



THE 'ADELPHI,' 1928.

DEMEA  
(C. M. Harrison)

CTESIPHO  
(J. A. Evetts)

GETA  
(J. H. Lee)

SANNIO  
(K. H. L. Cooper)

BACCHIS  
(J. G. Lea)

PARMENO  
(I. C. Allen)

SOSTRATA  
(F. E. Pagan)

SYRUS  
(J. C. P. Elliston)

HEGIO  
(E. F. F. White)

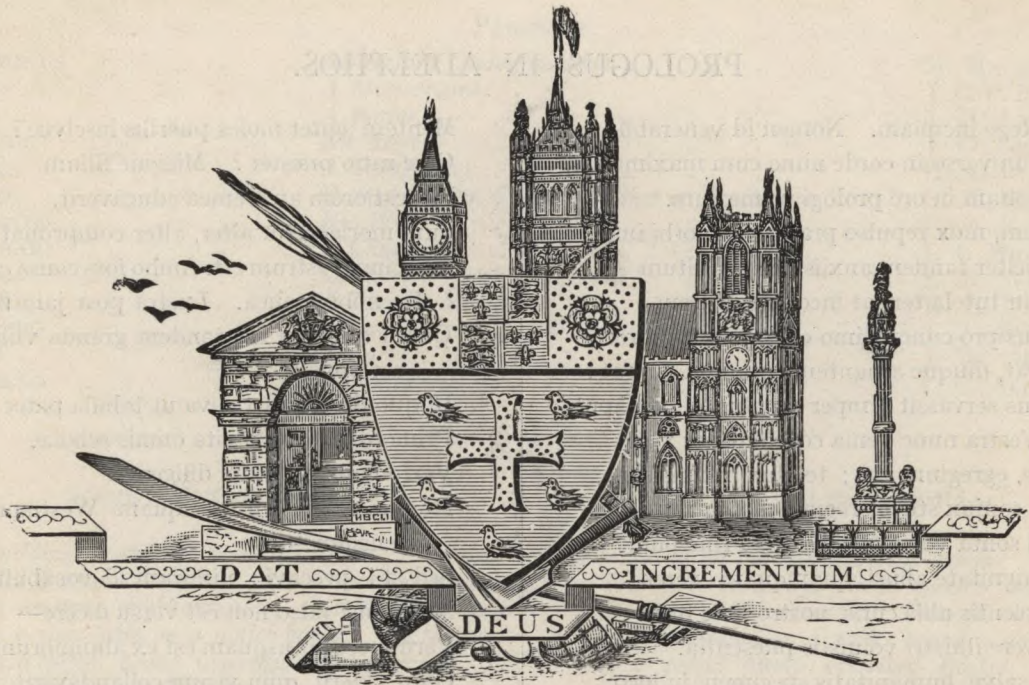
CANTHARA  
(I. I. Milne)

AESCHINUS  
(M. Mackenzie)

DROMO  
(H. A. R. Philby)

MICIO  
(J. W. Grigg)





# The Elizabethan

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## THE 'ADELPHI,' 1928.

### FIRST NIGHT, DECEMBER 15.

Both Play and Epilogue were magnificently received, and, contrary to custom, the first night audience was perhaps the most appreciative.

### SECOND NIGHT, DECEMBER 17.

Before a somewhat unresponsive audience both Play and Epilogue went very well. The Dean of Westminster took the Chair, and the guests included Field-Marshal Lord Plumer and Lady Plumer, Judge Sir Alfred Tobin, Judge Sir James Tomlin, the Mayor of Westminster, the

Bishop of London, the Bishop of Woolwich, the Greek Minister, Sir Cecil Hurst, Canon Storr, Canon Donaldson and Mr. Houghton.

### THIRD NIGHT, DECEMBER 19.

Lord Phillimore took the Chair, and the audience included Archbishop Lord Davidson, the Bishop of Worcester, the Dean of Christ Church, Lord Justice Paul Ogden Lawrence, Major-General Sir Raleigh Egerton, Sir George Sutherland, Canon Woodward, Mr. H. F. Manisty, Professor C. C. J. Webb and the Rev. R. F. Bruce-Dickson.



## PROLOGUS IN ADELPHOS.

A Rege incipiam. Nomen id venerabile,  
 Ut universo in corde nunc cum maxime est,  
 Sit etiam in ore prologi primarium.  
 Quem, mox repulso prægravis morbi impetu,  
 Feliciter tandem anxiis suis redditum  
 Ut in tutela teneat incolumem Deus  
 Unus pro cunctis imo ex animo comprecor.  
 Vivat, diuque amantem populum dirigat !  
 Salus servassit semper sanctum illud caput !  
 10\* Vestra nunc venia consalutatos volo  
 Vos, egregium par ; te, dux insignissime,  
 Te, conjux stirpis regiae, mater, nurus ;  
 Qui solita vobis familiæque Principum  
 Benignitate abusi, quamquam exerciti  
 Sexcentis aliis curis, nostro huic lusui  
 Favere illustri voluistis præsentia.  
 Tu salve, humanitatis specimen, in loco  
 Qui summo natus, si tamen quid interest  
 Puerorum aut plebis, si quid indigentium,  
 20 Si ullius hominis, nil alienum a te putas.  
 Tuque adeo, domina,—numquis exspectatior  
 Adire has ædes potuerit quam quæ refers  
 Nostram ipsam Elizam gratia et cognomine ?  
 Quod utinam placeant vobis, qualescunque  
 sunt.  
 25 Conatus nostri ; ac vitiis, quæso, ignoscite.  
 26\*\* Jam hanc fabulam, sit qualis, quam acturi  
 sumus,  
 Novistis ipsi : sed vos admonitos velim  
 (Nonne ipsam sus Minervam ?) quæ hic sit  
 quæstio.  
 Nam sueto ingenio seria adhibet comicis  
 30 Poeta ; ut omnes philosophemur postulat.  
 Ambigitur ergo, si quid deliraverint  
 Nati, quis tum plectatur ? aliquandone quid  
 Juvenum mens agitet molis, an tantum patrum

Mentem agitet moles puerilis lasciviæ ?  
 Quæ ratio præstet ? Micione filium  
 Honestiorem an Demea educaverit,  
 Cum morigeretur alter, alter comprimat ?  
 Judicium vestrum est. Ambo fors causa cadent.  
 De nobis pauca. Lustra post jam bis tria  
 40 Quam cœptum est tandem grande vulgatum  
 est opus,<sup>1</sup>  
 In quo descripta votiva ut tabula patet  
 Primordiis a cæcis vita omnis scholæ.  
 Varroniana exactum diligentia  
 Monumentum an quisquam Westmonaster-  
 iensium—  
 Sed st ! peccavi : nimirum id vocabulum  
 Metro nisi falso non est versu dicere—  
 Verum ecquis usquam est ex alumnorum grege  
 Quin viderit, quin visum collaudaverit,  
 Quin pollice agili paginas identidem  
 50 Versarit, exsultansque lætitia statim  
 Se posse alicunde quantum opus sit nummulos  
 Corradere (auxiliante scilicet suo  
 Syro) sperarit ?

Immo, pæne dum loquor,  
 Laudato nostrum cuidam<sup>2</sup> laus cumulatior  
 Accessit, mox notanda in hoc libro aureo.  
 Beati, illius qui jam largo haustu frui  
 Pindarici fontis poterunt et sale Attico.  
 Postremo eorum qui suo functi die  
 Memoriam hos intra parietes vivacem habent,  
 60 Varios cujusque casus, qua quisque indole,  
 Quo vultu fuerit, mente recolamus pia.  
 Rapti deflentur omnes : unum nomino,  
 Magistrum emeritum,<sup>3</sup> quem recens norat bene,  
 Quem senior ætas : vixdum fructus otii  
 Per quinque annos percepit, et mors occupat.  
 Nunc autem posito luctu tempust ludere.

\* Lines 10—25 are to be omitted on the first two nights.

\*\* Lines 26—38 are to be omitted on the third night.

<sup>1</sup> "The Record of Old Westminster from the earliest times," Compiled by G. F. Russell Barker and A. H. Stenning. 2 vols. Chiswick Press. 1928.

<sup>2</sup> Donald S. Robertson has been appointed Rebus Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge.

<sup>3</sup> E. L. Fox, Assistant Master, 1883—1923 ; House Master, successively, of Home Boarders, Ashburnham and Rigaud's, died on November 18th, 1928.



## EPILOGUS IN ADELPHOS.

## PERSONAE.

AESCHINUS . . . . .	<i>An Oxford Undergraduate</i> . . . . .	M. MACKENZIE.
SYRUS . . . . .	<i>A Manservant</i> . . . . .	J. C. P. ELLISTON.
GETA . . . . .	<i>A Porter</i> . . . . .	J. H. LEE.
BACCHIS . . . . .	<i>An Actress</i> . . . . .	J. G. LEA.
DROMO . . . . .	<i>A Garage Boy</i> . . . . .	H. A. R. PHILBY.
DEMEA . . . . .	<i>Retired Indian Colonel, Father of Aeschinus</i> . . . . .	C. M. HARRISON.
SOSTRATA . . . . .	<i>His Wife</i> . . . . .	F. E. PAGAN.
CANTHARA . . . . .	<i>A Charlady</i> . . . . .	I. I. MILNE.
HEGIO . . . . .	<i>Shade of a Greek Tragedian</i> . . . . .	E. F. WHITE.
SANNIO . . . . .	<i>A Theatre Manager</i> . . . . .	K. H. L. COOPER.
CTESIPHO . . . . .	<i>A Cambridge Blue, Brother of Aeschinus</i> . . . . .	J. A. EVETTS.
MICIO . . . . .	<i>A Cabinet Minister</i> . . . . .	J. W. GRIGG.
PARMENO . . . . .	<i>A Police Officer</i> . . . . .	I. C. ALLEN.

## PERSONAE MUTA.

A large dog.

SCENE : Victoria Station.

TIME : Day of the Boat Race.

*The building on the left bears the words : Victoria. Via Ferrata Austrina. Over another entrance is written : Subterranea. Outside the station is a time-table on a notice-board. At the back is a petrol pump inscribed εὖ πράττειν. To the right is the Palatium, a theatre, on whose playbill is written : Bacchae Euripidis. Hora VIII<sup>va</sup>. (Veste moderna).*

*(Enter AESCHINUS, followed by SYRUS carrying a trunk labelled : Aeschinus. Lutetia. Via Dubris.)*

AE. *Porta ! ubinam porta est ? (Looks at entrance to Underground) Patet atri ianua Ditis.*

*(GETA comes from the station and prepares to take the trunk.)*

SY. *(as GETA spits on his hands). Ore fave, bone vir.*

GE. *Quo cupis ire ?*  
 AE. *Dubrem ;*  
*Unde viatores ratis excipit. Inveniatur*  
*Angulus in prima classe, ubi mi liceat*  
*Fumare ; haec arca est . . . ;*

GE. *Ambo tranare paratis ?*  
 Discessum est dudum : non potes ire hodie.

AE. *Hora quota est ?*

SY. *Nondum, ut puto, tertia.*

GE. *Tertia ! Chartam*  
*Hanc lege sis, (pointing to time-table) si tu*  
*forte videre cupis.*  
*Tempora mutantur.*

SY. *Varium et mutabile semper*  
*Haec tabula est.*

AE. *Pereas, o Syre ; culpa tua est.*

*The building on the left bears the words : Victoria. Southern Railway. Over another entrance is written : Underground. Outside the station is a time-table on a notice-board. At the back is a petrol pump inscribed Pratts. To the right is the Palace, a theatre, on whose playbill is written : Euripides play in the garb of to-day.*

*(Enter AESCHINUS, followed by SYRUS carrying a trunk labelled : Aeschinus. Paris. Via Dover.)*

AE. *Hi, porter ! What's this ? (Looks at entrance to Underground). 'Tis the portal of Dis.*

*(GETA comes from the station and prepares to take the trunk.)*

SY. *(as GETA spits on his hands). Don't spit, my good fellow.*

GE. *Where for, sir ?*  
 AE. *For Dover ;*  
*The boat-express, mind ; I'm for Paris. And*  
*find*  
*A corner first-class, and a smoker moreover.*  
*That's my luggage . . .*

GE. *Boat-train ? Channel swimmers again !*  
*It's gone long ago ; you can't travel to-day.*

AE. *What's the time ?*

SY. *Not yet three.*

GE. *Three ? this time-table see.*  
*(pointing to time-table). Two-forty, you'll*  
*notice, its figures display.*  
*A change has been made.*

AE. *Oh, a sly, fickle jade*  
*Is that table. Confound you, sir, yours is*  
*the fault.*



SY. Nulla Viae Austrinae nobis fiducia restat.

(to AESCHINUS) Accipias omen . . .

AE. Me retinere cupis ?

SY. Ne fortasse senex redeat te absente.

AE. Malorum  
Tantum religio praemonuisse potest ?

GE. (taking AESCHINUS aside to the time-table).  
Mane novo licet ire.

(BACCHIS arrives in a small car, on the number-plate of which is : A D MCMXXVIII.)

SY. Babae ! Mirabilis infans !

BA. (getting out). O, fons petrolei splendidus !  
Heus, puer, heus !

(Enter DROMO with a tin of petrol.)

Replenda est cisterna.

DR. Placetne haec concha tibi ?

BA. Non.

Εὖ πράττειν ἐθέλω.

(After filling the tank from the pump DROMO prepares to retire.)

SY. (inspecting the number-plate). Sillybus egregius !

BA. Austinio septem vires donantur equorum.

SY. Vilior Austinio est nullus in urbe hodie.

DR. At mox moris erit currus fabricare minores.  
(Exit.)

BA. (seeing AESCHINUS). Te ipsum quarebam,  
mi Aeschine. Tune vides ?

Bacchae Euripidis indutae sunt veste moderna.

AE. Bacchis Baccharum ducit et ipsa chorum.

BA. Te precor ut fautor nobis bacchantibus adsis.

AE. Tessera emenda mihi protinus. (To SYRUS)  
Ire licet.

(AESCHINUS and BACCHIS go off to the box-office.)

SY. (to GETA). Aeschinus ingenium sequitur dum  
saevit ab Indis  
Tempestas patris.

(Enter DEMEA and SOSTRATA from the station.)

GE. Iam, nisi fallor, adest.

DE. Londinium !

GE. (going to help with the luggage). Taxi m !  
Haec capiam.

SY. (aside). Pro Iupiter, ipse est.

DE. Est Syrus.

SY. Est.

DE. Salve !

SO. Tune vales ?

SY. Valeo.

SO. Dic mihi de nato ; placet huic Oxonia ?

SY. A no-confidence motion to this locomotion !

Reject not the omen (to AESCHINUS).

AE. D'you urge me to halt ?

SY. Lest your father arrive while you stray from  
the hive.

AE. Are omens so strong to forebode a mis-  
carriage ?

GE. (taking AESCHINUS aside to the time-table).  
There's a train in the morn.

(BACCHIS arrives in a small car, on the number-plate of which is : AD 1928.)

SY. A baby ! I scorn

These midgets.

BA. (getting out). A petrol pump ! Splendid. Hi  
garage !

(Enter DROMO with a tin of petrol.)

Fill the tank, please ; make haste !

DR. Is this Shell to your taste ?

BA. No, Ethyl for me.

SY. (inspecting the motor car). Could a 'bus well  
be skimpier ?

BA. It's an Austin, you see, a 7 h.p.

SY. And cheaper than them you won't find at  
Olympia.

DR. But the Morris petite that record will beat.  
(Exit.)

BA. (seeing AESCHINUS). Oh, Aeschinus darling,  
well met. Have you seen ?

In the garb of to-day we the Bacchants display.

AE. And Bacchis herself reigns of Bacchants the  
Queen.

BA. Be present to-night at our revels.

AE. All right.

I'll purchase a ticket at once. (To  
SYRUS). You can clear.

(AESCHINUS and BACCHIS go off to the box-office.)

SY. (to GETA). He does all he may choose, while  
from India brews  
The tempest paternal.

(Enter DEMEA and SOSTRATA from the station.)

GE. That tempest is here.

DE. Ah, London at last !

GE. (going to help with the luggage). A cab, sir ?

SY. (aside). It's the master.

DE. It's Syrus.

SY. It is.

DE. Good-day.

SO. How are you ?

SY. Well.

SO. But what of my boy ? Is Oxford his joy ?



SY. Multum.  
 DE. Ast hodie, Syre, ubi est ?  
 SY. (*looking round anxiously*). Hunc opus atque labor  
 Usque tenet.  
 DE. Quid agis tu ?  
 SY. Nil.  
 DE. Quid continet arca ?  
 SY. Nil.  
 DE. Tamen inscriptum est nomen et urbs.  
 SY. (*aside*). Perii !  
 (*aloud*). Ibat forte Via Ferrata—nempe negoti  
 Nescioquid meditans urbe Parisiaca.  
 (*He notices that BACCHIS and AESCHINUS are coming out of the theatre.*)  
 (*aside*) Iam redit et virgo . . .  
 DE. Redeunt at regna paterna.  
 (*BACCHIS and AESCHINUS try to escape unseen by DEMEA. SYRUS attempts to create a diversion with the trunk, but lets it fall on DEMEA'S foot.*)  
 DE. Stulte, tuum perdat dique deaeque caput !  
 Praegravidum est id 'nil.' (*Catches sight of AESCHINUS.*) Quis adest ? (*To SYRUS.*)  
 O splendide, mendax !  
 Non labor hunc iuvenem, Musa *Thalia* tenet.  
 SO. (*greeting AESCHINUS warmly*). O quid agis, fili ?  
 (*Embrace.*)  
 AE. Sed Bacchis progrediatur  
 Sponsa mea, in scaena ducere docta chorum.  
 SO. O fortunatam natam, te coniuge, mimam !  
 DE. O miserum, mima coniuge, te iuvenem !  
 Saepe pater dixi, 'tenta studium utile.' Averni  
 Descensus facilis mima ubi monstrat iter.  
 Vos hinc diversis discedite cursibus—eia !  
 (*Exeunt severally AESCHINUS and BACCHIS.*)  
 DE. (*indignantly*). Sicine perdat opes ?  
 SO. Nonne vacare licet ?  
 DE. Quemcumque Isis amat iuvenem vacat omnibus horis.  
 (*Shaking his fist*). At perdat, pereat ; non tamen huic dabitur.  
 Sumptus.  
 SY. (*hastily*). At ille minor natu Cantabrigiensis Remex est : navi praeficit hunc Veneta Factio caeruleae.  
 DE. Quantum hic *abludit* ab illo !  
 (*DROMO has entered with a newspaper, in which he is doing the crossword puzzle.*)

SY. Yes.  
 DE. Where is he now ?  
 SY. (*looking round anxiously*). He can gather no spell  
 From his studies.  
 DE. And what are you doing ?  
 SY. I'm not.  
 DE. What's in here ?  
 SY. Nothing.  
 DE. Oh, but it's labelled for train.  
 SY. Some business was pressing, and he was progressing  
 By railroad to Paris, the Queen of the Seine.  
 (*He notices that BACCHIS and AESCHINUS are coming out of the theatre.*)  
 (*aside*) Here she comes.  
 DE. Now I'm back no more shall he slack.  
 (*BACCHIS and AESCHINUS try to escape unseen by DEMEA. SYRUS attempts to create a diversion with the trunk, but lets it fall on DEMEA'S foot.*)  
 DE. Confound you, you fool, but that nothing's a weight ! (*Catches sight of AESCHINUS.*)  
 What's this ? I believe a . . .  
 You super-deceiver ! (*To SYRUS*)  
 It's this, not his studies, that keep him so late.  
 SO. (*greeting AESCHINUS warmly*). How are you, my boy ? (*Embrace.*)  
 AE. But meet my life's joy,  
 My Bacchis, well trained in the music-hall glide.  
 SO. Oh, happy artiste to bring you to the priest !  
 DE. Oh, wretched young man with an actress for bride !  
 I bade you to stick to your studies, for quick  
 Is the path of the rake when a vamp leads the way.  
 Get out of my sight, separated in flight !  
 (*Exeunt severally AESCHINUS and BACCHIS.*)  
 DE. (*indignantly*). Shall he thus waste my wealth ?  
 SO. Is there no holiday ?  
 DE. In whom Oxford takes pleasure is always at leisure.  
 (*Shaking his fist*). Let him go to the devil ;  
 I'll not foot the bill.  
 SY. (*hastily*). But your other son rows at Cambridge. They chose  
 To make him their president, thanks to his skill.  
 DE. How different ! True, I am proud of his Blue.  
 (*DROMO has entered with a newspaper, in which he is doing the crossword puzzle.*)



SY. Iam nunc certatur. (*Snatching DROMO's paper.*)

DR. Littera tertia deest.

SY. (*reading headlines*) 'Rex Amanulla videt certamen caeruleorum.

Nomina remigii ponderaque.' (*Showing photograph in paper.*) Em, iuvenes

Spe certa fotos. (*Returns newspaper to DROMO.*)

SO. Timeo ne aut alserit usquam,  
Fregerit aut remum fluctibus in gelidis.

DE. Femina, pax! Syre tu saccos capias: sequimur te.

(*Exit SYRUS. There is a clatter inside the theatre, and CANTHARA comes out with a broom and a bucket.*)

SO. Audistine? fores concrepuere.

CA. Dromo!

Late iactatur magni narratio cursus;  
Promatur studio machina magniloqua.

Vah, citipes! procul ut fluviali operata duello  
Absens assistam.

(*The loud-speaker is turned on, and a gun is heard.*)

Voice from loud-speaker: 'Carcere prosiliunt;  
Et pariter, pariter, cursu ad navalia ventum  
est

Harrodii.' (*Voice interrupted by oscillation.*)

CA. (*to DROMO*). Coepit vox ululare: tene!

(*DROMO adjusts the apparatus.*)

Voice: 'Prolapsa est Cantabrigia, et discrimine multo  
Praetereunt Pontem Malleofabricium.'

DR. Clamor ad astra . . . [(Cheers.)

Voice: 'Cave caneros, Oxonia! *cautim!*  
Nunc rabide certant. Denique conspicitur  
Terminus et Mortis Lacus, et Cantabrigienses  
Victores metam, laeta caterva, tenent.'

DR. Altera sed . . .

CA. Taceas, disces Oxoniferum tum  
Navigium, ut mos est, ima petisse maris.

(*They listen.*) Another voice:

'Salvete, infantes! affatur Avunculus Ooja.'

DE. Vah! satis est. (*To CANTHARA*). Sed utri  
tu studiosa faves?

CA. Victrix causa mihi placuit. (*Exit.*)

DR. Sed victa Dromoni.

SY. Even now they are racing. (*Snatching DROMO's paper.*)

DR. The third letter's D.

SY. (*reading headlines*). 'The Afghan King views the fight of the Blues.'

'Names and weights of the combatant crews.' And here see

Their photos. (*Returns newspaper to DROMO.*)

SO. I dread he's caught cold in the head,  
Or splintered his oar in the depths of the foam.

DE. Oh,  
Your reflections pray swallow. Take the trunks, you.  
We'll follow.

(*Exit SYRUS. There is a clatter inside the theatre, and CANTHARA comes out with a broom and a bucket.*)

SO. A door creaked on its hinge. Did you hear it?

CA. Hi, Dromo!

The account of the race is broadcast through space.

Fit the loud-speaker on to the wireless.  
Look smart!

That though far from the place, the 'Varsity race

I may hear from Savoy Hill.

(*The loud-speaker is turned on, and a gun is heard.*)

Voice from loud-speaker: 'They leap from the start,

And equal in stride past Harrods they glide.'  
(*Voice interrupted by oscillation.*)

CA. (*to DROMO*). It's beginning to howl. Stop it, Dromo, you ass.

(*DROMO adjusts the apparatus.*)

Voice. 'Cambridge spurt, it is seen, and there's daylight between

Showing clearly at Hammersmith Bridge as they pass.'

DR. A shout cleaves the air . . . [(Cheers.)

Voice. 'Now, Oxford, beware  
Of a crab! They race madly, and now there appears

The finish at last, and Mortlake is past.

And Cambridge, the victors, arrive amid cheers.'

DR. While Oxford . . .

CA. A jiff, and you'll hear that their\* kiff  
Has followed its custom and sunk in the sea.

(*They listen.*) Another voice:

'It's me, kiddies all, Uncle Oojah, who call.

DE. Enough! (*To CANTHARA*). But which crew boasted your loyalty?

CA. The winners, of course. (*Exit.*)

DR. But I backed the wrong horse.



GE. Sex nummos posuit.  
 SO. Perditus est ?  
 GE. Nisi tu  
 Haec transversa mihi verborum aenigmata  
 solvas. (*He spreads out a half-finished  
 crossword puzzle.*)  
 SO. Tu lege quid quaeras.  
 GE. Nomina multa peto  
 Magnanimum heroum, docte quae condidit  
 auctor—  
 Claros athletas pontificesque pios.  
 Imprimis summo loculos sex ordine ponit,  
 Atque ita rem obscurat calliditate nova :  
 'Hic vir episcopus est Anglis de more moderno.'

SO. Nempe moderni sunt non duo pontifices ;  
 'Horrea' sola manent. (*Writes down the word.*)

DE. Non ille tenere videtur  
 More *Anglo cathedram.*  
 SO. Perge !  
 GE. 'Decanus' ait  
 'Tristis.'  
 SO. Forsan et hunc olim meminisse licebit.  
 DR. Ipse sed inveni. (*Writes.*)

GE. Deinde 'Decanus' ait  
 'Non tristis.' 'Vulpes' 'vulpinus'-ve incipit  
 illud  
 Nomen.  
 SO. Numne lupos haec quoque fabula habet ?  
 DE. Mox illum 'noris' si vis circumspicere aedes.

GE. 'Qui venit vidit vicit ab America,  
 Atque pilam volucrem clava percussit obunca.'

SO. Hoc nimium facile est. (*Writes it down  
 carelessly.*)  
 DE. At *propera! prospera!*  
 SO. Paene est confectum. Remanent loca quinque  
 deorsum.  
 GE. 'Archididascalus et candidus.'  
 SO. 'Albus' !  
 DR. Ita est.  
 Felix qui potui complexos solvere nodos !  
 (*Exit in triumph.*)  
 DE. A deverticulo iam repetatur iter.

SO. Quis monstrare viam poterit ? Si lictor ad-  
 esset . . .  
 GE. Dic mihi quid cupias.  
 DE. Imus ad Hospitium  
 Caecilium.  
 GE. Tibi nota Via est Victoria ?  
 DE. Quidni ?

GE. He'd betted a bob.  
 SO. Is he broke ?  
 GE. Unless you  
 Yourself will involve this crossword to solve.  
 (*He spreads out a half-finished crossword  
 puzzle.*)  
 SO. Read out what you want.  
 GE. Names of good men and true,  
 Four or five at the least, both athlete and  
 priest,  
 Whom the writer has hidden with skilful  
 technique.  
 At the top is a name of six letters ; the same  
 Is concealed in this manner of cunning  
 unique :  
 'This Bishop's the King of the Modernist  
 wing.'  
 SO. Only one Bishop, surely, has Modernist  
 views ;  
 Barnes only remains. (*Writes down the word.*)  
 DE. And his see he maintains  
 To the Anglos' annoyance.  
 SO. Go on.  
 GE. It pursues  
 'A most gloomy Dean.'  
 SO. I might guess whom they mean.  
 DR. But I've found him myself in St. Paul's.  
 (*Writes.*)  
 GE. 'Dean' again  
 'Not gloomy by fame.' And he starts off  
 his name  
 'Fox' or 'Foxley.'  
 SO. What, wolves does this story contain ?  
 DE. Just look round the Pit ; see if Norris will  
 fit.  
 GE. 'Who came from America, saw and o'er-  
 came,  
 While smiting the ball he cleared bunkers and  
 all.'  
 SO. Too easy is this. (*Writes it down care-  
 lessly.*)  
 DE. Proper A all the same.  
 SO. It nearly is done. What's the clue for this  
 one ?  
 GE. 'A precious Head Master.'  
 SO. It's Costley !  
 DR. Hooray !  
 How happy am I, such a knot to untie !  
 (*Exit in triumph.*)  
 DE. This digression now over, we'll go on our  
 way.  
 SO. But whose to direct us ? There are no in-  
 spectors . . .  
 GE. Say where you would go.  
 DE. To the Cecil Hotel.

GE. Victoria Street, do you know ?  
 DE. There I see't.



GE. Hac recta platea praetereas venies  
Ad magnas—verba *ah! mea nave* attende—  
tabernas;  
Noli intrare precor, sed pete templa Iovis.  
Deinde tene laevam Tamesim prope flumen et  
oram;  
Hac te praecipita.

SO. Gratia multa . . .  
DE. (*interrupting*). Veni!  
(*Exeunt* DEMEA and SOSTRATA. *Re-enter* CANTHARA. GETA regards *playbill*.)

GE. Veste moderna! *Plus fors* Bacchis illa valebit.  
CA. Miror si hasce vices ipse poeta probat.

(*The Shade of the Poet appears from the Underground.*)

HEGIO. Ex Orco venio.  
GE. (*sceptically*). Poterasne eludere Ditem  
Tricipitemque canem?

HE. *Nempe hic et ille tubo*  
Me quaerunt, aliaque via sum vectus ad urbem.

Templa sed ecquis in hac incolit Acropoli,  
Seu dea sive deus—*Victoria? Pallas* Athena?

GE. Non est Palladium, stulte; Palatium id est.  
HE. (*regarding playbill*). Ille ego qui quondam scripsi . . .

CA. Mentiris, amice;  
Mortuus est.

HE. Ego sum mortuus.  
CA. Ore fave!

GE. Amens! (*Looking at his watch*). Sesqui est quarta! hodie redit urbe Geneva  
Legatus noster; tempus abire; vale.  
(*Exit to station.*)

HE. Ah, utinam nobis mimos spectare liceret,  
Quis ita defunctos ludificare placet!  
(*Turning to CANTHARA*). Huc igitur tu arcesse illos: vocat ipse poeta.

CA. Quidnam nobiscum est, o scelerate, tibi?

HE. Ne me sperne, tuum vatem, *Medea*, precantem.

CA. Quam lepide loquitur! Scilicet huic placeo!  
Si vis haec (*pointing to pail, etc.*) tractare mea vice protinus ibo.

(HEGIO takes up the broom.)

CA. Verre pavimentum; marmora foeda lava;  
Cura ne perfusa luto sit porticus illa.  
(*Aside*) Arcessam qui te limine deiciat.

(*Exit.*)

GE. Go straight along that, sir, and (mark my words well)  
You will pass, as I guess, by the ANCS.  
Be not tempted to enter, but follow the throng  
To the Abbey; then make for the river and take  
Your left hand and proceed.

SO. Many thanks . . .  
DE. (*interrupting*). Come along!  
(*Exeunt* DEMEA and SOSTRATA. *Re-enter* CANTHARA. GETA regards *playbill*.)

GE. This modern-dess move the play will improve.  
CA. But I doubt if the poet who wrote it would like it.

(*The Shade of the Poet appears from the Underground.*)

HEGIO. From the Kingdom of Shade am I.  
GE. (*sceptically*). Could you evade  
The god and the dog?

HE. On the Hampstead and Highgate  
They're making a fuss, but I came on a 'bus.  
But which of the gods in this citadel dallies?  
Or the goddesses? Nike? or Pallas? or Psyche?

GE. It's not the Palladium, fool, it's the Palace.  
HE. (*regarding playbill*). The author am I . . .

CA. My good fellow, you lie.  
He's dead long ago.

HE. I am dead.  
CA. Have a heart!

GE. He's mad. (*Looking at his watch*). But it's late, and to-day is the date  
That Micio's coming, and I must depart.  
(*Exit to station.*)

HE. Oh, would that they might be brought to my sight,  
These Philistine actors the dead that deride!  
(*Turning to CANTHARA*). Call them all from their tasks; 'tis the poet who asks.

CA. What business have you with the people inside?

HE. Reject not the prayer of thy poet, most fair.

CA. How pretty! I've made quite a hit, I declare! (*pointing to pail, etc.*) I'll go if you'll take my place for a shake.

First sweep down the steps; clean the dirt from the stair.

Take care that they're all free from mud.  
(*Aside*) I will call

The boss, who I'm sure will eject you with speed. (*Exit.*)



HE. (*takes the broom*). Verre pavimentum primum ;  
sic incipit Ion. (*Sweeps vigorously and  
is soon exhausted.*)

Est opus insuetis his manibus vacuum.  
(*Turns to the pail.*)

Spongia mi praesto, sed ubi terrae posuisti  
Saponem, mea lux? At video sub aqua.

Ter quater a manibus prensans fugientia capto  
Fragmina saponis. (*Tries to rise*). Sed re-  
vocare gradum

Hoc opus est.

(*Enter CANTHARA, followed by SANNIO, who stumbles  
over the broom.*)

CA. Lente propera! Procumbet humi bos.  
SA. (*looking in amazement at HEGIO*). O limosus  
es! O furcifer, unde quis es?

HE. Ille ego qui fuerim ragicorum inventor amorum  
A vobis poterit noscere posteritas. (*Points  
to theatre*).

Comicus ut videor! sic transit fama poetae.

SA. Argentum petimus: quod tua fama perit  
Huius non faciam. (*Snapping his fingers.*)

HE. (*in anger*). Actores ubi sunt scelerati?

SA. (*noticing BACCHIS, who has just entered*). Unam  
mox cernes: ecce! chorega venit.

CA. (*shocked at the actress' attire*). O ne plus ultra!  
Vae pictis, femina! (*Exit.*)

HE. Virgo  
Haud mala!

BA. Cur ita nos, dure senex, cupias  
Laedere?

HE. (*deprecatingly*). Tene ego laedo, Laide ama-  
biliorem?  
Non prius induxit bella puella chorum.

SA. (*to BACCHIS*). Tempus inire; sequar. (*Exit  
BACCHIS.*) (*To HEGIO*). Iam defervisse  
videris.

HE. Ne nos obtundas. Tempus inire; (*aside*)  
sequar. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter CTESIPHO from Underground. SYRUS returns  
carrying a book, and followed by PARMENO.*)

SY. Hic est depositus liber in platea, Populari  
Concilio ingratus: corripui.

CT. (*taking the book*). Quid inest?  
Shavius hoc scripsit Bernardus: 'Res Sociales  
Me duce condiscat femina quaeque sagax.'

HE. (*takes the broom*). 'Sweep the steps,' did she  
say? So opens my play. (*Sweeps vigor-  
ously and is soon exhausted.*)

A vacuum cleaner these weary hands need!  
(*Turns to the pail.*)

Here at hand is the sponge, but where did you  
plunge

The soap, sunlight dear? In the bucket it  
lies.

The fragments I clasp as thrice from my grasp  
They seek to escape. (*Tries to rise.*) But  
the labour's to rise

From my knees.

(*Enter CANTHARA, followed by SANNIO, who stumbles  
over the broom.*)

CA. Not so fast, or you'll trip yourself, master.  
SA. (*looking in amazement at HEGIO*). What's this?  
Holy Moses! and whence? what  
temerity!

HE. That I, though reviled, was Melpomene's child  
Will be freely admitted by later posterity.  
(*Points to theatre.*) You make me a Wode-  
house.

SA. We aim at a good house  
And don't care a hang for your glory; you  
bore us.

HE. (*in anger*). Where are my detractors, these  
scoundrelly actors?

SA. (*noticing BACCHIS, who has just entered*). Here's  
one for you now; she's the first of the  
chorus.

CA. (*shocked at the actress' attire*). From the coming  
wrath flee with that paint and that knee!

HE. Not bad! (*Exit.*)

BA. Why d'you hate us, you horrid old  
dear?

HE. (*deprecatingly*). No harm I intend to such a  
Girl Friend;  
So charming a maid never graced the  
Lenaea.

SA. (*to BACCHIS*). It's time to depart; I will  
follow. (*Exit BACCHIS.*) (*To HEGIO*).  
You start  
To cool down.

HE. Peace. It's time to depart; (*aside*)  
I will follow. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter CTESIPHO from Underground. SYRUS returns  
carrying a book, and followed by PARMENO.*)

SY. The deposited book which M.P.'s would not  
brook  
I found and abstracted.

CT. (*taking the book*). What wouldn't they  
swallow?

'The wise woman's guide to the Socialist side.'  
That's the title, and written by G. Bernard  
Shaw.



PA. O scelus! in turba spectabam corripientem  
Te librum.

SY. Inspector!  
PA. Non potes effugere.

CT. Obsecro, lictor . . .

PA. Me devortis nil nisi dono.

(CTESIPHO takes out money and prepares to offer  
some to PARMENO.)

SY. (*aside*). Huc reditum nollem.

CT. Si tibi, amice, dabo  
Libram pro libro, ne *quid* notescat.

PA. Abibo.  
Hic verba effundis tu sapientia.

CT. Abi! (PARMENO *withdraws*.)  
Disciplinae exemplum! Et quis custodiet  
ipsos Lictores?

SY. Lictor res ita *constabit*.  
(*Re-enter* DEMEA and SOSTRATA.)

DE. (*to* SYRUS). Defessi stando, plateam transire  
nequimus  
Vertice quod carri tot sine fine ruunt.

CT. Et pater et mater!

DE. (*seeing* CTESIPHO). Vivant Cantabrigienses!  
Certe patrisas.

(*Enter* MICIO *from the station*.)

MI. Demea!  
DE. Quis vocat? O Micio,  
care senex, salve! Unde domum redisti?

MI. Nos ad concilium vere Geneva vocat.

DE. O praetor peregrine, nimis ne crede Genevae  
Simplex!

MI. Cur simplex? Nonne Geneva iubet  
Parcere subiectis et de— . . .

DE. (*contemptuously*). —Pacare superbos!  
Vos equidem laudo; at militia est potior.

MI. Miles eras: tua mens est tarda, et inania  
verba.

Iam duce Kellogo sic iubet America:

'Cedant arma togis; hastas deponite cuncti.'

DE. Imperet hoc aliis; (*showing his revolver  
and medals*) arma virumque cano.

MI. Mox abeo in Gallos; quaeretur formula pacti.

DE. Filius huc hodie victor ab amne redit;  
Si tu quaestorem, in Gallos abiture, requiras

CT. O pater, hic hodie fabula rara datur!

(SANNIO chases HEGIO *from the theatre*. BACCHIS  
*appears at the door*.)

SA. An tibi iam mavis cerebrum dispergam?  
Abas hinc.

PA. You scoundrel! you took the deposited  
book!  
I saw you.

SY. Inspector.

PA. You can't cheat the law.

CT. Come, Robert, be nice!

PA. I might go at a price.

(CTESIPHO takes out money and prepares to offer  
some to PARMENO.)

SY. (*aside*). Why did I come back here?

CT. Let sleeping dogs lie  
If I give you a quid.

PA. I will do as you bid.

These words, sir, are wisdom. I'm going.

CT. Good-bye! (PARMENO *withdraws*.)  
Exemplary creature! Who teaches the  
teacher?

SY. It's ever the way with our upright policing.  
(*Re-enter* DEMEA and SOSTRATA.)

DE. (*to* SYRUS). We've worn out our feet without  
crossing the street,  
Such masses of traffic went round without  
ceasing.

CT. It's Mother and Dad!

DE. (*seeing* CTESIPHO). Like your father, my lad!  
Well done, Cambridge!

(*Enter* MICIO *from station*.)

MI. Why, Demea!

DE. Who's voice? My dear friend,  
Whitehall did you leave, or whence are you?

MI. Geneva.  
I've been the spring conference there to attend.

DE. On the League don't rely, O Minister high,  
You fool.

MI. Why so? Doesn't Geneva proclaim  
The humble to spare, but the haughty to—  
er—

DE. (*contemptuously*). To peace down. Well, all  
right, but the sword all the same  
Is the judge.

MI. A slow brain and reasons inane  
From the soldier! But hark to the  
American:

'The pen than the sword is a mightier word.'  
DE. To others tell that; (*showing his revolver and  
medals*) I sing arms and the man.

MI. I'm going to France, a pact to advance.

DE. From the river my son returns victor  
to-day;

If you want an attaché among the Apaches . . .  
CT. Oh, father, they're showing a new kind of  
play.

(SANNIO chases HEGIO *from the theatre*. BACCHIS  
*appears at the door*.)

SA. D'you want me to clout you're head off?  
Get out!



HE. Protinus excedam (*pointing to BACCHIS*) si  
volet illa sequi.

(AESCHINUS has entered and overheard the last  
remark.)

AE. O hominem impurum! Me invito auferre  
puellam! (*Strikes him.*)

HE. Non ita nos tanges; pulvis et umbra sumus.  
(*Barking is heard in the Underground, and a three-  
headed dog appears, looking for someone.* GETA,  
DROMO and CANTHARA enter at the noise. Mean-  
while HEGIO has hidden himself.)

SA. Iupiter! anne novum terrorem Alsatia misit?

AE. Immemor es; lupus in fabula adest.

SA. Quid ais?  
Monstrum informe ingens!

BA. Quo nunc fugiamus?  
(*The dog approaches CANTHARA.*) Abi tu!  
(*The dog evinces physical discomfort.*)

SY. O parasitaster paulule, fle; moreris!

DR. (*producing biscuits*). O comites, plenis mani-  
bus date farra canina.

AE. Graeculus esuriens!

CT. (*seizing the dog's collar*). Aeschine, iam teneo.

AE. Omnia perdomuit cantando musicus Orpheus;  
Frater, ne Graecis Anglia cedat.

CT. (*clearing his throat*). Ehem!

AE. et CT. (*singing*). Tu Britannia, tu regna Brit-  
annia ponto!

O numquam numquam numquam ego ser-  
vus ero! (*The dog sinks down.*)

MI. (*stopping his ears*). Claudite iam rivos pueri.  
Non Regia Quercus

Irato poterat tam gravis esse duci.

SA. At scio.

MI. Habesne aliquid?

SA. Monstrum mittamus ad Hortos  
Zoologos.

CANIS. Oŭ, oŭ.

MI. Non placet ire cani.

DE. En, pede suspenso illius post terga *revolver*  
(*draws his revolver*)

Atque pilis ternis traiciam capita. (*Shoots,  
but with no effect.*)

AE. Non flocci facit hoc animal; sed ridet et odit.

MI. Non remanere potest.

DE. Non removere potes.

CT. (*to AESCHINUS*). Si tu colloquium facias, te  
dulce loquentem  
Forsitan o frater diligit.

AE. Experiar.

(*To dog*). Unde aut qua catulus nostras accedis  
ad oras

Puppe? (*The dog is unmoved.*)

CT. Voca Graece.

AE. Δεῦτε κυνὸς κεφαλαί.

HE. If she will come with me (*pointing to BACCHIS*)  
I'll go anywhere.

(AESCHINUS has entered and overheard the last  
remark.)

AE. O character shady to steal a young lady.  
(*Strikes him.*)

HE. You won't hurt me so; I am ashes and air.  
(*Barking is heard in the Underground, and a three-  
headed dog appears, looking for someone.* GETA,  
DROMO and CANTHARA enter at the noise. Mean-  
while HEGIO has hidden himself.)

SA. Has Alsace released a new horrible beast?

AE. Why, don't you recall? It's the wolf in  
the story.

SA. Huge, dread prodigy!

BA. Where now shall we fly?  
(*The dog evinces physical discomfort.*)

SY. Little parasite, tremble; you're going to  
glory.

DR. (*producing biscuits*). A generous store of dog-  
biscuits pour.

AE. The famishing Greeking.

CT. (*seizing the dog's collar*). I've got it, old man.

AE. 'Twas Orpheus's fame by singing to tame.  
Let us rival the Greek then.

CT. An excellent plan.

(AESCHINUS and CTESIPHO sing 'Rule, Britannia,'  
etc. The dog sinks down. MICIO stops his ears.)

MI. This row I can't stand. The Royal Oak band  
Could never have angered the admiral so.

SA. I know.

MI. Something new?

SA. Send the brute to the Zoo.

DOG. Non, Non!

MI. But the dog is unwilling to go.

DE. On tip-toe I'll tack, and get to his back  
And his head with three shots into atoms  
I'll blow. (*Draws his revolver and shoots,  
but with no effect.*)

AE. He don't care two pins, but maliciously grins.

MI. You can't let him stay here.

DE. You can't get him away.

CT. (*to AESCHINUS*). Respect you he might if with  
converse polite  
You addressed him, dear brother.

AE. I'll try what you say.

(*To dog*). On what ship or what 'plane did you  
traverse the main,

Little puppy? (*The dog is unmoved.*)

CT. Try French.

AE. Nom d'un chien, à moi.



CT. Unus is est an tres ?  
 AE. Unus sunt.  
 CT. Ut puto, tres est.  
 AE. O canis . . .  
 CT. O-ve canes . . .  
 AE. Quem petis . . .  
 CT. Aut petitis . . .  
 AE. Latrans . . .  
 CT. Latrantes . . .  
 AE. Ore . . .  
 CT. Oribus ?  
 MI. Ore trilingui ?

(The dog is still unmoved.)

AE. (with great hesitation). Tum . . .  
 DE. Quid ?  
 AE. At O comites, me piget illa loqui.  
 DE. Quodcumque est facimus.  
 AE. Manet haec spes ultima nobis ;  
 Servati multi, perditus unus erit :  
 Eligat ipse canis quem vult deducere secum.

(The dog leaps up and amid general confusion discovers HEGIO in the motor car, which he proceeds to drag into the Underground station.)

BA. Siste canem ! (PARMENO rushes in.)

HE. (derisively). Numerum non habet ille meum.  
 MI. Iam iam tacturi sunt Tartara nigra. (Exit.)

HE. (off). κατῆγεν, ἦγεν μ', ἦγεν . . .  
 CA. Abit pestifer ille ; vale !  
 MI. (to AESCHINUS). At iuvenis tu consilio nos expediisti.  
 Salve, vir sapiens ! Anglia talis eget.  
 Si mihi tu quaestor vis esse, talenta cotannis  
 Quattuor accipies.

AE. Gratia habenda tibi ;  
 Bacchida iam ducam.  
 SA. Tibi eam si vendere nolo,  
 Coges me ?  
 AE. Minime ; sed removenda tamen. (He is about to take BACCHIS away.)  
 DE. Aeschine, do veniam. Ornabo vos laudibus ambos :  
 Isis alit mentes, corpora Granta virum.

(Coming forward, to audience.)

Hac si nocte tuos vestivimus, Afer, Adelpbos  
 More novo, nobis tu quoque da veniam.  
 Vestes mutantur, sed non mutamur in illis ;  
 Corda manent eadem. Floreat Alma Domus !

CT. Is it one dog or three ?  
 AE. They're one.  
 CT. I disagree ; It is three.  
 AE. Dog . . .  
 CT. Or dogs . . .  
 AE. Whom art after . . .  
 CT. Or are . . .  
 AE. Pouring note . . .  
 CT. Pouring notes . . .  
 AE. From thy throat . . .  
 CT. From your throats . . .  
 MI. Triple throat ?

(The dog is still unmoved.)

AE. (with great hesitation). Then . . .  
 DE. What ?  
 AE. Ah, but I hardly dare say.  
 DE. With aught we shall cope.  
 AE. There remains this last hope ;  
 So many are spared and but one made away.  
 We'll let the dog pick whom he'll take with  
 him ; quick !

(The dog leaps up and amid general confusion discovers HEGIO in the motor car, which he proceeds to drag into the Underground station.)

BA. Stop the dog, someone, stop him ! (PARMENO rushes in.)

HE. (derisively). He's not got my number. (Exit.)  
 MI. They plunge down the well to the portals of Hell.

HE. (off). Break, break, break . . .  
 CA. He has gone to the shadows ; sweet slumber !  
 MI. (to AESCHINUS). But you with your plan have saved us, young man.  
 Hail, intelligent youth ! of such Britain has need.  
 If you, sir, will be my secretary  
 A thousand a year is your well-deserved  
 meed.

AE. Many thanks ; I can then marry Bacchis.

SA. And when  
 I won't sell ?

AE. In that case she'll be quietly withdrawn.  
 (He is about to take BACCHIS away.)

DE. I forgive you, my son ; I shall praise you each one.  
 For Isis gives brain to men, Granta gives brawn.

(Coming forward, to audience.)

You, too, be not wroth if your Brothers we clothe,  
 O African Terence, in different wise.  
 We may change dress and name, but we still are the same ;  
 And from hearts still unchanged shall the  
 'Floreat' rise !



## Correspondence.

THE 'ADELPHI,' 1928.

*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

SIR,—Of the plays of the Westminster cycle, the 'Adelphi' is by no means the easiest to stage with success. It is one of the best that Terence wrote, but it depends more than most upon purely psychological interest. The contrasted characters of the two pairs of brothers and the central problem of educational method are developed in speech rather than in action, and how many members of a modern audience can take all the spoken points? Such long soliloquies as Micio's opening speech put a very severe strain on a young actor speaking a foreign language in a pronunciation no longer familiar even to himself or to most of his Westminster hearers. That the play nevertheless went exceedingly well is very greatly to the credit both of the actors and of those who trained them. Mr. Grigg, as Micio, though not an actor of outstanding ability, acquitted himself very well, especially in the scene where he fools and then re-assures Aeschinus, and in the passage where Demea turns the tables and rattles him into exaggerated generosity and precipitate matrimony. Mr. Harrison had a less difficult part, for Demea's pedantic severity and angry irritability are much easier to appreciate. He made the most of his opportunities, and gave a very lively and well-conceived performance.

The few passages which lend themselves to lively action were excellently managed. Nothing could have been better than the scene where Aeschinus gets Bacchis into the house in her master's teeth. Mr. Cooper as Sannio was a cringing bully in the best Westminster tradition, and Mr. Mackenzie as Aeschinus and Mr. Allen as Parmeno, both played their parts with admirable vigour and adroitness. Mr. Lea made an exceedingly attractive Bacchis, and it was difficult to forgive Terence for condemning him to silence during the too brief moments that he spent on the stage. But Latin comedy has few rôles like Ampelisca's in the *Rudens*.

Full advantage was taken of the comic possibilities of Hegio, as the old, the very old, family friend. Terence's text scarcely justified his appearance as a deaf and ridiculous dotard, but this is the Westminster tradition, and no-one can quarrel with it. The Romans, with no language difficulty to blunt their appreciation, never really enjoyed Menander without a spice of Plautine farce, and a modern audience must be given a little extra fun. The fun in this case was at once restrained and extremely funny: Mr. White's hardness of hearing

and his solemn business with his enormous hat were quite irresistible.

Of the other characters Mr. Pagan as Sostrata and Mr. Milne as Canthara were both thoroughly adequate, but not particularly interesting: both parts are rather thankless and uninspiring. Mr. Evetts was a good Ctesipho, and his girlish shyness and timidity contrasted effectively with the courage and energy of Mr. Mackenzie's Aeschinus. Mr. Lee's Geta and Mr. Philby's Dromo were both good, but neither part gave the actor much scope.

The triumph of the evening was undoubtedly Mr. Elliston's Syrus. Westminster has seen many excellent slaves—they are the best actor's right—but in thirty years I remember none better than this. Alone of the caste he is quite obviously a born actor, to whom appropriate subtleties of intonation and action come by instinct. The most striking detail was perhaps the stare of righteous indignation with which he withered the spot of ground which had dared to trip him in his drunken attempts to get up. But his performance was uniformly excellent. His misdirection of Demea's wanderings, his impertinent parody of his pomposity, and his final adroit exploitation of his own good luck spring most easily to the memory.

The Prologue was well delivered, and was an extraordinarily able piece of Terentian verse. Its substance was admirable in delicacy and tact, and it was most unlucky that the King's illness prevented the presence, after so many years, of a pair of Royal listeners, and deprived the Third Night audience of the pleasure of hearing the beautiful lines prepared for their welcome.

The Epilogue was certainly one of the best of recent years. There has lately been a danger of over-elaborate construction, which makes the action hard to follow, and gives certain necessary linking passages a tendency to drag. This year's Epilogue went more gaily and smoothly than any that I remember, and triumphantly justified Mr. Simpson's methods. There was not a dull moment, and the characters were never awkwardly grouped or insufficiently occupied. As usual the actors threw themselves into their parts with superb vigour and gusto, and differences of quality were far less clearly marked than in the Play itself.

The 'Adelphi' does not lend itself easily to direct parody, and Mr. Simpson showed great skill in making the most of his opportunities: one of the most amusing instances was the directing of Demea and Sostrata to the Hotel Cecil. The verse contained an unusually large number of cleverly adapted Greek and Latin tags: one of the best was 'O praetor peregrine, nimis ne crede Genevae.' Like his predecessors, Mr. Simpson must have been disappointed (at all events on the



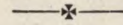
Third Night) to see how many escaped the audience's notice. The puns were excellent. One of the best was in the excellent bit of business of the badly-written A in the cross-word puzzle. The bad writing was done so plainly that no one could miss it, yet so naturally that it roused no suspicions, and Demea's impatient 'Propera! Propera!' was a delightful surprise. Another clever pun was 'verba a mea nave attende! Of the inventions of the plot the most striking was the entry of Euripides' ghost and his recall by a very comical Cerberus: this was a great success, and Euripides' despairing *κατῆγεν, ἦγέν μ', ἦγεν* was a masterstroke. Perhaps the best couplet of the piece was

'Claudite iam rivos pueri. Non Regia Quercus  
Irato poterat tam gravis esse duci.'

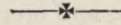
But if I begin quoting good couplets, I shall never be able to stop. It must be enough to say that 1928 proved that the whole elaborate Westminster tradition of Prologue, Play, and Epilogue,

a unique national possession, is as fresh and vigorous as it has been at any time within living memory.  
Floreat! I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,  
D. S. R.



During 1928, Life Subscriptions to THE ELIZABETHAN were paid by Captain J. S. Heaton-Ellis, Lt.-Col. W. Martin Leake, Major Gen. A. A. McHardy, and Messrs. C. T. Agar, E. F. Colville, G. E. D. Halahan, J. H. Reynolds and W. G. Towers.



### School Notes.

✓ C. M. Harrison has been elected to an open Scholarship and J. C. P. Elliston to an open Exhibition in Classics, at Trinity College, Cambridge, and E. F. F. White to an open scholarship in

## 'THE ELIZABETHAN.'

### REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1928.

<i>Dr.</i>	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.	<i>Cr.</i>
To Printing six numbers ... ..	167	9	11	By Subscriptions—				
„ Postage ... ..	7	14	11	O.W.W. and others ... ..	70	18	6	
„ Addressing ... ..	1	12	6	School ... ..	82	8	6	
„ Sundries ... ..	—	7	3	Masters ... ..	4	14	6	
„ Balance ... ..	3	16	4	Proportion of Life Compositions	13	0	0	
				Paid in advance at 31/12/27...	52	19	6	
					224	1	0	
				Less Paid in advance at 31/12/28	58	18	9	
								165 2 3
				„ Odd numbers ... ..				1 18 6
				„ Dividends ... ..				10 0 0
				„ Bank interest ... ..				4 0 2
								<u>£181 0 11</u>
								<u>£181 0 11</u>

### BALANCE-SHEET AT DECEMBER 31, 1928.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Subscriptions in advance ... ..				58	18	9	By Investment (£200 National		
„ Life Compositions as at 1/1/28	292	6	0				War Bonds, 5% (1929), at cost)	202	9
Add Life Compositions received							„ Cash—		
in 1928 ... ..	26	5	0				On Deposit ... ..	160	0
							On Current Account ... ..	69	15
								229	15
Less credited to Revenue ... ..	13	0	0						
				305	11	0			
„ Surplus as at 1/1/28 ... ..	63	19	3						
Add Surplus revenue for 1928...	3	16	4						
				67	15	7			
				<u>£432</u>	<u>5</u>	<u>4</u>			
								<u>£432</u>	<u>5 4</u>

C. M. HARRISON, *Editor.*

I. F. SMEDLEY, *Hon. Treasurer.*

On December 31, 1928, there were 121 Life Subscriptions, the liability on which was estimated at £305 11s.



Classics and History, at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

The results of provisional election to Christ Church were as follows: A. F. L. Beeston, E. D. Phillips and T. H. S. Wyllie to Scholarships in Classics; M. Mackenzie to an Exhibition in Classics; F. M. Hardie, to a Scholarship in History; and D. K. C. O'Malley, to the Hinchliffe Scholarship.

The Ireland Prize for Latin verse was won by T. H. S. Wyllie. *Prox. Acc.* C. M. Harrison.

The Phillimore Translation Prize was not awarded, but a second prize was given to C. M. Harrison.

The Masonic Essay Prize was won by J. Levison.

The Mure Scholarship was won by D. A. G. Hinks, and a second prize was awarded to M. Mackenzie.

We welcome as a new Assistant Master, Mr. A. H. Laurie, of Sedbergh School, and King's College, Cambridge.

### The Elizabethan Club.

*President.*—The Rt. Hon. LORD PHILLIMORE, G.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D.

*Hon. Treasurer.*—SIR ERNEST GOODHART, Bart., Rust Hall, Tunbridge Wells.

*Hon. Secretary.*—D. C. SIMPSON, Esq., 20, Great College Street, S.W. 1.

*Asst. Hon. Secretary.*—A. M. SHEPLEY-SMITH, 21, Vincent Square, S.W. 1.

*Hon. Secretary Games Committee.*—W. N. McBRIDE, Esq., Craigmere, Pampisford Road, Croydon.

### SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

There will be a Special General Meeting of the Club on Tuesday, March 19, at 5.45 p.m., at the School. The questions that are to be discussed are of some importance and all members are urged to make an effort to keep the date free and to bring to the notice of others the necessity of attending the meeting in order to express their views.

### AGENDA.

1. Westminster Dinner and Ball. The General Committee of the Club are of opinion that it is desirable to hold a large dinner and a large Ball, open to all Old Westminsters, in alternate years; that in the years in which there is no Dinner the Elizabethan Club should hold a Dinner as heretofore; and that in the years when there is no Ball, the Games Section should organise a small dance for members of the Club.

2. The addition to the title of the Club of the words, 'The Westminster Society,' in brackets, after the words Elizabethan Club.

Notices of the Meeting will be sent to members in due course.

As the result of the Rule reducing the Subscription for Westminsters who left school before the War, nearly 50 new members have been added to the Club.

### THE WESTMINSTER BALL.

The second Westminster Ball was held at the Hyde Park Hotel, on Friday, December 14, and was another great success.

The general national anxiety which was at its most acute stage a few weeks before the Ball had fortunately somewhat subsided.

The Committee felt it their duty to 'carry on,' and did so, so effectually that 608 O.W.W. and their friends attended the Ball.

Letters from H.M. the Queen and the King's Private Secretary helped the Committee by showing it was wished no important function should be put off unless absolutely necessary.

The Ball rooms and Supper rooms were properly decorated with pink carnations and posies of pink carnations were distributed during supper.

The Head Master and Mrs. Costley White attended the Ball.

Amongst those taking parties were:—

Sir George and Lady Sutherland, General Sir Raleigh and Lady Egerton, Mr. Justice Cuming, Mrs. H. St. J. Philby, Mr. F. A. M. Macquisten, Mr. C. F. Watherston, Mr. Basil Sheldon, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Sir Arthur Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Taylor, Mr. K. C. Keymer, Mr. Oswald Lewis, Mr. C. M. Cahn, Mr. W. B. Frampton, Mr. Lorimer Thomas, Mr. Barrington Ward, Mr. C. W. Fowler, Mr. Gordon Spry, Mr. G. V. Salvi, Mr. R. F. Potter, Mr. P. H. Wyatt, Mr. C. J. Pinder, Mr. A. R. C. Fleming, Mr. A. L. Leighton, Mr. C. W. Myring, Mr. J. A. Cook, The Hon. Secretary and Mr. A. C. Grover.

Many other well-known O.W.W. attended and dancing was kept up until 3 a.m., when breakfast was served.

Mr. Pilbeam's Band played in one Ball-room and Mr. Garceau's band in the other.



## FOOTBALL.

## RESULTS OF MATCHES PLAYED THIS SEASON.

## 1st XI.

- Sept. 29—Lancing College. *Lost* 1-2.  
 Oct. 6—R.M.C. *Lost* 2-4.  
 „ 13—St. Lawrence College, *Lost* 1-5.  
 „ 20—Bank of England. *Lost* 0-13.  
 „ 27—Old Cholmelians. *Won* 4-3.  
 Nov. 3—Wellingborough School. *Lost* 1-5.  
 „ 10—R.M.A. *Won* 8-2.  
 „ 17—Christ Church, *Lost* 1-4.  
 „ 24—Kew Association (A.F.A. Senior Cup).  
*Lost* 1-5.  
 Dec. 1—St. Thomas's Hospital. *Won* 5-1.  
 „ 8—Westminster School. *Lost* 2-5.  
 „ 15—Old Bradfieldians. *Lost* 2-4.  
 „ 22—University College. *Won* 7-2.  
 „ 26—Lancing Old Boys. *Drawn* 2-2.  
 „ 29—Old Carthusians. *Won* 5-0.  
 Jan. 5—Old Wellingburians (Arthur Dunn  
 Cup). *Lost* 0-2.  
 „ 12—  
 „ 19—St. Bartholomew's Hospital. *Lost* 4-6.

## 'A' XI.

- Sept. 29—Lancing College 2nd XI. *Won* 3-2.  
 Oct. 6—St. Edmund's School. *Won* 4-2.  
 „ 13—Forest School. *Lost* 3-4.  
 „ 20—London Hospital 2nd XI. *Won* 5-4.  
 „ 27—King's College 2nd XI. *Lost* 4-5.  
 Nov. 3—R.M.A. 2nd XI. *Won* 1-0.  
 „ 10—Old Chigwellians. *Lost* 1-8.  
 „ 17—Old Cholmelians 'A.' *Lost* 4-6.  
 „ 24—  
 Dec. 1—Old Citizens 'A.' *Won* 4-1.  
 „ 8—City of London School. *Drawn* 0-0.  
 „ 8—'B' XI v. Westminster School 2nd  
 XI. *Won* 4-2.  
 „ 15—Old Cholmelians 'A.' *Won* 4-3.  
 „ 22—H.A.C. 2nd XI. *Won* 4-3.  
 „ 26—  
 „ 29—University College Hospital. *Won* 8-2.  
 Jan. 5—Alley Old Boys' 2nd XI. *Lost* 1-2.  
 „ 12—H.A.C. 2nd XI. *Lost* 1-3.  
 „ 19—Royal College of Science. *Lost* 2-7.

In the A.F.A Senior Cup the Club were defeated by Kew Association on the latter's ground by 5 goals to 1. The following played for O.W.W. : K. H. Hill ; J. O. Sahler, G. B. Keily ; E. N. Hansen, C. A. Harvey, F. M. Radermacher ; J. B. Sturdy, W. E. Newall, K. J. Gardiner, R. G. H. Lowe, N. P. Andrews.

In the Arthur Dunn Cup our opponents were Old Wellingburians. This match was played at Vincent Square on Saturday, January 5. We

reprint an account from *The Times* of Monday, January 7:—

The Old Wellingburians beat the Old Westminsters in a match in the Arthur Dunn Cup competition at Vincent Square, Westminster, on Saturday, by two goals to none.

Played in bitterly cold weather on a rather awkward pitch—the ground was soft on the surface and hard underneath—the game was a fast and exciting one from the first kick to the last, with the Old Westminsters always looking likely to get goals and their opponents actually scoring them. The result, in fact, was rather a curious one on the run of the play, for the forward line of the home team was a much better one in combination than that of the visiting side, the wing men constantly working the ball down the field and putting across accurate centres ; but what the Old Wellingburians lacked in attack they more than made up for in defence. In Ainsworth at centre half-back they had the best player on the field. Now and then, indeed, he showed form of the highest class. His tackling was deadly and unhurried, and his clearances of the ball were always accurate passes as well, so that he always seemed to be beating the Old Westminsters' half-backs as well as their inside forwards. He was well supported, too, by Wright and Barrett, who defended sturdily.

The movements of the Old Wellingburians' forwards were spasmodic, and man for man they were never so clever as the other set, and for long periods in the second half of the match they were quite overshadowed and did almost nothing. It was at these times that the Wellingburian defence showed its worth. Once or twice it got confused and disorganised by the Westminster dribbling but on these occasions the Westminster forwards could generally be relied on to dribble just too long, so that the defence had time to fall back and recover lost ground before an actual shot at goal was taken. The home forwards, in fact, finished very weakly after brilliant footwork in mid-field, where Lowe and Foster were often conspicuous ; but at the same time it may be said that the half-backs often fed them inaccurately, and a pass went as often to the defender as to a member of the same side.

The Old Westminster backs were neither so strong nor so safe as the other pair, and would have had a very bad afternoon if they had been faced by a really resolute forward line. Between McBride and Saxby in goal there was very little to choose ; both did some good things, but both were very often slow in clearing the ball after they had fielded it, and more than once appeared to be allowed to carry it farther than the rules of the game permit. A. Wright scored both the goals by



which his side won the match; they were similar shots made from a difficult angle, and the first might have been stopped if McBride had not got unplaced before the ball was kicked towards goal.

*Old Westminsterers.*—W. N. McBride; J. A. Cook and G. B. Keily; P. C. F. Wingate, C. A. Harvey, E. N. Hansen; K. J. Gardiner, K. Brodie, N. L. Foster, R. G. H. Löwe, J. W. M. Aitken.

*Old Wellingburians.*—T. Saxby; P. A. Wright, A. Barrett; I. R. Richmond, G. Ainsworth, C. Mace; A. Wright, G. G. Tebbitt, C. E. Richardson, F. Rawlins, R. C. B. Wright.

## THE FIELDS.

### WESTMINSTER *v.* LANCING.

(*Won 13-1.*)

Played at Vincent Square on November 27. It is many years since a Westminster team reached double figures in a School match, and it is a long time since the School has been treated to such an exhibition of team-work as the side gave in this match. The forward line gave one of its most brilliant displays and with its perfect man to man passing completely outplayed the rather slow Lancing defence. Indeed but for a grand display by the visiting goalkeeper the score might have been considerably greater. In such circumstances a description of individual performances would be superfluous. Our football all through was very neat and at times the passing was almost dazzling in its exactness.

We did not settle down at the start, as always, and a strong wind blowing in our opponent's favour made the accurate football we displayed in the second half impossible at first. However, about ten minutes after the kick-off, Graham headed into the net to put us one up. Immediately after this their forwards took the ball down to the other end and their outside-left scored with a really great shot. 1-1 and our lead lost! Lancing played up now, and although we had the best of the game we could only score two more goals before half-time, which arrived with the score 3-1. In the second half the match was too one-sided to provide interest for the spectators. In the first twelve minutes we scored six goals and for the rest of the game did as we chose to a defence which though maintaining a steady resistance was outplayed in every department. The whole team in this half made football look childishly easy—in fact the passing movements carried out with machine-like precision at times bordered on the ridiculous. Where we excelled was that each line, the backs, half-backs and forwards used each other as so many stages or stepping-stones to their eventual object, the goal. The ball was passed

from back to half-back and in turn to the forwards, and the passes never seemed to go astray.

At last too we have seen a Westminster forward line shooting from all angles. In the second half everyone was in joyous mood and a continual stream of shots was directed at the goal in true Corinthian style. If the school has learned one lesson, it is surely that the policy of shooting from outside the penalty-area on the run inevitably brings success on any sort of ground. Lancing tried hard, but their methods were rather crude, and of the kick-and-rush type, which seldom succeeds against a side determined to play good football. This, however, must not detract from Westminster's performance, which was, as far as football goes, a really great exhibition of skill and accuracy. Our goal-scorers were Cooper (5), Graham (4), Mackenzie (3), and Symington (1).

It is only fair to add that, as far as Lancing's performance was concerned, they had extremely bad luck in having to play without their captain, the loss of whom must have greatly affected the forwards.

### WESTMINSTER *v.* ALDENHAM.

(*Drawn, 2-2.*)

Played at Aldenham, on December 1. This match was a great contrast in every way to the game with Lancing which had taken place only a few days previously.

It was a far sterner encounter altogether, and we had to fight the whole way to share the honours. We were, we think, quite entitled to do so, as we had if anything a shade the better of the game in the first half when we might have been more than a goal up at half-time.

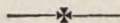
It was our first experience of a hard pitch this season, and certainly in the first ten minutes we seemed to thrive on it. Taking the ball up from the kick-off Cooper passed it out to Graham, who shot into the net.

The equaliser was very unfortunate for us as it was an exceedingly lucky goal. The Aldenham outside-right took a corner and sent across the ball, which appeared as if it might hit the wood-work, but Luard running out to meet it, unsighted Bompas, and the ball curved into the goal—a piece of bad luck for us which may happen in any game. Just before half-time Graham ran through on his own and scored to put us ahead once more. The interval arrived with the score 2-1. Golding scored the only goal of the second half with a lovely first-time shot, and thus ended the scoring of one of the most thrilling matches ever played. The play ranged from one end of the field to the other at a terrific pace, with neither side establishing supremacy. The Westminster backs were sound,



and the halves were good, but not quite so brilliant as we have seen them. The forwards were good individually, but as a line we did not excel in a game which did not suit us in that it demanded an excess of thrust and rapid movement as against the finesse and tricky movements which have distinguished our forward play this season. Aldenham were not, perhaps, the cleverest side we have met this season, but they are certainly a team which goes all out until the very last minute, a quality which is very precious in any school side.

But any comparison between the two sides is unnecessary. They provided a match which can scarcely have been equalled for thrills, and for ninety minutes both sides gave a display of speed and dogged resistance which was magnificent to watch.



### ‘BECAUSE I’VE NOT BEEN THERE BEFORE.’

By OSWALD LEWIS, O.W.  
(Duckworth & Co.)

WARNING! This book should not be read by those who are chronic victims of the disease ‘Wanderlust,’ lest the temptation to break away and roam be too strong for them. For Mr. Lewis is one of those happy few who have had both the time and the inclination and the opportunity to travel widely, and since, in addition, he has found things and people in all parts of the globe which have interested and amused him, this account of his travels is most tantalising to read.

This Odyssey is told in the form of letters sent to relations and friends—each letter written shortly after visiting the places he describes. Consequently there is a freshness about the book which is so often absent in books of travel. To those who find letter-writing an ordeal I commend this book as an example of how letters can and should be written. There are some two hundred and sixty pages of letters and not one page can be called boring.

A more descriptive if less intriguing title for this book might have been ‘The Happy Traveller’s Potted Guide to the Far East and Australasia.’ It has all the advantages of a guide book without the disadvantages. Such items of history as are interesting and relevant to the condition and buildings of the various countries visited are told in anything but the dry phrases of the historian; and the author has never failed to see the amusing or thrilling side of some past episode in a country’s career.

Starting with India, Mr. Lewis leads the reader on, until long past bedtime, to Siam by way of

Burma and Ceylon; thence to Singapore, French Indo-China, Hong Kong, Shanghai (the very names make you want to go there) Japan, the Philippines, Borneo and Java. These are but the landmarks of a journey which could give points to an American tourist (save the mark) for organisation and thoroughness. The tour concludes with a visit to all the important and picturesque parts of Australasia and some of the South Sea Islands, and a voyage through the Panama Canal back to England.

It is a book for all tastes. Archæology and anecdote are side by side, (Mr. Lewis has picked up some good yarns in his travels); tales of bloody battles will be found on the same page—almost—as a rhapsody on some fine old ruined temple or tropical scenery at sunset. And beside all this we find some first-rate observations of an alert naturalist with an eye for the grotesque. The author’s photos are not so dull as other people’s photos are inclined to be.

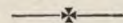
We Westminsterers live at the hub of the world, or so we imagine, and we are inclined to be content with so doing. But “the world is so full of a number of things,” and if we don’t see some of them we shall never be able to sit back and say with this O.W., “I have lived,” nor shall we ever really appreciate the coloured brother’s “quaint” outlook.

Still the world is wondrous large,—seven seas from  
marge to marge,—

And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;  
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of  
Khatmandhu,

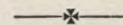
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

A. H. L.



### AS OTHERS SEE US.

A PHOTOGRAPH of some of the School at the Opening of Parliament, which appeared in the daily papers, was reproduced in a Brazilian Newspaper, with the following legend underneath: ‘Students of the University of Westminster cheering the King in their gala attire!’



### ‘THE MESSIAH.’

HANDEL’S ‘Messiah,’ Part I, with the ‘Hallelujah’ chorus from Part II, was performed up-School, on Friday afternoon, November 30. It might be said without exaggeration that it was given by the whole school, for the whole school took part in it—and a very good part it was.

The writer of this brief account ought, I suppose, to be critical and look with pleasurable anticipa-



tion towards putting a finger on any weakness that might have appeared. This he cannot do, however, because he is not a 'pukka' musical critic, he enjoyed the whole performance much too much to 'turn queer' about it afterwards, and finally he was placed in a lovely welter of sound, where if things *were* going wrong, they would not have been noticed very easily. But when all is said and done, music is a social art, and was meant for pleasure, wasn't it? And by that test this 'Handel' performance was an exceptionally successful one.

The soprano and contralto soloists on this occasion were Miss Dulcie Nutting and Miss Dilys Jones. Both these ladies seemed completely at ease in their music and when their voices were closely contrasted, as in 'He shall feed His flock like a shepherd,' their tones sounded beautifully matched. Mr. Petitpierre and Mr. Bonhote, performed the more strenuous rôles of Tenor and Bass. Let it be said at once, that much as the writer loves Handel, he does find the 'coloratura' style (which so many people seem to think is the monopoly of the high soprano) rather overwhelming at times in the 'Messiah.' It is obviously very difficult indeed to sing and there are surely very few, even among experienced artists, who can make the music appear easy. This being so, it was a fine performance on the part of Mr. Petitpierre to carry his music through with such a 'gesture.' I suppose it is unoriginal of me to remark that the same might be said of Mr. Bonhote. Those big leaps and jumps, the rush of notes, the long passages to manage without loss of breath, these were all effectively given. The line and sweep were never lost and we were very grateful to the singer for his performance.

The massed singing was a very notable factor in the success of this concert. Dignity as well as joyousness was strengthened by this means. It is interesting, indeed, to realise how much was achieved by the whole school attending ten rehearsals of ten minutes, and one of three-quarters of an hour! Mr. Lofthouse had taken great pains to make the massed entries as effective as possible and taken his own line with the score. The results were well worth while, and I think even an impartial critic would say that Mr. Lofthouse deserves the greatest credit for the way he made things go, keeping the orchestra, the singers and the school together in quite an inspired co-operation.

In the orchestra it was no light feat for Fouracre to play the trumpet part throughout, and Hobman the flute. The trumpet used was a 'Bach Trumpet,' an instrument especially suited for the high notes required.

Much more might be written, but I think enough

has been said to show our gratitude to one and all, and to encourage another performance of a similar nature. I do not seem to have said anything unpleasant. My job cannot have been done properly, but as I said before—it was a good show, wasn't it?  
R. G. C.

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### Old Westminsters.

Mr. Donald S. Robertson, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, has been appointed Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge. He is the ninth Old Westminster to be appointed to this important and distinguished Professorship. Mr. Robertson was Stewart of Rannoch Scholar in 1905, and won the Members' Latin Essay Prize (1906), the Pitt Scholarship (1907), and the Chancellor's Classical Medal (1908).

Mr. F. C. Doherty has been appointed Head Master of Oakham School, Rutland.

The late Mr. Henry C. Sotheran by his will left the sum of £2,000 to found a scholarship at the School.

The Rev. F. G. Millar, Rector of Beccles, Hon. Canon of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich, and rural Dean, has been appointed Vicar of St. Margaret's, Ipswich.

The Rev. Stephen Liberty, Vicar of Helsington, has been appointed Vicar of Bledington, in the diocese of Gloucester.

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### Birth.

HODDER-WILLIAMS.—On January 6, the wife of Ralph Hodder-Williams, of a son.

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### Obituary.

WE deeply regret to have to record the death of several Old Westminsters, including Canon Gilbert, whom we believe to have been the 'Father' of the School at the time of his death.

THOMAS MORRELL GILBERT was the younger son of Dr. A. T. Gilbert, Bishop of Chichester, by a daughter of the Rev. W. Wintle (O.W.), and was admitted to Westminster in 1847.



After two years up Rigaud's he was elected into College. He acted Micio in the 'Adelphi' of 1852 and the following year was elected head to Trinity. He was a Fellow of Trinity from 1859-66, and at the time of his death was the senior of all former fellows of the College. For fifty-five years he was Vicar of Heversham, Westmoreland. In 1877 he was made an Hon. Canon of Carlisle. He died on December 16, at the age of 93.

WILLIAM CHARLES ALFRED RADCLIFFE, was the eldest son of Alfred Radcliffe of the War Office. He was at Westminster from 1875 to 1878, and afterwards entered the Army (R. Artillery). He served with distinction in Egypt in the War and was mentioned in Dispatches. He retired in 1919 with the rank of Lt.-Colonel. He died at the end of December.

LT.-COL. ARCHER GEORGE PROTHERO.—He was the younger and only surviving son of the late Francis T. E. Prothero, of Malpas Court, Monmouth, and was at Westminster from 1883-1888. From Sandhurst he joined the Welch Regiment and served in the South African and Great Wars. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Loos. He retired after the War and went to live at Abbeydore Court, Herefordshire, which had formerly belonged to his uncle. There and at Malpas he was known and loved by every tenant on the Estates. He died on January 15. A correspondent writing to the *Times* said of him :—

"In manly sport Prothero took an active part, excelling particularly in cricket. At Westminster School he achieved his 'pink,' and his lively cricket made him an idol of the Vincent Square crowd who were, and are, wont to throng the railings when a school match is in progress. Throughout the nineties, and after his return from the South African War, he played regularly for I Zingari, the Free Foresters, and the M.C.C., and in his time he captained the R.M.C. XI., his Brigade side at Aldershot, and last, but by no means least, The Welch Regimental team through many a successful season. While he was above the average as a bowler, it was as a batsman that he did most credit to his side, for his style was excellent, and he showed variety and resourcefulness in his strokes. There are still some of us left who can recall the slim, boyish form of 'Plover' (as he was affectionately called in the regiment in allusion to the swift-

ness and grace of his movements) as he skimmed between wickets in many a hard-fought match and snatched victory from the very shadow of defeat.

To an alert intelligence, and an innate love of everything bright and beautiful in life, Prothero added a most lovable disposition. Generous, sensitive, and tender-hearted, his ready sympathy was ever quick to be aroused ; no one ever asked his help in vain, and he gave of his best. Hard set amidst these qualities were certain prejudices he cherished and would argue, after the manner of the Welshman that he was. To an extraordinary degree did he possess the happy gift of making and of keeping friends. There will be few of those who knew him well who will not often think of him with affection, and miss the sense of cheerful sunshine that his personality irradiated."

SIR ERNEST BUCKLEY RUTHERFORD, O.B.E., was the eldest son of the late James Buckley Rutherford, and was at Westminster from 1885-1888. In that year he entered, in the fourth generation, the family business of Wine Shippers and Agents. During the War he was on the Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Food and Controller of Imports. He was knighted in 1926, and was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. He died on January 22.

## Correspondence.

December 14, 1928.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—In your last issue I ventured to make a few suggestions for (as I thought) the improvement of your valuable paper. I was not unprepared to hear that they might be found unacceptable. The giver of advice (unasked) always runs certain risks. But I was fairly astounded to find myself in your Editorial accused of attempting to embroil

(1) Fields and Water, by saying that too much space is given to water ; (2) K.SS. and T.BB., by suggesting that the K.SS. insert what interests them alone ; (3) Fostering House rivalry by advocating undue prominence to House matches.

No attempt is made to disprove anything I have written. You merely assert that my object in writing is to stir up strife. Fortunately my letter is in the same number, so that any one interested can see for himself the foundations for such charges, which I will consider in their order.

(1) It is quite clear that I do *not* say that too much space is given to Water. All I say is that not less space should be given to the junior players up 'Fields' than is allotted to the junior Watermen.



(2) I am puzzled to understand what is the basis of this charge. Possibly it is because I wrote that the Wellington match was not reported, while the T.B.B. v. K.S.S. match 'received due notice.' By this I meant, that, if one could have been included, so could the other. I did not mean that the T.B.B. v. K.S.S. match should have been ignored (the words 'received due notice' show that). I am quite aware of the historic interest attached to this match, and, like all other O.W.W., am proud of it. I consider the Wellington match as more important. Surely it is another occasion when, to use the elegant words of your Editorial, 'We get away from the petty malices and divisions inside the School, and think of ourselves as a whole for one glorious afternoon.' Unlike you, I do not limit myself to the 'one occasion' of the Charterhouse match. I consider that all matches against other schools should provide a sequence of 'glorious afternoons.'

I had forgotten when I wrote that the K.S.S. competed for the Rouse Ball Cup. I merely meant to instance another case in which THE ELIZABETHAN showed preference for Water over Fields. But do the reports of such races 'foster House rivalry'? Which brings me to (3).

(3) I am charged with fostering House rivalry by advocating undue prominence to House matches.

But what is the prominence that is due to House matches? According to you and your predecessors for some years past, they should be completely ignored.

In the last paragraph of my letter I ask that at least a summary of results may be given. But no! House rivalry must never be encouraged by THE ELIZABETHAN—except at Water, when apparently it does not matter! May I thank you for publishing the reports of the Colts' matches for the first time? When they have obtained maturity, I foresee further 'glorious afternoons.'

Perhaps when the 'wider loyalty' (to which you claim to have attained) has widened a little more, you will take a pride in seeing that all important School matches are reported.

In conclusion let me assure you that, at the age of over 60 years, I do not employ my spare time in trying to make schoolboys quarrel.

I regret the necessity for this letter, but the nature of your comments in your Editorial make it inevitable.

Yours, etc.,

P. H. J.

222, STRAND, W.C. 2.  
January, 1929.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—We take this early opportunity of thanking all O.W.W. who helped us by attending the 'Westminster Ball.'

Yours faithfully,

E. R. B. GRAHAM,  
A. C. GROVER,

Hon. Secretaries.

3, LITTLE DEAN'S YARD,  
WESTMINSTER.  
January 24, 1929.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Possibly the enclosed lines, which I received in the form of a letter from one of my guests at the Play, may appeal to some of your readers,

Yours, etc.,

A. R. W. HARRISON.

"MEMOREM ME DICIS ESSE ET GRATUM."

Παῦρ ἐξάκουσον ζήματ', ὦ φίλ' Ἀρριδες,  
ἃ ζυνηθίμη πλημμελῆ μὲν. ἀλλ' ὅμως,  
'Ἡραιστοθρέπτω μηχανῇ διαφορηλατῶν.  
τοσοῦτο γὰρ λέγοιμ' ἄν, ὡς ἐπῆλθέ μοι  
τὸ δρᾶμ' Ἀδελφῶν χθιζινὸν θεωμένω  
οὐχ ἢ τυχοῦσα τέρψις, ἀλλ' ἀπλῶς λέγειν  
τῶδ' ἀνδρὶ γούν ἦν οὐδὲν οὐ θελακῆριον.  
ἔθελεξε μὲν γάρ, ὡς αἰεί, Τερέντιος  
—οὔτοι· Μένανδρος ἡμῖς" διπλοῦς μὲν οὖν—  
οἱ δ' αἶ μαθηταί, τοῦ Λύκου παιδεύματα,  
κάλλιστα γυμνασθέντες, ὥστε τοῖς λόγοις  
παλαιφάτοισιν ἐμβαλεῖν χλωρὰν χάριν  
τρίτον δ' ἐπιλογος, μεστός ἀστειῶν ἐπῶν,  
—ἀνώνυμος μὲν, ὅστις ἦν, ὁ συγγραφεύς,  
γελωτοποῖς δ' εἰ τις ἄλλος ἦν ἀνὴρ.  
ἅπαντα ταῦτα προῖκα προξενεῖς ἐμοί·  
ἐπίστασ' οὖν ὡς σοίγες, φίλαθ' Ἀρριδες,  
τῶνδ' εὐχάριστος κοῦποτ' ἀμνήμων μένω.

18. x.i. 28.

The 1.30 from Euston.

The following version of the 'Great Panjandrum' has been sent us for publication. The scansion of line eight seems highly dubious, and the only possible emendation seems to be to repeat the false concord of the title and read 'Maximus.'

#### PANJANDRUM MAXIMUS.

Appositum ut faceret malorum illa ivit in hortum  
Cauliculi frondem, sic mos fuit, ad capiendam.  
Ibat forte via simul horrificabilis ursa—  
Mercatum inspexit—'Sapo est mihi nonne, mehercle?'  
Dixit—et iste igitur perit. Conjuncta Hymenaeo est  
Tonsore incaute illa. Aderant Picinnies illi  
Et Jobillies illi etiam et Garyulies illi  
Ornatusque caput Panjandrum Maximum ipse.  
Extensis manibus gaudent et luditur una  
'Sunt captandi aliqui' salpetrum exitque cothornis.

#### Our Contemporaries.

WE acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—

The Eton College Chronicle (10), The Rossalian, The Bradfield College Chronicle, The Shirburnian, The Johnian, The Trinity University Review (2), The Wykehamist (2), The Felstedian, The Canturian, The Beaumont Review, The Aldenhamian, The Fettesian, The Hermes, The Cholmeleian, Alleynian, The King's College School Magazine, The Radleian, The Meteor (2), The Boy's Magazine (2), The St. Edward's School Chronicle, The Panorama, The Wellingtonian, The Lancing College Magazine, The Pauline, The St. Bee's School Magazine, The Malvernian, The Edinburgh Academy Chronicle, The Blue, The City of London School Magazine, The Blundellian, The Clavairian, The Stonyhurst Magazine.

#### 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.



