLES (Final).—I Burghley, 2 Ivanovic. 15½ secs. (Achilles conceded 10 yds. and a hurdle.)

HIGH JUMP.—I Bates (Aldenham), 2 le Fleming (Achilles). 5 ft. 2½ ins. (Achilles handicap, 7 ins.)

QUARTER MILE.—I Thomson (Westminster), 2 Hacking (Aldenham). 55¼ secs. (Achilles ran on track longer by 25 yds.)

LONG JUMP.—I Alden (Aldenham), 2 Ivanovic (Westminster). 20 ft. 4½ ins.

HALF MILE.—I Lampard (Aldenham), 2 Gutteridge (Achilles). 2 mins. 13¼ secs. (Achilles ran on a track longer by 54 yds.)

220 YARDS LOW HURDLES.—I Ivanovic (Westminster), 2 Riefstahl (Aldenham). (Achilles conceded 20 yds. and a hurdle, Burghley's time for the full course being 25½ secs.)

THE WATER.

ON Saturday, March 8, the first four Eights rowed races with crews from the Vesta Rowing Club. The races were rowed up river from the U.B.R. Stone to Hammersmith Bridge. Conditions were good, as usual, on the low water; but not fast, as the tide had just turned, and gave little help to the crews; the afternoon was hot and sunny, with no wind.

The first race was between the First Eight and the Vesta R.C. 'A' Junior Crew. Cruft went off at 9-17-31, and Vesta at a slightly faster rate. Westminster gained a few feet, and were just leading at Beverley. At the Mile Post Westminster were rowing at 29, two strokes a minute slower than the Vesta crew, and were showing much better form than they had shown in their previous race against London R.C. and the Cambridge O.W.W. They began to increase their lead before the Mile Post, which they passed half a length ahead. From here they gained steadily, rowing hard and keeping a better length than their opponents, who became a little short here, but without slackening their efforts till the last stroke had been rowed. Westminster won the race by two lengths in 9 minutes and 47 seconds.

The second race was an easy victory for the second eight over the Vesta R.C. 'B' Junior crew. Westminster made a good start, and soon began to forge ahead. They were almost clear at the School Boathouses, and daylight showed between the boats at Beverley. Westminster went away, to win by three and a half lengths, reaching the Bridge in the same time that the first eight had taken, 9 minutes 47 seconds. A

good performance; though, their race being about twenty-five minutes later, they had more tide to help them.

The third race was an exciting struggle between three crews; the Westminster third eight had the Surrey station, the fourth eight the Centre station, and Vesta R.C. Veterans the Middlesex station. All three crews were level at the Boathouses. Then the third eight led out at the Football Ground, showing three-quarters of a length ahead of the Veterans, while the fourth eight had dropped behind, but were still overlapping the Veterans and hanging on tenaciously. The finish of the race was most exciting. The Veterans spurred and took the lead from the third eight, but the fourth eight spurred well under Allen's stroking. They gained on both the other crews, and in the last ten strokes they just managed to beat the third eight on the Post by three feet, but the Veterans won the race by half a length. The Veterans rowed in a carvel boat, the third and fourth eights in clinkers. H. N. G. Allen, who coxed the eight for two years at Henley, is developing into a stroke, like his predecessor, G. O. Lace, who now strokes Corpus, Oxford. Allen has departed to Cambridge, where we hope he will expiate as an oarsman his past cruelties as a cox.

First Eight.—Dams, Lea, Edwards, Smith, Eaton, Sammel, Cherry, Cruft, Scott.

Second Eight.—Browne, Hawthorne, Munro, Fouracre, Hinks, Bramhall, Somerset, Aris, Titcomb.

Third Eight.—Kiralfy, Crook, Shearman, Gardiner, Howlett, Freeman, Lewis, Sprigge, Russell.

Fourth Eight.—Lowden, Norris, Osborne, Epstein, Strong, Fulton, Dobre, Allen, Myer.

The end of the Lent Term was occupied with the Sports, but when the holidays started the first eight resumed practice for a fortnight. This fortnight did the crew much good, especially our paddles and rows with the Oxford crew, during their last week of practice before the Boat Race. On Friday, April 11, the crew rowed to Richmond and back, about seventeen miles in all. After an enjoyable lunch at the 'Pigeons,' kept by Mr. W. G. East, the King's Bargemaster, the crew rowed the eight and a half miles home without an easy, taking 48 minutes 10 seconds to cover the distance in a light paddle, quickening up at the Bridges. All had been most enjoyable.

On Tuesday, April 22, the eight reassembled for practice, Aris coming in the boat at 'two,' after an absence from School. On Friday, with Aris at stroke and Cruft at two, the boat was rowed up to Twickenham Eyot, where we were the guests of the Twickenham Rowing Club. The crew covered the ten miles in 1 hour 20 minutes and 25 seconds, including easies at Kew Bridge and Richmond Lock Bridge.

On Saturday, May 3, the first eight raced the Twickenham R.C. first and second eights, against the tide from Chitty's Steps to Eel Pie Island Steps. Eaton and Lea had just returned to the Westminster boat, and so the crew was not settled down to their permanent order. The Twickenham second eight were given, as a handicap, which in the event proved unneeded, the Middlesex station, where a boat, by hugging the shore, can escape the stream. Westminster had the centre and the Twickenham first eight the Surrey station. Westminster made a moderate start, and the Twickenham second eight led, and, rowing a fast stroke, led by nearly two lengths at the bottom of Eel Pie Island. The Twickenham first eight rowed, leading us by half a length, but keeping well within their stride. Our crew rowed badly for a minute half-way over the course, getting unsteady and out of time, but they pulled themselves together, and as the Twickenham second crew had to come into the stream, they pulled up on them quickly, but there was still a quarter of a length's daylight between them at the finish. The Twickenham first eight spurred near the finish and came in a half-length ahead of the second eight. The eight left the delightful upper reaches of Twickenham, having benefited by the change of water, and having added to their racing experience.

On May 10 they rowed a good course at Putney Bridge to Stone in 8 minutes 15 seconds.

The Old Westminster B.C. has begun practising for their race with the first eight on May 24. The School eight will row the Oxford O.W.W. on June 3, and St. Paul's on June 14. The second eight row the second eights from St. Paul's on June 14, from Radley (at Mirlova), June 21, from Eton (at Putney) on June 26. The third and fourth eights will row the third and fourth eights of St. Paul's. The third eight will break up into two fours and row crews from Haileybury, U.C.S., Tonbridge and St. Augustine's. A second eight race with Bedford School has been found impossible for this season, but will be held next year.

*
FIVES.

THE annual open handicap fives competition, for which 45 pairs entered, took place all through last term. The final was played between J. Evetts and F. E. Pagan (-10) and J. D. Argyle and J. R. C. Engleheart (-8), the former winning by 2 games to 0.

Half-Pinks were awarded to I. I. Milne, M. Broadhurst and J. D. Argyle.

MADRIGAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES' CONCERT.

THIS Concert formed a landmark in the progress of the Societies from strength to strength. Ambition was high in the contemplation of a programme consisting of the works of two of the foremost living English composers, but the standard of execution was maintained at an equally high level throughout the evening. One of the composers, Mr. Holst, was present, and delighted the audience by conducting at the opening of the second part of the Concert the Carnival from his Suite de Ballet in E Flat for Orchestra, which had already formed the second item in the first part of the Concert. No greater testimony to the careful preparation by Mr. Lofthouse of this fascinating piece could have been given than the acclamation with which the compliment paid by the composer's conducting of it was received by the large and appreciative audience. It was rumoured that Dr. Vaughan Williams, who was the other composer of the evening, had been in attendance at rehearsal during the day, and had given the finishing touch to the training received from Mr. Lofthouse. Unluckily he was unable to attend the performance and, like his colleague, to shake hands with Mr. Lofthouse *coram publico* in cordial approbation of the renderings which his various works received. Among these we would specially mention the performance by A. C. Baines on the clarinet of two studies in folk song for clarinet and piano, both of which were given with taste and skill; the item was a small one, but distinguished.

Dealing first with the orchestral items—Mr. Holst's Fugal Concerto for flute, oboe and strings in three movements, with Mr. Burd as flautist and E. R. Smith as violin *vice* oboe, gave as much pleasure to the audience as the fun which it gave to the players in its jolly fugal passages in the first movement (Moderato).

Dr. Vaughan Williams' three movements from the 'Charterhouse' Suite for strings went capitally, and the delicacy of the first movement (Prelude) was a feature of the evening.

As to the vocal items, admirable judgment was shown in selecting Dr. Vaughan Williams' rallying Unison Song, 'Let us now praise famous men,' at the head of the programme. This was not only appropriate, but put everyone, performers included, in a good humour. Two part-songs followed later, one by the same composer to the quiet words, 'Sweet Day' of George Herbert, whose name it was a pleasure to see with the letters 'O.W.' after it, and the other to a more

lively measure, 'Linden Lea,' arranged for mixed voices by Sir Arthur Somervell.

At the end of the first part of the programme came two songs with chorus, which those who had seen Dr. Vaughan Williams' sprightly opera, 'Hugh the Drover,' some years ago would recall, viz., 'Cold blows the wind in Cotsall' and 'The Devil and Bonyparty.' An encore was called for, and Mr. Lofthouse left it to the audience to select which of the two should be repeated; the first was chosen and cheerily given again, the choir being on their mettle.

At the commencement of the second part the choir showed their capacity in four happily selected folk songs for male voices, two by the one composer, and two by the other. Dr. Vaughan Williams' two were 'The Jolly Ploughboy' and 'Bushes and Briars,' of which the second was attractive, and Mr. Holst's two were 'Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,' conceived in the antique vein that befits it, and 'Swansea Town.'

The last item—before the School Song—was a Festival Chorus by Mr. Holst, 'Turn back, O man, forswear thy foolish ways,' which proved one of the great items in the programme. The School Song, merrily given, and the National Anthem, loyally sung, formed a fitting conclusion to a Concert, of which all concerned, and especially the able conductor and his efficient orchestra, largely reinforced by parents and friends, should be proud.

A PARENT.

HISTORICAL NOTE.

SINCE the article in the last ELIZABETHAN our attention has been drawn to yet another visit of H.R.H. The Duke of Cumberland to the School. In his recent *Life of Chief Justice Coke and his Descendants*, Mr. C. W. James prints the following extract from a newspaper cutting of 1730 referring to the Anniversary Feast in that year:—

'His Royal Highness the Duke attended and heard the scholars performing their exercises in Latin and English before a great many of the Nobility and Persons of Quality. In the evening he returned to witness the Play of Amphitruon, acted by the scholars, wherein Mr. Coke, son of the Lord Lovel, distinguished himself in a very particular manner' (p. 233).

This was the Play acted in December, 1729, and January, 1730. It was the first Play acted in the New Dormitory, and the Prologue contains a reference to the Duke's presence, which seems hitherto to have been overlooked (*Lusus*, p. 58). It is curious that 'Mr. Coke' does not appear to have been a K.S. The cast of the Play has not been preserved.

L. E. T.

THE BURSAR.

So the old Bursar has gone. The queer shaped little office under the shade of Liddell's Tree seems to screw its little face still more awry in wonder why the only master it had ever known does not come back again. It had known him—for was not he its father?—from the first day it was born. That was five and thirty years ago. And they'd never missed a week in each other's company—for many a long year now not even a day—from that time till now. So they grew old together, intimate, inseparable friends. 'Father,' did the office call him? No; 'elder brother,' for it never knew how old he really was. That vigorous step for which it listened every morning at nine-thirty, and which never failed, could not be an old man's step. 'Eighty years old, eighty years old,' it heard them saying. But the office knew better. That's the measure that the time-chart shows. A man is but as old as he feels. Brothers they had been, and brothers they were. They lived together on equal terms, ever growing to each other's ways, as close companions will, until the parting came. And now the little office is lonely. Still it listens for the familiar step and, wondering why it fails, twists its face awry.

* * * * *

It was in 1885, ten years before the present Bursary was built, that Joseph Tyson was appointed to the staff. When he first came, and indeed in diminishing degree right up till about 1921, he taught classes in the School in addition to conducting the Bursarial work. Westminster boys of more recent generations, who only came into distant and occasional contact with him, had little opportunity of realising what an exceedingly clever man he was. The nimbleness of his brain was matched by the variety and the compass of his intellectual interests. He had a ready command of Latin, Greek, French, German and Mathematics. He was a musician, with some skill as a player on the violin. His work was his hobby, and his recreation was to learn Chinese. He kept himself well informed on social and political questions, and was always a student of men. With unaffected modesty he underrated his own abilities. He was entirely devoid of vanity, self-interest or ambition. His natural temperament was more suited to administrative work than to class teaching, and though he could impart his wide knowledge admirably to individual pupils, he followed a wise instinct in gradually detaching himself from schoolmastering, as the years went on, and concentrating his talents upon the duties of his office. A shy, sensitive man,

he shrank from society, but in association with individuals he would reveal himself as an engaging conversationalist, who in graphic language would deliver the judgments of his thought and experience, or give an unwelcome decision when the occasion demanded, with equal firmness and courtesy.

He had his own habits, which he never broke ; his own methods of Bursarial business, which he established for himself, kept in his own head, neither committed to paper nor imparted to others, and utilised with precise regularity, and conspicuous success. Nothing would induce him to take a holiday ; no one could coax him away from his frugal diet to take a meal. So for forty-five years he laboured on with imperturbable pertinacity and cheerfulness, in utter self-effacement, seeking no man's praise. In the words of a former Headmaster, he was " the most devoted servant the School possessed," and, in character, if not exclusively in date, the last of our Victorians.

* * * * *

Mr. Tyson carries with him into his well-earned retirement the gratitude of all who have known him here over a long period of time. They wish him years yet of health and happiness. He leaves with us still his best : the record of his gallant son, inscribed in our Roll of Fame up School, a grandson to carry on his name, and the fruits of service nobly done by a kind-hearted, lovable, and disinterested man.

Old Westminsters.

The Rev. Prebendary John Salwey, Vicar of St. John's, Eastbourne, has been appointed Rural Dean of Eastbourne.

Mr. G. H. Guillum Scott, Barrister-at-Law, has been appointed Chancellor of the dioceses of Winchester and Peterborough.

Mr. Clement Gatley, D.C.L., LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, has been appointed Assistant Reader in Roman Law, Jurisprudence, International Law, and the Conflict of Laws at the Inns of Court.

At Oxford, Mr. D. J. G. J. Jones was awarded a ' First ' in the Honour School of Classical Moderations.

At Cambridge, Mr. F. W. Allen was ' favourably mentioned ' for the Porson prize for Greek iambic verse.

Mr. R. W. Hartley has been selected to be one of the team to represent Great Britain in the Walker Cup Golf Match.

Births.

FINZI.—On February 26, the wife of Eric J. Finzi, of a son.

CHAMPNESS.—On March 17, the wife of N. C. Champness, of a daughter.

BARCLAY-SMITH.—On March 29, at Gibraltar, the wife of Capt. E. A. Barclay-Smith, R.E., of a son.

Marriages.

SCHLOTEL-DONNE.—On April 26, Reginald Herbert, only surviving son of H. C. Schlotel, to Phyllis May, elder daughter of Francis Donne, of Eastbourne.

PEREIRA-BOWIE.—On April 30, at Sharon, Mass., U.S.A., Horace Felix de Courcy, son of H. A. de C. Pereira, of East Sheen, to Beatrice Marie, daughter of the late Edward Bowie, of Boston and Sharon.

HARTLEY-D'ALKAINE.—Recently, William Lister, son of the late J. W. Hartley, to Lucila, daughter of Mrs. D'Alkaine, of Buenos Aires.

Obituary.

WE regret to have to record the deaths of several Old Westminsters :—

Col. SIR HENRY KNOLLYS, K.C.V.O., died at Bournemouth on March 1, in his 90th year.

He was the third son of Gen. the Rt. Hon. Sir William Knollys, K.C.B., and a brother of the late Viscount Knollys, and was born in 1840. He was admitted up Grant's in January, 1854, and elected into College the following year. He left in 1856 to go to the R.M.A., Woolwich. Subsequently he served with the R.A. from 1860 to 1897. He commanded the R.A. in South Africa from 1889-91. In 1896 he was appointed Comptroller and Private Secretary to Princess Maud of Wales, and was continued in that office when she became Queen of Norway. He retired in 1919. He was created a K.C.V.O. in 1906, and held the Danish Order of the Dannebrog and the Norwegian Order of St. Olaf. He was also a Busby Trustee. He was the author of a life of Gen. Sir Hope Grant and various other works.

All old Grantites will learn with great regret of the death of SIR FRANCIS VILLIERS

FORSTER, Bart., President of the Old Granite Club. He was the second son of Sir Charles Forster, Bt., M.P., and was up Grant's from 1864 to 1866. He was called to the Bar in 1872 and succeeded his brother, also an Old Westminster, as the third Baronet in 1914. His mother was a niece of Lord Chancellor Eldon, but she was also a Surtees, and doubtless through her he derived his love of hunting. At the time of his death he was the oldest M.F.H. in the country, having hunted the South Staffordshires from 1885 until his death. Many who were at a recent Granite Dinner will remember how he remarked quite casually that he had been out cubbing at 6.30 that morning and had then come up from Staffordshire to take the Chair at the Dinner—in his 79th year. He died on March 11 in his 80th year. (See *The Times*, March 12, and a tribute by Lord Charnwood in a subsequent issue.)

EDMUND VERNON BRODIE BLAKE was a son of Dr. Edward Blake, and was also up Grant's from September to November, 1889. He was a man of considerable versatility and individuality in thought and invention. He became a painter, sculptor, and writer of distinction. His *Relation in Art* made his reputation, and has been described by a competent critic as 'one of the finest pieces of reasoned criticism on art in the English language.' Later in life he turned to sculpture and designed and executed many War Memorials for Provençal villages. A great traveller and climber, he lived most of his unconventional life abroad, and died at Avignon on April 19 (see *The Times*, April 25).

OLIVER IRELAND BURGESS was a son of George Douglas Burgess, C.S.I., and was a K.S. from 1907 to 1912. He served in France during the War and afterwards in 1920 went as a Mathematical Master to Marlborough College. There he became a House Master in 1924, and took particular interest in the O.T.C. He was killed in a motor accident on March 19. In the *Marlburian* for March 31 are two striking tributes to his memory and to the fine character which lay behind an unusually shy and even angular manner. Humble-minded and incapable of saying an unkind thing of anyone, he was 'a really unselfish man, who, with his utter simplicity and dry humour, was a friend to all, and yet something more than an ordinary friend to all who knew him well.'

An older generation of Westminsters will learn with regret of the death, on March 8, of MRS. MARKLOVE, widow of Maurice Carrington Marklove, Assistant Master from 1872 to 1894, and Master of Rigaud's, 1885 to 1894; and also of the death of MISS JAMES, a daughter of the Rev. Benjamin F. James, Master of Rigaud's from 1850 to 1884.

As we go to press we hear with great regret of the death of THOMAS STAVELEY OLDHAM, which took place on May 7.

The Elizabethan Club.

- President*—MR. H. F. MANISTY, K.C.
Hon. Treasurer—SIR ERNEST GOODHART, Bart.,
 Benenden Place, Benenden, Kent.
Hon. Secretary—MR. D. C. SIMPSON, 20, Great
 College Street, S.W. 1.
Hon. Secretary (Games)—MR. W. N. McBRIDE,
 Canford School, Wimborne, Dorset.

General Committee Meeting—
 Wednesday, June 11.

Club Dinner and Annual General Meeting—
 Wednesday, July 9.

The Annual Dinner of the Club will be held at the Café Royal on Wednesday, July 9. The price of tickets will be 10s. It will be followed by the Annual General Meeting. Details of these events will be sent to all members in the middle of June.

OLD WESTMINSTERS' CRICKET CLUB.

Hon. Secretary—C. W. MYRING, Esq.,
 10, London Lane, Bromley, Kent.

In addition to the fixture list published in the March number, the following matches have been arranged:—

A tour in the Isle of Wight within the period August 14 to 22. Members wishing to take part should communicate with the Hon. Secretary.

WESTMINSTER APPOINTMENTS REGISTER.

Several letters have been received both from employers and from those seeking employment. The former come from members of firms in the City. The Secretary has also received the names of applicants for engineering and banking posts.

O.W.F.C.

The Old Westminster Football Club celebrates its fiftieth anniversary on October 14, and a special dinner will be held that evening at the Café Royal, when it is hoped a record number of O.W.W. will attend.

Tickets, 10s. 6d. (guests, 12s. 6d.), can be obtained from the Executive Committee :

R. T. Squire, *President*.

L. A. M. Fevez, *Chairman*.

Sir Ernest Goodhart, Bt., *Hon. Treasurer*.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| C. D. Brown. | F. M. Radermacher. |
| K. J. Gardiner. | G. U. Salvi. |
| A. C. Grover. | D. C. Simpson. |
| K. H. Hill. | A. M. Shepley-Smith. |
| W. N. McBride. | Sir George Sutherland. |
| P. H. Wyatt. | and |

L. J. D. Wakely, *Hon. Secretary for Oxford*.

G. M. E. Paulson, *Hon. Secretary for Cambridge*.

Hon. Secretaries :

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------|
| E. R. B. Graham, | } 222, Strand, W.C. 2. |
| C. J. Pinder, | |

MEMBERS ELECTED SINCE LAST PUBLISHED LIST.

- AGLIONBY, JOHN ORFEUR, the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Accra, D.D., M.C., Bishop's House, Accra, Gold Coast, W. Africa.
- ALLEN, H. N. G., The Dene, Woburn Sands, Beds.
- BAILEY, J. R., 97, Elgin Crescent, Ladbroke Grove, W. 11.
- BEATTIE, H. M., The Copse, Water Tower Hill, Croydon.
- BENSON, J. A. G., 33, Brookfield, West Hill, Highgate.
- CHARD, J. E., 14, Oakhill Road, Beckenham.
- FOURACRE, J. L., The Croft, Roborough, S. Devon.
- FOWLER, L. G., The Hyde, The Avenue, Radlett, Herts.
- JACKSON, R. S. G., 4, St. Mark's Square, N.W. 1.
- JAMIESON, J. G. H., Stalheim, Mulgrave Road, Sutton.
- JAURALDE, R. A., 22, Hocroft Road, Finchley Road, N.W. 3.
- OCKLESHAW, J. M., Lochaber Lodge, 14, Spencer Road, Wimbledon.
- STRAIN, M. K., Plaisance, Wimbledon.
- SUTHERLAND, H., Christ Church, Oxford.

UNITED SERVICE CLUB,
CALCUTTA.
March 14, 1930.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—The O.W.W. dinner in Calcutta, the fifth since the annual dinner was revived in 1926, took place at the Bengal Club on March 3. To the regret of us all, the Honourable Mr. Justice Cuming, our host of last year, was ill and unable to come; but our senior O.W., the Rev. Father Shore, Head of the Oxford Mission, was present this year and took the chair. As the senior

O.W. who had not previously had the honour, he also proposed the toast of the evening, in a speech in which reminiscence was happily blended with humour. The dinner was excellent and the company was cheerful, and we departed full of gratitude to Mr. C. H. Holmes, who not only arranged for the dinner, but had also undertaken the troublesome task of getting on the tracks of O.W.W. on this side of India, and had once more brought us together.

Those present were:—T. E. T. Shore (1879-1884), A. M. Leake (1888-1891), W. S. Hopkyns (1890-1897), C. H. Holmes (1893-1896), W. P. Daniel (1895-1898), A. G. R. Henderson (1899-1904), M. H. B. Lethbridge (1902-1907), G. P. Pakenham-Walsh (1913-1919), G. A. P. Cooper (1916-1921), J. H. M. Dullely (1916-1920), E. H. B. Baker (1918-1923).

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. S. HOPKYNs.

OLD WESTMINSTERS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

We cannot say from the results shown that the Club have had a successful season, the only point in our favour being that we have scored more goals than our opponents. We are pleased to be able to record this fact, for our forward line has been severely criticised on several occasions for their inability to find the net.

RESULTS OF MATCHES PLAYED.

SEASON 1929-30.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Sept.	28—Lancing College	Won, 4-3.
Oct.	5—R.M.C.	Won, 5-2.
"	19—Bank of England	Lost, 2-7.
"	26—Old Cholmeleians	Won, 7-3.
Nov.	2—Wellingborough School	Lost, 4-5.
"	9—R.M.A.	Won, 1-0.
"	16—Christ Church	Lost, 1-2.
"	23—Merton	Lost, 2-3.
"	30—St. Lawrence College	Lost, 0-3.
Dec.	7—Westminster School	Won, 2-0.
"	14—U.S.A.C. (1st Round A.F.A. Senior Cup)	Won, 5-2.
"	21—Old Wykehamists (1st Round Arthur Dunn Cup)	Lost, 0-6.
"	26—Lancing Old Boys	Lost, 4-5.
Jan.	4—Old Bradfieldians	Lost, 4-5.
"	11—Old Owens (2nd Round A.F.A. Senior Cup)	Lost, 1-2.
"	18—St. Bartholomew's Hospital	Won, 6-3.
"	25—Aldenharn School	Won, 7-2.
Feb.	1—Charterhouse School	Lost, 1-5.
"	8—London Welsh	Lost, 2-4.
"	15—St. Thomas' Hospital	Won, 5-2.
"	22—R.M.C.	Drawn, 3-3.
Mar.	1—Westminster School	Won, 5-0.
"	8—H.A.C.	Won, 4-1.
"	15—Middlesex Hospital	Drawn, 6-6.
"	29—Old Citizens	Lost, 0-1.
April	12—Old Cholmeleians	Won, 5-1.

'A' ELEVEN.

Sept.	28—Lancing College 2nd XI	Lost, 1-2.
Oct.	5—St. Edmund's School	Lost, 1-5.
"	19—Forest School	Lost, 1-7.
Nov.	2—St. Bartholomew's Hospital 2nd XI	Won, 2-0.
"	9—London Hospital 2nd XI	Won, 4-0.
"	16—Old Cholmeleians 'A'	Won, 3-2.
"	23—King's College 2nd XI	Won, 3-1.
"	30—Old Chigwellians 'A'	Won, 9-0.
Dec.	7—Westminster School 2nd XI	Won, 9-1.
"	14—Norsemen 3rd XI	Lost, 1-3.
"	28—H.A.C. 2nd XI	Won, 4-0.
Jan.	4—Old Foresters 'A'	Won, 9-0.
"	18—Alleyn Old Boys 2nd XI	Lost, 1-8.
"	25—University College Hospital	Lost, 0-5.
Feb.	1—Charterhouse School 2nd XI	Lost, 0-2.
"	8—H.A.C. 2nd XI	Lost, 0-4.
"	22—Guy's Hospital 2nd XI	Lost, 2-8.
Mar.	1—Westminster School 2nd XI	Won, 3-1.
"	8—Trinity College, Cambridge	Lost, 2-5.
"	15—Old Chigwellians 'A'	Lost, 0-9.

'B' ELEVEN.

Dec.	7—Westminster School 3rd XI	Lost, 4-6.
"	14—Old Citizens 'B'	Lost, 2-3.
Jan.	4—Old Citizens 'B'	Won, 5-1.
"	11—Old Cholmeleians 'B'	Won, 8-0.
Mar.	1—Westminster School 3rd XI	Lost, 5-7.
"	22—Old Cholmeleians 'B'	Won, 6-0.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

	Matches played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals. For.	Agst.
First Eleven	... 26	12	12	2	86	76
'A' Eleven	... 20	9	11	—	55	63
'B' Eleven	... 6	3	3	—	30	17

The season marks the first appearance of the 'B' Eleven, who have played six matches. We feel that they should appear more often, and that their activities should not be confined to the Christmas holidays.

We are, however, handicapped by lack of players, and in this respect the Honorary Secretary would be pleased to hear from any member who could play regularly.

The Club was defeated by the Old Wykehamists in the first round of the Arthur Dunn Cup, but did better in the A.F.A. Senior Cup, gaining a win over U.S.A.C. in the first round. In the second round we met the Old Owens, who beat us by two goals to one. This game, though played under very bad weather conditions, was keenly contested throughout, and those spectators who braved the elements went away feeling that we were probably unlucky to lose.

Fifteen members of the Club had a very successful tour in France at Easter.

Two matches had been arranged at Poitiers and Chatellevant. Unfortunately the first match had to be scratched owing to an outbreak of scarlet fever in the town, but we had a very enjoyable game at Chatellevant, whom we defeated by five goals to one. Though we only had this one

match our time was very fully occupied. We were entertained by two English residents in the neighbourhood, including a motor tour in the district. We are very much indebted to Messrs. Carr and Tremlett for their great kindness and hospitality.

On the morning of the match the party was officially welcomed by the Mayor of the town, and after the reception we placed a wreath on the War Memorial. In the evening both teams dined together. Monday was spent in Paris, where we saw the International Rugby Match at Colomnité's Stadium. The following members took part in the tour:—J. W. M. Aitken, J. A. Cook, W. A. L. Coulborn, J. D. Evans, T. G. Hardy, K. H. Hill, E. H. Horton, A. L. Leighton, W. E. Newall, L. J. Pinder, F. M. Radermacher, G. U. Salvi, I. Scorgie, M. G. Stratford, and P. C. F. Wingate.

The coming season marks the fiftieth anniversary of the formation of the Club, which event will be celebrated by a dinner at the Café Royal on October 14.

C. J. PINDER, *Hon. Secretary.*

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

2, RUE DU CLOÎTRE,
GENEVA.
April 7, 1930.

DEAR SIR,—The readers of THE ELIZABETHAN may perhaps be interested by the enclosed copy of a letter which I found some years ago in an Oxford bookshop between the leaves of a secondhand copy of *Lusus Alteri Westmonasteriensis*.

The writer of the letter was Second Master, and the author of the inscription on the Crimean monument. Dr. Bull, to whom the letter is addressed, was, I believe, a Canon of Christ Church. His brother, H. Bull, as the letter indicates, was author of the Epilogue to the 'Andria' in 1845.

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant,
NEIL LITTLE.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, WEST.
December 14, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in sending you the information you desire, and I am sorry that I was unable to answer your letter yesterday. There are two Boarding Houses, besides that of Mr. Bentall—Mrs. Grant's, in Little Dean's Yard, and Mrs. Scott's, near the Archway in Great Dean's Yard. The terms of the two latter are the same. I have enclosed a circular of Mrs. Scott's, not having one of Mrs. Grant's at hand. Mr. Hodgson, the Senior Usher, has charge of both these houses, but he does not reside in either of them.

The situation of Mrs. Grant's is very much in its favour, and we have had every reason to be satisfied with the general management and domestic arrangements of that house.

There are at present several very gentlemanly little lads boarding there—one of them (Balfour)—is a nephew of the Principal of Brasen Nose College, who is a frequent visitor at his father's house. There are about 12 boys at present at Mrs. Grant's. Mrs. Scott has 5 or 6 boarders. Should you wish me to send you any more detailed information I shall be most happy to do so.

I am very sorry I could not prevail upon your brother to remain until to-morrow's Play—when I hope to see several Ch. Ch. friends at 4 o'clock. I cannot sufficiently express the obligation I feel myself under to him, for the most successful Épilogue by far that we have had for many years past. He has conferred not only a great obligation upon myself, but really a great benefit upon St. Peter's generally. I remain,

My dear sir,

Yours very truly,

T. W. WEARE.

2, ETON VILLAS,

HAMPSTEAD, N.W. 3.

March 28, 1930.

SIR,—The supposition that William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, ever attended the School rests on a very slender foundation.

The writer of the article, 'A Royal Westminster,' seems to be unaware that the Admission Books for the whole of the period during which the Duke could have been at School are in existence, as are many School lists for the same period, in none of which his name appears. It seems very unlikely that such an important person should have been entirely ignored.

It may be well to note that the letter, 'An O.W. of 1818,' on page 229 of your last number, was doubtless addressed to Hassard Hume Dodgson.

Yours obediently,

ALAN H. STENNING.

34, GLOUCESTER STREET,
LONDON, S.W. 1.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL MISSION.

DEAR SIR,—If any Old Westminster has a bagatelle table for which they have no further use, we should be delighted to receive it.

Some years ago an O.W. presented us with a bagatelle table, which has done yeoman service two or three nights a week throughout the year. It is rapidly qualifying for an old-age pension, but awaits a successor.

Perchance, in these spring-cleaning days, a successor may make his appearance.

Yours faithfully,

C. S. MORTON.

JAPAN.

Shrove Tuesday.

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed extract—which caught my eye to-day in a local guide-book—may perhaps be thought to possess a topical interest. 'BALL-CASTING FESTIVAL AT MIYAJIMA. (Tama-Tori-Sai, July 15.) This festival is of Buddhist origin and takes the form rather of a holiday sport. On a swinging platform set up in the sea is placed a sacred wooden ball about 2½ feet in circumference. At full tide a priest swings the platform by means of a rope, and the ball drops into the sea. Immediately the crowd of men and boys on the beach plunges in after it. The successful one takes the ball to the priest, and is rewarded with the ball and gifts. He also attains life-long happiness.'

The lighter-minded among your readers, observing that in a Japanese 'greeze' the 'Dean' not only presents the 'guinea,' but 'tosses the pancake' *sua ipsius manu*, will doubtless reflect that they order these matters better in Japan! It would be interesting to know if past winners of the Greeze have enjoyed the 'life-long happiness' said to be the portion of successful competitors in the Japanese ceremony. Perhaps some inquisitive O.W., nearer his 'Record' than I am at present, may be moved to investigate the point in the light of their biographies.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

J. G. BARRINGTON-WARD.

Our Contemporaries.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following :

Blue (2), *Navy* (3), *Harrovian* (2), *Felstedian* (2), *Rossallian* (2), *Fettesian* (2), *Wellingtonian* (2), *Penn Charter Magazine* (2), *Radleian* (2), *Marlburian* (2), *Johnian* (2), *Carthusian* (2), *Eton College Chronicle* (7), *Pauline* (2), *Salopian* (2), *Reptonian*, *Cheltonian*, *Stonyhurst Magazine* (2), *Wykehamist* (2), *Lancing College Magazine* (2), *Edward Alleyn Magazine*, *Canturian*, *St. Edward's School Chronicle*, *Wycombe Abbey Gazette*, *Malvernian*, *Voice*, *Haileyburian*, *Blundellian* (2), *Alleynian*, *City of London School Magazine*, *Tonbridgian*, *Shirburian*, *Lakonian*, *Portcullis*, *Clistonian*, *Edinburgh Academy Chronicle*, *Aldenhamian*, *Beaumont Review*, *Bancroftian*, *Meteor*, *Britannia Magazine*, *Cholmeleian*, *Bradfield College Chronicle*, *Boys' Magazine* (2).

THE SCHOOL MISSION.

THE Mission was founded in 1888, and began work as a Boys' Club in Soho. In 1891 it moved to Westminster, and the work is now carried on in the parish of St. Stephen with St. Mary, Westminster.

The Mission is largely responsible for the upkeep of Napier Hall, Hide Place, Vincent Square, where the club-rooms and hall are used by the Parish (Westminster School Mission) Club for young men and boys, and by the 1st (City of Westminster) Troop B.P. Scouts. Religious instruction is provided by the clergy of the parish. Physical training and gymnastic classes, lectures and debates are held, and the club provides a library, billiards, and the usual recreations. The club has its own football and cricket ground. More personal help from Old Westminsters is urgently needed. The Hon. Secretary will give further information gladly to anyone willing to help.

Financial assistance is also given by the Mission to the 'E' (Westminster) Company, 1st Cadet Battalion, London Regiment, 'The Queen's.'

Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, L. F. Harvey, Esq., Westminster School. Offers of service and of gifts in kind should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, J. R. Wade, Esq., O.W., 7, Park Gate Gardens, East Sheen, S.W. 14.

NOTICES.

ALL contributions to the July number of THE ELIZABETHAN should reach the Editor at 3, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1, by June 28.

Contributions must be written on one side of the paper only. Back numbers are obtainable from the Editor, price 1s. each.

Subscribers are requested to notify any change of address to the Secretary, 3, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of his correspondents.

THE ELIZABETHAN LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

JUNE, MCMXXX

*We print below the winning entry for the Gumbleton
English Verse Prize :—*

OLYMPIA.

The sun is quivering in a sapphire sky ;
Gemlike it sheds its glory and its peace
Over the plain, the loveliest in Greece,
Where all the choicest gifts of Nature lie.

This place is Nature's altar, undefiled,
Bedecked by man with gifts of her own giving,
The vine, the corn, the cypress, all things living,
And man himself is her obedient child.

Yet yonder lie a few half-shattered stones,
Just as upon the desert's shimmering sands,
After a fray between two Bedouin bands,
Lie strewn the piles of gnarled and whitened
bones.

Here once, in distant ages, man held sway,
And built his lordly palaces and shrines,
Adorning them with gold from Eastern mines ;
And with the flickering breeze he passed away.

Here then the flower of Grecian athletes came,
The strongest of the strong, fleetest of fleet,
Seeking for Honour in some mighty feat,
While Fate derides their fitful dreams of fame.

What is this thing named Honour ? Judge it
not
O vain dissectors of the souls of men,
'Tis in a region far beyond your ken,
And lives while your frail limbs decay and rot.

The call of Honour is a boundless ocean,
Which laps a myriad hearts of every race,
And swells o'er an immeasurable space
With its inexorable, restless motion.

And when a man is truly in its thrall,
He must not fail to pay its awful price,
And to his ruthless goddess sacrifice,
His life, his loves, his faith, his gods, his all.

'Tis strange in so idyllic a plain
Men battled once upon the emerald sward,
And strove before the idol they adored,
And for its sake did suffer bitter pain.

But Nature with unfathomable calm,
By every desecration unsubdued,
Has claimed her own again, and has imbued
Her altar with an all-pervading balm.

And yet the name, across the years' wide span,
Still lives in men, an unforgotten dream,
And in its mellowed grandeur it would seem
A symbol of the majesty of man.

The sun sinks in a sky incarnadine ;
The mists, a vaporous, flame-tinted sea
Are lingering phantom-like from tree to tree,
The spirits of the past are visiting their shrine.

R. A. JAURALDE.

The *Argive* PHEIDON, history proclaims
Reformed the conduct of th' Olympic Games,
Appointed stewards who should regulate
The athletic contest, from the neighbouring state ;
And passed by nought, in field event or race,
That might advance the standard or the pace.
So in this School, which following its kind
Regards no less the body than the mind,
Where Fame allures and pedagogues exhort
To follow Glory in the fields of Sport,
Not less of honour and distinction due
To that Reformer should by right accrue
Whose humanising genius sought to join
Ferocious strife with civilised design,
That on their days the contests might proceed
With ordered course and unremitting speed,
Nought should untimely fail and nought the sport
impede.

When all the stations were at last disposed,
The flags erected and the tracks enclosed,
The pleased Reformer with delight surveyed
The elegant arrangements he had made,

And seemed to see, with pardonable pride,
 His most enlightened wishes satisfied.
 'What now remains undone,' he next demands,
 'Save to appoint th' officials' several bands,
 Part to record the progress of each match,
 Stretch the taut tape or press the ticking watch,
 Part to control, a roseate band, the line,
 The guests to marshal and the crowd confine?'
 He spoke. Th' appointed stewards swift comply;
 Their poles with knots of rosy pink they tie,
 And stand prepared to regulate the line,
 The guests to marshal and the crowd confine;
 When at the sight aghast the godlike man
 With horror paled and shuddering thus began:
 'Why should we here our cruel poles display,
 The bloody instruments of barbarous sway?
 Each rather bear a light innocuous wand
 In token of his humanised command.
 We vaunt not Law, but rather would conceal,
 A necessary evil for our weal;
 For who great Jurisdiction would create
 Do but confess their own imperfect state:
 We boast—Let Justice but to Offence belong
 Here none maintains the right, for none does
 wrong.'

See, when the day comes round the stewards stand
 Each furnished with his light innocuous wand,
 Smaller than those replaced, but in aspect
 More evil, and more deadly in effect,
 Pliant as ash but as the oak in strength
 Embossed with gnarled knots along its length.
 Such horrid rods, the hushed spectators saw,
 Were plainly no calm instruments of Law,
 And swift the sympathetic murmur rose
 'Unhappy mortals, to be beat with those!'

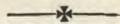


ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP 'DISCOVERY II,'
 FOREIGN FLEET DIVISION,
 G.P.O., LONDON.
 February 17, 1930.

To the Editor of 'Eliza.'

I enclose my efforts to set down impressions of
 a whale hunt in Antarctic waters. Perhaps they
 will give glimpses of a life of considerable contrast
 to that of Dean's Yard, Great or Little.

ALEC H. LAURIE.



BIG GAME.
 ANTARCTICA, 1930.

'Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?'
 Yes, with reservations. Call the hook a harpoon,
 fit a high explosive head on the front of it and a

rope which will stand a strain of 12 tons on the
 other end. Conduct your search from the gun
 platform of a whale catcher driven with the power
 of a thousand horses and manned by Norwegians
 who seem to be able to prophesy a whale's next
 move. Don protection against the sheets of icy
 spray which are a whaler's portion, take somebody
 else's camera, because you are bound to get it full
 of water, and prepare for thrills.

Leaving the sunken crater which is Deception
 Island, and the headquarters of a whaling company,
 at two in the morning, we have six hours steaming
 to the waters where whales are, for the moment,
 fairly numerous, and it is snowing hard. So take
 your sea-boots off your feet, and put them under
 your head and go to sleep on the narrow settee in
 the mess-room. In case of insomnia, instead of
 counting sheep, count the cockroaches running
 up and down the walls; they are very small ones,
 in keeping with the size of the ship.

Breakfast at seven-thirty, the table loaded with
 titbits and appetisers, and all the gastronomic
 panoply of 'Smörgasbord,' a meal in itself, irrigated
 with fiery coffee. If so disposed, invigorate the
 coffee with caña, Brazilian rum—very inflammable.
 After breakfast, until the lookout in the crow's-
 nest sights a whale, there is nothing to do but
 admire the round world and speculate on the size
 of passing icebergs.

The whale is a fine beast, but he has one dis-
 ability upon which the whaling industry is founded.
 He has to come up for air, and he exhales like
 an engine letting off steam. On a clear day his
 breath can be seen as a column of vapour some
 40 feet high, thanks to the coldness of the air,
 which is visible several miles away.

Another hour, and two whales are sighted,
 travelling in company. Gunner-Captain Olssen
 turns out of his bunk and piles on extra clothes
 and creaking aromatic oilskins. Olssen is a
 golden-bearded, blue-eyed viking, and a fine
 gunner. His prowess with the harpoon gun
 brings him about £2,000 for six months' work.

Olssen goes forward to the gun platform and
 the chase begins.

Whales are as wily as diplomats and full of
 tricks and sudden manœuvres. It requires years
 of experience to be able to guess a whale's next
 move, and yet the ship steered by the mate
 responds to the twisting and turnings like a live
 creature.

Suddenly, when business seems slack, Olssen
 stiffens, grasps the handle of the gun, points it at
 a bare patch of water, and waits. Up comes one
 of the whales, blows noisily, and starts to dive
 again. At last, when it seems too late—and at
 this stage of the game seconds seem like hours—

Olssen lets drive, and Leviathan takes his last terrific plunge.

Soon he is hauled to the surface by powerful winches, inflated with air to give buoyancy, and towed alongside, tail first, at the end of a chain.

Olssen relaxes, smiles, and ejects a huge quid of tobacco. 'Fine beeg vale—sixty—seventy feet. Now we go home. You brought some whisky?—good.' Adjournment to the mess-room for refreshment. Seamen bring out accordions and fiddles, and play boisterous Norwegian dances and folk-songs while the ship throbs her way back to Deception Island. A. H. L.

*
ICE-CREAM.

(A Thriller in Two Shivers.)

The day was very, very hot,
The sort of day you want a lot
Of something cool ;
When two small boys were strolling through
Dean's Yard—'twas *circa* half-past two—
And after School.

And as they strolled beneath the sun,
The elder thought it would be fun
To go up Suts ;
But it was Saturday, and so
Suts had shut up long ago—
The silly muts.

They battered hard upon the door,
Then, looking through the window, saw
The ice machine ;
Their little hearts within them burst,
To contemplate with burning thirst
The might-have-been.

They could not tear their eyes away
From where they knew the ice-cream lay
Within that bin ;
They broke a window pane or two,
Enough to get their bodies through,
And clambered in.

And there beneath their hungry eyes,
Ices of every sort and size
Were swiftly spread ;
They seized on Brick, Choc-ice and Kup,
They lapped the cold confection up,
And fed and fed.

And now, alas ! the time draws near,
When I can scarce restrain tear,
Nor yet a sniff ;
For as the afternoon wore on,
Those wretched boys, when found by John,
Were frozen stiff.
Sniff ! Sniff !

FRIGIDIARIUS.

REFLECTION.

I had thought till quite recently that policemen were on the whole fairly useful, helpful sort of people. All those from whom I had ever enquired the way had been polite and lucid, and it was probably my fault that I could hardly ever put into practice what they told me. On the occasion that I found four pounds in a wallet they were most efficient, discovering the owner next day. When I helped work a police-trap—the detective came inside our garden and leaned over the gate while I talked to him to make it all seem natural—the detective explained everything to me, and even towards his victims proved himself quite a sportsman.

The other day, however, my faith in the force was shaken. I was out cycling with James. We came out of a turning on to the main road, where, owing to repairs, there was only one stream of traffic at a time, and as it was going the opposite way to the way we wished to go we dismounted to wait our turn. We were standing close to the policeman directing the traffic, and there happened to be another with him, a sergeant.

This sergeant was a stout man with an unpleasant sandy moustache. I thought he was looking at my machine, but took no notice of him until I saw him move with heavy tread over to James.

'You haven't got a reflector on your bicycle,' he said severely.

James must have known, but all the same he gave a hopeful look at his back mudguard as if to see whether by any good fortune one had grown there unbeknown. It had not, so he straightened himself up and replied: 'I know I haven't.' The policeman's tone had annoyed him.

'Don't you know that you must have one?' enquired the officious one.

'I didn't know you had to have one except at night—'

'Ho yes you did, as well as I do,' interrupted the man.

'—And I don't go out at night,' continued James.

'How do I know that?' Then brightly, 'Besides, you might get in a fog.'

I am not perfectly clear about the next move, but I rather gather that James, stifling a desire to reply that the policeman knew he did not go out at night because he had told him so, ventured, on the rather risky alternative of suggesting that, on the other hand, he might *not* get in a fog.

Whatever happened, it was at about this moment that the affair lost its pristine flavour of cold, disinterested inquiry in which the arm of the law

had been firm but calm, and James had been merely ruffled. Partly, no doubt, because his brain wave about the fog had been parried, and partly because he felt that in any case James' reply was not the correct one, he became unpleasant, and in quite a nasty voice warned James not to try and be funny with him. Before James could rally from this shock, he continued: 'What's your name?' James gave him his surname.

'What's your first name?' 'James.'

'Where do you live?' James told him the name of the town—

'What street do you live in?'—and the street—

'What number of the street?'—and finally the name and number of the house.

I cannot but think that this was sheer bravado, for no policeman, however stupid, would employ sort of third degree methods for finding out your name and address. Besides, he took none of it down, but stood with his hands behind his back, leaning forward to catch James' answers.

The incident might have closed here except that James was by now thoroughly annoyed. 'But I don't see why you have to have a reflector when you don't have to have a lamp in the daytime. You might just as well say I ought to have a lamp.'

It is useless trying to argue with a sergeant, especially at this stage. He had withdrawn a few feet after the cross-examination, and now, straddling his legs and taking a deep breath, he proclaimed in a pompous final voice: 'The law is that every bicycle must have a reflector.' James realised that silence was now the wisest course. After fuming a little he seemed to remember James' last remark about the lamp; it rankled.

'Sarcasm is the cheapest form of wit, my lad, and I'll soon teach you that.' I could imagine it in a little book: 'Snappy Sayings for Studious Sergeants,' page 237, as it were. This seemed to have exhausted him, for he said no more, and a strained silence ensued. Thinking our interview had been long enough, I pushed forward, and James followed. But he had one more dart in his quiver. He adopted an air of fatherly forgiveness, and in a most patronising tone said: 'All right, sonny' (James is seventeen), 'I'll let you off this time.'



HOW TO WIN CRICKET SENIORS.

(With acknowledgments to 'The Homeboarder'.)

The cash was raised, the umpires squared,
The case for cups was quite prepared:
The scorer had been told that he
Must multiply our score by three,

And that he likewise must divide
The total of the other side.
The other scorer was not there,
He'd lost his way to Vincent Square.
Our side had been instructed to
Administer a Waterloo
By methods not unlike those taken
When France by Wellington was shaken.
Our Captain tried by methods furtive
(Which means he was not self-assertive)
To put into his rival's hand
A double-headed, contraband,
And otherwise illicit coin,
Which he had managed to purloin.
The rival's feelings cooled at once;
He had perceived the clumsy dunce,
And thus the toss we failed to win.
'Twas our opponents who went in.
The wicket-keeper had the wit
To make an instantaneous hit.
For with considerable tact,
A highly meritorious act,
String to the bails he had attached—
It was a pretty plot he hatched—
For, every other ball but three,
He cried, 'That's out. Don't you agree?'
His colleagues, too, confessed that they
Were loth to let the batsmen stay,
The umpires just could not resist 'em;
They'd paid 'em on th' instalment system.
The other side were out for four.
It was hardly thought that they'd score more.

Ere we went in, right through the bails
There penetrated several nails,
According to approved design
(They were not there by act divine).
The premier batsman, full of chuckles,
Lashed out and battered the point's knuckles.
Thenceforth excruciating shouts
Proclaimed his victim's whereabouts.
Alas, an unrestricted win
By means of soft, seductive sin
Was banished from our smiling eyes.
For who should come in dreadful guise
But our superlative Headmaster,
With visage that foretold disaster.
But as he came, we reached five runs,
Mainly by overthrows and ones;
So, though uncompromising fate
Attempted to contaminate
Our efforts to secure a win
By means of soft, seductive sin,
We triumphed o'er all obstacles,
And quite refuted oracles.
Who say that happiness attends
On none who foster selfish ends.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY IN FRANCE.

It was half-past two on a chilly morning as I stood on the platform and said good-bye to Henri. We had been on that platform for a quarter-of-an-hour. A goods train, like a great black dragon had come roaring out of the night, belching forth its fiery breath, had come to an indignant halt, snorted three times with rage, and departed again, leaving a crimson smudge on the black horizon. A very old and very sturcy porter had put out the lights on the down platform, and was just lighting those on the up side, when we heard the distant roar of the 'rapide.'

Henri had advised me to buy a third class ticket, as he assured me the third class would not be crowded, and besides, he said the only people in France who travel first are Americans and those who have nothing to pay; the only people who go second are the English and those who pay half fare or have uncles in the company, while all the rest of France travels third. He was right about the last particular. As I clambered up into the carriage, I found all the rest of France in occupation. There was hardly room to move. The corridors were jammed, the compartments were packed tight with snoring, muttering and strangely apathetic humanity. I sought refuge in the second class coach.

Here there was a sort of black silence. In every compartment the curtains were drawn, and dim forms were to be seen stretched on the seats. One never feels less welcome than when trying to enter a compartment in the middle of the night. I couldn't face it, and waited until we reached a station, and someone got out before I dared to take his place. In the carriage was a woman with two small boys and a very fat man. The latter sat in one corner and made noises like an asthmatic pig. The rest of us slept.

Towards five we reached Nantes, and I strolled on the platform until we began to do some 'manœuvres.' We seemed to be doing 'manœuvres' for the next hour or so, and must have covered nearly all the available railway line before we moved off. Meanwhile, the two small boys had woken up. Towards seven they sat together at one end of the seat. Their mother produced two large check cloths and tucked them into their collars. They ate hard-boiled eggs and rolls just like two little dummies, sitting there with their legs swinging. At the next station the woman and the boys got out, while a funny little man with a yellow moustache got in. He looked at me for a long time over his paper, and suddenly:

'You are Eenglish, hein?' he remarked, vigorously.

I confessed that I was.

'I like the Eenglish,' announced the yellow moustache, and added, 'I know much Eenglish!'

I did not venture to doubt his statement, but as if to convince me, he began to sing vigorously, 'I can't geeve you anyzing but love, Bébé.' He followed this up by humming 'Tipperary' out of tune, and then 'God Save the King.'

I said 'Thank you' after each item in his repertoire, but it made no difference.

'How I love your Eenglish songs,' he cried at last, having presumably come to the end of his stock, and then suddenly:

'Do you like Snouden, hein?'

Having pointed out that 'ow' was as in 'throw' and not as in 'cow,' I remarked that I was not of the same political creed, and could not, therefore, give judgment, whereat he exclaimed:

'You are, then, Conservator? I also am Conservator. This Snorden (you say it so, hein?), he is a dirty type, isn't it? I spit me of him.'

Just as he was about to put this opinion into practice there was a commotion at the other end of the corridor, and the little man put his head out of the door. Apparently what he saw did not please him, for he disappeared in the opposite direction, and a few minutes later the chef-de-train entered to examine our tickets. I was so busy trying to explain why I was travelling second with a third class ticket that I forgot all about the yellow moustache. However, at the next station he passed underneath the window, having emerged from the third class, and waved to me in the most friendly manner, as if to say that in spite of Snowden the Entente Cordiale was still in force.

At this station there entered a large French family, Papa, Maman and several children. After a little while they began to feed. Maman produced a basket, and out of it came a most amazing amount of food of every sort and description. This was so nauseating that, in self-defence, I was forced to go in search of the restaurant car. After a meal which would have given an English one 99 per cent. start and a beating, I returned to find the family sprawling round the carriage in various stages of fullness. At Rouen they got out. Just before we were due to start again the door was opened by a porter, and a vast and miscellaneous collection of small suit-cases was stowed about the carriage. As the porter retired, bowing over an exorbitant tip, three young ladies entered the carriage. One of them tripped over my feet, and my 'Pardon, Mademoiselle,' was received with a cold stare. I can only attribute it to the fact that I was reading a French newspaper and had a packet of French cigarettes on the seat beside

me, but one of them immediately flung open the window, carefully closed by the gluttonous family, exclaiming, 'Whew! Isn't it hot in here?' Whereupon another remarked, 'I expect the beastly Frenchman will want it closed again in a minute or two.'

I wonder why some English travellers are not popular abroad!

— * —

' THREE POEMS. '

—

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I love to tramp the eternal hills,
Where only sheep intrude,
To sit beside the chattering rills,
Far from mankind, and brood
In solitude.

I love to wander through the dales,
By age-long rivers worn;
I love to hear the cock that hails
Before the day is born
The coming morn.

I love beneath the trees to lie,
And smell the new-cut hay,
And watch the farmer's carts go by
In motley disarray
On market day.

Such scenes were old ere Mantua rang
With Vergil's roundelays;
Such things had been ere Hesiod sang
The first triumphant praise
Of works and days.

And yet the town attracts me more
Than rural solitude;
The buildings rising floor on floor,
The seething multitude,
Are my soul's food.

I love to walk along the Strand,
Amid the buses' roar,
Or at some station take my stand,
And watch the breakers pour
Up London shore.

I love to linger where Thames flows,
Dappled with oily stains,
And watch the tug that hoicking goes
Beneath the clattering chains
Of sleepless cranes.

I love, I love these fleeting things
Which glitter for a day,
Till round them Desolation flings
Its winding sheet, and they,
Like me, decay.

MOURNING.

We wrapped his body in a silken shroud,
In a pine coffin laid him down;
We bore him slowly out before the crowd
Of those who honoured his renown.

The Holy Church expended all its powers
Of splendour, eloquence and grace;
We ransacked Nature of her choicest flowers
To deck his lonely resting-place.

The choir intoned the last sad melodies,
The funeral march in 'Saul' was played;
We stood in silence, watched with solemn eyes
As in the cold earth he was laid.

We raised a lovely cross, and groped
For fervent mottoes on our shelves;
For twelve long months in clothes of black we
moped
In tearful mourning—for ourselves.

ONCE, FOR THE FIRST TIME, FOR EVER.

*A silent swoop of whispering grey,
And your Hispano stood
Suffusing with unclouded ray
My solitude.*

Is there some God controlling all our ways,
And conjuring each casual meeting;
Breaking our humdrum, melancholy days
With sudden visions fair but fleeting;
Sending an unknown, unexpected greeting
To stir unwonted lips to praise?

*With beauty all is fair, and I
Perceived with no surprise
The lustre-laughing mystery
Bathed in your eyes.*

Does God devise some heaven-enchanted bait
To stimulate, then mock our yearning?
Does he enjoy our helpless, blind-eyed state,
And supplications with new grief returning?
Or does He guide each desolate heart burning
From kindly long foreshadowed fate?

*Yellow and brown simplicity
Covered, revealed your grace :
Young wonder wrapped felicity
Glowed in your face.*

Or is it merest chance that is supreme ?
Are all our troubles of our own conceiving ?
Is it the merest chance that visions seem
To flash across our path, relieving
Our loneliness ? Do we go on believing
In dim reflections of a dream ?

*'Twas but a moment, swiftly flown ;
You turned no glance on me :
But in that moment I had known
Eternity.*

NOTICES.

The next Literary Supplement will be issued in December, 1930. Contributions should reach the Editor by the date fixed in the October number.

floreat.