



# The Elizabethan

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## THE 'RUDENS,' 1926.

THE 'Rudens' of 1926 will be remembered as having been the first representation since 1798 of this play of Plautus, the run of one good poet being varied by the inclusion of another. The enthusiasm with which the restoration was received makes one think that the performance will take less than 128 years to be repeated.

We print the plot of the 'Rudens' for the benefit of those who are unfamiliar with it :

Daemones, an Athenian in reduced circumstances, is living in a cottage on the African coast, near the town of Cyrene. With him lives his wife, Daedalis ; but his only child was stolen from him many years before when she was a little girl of three years old. The long arm of coincidence has brought her, under the name of Palaestra, into the possession of Labrax, a slave dealer at Cyrene. Here Plesidippus, a young Cyrenian of good family, has fallen in love with her, and resolved to pay for her freedom and marry her. He has already paid instalments of the price, and on the morning when the action of the play begins he has an appointment to meet Labrax at the Temple of Venus to complete the bargain. But the perfidious Labrax, persuaded by an acquaintance named Charmides to go to Syracuse as a good slave-market, has

attempted to defraud Plesidippus and "bolt," taking both his money and the girl. The gods have foiled his knavery. Jupiter has raised a violent storm off the coast of Cyrene to rescue Palaestra from her persecutor.

ACT I. SCENE I.—It is at this point that the action of the play begins. Sceparnio, a slave of Daemones, is found contemplating the havoc wrought by the storm, just as Plesidippus with three friends (whom he has brought as witnesses to the transfer) passes the cottage, returning baulked of his tryst with Labrax. Plesidippus enquires of Daemones, who can give him no news of Labrax. As they are talking, Daemones notices a crowd on the seashore in the distance. They are watching a ship go to pieces on the rocks. Plesidippus at once makes for the shore on the chance of finding Labrax among the crowd. Sceparnio watches the fortunes of a little boat, which he has seen tossing among the waves, with two women in it. He describes how the boat, almost by a miracle, clears the rocks, and drifts into shoal water, both the women leaping out and safely reaching the shore at different points. Daemones rebukes Sceparnio for wasting valuable time on what is no concern of his, and sends him to dig clay to make new tiles for the repair of the roof. In the next scene (Scene 2) first Palaestra enters, and then Ampelisca, her companion in the boat, each dripping and bewailing her forlorn condition. They meet and embrace, and noticing the temple appeal to its divine protection. (Scene 3.) The priestess, Ptoleocratia, hearing their voices, comes out, and on learning their plight welcomes them to the temple.



ACT II. SCENE 1.—The next act is opened by a chorus of Fishermen.\* (Scene 2.) Trachalio, the servant of Plesidippus, meets them at the temple where he has come to join his master. They can give him no news either of his master or of Labrax. (Scene 3.) As the Fishermen go on their way, Ampelisca comes out of the temple with a pitcher to fetch water from the cottage. She tells Trachalio (who, it seems, is an old admirer) of the shipwreck, and there follows some pretty banter between them. She also tells him of the loss of the *Vidulus*, or trunk, containing Palaestra's casket (*cistella*), which has in it the playthings, which she has contrived to keep through all her slavery and on which rest all her hopes of being restored some day to her lost parents. (Scene 4.) Trachalio goes into the temple to Palaestra, and Ampelisca, in pursuance of her errand, knocking at the cottage door, brings out Sceparnio, who in return for a pretty speech promises to get the water. While he is gone to the well Ampelisca is terrified at catching sight of Labrax, whom she believed to be drowned, and hurries to give the alarm to Palaestra. (Scene 5.) Sceparnio, returning from the well, describes how love lightens labour, but is vexed to find his charmer vanished, so takes the pitcher to the temple himself. (Scene 6.) Labrax now enters, followed by Charmides, and the two "friends" abuse each other. (Scene 7.) Sceparnio returns from the temple, talking to himself of the two women he has seen clasping the image of the goddess, in tears and terror. Labrax overhears and questions him, and, soon concluding the two women to be his missing slave-girls, bursts into the temple. Charmides begs a corner to sleep in, and some dry clothes, but finding Sceparnio in no good humour goes into the temple to shift for himself.

ACT III. SCENE 1.—Daemones describes a dream he has had the night before: how an ape tried to climb up to a swallow's nest and how he (Daemones) prevented it from doing so. (Scene 2.) Trachalio comes running out of the temple for help. Daemones, hearing that Labrax is violating sanctuary, calls out his Whipping-slaves, Turbalio and Sparax, and leads them to the rescue. The women soon come out terrified, and Trachalio bids them seek the protection of the altar in front of the temple. (Scene 3.) Daemones and his men drive Labrax from the temple. The slaves receive orders to guard the women, and to hit Labrax if he tries to touch them. Labrax doggedly asserts his rights, and threatens to burn the girls at the altar. Daemones despatches Trachalio in search of his master, remaining himself to superintend the defence. (Scene 4.) Labrax attempts force, but is overawed by Turbalio and Sparax, whom, armed by Daemones with stout cudgels, he compares to statues of Hercules. So, failing to carry the position by assault, he reigns himself to a blockade. (Scene 5.) Trachalio quickly finds Plesidippus, and brings him back, violently indignant and excited. He threatens to have Labrax marched off to justice, and sends Trachalio to get the support of the three friends in court. Labrax is then carried off by Turbalio and Sparax.

ACT IV. brings on the *deus ex machina* in the person of Gripus, the fisherman and slave of Daemones. He has had rare luck with his fishing—no fish indeed, but a solid travelling-trunk. This is so heavy that he is confident that it is full of gold and silver, and begins building castles and cities in the air—one of them to be called 'Gripusville'! (Scene 2.) Trachalio, returning from his errand, has seen Gripus make his haul, and recognised the trunk. He now demands a share. Gripus will allow no claim

\* The original text of the play contains a song bewailing the hardness of a fisherman's life. In place of this a song was sung that was written for and performed at the performance of the 'Rudens' at Westminster in 1798.

upon the earnings of his honest toil and makes a novel application of the proverb, 'all is fish that comes to my net.' When pressed, he roundly asserts his catch to be a 'trunk-fish,' clenching his argument by declaring that as he is a fisherman he must know! Trachalio proposes to refer the question to an umpire, and suggests the owner of the cottage. Gripus agrees—with his tongue in his cheek, feeling sure that he will be backed up by his own master. (Scene 3.) Daemones comes out, Palaestra and Ampelisca following, and the case is argued before him. Trachalio tells him of the trinkets, and Daemones resolves to test Palaestra by making her describe accurately the contents of the casket. In this, of course, she is successful. They include two small golden ornaments, inscribed one with her father's, the other with her mother's name. The names establish her identity beyond a doubt, and the father embraces his long-lost child. Gripus goes sulkily away, and Palaestra is taken to see her mother.

ACT V. SCENE 1.—Daemones gives orders for a thank-offering to the gods. Trachalio reminds him that he has promised to get him his freedom, and goes to find his master. (Scene 2.) Trachalio returns with Plesidippus, and gives him advice as to the way he shall conduct himself towards his bride and her parents—advice which is not all to his taste. (Scene 3.) They have just gone into the cottage, when Labrax returns from the town, grumbling at the finding of the court, which has made an order for handing over Palaestra to Plesidippus. Gripus enters from the cottage, sharpening a spit, with the intention apparently of ending an existence the hopes of which have been blighted. Labrax hears him muttering something about a trunk, and a few questions prove this to be the one that he has lost. Gripus promises to recover it for him, but drives a hard bargain, forcing Labrax to take an oath at the altar to give him a talent. (Scene 4.) Gripus thereupon fetches Daemones, who is ready to restore the trunk to Labrax. In return Labrax undertakes to give up all claim to Palaestra. Gripus now demands his talent, but the perjured Labrax repudiates his oath. Daemones intervenes and claims that a promise to his slave must be made good to himself. He teases Gripus, in revenge for his previous obstinacy about the trunk, but in a whispered conference with Labrax arranges to take half only of the promised talent, if Labrax, in consideration of the remitted half, will make Ampelisca free. The remaining half Daemones will count as the price of Gripus' freedom, whom he continues to torment however by declaring that he himself has the talent.

#### FIRST NIGHT, DECEMBER 18.

For a first night performance it was very satisfactory, the audience being surprisingly appreciative, and the actors even more surprisingly free from nervousness. The Epilogue tended to go rather too fast.

#### SECOND NIGHT, DECEMBER 20.

Play and Epilogue went with a swing, and the audience was more appreciative, few of the points being missed. Among those present there were the Dean of Westminster (who took the Chair), the Prime Minister, the Speaker, Lord Eustace Percy, Lord Finlay, Lord Parmoor, Viscount Haldane, Sir Alfred Tobin, Sir Alexander Roche, Mr. Justice Tomlin, Mr. Justice Finlay, Mr. Justice MacKinnon, Mr. Justice Salter, Mr. Justice Sankey,



the Dean of Christ Church and Mrs. White, Sir Alexander Lawrence, Sir John Stavridi, Sir Ernest Gowers, the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Dr. Mackail, the Master of Balliol, the Greek Minister, Prince Nader Mirzah Arasteh, Sir Douglas Hogg, Canon Storr, Canon Woodward, Sir Ernest Goodhart, Sir Raleigh Egerton.

THIRD NIGHT, DECEMBER 22.

The standard of acting was even better on the third night, and both Play and Epilogue were entirely successful. The audience included Lord Phillimore (in the Chair), the Polish Minister, Viscount Cave, Sir Frederick Kenyon, the Dean of St. Paul's and Mrs. Inge, Lord Methuen, Sir

Vincent Baddeley, Sir Gregory Foster, Judge Ivor Bowen, Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare, the Master of Corpus, Dr. and Mrs. Chen, Mr. Justice McCardie, Sir Henry Craik, the Attorney-General for Australia, Canon Donaldson, Sir Ellis Cunliffe, Lord Ritchie of Dundee, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of Barking.

We print as usual the text of the Prologue and the Epilogue. Fortune has been kind in providing at the eleventh hour a translation of the Epilogue, for which we are indeed grateful. Mr. D. C. Simpson is its author. Puns in the Latin are italicized, for the benefit of the non-classical.

PROLOGUS IN RUDENTEM.

Nostis, patroni, cur per hoc biennium  
Sit intermissa haec nostra series lusuum.  
Nempe histriones iussit obmutescere  
Pietas, et usitatus mos collegii,  
Quo tempore unumquemque communis dolor  
Quiritium adflictabat. Nam venerabilis  
Regina, coniux mater avia Principum,  
Quae totum imperium foverat Britannicum  
Materno amore, quae sibi devinxerat  
Bonitate populos, plena annorum et gloriae  
Tranquilla morte nuper animam efflaverat.

Sed nunc deposita veste ferali magis  
Vivat Rex conclamemus—id potissimum  
Ius nobis est concessum; deinde hanc fabulam  
Hodie quam agemus vos attendatis velim.

Scitote, exempli veteris, quod parentibus  
Complacuit olim priscis, haec renovatiost.  
Plauti Rudentem nostris a prosceniis  
Diu exsulantem (si quis curiosior  
Rationem gessit computare temporum,  
Lustra addat quinque quinquens triennio)  
Huc restituendum denuo curavimus.  
Magno poetae patria terrarum orbis est:  
Tantum ergo abesse nomen et nos nolumus.  
Nostro a teatro, quaecumque est, et lare.  
Redeat, suasque partes cum Terentio  
Accipiat Plautus vestrae benevolentiae!

Uter sit horum melior ambigitur. Sed heu!  
Versu idem itidem ambo utuntur operoso nimis,  
Scilicet iambis his quidem senariis

Quis multum titubat auctor oratorque item  
Huiusce quem nunc auscultatis prologi,  
Qui servat solam ingloriam aritudinem.  
Sed his et aliis quae necesse est claudicent  
Insuetam ubi grex rudis agit comoediam  
Vestra adsit imprecamur indulgentia;  
Nam miseriarum est omnium miserrima  
Si quis magna ausus nil tamen confecerit.

Verum una res est unanimos quae omnes iuvet:  
Nam Apelles noster, rite ut ornetur Rudens  
Tandem renatus, apparatus scaenicos  
Delineavit pinxit exstruxit novos,  
Quanta arte, quali ingenio—sed ruboribus  
Praesentis os suffusum est—mox spectabitis.

De nobis nunc pauca admodum, antequam exeo.  
Illis quae fuerant hospitii quartum additum est,  
Ubi plures—tantum urgemur—una dormiant  
Studeant rixentur: Busbeiani illi audiunt.

Ploramus inter mortuos carum<sup>1</sup> caput,  
Nostri senatus Praesidem, in re publica  
Ecclesiaeque insignem, qui mille obrutus  
Curis tamen consuluit nunquam non scholae.  
Par<sup>2</sup> autem erat quos Musae defletos habent  
Nobiscum, et unus<sup>3</sup> quem flet Aesculapius.  
Plures desiderantur: at meminuit Fides.

Magistrum<sup>4</sup> inviti iam senem dimisimus;  
Fruatur annis et quod meritust otio.  
Denique Decanus oro ut auguriis bonis  
Tam fauste incepta perficiat feliciter.

<sup>1</sup> The Right Rev. Bishop Ryle, late Dean of Westminster and Chairman of the Governing Body.

<sup>2</sup> Professor E. V. Arnold, D.Litt., and Professor J. S. Phillimore, D.Litt.

<sup>3</sup> Lieut.-General Sir W. B. Leishman, F.R.S., Director-General of the R.A.M.C.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. A. C. Liddell.



## EPILOGUS IN RUDENTEM.

## PERSONAE.

LABRAX . . . . .	<i>A Passport Officer</i>	C. H. V. SUTHERLAND.
TRACHALIO . . . . .	<i>A Customs Officer</i>	E. F. BARLOW.
PLESIDIPPUS . . . . .	<i>An Undergraduate, nephew and ward of</i>	
	DAEMONES . . . . .	H. L. JONES.
PALAESTRA . . . . .	<i>A Chorus Girl of mysterious origin</i>	J. C. P. ELLISTON.
DAEMONES . . . . .	<i>A Professor of Psychology, also Proctor</i>	E. L. FRANKLIN.
SCEPARNIO . . . . .	DAEMONES' <i>Gyp</i>	D. J. JONES.
PTOLEMOCRATIA . . . . .	<i>A Cultured Lady from Boston</i>	E. F. WHITE.
CHARMIDES . . . . .	<i>A Mine Owner</i>	C. M. HARRISON.
GRIPUS . . . . .	<i>A Miner</i>	F. W. ALLEN.
AMPELISCA . . . . .	<i>An Atlantic Swimmer</i>	G. O. LACE.

## PERSONAE MUTAE.

An Educated Gorilla . . . . .	J. M. S. WHITTOW.
Porters . . . . .	J. H. LEE, J. W. GRIGG.

SCENE :—*The landing stage at Southampton. On the right the sea is visible. At the back is the Passport Office, over the door of which is written 'S.P.Q.R. Tu, civis, dextram, pete tu, peregrine, sinistram.'* (G.R.—To Passports: Right British, left non-British Section.) *On the left is the Customs Office, whose roof has been damaged by a recent storm. It bears a notice 'S.P.Q.R. Investigandas pandite sarcinulas.'* (G.R.—Have hand-luggage ready for Customs Inspection.) *In the centre is a long table, on which LABRAX and TRACHALIO are lying asleep.*

LAB. ( <i>sits up and rubs his eyes; looks at his watch</i> ). Per freta cur sit lata—an lata per aequora?— tarde Sic ratis, ignoro.	LAB. ( <i>sits up and rubs his eyes; looks at his watch</i> ). She must have been rammed, or the channel is dammed. She's later than ever.
TRA. ( <i>sitting up and yawning</i> ). Vir bone, quid quereris? Non tempestatem nobis modo sanguinolentam Neptunus misit? ( <i>Pointing to the roof</i> ). Tegula nulla manet! ( <i>pompously</i> ) Ventus hic—immo Alcmena Euripidis—	TRA. ( <i>sitting up and yawning</i> ). My good man, stop grouching. A tempestuous gale that has dropped ruddy hail. What can you expect? ( <i>pointing to the roof</i> ) Why it's ruined our housing. ( <i>pompously</i> ) The wind this forenoon—nay, the Conrad Typhoon—
LAB. ( <i>disgusted</i> ). Alma Thalia! O dea maesto iterum vis placuisse ioco? Dispaream, Plautus si hunc intellexerat ipse!	LAB. ( <i>disgusted</i> ). Oh, ye gods! it's his second- hand humour again. I wish you would stow it; I'm hanged if the Poet could possibly know it had come from his pen.
TRA. At te tempestas, Anglia, peior agit! Nunc fossorum illae lites iocus esse videntur.	TRA. But a tempest more dread over England has spread, and the coal-mines are matter for humour instead.
LAB. Non operarum hodie cessat, ut ante, labor. Et vermis laesus tandem se colligit, ira Terribilis. Mimi grammatici medici Pontifices chirurgi—omnes (quid plura?) laborem, Ingenuas artes qui coluere, negant.	LAB. It's not the handworkers to-day that are shirkers, but now the bruised serpent is raising his head, A terrible creature—for actor and teacher, and doctor and preacher and surgeon—in fine, All who follow the call of the arts liberal in perfect agreement their labour decline.
TRA. Nonne et qui per equos libris victum sibi quaerunt?	TRA. And those who by horses make money on courses?
LAB. Actum est: mens toti sana gregi rediit. Illi, fossores dirimant dum iurgia, cessant.	LAB. Sound reason has totally sated desire.



(With a gesture of despair both lie down again. A distant siren sounds. Both tumble off the table.)

TRA. Iupiter! Horribili rupta fragore quies!  
LAB. Tales Sirenas facile effugisset Ulixes!  
Num nostra est navis?

TRA. Prospiciamus.

LAB. Ea est!

(Enter PLESIDIPPUS and PALAESTRA.)

LAB. (pointing at PLESIDIPPUS' trousers).  
Non, Jove rumpant si de claro terrifico, mi  
Sardanapale, faces me strepitu, ista probem.

PLES. Hos mihi di mores, dedit has Oxonia bracas,  
Quae vitam inventis artibus excoluit.

TRA. (ironically). Gratulor!  
PLES and PAL. (singing together).  
Ut variis splendes Oxonia bracas!  
Lana ovium vastas vix ita mille facis!  
Te capiunt, capiunt me, ambo capiunt,  
capiunt tres!

LAB. Heus! Spectatores erubuere! Sat est.

TRA. Quae tamen huc vos causa tulit?  
PLES. Patrum, optime, nunc hic  
Exspecto. Menses Bostona culta duos  
Hunc tulit infelix.

TRA. Quid agebat ibi ille?  
PLES. Docebat.  
Cur rides?

TRA. Siccis, ut puto, sicca tulit!  
PLES. Hoc redit inde die, meque illi occurrere  
iussit Concilium.

TRA. Quodnam, dic mihi, concilium?

PLES. Ingenuas artes quotquot profitentur inertes  
Stare hodie haud nescis. Grammatici medici  
Pontifices . . .

TRA. (impatiently). Satis est.  
PLES. Tenet horum Oxonia summum  
Concilium. Patrum deligere his placuit  
Qui lites componat: ego horum nuntius  
adsum,  
Haud equidem invitus (looking sentimentally  
at PAL.).

But the rest will sit still doing nothing until  
the brawls between owners and miners  
expire.

(With a gesture of despair both lie down again. A distant siren sounds. Both tumble off the table.)

TRA. What a terrible din on my rest breaking in!  
LAB. Ulysses would  
hardly have stayed in his flight  
For such Sirens as those. It's our ship, I  
suppose.

TRA. Let us  
just go and see.

LAB. Yes, it's our ship all right.

(Enter PLESIDIPPUS and PALAESTRA.)

LAB. (pointing at PLESIDIPPUS' trousers).  
Sir Aesthete, Jove's levin loud crashing from  
heaven could never induce my approval,  
I trow, Sir.

PLES. Heaven gives the soul riches, but Oxford  
gives breeches, where all things subserve  
the mind's culture.

TRA. (ironically). I bow, Sir.

PLES. and PAL. (singing together).  
How grand is Oxford's trouser-wear!  
A thousand fleeces make one pair,  
There's room for you,  
And room for me,  
And room for two,  
And room for three. . . .

LAB. You've said enough. Hush! They're be-  
ginning to blush.

TRA. But what brings you here?  
PLES. I've an uncle, my friend,  
From Boston returning; in that home of  
learning a couple of months he has  
managed to spend.

TRA. Over there? in what style?  
PLES. As a teacher. You smile?

TRA. A little Dry Ginger to lips that are dry!  
PLES. He returns to our nation; and now Con-  
vocation has sent me to meet him.

TRA. And what, by the bye,  
Is this body you mention?  
PLES. All those with pretension to  
liberal arts now look artlessly on,  
Doing nothing—the teachers and doctors  
and preachers. . . .

TRA. (impatiently). Yes.  
PLES. Oxford's the home of their Trade Union.  
There you'll find Convocation; and this  
litigation they want Uncle Daemones'  
verdict upon.  
So I carry the news. And I'm hoping to use  
the occasion . . . (looking sentimentally  
at PAL.).



PAL. (to PLES.). Lux mea!  
 PLES. (to PAL.). Dulce caput!  
 (To LAB.). Est procurator patruus: pupillus  
 ego huius.  
 Urbs vellem haud eadem meque teneret et  
 hunc!

LAB. Non licuit Cantabrigiam ire?  
 PLES. ὦ ἄνθρωπε, εὐφήμει!  
 (To the audience). Romae nutritum me iubet  
 ire Tomos!

TRA. (to PLES.). Perge.  
 PLES. Palaestra suis me (hesitating) . . . septima  
 cepit ocellis,  
 Contactum, puto . . . sex ante cupidinibus.  
 Mutua nos torret fax.

PAL. Spes mea!  
 PLES. Ducere iam nunc  
 Hanc cupio. Patruus ius prohibere potest.  
 Ei mihi! Sed pietas, patruus, haec fortasse  
 movebit  
 Te mea, cor durum sit licet istud!  
 (The siren sounds again, very loudly. LAB. and  
 TRA. jump to their feet.)

LAB. Adest!  
 (General confusion. Porters rush in and set up a  
 gangway to the ship. They run up it and dis-  
 appear, and a moment later passengers begin to  
 descend. First comes DAEMONES, carrying a suit-  
 case. SCEPARNIO follows, carrying a vidulus.  
 TRA. takes up his position behind the table.)

DAE. (moving across stage without noticing TRA.)  
 Anglia, salveto! Sitientem amplectere civem!  
 (Sniffing) Iam, puto, collegi vina mei  
 olfacio!

TRA. Iamne sitis! Miseros nonne invitavit in  
 undis  
 Pocula Neptunus salsa adigens bibere  
 Hos homines bene? verso se sic pallidiorem  
 Ventre hic fert.

LAB. Mi vir, quae ioca! Ego aufugio.  
 (LAB. retires into Passport Office.)

DAE. Fortunas, o scirpe, tuas expertus ego cdi,  
 Aride!

TRA. (sharply). Declarandum ecquid habes?

DAE. (startled and angry). Ego? Nil!

TRA. (to DAE.). Pande! (to the audience) Abdunt  
 homines quot te, celebrande bibosis  
 Bacche!

(DAE. unlocks the suit-case. While TRA. rummages  
 in it, SCEP. tries to sidle past unnoticed.)

TRA. (to SCEP., sharply). Heus! Quo ruis? O  
 nobile factum hominis!

SCEP. (with affected surprise, to the audience).  
 Nescioquis prope me hic loquitur.

PAL. (to PLES.). My darling!  
 PLES. (to PAL.). My beauty! My belle!  
 (To LAB.). He's a proctor, the brute! And  
 my tutor to boot. And I wish the same  
 town didn't hold him as well.

LAB. Would Cambridge suit you?  
 PLES. Oh, Monsieur! Taisez-vous!  
 (To the audience). That one destined for  
 heaven should thus go to hell!

TRA. (to PLES.). Please continue.  
 PLES. Palaestra's (hesitating) . . . the seventh  
 at least . . . I've been victim to quite  
 half a dozen, I fear,  
 But it's now the real thing.

PAL. Yes, my darling.  
 PLES. I'll bring my  
 bride to the altar—if Uncle's not queer.  
 Sure my constant devotion must stir his  
 emotion though stony his heart be to  
 others.

(The siren sounds again, very loudly. LAB. and  
 TRA. jump to their feet.)

LAB. She's here.  
 (General confusion. Porters rush in and set up a  
 gangway to the ship. They run up it and dis-  
 appear, and a moment later passengers begin to  
 descend. First comes DAEMONES, carrying a suit-  
 case. SCEPARNIO follows, carrying a trunk.  
 TRA. takes up his position behind the table.)

DAE. Well, I'm home from the sea. Come and  
 have one with me. College Port, I can  
 scent it—an excellent wine.

TRA. What? Thirsty, already? The ship must  
 be steady that doesn't supply you with  
 cups of good brine.  
 You're as white as a clown. Did your dinner  
 go down or come up?

LAB. How indecent. I'm going away.  
 (LAB. retires into Passport Office.)

DAE. I despise the whole creed of Dryped, the  
 reed.

TRA. (sharply). Come, declare  
 what you've got.

DAE. (startled and angry). I? N-nothing I say.

TRA. (to DAE.). Open that one! (to the audience)  
 No doubt he will whine to back out of the  
 search.

(DAE. unlocks the suit-case. While TRA. rummages  
 in it, SCEP. tries to sidle past unnoticed.)

TRA. (to SCEP. sharply). Hie! Young fellow!  
 D'you think I can't see?  
 I admire your ability.

SCEP. (with affected surprise to the audience).  
 My! what civility! Somebody seems to be  
 talking to me.



TRA. Dic, vidulus iste  
Quid tenet? (*aside*) Aut vinum aut serica  
vestis inest.

DAE. Quae tenet hic, spectare profanos non  
deceat!

TRA. (*impassively*) Etsi  
Ioanna huic insit Southcota, pande tamen.

SCEP. Non pandam.

TRA. Lex est. (*Seizes the loose end of the rope  
round the vidulus.*)

SCEP. Leges ego nescio vestras. (*A tug-of-  
war.*)  
Mitte rudentem!

TRA. At tu vidulum omitte!

DAE. (*striding forward, to SCEP.*). Tace!  
(*to TRA.*). Tu dic, si quid opus.

TRA. (*doggedly*). Pandi hunc, vir docte,  
necesse est.

DAE. (*to SCEP., resignedly*). Vidulum omitte.  
(*TRA. unties the rope and opens the vidulus; he  
pulls out a silk M.A. gown.*)

TRA. Quid hoc? Serica vestis erat.  
(*TRA. turns the vidulus upside down; a cista drops  
out.*)  
Quid video? Cista hic latet obsignata.  
(*to DAE.*). Quid intro est?

DAE. Hic? Nihil!

TRA. Hanc pandam mox ego. Tu remane.  
(*pointing to Passport Office*) Pars portae  
interea tibi dextra petenda.

PLES. Palaestra,  
Tempus adest. Votis tu, Venus alma, fave!

(*TRA. goes into the Customs House; DAE. pulls out  
his passport, and moves towards the Passport  
Office. PLES. steps forward behind him, followed  
by PAL.*)

PLES. O salve pater!

DAE. (*starting but not turning round*). Hoc quis  
me vocat? Est mihi nullus  
Filius; unam habui filiulam. Heu! Periit.  
(*Buries his face in his handkerchief.*)

PLES. O patruē!

DAE. (*turning round*). O salve, puer optime!  
(*Shakes hands with PLES.*)

PLES. Nuntius adsum.  
O patruē, immensi primus honoris ego.  
Te sibi, dum cessant, legati munere fungi,  
Ingenuas artes qui coluere, iubent.

DAE. (*to the audience*). Nil desperandum duce  
Daemone!  
(*He catches sight of PAL. To PLES.*). Dic  
mihi, virgo  
Haec quaenam est? (*aside*) Plane bella  
puella! (*to PLES.*). Taces?

TRA. Come; that trunk. What is in it? I'll  
find in a minute a silk gown or maybe a  
box of Havanas.

DAE. It's reserved for the few my garments to  
view!

TRA. (*impassively*). You must open it though it be  
full of Joannas.

SCEP. I won't.

TRA. It's the law. (*Seizes the loose end of the  
rope round the trunk.*)

SCEP. Well, I don't care a straw. (*A tug-of-war.*)  
Loose that strap.

TRA. Let that trunk go.

DAE. Be quiet, you clown.  
Well, what is it?

TRA. (*doggedly*). This case must be opened,  
Your Grace.

DAE. (*to SCEP. resignedly*). Well, put it down.  
(*TRA. unties the rope and opens the trunk; he  
pulls out a silk M.A. gown.*)

TRA. There now! It was a silk gown.  
(*TRA. turns the trunk upside down; a box drops  
out.*)  
Ah! trying to hide a locked box? (*To DAE.*).  
What's inside?

DAE. Nothing.

TRA. Well, I'll see later. Just wait there a minute.  
(*pointing to Passport Office*) Look! That's  
the direction for passport inspection.

PLES. I'll make my request. Heaven help me to  
win it.  
(*TRA. goes into the Customs House; DAE. pulls  
out his passport, and moves towards the Passport  
Office. PLES. steps forward behind him, followed  
by PAL.*)

PLES. My father!

DAE. (*starting but not turning round*). A son?  
But I'm sure I had none. A dear little  
daughter I had, but she died.  
(*Buries his face in his handkerchief.*)

PLES. Oh, uncle!

DAE. (*turning round*). Dear lad!  
(*Shakes hands with PLES.*)

PLES. I'm exceedingly glad to be bearer of news  
that will fill you with pride,  
Throughout the cessation of work Convoca-  
tion requests you to sit in the President's  
chair.

DAE. (*to the audience*). Any party succeeds that  
Daemones leads. (*He catches sight of  
PAL. To PLES.*). But I say! Who's the  
lady? (*aside*) Not bad, I declare!  
Not a word?



PLES. (*embarrassed*). O patruē, hanc . . .  
 DAE. (*sharply*). Quid vult rubor iste?  
 PLES. (*to PAL.*). Palaestra, saluta  
 Hunc socerum, placeant dis modo vota,  
 tuum!

(*PAL. steps forward, and she and PLES. fall on their knees before DAE.*)

PLES. and PAL. Per genua oramus.  
 DAE. (*to PLES.*). Mene hanc tibi tradere nuptam,  
 Stulte, iubes? Quidnam est?  
 PLES. (*aside*). Ei mihi! (*to DAE.*) Mima.  
 DAE. (*violently*). Veto!  
 (*pointing to PAL.*). Arte rubent labra haec,  
 flavescent arte capilli.

PAL. (*defiantly*). Sit! (*to the audience*) Flavas  
 mavult si quis honestus homo est!

DAE. (*to the audience*). Ambubaiarum collegia  
 Saklatavalas  
 Mendicos mimas odimus!

(*Strides into Passport Office; PLES. and PAL. get up.*)

PAL. (*looking after DAE.*). Odi ego te!  
 (*to PLES.*). Esurio et sitio! Cum te Fortuna  
 maritum  
 Fecerit, audiet hic, lux mea, quae meruit!

(*Exeunt PLES. and PAL.; TRA. comes out again.*  
 PTOLEMOCRATIA comes down the gangway,  
 carrying a hand-bag; followed by the gorilla.)

PTOL. (*to the gorilla*). Huc sequere, o Daniel!  
 (*to TRA.*). Vetiti nihil est mihi.

TRA. (*mechanically*). Pande  
 Hanc arcam. (PTOL. unlocks the bag, and  
 TRA. glances at it, and chalks it.) Satis  
 est. Perge.

(*catching sight of the gorilla*). Quid aspicio?  
 Somnia quae nocte hac mira atque inscita ego  
 vidi

Verane erant? Certe hic simia progreditur!  
 Bestia quem sequitur nequissima?

(*The gorilla makes a threatening noise at TRA., who jumps back.*)

PTOL. (*to the gorilla*). Dulcis hirundo,  
 Ne flocci facito verba trifurciferi!

TRA. (*angrily*). Mene trifurciferum appellas, bona  
 femina? Nostros  
 Hoc animal fines lex penetrare vetat.  
 (*to the audience*) Sic rabies procul et morbus  
 pedum et oris habentur.

PTOL. Hunc scito (*producing passport*)—inspicio,  
 stulte, libellum—hominem.

TRA. (*looking helplessly from passport to gorilla*).  
 Heus, Labrax!

PLES. (*embarrassed*). Sir . . . this lady . . .  
 DAE. (*sharply*). You blush? Nothing shady?  
 PLES. (*to PAL.*). Say, "How  
 do you do?" dear. Ye gods, hear our  
 prayer.

(*PAL. steps forward, and she and PLES. fall on their knees before DAE.*)

PLES. and PAL. On our knees we both sue.  
 DAE. (*to PLES.*). What? Let her marry you?  
 What is she?

PLES. (*to DAE.*). She's one of the Gaiety girls.  
 DAE. (*violently*). On the stage! I forbid it!  
 (*pointing to PAL.*) Do you think Nature  
 did it—those ripe cherry lips and those  
 long flaxen curls.

PAL. (*defiantly*). Well! The gentlemen, Sir, are  
 said to prefer . . .

DAE. (*to the audience*). With theatrical night clubs  
 I've nothing to do;  
 All vagabond scamps and music-hall vamps  
 and Battersea Bolshies are scum!

(*Strides into Passport Office; PLES. and PAL. get up.*)

PAL. (*looking after DAE.*). So are you!  
 (*to PLES.*) Let's go and have tea. For to-day  
 he goes free, but when we are married,  
 he'll hear from the bride.

(*Exeunt PLES. and PAL.; TRA. comes out again.*  
 PTOLEMOCRATIA comes down the gangway,  
 carrying a hand-bag; followed by the gorilla.)

PTOL. (*to the gorilla*). Just follow me, Dan. (*to*  
 TRA.). I have nothing, my man.

TRA. (*mechanically*). I want to see that one.  
 (PTOL. unlocks the bag, and TRA. glances at it,  
 and chalks it.) All right. Pass inside.  
 (*catching sight of the gorilla*) Great snakes!  
 Then it seems that my horrible dreams have  
 come true. A gorilla—it can't be denied!  
 Where does he belong, the great brute?

(*The gorilla makes a threatening noise at TRA., who jumps back.*)

PTOL. (*to the gorilla*). Come along, little fairy;  
 don't worry, he's only a fool.

TRA. (*angrily*). A fool, I declare! My good  
 woman, take care! That animal can'  
 come ashore—it's the rule.  
 (*to the audience*). It's part of the battle 'gainst  
 sickness in cattle.

PTOL. You idiot, he's human (*producing pass-  
 port*)—his passport is here.

TRA. (*looking helplessly from passport to gorilla*).  
 Hie, Labrax!



(LAB. comes out of Passport Office, followed by DAE., PLES. and PAL. also return. TRA. hands LAB. the passport.)

Ad te hoc puto pertinet. Hoc lege !

LAB. (examining the passport). Nomen  
Iohannes Daniel Tertius—

(The gorilla removes his hat and bows. LAB. ceases hastily.)

PTOL. Eloquere !

LAB. Non, tu si affirmes, agor illa ut vera ego credam.

(looking at the passport photograph and then at the gorilla) Est tamen effigies haec tua.

DAE. (pushing forward, to LAB.). Cede, precor.  
(to the audience) Psychologo hic opus est !

Mentem facile ipse probabo

Mox ego. (raising his hands in prayer)

Vos, Musae, ferre iubemus opem !

Vos intellectus iussae me reddite testem !

(to the gorilla) Responde. Calida cur mare fervet aqua ?

(The gorilla looks at DAE., then turns to the audience and solemnly taps his forehead.)

DAE. (aside, piqued). A ! Nimis hoc facile. (to gorilla)

Heus ! Vini tibi si duo vasa

Tradam ; illud cyathos bis duo contineat,  
Sex habeant coniuncta ambo : dic quomodo,  
vini

Quot cyathi huic insint, experiaris ?

(The gorilla looks at DAE., turns to the audience, and makes the motion of drinking.)

PAL. (enthusiastically). Homo est !

(to LAB.) Humani nihil a te alienum, insane,  
putato.

(LAB. still hesitates. PTOL. slips a treasury note into his hand.)

LAB. Vicistis. Cedo. Quo libet ire, licet. (Exit into Passport Office.)

DAE. (to PTOL.). Te tamen hunc hominem miror,  
matrona, fateri.

Talia lex, quaeso, vestra docere sinit ?

PTOL. Daytonias leges quid curant Bostonienses ?  
Nobis Darwinus Mendeliusque placent.

Hanc tamen ob causam fateor me vestra  
petisse

Litora. (to gorilla) Sic tandem, lux mea,  
tutus eris.

DAE. (to gorilla). O consanguineum salve caput !  
(to the audience) Anglia, matris

Hunc ritu in gremium non dominae recipe !  
Auspice te repetant nostri sua iura par-  
entes !

(falling on his knees and raising his hands)

Huic quoque det genti larga Geneva locum !

(LAB. comes out of Passport Office, followed by DAE., PLES. and PAL. also return. TRA. hands LAB. the passport.)

Attend ; this concerns you, my friend.

LAB. (examining the passport). His name is John  
Daniel the Third.

(The gorilla removes his hat and bows. LAB. ceases hastily.)

PTOL. Is that clear ?

LAB. You may give him a name—he's an ape all  
the same.

(looking at the passport photograph and then at the gorilla) Is this photograph yours ?

DAE. (pushing forward, to LAB.). He needs  
psycho-analysis.

Just one moment I beg. Oh, I'll soon find  
his ego.

(raising his hands in prayer) O Rational  
Spirit, eschew all these fallacies.

On you I rely. (to the gorilla) Now answer  
me. Why does the sea boil ?

(The gorilla looks at DAE., then turns to the audience and solemnly taps his forehead.)

DAE. (aside, piqued). He knew it, as sure as can  
be. (to gorilla)

Try this : suppose here were two tankards of  
beer—five quarts altogether, and A con-  
tained three :

Now can you explain how you might ascertain  
the amount that B holds ?

(The gorilla looks at DAE., turns to the audience, and makes the motion of drinking.)

PAL. (enthusiastically). He's a man, I can see !

(to LAB.) All things human may pass ; don't  
forget that, you ass.

(LAB. still hesitates. PTOL. slips a treasury note into his hand.)

LAB. That's all right, ma'am. You've now got  
full legal protection. (Exit into Passport  
Office.)

DAE. (to PTOL.). I'm surprised that you can,  
madam, call him a man. I wonder  
your law will admit the connection.

PTOL. The laws used at Dayton are writings of  
Satan to Bostoners ; Mendel and Darwin  
we know.

But because of that fear I have come over  
here ; (to gorilla) and, therefore, at last  
there's no danger, my beau.

DAE. (to gorilla). Pleased to meet you, relation !  
I hope that our nation, as mother, not  
mistress, will welcome you in.

Guide—you alone can—to the true Rights of  
Man.

(falling on his knees and raising his hands)

I pray that the League may find room for  
his kin.



(Enter CHARMIDES and GRIPUS, back to back; each carries a board; that of GRIPUS has the inscription, 'Merces ne asse minor ne sit labor amplior hora!' That of CHARMIDES, 'Aes brevius, debet longior esse dies.' They move in the same position to the centre of the stage, where they halt, and successively deposit their boards.)

CHA. and GRI. (together, with sudden enthusiasm).  
Ecce fidem imploro, populares qui prope  
adestis!

Vos, Cyrenenses, quin mihi fertis opem?  
Legiruparum ne potior pollutia fiat!  
Vi, precor, o cives, vivere ne liceat!

(An embarrassed pause.)

TRA. (cautiously approaching). Salvete, o socii  
. . . seu Iane libentius audis.  
Quid petitis? Quid vult iste tumultus?

CHA. and GRI. Ego  
Iustitiam quaero. Nemo me impune lacessit.

TRA. Unus es, an dicam vos duo?

GRI. Gripus ego.

TRA. (holding his stomach as if in agony).  
Gripum te appellant? Audito nomine Gripi  
Horribilis torquet viscera, Gripus, dolor!  
(to CHARMIDES). Tu quoque dic nomen, nisi  
versu dicere non est.

CHA. Non est.

TRA. Tu quid agis, Gripus?

CHA. Metalla mea

Carbonis fodit ille.

TRA. Sat est. Ego cetera novi.  
Vos deliratis, plector Achivus ego.  
Ut fortunati, fallunt nisi nomina, reges  
Fossorum! Fabri nonne coquique calent?

PLES. Istis tecta aiunt carbone calere, cremamus  
Dum ca-ca-carbonis nos sa-sa-saxa vice!

TRA. Haec felix vendit Germania. Sed quid  
adestis  
Quaerentes?

CHA. and GRI. Ambo nunc nova cura premit,  
Grammatici medicique . . .

TRA. (impatently). Satis dixistis.

CHA. and GRI. Adesse  
Dicitur hic, pacem qui dare possit.

DAE. (stepping forward). Adest!  
Ille ego sum: lites praestat componere.

TRA. Credo!  
Iam paene his tricis Anglia maesta perit.

(Enter CHARMIDES and GRIPUS, back to back; each carries a board: that of GRIPUS has the inscription, 'Though my pay should be greater, I wouldn't work later!' That of CHARMIDES, 'If the day had been longer, my purse had been stronger.' They move in the same position to the centre of the stage, where they halt, and successively deposit their boards.)

CHA. and GRI. (together, with sudden enthusiasm).  
I am here and I call for attention from all who  
are present, and beg you assistance to give.  
This land we must save from a pestilent  
knave; by violence, gentlemen, let us  
not live.

(An embarrassed pause.)

TRA. (cautiously approaching). Well, I hope that  
he wins—it's the Siamese twins—or are  
you, I wonder, the Austrian eagle?  
But what is the matter—the cause of this  
clatter?

CHA. and GRI. I only want justice against what's  
illegal.

Who does me a wrong remembers it long.

TRA. Are you single  
or double?

GRI. I'm Gripus.

TRA. (holding his stomach as if in agony).

Oh, blimey!

When I hear of such titles a pain grips my  
vitals. (to CHARMIDES) Your name, sir?  
Or is it a metrical stymie?

CHA. It is.

TRA. May I ask, Gripus, what is your task.

CHA. He's a hewer of  
coal in some mines that I own.

TRA. That's a pretty good start; for I know it by  
heart. Yes, I see; you're the mad dogs  
and I am the bone.

And lucky dogs—quite (if I've got the names  
right), for warmth is in Smiths' and  
Cooks' houses alone.

PLES. Their houses, I'm told, are exceedingly  
coaled; we ask them for coal and they  
give us a stone.

TRA. And that comes from the Ruhr. But there's  
something else, sure?

CHA. and GRI. A new trouble's coming on him  
and on me.

The teachers and doctors . . .

TRA. (impatently). Yes.

CHA. and GRI. One of the Proctors is here to bring  
peace.

DAE. (stepping forward). He is here! I am he!  
It's a fine thing to end a dispute.

TRA. Yes, my friend. For with this silly non-  
sense we're in a bad way.



(TRA. retires into the Customs House.)

PLES. Iudice opus !

CHA. and GRI. Iudex quis erit ?

PLES. (tentatively). Sunt . . . pontifices.

CHA. and GRI. (ironically). Sunt !

PAL. (stepping forward triumphantly).

Εὐρηξα. (pointing to the gorilla) Hoc melior  
iudice numquis erit ?

Non hunc urbs aluit corrupta, sed in via silva.

En ! Astraea novo pulchrior ore redit !

(The gorilla bows to PAL. and then to the audience.)

CHA. (to PAL.). Hic mihi, pulchra, placet iudex.

GRI. Fortasse placebit

Et mihi. Quae posco si dabit, accipiam.

PLES. (to PAL.). Lux mea, num pondus sic hic  
vestitus habebitIudicis ? (to LAB.) Heus ! Patruī serica  
vestis ubi est ?LAB. Hoc comitem tu posce meum : patruī, puto,  
cistamInspicit hic intus. (Points to Customs House ;  
PLES. exit thither.)

SCEP. Cetera novi ubi sint.

(He opens DAEMONES' suit-case, and produces a  
College cap, bands, a hood and a Proctor's Grey  
Book ; PLES. returns carrying the gown. They  
dress up the gorilla.)PAL. (pointing to gorilla and then to DAE.). Ut  
similes !(to gorilla) Hoc, credo, illum urit ! (to SCEP.)  
Trade libellum Glaucum.

PLES. (to PTOL.). An tu interpres vis, domina, esse ?

PTOL. Volo.

(LAB. fetches a chair from the Passport Office. This  
is placed on the table and the gorilla sits upon it.SCEP., acting as usher, marshals everyone into  
suitable positions.)

SCEP. Linguis, o cives, animisque favete !

OMNES. Favemus !

PTOL. (after a whispered conversation with the  
gorilla).

Rem iudex breviter pandere utrumque iubet.

CHA. De nihilo nil fit. Nil nostra dedere metalla.

GRI. Privati quonam iure metalla tenent ?

CHA. (to GRI.). Potor !

GRI. (to CHA.). Cur patitur mentiri ita te, damnose,  
Parca ? (to the audience, pointing at CHA.)

Heu ! Te (hoc claret), ginne, madere negas ?

Exigua haec merces pascit vix meque meosque  
Iamdudum.

(TRA. retires into the Customs House.)

PLES. Who'll be judge ?

CHA. and GRI. Can't you dish up a judge.

PLES. (tentatively). Try a bishop.

CHA. and GRI. (ironically). Oh, thanks !

PAL. (stepping forward). The gorilla ! Oh, très  
bonne idée !

The woodland is wild where he lived as a child.

He knows not the town and the vices that  
fill it.The world has won pardon ! We're back  
in the Garden of Eden with Daniel, not  
Adam, to till it.

(The gorilla bows to PAL. and then to the audience.)

CHA. (to PAL.). Contented, my fair one.

GRI. I think he's a rare one, if only he grants me  
to take what I will.PLES. (to PAL.). Dressed thus he won't carry much  
weight. (to LAB.) Come here, Harry !  
My Uncle's silk gown !

LAB. Oh, you'll have to ask Bill.

He's inside that place inspecting the case.  
(Points to Customs House ; PLES. exit thither.)

SCEP. I know where the gown is.

(He opens DAEMONES' suit-case, and produces a  
College cap, bands, a hood and a Proctor's Grey  
Book ; PLES. returns carrying the gown. They  
dress up the gorilla.)PAL. (pointing to gorilla and then to DAE.). They're  
like as two peas.(to gorilla) That touches him, look ! Now,  
take the Grey Book.PLES. (to PTOL.). And, madam, you act as inter-  
preter, please.

PTOL. Delighted.

(LAB. fetches a chair from the Passport Office. This  
is placed on the table and the gorilla sits upon it.SCEP., acting as usher, marshals everyone into  
suitable positions.)SCEP. Be mute ! To this vital dispute your minds  
be devoting.

ALL. Our minds we devote.

PTOL. (after a whispered conversation with the  
gorilla). The judge now ordains that

each party explains.

CHA. From nothing nought comes : the mines  
don't yield a groat.GRI. And are you surprised ? If you national-  
ised the industry, all would be rosy.

CHA. (to GRI.). You're tight.

GRI. (to CHA.). You lying and sneering and gross  
interfering. . . . Why all the world knows  
'e gets drunk every night.Old Portly engages his men at low wages.  
The wife and kids starving. . . .



PTOL. (to DAE.). Causam tu quoque pande tuam.  
 DAE. Isti dum redeant, et nos cessabimus.  
 CHA. and GRI. Eheu!  
 PTOL. (after consulting the gorilla, to CHA. and GRI.).  
 Fallor, an has dicam vos tetigisse minas?

(CHA. and GRI. look at one another: then each gives a sulky nod.)

PTOL. (after a fresh consultation, to CHA. and GRI.,  
 pointing to the Passport Office).  
 Vos iubet huc iudex se nunc comitare.  
 (to DAE.) Mane tu!  
 (to the audience) Sat nimium multi iam  
 nocuere coqui!

(PTOL. and the gorilla go into the Passport Office,  
 followed by CHA. and GRI.)

(TRA. rushes out of the Customs House, brandishing  
 the cista.)

TRA. (to DAE.). Heus tu, periuri plenissime,  
 sacrilege audax,  
 En tua quam magnas cista tegebat opes!

DAE. Me miserum! Invenit nostrae ille cre-  
 pundia natae.

TRA. (coldly). Nescio; sunt certe haec aurea  
 cuncta. Vide!  
 (Pulls out a toy gold sword) Ensiculus primum  
 est.

PAL. (with a scream). Iuno! Quid lumina cernunt?  
 (to TRA.) Ecquid in hoc scriptum est? Dic  
 precor!

TRA. (after a long examination). Est aliquid.  
 PAL. Torqueor infelix. Adsis Fortuna! 'Puellae'  
 Nonne 'bonae' scriptum est 'munus'?

TRA. (doubtfully). Opinor . . . (with conviction)  
 Id est!

PAL. Nonne securicula est?

TRA. (pulling out a toy gold axe). En quod petis.

DAE. (aside). Ut miser angor!  
 Fallor, an haec nostra est filia?

TRA. (after examining the axe). Dic; quid inest?

PAL. (hesitating). Ei mihi! . . . Sed memini;  
 'Mittit Margatia munus.'

TRA. Hoc erat.

DAE. (rushing forward). O salve filia!  
 PAL. Care pater!

(They fall into each other's arms.)

PAL. (holding up the little sword).

Parvula te, saevi cum me rapuere latrones,  
 Ensicule, amisi (holding up the little axe),  
 teque, securicula!

PTOL. (to DAE.). Now your point of view.

DAE. Until they return, all will stop.

CHA. and GRI. That's infernal.

PTOL. (after consulting the gorilla to CHA. and GRI.,  
 pointing to the Passport Office.)

I think at that threat they look both rather  
 blue.

(CHA. and GRI. look at one another: then each gives  
 a sulky nod.)

PTOL. (after a fresh consultation, to CHA. and GRI.)  
 Just follow the judge. It's his orders.

(to DAE.) Don't budge! (to the audience)  
 Fact is there are too many cooks on the  
 scene.

(PTOL. and the gorilla go into the Passport Office,  
 followed by CHA. and GRI.)

(TRA. rushes out of the Customs House, brandishing  
 the box.)

TRA. (to DAE.). You sly brazen-face. There's  
 a mint in this case.

DAE. I suppose it's my little girl's toys he must  
 mean.

TRA. (coldly). I don't know about that. But  
 there's gold, and that's flat. Look here.  
 (Pulls out a toy gold sword) There's a sword  
 first.

PAL. (with a scream). Oh, mother! What's this?  
 (to TRA.) Can it really be true? Quick, quick,  
 tell me, do: is there anything on it in  
 writing?

TRA. (after a long examination). There is.

PAL. I am all in a whirl. Is it 'For a good girl?'  
 Heaven help me!

TRA. (doubtfully). I think . . . (with conviction)  
 yes, it is.

PAL. And there oughter  
 Be with it, to match it, a dear little hatchet.

TRA. (pulling out a toy gold axe). The thing that  
 you mention.

DAE. (aside). It must be my daughter,  
 If I'm not mistaken. I'm horribly shaken.

TRA. (after examining the axe). Now tell me what's  
 on it.

PAL. (hesitating). I fear . . . I am rather . . .  
 Now where did papa get . . .? Oh,  
 'Present from Margate.'

TRA. You've got it exactly.

DAE. (rushing forward). My daughter!

PAL. My father!

(They fall into each other's arms.)

PAL. (holding up the little sword).

Little sword, I lost you, and my little axe too,  
 when the horrid men seized me and took  
 me away.



DAE. Inveni in terra, mea nata, iacentia. Sed te—  
Horresco referens—ei mihi! perdideram.

(They again embrace.)

TRA. (stepping forward, pompously). Non me  
Gaetuli, socii, genuere leones.

(to DAE.) Liber es! Haec habes omnia.  
Non renuo.

SCEP. Serica quid vestis?

TRA. Reddo hanc quoque. Gaudia tanta  
Nolo importunus rumpere. Lex pereat!

OMNES. O generose puer!

DAE. (to PLES. and PAL.). Vos, nati, iungite  
dextras!

Viginti dotem magna talenta dabo.

(General cheers. PLES. and PAL. fall at DAEMONES'  
feet, and he solemnly blesses them.)

(Re-enter CHA., GRI., PTOL. and the gorilla. CHA.  
and GRI. glower fiercely at one another, and retire  
to opposite sides of the stage.)

PTOL. Nil valere preces!

(DAE., PLES., PAL., TRACH., LAB., and SCEP. face  
the audience and raise their arms with a gesture  
of despair.)

(Enter from the back AMPELISCA in a bathing dress  
and bathing cap, wrapped in a large towel. She  
stands at the centre of the back of the stage.)

AMP. (theatrically). Salvete!

(No one looks round.)

PAL. Aures muliebrem

Crediderim vocem nunc tetigisse meas.

PLES. Vox certe muliebris erat.

(AMP. comes forward, and everyone turns round:  
general astonishment.)

PTOL. Num ligneo equo tu

Es per caeruleas vecta, puella, vias?

AMP. Immo Atlantiacos per fluctus ipsa natavi  
Hoc ego ab Eboraco litus adusque Novo.

DAE. Salve, O constans nympha!

PLES. An te patefacta Columbo

Terra tulit?

AMP. (proudly). Patria est Anglia sancta mea!

(She reverses the towel, the inside of which is a Union  
Jack. General cheers.)

CHA. (to AMP.). Anglia te genuit?

(to the audience) Vincor! Mansuescere corda  
Incipiunt.

GRI. Et nos tangimur!

CHA. and GRI. (to the audience). O Patria!

DAE. These trinkets I found, lying strewn all  
around, but you—oh, it's dreadful!—  
I lost till to-day.

(They again embrace.)

TRA. (stepping forward, pompously). As for me,  
I'm no scion of African lion. (to DAE.)  
You're free. I will let you take all for  
your daughter.

SCEP. The silk gown?

TRA. That, too, I'm returning to you. On bliss  
such as this is I'll pour no cold water.  
Let laws go to hell!

ALL. Oh, you excellent fellow!

DAE. (to PLES. and PAL.). And you, my dear  
children, take hands and rejoice.  
I'll give you five thousand.

(General cheers. PLES. and PAL. fall at DAEMONES'  
feet, and he solemnly blesses them.)

(Re-enter CHA., GRI., PTOL. and the gorilla. CHA.  
and GRI. glower fiercely at one another, and retire  
to opposite sides of the stage.)

PTOL. Unheeded our vows and our prayers.

(DAE., PLES., PAL., TRACH., LAB., and SCEP. face  
the audience and raise their arms with a gesture of  
despair.)

(Enter from the back AMPELISCA in a bathing dress  
and bathing cap, wrapped in a large towel. She  
stands at the centre of the back of the stage.)

AMP. (theatrically). H'm. Good morning.

(No one looks round.)

PAL. A feminine voice

Is floating about.

PLES. Yes, it's female no doubt.

(AMP. comes forward, and everyone turns round:  
general astonishment.)

PTOL. Young miss, did

you travel astride wooden walls?

AMP. In this costume romantic I crossed the  
Atlantic; from New York to England  
I swam through the squalls.

DAE. Hats off: Edna Best!

PLES. Do you come from the West?

AMP. (proudly). I'm a native of England!

(She reverses the towel, the inside of which is a Union  
Jack. General cheers.)

CHA. (to AMP.). What? England my own?

(to the audience). I'm ready to cry; I am  
vanquished.

GRI. And I am not unaffected.

CHA. and GRI. (to the audience). She rules the waves  
still!



(They rush together and embrace, GRIPUS flinging down his pick. Simultaneously PLES. embraces PAL., TRA. embraces LAB., and PTOL. embraces the gorilla. All sob loudly.)

(DAE. and AMP. open their arms as if to embrace, but suddenly stop in embarrassment.)

DAE. (to AMP.). Nobis amplexus solis, O pulchra negantur?

AMP. (coyly). Nescio: si vis me . . . ducere . . . (DAE. hesitates). Visne?

DAE. (with sudden decision). Volo?

(DAE. and AMP. rush into an embrace. AMP. drops her towel, which SCEP. picks up and drapes on GRIPUS' pick. He stands at attention, holding it, at the front of the stage.)

(LAB. then comes forward to the audience.)

LAB. Ludus habet finem. Rixae, quas finximus, omnes

Risu solvuntur. Tempus abire mihi est.

Sed patriae mala multa eheu! non ficta minantur,

Et rapit huc illuc dira procella ratem.

Fata tamen, neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum,

Haec quoque maiorum frangere more dabunt:

Prisca fides maneat tantum incorruptaque virtus.

Quid plura? Hic fortes haec didicere patres.

Et nos vota igitur matris renovemus alumni  
Non humilis: Semper floreat alma Domus!

(They rush together and embrace, GRIPUS flinging down his pick. Simultaneously PLES. embraces PAL., TRA. embraces LAB., and PTOL. embraces the gorilla. All sob loudly.)

(DAE. and AMP. open their arms as if to embrace, but suddenly stop in embarrassment.)

DAE. (to AMP.). Are we alone missing the pleasure of kissing?

AMP. (coyly). Well . . . if you'd . . . propose to me. (DAE. hesitates) . . . Will you?

DAE. (with sudden decision). I will.

(DAE. and AMP. rush into an embrace. AMP. drops her towel, which SCEP. picks up and drapes on GRIPUS' pick. He stands at attention, holding it, at the front of the stage.)

(LAB. then comes forward to the audience.)

LAB. Our play now is done. Mock quarrels in fun are dissolving. My friends, it is time to be gone.

But ills without number our country encumber, and under a tempest our ship hurries on.

But heavier yet the storms she has met, and heaven will bring her again to the shore:

Let but honour endure, and the true and the pure. It is here that our fathers have found it before.

Let the sons in the pride of their mother abide: and FLOREAT rise to the rafters once more!

FLOREAT.

## Correspondence.

THE 'RUDENS,' 1926.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—It is more than half a century since Westminster last broke new ground with the Play. To Dr. Scott is due the credit for seeing, and giving effect to his seeing, that the 'Eunuchus' is not a suitable play for School performance, and for a return to the more catholic practice of earlier days by restoring Plautus to the Westminster stage. That was a notable step which may well lead further. The revival of the 'Eunuchus' a few years ago was a mistake—as well as being something of a sham. The 'Eunuchus' is undeniably a very clever play—some good judges put it highest of Terence's six; but even under the disguise of an un-Terentian title, and a certain

amount of 'bowdlerising,' the 'Famulus' is no play for the modern stage—at any rate at School. Let us hope it is now buried for good and all.

What determined Dr. Scott's choice of the 'Trinummus' it would be interesting to know. It was not really a good choice, for the 'Trinummus' is far from being the best of Plautus' plays. It has one really good character, and one really funny scene—the 'Sycophant' scene; that certainly can be screamingly funny. But one good scene does not make a good play, any more than one swallow makes a summer. The really damning thing, however, about the 'Trinummus' is that besides the regulation two tiresome young men it has no less than four more or less tiresome old men! No play can carry 'our old men (like so many 'Old men of the sea!'), upon its back. It will be no great loss if the Westminster stage does not see the 'Trinummus' again.



But the 'Rudens' has surely come to stay. It is in itself a charming play with a romantic setting. It takes us out of the city—and even when that city is Athens, and the representation of it so beautiful as Cockerell's, the change is welcome; and it takes us into the fresh air and to the seashore. At Westminster it comes like the visit to the seaside which used to be, and no doubt still is, the yearly privilege of youthful Londoners. It has only one young man—at least only one who talks, and he quite a good specimen of his class; and only one 'senex'—for Charmides is an old sinner and doesn't count. I have always thought the Westminster tradition quite wrong about its 'senes.' Need they really be so old—and so infirm? Romans married young: the young heroes of Terentian comedy are presumably about 20—they are newly free from tutelage, and often, as in the 'Andria,' only sons, or as in the 'Adelphi,' brothers nearly of an age. Their fathers may, therefore, well be men in their prime, not much over 40. Even if we press the official label of the *Dramatis Personae* they need be not much more than 45. Roman life knew no middle age. In the twinkling of an eye—your 46th birthday—you passed from 'iuvenis' to 'senex.' I believe the Westminster stage would gain not a little in vigour and interest by the representation of its fathers as men in their prime, not, as has so often been the case, in their dotage.

This by the way: it is in any case not a criticism of this year's 'Rudens.' Neither *Daemones* nor *Charmides* was unduly old; and the former in any case may be supposed to have been prematurely aged by his troubles.

The caste of 1926 started with two handicaps; having a new Play to deal with, they had no tradition as to its presentation or the handling of individual parts—that no doubt has its advantages as well as its drawbacks; but a greater handicap was the intermission of the Play in 1925, so that only one of the actors of 1926 had previously taken part in a Play. It is very high praise to say of a caste which had to face those two handicaps that they tackled their difficult job with remarkable success. All the parts were adequately filled; there was none noticeably weak; and the strong parts were strongly rendered. If there was no conspicuously outstanding performance, there was certainly none conspicuously lacking. What struck me most was a certain 'team spirit.' Each character was out, as in a good football side, to fit into his place, to 'do his bit'; and the result was a particularly harmonious and satisfying whole. One can remember Plays which have depended for their success on some outstandingly brilliant individual performance. This was not the case

with this year's 'Rudens.' It is indeed one of the merits of the Play that it does not lend itself to this. The bigger parts are pretty evenly distributed—it would be difficult to say whether *Labrax* or *Trachalio* or *Daemones* or *Gripus* has the more important rôle; and the 'secondary characters,' *Palaestra*, *Ampelisca*, *Plesidippus*, and even *Sceparnio* and the Priestess, give good scope for talent.

*Trachalio*, it must be admitted, is nothing like so good a part as the *Davus* of the 'Andria' or the *Syrus* of the 'Adelphi.' It is not so subtle, and the plot depends on him far less. One would like to see Mr. BARLOW as a Terentian slave—he had already played the old nurse of the 'Phormio' with success. He was perhaps of all the actors, as was to be expected from his previous experience, most at his ease. Voice, gesture and action were alike easy and natural.

'Westminster is invariably happy in its villains,' writes a former critic; and this year's *Labrax* is certainly no exception to the rule. Mr. SUTHERLAND gave us a very well thought out and—if one may use the word—attractive study of the part. I am not sure indeed if he was ever either quite so bullying or so cringing as *Plautus* meant him to be; but the part was handled with an effective restraint, and without exaggeration. His make-up was surely not quite right. *Plautus* has twice described his villain. *Plesidippus* asks of *Daemones* if he 'happens to have seen a fellow with curly hair turning grey' (l. 25); and *Trachalio* asks the fishermen (ll. 143, 4) if they have seen 'an old rascal' as bald as *Silenus*, top heavy, with a pot-belly, with knitted brows and a scowl.' In *Dormitory Labrax* was neither bald, grey, nor pot-bellied; and the scowl might have been more pronounced. But it is easy to overdo the 'villain' business, and Mr. Sutherland had certainly a forceful and artistic conception of his man.

Mr. FRANKLIN as *Daemones* spoke and moved with a quiet dignity, and in the recognition scene acted with real feeling. The least successful of the four big parts was perhaps the *Gripus* of Mr. ALLEN. But his dispute with *Trachalio* over the trunk was in many ways a most effective scene.

Another scene out of which perhaps more might have been made was that between *Trachalio* and *Ampelisca*—a very pretty bit of flirtation under difficulties. The *Ampelisca* of Mr. LACE was very good, but a little wanting in 'archness' and lightness of touch. This showed, too, in the short scene with *Sceparnio*, in which she might have fooled him more convincingly. Mr. ELLISTON acted with dignity the more colourless part of *Palaestra*; and both the women and *Labrax* were at their best



in the third scene of Act III. The meeting of the shipwrecked women was well contrived. Mr. WHITE as the Priestess was a 'dear old thing' and quite won our hearts with her 'misericordior nulla me 'st feminarum.' Charmides (Mr. HARRISON) helped Labrax to make a very telling scene on their first entrance as shipwrecked voyagers; in this scene I am not sure realism did not perhaps go a step too far! Sceparnio (Mr. D. J. JONES) on the whole did well. He worked very hard with the fine description of the wreck—not an easy bit of action for a young performer. Plesidippus (Mr. H. L. JONES) played his part with vigour and sincerity.

The fishermen's song, well rendered by Messrs. WHITTON, STURDY, SUTHERLAND and SIMPSON, was a very interesting link with the last performance of the 'Rudens' at Westminster in 1798. It was useful as a reminder to the audience that the 'Rudens' is no 'innovation' in Dormitory, but really an old friend. But Plautus himself does well in his introduction of the 'Toilers of the Sea'—no doubt meant to be sung; and it would be well, I am inclined to think, to let him speak for himself next time the 'Rudens' is done. And I would put in a very special plea for the restoration of Plautus' Arcturus, who had suffered total eclipse. The appearance of the god, to the accompaniment of thunder and lightning, makes a most effective opening to the play, and would strike an entirely new note on the Westminster stage. The lines which he has to speak are of exceptional interest and of very real, if rugged, beauty; and they give a picture of the moral government of the world quite surprisingly modern in conception.

It is the privilege of the critic to be critical, and he must be allowed his grumbles. Let me venture a word upon some accessory matters that occur to me. I don't know if our old friend Mr. Clarkson (or his successor) is still responsible for the wigs. They seem to me not to have quite kept up with the times. Did an ancient Roman—or indeed any one outside a stained glass window—ever wear a beard quite like that of Charmides? Then the ladies; we do not perhaps know very much about the coiffure of Roman ladies of the third century B.C.; but of the Greek hairdressing of the fourth century—and that should perhaps rather be our model—we do know a good deal from the Tanagra figurines. It seemed to me that the 'make up' of Palaestra and Ampelisca was not very happy and failed to make them sufficiently attractive, either to their respective lovers, or to us, their twentieth century admirers. And there did not seem quite enough difference between the wave-battered and bedraggled victims of Neptune, just escaped from

the sea, and the same ladies after the kindly priestess had given them the means of making their toilet.

In dress, too, the tradition seems to me to need some reconsideration. 'Dress does make a difference, David.' The dress of the young men depends a good deal for its effect on a due proportion to the figure. The tunic should come to the kneecap *and not below*—in these days this should hardly need emphasizing when those good judges, our sisters and our wives, are making that the standard of length! This is easily effected by adjustment on the belt. A good many of the characters this year, as in many previous years, wore their tunic much too long. This was very conspicuous in one of the fishermen—I have the official photograph to aid my memory; he is like a very small boy in his big brother's clothes. And the fishermen, by the way, should surely not be made up just like household slaves, but should have some garb indicative of their calling. Possibly the 'exomis' would not be too undraped in these days of airy clothing. To return to the young men—the pallium seems to me to be often wrongly worn. It is not an easy garment to adjust, but it repays careful adjustment. It certainly should not be hunched up round the neck as it too often is on the Westminster adolescens. Plesidippus was a little suggestive of a young man with a cold and an anxious mother.

The setting of the Play was well thought out. The temple with its pillars projecting on to the stage was a happy contrivance, and gave an effective background, especially in the third act, where the action centres round the altar. The scene was completed by a backcloth giving a view of the sea. This was an able piece of work; the palm was a good touch of local colour for Libyan Cyrene. The 'white horses' to give the storm effect, seemed perhaps a trifle 'futurist.'

A critic who sees but one out of three performances is not very well qualified to judge the merits of the different actors. Impressions of one night might well be modified on another. Your present critic begs indulgence and pardon for the detailed impressions which he ventures to set down; he is very conscious that they may well be very incomplete or mistaken. But the general impression was of a fine piece of team work, prepared and carried through under very thoughtful guidance, and of a very notable success in broadening the range of the Westminster Play. All concerned are to be very warmly congratulated.

Now that Westminster has made a return to the earlier and more liberal tradition it is to be hoped that other plays of Plautus will be seen in Dormitory. The 'Trinummus' has had its innings; it has, as has been already said, one amusing scene, but not



much else to recommend it. The 'Aulularia,' on the other hand, apart from the interest attaching to it as the inspiration from which Molière drew for his 'L'Avare,' is a really vigorous and powerful play; and it has been once acted in Dormitory (1796); but it needs an actor of unusual talent for the part of the miser. There is much to be said for the 'Captivi,' though apparently there is no record of its ever having been given at Westminster. But the 'Rudens' undoubtedly should be seen again.

The Prologue was in all ways worthy of the long and distinguished line of its predecessors; and I never remember a Prologue better delivered. And the Epilogue was masterly. The 'Rudens' gives good openings, and Mr. Robertson seized them all—and more! It must be very many years since there was an Epilogue which kept so close to its play; recent Epilogues have tended to be somewhat formless and to reproduce the characters with little relation to each other or to the plot. The seashore of Cyrene becomes the landing-stage at Southampton; Trachalio, who in the play challenges Gripus' claim to his 'trunk-fish,' is modernised into an official of the Customs, who investigates the contents of the 'vidulus' which Sceparnio (Daemones' 'Gyp') tries to smuggle through; and as in the play this proves to hold some trinkets which establish the identity of Palaestra, Ampelisca, who so dramatically gets ashore from the wreck, reappears as a lady who has swum, not the Channel, but the Atlantic. And all this against a background of the coal strike, turned into comedy by a strike of the professional classes. It is all delightfully funny in conception, and worked out with extraordinary skill and ingenuity in detail. And the puns? These are nowadays the vogue, and every year they grow more daring and more elaborate. Can the Epilogue, one wonders, 'stay the pace'; or will the fashion work itself to a standstill? Is a return to the simpler, and more 'scholarly,' Epilogues of a generation ago thinkable? There is certainly in the present trend of things a real danger that 'scholarship' may give way to the broader and more popular effects of punning. The actors are trained to stress the English divisions of the words, so that it is sometimes not easy to follow the Latin. The *Times* critic tells us that it is not uncommon on the first night—the ladies' night—to hear the question asked 'why English words come in the middle of the Latin'; and no wonder. Some of the combinations this year are amazingly ingenious; such as 'bibere hos homin-es ben-e? ver-so se sic pallidiorem ventre hic fert.' Simpler examples are 'Cum te For-tu-na maritum fecerit'; and the delightfully neat line

'Vos intellectus ius-sae me reddi-te test-em.'

Mr. Robertson indeed shows himself a master in both kinds. Nothing could be neater than his couplet which provides the two Customs House notices; or again the couplet which gives the rival 'slogans' of miner and mineowner. But the old witty weaving in of tags from the classical poets has almost ceased. In the concluding lines the author touches a higher note with real dignity.

The actors enjoyed themselves thoroughly in all this, as in the Epilogue they always do; the enunciation was admirable, and no effort or contrivance had been spared to make every point tell. And so did the audience. The Prime Minister, who was present on the second night, must have felt that even 'the loneliest job on earth' has its compensations.

I am, sir,

Ycur obedient servant,

L. J.

### A 'RUDENS' TRIUMVIRATE.

It was a happy thought which led to the revival in the recent performance of 'Rudens' of the song of the fishermen which Jimmy Dodd composed and Richard Bligh accompanied on his fiddle when the last performance took place in 1798. It should not be forgotten that the editors of the 'Lusus' were indebted to the retentive memory of Sir George Rose for the preservation of the words; he had been an under-election in College at the time. All three are, therefore, to be had in remembrance by those who witnessed the revived 'Rudens.'

The Bacchanalian words of the song lend colour to the contemporary libel on Dodd which Mr. Tanner has quoted in a note in his book on the School buildings. But if Dodd did come into School 'just recovered from his brandy,' Dr. Johnson was of opinion that brandy was the drink for heroes; and the man who could cope successfully for thirty years with the Fifth Form at Westminster must have had something of the hero about him. Mr. Sargeant, looking at the eighteenth century with the eyes of the twentieth, has been even more unkind to his memory—alluding to him as the actor's son who allowed his father to come drunk from Drury Lane and play his part again to an audience of striplings and infants. But many of the audience in question were probably not unused at home to after-dinner scenes with which the present day is unfamiliar. And Dodd's father was talented indeed, if he could play his parts drunk as well as sober. 'Few now remember Dodd,' wrote Charles Lamb, a hundred



years ago ; ' what an Aguecheek the stage lost in him.' Jimmy, his son, seems to have been responsible for the earliest attempt to revive 'Plautus' at Westminster. When part of 'Aulularia' was produced in 1792, he wrote the Prologue which apologised for the shelving of Terence.

Richard Bligh, well known to lawyers as the author of the series of Reports in the House of Lords which bears his name, found a poetical biographer in his schoolfellow Rose. The lines were preserved by the late Mr. Ingram in his copy of 'Alumni,' and Forshall has printed them. They are a good specimen of Rose's versification.

Bligh—christened Richard, from Richard his sire ;  
Confirmed by the Westminster boys Jeremiah ;  
A pretty good hand at his Greek and Latinity  
In the year ninety-nine was elected to Trinity.  
Proceeded A.B. and A.M. in due order,  
Was called to the Bar and became a Recorder.  
Practised in Chancery several years,  
Reported the cases adjudged by the Peers.  
Took the daughter of Admiral Bligh to his wife  
And then was called ' Jerry ' ; departed this life  
Much regretted, as nearly as I can remember,  
In the year thirty-eight and the month of September.

Bligh's father was named John, not Richard ; otherwise this account of him is much more complete and accurate than that given by the D.N.B., which states that he was the son of Admiral William Bligh (of Bounty fame), who in fact was his father-in-law, as stated by Rose.

Sir George Rose, sometime Judge of the Bankruptcy Court and a Master in Chancery, was one of those men who enlivened the first seventy years of the nineteenth century with their wit and are now forgotten because they did not write for publication. Even his famous report of the case heard before Lord Eldon (' Mr. Leach made a speech ') is quoted wrongly in the D.N.B. His equally famous rejoinder to James Smith of 'Rejected Addresses' as to the honesty of the lawyers who lived in Craven Street is seldom attributed to its real author. Some of his sayings appeared after his death in THE ELIZABETHAN in a review of a privately printed memoir by the late G. W. Bell, one of whose sons was head of Grant's in 1878 ; and a characteristic letter written to Sir Patrick Colquhoun on the subject of the School motto is treasured by the Elizabethan Club. On April 20, 1843, the first stone of the new Hall at Lincoln's Inn (where Rose had been admitted as a barrister from the Inner Temple in 1824) was laid on the west side of the garden. The building was to replace the old Hall, which is the scene of the opening chapter of 'Bleak House.' The stone bore the following inscription :—

Stet Lapis arboribus nudo defixus in horto  
Fundamen pulchrae tempus in omne domus.  
Aula vetus lites et legum aenigmata servet :  
Ipsa novo exorior nobilitanda coquo.

Rose's rendering, which is happier than the original, was :—

The trees of yore  
Are seen no more ;  
Unshaded now the garden lies.  
May these red bricks  
Which here we fix  
Be lasting as our equities.  
The olden dome  
With musty tome  
Of law and litigation suits.  
In this we look  
For a better Coke  
Than he who wrote the Institutes.

He lived till December, 1873. The D.N.B. states that he was elected from Westminster to Peterhouse ; and on the strength of this amazing statement that College has inserted his name in the register of their members. But he was faithful to Trinity, whence he was made an Hon. M.A. in 1835. A portrait of him is in the possession of the Directors of the Law Fire Insurance Society, one at least of whom is an O.W. It might be possible to obtain a photograph of it for the School, where at present Rose has no memorial.

### School Notes.

CONGRATULATIONS are due to R. H. Lloyd-Jones on winning an Open Classical Scholarship to Brasenose, Oxford, and to F. W. Allen on winning the Bishop Lee Scholarship at Trinity, Cambridge.

Provisionally elected to Christ Church were H. A. P. Phillips, F. M. Oppenheimer, C. H. V. Sutherland. I. I. Bowen was nominated for the Hinchliffe Scholarship, and H. B. Magnus for an Exhibition on the Hinchliffe Foundation.

Aldenham beat Westminster in a boxing contest by four events to one.

In response to an appeal, an O.W. has presented a cheque for £25 towards the erection of new fives courts. Schemes for their preparation are being considered, and it is hoped that this generous gift will form the nucleus of a large fund.

The late D. Meares was a life subscriber, and his mother has presented his life composition, returned by the officers of THE ELIZABETHAN, to the School Mission.

The Finals Day of the Sports will be Thursday, March 31st, and not Saturday, April 2nd, as advertised on the Almanack.



‘THE ELIZABETHAN.’

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I. F. SMEDLEY, *Hon. Treasurer.*  
C. H. V. SUTHERLAND, *Editor.*

On December 31, 1926, there were 107 Life Subscriptions, the liability on which was estimated at £284 6s.

The Elizabethan Club.

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

*Treasurer.*—SIR ERNEST GOODHART BART., Stroods, Uckfield.

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

AMONG those O.WW. who recently joined the Club are J. Campbell Johnstone (Rigaud's, 1868–1873), recently made a J.P. for East Sussex.

On October 13 last the Hon. Treasurer of the Club placed a wreath on the monument of Grace Annabella Slade in Hartfield Church, this being the 70th anniversary of her death.

OLD WESTMINSTERS LODGE, No. 2233.

THE annual Installation Meeting of the Lodge was held in the Library on Thursday, December 16, when the W.M., Dr. Gates, initiated his son, R. C. Gates, and afterwards installed W. T. de Barwell as W.M. for the ensuing year.

The W.M. appointed the following officers:—W. Hepburn, S.W.; Rev. R. W. Stannard, J.W.; Dr. Costley White, Chaplain; Dr. A. Bevan, Treasurer; W. J. Armitage, Secretary; Dr. J. Williamson, D.C.; C. J. Brooks, S.D.; H. G. P. Rees, J.D.; F. G. Hallett, Almoner; W. J. N. Burch, I.G.; J. Shearman and H. L. Yeare, Stewards, and W. H. Bowler, Tyler.

The following Schools were represented by their W.M. or Secretary:—Charterhouse, Bradfield, Rugby, Felsted, Haileybury, St. Paul's, Malvern, Harrow and Bedford.



Amongst the visitors were Admiral Beamish, M.P., and Capt. Scott, R.N. (O.W.).

The dinner was held in College Hall, and over fifty were present.

By kind permission of the Dean, W.Bro. L. E. Tanner afterwards conducted the members and guests round the Abbey.

### GOLF.

(W. B. ENEVER, Broad Street House,  
Broad Street, E.C. 2.)

The Golfing Society has entered for the Halford Hewitt Cup, and it is hoped that, as a result of the circular sent out to members of the Elizabethan Club, an extract from which is given below, a strong and fully representative team will be able to play.

The Annual General Meeting this year will be held at Addington Golf Club, Addiscombe, Croydon, on Wednesday, April 27, at which the Sutherland Challenge Cup will be competed for over 18 holes medal play. For the convenience of those members who are unable to get down for the morning round it has been decided to keep this competition open all day, the player competing in his first round.

The extract above referred to is as follows:—  
'Recently the Golfing Society has been incorporated in the Elizabethan Club and receives a grant from it. It now follows that all members of the Elizabethan Club can join the Golfing Society without further subscription.

'It is hoped that members who play golf will take advantage of this arrangement.

'The next Annual Meeting of the Society will be held on Wednesday, April 27, probably at Mid-Surrey, and further details will be forwarded to members shortly.

'It is hoped that members of the Elizabethan Club who have not yet joined the Society will communicate with me forthwith on the enclosed post card.

'Prompt attention of golfers to this suggestion is asked for, as the Committee are most anxious to obtain a fully representative team in the Halford Hewitt Cup.'

### A.F.A. SENIOR CUP.

(*First Round Proper.*)

O.W.W. v. CAMBRIDGE TOWN.

(*Won, 2-1.*)

The game began at a brisk pace, both sides playing good open football. Cambridge soon forced two corners, both of which, however, were successfully cleared. Play then became very even, and after 35 minutes a good pass from Brookman enabled Brodie to open the score. The Town then

pressed, but owing to good work by our defence there was no further score before the interval.

After half-time several dangerous centres from the opposing outside left were successfully cleared, and our defence continued to be hotly pressed till eventually Nicholls headed in for the Town. Not long after this, Brodie broke away and once more gave us the lead. Play then became more even, and although both sides were dangerous on several occasions, there was no further scoring.

Considering it was the first occasion the team had played together and the fact that the Town had out their strongest available side, the result was very creditable. McBride in goal and Keily and Chisholm at back all played extremely well against a strong opposing forward line.

*Old Westminsters.*—W. N. McBride; A. H. T. Chisholm, G. B. Keily; E. B. H. Baker, J. H. Witherby, E. R. Munt, M. F. Wingate, K. Brodie, N. P. Andrews, J. Brookman, J. B. Pickering.

*Cambridge Town.*—C. W. Coote; R. Cousins, A. R. Chalk; F. E. Rae, F. C. Garner, S. M. Taylor; B. Wakefield, F. R. Nicholls, J. G. Bennett, F. A. Ridgeon and A. E. Sandy.

### ARTHUR DUNN CUP.

(*First Round.*)

O.W.W. v. OLD WYKEHAMISTS.

(*Drawn, 2-2.*)

This match was divided into two distinct periods. In the first 20 minutes the Wykehamists scored two goals, and spectators regarded a heavy defeat as inevitable. After this, however, the team seemed to get together and an entirely new complexion came over the game. Strong pressure was brought to bear on the Wykehamists' goal, and on one occasion a free kick was given against us as a result of a mêlée a yard or two in front of their goal. We were, however, unable to score before the interval.

In the second half again we pressed strongly, and after forcing two or three corners, we eventually scored. The side, no doubt encouraged by this, continued to press, and amidst terrific enthusiasm the Wykehamists' goalkeeper failed to stop an easy shot.

It was agreed to play extra time, but although again we might have scored on one or two occasions, the game was left drawn. The side had no luck, and although the shooting by the forwards was not good at times, we were unfortunate to lose a most exciting match.

*Old Westminsters.*—W. N. McBride; A. H. T. Chisholm, G. B. Keily; E. B. H. Baker, J. M. Witherby, E. R. Munt; N. P. Andrews, K. Brodie, C. A. Harvey, R. G. H. Lowe, J. B. Pickering.

*Old Wykehamists.*—J. Bonham Carter; M. S. Bower, G. C. W. Dicker; R. H. V. Roseveare, C. T. Ashton, J. Hills; M. Patten, E. Snell, G. Ashton, A. R. V. Barker, J. Marston-Smith.



## O.W.W. v. OLD WYKEHAMISTS.

*(First Round—Re-play.)**(Lost, 1-5.)*

With the exception of Harvey, the side was the same as drew the week before, but on this occasion the game was played under most unpleasant conditions, the ground being very hard under a top-dressing of half-thawed slush.

It must be admitted that the side had an off day and were quite outclassed by the Old Wykehamists, who adapted themselves well to the different conditions, and their forwards took full advantage of the difficulty of backs turning on a slippery ground.

The half-time score was 2-0, the same as in the original tie, but the side never looked as if they would recover, as they did so splendidly the week before. McBride played very well in goal, and Brodie, who scored the only goal for us, played well in a forward line, which, on this occasion, did not distinguish itself.

*Old Westminsters.*—W. N. McBride; A. H. T. Chisholm, G. B. Keily; E. B. H. Baker, J. M. Witherby, E. R. Munt, N. P. Andrews, K. Brodie, C. J. Brookman, R. G. H. Lowe, J. B. Pickering.

*Old Wykehamists.*—A. D. Bonham Carter; G. C. W. Dicker, J. Hills; R. C. Huband, M. F. S. Bower, A. D. Marris; A. R. V. Barker, G. Ashton, C. T. Ashton, E. Snell, J. P. Ashworth.

## THE WESTMINSTER BALL.

## PROLOGUE.

*A Scene in Knightsbridge.*

Good heavens! What's up now? We shall never get to 'Macbeth' at all, and I *do* want to see Sybil. What can it be? A block outside the Hotel—of course it's the 15th—it's the Westminster Ball. I say, Henry, let's go to the Ball!

## THE BALL.

How like a dream is this I see and hear—gracious, I did not know they were giving Pinks for dancing—half-pinks, I expect—pink sash and white shirt. I say, he looks rather nice, and important too—something to do with the Treasury, I should think. Pity he's spoilt his sash by wearing two studs. And how nice she looks, all in pink.

Let's stand on the stairs with the Charleston eleven and shout 'White's 'Ming.' Hullo! What's all this? Are we going to have a cabaret?—or perhaps a rehearsal of the Play. I wish I had been allowed to go to dances when I was at school.

No, that's not Mr. Pim passing by; he couldn't come—pity, isn't it? And Sonia's away too, but that's Sir Raleigh over there; no, no, not Sir Walter—ours is much more important. HE

should never have borrowed his pal's cloak to throw before our Foundress. Look, that must be a dame of high degree—and what a good idea, pink and white carnations. Pity he's not wearing his chain of office—the collar of S.S. would be so suitable. Yes, that's right, a most important post, my dear; you should see him with all his orders. Yes, I know, but he might have made an exception—it's a rule more honoured . . . And look! Why, this is a great night! Work? Yes, he's always working, even in 1902 he worked till all was *green*, vide ELIZABETHAN, Vol. X, No. 16. No, no, not Dudley Ward—'oh, 'tis a blessed thing to have rich clients.'

I should think you did recognise him: great fun arranging Royal Weddings, but nothing like as hard work as getting up a Westminster Ball. Tall, isn't he? Perhaps keeping goal has stretched him out. Don't they look nice, but you should have seen them on January 15.

No, his Lordship could not come—a lovely house—on the Cam, I believe. That, a most respected O.W., and his hobby—as they say in 'Who's Who'—is collecting precious stones. What? Lost your diamond tiara? Oh well, one has to be careful, and anyway you should not have worn it—I told you it wasn't a tiara night. Look out, don't mention Water, or he will start collecting for another oar; talking of water, where can we find something to eat, as Alice would say? Thank you, Sergeant, I should love a pink carnation, and may we remove the table-centres? No TIPS, that's a good idea; and champagne at 18s. 6d. What it is to have a good assistant. I like the band, but wish Archibald Joyce were here to give us a waltz. Oh, how are you? Sorry we didn't see you before. The landlord's daughter—yes, we met, 'twas in a crowd. How in the name of thrift does he rake this together—well, good-night, sir, so good of you both to come. (*Aside*—And how nice the Bath is looking).

## 'THE TIMES' DECEMBER 16.

Nearly 700 Old Westminsters and their friends attended a Ball in aid of the School Mission at the Hyde Park Hotel last night. The ballrooms and supper tables were decorated with pink carnations, and (not from the *Times*) amongst those who gave dinner parties for the dance, amongst others who attended the Ball, and amongst the remainder who took tickets for the event were several O.W.W.

## EPILOGUE.

*A Scene in a Vicarage.*

My dear! One hundred and twenty-five pounds, and nearly twenty more to come. How splendid!



## L'ENVOI.

A well-known Vicar is shortly leaving London for a well-earned rest.

## FLOREAT.

I cannot tell a lie : Father, I did it.

E. R. B. G.

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### Old Westminsters.

In the New Year's Honours, Mr. H. Spencer Morris, K.C., M.B.E., President of the Industrial Court, has received a Knighthood, and the following awards have been made : C.B. (Civil Division), Mr. H. T. Tizard, A.F.C., Principal Assistant Secretary, Dept. of Scientific and Industrial Research ; C.S.I., Mr. A. Y. G. Campbell, C.I.E., C.B.E., V.D., I.C.S., Chief Secretary to Government, Madras ; C.M.G., Mr. E. F. Colville, Provincial Commissioner, Nyasaland Protectorate, and a member of the Executive and Legislative Council of the Protectorate.

The Marquess of Ailesbury, D.S.O., has been appointed a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Mr. P. J. S. Bevan has been called to the Bar at the Inner Temple, and Mr. G. O. George has been called to the Bar at Gray's Inn.

We note the following books by O.W.W. : *Westminster Abbey* (an Historical Sketch), by Mr. L. E. Tanner, F.S.A. (J. M. Dent & Sons), and *Letters to Young Flyfishers* by Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B. (P. Allan).

In connection with fishing Mr. N. Pashley (the papers persistently and without misgiving have printed his name Pafhley !) has created something like a record by landing last year five hundred and thirty-five salmon. All these fish were caught in the Wye alone ; over four hundred of them on an eleven-foot-nine inch rod and on light tackle. The average weight was 14 lb. 12 oz. per fish.

Old Westminsters will be interested to hear that the Secretary of the Fishery Board for Scotland has conveyed to the Rev. G. H. Nall 'an expression of the Board's appreciation of the valuable services rendered by him to salmon and sea trout research in Scottish waters.' Since his retirement Mr. Nall has devoted much time to the microscopical examination of the scales of salmon and

sea trout and has published through the Fishery Board and in the *Field* and elsewhere several papers on the Sea Trout and Salmon of the Rivers Ewe and Hope, Loch Maree and other Scottish rivers and lochs.

We omitted to mention that Mr. H. R. A. Edwards last term won for the second time the Open Sculls at Oxford, winning a fine race by three-fifths of a second.

Mr. A. G. Brousson passed 9th out of the R.M.A.

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### Births.

LETHBRIDGE.—On November 29, the wife of M. H. B. Lethbridge, I.C.S., of a son.

GERRISH.—On January 10, the wife of W. Ewart Gerrish, of a son.

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### Marriages.

AITKEN-MUIR.—On December 16, at Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika Territory, East Africa, William John Aitken, M.B., second son of the late Major James Aitken, M.B., R.A.M.C., to Shiona Alexa, daughter of ex-Provost Muir, J.P., of St. Monenna, Troon, Ayrshire.

COBBOLD-WALLACE.—On December 20, Felix Rudolph Chevallier Cobbold to Molly, only child of Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Wallace.

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### Our Contemporaries.

WE acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following :—

*Eton College Chronicle, Wellingtonian, Salopian, Ulula, Meteor, Wykehamist, Aldenhamian, Mohonk Sentinel, Cheltonian, Trinity University Review, Cantuarian, Reptonian, Lancing College Magazine, Radleian, St. Edward's School Chronicle, Pauline, Malvernian, Felstedian, Haileyburian, Harrovian, Tonbridgian, Stonyhurst Magazine, Shirburnian, Cliftonian, Bradfield College Chronicle, Boys' Magazine, Royal Air Force Cadet College Magazine, Corian, Hermes, Alleynian.*

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### 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., Longholt, Hildenborough, Kent.



## Obituary.

Two very senior Westminsters have passed away in Major-General Astley Terry and the Rev. F. A. O'Brien.

ASTLEY FELLOWES TERRY was the eldest son of Lt.-Col. T. H. C. Terry by Charlotte, daughter of Henry Fellowes, and was admitted to Westminster in 1853. He was elected into College the next year and left in 1855. He became an Ensign in the 60th (K.R.R.C.) in 1858 and saw active service in the Zulu War in 1879 and in Griqualand East. He commanded the 1st Battalion from 1885 to 1887, when he retired with the rank of Major-General. Gen. Terry was a Knight of Justice of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem and wrote a history of his old regiment. He was deeply interested in Westminster and had a fine collection of books and pamphlets relating to the School. He presented these to the School Library a few years ago. He died at Bath, where he had lived for many years, on December 8, aged 86.

FRANCIS ALEXANDER O'BRIEN was the youngest son of the late Rt. Rev. James Thomas O'Brien, Bishop of Ossory, Ferns and Leighlin, by a daughter of the Rt. Hon. Edward Pennefather, Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and a younger brother of the late Sir G. T. M. O'Brien, K.C.M.G., Governor of Fiji, and a benefactor of the School. He was admitted in 1864 and was elected into College the next year. He was in both the Cricket and Football XI's, and acted in the Plays of 1866-67-68. He was elected head to Christ Church in 1869. He was ordained in 1877, and from 1884 to 1898 he was Rector of Walton D'Eivile, Warwickshire. In 1898 he was appointed Vicar of Fawsley and Rector of Charwellton, and held those two livings until his retirement in 1920. He was a frequent attendant at the Play and at Election Dinner, and since his retirement was frequently to be seen up Fields in the summer. He died on January 23 in his 77th year.

ROBERT MASCALL CURTEIS, died at Uckfield on January 21. He came to the School in 1866, following in the steps of his elder brother, his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather. He was in the Cricket XI for four years, being captain in 1870, and went up to

Merton in 1872. He played occasionally for Sussex; at Eastbourne in 1875, playing for the Devonshire Park Club against the 5th Battalion, R.A., he made 200 not out in one innings—a more unusual performance than now. His elder brother Herbert was a familiar figure for many years at the Sports, where he generally acted as starter—being popularly known as 'Farmer' Curteis. Many even now will remember his cheerfully sonorous voice, his hat (which resembled those worn by the late W. B. Woodgate), his gaiters and the melody of the dinner-bell which he carried.

Of the late G. F. RUSSELL BARKER Mr. Alan Stenning writes:—'By the death of G. F. Russell Barker the School has lost one of its most devoted sons. A younger brother of C. M. Barker, who was instrumental in founding the Elizabethan Club, he was admitted in 1862, entered College in 1863, was elected to Cambridge in 1867, and later was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, where he practised as a conveyancer. His inclination was to literature, and he wrote many lives for the early volumes of the Dict. Nat. Biog., besides articles mostly relating to Westminster in various magazines, and contributions to *Notes and Queries* under the well-known initials G.F.R.B. have appeared up to the end of last year. In 1894 he edited a new edition in four volumes of Horace Walpole's *Memoirs of the Reign of King George III*, and his *Memoir of Richard Busby* was written for the centenary in 1895. But it was in 1885 that he commenced the collection of particulars of O.W.W., which was to be his work of love for the School for the remainder of his life. Dr. Rutherford was keenly interested and encouraged him in this, and when at length the *Westminster School Register, 1764-1883* was published in 1892, he expressed his full appreciation of the result. Since then Barker daily laboured to complete his task, so that as far as possible every name of an O.W. from the earliest possible period should be placed on record. This work, as is generally known, was in an advanced state at the time of his death, and it is sad indeed that his life was not prolonged to see its accomplishment. His last labour for his old School was the Obituary of O.W.W. for the recent Play, which, although it was done under increasing ailments, was carried out as hereto-



fore with his usual zeal for accuracy, only the correction of the proof, for which he felt unequal, being entrusted to another hand. An enthusiastic fisherman, his holidays were almost invariably spent in Derbyshire, and for many years he was a well known figure at Bakewell and at the 'Izaak Walton' at Dove-dale. Of a retiring nature, but very tenacious of his opinion, he perhaps did not obtain generally the recognition that was his due. His wonderfully retentive memory, which was a great asset in his labours, remained to the last. Westminster has many a name to be proud of, but no one, except Charles Bagot Phillimore, has given so much time and care as Russell Barker to the preservation of the Records of its Alumni.'

We have to mourn also two who were but recently among us. DEVON MEARES was the eldest son of Capt. A. Meares, late R.E., and was up Home Boarders from 1921 to Election, 1926, where his energy and keenness were much in evidence. Although never very strong, physically, he took a prominent part in the life of the School, and was C.S.M. in the O.T.C. for his last year. He had intended to enter the Army, but failed to pass the medical examination.

His untimely death, which took place very suddenly on December 8, will call forth the sympathy of all who knew him at Westminster for his bereaved parents.

A terrible tragedy has cut short the promising young life of JOHN WARNOCK FILSON. He was the only son of Alexander Bell Filson, and was up Rigaud's from 1922 to 1925. At Westminster he was a promising oar and rowed in the Eight, and carried off most of the swimming prizes. After leaving Westminster he entered a bank, but had lately decided to join the Air Force, and had been accepted as a cadet, when he met his premature and sudden death.

### Correspondence.

*To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'*

SIR,—In reply to your request for an Oxford letter, I have diligently collected all the information I could find during the last few days, and I do not think that anyone is forgotten.

In the House, Mr. Bryan Baker is probably the most

patriarchal figure. He is in the habit of riding fiery steeds over Shotover Hill, and is in the full enjoyment of a bachelor's degree and an excellent passage into the I.C.S.

Mr. McBride bestrides the flying years like a colossus. It is confidently expected that he will eventually repeat Lowe's performance at Cambridge by matching his cricket blue with another for Soccer. With him lives Mr. Frost, that eminent horticulturist, who cultivates chrysanthemums—and Americans.

The Edwards brothers are both Olympians, but they are beginning to feel the effects of the close season.

Mr. Johnstone is anxious about the Latin Play.

Mr. Stavridi has grown a very becoming moustache, and charms the world from the windows of his digs in the High. His friend, Mr. Chisholm, on the other hand, looks out on the world with good-humoured tolerance from under a grey trilby hat.

Mr. Binney, besides putting in a brief but respectable appearance in trial eights, does a variety of things. A very versatile gentleman is Mr. Alec Binney.

Mr. Holmes fences; for the rest he issues becks and nods indiscriminately to all comers. Mr. Watherston is anxious about the Latin Play.

Mr. Gourlay is musical and is reputed to be of a studious disposition. Mr. Winnifrieth is none of these things, and his career promises to be an uproarious one. Mr. Woodhams is seldom seen or heard.

Mr. Archibald Black's cheery smile is among the most valuable of recent acquisitions; below it lives Mr. Gates, bluff, hearty and good-humoured.

Mr. Lester owns a car and is reputed to be a dangerous man. Mr. Tabor is known to have been at a party.

Mr. Katz is by way of being a lone wolf and is often to be seen on the prowl. Mr. Myring is big and grave. Mr. Pereira's inimitable walk is famous, perhaps even infamous. Mr. Pereira is a bridge hearty.

Messrs. Madden and May inspire awe. Great things are expected of them. Mr. Shattock wears the white flower of a blameless life. Mr. Morrah is said to be anxious about the Latin Play. Mr. McQuown is learning how to conduct a band.

In the University at-large, Mr. Aubrey Herbert, of University, the President of the Oxford Liberals, leads the forlorn hope of his vanishing party. Mr. Herbert is the idol of North Oxford.

Mr. Denis Binyon, of Merton, remains quiet, grave, courteous as ever. His career, already marked by a first in Mods, draws towards its distinguished but inevitable conclusion.

Mr. Davies, of Wadham, is at present being cut open for appendicitis. Mr. Magnus finds the burden of Oxford journalism lie heavily upon his shoulders. Coffee at the Super, however, seems to stimulate him anew to the reactions of his environment.

Mr. Philpot is one of the most brilliant scientists Balliol has seen for many years. Mr. McFarlane, too, will leave his mark in Balliol, though he is seldom seen.

Arbiter *Elegantiarum* is an inadequate way of describing Mr. Jasper Peck, 'Il Magnifico,' of University. Mr. Leishman rides a bicycle, jumps hurdles and reads medicine.

Mr. Miller, of Merton, is anxious about the Latin Play.

Mr. Lousada, of New College, plays golf every day in a leather coat. Mr. Rea still resembles a cherub.

Mr. Shepley-Smith, of Oriel, already knows everybody and keeps a smile always ready for him. Mr. Allen, of St. John's, has disposed of his motor bicycle, and now walks the streets like any ordinary mortal. Mr. Ruddock dispenses tea and hot buns in the further reaches of the Divinity Road.

Mr. Rankine, of the House, lives in North Oxford, and investigates the origins of the Sanskrit language and literature. His friends call him 'de buite.'



Mr. Popplewell, of B.N.C., rowed for a long time heartily in trials. Elected to Leander in the summer, he is at last resting on his oars. Mr. Chalk is always cheery and well-informed.

Mr. Gorman, of New College, is inclined to be a cynic; he has a large number of friends. Mr. Negus, of Exeter, plays the organ. Mr. Dams, of University, is anxious about the Latin Play.

That, Sir, concludes the list, and I hope that the information it contains may afford some amusement to your readers. I yield to none in my loyalty to Westminster, and subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,  
EX ACAD. OXON.

[N.B.—This letter arrived too late for inclusion in the last issue. Certain allusions are, therefore, in five cases, out of date, although, no doubt, still of moment to the gentlemen concerned.—ED.]

THE WESTMINSTER BALL.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all O.W.W. for their efforts. Over £125 profit was made for the Mission.

We are,

Yours faithfully,

E. R. B. GRAHAM,

A. H. T. CHISHOLM,

Hon. Secretaries.

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, B. F. Hardy, Esq., Westminster School. Offers of service and of gifts in kind should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, J. R. Wade, Esq., O.W., 22, Norman Avenue, Twickenham.

NOTICES.

ALL contributions to the March number of THE ELIZABETHAN should reach the Editor at 3, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1, before March 1, 1927.

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

Subscribers are requested to notify any change of address to the Secretary, 3, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1. The terms of subscription to THE ELIZABETHAN are as follows (payable in advance):—

	£	s.	d.
ANNUAL (payment in advance) . . . . .	0	5	0
TRIENNIAL . . . . .	0	14	0
LIFE COMPOSITION . . . . .	6	5	0
"    "    (after the age of 30) . . . . .	5	0	0
"    "    (    "    40) . . . . .	3	15	0
"    "    (    "    50) . . . . .	2	10	0

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.

**floreat.**