

# THE ELIZABETHAN



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WESTMINSTER, JULY, 1939

## HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA



Photo: Bushell & Son, Henley

Westminster (*nearest camera*) beating Radley College by a canvas in the first round of the Ladies' Plate

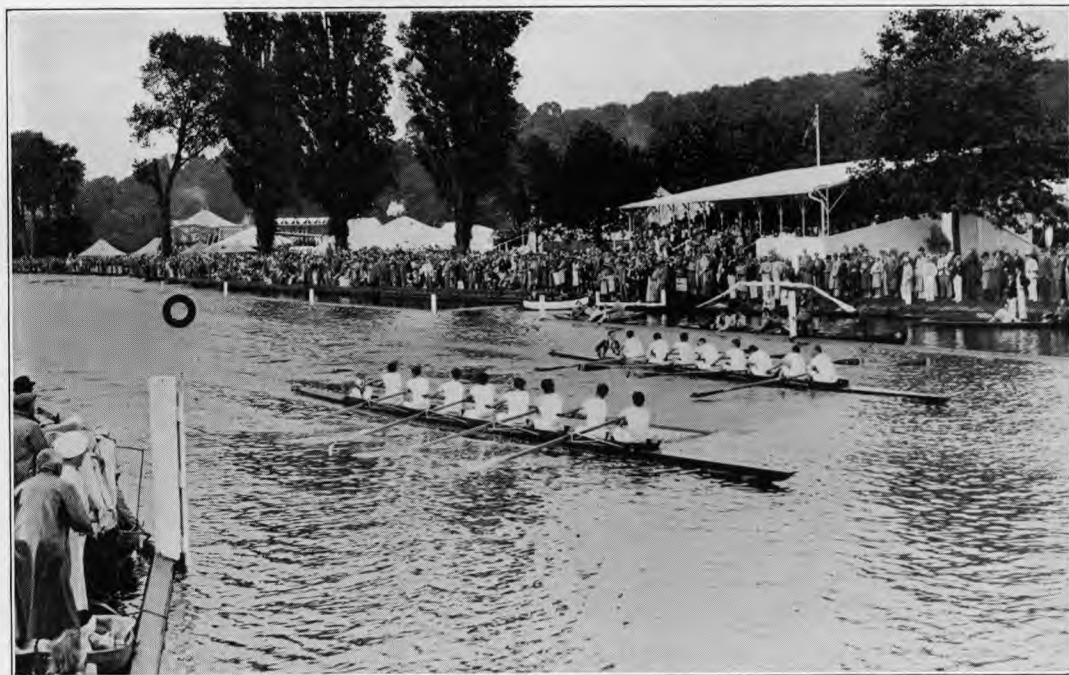


Photo: Bushell & Son, Henley

Westminster (*nearest camera*) beating Bedford School by a canvas in the second round of the Ladies' Plate

# THE ELIZABETHAN

Volume 22, No. 16

July, 1939

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## VALE

It is with a feeling of relief that the present Editor lays down his pen for the last time—relief that his year of office has come to an end without any major catastrophe, relief that his last issue is safely going to press, and relief that his difficulties have so smoothed themselves out that he will be able to look back on his time as Editor with satisfaction rather than with disappointment. He is grateful to all who have helped to make the year one which he hopes will go down in ELIZABETHAN annals as being as successful as those of his predecessors.

The year which he has had to report has been one of great progress, and it has been his aim to reflect this progress in the columns of THE ELIZABETHAN. It has been a year of great building activity, and the acquisition of No. 17, Dean's Yard has been a landmark almost as important as the purchase of Ashburnham House forty years ago. Scholastically it has been a satisfactory

if not a brilliant year, and athletically it will always be remembered as producing the best Eight since the revival of Water. There have been modifications in the Time Table and in the Dress rules, and in many ways we have been shown that we live in an atmosphere of change. And finally the year will be remembered for the evacuation to Lancing and Hurstpierpoint, which had the effect of bringing out the best in everybody.

And it is with gratitude for the help which he has received from Old Westminsters, masters, and members of the School, and for his good fortune in having an interesting and successful year to describe, that the present Editor hands over to his successors the care of THE ELIZABETHAN. And in bidding farewell to his readers, he thanks them for the tolerance and the interest which they have shown in their reception of the magazine during the last twelve months and for the many personal kindnesses which he has received from them.

**EXEUNT LIBERI E COLLEGIO . . .**

By the time this issue appears, another Election will be upon us, and a festival which dates back continuously to 1560 will have seen yet another celebration. Election is one of the most historic events of the Westminster calendar, for apart from the exceptionally long tradition behind it, it provides the occasion in each year at which the Abbey and the School are most closely knit together. For Election Sunday is an Abbey festival as much as a School one, and the Senior Elector is none other than the Dean of Westminster himself.

It is, therefore, a pity to find that, in spite of its historic and picturesque connections, the festival is hardly known to those outside College. The procession of the Electors up School, for instance, is seen by none save the candidates, for the rest of the School are deliberately hidden away in their houses; and a week-end which could be quite the most interesting time for Old Westminsters to re-visit the School is almost totally ignored by them.

What a wonderful week-end it could become. In the realm of sport the year's efforts are at their zenith—the Cricket Match against the O.W.W. on Friday and Saturday, and the oldest match in the Kingdom, Lamprobaties, on Monday; the Finals of the School Regatta on Saturday afternoon, and a Fencing Match with O.W.W. in the Gymnasium on the same day. On Saturday morning there are Orations—an event which could become much more interesting and worthwhile if it was brought more into line with the "Speeches" of other schools, and which parents and Old Westminsters could then with justice be encouraged to attend. On Friday evening the year's musical work finds its culmination in the School Concert, while on Sunday the Abbey Services, with the procession of the Electors and King's Scholars, come nearer to being the School's own services than on any other Sunday in the year. How much more vital they would become if O.W.W. were encouraged to attend on this Sunday which, more than any other, is devoted to the needs and aspirations of the School. And then finally comes Election Dinner on Monday evening—an event which would surely be more enjoyable if treated as the climax to a week-end of revisiting old haunts than as a purely isolated phenomenon.

The writer is one of about sixty who are shortly to become Old Westminsters themselves. In future years he hopes, as many others do, to revisit the School, but he is alarmed by the fact that, apart from the Play, there is no occasion in the year when he can return assured of finding there other O.W.W. bound on a similar errand. He will be able to wander into Yard or up Fields, but there is no occasion on which the School really sets out to welcome him—on which he can know that he will meet his contemporaries again in the very surroundings in which he parted from them years before. How much readier Old Westminsters would be to return if they knew that on the week-end of the year they could be assured of meeting other O.W.W. in large numbers, of being welcomed at Abbey services, of watching cricket matches not with a handful of spectators, but with a large gathering. Election week-end in such circumstances would indeed be an event to look forward to, to bring one's friends to, even to come up to town especially for.

Surely there is everything to gain by adapting the present ceremonies in such a way, for Election could then fulfil not only its present purpose of binding together the Abbey and the School, but it could serve as well to emphasize the bonds which exist between these institutions and their third, and by no means insignificant partner—the great body of Old Westminsters.

**BUILDING AT WESTMINSTER**

It is wonderful to many that, while for buildings exposed in public places to the public view there are certain conditions of size and appearance which must by law be observed, for those buildings erected in private there is apparently no law of taste or beauty which can control the prevalent delight in ugliness for ugliness' sake. That an air-raid shelter should be erected in College Garden, one of the oldest, and certainly one of the most delightful enclosed gardens in this part of the kingdom, is scandal enough; but that that same shelter should look like a cross between a village prison and a lock-up garage is wellnigh intolerable.

It may be of course that this horror has actually been built with a view to housing motor cars: we have at any rate heard persistent rumours that the measurements of the building were dictated to accord with the size of a certain

canon's Daimler limousine. This same canon also was asked by a sarcastic assistant master how the Abbey Squash courts were getting on. This passing remark was the foundation of a new spate of energy in the attempt to provide Westminster with her own Squash courts; why, it was argued, should this regal structure be permitted to reign in solitude over College Garden? It should have a consort in its high position, some other building to take upon itself some of the murmurs of condemnation which would be too much for one to bear. Moreover, there is already a tennis court in the Garden: then would it not be better to go the whole hog and equip it as a complete Sports-drome for the benefit of the Dean and Chapter, and the School?

At least four Squash courts could be built in the centre, without preventing the construction on the outside of an oval race-track. This would come in most useful: after all, Juniors' Race once a year is hardly enough to keep up the sporting spirit of the Garden: rather let us suggest a greyhound stadium, with the free use of College Dormitory and the Busby Library as grandstands, from which to view the races. We might even have a row of five courts built, with their backs into the arches which form the lower wall of College. Of more practical use, perhaps, would be the shooting gallery down one side of the Garden, where for a moderate sum one might shoot at anything from clay pigeons to the windows in Little Cloister.

Without introducing too great an element of garishness into the peace and beauty of College Garden, we might even on special occasions, such as Election Sunday or the Dean's birthday, install a steam roundabout in the centre under the trees. Still, there may be dissentient views about that, so we will not press the point. Nevertheless, no one can deny that our other suggestions will be received with the greatest joy in authoritative quarters; for where there is such a distinguished lead as that, presumably, of the Chapter, in erecting for the protection of "the Abbey treasures" so fine an example of modern architectural surrealism; one, moreover, which blends so well with its mediaeval surroundings that in 10 or 15 years, we are told, provided that the creepers grow to schedule, we shall be unable to distinguish the old and the new; that example, to be sure, it would be a crime not to follow, and

a blot on the fair name of Westminster if we were to fail to take advantage of this lead, and build a Westminster fit for modern sportsmen and Vandals to live in.

### SCHOOL NOTES

Congratulations to the First VIII on winning the Marlow Eights Trophy at Marlow Regatta, beating Bedford Modern School, Reading University B.C., Corpus Christi College (Cambridge) B.C., St. John's College (Oxford) B.C., Jesus College (Cambridge) B.C. (II), and Caius College (Cambridge) B.C. They had already defeated St. Paul's School earlier in the term. At Henley they beat Radley College (holders) and Bedford School in the Ladies' Plate, but were defeated by Trinity Hall in the third round.

Congratulations to the First XI on defeating Radley. The Charterhouse Match was lost by ten wickets.

The Vincent Prizes for English Literature were won by P. L. Gardiner (H) [Senior] and J. S. Meyer (B) [Junior].

The Neale Prizes for History were won by F. F. Calway (B) [Senior] and R. S. Faber, K.S. [Junior].

The Erskine Music Cup was won by College.

The Swimming Cup was won by Rigaud's.

Colonel A. L. Longhurst, C.B.E. [Q.S. 1885-91] has very kindly presented to College the Trophy which he won as a member of the College Tug o' War team which defeated the Town Boys in 1889.

The O.T.C. Junior Shooting Cup was won by Grant's.

Congratulations to the Pears family on having four brothers in the School at once. It would be interesting to ascertain the last occasion on which four members of a single family were at Westminster together.

R. G. Cardew (R) has been accepted as a Scholar-elect of the Royal Academy School of Dancing and Painting.

M. W. O'Brien, K.S., and J. O. Blaksley, K.S., have been appointed Editors of the Elizabethan for the School Year 1939-1940.

All contributions for the November issue of THE ELIZABETHAN should reach the Editors at 3, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.1, by Friday, October 6th.

## HISTORICAL WESTMINSTER IN THE 'SEVENTIES

By SIR CHARLES FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE [Q.S. 1870-75]

Next, of course, to the world-shaking event of the foundation of THE ELIZABETHAN, I should say, looking back from a distance of over half a century, that the three outstanding events of the *lustrum* 1870-1875 which I spent, on the whole, very happily at Westminster under the sound of Big Ben, were (1) the introduction by Dr. Scott of Science and Art into the regular curriculum of study, (2) the first revival of Water, and (3) the institution of Town Boy monitors. I will touch upon each of these in turn and then go on to a few miscellaneous items.

When I first came there was an optional drawing class held in the Library; no science and no music. The drawing master was a fine old fellow named Radford—over 6ft. high and broad in proportion—with one of the immense beards that those who could grow them delighted to display. He was a competent artist in water-colour and did me a great service by keeping me back in the comparative drudgery of “freehand drawing” for a year or two before going on to the more attractive items: he also gave us a first-rate course of perspective. He was also a quartermaster sergeant in the Artists Rifles, and must have been a fine sight in his uniform, beard and all—suggestive of Abraham in his punitive expedition against Chedorlaomer. About 1872 Dr. Scott made drawing or music compulsory for everybody—a good more in itself, but as the time for it had to be taken from play-hours it was not generally popular. The classes were held in the Library and in the first room in College—rather to the chagrin of the Queen’s Scholars, who had hitherto entirely excluded town boys from their sacred building. We even subscribed the necessary sum to provide a curtain across the passage to shut off the *arcana* from the strangers’ gaze. Music was carried on in College Hall and soon resulted in the School concerts, which have been continued ever since. We were very much indebted in this matter to the late Canon Troutbeck, Mus. Doc., who, I think, was afterwards Precentor of the Abbey, and who devoted many precious hours to helping us over the elements of chorus-singing. Science was supplied by a lecturer from King’s College, who gave us a couple of hours a week, taken (unlike drawing and

music) from school time—a circumstance which caused it to be regarded with the easy tolerance that might be expected. One of the mathematical masters always attended (doubtless with an eye to discipline). In an incautious moment this guardian of authority pointed his finger at a fully charged glass-plate electrical machine, which promptly emitted a loud snap accompanied by a spark—fortunately not a strong one, but enough to cause considerable disturbance of discipline for a few minutes. Instruction by lecture is always popular in a sense, because (as Charles Kingsley puts it) it means that the masters learn the lessons and the pupils hear them.

The revival of Water after several years’ interval took place in the summer of 1871 and was the work of several old Westminsters, including H. F. Manisty, my lifelong friend and devoted O.W., who has lately passed away, and had then just left the school. It provided (as I dare say it does still) a much-needed outlet for boys who, like myself, had not much liking for cricket and football and yet who wanted some kind of regular exercise. Our boat-house was at Wandsworth, close to a pub named “The Feathers”—both being run by an old oar of the historic name of Salter, and both being now I think entirely swept away by the encroachments of business. We had just under half an hour after school to get into flannels, trot along Millbank, with its hay barges, etc., unloading, past the Penitentiary (now Tate Gallery), over Vauxhall Bridge and into the train. In this way we got between one and two hours’ rowing every evening in the summer. We generally got up to Barnes and (using the ancient privilege of rowing men) entered the little pub just above the bridge to refresh ourselves for the return journey. The privilege was never abused. On half holidays and early plays we got up to Kew and Richmond. Once each summer the cricket eleven furnished an eight and we had a substantial dinner together at the King’s Head at Richmond Bridge. We were kindly coached by old Westminsters and some others, but in my time (I was Head of the Water in 1874) we did not get very far in regard to *form* and we had no races except among ourselves. Old Putney Bridge was still in existence,

supported on wooden piers and with a toll house at each end. The piers were almost as broad as the waterway between them, impeding the view so much that on one occasion when I was coaching the eight I had the unusual experience (owing to the sudden appearance of a steamer in the space I had intended to occupy) of taking the bridge stern foremost.

Of the institution of Town Boy monitors I cannot say much because it had not had time to fructify before I left. It was part of a policy which is in accord with the spirit of the age—the breaking down of exclusive privileges and distinctions. I am an old Q.S. myself and the son and grandson of King's Scholars; but my great-grandfather was head town boy, so my feelings are fairly impartial on the subject.

Until the acquisition of Ashburnham House all form work below the Sixth, the Remove and the Shell, was carried on in the great schoolroom—probably the largest and most historical in Europe and perhaps the world. Each master sat on a small dais against the wall, surrounded by a bench in the form of a horse-shoe in which the boys sat. A little distracting perhaps now and then, especially on the rare occasions when the Under Master exercised his privilege of "handing" a refractory pupil in the middle of school. A blushing top underschoolboy would walk up to the rods table, take one out and bear it all the way down to Mr. Ingram, followed by the admiring glances of the whole assembly. But these and other interruptions incidental to the communal arrangement of school were not, I think, a very serious drawback to study; and incidentally they helped to keep us awake and promoted the general feeling of solidarity between high and low which, at any rate in the earlier stages of education, is not without its advantages.

Life generally was happy. We were well housed and fed and not more looked after than was necessary. There was no fighting other than an occasional informal scuffle of a few minutes: no bullying of a physical nature, though I fear there were one or two fellows who, being eccentric, were rather unmercifully chaffed. Probably that is unavoidable wherever large numbers of the young are gathered together. The disciplinary powers entrusted to the elder boys were seldom exercised, and always with a strong sense of responsibility: such errors as were made were

errors of judgment, not of temper. There was no fagging among Town Boys and in College it was (I always think) rather beneficial than otherwise. It taught one how to make toast, how to grill a slice of meat, how to light a fire and so on, and it established a very useful and friendly relationship between the junior and his senior.

Dr. Scott took the Sixth form in the Library. He brought (I fancy from Eton) the feeling that if a boy of 17 doesn't care to work it is not much good trying to make him; so I passed rather a happier time in the Sixth than I expected to. Of his general policy and scholarship my school-fellow Dr. Webb has already written fully, so I need add no more.

Of the rest of the masters I could tell various anecdotes, but perhaps the figure of which I retain the most vivid impression is that of the senior assistant master, the Rev. James Marshall, affectionately called the Bird, in allusion to his refined and somewhat acquiline profile. He took the Remove. In appearance he was the ideal old-fashioned "scholar and gentleman" type. Rather tall, pale, slightly bent, with a soft voice and manner, high collar, gills and choker neck-cloth, he ran the form on the principle of getting them to regard themselves as the *élite* of the school, with higher ideals than the herd. If a newcomer was caught in the vulgar act of cribbing he would say "You have not been long in this form. You will know better presently." Very rarely he would give an imposition, and make an entry in the end pages of his note-book. But he never asked for it. Somehow or other he communicated the spirit of honour and refinement to his form and got at least as much work out of them as anybody else got out of theirs. When the time came for him to think of retiring, the Christ Church authorities presented to him the College living of Purton, in Oxfordshire. One day my friend P. G. L. Webb and I made a little pilgrimage to his parsonage. To our disappointment he was out, but we went into the church and found in the pulpit exactly what we expected—a text in Greek.

Having received much kindness and excellent help and guidance from Dr. Scott and several of the other masters, especially from Mr. Ingram who presided in College, I take this opportunity of rendering to their memories my very sincere thanks for all the benefits they bestowed on me.

(To be continued)

## SOME CONTEMPORARIES

It has been the custom for some years for the Editor of THE ELIZABETHAN to review once a year the various House Magazines which are produced at Westminster, and to bring these to the notice of a wider public than they generally obtain. The present Editor has, therefore, the greatest pleasure in carrying on this excellent tradition of his predecessors.

A house magazine can be a most valuable production in a large number of ways. As a record of house activities it can be useful to later generations, but from the literary point of view its chief value lies in the encouragement which its existence gives to many boys who would never think of writing for THE ELIZABETHAN (and whose efforts would probably be rejected if they did) but who are very ready to write poems or articles which will only be read by the limited number of readers of their own house magazine. For these boys (and there are many of them) the *Grantite* and *Rigaudite* Reviews are performing a work whose value can hardly be emphasised too much.

It is fortunate that the Editors of all our House Magazines realize this. Gone are the days when the *Grantite* was composed almost entirely of accounts of House Matches, and the greater part of all the magazines in question is now devoted to literary work.

To deal with them in detail, the *Grantite Review* deserves first mention as being the oldest House Magazine at present in existence. Three issues have been produced during the year, and their pages have been brightened up by the inclusion of line drawings. It is a pity that the paper on which the magazine is printed is so obviously of inferior quality, and another fault is that the headings of most of the articles are far from satisfactory. But these are small points, and the part of the magazine which matters—the contents—is definitely of a high standard. It is a very considerable achievement to get twenty-four out of a house of fifty\* to contribute in some way to a single issue of such a magazine, and great skill has been shown in combining news and articles in the right proportions. If the number of really first-class articles is small, the number of good ones is large, and this shows that the house is quite as intellectually alive to-day as it has been in the past.

Rigaud's have for some years past brought out an annual magazine devoted to affairs connected with the house, and, like the *Grantite*, this is printed and sold at 1s. 3d. a copy. As Rigaud's have not the financial assistance which Grant's have from their Old Grantite's Club, they are compelled to rely on advertisements for the bulk of their revenue, and great enterprise has been shown by those responsible for this side of the business. The issue itself is far more attractively printed than is the *Grantite*, and the articles, which range from a sonnet on Holbein to an illustrated crime problem, are generally interesting and well worth reading. Altogether the issue shows that a house magazine can be a very worthwhile thing to produce, even if it appears only once a year.

College's own journal, the *King's Scholars' Chronicle*, has made several appearances during the year in the form of a typewritten bulletin illustrated by photographs. The advantages of this form of production are that there are no financial worries and that the issue can be as large as the Editor wishes without any extra cost. On the whole, this year's *Chronicle* has not made use of these advantages as much as it might have done, for the issues have been small, the contributors relatively few, and such features as photographs and drawings—so easy to include in such a paper—less prominent than many would have liked. But the *Chronicle* has set a high standard in the past, and the fact that it has had a bad year does not mean that its contents have been of a lower literary standard than the other house magazines. There are several promising writers, and next year it may have another of its periodic revivals and return to the high standard set by its original editors five years ago.

College has also produced three issues of another magazine which has been named *Bogeur*. As its title would suggest, its contents are of a somewhat precocious modernity, and the sequence of thought of its articles is often difficult to follow. But the idea behind the venture—to give an outlet for really creative and original writing—is excellent.

Busby's Magazine, the *College Street Clarion*, celebrated its first birthday in June, and throughout the year it has been produced by the stencil method every fortnight and sold for 4d. a copy.



Its editors are to be most heartily congratulated on making such a paper a financial proposition, and the standard of writing contained in it has been very high. Busby's possess most of the few people in the School who can write short stories at all well, and other noticeably good features have been some very neat epigrams, some excellent articles on painting, and some first-class parodies. Altogether there is plenty of talent, and the *Clarion* is doing a great work in developing it.

No account of Westminster journalism would be complete without a mention of the *Transitus Times* and the *Walter Titeley Review*. These two papers are the work of Mr. Wordsworth's and Mr. Moss's forms, and are produced periodically on quartos which are afterwards bound together in book form. Each member of the form is made responsible for one section of the paper—one will review films, one deal with politics, one with sport, one with literature, and so on—and the result is greatly added interest in the world affairs and the literature and drama of the day among those who take part in the production of the magazine.

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#### PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ABBEY

It was an excellent idea of the Dean and Chapter to throw open to the public Mr. Howgrave-Graham's brilliant exhibition of new photographs of Westminster Abbey—for brilliant is the only epithet which adequately describes how good they were. Arranged round the walls of the Muniment Room were over three hundred and twenty of the most perfect pieces of photography which it is possible to obtain inside an ancient building, and the fact that many of them were views which it is not easy for the ordinary visitor to see added to the otherwise great interest which they aroused.

The Abbey is a building which it is difficult for the casual observer to appreciate to the full: its Aisles are so crowded with monuments and chairs that it is very hard to realize their true dimensions, and the position of the Chair Stalls and organ loft makes impossible that magnificent first impression which greets one when entering the West Door of most Cathedrals. Moreover, much of the finest work in the Abbey is so high up as to be almost invisible, and some, such as the lovely heads in the triforium, are so placed that most people are totally unaware of their existence.

But there is no spot in the Abbey to which Mr. Graham's camera has been unable to penetrate, and his photographs have enabled many to realize for the first time the full beauty of the Censing Angels in the South Transept, of the vaulting bosses in the Nave, and of the thirteenth-century heads which are so unexpectedly numerous. For the first time many were made to realize how rich the Abbey is in the detail of its carving; and the subtle combinations of light and shade which the camera can catch made vivid and alive much that appears ordinary to naked eye. Among the most striking studies were a close-up of the roof of Henry VIIIth's Chapel, some views of tombs and monuments—among them Dr. Busby's—from angles from which they had never been seen before, others of the "Dreaming Youth," the "Cellarer" and many more of the lovely heads, some glimpses of the saints round the walls of Henry VIIth's Chapel which brought to life the immense detail which mediæval craftsmen put into their work, and finally some original photographs showing the Abbey by night and at sunset.

Mr. Hargrave-Graham's work certainly had the result of making many people more fully conscious of the real beauty of the Abbey, and if the hope of reprinting them in book form is fulfilled he will have produced a book about Westminster which can be far more valuable than any history or guide, for it will show people how the Abbey can best be studied and how the finest of its treasures can be appreciated.

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#### LATIN AND GREEK ORATIONS

In pursuance of a one-year-old tradition, members of the Classical side met up School towards the end of last term to recite selections from the classics; the orators were:

*From the VIIth:*

- H. Lloyd-Jones, K.S†.—The Preface to Livy's Histories.
- P. Goatly—Selection from Cicero's Second Philippic.
- M. W. O'Brien, K.S., as Clytemnestra,
- E. M. H. Wilkinson, K.S., as Orestes,  
in an extract from Aeschylus' Chœphori.
- M. W. Sweet-Escott, K.S.—Selection from Vergil's Aeneid IV.
- T. J. Brown, K.S.—Sappho's Ode to Aphrodite.

*From the VIth :*

- R. W. Young, K.S.—Selection from Ovid's Amores, ii, 6.  
 C. H. Christie, K.S.—Catullus, odes ii and iii.  
 P. A. Hicks—Selection from Cicero's Second Philippic.  
 A. J. Henderson, K.S.—Horace, Odes iv, 7.

*From Shell A :*

- L. Linder  
 R. S. Faber, K.S. } Selections from  
 D. P. Davison } Vergil's Aeneid VI.

*From Shell a :*

- D. J. Mitchell } Selections from  
 J. P. Honour } Ovid's Ars Amatoria.  
 A. L. Dorling }

*From VA :*

- G. Hadfield—Selection from Vergil's Aeneid I.

## THE CHALLENGE

The following recommendations for Election have been made :—

## SCHOLARSHIPS

- J. D. PRIESTMAN Private, and Westminster School.  
 R. W. E. LAW .. Mr. A. Howard Linford, Downsend, Leatherhead.  
 J. H. P. LATHAM Mrs. Pearce, Durston House, Ealing, and Westminster School.  
 A. F. SHERRARD Mr. H. J. O. Marshall, Carn Brea, Bromley.  
 D. C. M. LESLIE.. Mr. T. C. Elliott, Fan Court, Longcross, and Westminster School.  
 C. R. D. WALTER Mr. W. Dearnaley, Town Close House, Norwich, and Westminster School.  
 J. A. ROBINSON.. Miss A. M. Hanson, Arnold House School, St. John's Wood.  
 C. G. DUMPER .. Mr. J. Engleheart, Moffats, Hatfield, and Westminster School.  
 P. H. J. YOUNG.. Petit Lycee Condorcet, Paris.  
 W. E. R. BARNETT Mr. J. E. Blakeney, Merton Court School, and Westminster School.  
 A. N. HODGES .. Mr. A. H. Linford, Downsend, Leatherhead.

## EXHIBITIONS

- J. P. PEARS .. Mr. J. M. Dickson, Orley Farm, Harrow, and Westminster School.  
 A. T. S. SAMPSON Mr. G. A. Wathen, The Hall, Hampstead.

- M. D. LONGFORD Mr. C. H. Taylor, Gibbs' School, S.W.1.  
 L. G. HUNT .. Mr. J. E. Blakeney, Merton Court School.  
 B. G. ALMOND.. Rev. W. R. Mills, Highfield School, Liphook.

## ELLERSHAW SCHOLARSHIPS

- W. W. MELLOR.. Mr. S. W. Fieldhouse, The Beacon, Chesham Bois.  
 K. S. ALLISON.. Mr. G. A. Wathen, The Hall, Hampstead

## ELECTION WEEK-END, 1939

*Friday, July 28th*

1st XI v. Old Westminsters, Vincent Square, from 2.30 p.m.

School Concert, 8.15 p.m., up School.

*Saturday, July 29th.*

1st XI v. Old Westminsters, Vincent Square, from 11 a.m.

School Regatta Finals, Putney, from 2.30 p.m.

*Election Sunday, July 30th.*

School Communion, 8 a.m.

Morning Service, 10.30 a.m. Preacher: The Rt. Rev. E. S. Woods, D.D., Lord Bishop of Lichfield.

Evening Service, 6.30 p.m. Preacher: The Very Rev. H. Costley-White, D.D., Dean of Gloucester. [Formerly Head Master of Westminster School.]

*Election Monday, July 31st.*

Lamprobaties, Vincent Square, from 11 a.m.

Election Dinner, College Hall, 8 p.m.

## ESSAY SOCIETY

On Friday, June 16th, R. A. WOLLHEIM, K.S., read a paper on "Elizabethan Dramatists." He started by showing their debt to Seneca, and went on to outline the development of English Drama from the bombast of Kyd to the insipid prurience of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The Society has also read another play, "Savonarola Brown," by Sir Max Baerbohm.

## AUSTRALIAN JAMBOREE

The international side of Scouting affords a good many opportunities for travel abroad, and a trip to Australia was not one to be missed.

The party which finally left England consisted of 19 Scouts, 2 Rovers and 6 Scoutmasters. We met together for the first time on November 1st, 1938, and were given a send-off Dinner by I.H.Q. Next morning at Southampton we embarked on the T.S.S. *Esperance Bay*.

On the whole the sea treated us well and after the third day out we had continuous sunshine till Australia. During the mornings we worked together on various Scouting activities and occasionally helped the ship's crew holystone the decks. Ship activities, too, were well supported and our team won the Tug o' War.

Pleasant as ship life was, the ports of call were really the most interesting part of the trip. Our first call was Malta, where the Scouts received us with a programme of sightseeing. St. John's Cathedral, the Armouries and the fortifications of Valetta left us barely an hour to see something of the countryside.

Port Said left impressions of dust, noise and immense activity, and the memory of a happy event. Shortly after we anchored, the Chief Scout sailed by on his way to Kenya, waving an answer to our cheers. Late in the afternoon we entered the canal and witnessed a very beautiful sunset.

Aden we visited by night, thus spoiling the programme arranged for us by the local Scouts. The three who did go ashore returned with almost unbelievable stories of the cheapness of the goods.

At Colombo we had about twelve hours ashore. On landing we were taken straight off by 'bus to go over a rubber plantation. The afternoon we spent at the Scout Colony, an agricultural and educational experiment sponsored by the Government. A bath and an English dinner (we had had very hot curry for lunch) completed the day.

A month after leaving England we landed at Fremantle and had the first of many official receptions. Five days later we left the ship at Adelaide.

After three days in Adelaide we left by motor-bus for Sydney, on a 1,700-mile route which took us first around the magnificent coast of Victoria to Melbourne and then, after a day in Melbourne, inland through much of the best country in

Australia. Mount Buffalo, Canberra and the Jenolan Caves were the outstanding visits of the trip.

Christmas we spent in Sydney, each staying with a different family for the four days. On the Wednesday after Christmas we went into camp at Bradfield.

Jamborees are the same the world over, with their shopping centres, displays, crowds of friendly visiting Scouts and thousands of curious sight-seers. Heat, dust and gum trees serve to distinguish Bradfield from other Jamborees. Coming from England we were, of course, a particular attraction to all those with connections "at home." There were 10,000 in camp, all from the Empire and French Pacific Possessions.

After the Jamboree the party again split up, some going to friends they had made over Christmas and the rest going to the estate of the MacArthur Onslows at Camden for a further camp. During this time we experienced the hottest weather ever in New South Wales, the thermometer reading over 120 in the shade.

On January 23rd we started on our way home again. Sailing from Sydney we made a brief call at Birnie in Tasmania and a 3-day call at Melbourne. Then we were back on familiar tracks, Adelaide, Fremantle, Colombo, where this time we visited a tea plantation in the foothills. The Socotra Islands and the Red Sea coast seemed old well-known landmarks quite near home.

At Suez we left the boat for a trip to Cairo, driving the 80 miles across the desert in the evening. Early next morning we went out to the Pyramids riding up the hill to them on camels. We had a fascinating hour in the Museum examining Tutankamen's tomb and its many treasures and then travelled by train across the delta and desert to the canal and along it to Port Said.

Malta greeted us with such mists and heavy seas that we were delayed six hours, and the Bay was cold and cheerless. But the Channel and the Solent welcomed us home with sunshine and greenness which made us glad to return to England.

So ends the barest outline of a trip which was full of scenic and human interest, four months of widening horizons and enriching experience.

E. R. B.

## BOOK REVIEWS

## SAPIENTIA SOLOMONIS

Edited by E. R. Payne, Ph.D. (*Humphrey Milford, for Yale U.P., 14s.*)

All who respect the antiquity of our Latin Play must welcome any new light shed on its origins : and hence the importance of this exhaustive edition of a play which was acted before Queen Elizabeth herself as early as 1566, and which has now been transcribed from a manuscript which almost certainly is that actually presented to her at the performance.

The play is based on episodes recorded in the First Book of Kings. Before the opening scene the prayer of Solomon for wisdom has been granted, and this is soon demonstrated in the most effective scenes of the play, which portray his arbitration between the two women laying claim to a single baby, though a ready key to the mystery is provided by their names, which quaintly enough describe their respective characters. The rest of the action lends itself less well to dramatic treatment, and must have depended chiefly on pageantry for its effect : after many eulogies of Solomon, we see the arrival of ambassadors from Tyre, and as a culmination that of the Queen of Sheba and a royal entertainment.

The text is here preceded by a copious introduction where the editor's scholarship shows to advantage. A summary is given of the arguments by which Mr. Tanner claimed the manuscript for Westminster against St. Paul's, and full use is made of the happily extant account of expenses incurred in the 1566 production. Dr. Payne's remarks on Westminster are generally well informed, but she seems to be in error in speaking of a "Dean of Westminster Cathedral in 1560" (p. 26) and in her date for the first Town Boys (p. 40). Of more value, as being more original, is the examination of the antecedents of the play. It is largely the work of a German schoolmaster named Sixt Birck, who dramatized Biblical stories in Terentian Latin to point a profitable moral. But the text has been adapted by an unknown Englishman who introduced three allegorical figures, of Wisdom, Justice and Peace, and also enlarged the part of Marcolph, a court fool in the regular Elizabethan manner,

who makes some lively comments on the behaviour of the two women, and in another scene submits to some painful dentistry. If the tone is lowered by the changes, they at least improve the suitability of the play for acting.

It is most unfortunate that a large part of the book is filled by an English translation exhibiting most of the mistakes in Latin made by an average schoolboy. The English also is in many places unnecessarily pedestrian : and the commentary contains among a wealth of so-called parallels from Latin authors some questionable statements on metre. But fortunately the book itself provides the means of correcting these faults, and we can be genuinely grateful for this first presentation of the Latin text. To suggest the inclusion in the Play cycle of the *Sapientia Solomonis*, however, would be a misplaced piece of antiquarian enthusiasm.

J. MACI.

## RECORDS AND REACTIONS

By the Earl of Middleton. (*John Murray, 1939.*)

Westminsters will find much to amuse and interest them in Lord Middleton's recently published *Records and Reactions*, in which there are many stories about Old Westminsters—more indeed than there are about Old Etonians, though the author is himself an Etonian and a loyal one. Among those who visited his home when he was young was Scott, Head Master of Westminster in the seventies, whom he describes as a "pedagogue of the recognised Victorian type with a well stocked brain, a somewhat acid tongue, and a kindly temperament." Later in the book he describes Lord Lucan, an eminent Old Westminster who was a General in the Crimean War and who lived to be a Field-Marshal, of whom he says that "even at the dinner-table the mildest opposition was resented in parade-ground tones." Lord Lucan apparently ate only one meal a day ; and among other good remarks which show his attitude to life is one to the effect that the House of Commons was an "infernal place" because it had refused to dismiss a porter who had once failed to post a reply to a challenge which he had received, with the result that he was "branded as a coward all over Europe." Lady Wemyss aptly said of him : "Why anyone goes

to the play when they can meet Lord Lucan is a mystery."

Among others, Lord Middleton mentions Odo Russell, Lord Ampthill, who was British Ambassador to Berlin, the Marquis of Anglesey, and Lord John Russell the Whig Prime Minister. Those who are interested in the activities of famous Old Westminsters of the last century should find this book invaluable.

L. J.

**"SUNLIGHT ON  
SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS" and  
"LORD BURGHLEY IN SHAKESPEARE"**

By G. W. Phillips [K.St. 1897-1903].

(*Thornton Butterworth*, 7s. 6d. and 10s. 6d.)

Mr. Phillips considers the sonnets in an order which greatly differs from the Quarto arrangement, which has only the authority of the original publisher.

Guided mainly by the tone, feeling and sense of each sonnet in choosing the order the author finds an interpretation of their meaning which arises naturally from it. The principal series is concerned with the poet's son by a marriage contracted but not completed, and the "Dark Lady" series with the amour between the poet's son and the poet's second wife. A few of the sonnets are found to be by other authors, chiefly the poet's son "Will."

In his second book Mr. Phillips discusses several of the plays in detail, finding Lord Burghley depicted in the character of Falstaff, Sly, Polonius and Shylock, in such a way as to show that the author's knowledge of him was extremely personal. His arguments are particularly interesting because of the striking interpretations the author gives of passages which are usually considered meaningless.

The Venus and Adonis Mr. Phillips attributes to Marlowe and other wits, showing that it was written to Shakespeare's son imitating and twisting the meaning of the sonnets. The Appendices contain a useful analysis of the vocabulary used which insists that the sonnets and poems are not by the same author.

This most interesting and valuable book is completed by the author's discovering three Shakespeares—the business man of Stratford, the Earl of Oxford who wrote the poems, and married

Burghley's daughter, and "Will," his son by a previously contracted marriage.

R. H. F. C.

**LORD KITCHENER**

By Lieut. Col. de Watteville, C.B.E., [O.W.]

As a military genius, Kitchener is unique in British history; more brilliant and more imposing figures there have been, but, as Ludendorff said, none with the same peculiar gifts and amazing foresight.

Kitchener's was not a brilliant career in the accepted military sense. He was not a strategist and his fame does not rest on victories in the field. His genius was for the humdrum behind-the-scenes work of organization. He realised that the success of armies in the field depended upon good organisation of supplies, transport, munitions and plans. He was hard-working and efficient, and demanded the same from his subordinates. He was far-sighted and had an uncanny knack of seeing the right thing to do and the right time to do it, and resolute in his purpose to the point of obstinacy he would carry it through regardless of all opposition. His success depended upon his own personality and intuition, and he was quite untrammelled by conventional doctrines, and found the red tape and methods of Government departments intolerable.

Like most individualists, he was never a popular figure. He enjoyed immense prestige through his reorganisation of India and his creation of the new armies in 1914 and 1915, but he was reserved and not very approachable, and his autocratic nature made him a hard taskmaster.

His importance in British history is hard to exaggerate. The conquest of the Sudan and the successful conclusion of the Boer War were almost entirely due to him, and in addition it is no exaggeration to say that without him the success of the British armies in France would have been impossible. He alone realised the scale and possible duration of the war and the necessity for armies of millions. It is impossible to envisage what might have happened had he lived to the end of the war, but it is not unlikely that Kitchener would have played an important part in bringing the war to a speedier close.

T. B. N.

## THE WATER

### THE FIRST EIGHT

The Eight this year was probably the best and certainly the most successful that Westminster has produced since Water was revived. Not only did it win the Marlow Eights against an entry of 24 crews, but it also rowed with great distinction at Henley when it beat Radley, the holders, and Bedford in the Ladies' Plate.

### PRACTICE

The Eight started practice at the end of the Lent term. The opportunity was taken of making as many experiments as possible but none proved entirely satisfactory. Even so, there was obviously some promising material as was shown by the ease with which the boys were on one or two occasions able to keep pace with an early practising Leander crew. A certain amount of running and skipping was prescribed to exercise the leg muscles and four out of the first five in the long distance race were watermen.

At the beginning of the summer term Macy, a visitor from Tabor Academy, was stroking, but although he led the crew to victory against St. Paul's, he did not give them the necessary stride and Nicholas superseded him from the second eight, Macy going to 4. A few vital changes were also made in the bows before the crew was finally settled a fortnight before Marlow.

In their final order they did their first piece of rowing only a week before Marlow, 4 minutes at 32 on Kingston water. After that their rating went up a stroke a day and two days before Marlow they rowed a first-rate Henley course at Molesey, in which the rating never fell below 34 although they had no crew to pace them. No one knew how fast they were, but what was at least certain was that they could row with great determination and dash.

### MARLOW REGATTA

Marlow could only be taken as incidental to Henley for a crew which had been settled so recently, and none were more surprised than the crew themselves when in their very first race, against Bedford Modern, they were  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lengths ahead after only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  minutes. After that they didn't know whether to keep it up or drop it down, so they only won by  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lengths.

In their second race it was a similar story, but agonizing to watch. Starting again with great dash they led Corpus Christi, Cambridge, by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths half way. Then something went wrong, for Corpus came up very fast indeed. For a moment we thought Westminster had lost. But the verdict allowed our hearts to go on beating. We had won by 2 feet.

The final was plain sailing. The crew rowed as if it was inspired. Starting as usual at 11, 20, 39, they kept it up all over the course, and when Jesus College rang their bell for their last effort, Westminster spurred at 38 and left them standing. They won by a good length and thereby beat a formidable collection of University and Club crews, carrying off a handsome trophy to boot.

### HENLEY PRACTICE

The crew benefited enormously by their victory at Marlow, and from now on they paddled and rowed with more confidence and determination than ever. They knew what sort of a crew they were and they were out to win, if win they could. They were just what a crew should be.

Amongst some excellent rows done on the Henley course were a barrier in which they kept level with Leander (who were rowing over), a course unpaced in 7 minutes 14 seconds, and another barrier in 1 minute 58 seconds. They were reputed to be the quickest crew into the water of all the crews competing in the Regatta.

### HENLEY REGATTA

#### WESTMINSTER *v.* RADLEY COLLEGE

Everyone knows how Westminster beat Radley in a race described by the B.B.C. commentator as one of the greatest schoolboy races of all time. In his own words, "both crews were composed of tremendous thrusters who went about their work with a will and a venom that is as rare as it is enthralling to watch." And in this race neither crew left any doubt at all about the truth of this description of them. In the teeth of a veritable gale they fought a ding-dong battle all the way up the course, till, after being led by half a length at the barrier, and in spite of a crab at Remenham, Westminster, the lighter crew by half a stone per man, managed to poke their nose far enough ahead to win an indescribably exciting race by a canvas.

WESTMINSTER v. BEDFORD SCHOOL.

Both crews were absolutely rowed out after their 8 minutes 9 seconds of sheer effort, and there were some who doubted whether a crew which had won such a close race could less than six hours later beat a strong Bedford School crew which averaged nearly a stone a man heavier and had won an easy race the same morning. These doubts were even magnified when Bedford were leading by half a length at Remenham. But Bedford began to tire at the continued spurts led by Nicholas and by the mile Westminster had drawn level. Then, spurting most of the way in, they crowned their achievement of the morning with another great victory by a canvas.

WESTMINSTER v. TRINITY HALL

The next morning Westminster were beaten by one length by Trinity Hall, a crew averaging one stone three pounds per man more than the school crew. This was naturally a great disappointment to the Westminsters, because in any reasonable conditions they ought to have beaten a crew which was on Friday beaten by the same Corpus crew the eight had beaten at Marlow. But as it was the conditions were just those which were most favourable to a heavy crew like Trinity Hall and least favourable to Westminster. Another gale was blowing straight down the course, and if there was any shelter in the Bucks station Trinity Hall had it. Such a combination of forces were tremendous odds against a light crew that had had such close races the day before. But although the Westminsters seemed to have lost some of their sting, they got their usual 39 into the first minute and maintaining a high rate of striking they rowed gallantly all the way and never lost their form or unity. It was indeed an honourable defeat, and everyone rowed his best.

\* \* \*

This was a great Henley for Westminster, in spite of the fact that the unfavourable draw prevented them going as far as they might have gone. Clare they could hardly have beaten, but in more reasonable conditions they were capable of beating any of the other crews. Here was a Westminster crew which was picked out before the regatta as outstanding in company with Radley and Clare and which won two great races

in a manner that revealed the finest qualities of oarsmanship. May this be a stepping-stone to greater things to come, and may all watermen emulate the determination and enthusiasm shown by a crew which Mr. Drinkwater described as one of the best school crews he had ever seen.

R.G.R. in the *Daily Telegraph*.

The crew :—

				st.	lb.
Bow	R. H. F. Carlyle, K.S.	..	..	9	11
2	J. Morton [H]	..	..	11	9
3	R. Namias [A]	..	..	11	12
4	E. E. Macy [B]	..	..	11	3
5	D. V. L. Odhams [R]	..	..	11	11
6	R. Wakeford [R]	..	..	11	1
7	E. P. Hawthorne [H]	..	..	9	9
Stroke	T. B. Nicholas, K.S.	..	..	11	4
Cox	N. M. Briggs [B]	..	..	7	10

(Average : 11 st. 0½ lb.)

OTHER RACES

The season, throughout the Boat Club, has been one of the most successful since the revival of Water. The First Eight defeated ten crews and lost to one; the Second Eight rowed five races, losing one; the Third Eight rowed four races, losing two; the Fourth Eight rowed three races, all of which they won; and the Fifth Eight rowed three races, losing two. Boys not in eights have been going out in Tub Fours and there is some very promising material among them.

2ND VIII

				st.	lb.
Bow	M. J. Wedgwood-Benn	..	..	9	9
2	M. H. Flanders	..	..	11	4
3	R. K. Archer	..	..	10	3
4	S. R. I. Knox	..	..	11	6
5	P. F. Taylor	..	..	11	3
6	P. B. Taylor	..	..	11	5
7	V. W. Hall	..	..	10	6
Stroke	D. P. Davison	..	..	9	13
Cox	W. D. Sandelson	..	..	7	0

2ND VIII v. U.C.S. 1ST VIII

Rowed from Harrods to the U.B.R. stone. Westminster lost the toss and U.C.S. chose Middlesex station. Westminster went away at the start and striking a high rate continued to go away throughout the course. Won by 3 lengths in 6 minutes 12 seconds.

2ND VIII v. I.S.C. (WINDSOR) 1ST VIII

Rowed from the U.B.R. stone to Harrods. Westminster lost the toss and were given Middlesex station. The race was rowed in good conditions, with a slow tide, good water and a following breeze.

Westminster at 35 to I.S.C.'s 30 took the lead at once, and at the Boathouse were just clear. Keeping the rate of striking at 33, they went steadily away and won comfortably by 6 lengths in 6 minutes 3 seconds,

## 2ND VIII v. ST. PAUL'S 2ND VIII

Westminster, rowing at 34, got away from the stake boat well and led by a canvas. St. Paul's at a faster stroke drew level after half a minute and a splendid race followed to the fence, where Westminster started to go up. They continued to go ahead and won by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lengths in 6 minutes 31 seconds.

## MARLOW REGATTA

## 2ND VIII v. RADLEY 2ND VIII

Rowed on Friday evening, June 23rd. Radley went away from the beginning and after two minutes there was daylight between the eights. Westminster were better together, and by doing a spurt they gradually went up and won a terrific race by a canvas in 4 minutes 31 seconds.

## 2ND VIII v. BEDFORD 2ND VIII

The eight had another great race on Saturday and again rowed splendidly, but they just failed to get home before Bedford, who won by  $\frac{1}{4}$  length in 4 minutes 31 seconds.

## 3RD VIII

(Bow) A. T. P. Harrison, 8 st. 9 lb.; (2) V. M. Leveaux, 9 st. 4 lb.; (3) D. S. Ellis, 9 st. 4 lb.; (4) F. G. Overbury, 10 st. 7 lb.; (5) J. Wilson, 13 st. 9 lb.; (6) B. P. Passman, 9 st. 4 lb.; (7) A. O. Self, 11 st. 13 lb.; (stroke) W. H. Allchin, 10 st. 2 lb.; (cox) D. S. Wilde, 7 st. 7 lb.

## 3RD VIII v. ST. PAUL'S 3RD VIII

Rowed from Harrods to the Boat House on May 30th. St. Paul's won by 3 lengths in 5 minutes 18 seconds.

## 3RD VIII v. EMMANUEL SCHOOL 1ST VIII

Rowed from the Mile Post at Hammersmith to the L.S.P. works at Chiswick, and won by  $2\frac{1}{4}$  lengths in 4 minutes 36 seconds.

## 3RD VIII v. RADLEY AT MARLOW

This race was rowed over the regatta course, and was won by Radley by three lengths in 4 minutes 28 seconds.

## 3RD VIII v. U.C.S. 2ND VIII

Rowed on June 29th from the Mile Post to the U.B.R. stone and won by one length in 4 minutes 31 seconds.

## 4TH VIII

(Bow) F. R. Allchin, 9 st. 5 lb.; (2) J. A. Kirbyshire, 10 st.; (3) A. H. Fewell, 10 st. 7 lb.; (4) J. O. B. Andrews, 10 st. 3 lb.; (5) B. A. Bernacchi, 10 st. 12 lb.; (6) G. Hadfield, 9 st. 4 lb.; (7) L. O'B. D. Featherstone, 10 st.; (stroke) A. J. M. Clark, 10 st.; (cox) R. W. Gray, 6 st. 3 lb.

## 4TH VIII v. WESTMINSTER CITY SCHOOL 1ST VIII

This race was rowed over a course from the U.B.R. stone to the Mile Post, and was won by Westminster by  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lengths in 4 minutes 44 seconds.

## 4TH VIII v. LATYMER UPPER SCHOOL 1ST CLINKER VIII

Course: Beverley to Harrods, on rather popply water against quite a strong headwind. Won by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  lengths in 4 minutes 55 seconds.

## 4TH VIII v. ST. PAUL'S 4TH VIII

Course: Harrods to Beverley. Won by  $\frac{3}{4}$  length in 4 minutes 29 seconds.

## 5TH VIII

(Bow) G. A. Evans, 9 st. 7 lb.; (2) P. Sleightholm, 9 st. 6 lb.; (3) C. H. Christie, 9 st. 6 lb.; (4) I. J. Abrahams, 9 st. 6 lb.; (5) R. M. O. Havers, 9 st. 10 lb.; (6) J. M. Dalton, 11 st. 4 lb.; (7) D. R. Holloway, 9 st. 5 lb.; (stroke) P. A. Nicholson, 9 st. 5 lb.; (cox) M. T. McH. Grummitt, 5 st. 10 lb.

## 5TH VIII v. I.S.C. JUNIOR VIII

Course: U.B.R. stone to Mile Post. Won by I.S.C. by 3 lengths in 4 minutes 23 seconds.

## 5TH VIII v. LATYMER UPPER SCHOOL 2ND VIII

Course: Harrods to Beverley Brook. Won by one length in 5 minutes 50 seconds.

W. S. B. C.

## SQUASH RACKETS

It is too early as yet to state whether there will be any alteration next term in the position of Squash Rackets at Westminster; but it is hoped that more extensive accommodation may be obtained at Thames House, if the demand from the School increases to any large extent.

During the season 1938-39, only one match was played: this was against the Westminster Hospital Medical Students' Squash Rackets Club at the Medical School in Horseferry Road, and resulted in a win to our opponents by 5 matches to nil. The School team was composed of:

M. W. O'Brien, K.S.  
R. G. Woodwark [H].  
J. H. Page-Wood [H].  
L. A. Wilson, K.S†.  
P. Fitzhugh [G].

At the end of the season R. G. Woodwark stood top of the ladder.

At a meeting of the Committee during Lent Term, Mr. F. E. Noel-Baker, founder and first secretary of the Club, was elected an Honorary Life Member of the Club in recognition of his services.

It is hoped that matches with several other Clubs and Schools may be arranged for next season.

M. W. O'B.



THE FIELDS

WESTMINSTER v. CHRIST CHURCH

At Oxford, June 3rd

Lost by 7 wickets.

WESTMINSTER 106 (K. A. H. Hinge 35, F. F. Calway 44; H. R. Wright 5 for 30).

CHRIST CHURCH 186 for 6 (D. P. G. Elliott 66, B. J. Wakely 36).

WESTMINSTER v. STOWE

At Stowe, June 7th and 8th

Lost by an innings and 179 runs.

WESTMINSTER

(1st Innings)

B. V. I. Greenish, st Hooper b Phillips ..	29
E. M. H. Wilkinson, c Phillips b Marten ..	2
K. A. H. Hinge, c and b Hooper ..	20
E. S. Meyer, c and b Hooper ..	3
O. J. Peck, c Farnell-Watson, b Phillips ..	6
P. Goatly, b Scholfield ..	17
F. F. Calway, c Thompson, b Scholfield ..	14
R. O. I. Borradaile, c Darling, b Hooper ..	19
A. F. Taylor, c Henry, b Scholfield ..	2
B. M. Turner-Samuels, not out ..	4
R. M. T. Walker-Brash, st Henry, b Hooper ..	0
Extras ..	1

Total .. 117

(2nd Innings)

B. V. I. Greenish, st Henry, b Hooper ..	38
E. M. H. Wilkinson, c Henry, b Scholfield ..	22
K. A. H. Hinge, st Henry, b Hooper ..	3
E. S. Meyer, st Henry, b Hooper ..	4
O. J. Peck, b Scholfield ..	2
P. Goatly, b Phillips ..	9
F. F. Calway, b Scholfield ..	10
R. O. I. Borradaile, not out ..	32
A. F. Taylor, c and b Hooper ..	1
B. M. Turner-Samuels, c Henry, b Marten ..	0
R. M. T. Walker-Brash, c Marten, b Hooper ..	8
Extras ..	7

Total .. 136

STOWE

L. G. Darling, c Greenish, b Taylor ..	66
J. P. Phillips, l.b.w. Turner-Samuels ..	6
C. R. T. Cunningham, l.b.w. Taylor ..	15
A. V. Farnell-Watson, c Greenish, b Taylor ..	77
R. H. Marten, not out ..	104
E. P. Hickling, b Calway ..	115
A. D. Thomson, b Taylor ..	28
Extras ..	21

Total for 6 wickets (declared) .. 432

A. K. Higham, M. B. Scholfield, J. C. I. Hooper and J. M. Henry did not bat.

WESTMINSTER v. INCOGNITI

At Stagenhoe Park, June 17th

Lost by 3 wickets.

WESTMINSTER 110 (E. M. H. Wilkinson 45; H. G. Palmer 6 for 37).

INCOGNITI 221 for 9 (K. J. Mendl 108; F. F. Calway 6 for 22).

WESTMINSTER v. WELLINGTON

At Wellington, June 24th

Lost by 60 runs.

WELLINGTON

J. L. H. Gordon, b Hinge ..	19
C. A. Wade, b Taylor ..	36
P. B. K. Gracey, c Goatly, b Calway ..	23
J. B. Robertson, c Hinge, b Calway ..	46
R. M. Hill, not out ..	82
G. M. F. Chambers, b Taylor ..	4
R. C. S. Renshaw, st Goatly, b Calway ..	27
D. H. Wheeler, c Greenish, b Wade ..	8
G. T. C. Campbell, b Calway ..	3
Extras ..	25

Total for 8 wickets (declared) .. 273

J. de B. Carey and J. R. A. Stuart did not bat.

WESTMINSTER

B. V. I. Greenish, l.b.w., b Campbell ..	8
E. M. H. Wilkinson, c Renshaw, b Campbell ..	29
K. A. Hinge, c Carey, b Renshaw ..	42
R. O. I. Borradaile, c Gracey, b Renshaw ..	52
F. F. Calway, c Gracey, b Stuart ..	47
P. Goatly, c Gracey, b Renshaw ..	15
D. A. Trehearne, b Stuart ..	0
E. S. Meyer, st Hill, b Gracey ..	7
A. F. Taylor, st Hill, b Gracey ..	7
R. G. Whittington, b Renshaw ..	0
R. T. C. Wade, not out ..	3
Extras ..	3

Total .. 213

Bowling :

WELLINGTON.—A. F. Taylor : 17 overs, 2 maidens, 46 runs, 2 wickets; F. F. Calway : 21 overs, 1 maiden, 79 runs, 4 wickets.

WESTMINSTER.—R. C. S. Renshaw : 11.4 overs, 53 runs 4 wickets; J. R. A. Stuart : 7 overs, 34 runs, 2 wickets

WESTMINSTER v. SHERBORNE

At Sherborne, June 28th and 29th

Lost by an innings and 167 runs.

On a rainy and windy morning Sherborne won the toss and elected to bat rather than bowl with a very wet ball on a dead wicket. Rain delayed play for half an hour, then stopped it again after

two overs, but having by this time made the ground very wet, did not interrupt the game again.

The Sherborne opening pair were undefeated at lunch with the score in the fifties, and after lunch they carried the score to 107 before Deshon was bowled by Taylor for 51. Watson came in and with Courtenay put on nearly another 100 for the second wicket before he also was out l.b.w. to Taylor. The bowlers had had the worst possible conditions, but both Taylor and Calway bowled very steadily. The fieldsmen had everyone's sympathy and it was not surprising that one or two chances were not held. However, Meyer and Richardson both brought off good catches on the leg side to show what could be done. Another wicket brought the score to five wickets for 273, so that 3 wickets had fallen for the last forty runs and there seemed a chance of dismissing Sherborne for a more moderate total, but a sound stand by Earls-Davis and Irvine added another 70 runs, so that Sherborne were able to declare at 381 for 6 at tea-time.

A good start might have enabled the rest of the side to recover from their wind-swept hours in the field. But Greenish tried to turn a straight ball early in his innings which is not a shot usually expected of an opening bat and then the Sherborne bowlers having tasted blood—and what a difference that can make to a bowler—became unpleasantly aggressive. Hinge and Borradaile were both out in the same over to Bashford. Goatly's wicket followed, and although Richardson managed to stay there a little while he could not manage to score. As wickets had been falling so fast, there had hardly been time to notice that Wilkinson was still there, leaning on his bat with his hand on his hip, watching the others coming and going.

Between him and Calway there followed a stand which almost atoned for the earlier collapse. When fifty runs had been added Wilkinson was unfortunately caught, and any chance of a big score went with him, but Calway, who had come in at 5 wickets for 20 had the satisfaction of seeing the hundred past before he was caught, having scored 65. Shortly after the Westminster innings closed for 121.

The second innings on the next day was a repetition of the first. Once again, only Wilkinson and Calway were able to cope with bowlers whose

success had naturally given them and unfortunately also some of the Westminster batsmen a rather magnified opinion of their bowling. 73 was all that could be mustered, so that Sherborne won by an innings and 167 runs.

## SHERBORNE

G. W. L. Courtenay, c Meyer, b Calway .. ..	112
D. P. T. Deshon, b Taylor .. ..	51
H. L. Watson, l.b.w. Taylor .. ..	54
S. F. St. M. Williams, b Taylor .. ..	44
G. B. Hewitt, c Richardson, b Greenish .. ..	3
F. E. Slingsby, l.b.w. Calway .. ..	7
P. G. A. Irvine, not out .. ..	26
M. A. G. Earls-Davis, not out .. ..	54
Extras .. ..	10

Total for 6 wickets (declared) .. 361

H. J. C. Bashford, P. H. Humphreys and R. H. Gardiner did not bat.

## WESTMINSTER

## (1st Innings)

B. V. I. Greenish, l.b.w. Earls-Davis .. ..	6
E. M. H. Wilkinson, c Hewitt, b Humphreys ..	38
K. A. H. Hinge, c Earls-Davis, b Bashford ..	2
R. O. I. Borradaile, c Irvine, b Bashford ..	0
F. F. Calway, c Slingsby, b Earls-Davis ..	65
P. Goatly, c Irvine, b Earls-Davis .. ..	0
C. A. Richardson, l.b.w. Bashford .. ..	0
E. S. Meyer, run out .. ..	1
A. F. Taylor, b Bashford .. ..	7
R. T. C. Wade, l.b.w. Earls-Davis .. ..	0
R. M. T. Walker Brash, not out .. ..	1
Extras .. ..	1

Total .. 121

## (2nd Innings)

B. V. I. Greenish, b Earls-Davis .. ..	0
E. M. H. Wilkinson, c Williams, b Humphreys ..	27
K. A. H. Hinge, c Irvine, b Earls-Davis .. ..	0
R. O. I. Borradaile, b Earls-Davis .. ..	0
F. F. Calway, c Watson, b Gardiner .. ..	27
P. Goatly, b Earls-Davis .. ..	5
C. A. Richardson, c Watson, b Bashford .. ..	6
E. S. Meyer, c Courtenay, b Earls-Davis .. ..	0
A. F. Taylor, c and b Humphreys .. ..	6
R. T. C. Wade, not out .. ..	0
R. M. T. Walker, b Bashford .. ..	0
Extras .. ..	2

Total .. 73

## WESTMINSTER v. RADLEY

At Radley on July 1st Won by 40 runs

Westminster won the toss and went in to bat on a fast plumb wicket. After losing Wilkinson with the total at 7, two good stands followed between Greenish (68) and Hinge (32), and then Greenish and Borradaile (37). The rest of the batsmen batted nicely to bring the total to 227.

Radley went in with two hours and thirty-five minutes of batting in which to get the runs, or,

as actually happened, to be got out. The opening pair were kept very quiet and when tea was taken Radley were 3 wickets down for 30. A fine stand followed between R. J. A. Darwin and M. D. Corke, which put on 128 runs for the fourth wicket. Calway, the Westminster Captain, who managed his bowling with skill, got the partnership broken by his leg-break bowlers when Corke was caught and bowled by the other leg-break bowler Greenish, and the fifth wicket fell for 158. Radley still had three-quarters of an hour in which to get the 65 runs, but none of the following batsmen were comfortable against some good fast bowling by Calway, who got three of the remaining wickets. At the other end he was ably backed up by the slow leg-breaks of Greenish. Pearson, the Radley Captain, normally No. 6, but on this occasion reserved for the end in case of collapse, came in last with twenty minutes to go and fifty runs to get, but with the total at 187 and with ten minutes to spare, Calway bowled Hayward and Westminster won by 40 runs.

It had been a very exciting game. Radley had at first been behind the clock, caught up and looked like taking a narrow victory or a certain draw; then the Westminster bowlers got among the Radley wickets and won the game for Westminster.

SCORES

WESTMINSTER

B. V. I. Greenish, c. Pearson, b. Darwin .. ..	68
E. M. Wilkinson, l.b.w., b. Darwin .. ..	0
K. A. H. Hinge, l.b.w., b. Darwin .. ..	32
R. O. I. Borrodaile, b. Darwin .. ..	37
F. F. Calway, c. Paget, b. Darwin .. ..	6
P. Goatly, c. Taylor, b. Hayward .. ..	31
D. A. Trehearne, l.b.w., b. Murray .. ..	5
C. A. Richardson, b. Hayward .. ..	17
A. F. Taylor, c. Taylor, b. Hayward .. ..	13
R. C. T. Wade, not out .. ..	4
R. G. Whittington, b. Hayward .. ..	0
Extras .. ..	14
Total .. ..	227

RADLEY

J. T. Paget, b. Taylor .. ..	0
O. F. O. Womack, l.b.w., b. Calway .. ..	11
M. S. Hodges, l.b.w., b. Whittington .. ..	5
R. J. A. Darwin, c. and b. Greenish .. ..	63
M. D. Corke, c. Hinge, b. Taylor .. ..	56
H. R. J. Taylor, b. Greenish .. ..	13
J. W. Buckley, b. Calway .. ..	12
R. A. Murray, b. Calway .. ..	9
T. M. B. Sessions, l.b.w., b. Greenish .. ..	0
T. P. Hayward, b. Calway .. ..	9
G. T. Pearson, not out .. ..	3
Extras .. ..	6
Total .. ..	187

FENCING

This term has been rather an unsatisfactory one with regard to the number of matches we have fought. Of eleven matches on the fixture list, five have been cancelled. Of the remaining six, together with another added at the last minute, we have won five and lost two.

v. ST. PAUL'S. May 6th. Won by 11 defeats to 16.

We were rather surprised to be beaten by 5—4 in the foil, which is usually our strongest weapon, but we more than made up for this by our 2—7 win in the épée, and we eventually won the match by this margin, as a 4—5 win in the sabre just cancelled out our foil defeat.

v. STOWE. May 13th. Won 11—16.

Here again our victory was due to a large margin in one weapon, sabre. We just won the foil by 4—5 and lost the épée by a similar margin. A 2—7 sabre victory decided the match.

v. OXFORD ASSASSINS. May 27th. Won 11—16.

The standard of foil fencing in this match was rather disappointing, but the other two weapons were more interesting, and produced a higher standard in spite of the fact that we were fighting on a gravel path in St. John's College garden.

v. CHELTENHAM. June 13th. Lost 13—12.  
2 drawn bouts.

Our team was one person short for this match. We won the foil by 4—5 and the épée by 2—5 with two bouts drawn. A 7—2 defeat in the sabre gave Cheltenham their victory.

v. WINCHESTER COLLEGE. June 29th. Won 13—14.

This is not the first time a Winchester match has been decided by the odd fight, but this time we were fighting with a rather weaker team than we can produce.

v. LONDON FENCING CLUB. July 8th. Lost 17—8.  
2 bouts drawn.

This was undoubtedly the best match of the term, and it was doubly interesting because our fencing master, Captain Gautier, is also master at the L.F.C. We lost the foil by 6—3, the épée by 6—1 with two drawn bouts, and the sabre by the narrow margin of 5—4.

## LAWN TENNIS

The Lawn Tennis team this season has had a greater measure of success than last year. Of the six school matches played at the time of writing, 2 have been won, 1 drawn and 3 lost. The three old colours from last season who with K. B. Suenson-Taylor have formed the first and second pairs, both of which quickly settled down, are well suited to each other's play and have had about equal success in matches. The third has been a problem, as there is rather a drop in efficiency after the 2nd pair, but it will probably be chosen finally from five possible people who are all very steady players.

In the school matches, Stowe were easily victorious, having a very strong team for a school; King's College School and Lancing were just beaten, and it was most unfortunate that the team were beaten in very close finishes against both Eastbourne and Tonbridge; the St. Paul's match was, unluckily, drawn, for if there had been more time the School might have again been victorious. Although no one has played brilliantly this year, the 1st and 2nd pairs have both maintained a consistent and steady form.

The P.S.L.T.A. has again provided us with a coach for most of the season, and he has given a lot of his time to the third pair and to boys likely to be in the VI next year.

## Results of school matches :

Stowe .. ..	Lost	1—8
King's College School .. ..	Won	5—2, 2 drawn
St. Paul's .. ..	Drawn	3—3, 3 unplayed
Eastbourne .. ..	Lost	4—5
Lancing .. ..	Won	5—4
Tonbridge .. ..	Lost	4—5

THE 1ST VI : First pair, R. G. Woodwark (Capt.) [H] and J. O. Blaksley, K.S. [Pinks]. Second pair, V. G. H. Hallett (G) and K. B. Suenson-Taylor (H) [Half-Pinks]. Third pair, from M. G. Boggon (R), P. FitzHugh (G), L. A. Wilson, K.S† [Half-Pinks].

R. G. W.

## CHESS

This season has been notable for two reasons : first, the School won its first match since 1934, by defeating Highgate by 5 matches to 1; secondly, the supposedly lost or stolen Inter-House Chess Cup, mislaid since its tenure by Ashburnham in 1934, was discovered by Mr. G. C. Claridge. The House Competition was won in 1937-38 by College, and owing to the inability of any other

house to raise a team last season, by College again in 1938-39.

The medal awarded each year by the British Chess Association has been awarded to H. C. Garner as being the most proficient Westminster School player, while J. P. Johnston gains honourable mention.

The result of school matches played last season were :

v. Merchant Taylors'	Drawn	3—3
v. St. Paul's .. ..	Lost	0—6
v. U.C.S. .. ..	Lost	1½—5½
v. Charterhouse .. ..	Lost	1—5
v. Highgate .. ..	Won	5—1

The only other noteworthy event of the season was a match of four-a-side played between Westminster King's Scholars and a team of Collegers from Eton. This was won by the Westminster K.S.S. by 2½ matches to 1½, the Westminster team being :

M. W. O'Brien.  
H. C. Garner.  
D. I. Swann.  
J. A. Kirbyshire.

M. W. O'B.

## LEAGUE OF NATIONS UNION

On June 10th Mr. Harold Nicholson spoke up School on "The Approach to Foreign Affairs." He pointed out that in England we have experienced three stages of diplomacy, the autocratic, the oligarchic and the democratic, the last of which began after the Great War. He was convinced that the democratic system was the soundest of all, in spite of its manifest drawbacks, the greatest of which is the time-lag between the making of a decision by experts and its ratification by the public. At no time had this been more obvious than at the present; the totalitarian states, where public opinion was regimented and controlled to a nicety, could in five minutes take a step for which a democracy in a similar position would need a week at the inside. The one possible solution was to keep the public in the democracies thoroughly informed about every move abroad and every aspect of the international situation. Once this was done the responsible persons could take the necessary steps without the fear of being held up by a lagging public opinion.

Mr. Nicholson went on to emphasize how important it is that the information should be of the

right kind. The average Englishman depended for his knowledge of foreign countries on a few trips to the Continent, and the conclusions he drew from them tended to superficiality.

Mr. Nicholson illustrated from his personal experience of the French and the Germans the dreadful ease with which these false conclusions could be drawn. The average German between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two was more charming than the youth of any other nation, but the older generation were dull and unlikeable; the young French boy, on the other hand, was a phenomenon on which the speaker preferred not to dwell, but the witty, intelligent, mellowed French professor of fifty was perhaps the finest product of all civilization. The French boy showed no interest in the English boy because he knew quite well that he had nothing to gain by doing so, but the German was flatteringly curious about all his activities, if only out of envy, and miraculously courteous and polite. But you had only to listen to his remarks about his own friends, to see that in every German heart there was a tiny product of hatred, envy and spite.

### A PUBLIC SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE

Mr. Lawrence Little, a young writer whose work has appeared in "New Verse," is contem-

plating the publication of a Literary Magazine composed of contributions from members of Public Schools. Anyone who is interested in this idea or who would like to become a potential subscriber, is invited to communicate with Mr. Little at 189, Peckham Rye, S.E.15.

### EXCHANGES

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

Rossall, King's College School (Wimbledon), Winchester (4), Fettes (2), Durham, Gordonstoun, Dulwich (2), Cheltenham, Blundells (2), King Edward VI School, Southampton, St. Paul's (2), Zeitschrift der Nationalpolitischen Erziehungsanstalt Schulpforta, Chicago Latin School (U.S.A.), (3), The William Penn Charter School, Germanstown (U.S.A.), (2), Sedbergh (2), Marlborough, Edinburgh Academy (2), Lancing (2), Sáraspotak (Hungary), Glenalmond, Milton Academy (U.S.A.) (2), Charterhouse (2), El Nopal (Texas) (6), Shrewsbury (2), Harrow (11), Malvern, Bedford (2), R.N.C. Dartmouth, King's School (Canterbury), Radley (2), St. Edward's School (Oxford) (2), Rugby, Felsted, Beaumont, St. John's (Leatherhead), Wellington (2), Bradfield, Clifton (3), Eton College (9), Christ's Hospital, Tonbridge, Christ's College (New Zealand), Aldenham, Wycombe Abbey, Haileybury, Sherborne, High School, Binghampton (U.S.A.), Brighton, Uppingham, Repton. And also of the :—

*Trinity University Review* (3), *I.P.C. News Letter* (6), *Public Schools Assoc. Bulletin* (3), *Artists Rifles Gazette* (4), *Boy Scout's News Bulletin* (14), *The Boy's Magazine* (4).

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### No. 17, DEAN'S YARD

Sir,

It is with great interest that I learn that No. 17, Dean's Yard is to become part of my old school. For twenty years, from 1875 to 1895, when my father, F. W. Farrar, was Canon of Westminster, that house was my home. The second floor, on two levels, provided schoolroom, nursery, and bedrooms for me and my nine brothers and sisters. One of my earliest recollections is of looking out of the big nursery windows and watching the football in Green, and envying the big boys who rode round and round Dean's Yard on their high "penny-farthing" bicycles. That must have been about 1879.

The big dining-room on the ground floor carries memories of the many famous men who were from time to time my father's guests. In that room or in the room above, which was my mother's drawing-room, I have seen Gladstone, Northcote, Sir William Harcourt, John Bright, Tennyson, Browning, Ruskin, Irving, Squire Bancroft, Matthew Arnold, H. M. Stanley, General Booth, and many others. Nearly every Bishop on the Bench must have lunched in that dining-room during the meetings of Convocation. The room behind the dining-room was at first the spare bedroom, and there

was an old-fashioned bathroom behind it, with a very deep stone bath sunk in the floor, but latterly as we grew up my old nursery became the spare bedroom, and the ground floor room became our sitting-room.

Divided from the drawing-room by folding doors was my father's study, where many of his famous books were written. He had the rare faculty of so absorbing himself in his work that nothing mundane could distract him. Just the other side of the folding doors was the grand piano, and generally throughout the morning my five sisters succeeded each other for piano lessons, or perhaps more maddening scales and exercises. As if this noise was not enough he had also a canary hanging in the window close to his standing-desk. The small back room, now designated apparatus-room, was my mother's sanctum.

From my night-nursery window I could get a side glance at boys going up and down Rigaud's staircase, a never-failing source of interest, or listen to the call going up from the fags at the entrance to Little Dean's Yard, "Scott's coming!"

I. G. FARRAR.

Plas Hen,  
Dolgelley, Merioneth.

## CAMBRIDGE OLD WESTMINSTERS

Sir,

In your June issue it was suggested that a list be made of undergraduate O.W.W in residence at the Universities. This is certainly necessary and is at present lacking at Cambridge. I have therefore submitted the following list of names which, however, may not be quite complete. As far as the printed lists, for which the suggestion was made, are concerned, it would surely be better to compile these at the beginning of the Michaelmas Term as the academic year has now ended.

May I go further and suggest that, as there are approximately 40 undergraduate O.W.W. at Cambridge, we, like other schools, run a dinner say once or twice a year. I do not see any reason why Westminster should be an exception.

Your June correspondent mentions that he sometimes pays a visit to the University. If such a dinner was held he and others like him could well arrange their visit to coincide with an O.W.W. dinner.

I am,

Yours truly,

Pembroke College,  
Cambridge.

H. H. E. BATTEN (1).

PEMBROKE	D. Petley (2).
TRINITY	D. Aggs (3). T. Channing-Pearce (3). G. L. Evans (3). E. J. A. Freeman (3). G. F. C. Halahan (3). A. C. H. Barlow (1). W. P. W. Barnes (1). P. H. Bosanquet (1). I. R. Clout (1). A. W. H. Dick (1). E. N. Skrender (1). D. M. Evans (2). R. W. Hogg (2). J. M. Tasker (2). D. L. Wilkinson (2).
MAGDALENE	M. F. Dowding (2). R. D. Rich (1).
PETERHOUSE	M. G. S. Harston (1).
ST. JOHN'S	G. W. P. Fisher (3). P. R. Kemp-King (3). P. J. Bury (2).
CORPUS CHRISTI	E. L. Fletcher (1). J. F. Reid-Dick (1).
JESUS	I. McNeil (1).
KING'S	G. B. H. Fletcher (3). A. B. Watson-Gandy (1).
TRINITY HALL	J. K. Morland (1).
CAIUS	J. Hamilton-Jones (3). A. J. Glyn (3). R. G. Evans (1). S. Moller (1).
QUEEN'S	J. Upsdell (1).
CHRIST'S	R. W. A. Coleman (3).
EMMANUEL	D. F. A. M. Balfour (3).
ST. CATHARINE'S	R. S. Scrivener (1).
DOWNING	G. M. Somper (1).

The figure in brackets indicates the year—1st, 2nd, or 3rd.

## MILLING GREEN IN THE 'THIRTIES

Sir,

You have honoured me by asking me to write an article on Westminster in the early seventies, which I believe is to appear in another column. If you have not already had too much of me I venture to offer in addition, the following episode from life at Westminster in the 'thirties (1834 to wit). It comes from a collection of cuttings from newspapers which has come down to me from a distant past. It is part of a long article in the *Evening Mail*, entitled "Muscular Christianity and the Public Schools." It is dated January 5th, but the year is missing. The heading suggests the neighbourhood of 1860. It is signed "ONCE A BOY," but from its style and other indications I have no doubt that it was contributed by my father, Matthew Inglett Fortescue-Brickdale, who was in College from 1831 to 1835. The anonymous signature will, I hope, acquit the author from any imputation of self-praise. The whole incident seems to me interesting as illustrating the manners and customs of the time, not only at Westminster.

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES FORTESCUE-BRICKDALE.

St. Peter's Day, 1939.

After some regrets at the cessation of the Eton and Westminster boat race and of hockey in the Cloisters, the article goes on:—

"Then too there was and there is 'the fighting green'—the smooth bit of turf enclosed in the Cloister tracery, like an emerald in a precious setting. Here, in my time long ago, there were constant battles. Some boys are bullies, but it was a well-known fact that bullies seldom appeared in the 'fighting green.' The bully's bravery is only skin deep; if you graze it, the coward peeps out. Sometimes a bully was dragged there by one of his own size, and generally, for there is a Providence that watches over schoolboys, got a good thrashing. Many a good fair stand-up fight have I seen in that green, and many friendships were begun there which have lasted ever since, for prowess brings mutual respect and respect brings friendship.

"Besides, the manual dexterity, the knowledge how to use one's hands, how to make the best use of one's weight, the 'Science' in short, learnt in that arena have often stood young and old Westminsters in good stead. Just listen to my own case. I remember, on St. Peter's day, which falls, as you know, on the 29th of June, in the year—well, the year doesn't much matter [it was in fact 1834]—We had all just come out of the Abbey after the Saint's Day service followed by the shortest sermon I ever heard. Eleven minutes and a half, text and blessing included. I remember every word of it. This was the text—1 Cor. ix, 24—'So run that ye may obtain,' and then, without more ado, the preacher compared our games and races with that great race to which the Apostle alluded, and exhorted us to strive for that incorruptible crown which some of us might one day obtain. Then he gave us his blessing and sent us away happy.

"It was a lovely day and I rushed to the water with three others and rowed up in a randan to Richmond [Westminster to Richmond by river is about 13 miles] for there was a swinging tide. Well! we spent the day innocently and merrily. . . . We had plenty of time; but just as we were leaving the place where we had landed, our boathook was missing. Where was it? At last our steerer, a tiny child of 14, saw the missing object

in the hands of a man. 'Holloa, Master, that's our boathook; we want it.' 'Then you shan't have it; I want it.' Getting into a quarrel is like putting your feet in icy water—no-one likes it at first. I was the biggest of the party—17, slight and not tall. By this time the man who was depriving us of our property had been joined by one or two more, who had come up in a 'four.' They were men and we were boys, but we were not going to give up our boathook without a struggle, so I assumed the lead and marched up my party. 'Give us our boathook.' 'You shan't have it.' 'Then we'll take it'; and I made a snatch at it. The fellow struck at me with it, but I sprang back, and the blow fell harmless. Now one's blood was up. 'Will you fight for it, a fair stand-up fight?' I cried. 'You won't get it without fighting,' said the robber. So we were to fight for the boathook, and adjourned to what an Irishman would call a 'convenient' piece of sward. As we stripped I was glad to see that my antagonist, though many stone heavier, was not much taller than myself; but I own that I felt rather rueful at the thought how the Saturday after there was to be a Fancy Fair at Lady Pennyroyal's grounds at which a young lady of the mature age of 17 was to assist, and how very awkward it would be to appear at the said Fair with a black eye. As we squared up to one another my foeman grinned at the sight of my hands and wrists and, I fancy, must have repeated something to himself from Dr. Watts, 'Your little hands were never made,' etc.

"If he did so, he soon found out his mistake, for, not to blow my own trumpet too hard, I will only say that in ten rounds he was unable to come to time. The only serious blow I got from this ruffian—for he had a ruffian's will without the power to work it out—was a body blow in the first round just over the heart. As soon as I saw his style I knew I had him. It was circular, something like the action of a cow with her hind feet when galloping. In that round I hit him under the left ear. The second and third saw each an eye closed and all the rest were mere blind rushes to get at me, which I never allowed him to do, and ended when he was exhausted—the wretch was miserably out of condition—in my depositing him on the earth by a good straightforward blow. So we got back our boathook and were cheered by a crowd of the aborigines, and rowed back to Westminster triumphant.

"I need not say that I went to Lady Pennyroyal's; saw the young lady of 17, who, it is as unnecessary to say, is not my wife, and was asked if the cat had scratched my forehead, for the only mark I had was a claw from the fellow's nails in one of his feeble attempts to grapple with me . . . ."

"ONCE A BOY."

#### OLD WESTMINSTER ARTISTS

Sir,

The *Record of Old Westminster* has very little about Henry Pilleau, adm. 1827, left 1828. The following note is taken from *Victoria and Albert Museum Catalogue of Water Colour Paintings, 1927*.

PILLEAU, HENRY, R.I. Born on the 3rd May, 1813. Was educated at Westminster School; entered the Army Medical Corps, where he spent many years, and became Deputy Inspector-General of Hospitals. On his retirement he devoted himself exclusively to art, his favourite painting grounds being Venice and the East. He exhibited from 1850 to 1880 at the Royal Academy, and also at the British Institution, the Institute of

Painters in Water Colours (now the Royal Institute), and Suffolk Street. In 1882 he became a Member of the Institute, and he was also a Member of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours. He died at Brighton on the 28th July, 1899. The Library of the Museum contains a photograph of him.

The Catalogue shows six pictures by Pilleau, and the Department of Engraving, Illustration and Design in the Museum has two of his studies.

Other Old Westminster artists in the Catalogue are Heneage Finch, 4th Earl of Aylesford, Herbert Menzies Marshall, Sir Edward John Poynter, and Walter Severn, but they are noticed at some length in the *Record*. William Kneen, who was art master in my time (1888-93) has one picture in this Museum.

Yours faithfully,

42, Union Road,  
Exeter.

RICHARD WATERFIELD.

#### INTERNATIONAL SCHOOLBOY FELLOWSHIP

Sir,

This brief article is for the specific purpose of encouraging any student of Westminster who has thought of going to an American school through the International Schoolboy Fellowship exchange programme. A year in a foreign school offers innumerable advantages both in scholarship and in experience itself, and there is no better way to become familiar and acquainted with the customs of another country.

By the exchange programme two things are accomplished. First and foremost the exchange promotes a better understanding of each other's ideas and views, of the difficulties that hinder a closer union of the two countries. Each can come to sympathize with the various differences, however ridiculous they may seem, which cause unneeded friction. To be sure, there is nothing but good feeling between the two countries, but it is surprising to note how ignorant the youth of America are of the English youth and *vice versa*. The merits of each respective country can be appreciated to a greater extent and advantage; the talents of each can be combined towards a more rapid and decisive progress. The exchange programme has already proved itself effective toward this end.

In the second place the exchange is very attractive to the individual himself who has the good fortune to be chosen as a representative of his school. The experience itself is easily worth a year's learning in a university. The student can satisfy his curiosities with the element in his grasp. His outlook is broadened; he can come to appreciate the jokes on either country and enjoy life twice as much. A new source of learning is at his disposal; he will learn a new version of the story on the American Dependence. He will meet new friends, acquire different and new tastes; he will find that only the English make good trifles, and that only Americans make good hamburgers. Above all, overlooking the usual sweat and fever due to school work, the student will have a good time. Exchange students are received most cordially on either side of the ocean. Much consideration and kindness are shown the student to an extent which makes it seem more of a holiday than a school year.

It is for these reasons that I give my humble advice to those that have the opportunity of going to America: go by any means; the step will never be regretted.

Yours, etc.,

Busby's.

E. E. MACY.

(Exchange student from Tabor Academy, U.S.A., 1938-9.)

## OLD WESTMINSTERS

The Honorary Degree of D.C.L. was conferred on SIR MAURICE GWYER at the Encaenia at Oxford.

The Degree of D.D. has been conferred on the REVD. S. LIBERTY and the REVD. C. J. SHEBBEARE at Oxford.

Mr. R. H. HARROD is one of the original Fellows of Nuffield College, Oxford.

Mr. T. G. LUND has been appointed Secretary of the Law Society. Mr. E. H. V. McDOUGALL has been appointed Assistant Secretary.

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

In the Mathematical Tripos, Part II, at Cambridge, Mr. J. HAMILTON-JONES gained the distinction of being a Wrangler.

Mr. A. E. HUXLEY was awarded a First Class in the Natural Science Tripos, Part II.

Mr. A. F. HUXLEY has been elected to the Michael Foster Studentship in Physiology (value 100 guineas) at Cambridge University.

Mr. D. PETLEY gained a First Class in the Classical Tripos, Part I, and has been awarded an Exhibition in Classics at Pembroke College.

Mr. A. C. H. BARLOW has been awarded a College Exhibition at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. G. A. MACGREGOR has been awarded a Lord Kitchener Scholarship to St. Thomas's Hospital Medical School for the Medical Branch of the Royal Navy.

Mr. J. C. CHERRY (Captain) rowed in the Leander Grand Eight at Henley.

Mr. G. L. Y. RADCLIFFE rowed bow in the New College pair which won the O.U.B.C. Challenge Pairs at Oxford. He also rowed bow in the New College four which won the Town Cup at Marlow Regatta.

Mr. G. B. H. FLETCHER fenced for Cambridge and Mr. E. B. CHRISTIE and Mr. J. M. ARCHIBALD fenced for Oxford in the inter-University *épée* match.

The Rev. C. B. H. KNIGHT has been appointed Rector of Hutton, Essex.

Mr. J. S. RIDLEY was ordained deacon at the Trinity Ordinations, for the curacy of St. Saviour's, Pimlico.

Capt. A. C. E. DEVEREUX has passed the qualifying examination for the Staff College.

The Princess Royal on June 23 opened the Memorial Gates which have been erected at St. Edward's School, Oxford, in memory of Mr. W. H. A. Cowell, who was a master at the school from 1880 to 1937.

### BIRTHS

ARIS.—On June 11, the wife of George Biddulph Aris, a daughter.

CLARK.—On June 15, the wife of Charles Peter Clark, a daughter.

ARNOLD.—On June 14, the wife of Arthur Philip Arnold, a daughter.

KING.—On June 12, the wife of R. M. King, a daughter.

NEGUS.—On June 10, the wife of A. J. S. Negus, a son.

### MARRIAGES

GABELL-NORTH.—On June 3, Gerald Noel Gabell, to Constance Mary, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. North, of Wallington, Surrey.

HEATON-ALABASTER.—On May 25, Ralph Neville Heaton to Cecily Margaret, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. H. Alabaster.

HUXLEY-SCHENCK.—On June 27, David Bruce Huxley to Anne Remsen, only daughter of the late Mr. Frederic Schenck and Mrs. Schenck, of Lenox, Mass., U.S.A.

RADCLIFFE-KENNEDY.—Recently, Charles Keppel Radcliffe to Edith Elaine, sister of John Stodart Kennedy.

REYNOLDS-STUART McCOMBIE.—On June 10, Seymour John Romer Reynolds, elder son of Dr. Russell J. Reynolds, C.B.E., F.R.C.P. (O.W.), to Margaret, younger daughter of William McCombie and the late Mrs. McCombie, of Craigellachie, Scotland.



## OBITUARY

## THE REV. FREDERIC WILLETT

The death of the Rev. FREDERIC WILLETT at the great age of 100 has removed one of the few remaining links with Westminster of the eighteenth-fifties. When he died on June 5 he was England's oldest clergyman, the oldest Westminster, the oldest member of Trinity College, Cambridge, the oldest Governor of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and in the course of a life which included both the Munich Conference and the Coronation of Queen Victoria he had seen England pass successfully through three great wars, and had witnessed every improvement in communications from penny postage to wireless, and the rise successively of railway, road, and air transport.

Frederic Willett was born on June 16, 1838, the eldest son of Mr. William Catt, of Portland Place, Brighton. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. William Verrall, of Southover, Lewes. He could recall being taken as a boy to see King Edward VII as a child in short frocks on a balcony at the Royal Pavilion, which was then a royal residence, and soon after he came to Westminster he witnessed the Duke of Wellington's funeral procession to St. Paul's Cathedral.

He entered the school in January, 1852, as a boarder up Grant's. It seems incredible that there can have only just died one who came to Westminster when the Crimean War was still in the unknown future, but hardly less strange was the School as he found it. Dr. Liddell, author of the famous lexicon, still presided over it as Head Master. Thomas William Weare, who was later to write the fine inscription on the Crimean Memorial, and who had rowed as a boy against Eton in 1831, was Under Master. Big Ben had not been built. Ditch-leaping in the open expanse of Battersea Fields, till recently a famous duelling-place, was still kept up in a desultory sort of way. The Eights still rowed at Westminster, putting out from Searle's boat house on the Lambeth shore, just above Westminster Bridge. Willett, or Catt as he then was (he took the name of Willett in lieu of Catt in 1863) was an oarsman, and after he had got into College in 1853 his name appears frequently in the College Water Ledger. He rowed in the Eight in 1854 and 1855 and he was Head of the Water in 1856-57. At Cambridge he rowed for Third Trinity, and he still continued to interest himself in

Westminster rowing, bringing scratch Cambridge crews to race against the school.

He graduated in 1860, proceeding M.A. three years later, and in 1861 he was ordained and went as a curate to St. Peter's, Wolverhampton, where he remained until 1865, in which year he was appointed vicar of West Bromwich. In 1871 he went with Bishop Selwyn to the Convention of the American Church in Baltimore, U.S.A., and then to Canada. As a boy at Westminster he had seen the Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie driving to Buckingham Palace on a state visit to Queen Victoria during the Crimean War, and now in America he met the widow of Jerome Bonaparte, the one-time King of Westphalia and the younger brother of Napoleon I.

In 1881, having inherited property in Sussex, he resigned the living of West Bromwich and became curate in charge of Scaynes Hill, Sussex, where he ministered for years without stipend. In 1884, while at the East London Mission, he had come into contact with the Community of the Holy Cross, and when the Community moved their mother house to Haywards Heath he became chaplain there.

Willett was a High Churchman, and in his younger days had constantly fought against what he held to be the usurped authority of the Privy Council in ecclesiastical matters. He was elected a member of the Council of the English Church Union in 1879, and he was associated with Canon Woodard when the three Sussex schools, Lancing, Hurstpierpoint, and Ardingly, were being built. It is interesting to note that the stone for Lancing Chapel came from his property at Scaynes Hill.

On June 16 of last year he celebrated his hundredth birthday. The occasion was marked by a message of congratulation from the King and Queen, in addition to over 300 others, and in honour of his lifelong interest in the Water the Head Master gave an early play to enable the School to go to watch the Eight row at Henley.

In 1869 Mr. Willett married Mary, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel John Nock Bagnall, of Lichfield. She died in 1930. He leaves one son, Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. B. Willett, also an old Westminster, and three daughters.

### FRANCIS MADDISON LONG

FRANCIS MADDISON LONG, who died on June 21, aged 71, was the second son of the Rev. David Long, rector of Broadway, Dorset. He followed his elder brother to Westminster in 1879, and on leaving, in 1883, he trained as an electrical engineer at King's College, London. In 1892 he was appointed by the Norwich Electricity Company as resident engineer to supervise the erection of their Duke Street works and the laying of the mains in Norwich. In due course he became engineer and manager to the company, and when the Corporation took over the undertaking he was appointed the first City Electrical Engineer. For some years he served on the Council of the Incorporated Municipal Electrical Association and was its president in 1917. He married, in 1898, Helen Margaret, youngest daughter of the Rev. John James Cumming, rector of East Carlton, Norfolk.

### THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

The Annual General Meeting of the ELIZABETHAN CLUB was held in the Scott Library on Thursday, 29th June, 1939. The chair was taken by the President, Major-General Sir A. R. Hoskins, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

The President referred to the loss which the Club had sustained by the death of his predecessor, Mr. H. F. Manisty, and reported that he had written on behalf of the Club a letter of condolence to Miss Manisty.

The 75th Annual Report and the Accounts for 1939 were presented and passed. The following were elected Vice Presidents:—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Watkin Williams, D.D., Mr. R. T. Squire, Mr. L. A. M. Fevez, Mr. E. R. B. Graham and Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe.

Sir Ernest Goodhart, Bart., and Mr. G. E. Tunnicliffe were elected respectively as Hon. Treasurer and Hon. Secretary.

The following were elected members of the General Committee:—Mr. P. H. Wyatt, Mr. A. T. Willett, Mr. J. D. Carleton, Mr. M. W. A. Atwood, Mr. R. S. Barnes, Mr. W. Cleveland-Stevens, K.C., Mr. A. C. Grover, Mr. A. R. I. Mellor, Mr. D. C. Simpson, Sir H. Owen C.

Beasley, O.B.E., Mr. Stuart Horner and Sir Hugh L. Stephenson, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I.

The Games Committee had nominated as members of the Committee:—Mr. F. N. Hornsby, Mr. J. D. Stocker and Mr. W. E. Gerrish.

The vote of thanks to the President for presiding was moved by Sir Hugh Hallett and unanimously passed.

### THE WESTMINSTER BALL

The Westminster Ball will be held at the Dorchester Hotel on Friday, December 15th.

### ARMY AND AIR FORCE

The following is a list, continued from the last issue, of appointments of O.W.W. in the Army and Air Force noted by the Editors of the Record of Old Westminsters since the publication of the Supplementary Volume.

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

- Colville, R. A.—2nd Lt., 4th Bn. Oxford & Bucks L.I., T.A.  
 Fisher, J. G.—Transferred from R. Marines to R. Irish Fusiliers; Bgde. Major, Gold Coast.  
 Ford, G. N.—A.D.C. to the King.  
 Friedberger, J. C.—Major, R.H.A.  
 Gates, L. C.—Major, Lincoln Regt.  
 Goodbody, R. R.—Flying Officer, Equipment Branch, R.A.F.  
 Gourlay, A. B.—Capt., Sherborne School, O.T.C.  
 Graham, H. B.—2nd Lt., R.A., T.A.  
 Graham, S. D.—Lt.-Col., R.A.  
 Gray, E. H.—Lt.-Col., 4th/2nd Punjab Regt.  
 Green, G. E. P.—Pilot Officer, R.A.F.  
 MacGregor-Greer, S. W. MacG.—Capt., R.A.  
 Guymer, R. F.—Lt., R.A.M.C. (S.R.).  
 Guymer, Rev. E. W. R.—Chaplain, R.A.F.  
 Hackforth, C. A. P.—2nd Lt., R.A.S.C.  
 Halsall, D. R.—R.M.A., Woolwich.  
 Harrison, D. E.—Capt., R. Signals.  
 Harvey, C. A.—Capt., H.L.I.  
 Harvey, G. D.—Squad. Ldr., R.A.F.  
 Higgs, E. C.—2nd Lt., R. Signals, T.A.  
 Hildesley, A. G.—Capt., 5th (Hackney) Bn., R. Berks. Regt., T.A.  
 Remington-Hobbs, E.—Lt. R. Scots Fusiliers.  
 Homfray, J. R.—2nd Lt., R.A., T.A.  
 Davidson-Houston, W. E. C.—Capt., R. Berks Regt.  
 Howell, E. A. E.—Capt., Lincoln Regt.; Adjt., Aux. Force, India.  
 Howlett, M. D. D., Lt., R.A.S.C.  
 James, A. G. T.—Flying Officer, R.A.F.  
 James, I. J.—2nd Lt., 4th Bn. R. Sussex Regt., T.A.  
 James J. Trewartha.—2nd Lt., 4th Bn. Sussex Regt., T.A.  
 Johnson, J. C. A.—Squad. Leader, R.A.F.

Tetley-Jones, T. J.—2nd Lt., 28th (Essex) A.A. Bn., R.E., T.A.  
 Kedlic, A. J.—Capt., R. Signals; Staff Capt., Signal Training Centre.  
 Keily, G. B.—Squad. Leader, R.A.F.  
 Kirkman, J. M.—Capt., R.A.; G.S.O.3, War Office.  
 Knowles, G. C.—Pilot Officer, R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve.  
 Knowles, R. D.—2nd Lt., 92nd (5th London) Field Bgde, R.A., T.A.  
 Knox, G. S.—Capt. R. Signals; A.D.C. to C. in C., India.  
 Lawton, P. C. F.—Flying Officer, A.A.F.  
 Leishman, A. W. D.—Capt., R.A.M.C. (S.R.).  
 Louden, J. A. H.—Squad. Leader, R.A.F.

(To be continued)

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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

ELIZABETHAN CLUB

Dr. HON. TREASURER'S CASH ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31ST MAY, 1939. Cr.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
To Balance, 1st June, 1938 :						
Current Account .. ..				9	0	2
Deposit Account .. ..				150	0	0
„ 29 Annual Subscriptions at 10s. 6d. . . . .				15	4	6
„ Termly Instalments paid Through the Bursar :						
Election Term .. ..	111	16	6			
Play Term .. ..	108	13	6			
Lent Term .. ..	113	18	6			
				334	8	6
„ Dividends on Investments :						
£2,338 14s. 11d. India 3½% Stock .. ..	59	7	2			
£200 New Zealand 4½% Stock, 1945 .. ..	6	10	6			
£600 Canada 4% Stock, 1940/60 .. ..	17	8	0			
£200 Australia 5% Stock, 1945/75 .. ..	7	5	0			
£100 Australia 3¼% Stock, 1964 .. ..	3	5	0			
£300 3½% War Loan ..	8	15	0			
				102	10	8
„ Interest on Loan to Gov- erning Body .. ..		30	0	0		
„ Interest on Deposit Account			7	4		
„ Sale of £150 3½% War Loan		147	7	1		
„ Entertainment Committee to meet deficit on Dinner ..		16	19	11		
				£805	18	2

	£	s.	d.
By Vacher & Co.—Annual Report, etc. ..	27	18	2
Paper and Envelopes .. ..	19	9	
„ Honorary Secretary—Expenses and Postage .. ..	22	0	0
„ Honorary Treasurer—			
Wreath, J. C. H. .. ..	2	2	0
Postage, etc. .. ..	1	17	9
Binding, Bedford Bequest Books ..	2	13	0
School Sergeant, Honorarium ..	3	0	0
„ Fees, transferring securities .. ..	2	17	6
„ Games Subsidy .. ..	180	0	0
„ "The Elizabethan" subsidy .. ..	120	0	0
„ Play Cap .. ..	10	0	0
„ O.W. Record Account .. ..	12	14	1
„ Chiswick Press [O.W. Record] ..	150	0	0
„ Club Dinner deficit .. ..	16	19	11
„ Balance at Bank—Deposit Account ..	250	0	0
Current Account .. ..	2	16	0

£805 18 2

The market value of the Investments on 1st June was £3,275.

ERNEST GOODHART, Hon. Treasurer.

Examined and found correct,  
HENRY HOLLAND.

2nd June, 1939.

NOTE AS TO THE HENDERSON BENEFACTIONS.—The Club holds £250 3½% War Loan, the interest on which provides prizes to go to the various Henderson Challenge Cups. There is a cash balance under this heading of £4 13s. 10d. in account with the Bank.

NOTE AS TO THE O.W. RECORD ACCOUNT.—There is now no balance on this account.

## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## FROM "THE HIGHLANDS"

[Awarded the Gumbleton English Verse Prize, 1939]

I, as a stranger singing, came to the north  
 Bringing hope's image of beauty welcoming forth  
 From its moist mountains, morning makes glisten with dew,  
 To fête my approach with chatter as matrons do—  
 Aching years over—child returning—no fears.  
 Wild our longings and idle our sensual dreams !  
 Again and again is vanity vain as it seems  
 To sense, half the servant, half master of truth !  
 Calf-love, colt-lankiness, shamed-blushing of youth,  
 Blessed gravity on the rug by the winter fire,  
 Wild flight ! the spring delight of innocent desire ;  
 Bring sense and all futility become,  
 Fall hearts, fade pleasure, grace, all laughter dumb.

\* \* \* \*

The higher slopes wore grass, waved windy wet,  
 Rose cool to rocks conspicuous, raised and set,  
 Some dry, moss withered cracking its whitened fronds,  
 Low others, dripped drained into clear rough-stoned ponds,  
 Where rested the radical frog, panting its fear.  
 Leapt at my first step, slithered and struggled clear,  
 Brushed the lithe stalk of the orchis showering back.  
 Pink pale speckled and purple speckled with black.  
 This land lives—its harvests its pure water-streams,  
 Its crops outcrops of placid lakes; vapour steams  
 Freely, nature breathes forth strength, no canker found,  
 No fever spot, no everlasting sickness; sound  
 Is of voices aéreal, peace now its lay,  
 Yet storms beat it would in vigour not decay.  
 Far gone are the terrors and tortures of thunder  
 Dry heat of the grass, grey dust blowing under,  
 Soul-weary days of the nauseate sun,  
 The pain of gay pleasure that summer has won.  
 Yet few the steps sick death's domain regaining,  
 Pass soon across the vivid streams remaining,  
 A little climb, the grass to heather changes,  
 Its knitted wire the untutored foot estranges.  
 Stranger remove ! or do for ever stay  
 To brood on the world, embrace the world's decay.  
 The ground divides, stagnant water fills the gap,  
 From black mud banks tree roots bleached bare of sap  
 Rise bleak and stiff; thousands of years ago, they say,  
 Thick forest covered the land, and now, decay  
 Webs its clawed fingers oozing stench'd filthy slime,  
 Well might the earth be tottering past its prime.

\* \* \* \*

I turned aside and sought the sad plateau's edge  
 Regained the flowing streams, the jointless sedge,  
 Saw across the loch the steep range of Ben Eighe,  
 Fat round Mealla Chubais and the doubtful scree  
 Hurlled like the Gaderene swine down to the shore,  
 Bare, unproductive, life-destructive core  
 Of stone, barren as the charnel house of death.  
 Yet is it not attractive to the wild breath?  
 Does it not call adventure to the mind,  
 Draw forth the courage of the mountain-kind?

R. H. F. C.

### THOUGHTS ON A BALCONY

This is the spray, these are the buds she picked,  
 So withered now, so drooping in the heat—  
 Hot, sultry day, still, breathless in its fine  
 White haze, far spreading o'er the bogs of peat;  
 I gaze for ever at its drowsy line.  
 The clock behind me ticked  
 An hour ago, but now has stopped quite still.  
 In stillness far and wide the birds are hushed  
 All, all is quiet, sombre, as if crushed  
 By bitter sorrow. Even up that hill  
 Towards the top where lies a stragglng wood  
 Uncertain fluttering dark fritillaries  
 Flit o'er the yellow grass uneasily:  
 And all the trees, just as the butterflies,  
 Their quivering leaves do flutter restlessly,  
 And in a joyless mood,  
 As if they knew that she lay ill.  
 She fled in haste, leaving her flowers behind,  
 She fled in agony, with tortured mind  
 But now she lies asleep, slumbering, still.

P. A. H.

### THE STREET

Near by, a small, quiet, Georgian street;  
 Its red-brick houses, square and neat,  
 Were all alike. No ruffian feet  
 Could stain that genteel ground.  
 With window-panes of curving glass,  
 And shining plates of polished brass;  
 On every house—by all to pass—  
 No blemish could be found.  
 Different each brightly-coloured door:  
 Reds, yellows, browns and blues—and more,  
 And gay geraniums I saw,  
 In window-boxes green.

Each house to be quite spotless tried,  
 And with its next-door neighbour vied.  
 And Number 12, the house beside,  
 Strove hard against 13.

R. S. F.

## SOCRATES

Is it best to be a pig  
 Fed on a corn-pulp, a glutton,  
 Or to be a Socrates  
 Discontent with bits of mutton?  
 Is it best to spend the day  
 Rolling blissfully in the mud  
 Or, with philosophic bray  
 Moralise upon the Flood?  
 Does the beast within his sty  
 Fattened for the butcher's mart  
 Sicken for the mind to pry  
 Into the mysteries of Art?  
 But the lofty man of thought  
 Browsing mildly in his tub  
 Ponders on a glass of port  
 Served with biscuits at his club!

J. N. B. R.

## AN EPIGRAM

The changing scenes of life, we know,  
 Are fraught with ceaseless strife, and so  
 Fit training for the Things to Come  
 Is changing in the changing room.

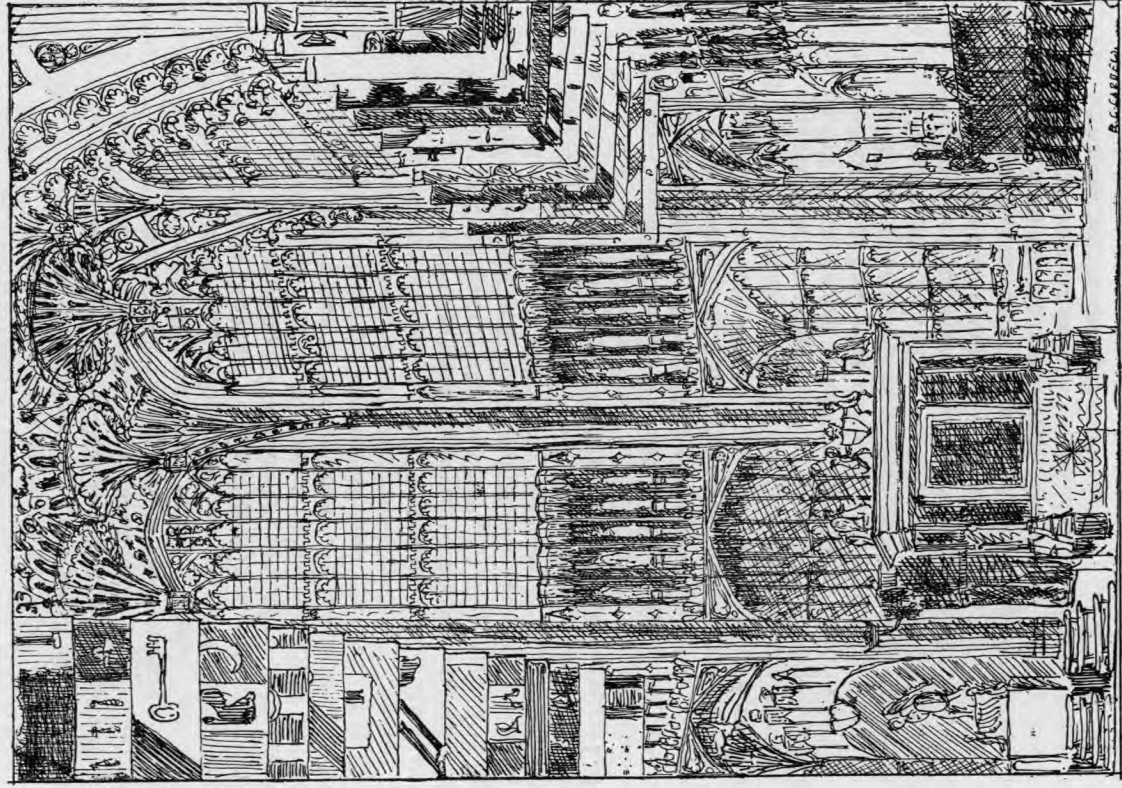
R. E. N.

*[By kind permission of the College St. Clarion]*

## SLOTH

Hence useless travail,  
 The pastime of great Heracles the strong!  
 Hence! and dwell along  
 With Mephistopheles, for you avail  
 Me not. Leave me in Peace,  
 And others, who would fain exchange their place  
 For mine, do thou embrace;  
 But only me from work do thou release.  
 Then haste thee Nymphs all, who will lull  
 Me into sleep divine, where null  
 And void will be the call of work  
 In darkened crypt where shadows lurk.  
 And come thou Hebe, bring me wine,  
 And I on choicest food will dine;  
 And then may I without a care  
 Lay me down in some dim lair,  
 And sleep for hours amid soft hay  
 Nor wake again till break of day.  
 And if 'tis thus that I may live,  
 Great thanks to thee, Nymphs, will I give.

E. W. L.



HENRY VII'S CHAPEL  
*Drawing by R. G. Cardew*

## WEEP FOR AUDEN

Who shall weep for Auden dead ?  
 Picture paper, bottle, bed,  
 These shall mourn his soon decease;  
 Call it not a blessed release.  
 These shall weep for Auden dead,  
 Catapult and multiped;  
 Capital and Death and Fear,  
 These shall gather at his bier;  
 Rosemary and runner bean,  
 Hie ye hence and be not seen.  
 Raise a song of rocky isles,  
 Nods and becks and jutting smiles;  
 Project upon a livid screen  
 Picture of a sordid scene :  
 Half a dozen bombing planes  
 Fly across the window-panes.  
 See the rain-cloud slowly coming,  
 Listen to the sound of drumming,  
 Watch him board the sable wherry,  
 See him cross the final ferry;  
 Let the sound of lamentation  
 Drown the endless cachinnation.  
 Weep for Auden, Auden dead.

[*By kind permission of Bogeur*]

T. J. B.

## MOURN NOT THE DEAD

Mourn not the dead ! Miss rather those  
 Whose lovely dreams have perished,  
 Who early said :  
 The high ambition of this life  
 Is to deny no song;  
 But whom the city with its noise and strife  
 Has buried honourless and all alone—  
 The last vague fluttering of their spirit's breath  
 Wearily observed,  
 The last weak pilgrimage of their fine soul  
 To reach the highest fields of living air,  
 To spread themselves across the winds of life—  
 Derided, and the visions laughed to scorn.  
 They'll soon be back.  
 Mourn not the dead ! If so they lived  
 As to deserve no dying,  
 They are not dead, thy changèd life  
 Eternal life supplying,  
 Thy memory is immortality  
 Above the shining garb and song of heaven.  
 One evening thought, one longing cry—  
 This is not death, this not to die.  
 But think lest here thy soul should fail,  
 Think how the quick response of leaping youth  
 Is like a candle—snuffed, and lacking truth  
 The world once more in darkness.

R. H. F. C.



### SOME REFLECTIONS ON A VISIT TO HELLAS

The achievements of the Greeks have always held a mystic fascination for the peoples of Western Europe, but it is only very recently that men have come to realize what a wonderful country Greece itself is. The Romans emulated Greek culture, the Renaissance admired Greek versatility and copied Greek sculpture, the nineteenth century had a profound veneration for Greek literature and the Hellenic view of life, but it has been reserved for the modern age, with its conscious search after the novel and the unexpected, to realize that underneath all the great things which the Greek genius produced was an environment as stimulating as it is beautiful and as overpowering as it is varied. And it is a realization of the strength and beauty of this environment that is perhaps the most striking feature which greets a visitor to Hellas to-day.

Our first glimpse of the land which in twelve short days was to provide us with so many lasting experiences and to stamp itself so indelibly on our imagination was the small island of Ithaca. There could be no better introduction to any study of the Homeric age than a view of Odysseus' island—a wild and desolate piece of rock which has forced itself out of the sea midway between the mainland and Cephalonia, and which, by its complete lack of vegetation and its rugged grandeur has the effect of emphasizing both the poetry and the uncertainty of the Heroic Age of the Greeks. But in Ithaca there is much that is typical of modern Greece as well: glorious wild-flowers, picturesque costumes, roads which are, to say the least of it, exciting, and a tremendous admiration of the latest products of the West. Greece to-day is fully alive to the possibilities which the twentieth century can provide, and the great mental alertness of its people is still reflected in their being the most politically conscious people in Europe to-day.

It was Easter Day when we visited Ithaca, and two days later we found ourselves, appropriately enough, in Delphi, the centre of the religion of the Greek classical times. Delphi is situated high up in the mountains overlooking a wooded gorge and immediately sheltered by the rocky precipices of Mount Parnassus, down one of which tumbles the sacred Castalian Spring. To many it proved the most wonderful of all the sites

which we visited: it is the sort of place in which even the most unimaginative person cannot help feeling an overawing sense of the power of some supernatural force, of some presence which must have more than human attributes. As we sat on the steps of Apollo's temple and gazed down on the valley below, we felt an atmosphere not only of supreme beauty but of something approaching to the sublime, and we began to realize why the Greeks had chosen such a spot to be the centre of their religious life.

Olympia was another lovely place, where the ruins of the great temple of Zeus lie sprawling in the shaded cypress groves, while in the background the tardy Alphaeus winds its way through the sleepy vales of Elis. It was less overpowering but in a way more soothing than Delphi, and from some points of view perhaps more beautiful. Its greatest treasure is its museum, in which is housed what must be some of the finest sculpture in the world—the staggeringly powerful, almost austere pediments from the great temple, which are so unlike and so much more attractive than the rather self-conscious youths and maidens which still pass in England for the best form of Greek art.

After Olympia came Athens—the city which will ever remain the greatest monument of the Greek genius. It is so rich in treasures—the Theseum, best preserved of Greek temples, the Theatre, the Museums with their countless vases, their lovely sixth century Korai, and their wealth of sculpture, the Temple of Zeus with its over-elaborated Corinthian pillars, and then finally the Acropolis which dominates the whole of the city and is itself dominated by the Parthenon. Athens was even finer than one had dared to hope, and to stand on the Acropolis with the Parthenon on one side and the Erectheum with its graceful Ionic columns on the other and to look inland towards the hills round Marathon or seawards to the shores of Eleusis and the bay of Salamis is to be moved with wonder as one has never been moved before. Here, in the stillness of a Mediterranean evening, surrounded by the most perfect works of human hands, we felt the greatness which was Hellas' legacy to the world.

Every place which we visited seemed to be more wonderful than the last. True, Constantinople was disappointing, and even the glories of San Sophia were not enough to overcome the

atmosphere of gloom and despair which seemed to be inherent in this once Capital of the World which is now no more than a Turkish provincial town. But Knossos seemed to have the opposite effect, there was something intensely exciting and stimulating in the discovery of this brilliant civilization, the very existence of which was hardly suspected forty years ago. And then there were the Islands—Delos with its Greek shrine and its Roman slave-market; Tenos, where Orthodox monks entertained us all to Turkish delight and Greek liqueurs; and Skyros, the burial place of Rupert Brooke and most unspoilt of all Ægean Islands. Finally there were the thrills of finding the newly-discovered Homeric palace at Pylos which overlooks the vast bay of Navarino, and Dodona, the earliest of all Greek sanctuaries, hidden away among the wild mountains of Epirus.

We came home with many impressions, but chief of all with a far fuller understanding of the Greeks of old. We began to realize the reasons which lay behind the intense individuality of the men of the fifth century, for in Greece one has to be individual because no two places are ever the same. We began to understand their love of beauty, of taste, of form: we began to appreciate the environment which produced such intense intellectual vigour, for after only two days we ourselves began to feel more creative and our minds began to think more quickly and to engage on more serious topics. One cannot bother about little problems of everyday affairs when one is living in such an atmosphere as is created by Delphi or Athens, and even the practical and unemotional Englishman feels that the world he lives in at home is governed by petty considerations whose worth is valueless when compared to what is around him at the moment.

Such are a few impressions gained by a trip to the Ægean. One cannot visit Greece without longing to visit it again, and one always has the pleasant consolation that, however often one goes, there will always be something new and something fresh to invigorate and inspire a generation which is in danger of losing in the chaos of the modern world all that the Greeks themselves prized most highly.

M. K. S.

### HIS LAST BOW

It was with some sadness that I read the other day of how my friend Pocourante had disappeared while parachuting in a cyclone. Visions of his successes and failures rose in my mind—the expedition, for instance, which he made to Eldorado in search of primitive specimens of the duckbilled platypus, his discovery of fossilized potatoes, and the exhibitions of ichneumon flies; especially I remembered the episode of the Hippopotami.

I viewed the first instalment of potentially civilized hippopotamuses with some scepticism. Pocourante's repeated affirmations, punctuated by moments when he blew a few notes on the trombone to pacify the creatures, that if a civilized human being was a reality, surely a civilized hippopotamus was at least a possibility, seemed a little thin. "But who is paying for the animals?" I inquired, later. Pocourante modestly pushed over a couple of pickled antirrhinum petals and explained. Apparently his patron, the Elector of Crumpet, an intellectual bored with culture and already a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Footles, required a train of hippopotamuses, in order, so he said, to bring out the pig in him. (The pig, it may be pointed out to prevent future confusion, was not the totem animal of the Crumpets.)

"My patron," said Pocourante, emphatically, "can keep the pig in him; not even hippopotamuses will hold down the exploiter in myself. The attraction of civilized hippopotamuses as pets for civilized people will be enormous." Within a fortnight the last boatload of the animals arrived at Southampton.

Pocourante told me confidentially one evening, as we reviewed a parade of the hippopotamuses to the sound of trombones, that his first object must be to make people "hippopotamus-conscious." The way had to be prepared—already a large number of pamphlets with slogans like "Hippos for Happiness" had been circulated, and he was in the middle of a book "Through Hippopotamine Eyes." Further, there were impressive speeches, of which the following is a good example of his style:

"I have given you, comrades, platypuses, I have given you ichneumon flies; sneezes I have made my speciality, and the cultivation of

moustaches among Polynesians has not been beyond my ken. But now, comrades, I call upon you to dismiss for a while the past, to dismiss even my bottled nasturtium, and to turn to this new cause. . . ."

Within a month, the campaign was a great success. Enthusiasm in favour of hippopotamus rights and culture had resulted in severe rioting in Downing Street, in the blowing up of the Elector's house, in the kidnapping of the Elector himself, and in the emergence of a rival party in favour of kangaroos. I was therefore surprised to meet Pococurante one day looking disconsolate and embittered, with a cigar drooping from the corner of his mouth in the manner of Groucho Marx. I asked him what had happened.

His answer, interrupted every now and then by the rattle of a nearby machine gun, was a study in pathos. Warily he described the failure of his scheme. Life had become unbearable. At every corner machine guns of the new grasshopper party fired at him with an annoying persistence—even as he spoke, his hat was shot off and floated away—while the Elector was in prison, and the funds necessary for the campaign and for the salaries of those engaged in civilizing the hippopotamuses were running short.

Most disastrous of all, the hippopotamuses themselves had become tired of trombones and had grown unruly. Only that morning two of them had prodded him severely in the back with gimlets; he had fortunately escaped, leaving the rest of the creatures, who had unluckily got hold of some screwdrivers, destroying their cages. "But I still have hope," he said, "and if the worst comes to the worst, there are always walruses. I am sure I could exploit their tusks."

From far off came a loud explosion. Pococurante looked sadly at the ground. "They have found the dynamite," he said.

P. L. G.

### THE SPHINX IS GREEN

On the floor of the sea where the water is a changing mosaic of green and black and the oysters lie on their backs, there lived a fish, as strange as a Turkish nightmare.

There it is always cold and ice covers his cave and ice lies like steel on the floor and long icicles sparkling like tinselled candelabra.

And the fish was called Glitter. And Glitter had made a god out of the largest icicle and when, looking up, he saw a fish frozen in the ice, he thought it lay in paradise.

One day another fish entered the cave and Glitter saw and fell in love with it.

It was supple and it could waggle its fins so baroquely. It was a sardine, yet most fishes say a sardine cannot attract even an ascetic. But sleepless nights before the icicle had unbalanced Glitter's mind.

But Glitter was unhappy, because he had come into the world without a heart and this peevd the sardine greatly. So Glitter prayed for a heart and the icicle replied "I am the greatest of gods for I am the coldest of things, but this I cannot grant you. I will grant you greater things. I will grant you immortality, but gods will not stoop to give mere hearts away."

(This he said because the gods are cruel to men.)

So Glitter dipped his fingers into the violet dreams of the night and swam off along the marble bottom of the sea.

He looked for someone who could answer his wishes.

In a nuage of loneliness, he swam through the coral luxuries of the sea and kissed his shadow on a jade statue of a Chinese god; he groaned in the deserted temples where the twisting vines seize butterflies with their tendrils, he danced on the altars where rats eat broken hearts and bats drink mauve wine and laughed at the thousands of years man has spent in digging his grave.

The wine bubbled, the current raced and Glitter was unhappy.

He asked the oysters for a heart but they offered him riches; he asked the sea and it offered him a grave, and he asked the whale and it offered him an honourable death.

So he returned to his god and he asked once more.

And his god said "I have a heart; lose yourself in me and you also will have a heart.

"I am a god; lose yourself in me and you will no longer need a heart.

"I will give to you a myriad of sardines or a paradise of love; but love and a loved one, none may have both!"

And Glitter looked up and saw the sardine seated in paradise: but the sardine was stiff and it stank.

So Glitter cursed his god.

Glitter wept; and he wept for joy.

R.W.

### SEASCAPE

The train laboured wearily into the station, the only one which would be seen for many miles to come. After a time, the engine gave an impatient scream, and suddenly jerked into motion. Through peaceful glades and shady woods, with the road running interminably beside the line, it was indeed a relief after the noisy breathless activity of the towns through which the train had already passed in the course of its journey. On both sides, clusters of luxuriant vegetation, glittering and dripping after the morning rain, loomed up close to the windows in huge vivid masses, blurred, and were lost. A cutting opened and the train raced on, only to rush into another almost at once. Its puffs sounded harsh against the steep, gleaming sides. The train swung clear, and before us lay the mighty spectacle of the calm open sea.

The tide was far out, and acres of bright weed stared along the ledges and partially covered the sharp white rocks which abounded on either side of the beach. In places the weed ran right up to the grass which bordered the undulating dunes of soft silvery sand. Behind this fringe of grass were clump upon clump of tall dark trees, looking

very like grim sentinels as they stood there, waiting relentlessly, it seemed, for something to happen. In the wind that was now blowing in from the sea, the clumps of trees swayed wildly inland, at the mercy of a force against which they themselves were impotent. To one side of these clumps stretched, almost as far as the eye could see, innumerable fields. One field in particular, the one lying nearest the surf, was inundated with scores of gulls—silent in their listless contemplation of the waves. Then suddenly, something must have given them fright, for with a single movement the whole flock rose. Instantly, the wind took them and swept them inland, low over the field, as if it meant to dash them against the trees which sheltered it; but they soared upwards in a great curve, and halted short of the wood, rising, ever rising, a winged pillar, to hang motionless in the wind, forlorn and desperate, dark as rooks against the low, flying clouds which torn and uncertain, chill yet beautiful, drifted across the sky to the clear horizon beyond. Shafts of wet sunlight, flashing down through the clouds, made gleaming patches on the sea. They looked like silver paper which had been crumpled and then smoothed out again.

But now all of a sudden the scene had changed. Gone were all these wonders of nature, gone was all that beauty that the whole world could appreciate if only it looked for it, and in its place a more terrifying manifestation of nature was brewing. The clouds had assumed a dark and lowering aspect. Darker and yet darker, blacker and yet blacker, and then without a moment's warning the storm broke upon us in all its fury.

C. S. A. D.

### FLOREAT

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Contributions towards the expenses of the Mission may be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Arthur R. Knapp, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.B.E., 5, Albert Road, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

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## WESTMINSTER HISTORY

The following histories of Westminster are in print :—

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL: A HISTORY. By L. E. Tanner, M.V.O., F.S.A., M.A., [O.W.] *Country Life*, 1934. Demy 4to, 10/6 net. Illustrated with 63 photographs.

WESTMINSTER. By J. D. Carleton, B.A., [O.W.] *Blackie*, 1938. 5/- net, 7/6 leather. Illustrated.

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The Store is situated on the ground floor of Ashburnham. It was founded in 1931 to assist the school games, for which the profits are used.

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J. B. WHITMORE, F.S.A.

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*Published by* THE ELIZABETHAN CLUB

*To be obtained by Subscription only from*

The Chiswick Press Ltd., Brunswick Park Road, New Southgate, N. 11

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