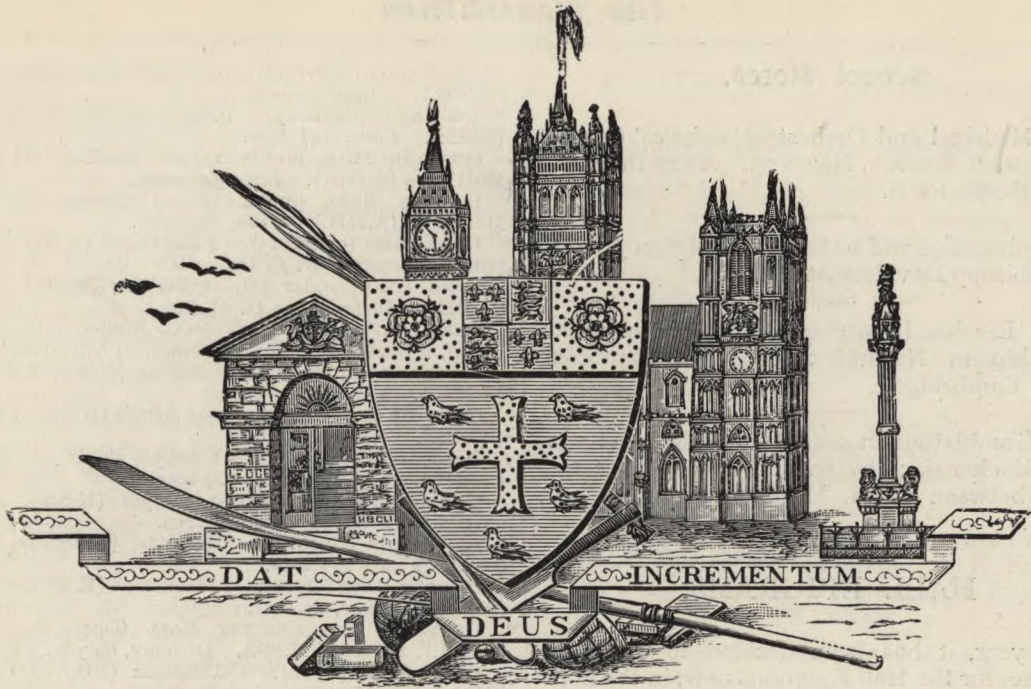




FOOTBALL XI : 1928-29.

J. D. EVANS. P. C. F. WINGATE. H. J. THOMSON. J. K. LUARD. M. MACKENZIE. D. E. RYLAND.
D. A. BOMPAS. C. E. LONSDALE. K. H. L. COOPER. I. W. A. SYMINGTON. H. B. GRAHAM.



The Elizabethan

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EDITORIAL.

Cui dono lepidum novom libellum ?

CATULLUS.

*Goe, little booke ! thyselfe present
As child whose parent is unkennt.*

SPENSER.

It is with considerable anxiety that we present to the critical gaze of our cultured public this, the first 'literary' ELIZABETHAN. The officers of the magazine are all on the verge of nervous breakdown. For weeks past the Editor has sacrificed all his preparation time to the task of discovering talent; the Secretary has sat up till midnight in an attempt to cope with our immensely increased correspondence; while the Treasurer has woken up at six o'clock every morning with the agonised question 'Will she click?'

To turn Eliza into Betty (which is what this enterprise is doing) is a task of no small difficulty. You have but to look at past *Triflers* and House

Magazines to see that all their best efforts are scurrilous; and such things are not for Betty. (By the way, 'Phœbus,' that's what did you in. Sorry! It was a bright effort otherwise.) Moreover, the House Magazines have only to appeal to the members of a House, the *Trifler* to members of the School, but THE ELIZABETHAN goes out to a large and varying body of O.WW. We do not point this out in any spirit of apology for the quality of contributions, which need none; but we crave the indulgence of those who do not find their own particular taste satisfied.

The following lines, attributed by their author to Euripides, may put the case for the defence.

καὶ μὴν ἀνάσσης βίβλος οὖς' Ἐλεισάβητ
τῆς πρὶν κτισάσης δαμάτων ἐπάνυμος
οὐ τῷ παλαιῷ γ' ἡμῖν ἔρχεται τρόπων,
καινοῖς δὲ καινῇ στέμμασιν κοσμουμένη.
ἄρ' οὖν ἀπελάσαι δεῖ ξένην, ὡς βάρβαροι
φιλοῦσιν, ὄντες μαρὰ κάμαθέστατα;
ἤμιστά γ'· ἀλλὰ σωφρονοῦντες ὡς ἀεὶ
τὴν ἱκέτιν εἰσελθοῦσαν ἀσπαζώμεθα.

School Notes.

THE Madrigal and Orchestral Societies' Concert was given on Monday, March 25. Many thanks to Mr. Lofthouse for it.

A Confirmation will be held in Abbey on June 25 by Archbishop Davidson at 12 noon.

J. H. Lee has been elected to an open minor scholarship in Natural Sciences at Pembroke College, Cambridge.

The Gumbleton English Verse Prize was won by M. Mackenzie; the Ireland Greek Verse was halved between C. M. Harrison and A. F. L. Beeston.

HALL EPIGRAMS.

As last year, it has been decided to announce the Theses for the Hall Epigrams now, in the hope of securing more contributions to the Budget. Epigrams should be sent to the Master of the King's Scholars at 3, Little Dean's Yard, before June 30. They may be in any language or metre.

The Theses are:—

1. Fraude perit virtus.
2. κακοῦ κόρακος κακὸν ὄν.

THE SPORTS.

THE Sports this year were a great success. Fine weather lasted throughout, the first drops of rain falling about five minutes after the close of the last day. The feature of the Sports was the fine performance of H. J. Thomson, subsequently appointed Captain of Athletics, who almost unaided raised Busby's to the second position for the House Cup, and made a record by winning the Victor Ludorum Cup with a total of 25 points—he took first place in five open events. The Sports Cup was won by K.S.S. with a margin of eleven points over Busby's. We must condole with Grant's, who won the Relay Race, but were unfortunately disqualified owing to a faulty hand-over, so that the Cup was awarded to K.S.S.

Our thanks are due to Mrs. Costley-White for presenting the prizes, to Messrs. M. F. Young, A. M. Shepley-Smith, H. A. Meyer, H. L. Jones, C. H. Taylor and D. C. Simpson (O.W.W.) for acting as judges, and to Messrs. D. J. Knight and T. M. Murray-Rust for acting as starters, time-keepers and general organisers.

150 YARDS (under 14).—I Wright (GG.), 2 Hackforth (H.BB.). *Time*, 19 secs.

100 YARDS (under 15).—I Matthews (A.HH.), 2 Stevens (K.S.S.). *Time*, 12½ secs.

QUARTER MILE (under 15).—I Snelling (H.BB.), 2 Matthews (A.HH.). *Time*, 60¾ secs.

HURDLE RACE (under 15).—I Stevens (K.S.S.), 2 Matthews (A.HH.). *Time*, 23¾ secs.

HIGH JUMP (under 15).—I Matthews (A.HH.), 2 Chill (BB.). *Height*, 4 ft. 5¼ ins.

LONG JUMP (under 15).—I Stevens (K.S.S.), 2 Studt (H.BB.). *Distance*, 15 ft. 5½ ins.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL (under 15).—I Wells (RR.), 2 Studt (H.BB.). *Distance*, 61 yds. 9 ft.

100 YARDS (under 16).—I Argyle (K.S.S.), 2 Ivanovic (A.HH.). *Time*, 12 secs.

QUARTER MILE (under 16).—I Argyle (K.S.S.), 2 Snelling (H.BB.). *Time*, 59½ secs.

HALF MILE (under 16).—I Argyle (K.S.S.), 2 Ivanovic (A.HH.). *Time*, 2 mins. 20¾ secs.

ONE MILE (under 16).—I Argyle (K.S.S.), 2 Smith (A.HH.). *Time*, 5 mins. 40 secs.

100 YARDS (Open).—I Mackenzie (K.S.S.), 2 Lawton (GG.). *Time*, 11¾ secs.

HURDLE RACE (Open).—I Mackenzie (K.S.S.), 2 Ryland (A.HH.). *Time*, 19 secs.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL (Open).—I Ryland (A.HH.), 2 Evetts (K.S.S.). *Distance*, 83 yds. 2 ft. 10 ins.

HIGH JUMP (Open).—I Thomson (BB.), 2 Lonsdale (GG.). *Height*, 4 ft. 10½ ins.

LONG JUMP (Open).—I Thomson (BB.), 2 Ivanovic (A.HH.). *Distance*, 17 ft. 8½ ins.

QUARTER MILE (Open).—I Thomson (BB.), 2 Lawton (GG.), 3 Baker (H.BB.). *Time*, 55½ secs.

HALF MILE (Open).—I Thomson (BB.), 2 Baker (H.BB.), 3 Mackenzie (K.S.S.). *Time*, 2 mins. 16¾ secs.

ONE MILE (Open).—I Thomson (BB.), 2 Baker (H.BB.), 3 Lonsdale (GG.). *Time*, 5 mins. 11¾ secs.

300 YARDS HANDICAP (over 16).—I Lawton (GG.), 2 Milne (H.BB.). *Time*, 36¾ secs.

CONSOLATION RACE.—I Rogers (RR.), 2 Jamieson (GG.). *Time*, 61½ secs.

O.W.W. RACE.—I E. L. Franklin (K.S.S.), 2 K. J. Gardiner (GG.). *Time*, 16¾ secs.

INTER-HOUSE TUG.—Ashburnham.

K.S.S. v. T.BB. TUG.—Town Boys.

INTER-HOUSE RELAY RACE.—King's Scholars.

VICTOR LUDORUM.—Thomson (BB.), 25 points.

INTER-HOUSE SPORTS CHALLENGE CUP.—King's Scholars, 37 points; Busby's, 26 points; Ashburnham, 25 points; Home Boarders, 15 points; Grant's, 13 points; Rigaud's, 3 points.

TRIANGULAR ATHLETIC FIXTURE.

MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1929, AT VINCENT SQUARE.

THERE can be few athletic fixtures of which it may truthfully be said that everyone enjoyed themselves, for as a rule what is meat to the spectators is poison to the performers. Therefore it is high praise to the organisers of this particular meeting when we say that even the most nervous of those taking part were able to watch events other than their own without that feeling of emptiness which so often precedes a competitive race.

The feature of the afternoon was the jumping of R. Le Fleming (Achilles), who showed us how easy it is to jump 5 ft. 11 ins.—if only one goes about it the right way—and how little apparent effort need be expended doing it. Of the Long Jump the less said the better, as neither the Westminster nor the Aldenham men could find the taking-off board with anything like certainty, and R. M. N. Tisdall was able to win the event for the Achilles with a jump of 20 ft. 7½ ins. The Mile provided an excellent race, and the result was in doubt until the last bend, when superior sprinting power brought F. L. Firebrace (Achilles) in 25 yards ahead of J. G. H. Baker. The latter ran very well throughout, and was well helped by his second and third strings. What a pity M. F. Young remembered that engagement at the end of the second lap! In the Half and Quarter Mile the Achilles again won in the last thirty yards of the straight, although in the former race P. C. F. Lawton had the satisfaction of making M. C. Gutteridge run as fast as he could—an achievement of which he may justly be proud.

Earlier in the afternoon R. P. Stoner (Aldenham) had run second to R. J. Rinkel in the 100 yards, and consequently although Achilles had won the whole contest, the result of the Westminster-Aldenham match still hung in the balance before the Hurdles, each having been second in three events. In this race R. P. Stoner, the Aldenham captain, fell at the third flight, and it was left to his second string, C. P. Crane, to gain the deciding point for our opponents. H. J. T.

1. 100 YARDS.—1 L. B. Neame (Achilles), 2 R. L. J. Rinkel (Achilles), 3 R. P. Stoner (Aldenham). *Time*, 10½ secs.

2. ONE MILE.—1 F. L. Firebrace (Achilles), 2 J. G. H. Baker (Westminster), 3 W. V. Owen (Aldenham). *Time*, 5 mins. 2½ secs.

3. LONG JUMP.—1 R. M. N. Tisdall (Achilles), 2 R. W. Revans (Achilles), 3 J. P. Stubbs (Aldenham). *Distance*, 20 ft. 7½ ins.

4. QUARTER MILE.—L. B. Neame (Achilles), 2 H. J. Thomson (Westminster), 3 H. J. L. Wright (Aldenham). *Time*, 54½ secs.

5. HIGH JUMP.—R. Le Fleming (Achilles), 2 R. W. Revans (Achilles), 3 R. P. Stoner (Aldenham). *Height*, 5 ft. 11 ins.

6. HALF MILE.—1 M. H. C. Gutteridge (Achilles), 2 P. C. F. Lawton (Westminster). *Time*, 2 mins. 13½ secs.

7. HURDLE RACE.—1 L. E. Barker (Achilles), 2 C. P. R. Crane (Aldenham), 3 M. Mackenzie (Westminster) and D. E. Ryland (Westminster) tied. *Time*, 18½ secs.

8. RELAY RACE (Achilles v. Westminster and Aldenham).—Won by Achilles (Tisdall, Neame, Rinkel and Firebrace). *Time*, 4 mins. 8½ secs.

Achilles A.C. were handicapped as follows:—1, 5 yards; 2, 86 yards; 3, 3 feet; 4, 23 yards; 5, 4 inches; 6, 46 yards; 7, 8 yards.

FOOTBALL COLOURS, 1928-9.

THE following Colours were awarded:

Pinks.—* K. H. L. Cooper, * C. E. Lonsdale, * I. W. A. Symington, * D. A. Bompas, * H. B. Graham, * J. K. Luard, J. D. Evans, * P. F. Wingate, * M. Mackenzie, H. J. Thomson, * D. E. Ryland, C. A. Bird.

Pink-and-Whites.—M. Broadhurst, W. H. D. Wakely, P. R. Aitken, * H. A. R. Philby, J. G. Byrne.

Thirds.—* C. Y. Mills, T. C. N. Gibbens, C. McNeil, J. D. Argyle, I. I. Milne, R. N. Heaton, C. H. Hunter, E. H. G. Lonsdale, T. I. Tetley-Jones.

Colt's Colours.—P. N. Labertouche, S. E. Mangeot, J. R. Moon, I. Ivanovic, M. H. Matthews, R. H. C. Brousson, J. C. Jewell, R. H. Everington, L. P. B. Bingham, I. K. Munro.

* Will have left by next season.

O.T.C.

SINCE the beginning of Play Term there have been two Field Days. (A third, which had been arranged with Aldenham School, unfortunately had to be cancelled, owing partly to illness at Aldenham, and partly to the bad weather.)

On October 31 we had an inter-company battle in Richmond Park, and on March 8 we fought Lancing College in Arundel Park. Once again we would thank the O.C., Lancing College O.T.C., for so kindly giving us tea, and for lending us the Lancing band to march us to Arundel Station.

Mr. C. H. Fisher has joined the Corps, and is now Adjutant.

The Inter-House Squad Drill Competition was won by Grant's (Under-Officer D. A. Bompas).

The Annual Inspection took place on March 15, the Inspecting Officer being Lieut.-Col. G. E. C. Rasch, D.S.O., Commanding 2nd Bn. Grenadier Guards.

The results of 'Certificate A' were as follows:

Taking the November and March examinations together, 14 candidates passed out of 36. This is a much worse record than we had last year, but it must be remembered that the standard fixed for the written part was slightly higher, and according to the official report there were considerably fewer passes in all schools, which is some consolation.

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

The Elizabethan Club.

President.—

Hon. Treasurer.—SIR ERNEST GOODHART, Bart.

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

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

Hon. Secretary (Games).—W. N. MCBRIDE, Esq., Craigmore, Pampisford Road, Croydon.

FORTHCOMING EVENTS.

Wed., June 12—General Committee.

Fri., June 28—Westminster Dance.

Thurs., July 11—Annual General Meeting.

There will be a Westminster Dance at the Hyde Park Hotel on Friday, June 28. Tickets (15s. single, 25s. double) may be obtained from Mr. A. C. Grover, 45, Kewferry Road, Northwood, Middlesex.

At the Annual General Meeting business will include a proposal from the General Committee to supply all members of the Club with a copy of each issue of THE ELIZABETHAN free of charge.

GOLF.

Through illness three of our best players were unable to play in the Halford-Hewitt Cup at Deal this year, and we were defeated in the first round.

Three matches have been arranged, one against Maidenhead on July 7 and two against Chertsey on June 30 and October 20 respectively. Any member wishing to play in these matches should communicate with the Secretary, W. B. Enever, Esq., Broad Street House, Broad Street, E.C. 2.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

Thanks to the energy of the Whips, who did what they could to mass their supporters at the Special General Meeting of the Club, held up School on Tuesday, March 19, 1929, at 5.45 p.m., out of the fifteen hundred members almost fifty were able to attend. The atmosphere was electric, in view of the momentous decisions that were about to be made; for the Club was met to discuss whether in their annual conviviality they should eat and drink, or rise up to dance. 'Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?' cried the young men. 'Let us eat

and drink, for to-morrow we die,' said the older members. And, with that spirit of give and take that is to characteristic of our nation, they decided to do both. In spite of the vigour of the opposition the following motion was carried with no dissentient voice:

'That it is desirable to hold a large dinner and a large ball, open to all Old Westminsters, in alternate years; and that in years in which there is no large dinner, the Club should hold a dinner for its members as heretofore.'

Among the questions asked were: (1) How large? (2) Who pays? (3) Is the Secretary a fool? (implied question only).

But yet another and still subtler question was discussed. Should The Elizabethan Club add after its name 'The Old Westminsters' Association' (in brackets)? Was every Secretary and every Treasurer to be saved the ceaseless worry of explaining to all and sundry that he represented not a Madrigal Society, nor a Society of Antiquaries, but The Old Westminsters' Association (in brackets)? Were the Old Westminsters' Cricket Club and the Old Westminsters' Football Club at last to be able to claim participation in the name of the Old Westminsters' Society by having (in brackets) the words 'The Old Westminsters' Association' as part of the name of The Elizabethan Club? With grim determination those 49 members proceeded to consider the question. To many it seemed a hideous blasphemy. They visualised a Pink Book with this long and clumsy title, apologising, as it were, for a name unique in kind, and sanctified by over 60 years of use. Many a red herring was drawn across the path, and one cat was almost let out of a bag in the attempt to catch them. But none saw the real flaw in the wording of the motion: The type of brackets was never specified. Was it to be in [square brackets] or in (round brackets)? If round, perhaps some mathematical secretary would square it. If square, some classic might delete it from the text.

The moment had arrived. The question was put. Amid tense silence the Chairman announced that 24 votes were recorded for the addition, and but 21 against. But cunning prevailed; for, though the motion seemed won, it was pointed out that there was no mention on the agenda paper of an alteration in the rules, and without an alteration no change in the name could take place. A member chid the meeting for not bringing its rules with it. The meeting dispersed, and the members, one and all, rushed to their rules with a determination to refute the cunning that had deprived them of their just reward. When lo! in process of time they came to Rule 32:

'No resolution shall be deemed to be carried at any Special General Meeting except by a majority of at least two-thirds of the members present and voting.'

* * * *

The Honorary Secretary begs to thank all those who wrote to inform him that they had made the above discovery.

HISTORICAL NOTE.

IN a well-known letter Cowper wrote: 'The other day sent my imagination upon a trip thirty years behind me. She was very obedient and very swift of foot, presently performed her journey, and at last set me down in the sixth form at Westminster . . . accordingly I was a schoolboy in high favour with my master, received a silver groat for my exercise, and had the pleasure of seeing it sent from form to form, for the admiration of all who were able to understand it. Do you wish to see this highly applauded performance? It follows on the other side.'

The 'other side' is torn off from the manuscript and every editor of Cowper's letters has assumed that it was lost. Mr. Kenneth Povey, however, has solved the problem, for he has found a half-sheet of a letter which exactly fits. "The continuity of the sense and the exact resemblance of paper, ink and handwriting show that these two half-sheets make one letter. The supposed 'cheerful sketch' was in reality an imaginary school exercise. Cowper goes on: 'Not having the poem, and not having seen it these twenty years, I had much ado to recollect it, which has obliged me to tear off the first copy and write another.' Then follows his Latin translation of Prior's *Chloe and Euphelia*, which may be found in any complete edition of his poems." (See 'Some Notes on Cowper's Letters' in 'The Review of English Studies,' April, 1929.)

Old Westminsters.

BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

THE Very Rev. George Kennedy Allen Bell, D.D., Dean of Canterbury, has been appointed Bishop of Chichester.

Dr. Bell has had two distinguished Old Westminster predecessors at Chichester, Bishop Brian Duppa, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, and Bishop Henry King, the friend of Ben Jonson and Izaak Walton.

The Lord Ritchie of Dundee has been appointed a Governor of the School in the place of Lord Phillimore.

Sir Maurice Gwyer, K.C.B., and the Rt. Hon. J. C. C. Davidson, C.H., C.B., M.P., have been elected Busby Trustees to fill the vacancies caused by the retirement of Mr. A. Watkin Williams Wynn and the death of Lord Phillimore.

Mr. J. G. Barrington-Ward has been elected to the Albert Kahn Travelling Fellowship. Its value is £1,000 and its object is to enable persons of proved intellectual attainments to enjoy a year's travel round the world, free from all professional pursuits.

Mr. C. H. V. Sutherland has been awarded a 'First' in Honour Classical 'Mods.' at Oxford.

Mr. L. J. D. Wakely played in the Freshman's Match at Oxford.

Marriages.

BYAM SHAW-DODGSON.—On April 10, John James Byam Shaw, second son of the late John Byam Shaw, to Eveline, daughter of the late Capt. Arthur Dodgson, R.N., and Mrs. Ewen Grant, of Inverness.

DENZA-WITHERS.—On April 18, Luigi, only son of the late Signor Denza, and Joyce Mary, only daughter of Thomas Withers, of Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington.

HERBERT-HAYLOR.—On April 28, Aubrey, younger son of the late Sir Jesse Herbert, and Phyllis, only daughter of E. J. Haylor, of Banbury Road, Oxford.

LEVEY-RUDD.—On April 28, at Toronto, Sidney Levey, son of Lt.-Col. J. H. Levey, and Louie Margaret, daughter of the late W. L. Rudd, of Burnley, Lancs.

DIAMOND WEDDING.

WILLETT-BAGNALL.—On April 6, 1869, Frederic Willett, Vicar of West Bromwich, to Mary, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. J. N. Bagnall, D.L., J.P., of Shenstone Moss, Lichfield.

Our Contemporaries.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—

The City of London School Magazine, The Cliftonian, The Limit, The Johnian, The Shirburnian, The Malvernian, The Blue (3), The Wycombe Abbey Gazette, The Dovorian, The Malburian, The Wellingtonian, The Salopian, The Tonbridgian, The Eton College Chronicle (3), The Aldenhamian, The Portcullis, The Haileybury Guild, The St. Edward's School Chronicle, The Edinburgh Academy Chronicle, The Felsteadian, The Radleian, The King's College School Magazine, The Trinity University Review, The Cantuarian, The Lancing College Magazine, The Stonyhurst Magazine, The Carthusian (2).

Obituary.

LORD PHILLIMORE.

WE deeply regret to have to record the death of Lord Phillimore, G.B.E., which took place on March 13th. By his death Westminster has lost one of her most distinguished and one of her most loyal sons.

WALTER GEORGE FRANK PHILLIMORE was the eldest son of Sir Robert C. Phillimore, Bart. (O.W.), a Governor of the School and President of the Elizabethan Club, and was born in 1845. From his earliest days (as he was fond of saying) he was taught to love Westminster by his father, and in due course he followed his ancestors' footsteps and was admitted up Grant's (1857). Two years later he was elected head into College. In 1862 he was Captain of the School. In that year he acted Pamphilus in the 'Andria,' and spoke the Prologue which commemorated the death of the Prince Consort. Thenceforth he never willingly missed a Play, and was always among the most appreciative of the audience. He was in the chair on the third night of the 'Adelphi' last December.

In 1863 he was elected to Christ Church. At Oxford he took three 'Firsts' and became a Fellow of All Souls. He was called to the Bar in 1868 and became a Q.C. in 1883. He was made a Judge in 1897 and became a Lord of Appeal in 1913. He retired in 1916 and was raised to the Peerage in 1918. It has been remarked that as a High Court Judge Phillimore was not much of a success and that it was not until he became a Lord of Appeal, or even later, that his work on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and above all, for International Law and the League of Nations, caused him to be regarded as one of the most distinguished of English Judges. It has been pointed out that four names—Phillimore, Cecil, Smuts and Hurst—'for ever link the British Empire with the institution of the League of Nations.' We, at Westminster, may well be proud that two of them were Westminsters. It was Lord Phillimore who drew up the draft scheme which President Wilson deputed Col. House to work upon; it was Sir Cecil Hurst who consolidated the British and American drafts and produced the document which was finally accepted as the foundation of the League's constitution.

Throughout his long life Lord Phillimore never wavered in his affection for the School.

For his work as a Governor, as a Busby Trustee and as President of the Elizabethan Club, the School owes him a debt which cannot easily be measured. In spite of the many calls upon his time, he rarely, if ever, failed to attend the meetings of those bodies. In 1912 he and another Old Westminster Judge, Sir Charles Lush, defrayed the greater part of the cost of the Fives Court by the entrance to College. As President of the Elizabethan Club his courtesy, patience and power to seize on essentials made him an admirable Chairman. If anything was proposed which seemed to him to be for the benefit of the School, his quiet 'I think we must do it; what does our Treasurer say?' usually carried the day. It was he who decided that the late Dr. Gow was eligible for election as an Honorary Member of the Club on the ground that no one could possibly have been Head Master of Westminster for so many years without having been 'educated at the School' in accordance with the terms of the rule. He took an active part in the amalgamation of the Elizabethan Club with the O.W. Football and Cricket Club, for he was convinced that all O.W.W. should be united in one Association, not only for their own benefit, but 'to preserve the associations and to further the interests and prosperity of the School.'

Many will remember the touching speech which he made at the O.W. Dinner in 1927, in which he drew on his recollections of the School for seventy years and proclaimed his confidence in its future, and all will mourn the passing of a great Judge and a great Westminster.

We also have to record the deaths of several other Old Westminsters.

ALEXANDER FRANCIS MACKENZIE DOWNIE was a son of Sir Alexander Mackenzie Downie, M.D., and was admitted to the School (from Marlborough) in 1858. He was elected into College in 1860 and acted Sosia in the 'Andria' of 1862, when Lord Phillimore was Captain. He left in 1863 and became a Solicitor. He was Registrar and High Bailiff of the County Court at Alton, Hants. He gave a prize for Orations at the School. He died on March 6, aged 84.

ROBERT CORSER MONTFORT SYMNS was the eldest son of the Rev. John E. Symns, and was

admitted to the School (from St. Paul's) in 1881. He was elected into College in the same year and left in 1884. He was afterwards at Balliol and passed into the I.C.S. in 1886. He spent most of his official life in Burma, where he became acting Deputy Commissioner. He retired in 1913. He was a prominent Freemason and a Past Master of the O.W. Lodge. He died at Nice on April 6.

REGINALD STANLEY LEWIS BOULTER was the eldest son of Stanley Boulter, of Garstone Park, Godstone. He was up Grant's from 1887 to 1889, when he went to Eton. He was a member of the London Stock Exchange and served in the Great War. He died on April 5, aged 53.

ERNEST GORDON BRYMER was a son of John Robert Brymer, and was a Home Boarder from 1893 to 1897. He was afterwards a Chartered Accountant. He died on January 24.

JAMES CUTHBERT GOW, the second son of Dr. James Gow, Head Master of Westminster, was admitted as a K.S. in 1904. He was captain both of cricket and football in 1908-9 and a School Monitor. In 1909 he was elected to Christ Church and took his degree in 1913. At Oxford he played football for the University against Cambridge in 1912. On leaving Oxford he joined Messrs. Cammell Laird at Sheffield. On the outbreak of the War he was given a commission in the York and Lancaster Regiment. But after serving with distinction for some time at the Front he was specially seconded for munition work at Sheffield. In 1919 he married Katherine, daughter of B. George Wood, of Sheffield. He died at sea very suddenly on April 13.

An old Westminster writes :

'The death of Cuthbert Gow on the Atlantic on April 13 and the manner of it came as strange and tragic news to friends who had known from Westminster days his strong, happy nature and stable temperament. Stranger still it seemed, in the crude setting of a newspaper paragraph, after letters flowing over with the eagerness of return and the longing for home after months of separation. It would indeed have been news inexplicable for ever without a knowledge of the physical tax of his two business journeys round the

world in two years, of his swift passage from the tropics to the keen spring of North America, of the cold which he had already when he boarded the boat in New York, and of the treacherous, irresistible form which pneumonia will often assume at its first onset. But when all is explained, what becomes less strange is not less tragic. Nothing makes up to us for the lost son or husband or friend, or for the broken career. A man of Cuthbert Gow's quality can ill be spared by industry, especially from a generation which gave so many of its leaders to national service, brief and splendid, in another cause—his sailor brother among them. Cuthbert had an all-round record at School and the University behind him. He was a very successful captain of football and cricket, a Soccer blue at Oxford, and a scholar. He was made for the career that was before him when he joined Cammell Laird straight from Christ Church. He had a steady business head and a way with him that naturally won the affection and confidence of men who look for leadership. At 38 he had made—and has left—his mark. He had proved himself in one responsibility after another and was on the eve of promotion to the management of the important Sheffield branch of his firm. Nor could that have been the horizon for one still short of the middle years.

'*Iam iam non domus accipiet.* . . . The home which he shared as a son—many Westminsters remember it—and the home which he helped to make for himself were memorably happy. The first instinctive reply to this calamity from many hearts will have been unbounded sympathy for his mother and his wife.'

ERIC SALTER was a son of Henry Salter, of Malvern House, Ealing. He was admitted to the School in 1913 and left in 1915. In 1917 he received a commission in the Indian Army and joined the Gurkha Rifles. He served in Iraq during the latter part of the War and saw service in Kurdistan in 1919, and again in Iraq in 1919-1920. He became a Captain in 1921. He died suddenly on April 7.

DR. HERBERT BRANSTON GRAY, formerly Warden of Bradfield College, who died on April 5, was an Assistant Master at the School from 1875 to 1878.

Correspondence.

BENGAL UNITED SERVICE CLUB,
CALCUTTA.

March 10, 1929.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—The following account of an O.W.W. Dinner which took place in Calcutta on February 28 may perhaps merit inclusion in the next number of THE ELIZABETHAN. This Dinner has now been held regularly for the last five or six years, and it is to be hoped that it will become a permanent annual 'fixture.' Thanks to the kindness of Sir Herbert and Lady Cuming, it took place this year at their house in Alipore, Calcutta, and those of us who were present join in a hearty vote of thanks to them both for their generous hospitality. The pink carnations and Westminster views were greatly appreciated; and our only regret is that we were not able to express our thanks to Lady Cuming personally.

One or two O.W.W. having just gone home on leave, and certain others being unable to attend, we only mustered nine all told; but it need hardly be said that we made up in quality for any deficiency in quantity. The Services were represented by His Honour Sir Herbert Cuming, I.C.S. (1884-1888), and Messrs. W. S. Hopkyns, C.I.E., O.B.E., I.C.S. (1890-1897), and E. B. H. Baker, I.C.S. (1918-1923). Mr. P. E. Lee (1895-1899), of Kidderfore, appeared for the Church; while British commercial interests were in the hands of Messrs. W. P. Daniel (1895-1898), R. D. Dutton (1917-1920), A. J. Verdier (1918-1923), Hon. O. T. Farrer (1919-1922) and C. W. P. Ibotson (1920-1924). As befitted the occasion a copy of the recently published *Record of Old Westminsters* was also present, 'on show,' and was unreservedly approved as being the finest of all tributes to the devoted efforts of its authors.

As the Senior O.W. present who had not already enjoyed the privilege, Mr. W. P. Daniel proposed the toast of 'Floreat,' coupled with the name of the School. He referred in his speech to the Old Grantite Society, which appears to be flourishing like the green bay tree, and he urged members of the other Houses to follow its example. The suggestion that such action might have an injurious effect on the Elizabethan Club itself was turned down with scorn by the assembled company.

It need hardly be said that the above toast was drunk with acclamation; and that when we at length dispersed, for another year, we carried away with us memories of our exceedingly pleasant meeting. And I take it upon myself, sir, on behalf of all those who were present, to convey through the medium of THE ELIZABETHAN our very best wishes for the continued prosperity of Westminster. Floreat!

I am, sir,
Yours truly,
E. B. H. BAKER, I.C.S.

EDGWARE.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—It may be interesting to some of your readers to observe the number of ways in which the Westminster word 'greaze' is spelt.

In a glossary of Westminster words by Sir Clements Markham, appended to *Recollections of a Town Boy at Westminster*, by Captain Markham, the word is written 'Grease.'

Mr. John Sargeant, on page 130 of his *Annals of Westminster School*, spells this word 'Greese.'

Mr. L. Tanner, on page 43 of his *Westminster School*, spells it 'Greaze.'

Lastly, the heading of Sir George Aston's article in the *Sunday Times*, dated February 17, 1929, is 'The Pancake Greeze.'

There are thus four different spellings in use; and I shall be very grateful if any of your correspondents can enlighten me as to the correct spelling of the word and their authority.

Yours faithfully,
A. H. O. W.

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.

OLD WESTMINSTERS' LODGE, No. 2233.

THIS Lodge was formed in 1888, and consists of Old Westminsters. It meets at Westminster School four times a year—in March, June, October, and December. It is the senior Public School Lodge belonging to the Public Schools Union, which holds an Annual Festival at each school in turn.

Old Westminsters desiring to join the Lodge should communicate with the Secretary, W. J. ARMITAGE, Esq., Lougholt, Hildenborough, Kent.

NOTICES.

ALL contributions to the July number of THE ELIZABETHAN should reach the Editor at 3, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1, before June 29, 1929.

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

Subscriptions now due should be forwarded at once to I. F. SMEDLEY, Esq., Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1 (not addressed 'The Treasurer').

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

THE ELIZABETHAN LITERARY SUPPLEMENT THE FIRST

JUNE, MCMXXIX

LAMBETH.

WE print below the winning entry for the Gumbleton English Verse Prize.

A village of old England—green and fair,
Harbour'd amidst the fields, which now the sun
Strikes golden when the glorious rush of day
Falls on the lurking homesteads, whence each one
Master or servant sets forth on his way
Greeting the dawning air.
'Tis Lambeth, and hard by the river glides
Through London town and onward to the sea ;
All pure the glistening waters, while the tides
Lap peaceful shores, and pass reluctantly.

'Tis but a common scene, yet all the earth
Boasts not a landscape fairer to the eye
Than these free English manors and their folk
Plying their needful trades thus peacefully.
Not yet does cramped restriction's heavy yoke
Lie hard, nor is there dearth
Of healthful pleasures, of the very fields
That lie between the steadings and invite
The labourer to his work, of all delight
A life so simple, yet so blessed, yields.

See, see how quick to-day the town's astir,
The fields deserted, where the ripened corn
Breathes unmolested : feel the sunshine air
Leaping with freedom, while the glittering morn
Throbs in its gladness—for 'tis now the Fair !
The speckled booths appear
Gay 'midst the motleyed crowd that, like a pack
Of hounds which sniff each patch of ground for
scent,
Rush eager 'cross the field, lest aught they lack
Of their full pleasure, and the day's content.

So the day passes, till the evening drives
Homeward the lingering crowds : they try to
steal
One last enjoyment, loath to seek their home.
Night strips the tent of people, and a seal
Of barren silence fastens on the gloom.
And soon the morrow gives

Each to his work ; yet not for all their care
Of worldly matters is their spirit bound :
With smokeless sky above, a freshening air
Is theirs to breathe, whom pastoral scenes
surround.

* * * *

What transformation's this ? Does Lambeth
town
Still live among these buildings tall and grim ?
Is not this England ?—Has the hand of man
Altered the work of nature and his whim
Conquered at last ? Quick, tell me, how began
This pestilence, whence grown ?
'Tis but a long and toiling sacrifice
Of hearts and minds to heathen gods of Power
And Progress : men were ignorant of the price
Exacted from their bondage hour by hour.

Street after street, with bare, dark walls beside—
And littered dirt still clinging to the floors
Of unwashed homes, whose windows seem as eyes
Watching in pity those 'gainst whom the doors
Of happiness stand half-closed and luring vice
The path to Heaven denied.
God's sons they are, their birthright all unknown,
With scarce one softening hope that could refine
Their sullen hearts, for squalor has o'ergrown
Whate'er once budded from the seed Divine.

Tread lightly on the stairs, for on a bed
High up there lies a girl with new-born child
Clasped to her frantic breast, where there is naught
Of succour for her babe ; imploring, wild
She calls her drunken husband, till distraught,
Despairing, she falls dead !
While outside in the street, too dull to care,
Her husband staggers, who had vowed her love
And strong protection, on whose body bare
The helpless child sobs out his life above.

Love is a sacred thing, a boon God-given,
Whose Self is Love, and being of such a kind
It lifts men's hearts above their natural ways
To one pure selflessness : and all who find
This treasure pure are dazzled by the rays
Of the brightest sun in Heav'n.

So that, as one who gazes long at light
 Is blind to all around him, man can see
 Naught of the common things, but all seem
 bright,
 Flooded by love with radiant purity.

Yet nothing here—O misery worst of all!—
 Gains golden lustre if love enters in ;
 Vile it becomes, and love's no more a beam
 To light the gloom, but one more shade of sin
 That brims this misery, where gloom doth seem
 The very skies to enthrall.
 Laughter's a stranger here, and dull, dull days,
 With never a change to set their hearts a-beat
 With hope of some new world, from but a maze
 Of endless toiling for their weary feet.

' Will not God succouring come at last ? ' men say :
 Fools, fools, who dare to ask Divine release
 From what men wilful did ! There is no God
 Can by one mystic touch give sudden peace
 To warring realms, or with Olympian nod
 Send Paradise to-day !

Yours, yours the task to war against this scourge
 That leaves its blood-red weal across our land,
 Stunting the soul of England ! Up ! and purge
 Your fellow-men from grim destruction's hand !

M. MACKENZIE.

WESTMINSTER POLICE COURT.

When Justice sits, Law keeps the door :
 There passes through a long array
 Of Knave and Fool and Rich and Poor
 All day.

Distress and Folly come with Vice,
 Falsehood and Truth are always there ;
 Hate comes and Lust (who isn't nice),
 Foul follows fair.

And some are called who drive at speed
 Or in a manner dangerous,
 Or hit (because they do not heed)
 A 'bus ;

Who loiter with intention, or
 Who hang about to take a bet ;
 Who fail to take a licence for
 Their set ;

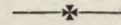
Who beat their wives, or who detain
 A pair of artificial hose ;
 Who hit with all their might and main
 A landlord's nose.

Law keeps the door, when Justice sits.
 From morning each and every day
 Till eve the long procession flits
 Its way.

But sometimes comes a chance to gaze
 Through window, if the list is slight,
 At fielders fielding in a blaze
 Of light.

No snipe are found on Tuttle Fields,
 No duck are left to stalk and slay ;
 But Vincent's Square good sport still yields
 To-day.

The work is ended. Court adjourns.
 ' Well bowled ! By Jove, he's got the wicket ! '
 The Magistrate's attention turns
 To Cricket.



DEMOCRACY IN THE SCHOOLS.

It is an odd reflection—is it not ?—that sequestered almost within the shadow of the Mother of Parliaments, Westminster still retains her unrepresentative and oligarchic system of government. It isn't that Westminster never changes ; half the trouble in the School comes from change—and people who leave it lying about. Nor is it that we are as yet too young for representation in matters of school legislation and curriculum. Mr. van Druten has exploded the theory of the immaturity of youth. Besides, at the present rate of progress, in ten years' time Seniors will be enfranchised, so it seems that there is every reason for making a start in self-government, in preparation for the duties and privileges of manhood. What ho !

So it would not be a great surprise to me if in ten years' time we see, as a result of this movement, even brighter accounts of our activities than ' Eliza ' gives us to-day. (By the way, Mr. Editor, I am so glad you are saving that lady's face with your literary powder-puff, because you know people *were* beginning to call her ' Dora. ') Let me take some random quotations referring to some future School Election. Of course we should have to think of some other name than election, and some other time than the end of July ; nothing but confusion could result if the University dons found themselves mixed up in an improvised hustings.

The first cutting is from the ' Eliza ' of about 1938, and deals with the great ' No more Corps ' issue upon which the selection was fought. Oh, didn't I tell you what they fought each other for ?

Silly of me—they were choosing the Masters, that's where true democracy comes in. Well, this is what it says:

'At a crowded meeting of the Nagga Party Mr. — made a spirited and epigrammatic attack upon the evils emitted from the Armoury. 'Khaki,' he exclaimed, 'is bilious in colour and effect. Uniformity destroys individuality, and uniform destroys individuals.' (A voice: 'What about top hats, then?') 'Let us have more fields and fewer field days; camp breeds scamps; rifles are not to be trifled with; "A Cert." candidates are asserting militarism.'

Another cutting, bearing on the same subject, tells of an unsuccessful attempt made by the party in office to induce the Corps to disarm. The experts, the B.S.M., School Sergeant and a Science Master (to deal with the higher explosives) could not agree; and when the Government delegate, a member of the History Form, suggested that bayonets could be put to better use to dig up 'Green,' and proceeded to put his theory into practice, he was sent to drill for lip, and was tanned up School for damage to School property. The system was evidently not by then perfected.

But perhaps the greatest speech ever delivered up School during the parliamentary epoch was one which dealt with the pressing problem of Leave Off.

'We have all around us,' began the speaker—he was a Welshman—'the terrible tragedy of boys unable to play in the ordinary games of the School, owing to this terrible scourge of Leave Off Station. What has the policy of recent months done? Nothing but sign notes and let Home Boarders go home and Half Boarders up Lib. Nothing to prevent the endless misery of the playless, who have to endure the rigours of home or Lib. because they are not fit for Morden or Putney.

'If our party is returned, we have plans which will be immediately put into operation, to reduce the awful figures of L.O. in a single term to considerably less than normal. They are briefly as follows:—

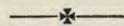
1. Half-Pinks for Chess. Chess will be played with living teams, and will thus provide sport for sixteen people at least, who are otherwise incapacitated.

2. Touch judges, referees for all league games of football, and umpires for cricket. This will provide thirty extra men for Morden in winter, and twenty in summer. The remaining ten will then act as ball-boys to our tennis stars at Roehampton.

'In this way, and in this way only, can we develop our latent resources, and at the same time rid ourselves of this unemployment of those who

cannot play games, which is eating into the heart of this great School.' (Loud and prolonged applause.)

Well, Mr. Editor, I must now stop all this rot, because on reading it through I don't think representation would be a good thing. You see, I have just been vaccinated, and will have to get Leave Off Station for a bit myself.



THE COMPLEAT MYSTERY.

FOREWORD.

THERE is, as yet, no proverb to tell one that 'Foreword is fore-armed,' but there is no doubt there would be truth in that statement. The work I submit will, I trust, be excused on this account, especially when the extenuating circumstances are made known. I had been a spectator at a good many mystery plays and had, after my return from the last, which was particularly perplexing, plunged into that remarkable collection of tales of MYSTERY, HORROR, CRIME, GREED, GLOOM, MUD AND TREACLE published by Victor Gollancz. Imagine my surprise, when, later on, sitting down to compose a letter to my aunt, I found I had written this play, which I append herewith.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PUDGE, *supposed to be a butler.*

MISS TURVEY, *supposed to be engaged to—*

MR. TURNOVER, *who is supposed to own the house.*

MRS. GUZZLE, *supposed to be a guest.*

MR. TROTTLER, *supposed to be another guest.*

AN UNKNOWN, *supposed not to be known.*

MR. BOGBY, *who says he is a detective.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

[The curtain rises with the stage in darkness. People run on to the stage, shrieking and firing revolvers. They then run off again. There is a series of thuds. The lights go up, revealing an empty bathroom. In the centre is a table, to which two arm-chairs are drawn up. On the left of the stage is a large cupboard, on the right a bath with a door behind it. The backcloth is designed to represent a window. Enter PUDGE bearing a paper bag.]

PUDGE. Ha! All clear! *(Gives a sinister laugh and drops paper bag into a waste-paper basket.)*

[A shriek is heard off. Enter MISS TURVEY in trepidation.]

MISS T. Oh! Ah! HELP! It's coming after me. Oh! *(Jumps on to a chair.)* Pudge! go and get a cat.

PUDGE. A cat, madam?

MISS T. Yes, or a mousetrap.

PUDGE. Very good, madam.

[*Exit. Enter MR. TURNOVER carrying a revolver behind his back.*

MR. TUR. My dear! What are you doing here.

[*A scream is heard. MR. TUR. leaps up and drops his revolver.*

MISS T. Heavens! What's this? What does it mean? This revolver? Tell me. Ah-h-h! (*Begins to faint, then hastily recovering descends from the chair.*) Oh-h-h! (*Faints.*)

[*MR. TUR. picks up his revolver. MRS.*

GUZZLE and MR. TROTTLER run in.

MRS. G. Oh la! What an uncalled for calamity.

MR. TROT. I must confess it is depressing.

MRS. G. I declare I'm being quite silly. I feel faint.

MR. TROT. It is really most upsetting.

MR. TUR. Why? What? How? Where? What's happened?

MRS. G. The cook's been—

MISS T. (*recovering*). What?

MRS. G. Murdered!

MISS T. Ah-h-h! (*Faints.*)

MR. TUR. How? Where? What's this. (*Drops revolver into paper basket.*) What do you mean? Who did it?

MR. TROT. We suspect Pudge.

MISS T. (*recovering*). Who?

MR. TROT. Pudge.

MISS T. Oh-h-h! (*Faints.*)

MR. TUR. But why?

MRS. GUZ. They were husband and wife.

MISS T. (*recovering*). Who?

MRS. GUZ. Cook and Pudge.

MISS T. What? Were Cook and Pudge husband and wife?

MRS. GUZ. Yes.

MISS T. How?

MR. TROT. They got married.

MISS T. O-o-oh! (*Faints.*)

MR. TUR. Heavens! She's fainted.

MRS. GUZ. So she has. Quick! Sal volatile! (*Runs and opens cupboard. Five bodies fall out.*

MRS. GUZZLE *pushes them back hastily. No one notices her.*) No. There's none here.

MR. TROT. What! No sal volatile? But the cupboard is full of it. Nearly bursting with it.

[*The cupboard bursts open and again the corpses fall out. Everyone bends hastily over*

MISS TURVEY. The corpses return into the cupboard and close the door.

MR. TUR. Are you sure there is none there?

MISS T. (*recovering*). I know where it is. (*Opens cupboard. Corpses fall out.*) Oh-h-h! (*Faints.*)

MRS. GUZ. Will you ring the bell, please, and have this mess cleared away. And you'd better ring up the police.

MR. TUR. Certainly.

[*Exit.*

MR. TROT. She's still fainted.

MRS. GUZ. Throw some cold water over her.

MISS T. (*recovering hastily*). I'm quite all right; thanks.

[*Enter a maid.*

MAID. I can't sweep them up, mum. It isn't my job.

[*Exit haughtily.*

MISS T. I'm feeling rather faint. I'll go to my room.

[*Exit.*

MRS. GUZ. This is annoying. I'm going to have some brandy.

MR. TROT. I'll come with you.

[*Exeunt. A pause. The lights darken. A noise of thunder is heard. A figure bearing a knife appears at the window and leaps into the room, landing in the bath. The lights go up again. Enter MR. BOGBY with a magnifying glass.*

MR. BOG. Ah! The bathroom; very significant. (*Produces notebook.*) Ah! five corpses; five; intensely peculiar, and hallo! what's this? A set of false teeth.

[*Enter MR. TURNOVER hastily.*

MR. TUR. 'Ave lots my tee, 'v'you see em?

MR. BOG. Oh! They're yours? Here you are.

MR. TUR. (*adjusting them*). Thank you. Thank you.

[*Exit.*

MR. BOG. I believe the corpses were found in the sal volatile cupboard. (*Opens cupboard; a corpse falls out, knocking BOGBY over.*)

MR. BOG. (*shaken*). Here! Confound you! Look out.

CORPSE. Sorry! Your fault though.

MR. BOG. I like that! Get back in the cupboard, you oaf. (*Pushes him back and closes door.*) And next time come when you're needed. (*Opens door. The corpse walks sideways hastily out of sight.*) No. It is deserted now.

[*Enters the cupboard. There is a large crashing sound and BOGBY descends out of sight. To the accompaniment of more crashes he partially re-appears. In his struggles to get out he pulls over the cupboard, disclosing several people, some of whom are in semi-déshabillé. These disperse hastily. Hurried curtain. The curtain rises on the same scene.*

MR. BOGBY *is outside the cupboard.*

MR. BOG. (*cautiously putting his hand in the cupboard.*) Ah! I seize on something.

A VOICE. Hey! Leggo my 'air.

MR. BOG. It is a rag. (*Produces crimson handkerchief.*) Ah! Pink. (*Looking for a name on the handkerchief.*) But anonymous.

[*Enter MISS TURVEY.*]

MISS T. Hallo! Who! What! Where! How! Why! When! Who are you?

MR. BOG. (*dramatically.*) A detective.

MISS T. E-e-e-e-eh! (*Faints and collapses into the bath. Tremendous excitement. The ejected unknown in the bath protests loudly. MISS T. pleads that she could not help it, but is ejected.*)

MR. BOG. Hah! What is this? (*Produces bag and revolver from paper basket.*)

[*PUDGE, TURNOVER, GUZZLE and TROTTLER enter. The unknown in the bath discloses herself to be the cook armed with a rolling pin. MISS TURVEY recovers.*]

PUDGE. Be careful, sir; don't drop that bag.

MR. TUR. (*producing revolver and shooting himself.*) The cupboard, look in the cupboard. (*Falls.*)

[*The lights go out and then go on again. MR. TURNOVER'S body has vanished.*]

MR. TROT. Where's the body?

MR. BOG. Quick! Look in the cupboard. (*Opens it. MR. TURNOVER walks out.*) Heavens! (*Drops the paper bag. Nothing happens.*)

[*PUDGE embraces the COOK, MR. TURNOVER embraces MISS TURVEY, MR. TROTTLER embraces MRS. GUZZLE. Enter a female chorus singing 'Sonny Boy.' Nurses enter the auditorium.*]

CURTAIN.

This is obviously an excellent mystery play; having, as it does an exciting start in the dark, a mysterious scene, corpses in the cupboard, a well-sustained mystery, and the inevitable but impossible happy ending. I give it you for what it is worth.

R. G.

THE MAN WITH THE SCYTHE.

SAND dunes, sun and sand dunes for miles and miles of utter loneliness. Microscopic in the immense ocean of yellow the whiteness of a tent caught the eye of a passing vulture. Lower down, had he dared to venture so near the haunts of man, he would have seen (though probably not recognised) horses tethered to some stunted shrubs and various military paraphernalia strewn carelessly on the ground. Within the tent itself two white beams of sunlight had managed to penetrate the canvas flaps, and lit up some figures dressed in the customary duck-white uniform which civilised Europeans always don in tropical climates.

Four of them stood in a group gazing intently at a fifth who, with the insignia of rank on his arm, was bending on his knees over a still stretched figure lying on a piece of linen saddling. He rose at length, and turned to the others. 'He won't last long, I'm afraid,' he said ruefully, 'the poor young devil's stopped one in the back, and badly.'

One of the listeners sobbed, and the man on the ground, as if disturbed at the sound, half raised himself on an elbow, and opening his fluttering eyelids, asked for a drink. 'Dammit, I heard you . . .' He smiled weakly. 'I'm not going to die. Why should I die, anyway—eh?' 'That's all right, old chap,' assured the officer, 'you must have been dreaming. Why, I never mentioned the fact,' and gently he forced the other back on to his rude pillow. Unresistingly he closed his eyes and tried to sleep, but the words kept reiterating themselves in his brain . . . die? . . . why die? . . . why ever should he? . . . why should he die? . . . he wasn't going to . . . no . . . die . . . why? . . . 'Mawson, wake up!' With a start he sat up and opened his sleepy eyes on to the picture of a very irate form master bending over him in an offensive attitude. Swiftly he pulled himself together, and murmured an apology. 'So sorry, sir! Must have been the heat,' and he diligently attempted to disentangle a rather knotty piece of Tacitus. Lack of attention earned him four hundred lines that day, and in the evening he went up to his dormitory with a heavy heart, for the imposition, which was due to be shown up early the following morning, was very incomplete. Sleep came but late that night, and when at last he roused himself . . . why. . . . 'Damn funny thing,' he murmured to himself, and glanced at his watch, 'half-past five already, I must have been asleep. Must do some of that beastly work now, I suppose,' and raising himself from the depths of a comfortable arm-chair, crossed over to the window, and pulling aside the curtain, revealed the last rays of a dying sun tinting the eastern walls of the College quad rose pink. That evening he went for a row on the Cam, and the behaviour of a careless cox catapulted the whole crew into the water.

He sank like a stone at first, and then attempted to rise, but some iron weight seemed to be pushing him down . . . down . . . further down . . . he struggled violently, and everything turned black. . . .

' . . . Well, congratulations, Mawson! Here is your University certificate, and here your commission for Egypt. Good luck.' The bronzed officer on the other side of the table stood up, shook hands, and handed him an envelope and a paper roll tied with a red ribbon and fastened with a

large seal. 'Thank you, sir,' he stammered, and turned round and walked away between the rows of faces. Dimly he heard clapping, and then the room seemed to sway, and everything turn hazy and grey . . . he staggered and attempted to regain control of his senses, when he felt someone put an arm through his and gently force him into a chair.

'Don't be a fool, old chap,' he heard a voice say, and looking up saw a young man dressed in regulation khaki bending over him with a frown. 'No need to get excited, you know. After all, she's not the only girl in the world . . . there are others, and you're young.'

'I know, Tom, I know all about that,' said the man in the chair, 'but she was mine—had promised to be my wife when I got back to England—I loved her, and now . . . she's dead—' he broke off, and his brother officer, being tactful, didn't attempt to renew the conversation, save to exhort him not to take things to heart so much.

That same afternoon his superior officer, being a man who realised that brooding and inactivity never did the mind any good, ordered Mawson off into the desert to settle a rebel band of Arabs who were giving trouble to the local authorities, and he went off that same evening with a company of about a hundred. He rode into the west, into the glory of the sun, and the next day he was shot. . . .

. . . The man on the ground groaned a little, and his head sagged backwards. The white clad officer bent forward swiftly and caught him, tried to thrust water in between the clenched lips, but to no avail, for he was still, quite still. The officer stood up, and took off his hat. The others followed suit, and closed their eyes.

It was at that moment that there appeared in the opening of the tent the figure of an old, old man, with flowing beard and bearing a reaping scythe in one hand, while with the other he beckoned to the man on the ground . . . a strange sight in the midst of a sterile desert. The figure on the ground seemed to see the old man's motions, for he rose up and passed out, between his unseeing comrades, and taking the old man's ready hand, went forth into the desert . . . into the distant bluey yellow of the unknown . . . but he didn't look behind him, for there lay something which he didn't wish to see, something over which four white clad men were sorrowfully bending. . . .

At length the officer and his four comrades raised their heads and replaced their hats on them. The officer turned and, followed by the other three went over to the horses. On the way the officer paused, and gazed curiously into the distant sand with a hand shading his eyes. 'An old reaper,' he exclaimed amazedly, 'here in the

midst of the Sahara, miles from nowhere—strolling about with one of our men! He must be some old Arab villain who makes money out of a fertile oasis, but how strange . . . how very strange.' And not being a thinking man, he went to have his supper.

E. R. L.



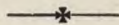
BRIGHTER YARD.

A THANKOFFERING AND AN APPEAL.

All Praise to W-LL-TT, who began the Game
With Tubs of sober hue and Bench the same.
Next L-CE took up the Tale and now his Door is—
Strange though it seem—as blue as any Tory's.
Spurred on by Envy, to enhance the Scene,
Rigaud's forthwith symbolically turned green.
The distant Busbites too threw in their mite:
And though their House be dull, their Blazer's
bright.

Up, then, Home Boarders! Let it ne'er be said
R-DW-CK could stop your painting Eighteen red.
Nor need you, SM-DL-Y, into Bathos sink;
Just coat Ashburnham in Eliza's pink.

PICTOR.



THE YARD.

(With **I**apologies to everyone, and especially the
Editor of 'The Elizabethan'.)

[There has been some agitation for a story which shall deal, not indirectly or by implication, but clearly and openly, with Westminster. We therefore offer this synopsis for any enterprising O.W. to write up in full.]

CHAPTERS I-II.

Arrival of *James Donellan* at St. Peter's College, Westminster, where he has been elected a Resident King's Scholar. Brief description of College at the time, and scathing picture of the *Master of K.SS.* *James* is attached as shadow to *Randolph Cuthbertson*, a second Election whose bold and reckless temperament has earned him the nickname of *The Devil*. *The Devil* asks *James* if he comes of a Westminster family, and *James*, producing a copy of the *Record of Old Westminsters*, points proudly to his ancestor, *J. Donellan*, who wrought such havoc with the laurel-water. This wins the respect of *The Devil*, who soon makes *James* familiar with all the traditional idiosyncrasies of the great School.

CHAPTERS III and V.

James' early prowess in the football field. History of Vincent Square. Excursus on the state of football at Westminster, which is bad. Description of the slackness of coaches and team captains. *James'* indignation thereat. *James* plays for Colts and the second XI. Fury of *The Devil*.

CHAPTERS IV, VI, VIII, XII, XIV, XVII, XXII, XXV and as many others as you like.

Growth and development of *James'* friendship with a Town Boy far surpassing the rest of the School in personal charm, athletic skill and popularity, whom the boys called *Cicero*, because his Christian name was *Marcus*. Attempts of *James* to raise *Cicero* to his own intellectual level, and to save him from the insidious influences of *The Devil*. *Cicero*, led on by *The Devil*, performs many rash infringements of the rules, from the consequences of which *James* shields him. The best people, however, do not lose confidence in *James*.

CHAPTER VII

The Charterhouse match. *James* is twelfth man, and, owing to a disaster occurring to the captain of the team, is obliged to take his place. In spite of *James*, Charterhouse win easily. *James* takes an oath to beat them next year.

The Devil has persuaded *Cicero* to bet him ten shillings that Westminster will win, and goes off triumphant. Horror of *James*.

CHAPTERS IX, X and XI

The Sports. History of Athletics at Westminster. Resolve of *James* that College shall win the House Cup, which they have not within living memory. He proceeds to win all the under 15 and under 16 events. Then comes the 150 yards under 14. If he wins, the Cup is theirs; if not, it will be won by *Cicero* for Grant's. *James* is in a terrible dilemma: should he consider his House or his friend? Should he scratch? or not run his best? His doubts are solved by *Cicero's* twisting his ankle before the race. Triumph of College, and redoubled hatred of *The Devil*. The *Captain of K.S.S.* resents the success of such a youngster, which is against tradition.

CHAPTER XIII

Election Term. Excursus on Westminster cricket. Prospects are good for this season, but all those likely to get into the XI are leaving at the end of the summer, and the cricket coaches are on the look-out for recruits.

CHAPTER XV

James attracts the eye of the cricket coaches, and proceeds in rapid strides to the first XI, where he wins the Charterhouse match by taking the last six Charterhouse wickets in one over. (This may be made more probable if desired.) His efforts, however, do not make K.S.S. beat T.B.B., because he has not the heart to take *Cicero's* wicket, who makes 313 runs before retiring hurt from a fast ball by *The Devil*. End of *James'* first year at Westminster.

CHAPTER XVI

James arrives back in Play Term to find himself Captain of Football and Cricket. His strenuous and energetic work in improving football at Westminster. Anger of the coaches at being disturbed. *James* leads his team to victory at Godalming, but is deprived of the Captaincy through the jealousy of the football masters.

CHAPTER XVIII

Account of Commem. Description of the Dean and Chapter of the time.

CHAPTER XIX

Election Term once more. *James*, still pursued by vindictive superiors, fails to win the Charterhouse match, and in disgust and self-reproach resigns his position. Joy of *The Devil*, the *Captain of K.S.S.*, and the games masters. *James* resolves to take to water next year. End of *James'* second year.

CHAPTERS XX and XXI

History of the Latin Play at Westminster. The *Master of K.S.S.* decides to introduce a new Latin Play into the traditional cycle. Angry comments of the Traditionalists. The *Captain of K.S.S.* refuses to act in it, and many follow his lead. *James* takes the main part and makes the Play a great success, at which all protests die down. Fury of the *Captain*.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Pancake Greaze, won by *James*.

CHAPTER XXIV

History of Water at Westminster. *James*, who has rowed in Trials, determines that Westminster shall win the Ladies' Plate. For variety, though it is a pity, the rowing coaches share this ambition, and put *James* in the first VIII. They are drawn against a Cambridge College in the first round, and narrowly beaten. *James*, at bow, has rowed magnificently. He is appointed Head of the

Water for next year. End of *James'* third year at Westminster.

CHAPTER XXVI

School reassembles in *James'* fourth year under *The Devil* as its Captain. Steady decline of moral tone under *The Devil*. (*Cicero* has meanwhile gone to Oxford.) At last *James* feels obliged to lay *The Devil* out, which of course does a lot of good.

CHAPTER XXVII

Account of Henley Royal Regatta, where the Westminster crew carry off the Ladies' Plate, owing to the brilliant work of *James* at stroke. He is found to have won the final at the price of a strained heart, and is forbidden to row again. End of *James'* fourth year at Westminster.

CHAPTERS XXVIII—End.

James' last year. He is Captain of the School and President of Deb. Soc., Orch. Soc., Sci. Soc., Mad. Soc., and the Society of Westminster Youths. He has also paid his entrance fee to the O.W. Soc. Not being allowed to row, he has taken up the smaller games, and is Captain of Fencing, Gym., Tennis, Fives and Chess. His Play is witnessed by Royalty. Never has the School known a year of such all-round excellence and success. *James* wins all the School Prizes except the Clifton Gordon Reading Prize, owing to a mispronunciation of the word 'indissolubly.'

At last Election comes. Full description of the custom and ritual of Election; also of the Electors for the year.

Speech of the *Head Master*, in which *James* is at last done justice.

End of *James'* last year at Westminster, and of this story.

(Note.—No living person is alluded to in this story.)

GYGES.

HINTS FOR THE SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

I. CLASSICS.

When you're faced with 'would' or 'should'
Always try Subjunctive Mood.

Purpose by Infinitive

Follows only 'choose' and 'give.'

Never meddle much with *quin*.

μέν and δε should be worked in.

Only when you're feeling bold

Risk the Greek for 'bought' and 'sold.'

2. MATHEMATICS.

Don't, whatever else you do,

Try to find square root of 2.

If you've got some eggs to buy,

That's a job for x and y .

Don't go risking perms. and combs,

Trig.'s more dangerous than bombs

If a pipe's to be repaired

Keep your eye on πr^2 .

3. CHEMISTRY.

When you're in the lab., just think.

Don't throw test tubes down the sink.

Guard your nose from H_2S ,

Don't make unnecessary mess.

You will never pass the cert.

By spilling acid down your shirt,

But, if Modern VI you'd reach

Learn what Bruce and Harper teach.

4. PHYSICS.

If with gases you must toil,

Have respect for Charles and Boyle.

Prisms, mirrors, lenses too

Are vital. Don't, whate'er you do

When 'mid electric wires you roam,

Forget that law ascribed to Ohm.

Don't suck thermometers, and pray

Remember 'work' is 'heat \times J.'

5. FRENCH.

French Unseens are rendered sense
Only by experience.

Grave, acute and circumflex—

These are added to perplex.

If this way your fancy floats

Browse unceasing on 'Stray Notes.'

Daily sing this little song:

Qu'est-ce que c'est qu'un papillon?

6. GERMAN AND SPANISH.

(a) If by chance you meet Z.B.,

That's *zum Beispiel* or *e.g.*

Unless the subject first be found

Don't forget to turn it round.

(b) Spanish is a risky ploy.

Stick to safety, like *yo soy*.

Don't forget that Badajoz

Rhymes with 'sloth,' and not with 'was.'

7. HISTORY.

Get King Henry's consorts plain:

Two Annes, three Katherines, a Jane.

Get your Walpole's Life by heart.

Have a line on Buonaparte.

Don't forget what you've been told :
Write it legible and bold.
Call to mind the hoary jest,
Viz : ' No flowers by request.'

8. ENGLISH.

In your essay don't use ' lot,'
Nor ' reliable,' nor ' got.'
Keep an eye on preps., because
They're not meet to end the clause.
Only those who've grown a bit
Their infinitives may split.
Verb right there along of ' to '
Is best for little boys like you.

9. CONCLUSION.

Don't forget before the Test
That your masters know the best.
Don't forget, if you get through,
They should share the credit too.

If you do as you've been told
You will join the higher fold,
Trying soon the inner gate
Of the Higher Certificate.

JANUS.

NOTICES.

THE Editor invites criticism of the Literary Supplement. He would be glad to print in the next issue some opinions of it from readers, especially if letters were forthcoming on both sides.

The next Literary Supplement will be in December, 1929. Contributions should reach the Editor by the date fixed in the October number.

The Editor refuses to hold himself responsible for anything in the Literary Supplement.

floreat.