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EDITORIAL

IN the February number of THE ELIZABETHAN appeared an article supporting the Socialist policy accompanied by a notice announcing that this article was the first of a series. As was expected, a certain amount of correspondence was provoked. But, in addition to the usual paternal advice to the author, telling him not to be a silly little boy, there was one remarkable statement common to all the correspondents. They did not think THE ELIZABETHAN was a suitable medium for political articles. It was against the traditions of the magazine. One even went so far as to protest against "the bad taste that inspired the article." No reasons were given for this statement. It was stated quite baldly, as an obvious fact. One hinted darkly that he knew where to find his political opinions. This mysterious locality apparently has a corner in political opinions and suspects any outsider is trying to muscle in on its preserve.

Such unreasoning statements would not be worth noticing, were it not for the fact that they probably express the views of a considerable body of Old Westminsters who resent any departure from the tradition of THE ELIZABETHAN. I will, therefore, state the obvious for the benefit of those who cannot see it.

The inclusion of political articles in THE ELIZABETHAN is justifiable on every possible ground. In general, THE ELIZABETHAN needs them and should have them as a matter of course. This magazine has sunk to almost incredible depths of dullness by a too rigid adherence to the formula, games—correspondence—Old Westminsters—with—occasional—articles—and—reviews—and—a—Literary—Supplement—once—a—year. The difficulty of getting anything done for THE ELIZABETHAN is a sufficient reflection upon the state of the paper. Only two contributions were received for the proposed Literary Supplement. Neither

has the formula been successful in other cases. "The Granite Review" has stagnated for years and "The King's Scholars' Chronicle" disappeared altogether. Both, having been revived on more intelligent principles, may be said to be flourishing. THE ELIZABETHAN must do the same. It must, besides being a chronicle of School events, be available for the expression of any views on any subject held by any member of the School.

The more intelligent School activities have not in the past either realised, or received, what they deserve from THE ELIZABETHAN. There is

a Political and Literary Society as well as a Boat Club. Nevertheless, a two-column political article is "bad taste" while a five-column rowing article is allowed, though its interest is much more limited.

It is hoped that, in future, THE ELIZABETHAN will not be regarded as a bi-termly catalogue compiled by one unfortunate, but as a medium for members of the School to express themselves on any subject. It is also hoped that sufficient encouragement will be given in this direction by those responsible for the production.

THE PLAY

To the Editor of *The Elizabethan*

Sir,

The "Rudens" of Plautus, with its novelties of characterization and plot, and its robustness of language and action, forms a welcome change from the polished but restrained urbanities of Terence. Indeed, despite certain obvious difficulties, we should like to suggest that one or two more of the Plautine comedies should be included, at least occasionally, in the Westminster cycle. Certainly the Rudens has fully earned its place on the Dormitory stage. With hardly an exception, its characters are living, and therefore interesting personalities. Labrax and Gripus indeed stride the comic stage as figures of almost heroic stature; but even the lesser parts are firmly and clearly drawn: they are real persons, not lay figures. The weakest part of the play is no doubt its plot; but the plot of a Latin play can matter little to a modern English audience.

The "Rudens" therefore must be good fun to all: and this year's caste certainly fulfilled the first condition of a schoolboy performance, that the players should act with a sense of enjoyment. They were labouring under certain grave difficulties. Not only was the training in the hands of a new χορηγός, but very few members of the caste, if we are rightly informed, had any previous experience. Moreover—though this may not be altogether a disadvantage—the "Rudens" has not been performed up Dormitory often enough to establish a strong acting tradition. Whether as a result of these con-

ditions or not, the general impression left by this year's performance was one of a lighter and fresher touch, a greater freedom from responsibility, than usual. The acting was not exceptionally brilliant; there was plenty of promising talent, but no outstanding individual performance; but that is as we should prefer it, for it leaves the memory of a team of players moving in harmony, and not of the gyrations of isolated stars. Such an impression could not be achieved unless the producer were not only a strict disciplinarian, but had made his task a labour of love, for his pupils as well as himself. It is a pleasure to be able to congratulate the new Master of K.S.S., the Captain and his colleagues, on the result of their joint efforts.

A Prologo incipiamus, and once again we admire the felicity with which the prologue records, in language as elegant as it is lucid, the outstanding events of the School year. May we, through your pages, Sir, express to the learned author the gratitude of his audience in the apt phrase with which he himself salutes Westminster's youngest historian: "ero gaudeamus tanti ingenii scriptore et elegantiae"? The lines were well and fittingly delivered by the Captain.

In the Play itself, place aux dames. The two girls' parts give the actors no such scope as Nausistrata enjoys with her fan or Mysis with her baby; but they are clearly differentiated, and each offers opportunities to its exponent. B. E. Urquhart as AMPELISCA made good use of his opportunities in his flirtation with Scepanio;

his acting was lively and intelligent, and promised well for the future. J. P. Rayne as PALAESTRA had a more difficult task; the portrayal of Beauty in distress does not come easily to a schoolboy actor. He might have got more out of the scene of the opening of the casket, but he delivered his opening soliloquy well and was convincingly agitated in his exit from the temple. Some ingenious stage management gave zest to the game of hide-and-seek played by mistress and maid on their first appearance after the shipwreck. C. R. H. Eggar made a benign and dignified figure of PTOLEMOCRATIA; her solitary appearance hardly allowed of more.

Young men have never an easy task in Roman comedy and are generally but pale puppets whose strings are pulled by a cunning servant. PLESIDIPPUS, however, is more strongly drawn than most, and E. H. Seward took advantage of this to give an admirable performance of the energetic young lover.

CHARMIDES is a delightful part. In spite of the bad character given him by Arcturus (who as a demi-god should know) he is a sympathetic personality and some of the most amusing lines in the play come from his mouth. If Daemones' dinner had been a worthy entertainment no doubt he would have returned for it; as it is he leaves the stage for good regretably early. His first scene with LABRAX was admirably played by both actors (though in passing will the producer note that they took a long time to remember that they were soaked to the skin?); and N. M. Beyts gave the right expression to his cynical enjoyment of his companion's discomfiture.

LABRAX is a much more important part, covering a wide range of emotions and giving plenty of opportunity for broad comedy. The success of the play depends largely on his presentation; and fortunately the part was in capable hands. H. V. King from his first bickering with Charmides, already described, to his final departure to dine with Daemones showed himself a natural actor of considerable promise. It was noticeable that for all the ugliness of Labrax' aims and actions, King never made him unsympathetic; he showed us a man with courage and a dry sense of humour, who knew how to keep both even in adversity. Herein Labrax differs from Dorio in the "Phormio," who is utterly vile; and one can understand why Daemones, who

knew his world, was content to strike a bargain with him and seal it by asking him to dinner. All this was well brought out in King's performance; if at moments he over-acted this is a fault on the right side and easier to correct than its opposite. We look forward to seeing him again next year.

It is a relief to meet an elderly Greek gentleman who is not always in a rage with his son or his servant, or perpetually being tricked by an impudent parasite. DAEMONES is a kindly soul, though prone to irritation at times, a philosopher but a man of the world, who wins our applause by remaining an Athenian gentleman, despite exile and adversity. With a well-controlled voice and a dignified but natural manner, H. B. Ball played the part with ease and assurance throughout—an excellent performance.

With his ludicrous, but very human extremes of triumph and despair, his half-surlly, half-pathetic attempts at philosophy in defeat, GRIPUS is one of the most interesting characters in the Roman drama. Through his eyes we seem to catch a glimpse of the tragic realities of the slave-system of the ancient world, which the Syrus and Davus of Terence, despite their flip-pant allusions to the rod and the cross, politely ignore. But these are subtleties of delineation beyond the scope of most young actors, and if D. M. M. Carey did not seem to us to make the part stand out in such clear relief as we might have wished, it is not fair to judge him by too high a standard. In a long and difficult part he worked hard and conscientiously, and gave us much to laugh at.

D. Petley made the slave SCEPARNIO an amusingly naïve character, and helped Ampelisca to make their first encounter one of the most successful scenes in the play. But his narrative of the shipwreck was hardly coloured enough for a description by an eye-witness. Unless acoustic difficulties forbade, he ought surely to lean right over the edge of the cliff and call back the exciting news over his shoulder to Daemones standing on the path below.

TRACHALIO is not a particularly interesting part, but he has some good scenes with Gripus, of which M. J. Starforth made effective use. He either has naturally, or cultivated, a certain harshness of tone which was generally well suited to the part of a dour and free-spoken but

loyal attendant, though it gave a lack of variety to his repeated 'Censeo.'

The *lorarii* were properly menacing, both in looks and action; while no account of the play would be complete without mention of the chorus of fishermen, whose courageous rendering without accompaniment of a by no means simple harmony well deserved the applause with which it was received.

It seems to have been the custom for your critics in recent years to review the Epilogue in some detail. We prefer to let the Epilogue of 1934 speak for itself; those who missed seeing it on the stage will find on reading it that it need fear no comparison with the most successful of its predecessors. One feature of it, however, deserves special record. We doubt if any previous authors have more happily achieved harmony of place and plot. The combination of a visit to the infernal regions with the filming of the *Odyssey* was brilliantly conceived and wittily carried out.

Now, Sir, having, as we trust, done our duty by the Play of 1934, may we ask your leave to put forward in this letter a suggestion which we venture to think of some importance with regard to future Epilogues? As everyone knows, it has hitherto been the invariable rule that the text of the Epilogue shall be kept a secret until after the last performance. The object of this custom was presumably to give to each of the three performances the novelty of a première on the professional stage. In old days when Latin dialogue was more easily understood by an English audience than it is to-day, the result was no doubt satisfactory to all concerned. But in the course of the last decade or so marked changes have taken place, both on the stage and in the audience. The pre-war tradition of delivery—very slow, very clear enunciation, with ample pauses between each sentence and each speech—has gone, no doubt beyond recall. In its place we have a deliberate speeding-up, both of speech and action, which gives life and vigour to the performance, but leaves painfully little time for the less accomplished Latinists in the audience to keep pace with the author's meaning. And it is idle to pretend that any large percentage, even of a Westminster audience, unaccustomed as many of the younger generation are to the traditional pronunciation of the

Dormitory stage, can readily follow a quickly spoken dialogue in Latin, unless it is illustrated by comic action or a liberal resort to puns. Hence the modern tendency—so noticeable in post-war Epilogues—to rely for effect more upon punning and knock-about farce, and less upon witty dialogue and ingenious parody. And since the stock of simple puns is limited, and the most obvious have long since acquired the taste of *crambe repetita*, this leads to a straining after *sesquipedalian* effect, an elaboration of ingenuity, more suited to Torquemada than to the classical tradition of which Westminster is rightly proud. One cannot fairly blame the authors; they are writing for the stage, and must get their laugh somehow. Nor should we blame the audience: one cannot re-Latinize modern education for the sake of three nights' performance up Dormitory per annum. Nevertheless we fear this tendency, if left unchecked, will have an increasingly injurious effect on the style and reputation of epilogistic scholarship. Is there then no way of escape from the dilemma? We suggest that there is. Let *The Times* be asked in future years to print the full text of the Epilogue on the Monday, instead of the Thursday, of Play Week, that is before the Second Night. Then Saturday's performance will still be a genuine première, with none of the epilogist's secrets revealed beforehand, and may incidentally gain thereby in popularity among the Senior O.W.W.s. But intending visitors to the other two performances will be free to choose whether to study the text before or after they have seen the play, or, alternatively, to enjoy both experiences. We believe that the majority will thankfully grasp the opportunity to give at least a first reading to the text beforehand, and we feel confident that the result will be beneficial to all concerned, actors, audience, and, above all, authors, who will be able to write with the freedom that comes from the assurance that their lines will be understood of the people, not merely in the study after the performance, but as actually delivered on the stage.

At least we trust that the suggestion may receive due consideration in responsible quarters, and so, with apologies for the inordinate length of this letter, we subscribe ourselves

Your obedient servants,

ὀψέγραφοι

EXISTENCE—OR LIFE?

[This article is the second of the series of political articles. An article on Dictatorship, intended for this issue, has unfortunately been mislaid.]

EVERY political party or movement will agree upon one thing, at least, that there is something very wrong with world conditions to-day. Many do not clearly see what is wrong, some do not know what objective they seek, others do not know how to reach theirs, yet all have a remedy. Indeed, politics depend upon there being something wrong somewhere, for politics would be meaningless in the perfect state. And so governments come and go, different policies are applied and rejected, yet the problems seem much the same as before. There are still unemployed, there is still armament, there is still taxation, and upon investigation it is seen that these different policies are not different policies at all, they are merely different ways of carrying out the same policy; and that mythical creature, the man in the street, so often abused for his political apathy, dimly perceives this, and resigns himself to the situation. Nor can he be blamed.

Yet this is not to say that he must do nothing. Let him look around, let him seek the truth amid the catchpenny medley of lies and perversions in the popular press. In the last few days he probably read that Britain was to spend £10,000,000 upon new armaments. He might have read a report of an inquest on a child who had been asphyxiated in Southwark by sleeping in a bed with five other human beings, three adult. It was stated this was not unusual in the district. To anyone with the slightest imagination this needs no comment. The last war was a war to end war, yet we are committed to a new and greater armament race. This country was to be a land fit for heroes, yet human beings are living in conditions unfit for sewer rats.

Let us not hide behind abstractions. It is easy to agree that war seems almost inevitable, and murmur, "Terrible, something really should be done, but I am afraid I have a golf match just now!" Let us face the facts; that it seems likely that those who leave Westminster not so very far hence, will leave not to face Life, but to face Death—and to face it with equanimity, not out of courage, but despair.

But enough of this; let us define the trouble, and seek a remedy. Both can be summarised in

three words, the trouble "Poverty amid Plenty," the remedy "Douglas Social Credit." But we are going too fast, let us go back to the trouble and trace our steps to the remedy.

Few will not agree that there is actually poverty amid plenty. This is an age of restriction, of tariff barriers, of destruction; men are workless, machines are growing rusty from disuse, or working at low pressure. Yet men are starving. If they were asked why they could not even feed and clothe themselves adequately, they would shrug their shoulders and say they had no money. If the manufacturer—that bloated capitalist, making huge profits by exploiting his workers—was asked why he did not produce the food and clothing, he would probably say that he too had no money with which to buy raw materials and pay his workers, and anyway, if he had, no one would have enough money with which to buy the finished goods.

Here, then, would seem to lie the fundamental trouble—lack of money. This seems simple enough, indeed it is too simple for some, and already can be heard a faint murmur of that dread word "inflation." Nevertheless some investigation into the money system would possibly not be fruitless.

Now, many books and pamphlets have been written both for and against the Douglas scheme, and the reader sufficiently interested can refer to these. Suffice it to say that Douglas declares that this lack of money is inherent and permanent under the present financial system. This statement he justifies by the now famous $A + B$ theorem, about which great controversy has raged. It can be summarized briefly, and therefore necessarily rather crudely, as follows. Manufacturers, in course of production, distribute money to individuals in the form of wages, dividends or profits. These payments, which are in the hands of individuals and are available as purchasing power, we will call Group A. But the manufacturer also has to make payments to other organizations, for raw materials, bank charges, etc. These payments, which we will call Group B, are used to liquidate costs already incurred, and are not available as purchasing power. But the manufacturer has to put all his costs into prices and therefore the ratio of purchasing power to prices is as A to $A + B$.

The remedy is two-fold. Either purchasing power equal to B can be given to the consumer in the form of a National Dividend, or a rebate equal to B can be given to the manufacturer on condition that he passes it on to the consumer by reducing his prices to the level of A; or any desired combination of these methods may be applied. This new issue of money, based upon the real National credit, that is, the country's ability to produce the goods, would not increase costs, and would be tax-free in perpetuity.

But already the murmur of inflation has grown to a roar. There is, however, the "Scientific Price" mechanism to prevent inflation. This is a means of controlling, not fixing, prices in the direct ratio of consumption to production. $A + B$ is logic-tight, and world conditions confirm it. Recent figures of the total prices of goods produced and total incomes in Great Britain were in the proportion of four to one. The more intelligent critics of Douglas admit that if there is this permanent gap between prices and purchasing power, the scheme would not be inflation. We must leave it at that.

The National Dividend will bring man more than mere sufficiency of material goods, it will bring him Peace, for each country will be able to consume all its own produce, thereby eliminating that root-cause of war—the fight for foreign markets. But more than this, it will bring him economic security, and hence real freedom. No longer need he grovel on his belly before the money-God, sell it his body and his soul. Let him not prattle of retaining his freedom—he has none, but let him make a concerted effort to achieve it. He must reject dictatorship, be it of the "State" or of the "Proletariat," two abstractions for the same thing, and become his own dictator, though the responsibility drive him mad. Let him disregard his petty problems, refuse to be side-tracked and demand his freedom through the National Dividend—the escape from Existence into Life.

S. C. W. B.

THE SCHOOL MISSION

AFTER the winter, the spring. A stirring of interest is apparent in the School, which has in the last few years lost sight of its Mission. Nearly every boy in our country is turned out

from his school on reaching his fourteenth birthday—to grow into a healthy and sensible Englishman as best he may. This plant needs better soil than a London street. What does the Mission Club do? It provides a Club House where something more happens than billiards and ping-pong, physical drill and boxing; for there the harmony necessary to an ordered community is being learned. It supports, too, a cadet corps with its zest for discipline and obedience—no bad training for the future citizen—and a scout troop where boys are brought into that splendid movement which has received the high compliment of being banned by despotic governments. Then there are the cricket and football teams, where are learnt the lessons of bodily skill, of common effort against old rivals, of unquestioning loyalty to umpire or referee, of cheerfulness in defeat, and restraint in victory. Finally there is the opportunity of offering that religion without which the expanding life is impossible.

That is the work of the Mission Club. Is it surprising that to work of such importance to our nation the Prince of Wales has given the lead which he has, both in other ways and especially in designating the youth of the country as the object of the Jubilee Fund?

The part that Westminster School has to play is to remember that the Mission Club requires men and money; and that by giving money while they are at School and their services when they have left, they will indeed be proving "profitable servants of this church and nation."

A. H. F.

MILTON ACADEMY

THE importance of a good understanding between the English-speaking peoples of the British Empire, and of the United States of America, to the better ordering of the world is clear to all lovers of freedom and of peace. Nothing can help the growth of this good understanding more than the intercourse of magazines, of letters, and of scholars, between schools separated by the Atlantic Ocean. We are, therefore, particularly glad to record an increasing intercourse between ourselves and Milton Academy, Massachusetts. We have a growing number of correspondents in all parts of the

School who are exchanging letters with correspondents in Milton, and we have had the pleasure of seeing a Milton boy taking his part in the life of Westminster, in the place of a Westminster boy who has gone to Milton. We want this movement to grow, first by more boys exchanging their schools for a term or a year; secondly, by an exchange of masters (not all at once); and thirdly, by short visits of small parties to the other country. Now that the fares across the Atlantic are falling, this experience, so valuable to its possessor, and so far reaching in its good consequences, is becoming possible to ever greater numbers of those happy people who by appreciating the point of view of others, clarify their own.

A. H. F.

THE CLOISTERS

THE Abbey cloisters were a cool sanctuary in a sun-drenched city, and on that summer afternoon they appeared as an oasis in a desert of dust and noise to the little crowd of city workers who, rejoicing in the brief freedom of the luncheon hour, were seated upon the parapet surrounding the milling-green watching the fat pigeons who strutted about the daisy-strewn grass pecking disdainfully at the morsels thrown to them by their audience.

The poet had been strolling round the little cloister, the notes of the tinkling fountain forming a musical accompaniment to the verses that were running through his brain; and now he was sitting on the ledge of the south wall directly above the worn statue of one of the first abbots of Westminster. At first he had intended to give himself only a few minutes rest, but the slight breeze that fanned his face was too tempting to be left, and after half an hour he was there, leaning back against the cold sandstone, lazily contemplating his surroundings.

The constable on duty went slowly past, his stalwart figure in sharp contrast to those of the party of tourists who were streaming out of the Pyx with the shuffling gait and hushed whisper peculiar to the British sightseer.

Few there are who can remain in the precincts of the Abbey without experiencing a kind of supernatural awe, and the poet, with his highly-developed aesthetic sense began to feel himself overpowered by an indescribable presence. Big

Ben chimed the hour. Most of the workers had left. The tourists had disappeared into the Abbey. The policeman was standing at the entrance to Little Dean's Yard silhouetted against a blaze of light.

The poet was alone. He seemed to be almost without power of movement. A little ray of sunlight kissed a grey tombstone at his feet. He glanced down and saw a circle of light on the worn inscription which he could read quite easily. The song of the birds seemed very far away. He opened his eyes. How cold it was! He must have been asleep a long time for it was quite dark. He glanced around him to find that the familiar objects of the cloisters had vanished. Gone were the scrolls and epitaphs. Gone were the worn flagstones and gargoyles and in the fitful light of the torch suspended on a bracket he could discern instead of the almost shapeless figure of the Abbot beneath him, a stern-featured statue finely carved in true Gaelic style. The milling-green was a sea of black fog speckled with silver streaks of the pattering rain. The fog-charged wind blew clouds of sparks from the great brazier piled with red coals, that revealed instead of the familiar entrance to the dark cloisters, a great wooden door studded with iron. The floor was paved with smooth, even stones, and strewn with rushes, except in one place close to his feet where several stones had been prised up and covered with the earth of a huge pit that had been dug where they had rested.

The murky cloisters were lit by flaming torches set at decent intervals on the bare even walls until they lost themselves in the gloom that obscured the ends of the two cloisters which his position commanded. The poet noted all these things with supreme wonderment, but the object that seemed to hold his attention was the yawning pit at his feet. It seemed ominous—waiting. Suddenly there broke upon his ears a low mournful dirge coming from the direction of the Abbey; seeming to rise and fall with the wind that was increasing in force every moment. His eyes strained to pierce the misty curtain that hid the end of the cloister, and as he watched a strange procession merged out of the fog.

It was formed by a line of dark-robed figures garbed in the cassock and cowl of the Catholic monk. As it came slowly towards him, the watcher could see that between each pair of

chanting men was borne a long object shrouded in black sacking. At the head of this cortège, bearing a golden crucifix aloft, walked a tall monk who was followed by one dressed in the robes of an Abbot. By this time they had almost reached the watcher and he could see their features more closely. They were stern-faced men, lined with the traces of self-inflicted hardships. Several he noticed were terribly pock-marked. The leader moved slowly past him, his eyes reverently lowered, and stopped by the pit which the watcher now realized was an immense grave.

The monks halted and dropped to their knees. The dirge ceased. The Abbot commenced to pray and the first pair of monks came forward and gently lowered their burden into the grave. As they stepped back the Abbot stopped speaking and sprinkled a little earth over the body. As the prayer commenced again two more monks came forward and the same ritual was carried out. This was done twenty-six times in all.

When the last had been committed to his earthly rest, the chant was resumed, the procession re-formed and moved slowly off into the fog leaving two of their number to fill in the grave.

The poet waited while these men fulfilled their gruesome task and, suffused with curiosity to know the meaning of the scene, he watched while the last great slab of stone was placed in position, and as the monk moved aside he could see that it was inscribed in Latin. Faintly he could hear the words of the Psalm which the two gravediggers had now taken up: "Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis."

A mist seemed to fall from before his eyes. He could hear birds singing. The sun was streaming down upon the cloisters again. The policeman was walking past once more and everything was the same, but the poet's whole attention was fixed on the grey stone before him upon which was inscribed:—

BENEATH THIS STONE
ARE SUPPOSED TO BE INTERRED
TWENTY-SIX MONKS
OF WESTMINSTER
WHO DIED OF THE BLACK DEATH
IN 1348

He rose and slowly walked away, wondering whether the spirits of the monks who once lived in the shadow of Westminster Abbey had really risen and re-enacted the scene for his benefit. "A dream," you will say. Who knows?

J. D. W.-B.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS

The following extract, sent by J. L. Sheriff, O.W., comes from The Everyday Book and Table Book, or Everlasting Calendar of Popular Amusements, by William Hone (published 1830):—

LINES TO HIS COUSIN ON THE NEW YEAR.

By a Westminster Boy.

Time rolls away! Another year
Has rolled off with him; hence 'tis clear
His lordship keeps his carriage.
A single man, no doubt;—and thus
Enjoys himself without the fuss
And great expense of marriage.

His wheel still rolls (and like the river
Which Horace mentions) still for ever
Volvitur et volvetur.

In vain you run against him; place
Your fleetest filly in the race,—
Here's ten to one he'll beat her.

Of all he sees, he takes a tithe,
With that tremendous sweeping scythe
Which he keeps always going;
While every step he takes, alas!
Too plainly proves that "flesh is grass,"
When he sets out a mowing.

And though his hungry ravenous maw
Is crammed with food, both dress'd and raw,
I'll wager any betting
His appetite has ever been
Just like his scythe, sharp-set and keen
Which never wanted whetting.

Could you but see the mighty treat
Prepared, when he sits down to eat
His breakfast or his dinner—ah,
Not vegetable—flesh—alone,
But timber, houses, iron, stone,
He eats the very china.

Hardie's article. It appears there is a difference between the serious more hopeful young men who are just leaving the University "morally earnest," and humble seekers after truth," and a generation about to come up "whose attitude is one of sheer hopelessness, of a conviction of the futility of action, of all attempts to set the world right." Whether the older members of the great Public Schools present a picture of disillusioned gloom, only those qualified to know can say. But certainly this attitude of mind does pervade a considerable number of the articles of the younger contributors. Thus, Harold Stovin in "Education in the Waste Land" attacks the whole cosmic order rather than the Public School system. Michael Mathews prophesies "that the small circle of true music lovers is closing in day by day." David Huxley, having made some interesting remarks about Youth, finds no Modern Literature to criticise. Even Warren Triggs, in an article full of interesting information acquired by "eavesdropping intelligently" discusses pleasure so seriously until we catch a glimpse of his true nature in the last paragraph, that we wonder if he has not lost some of his old *joie de vivre*.

Secondly, none of these writers have succumbed to the narrow-minded traditional movements which seem to plague the Youth of the Continent. Most of the writers are almost too anxious to do justice to every point of view and quote from widely different authorities. Old Westminsters, therefore, in distant parts of the Empire need not fear that their School or University is producing rabid Fascists or ravenous students of the more incomprehensible works of Karl Marx.

We must close by congratulating Alan Johnson, whose own article has a fine description of an Oxford Union debate, on collecting a most interesting group of writers, and we hope that the book will have as large a sale as it deserves.

N. C. M.

DEPUTY FOR YOUTH. By Wallace B. Nichols (O.W.). (*Ward, Lock & Co. Ltd.*, March, 1935). 7/6 net.

This is one of those novels whose shiny mud-coloured binding is so vulgar that the well-designed dust cover has to be kept on as long

as possible, and a second cover is really required to protect it.

The story opens abruptly, but it is an unsatisfactory beginning, and one is tempted to give up at the second paragraph by the sentence "it was in the light of such erotic erudition that she had been enhancing what Nature preliminarily had done for her." Nor does perseverance bring with it any particular reward. Mr. Nichols is afflicted with the complaint, from which so many amateur historical novelists appear to suffer (he himself being primarily a poet, not a novelist)—the dragging in of too many historical characters; as an antidote for which one can only recommend an acquaintance with Savonarola Brown.

His dialogue is clumsy, and a torture if one has read any Chaucer. For instance, compare lines 399 to 410 of the "Prologue to the Canterbury Tales" with the following:

"'Indeed,' said Chaucer, scenting a useful harvest in the fellow.

"'Aye,' returned the shipman darkly, 'many is the merchant galley I ha' helped to take—and to send their crews home after by way of a plank and salt water. From Hull to Carthage, and from Finisterre to Gothland, am I known, my master, and my beard ha' been shaken by fiercer gales than ever roar here in merrie England. I know what I know.'

"He leered again and made to pass on; but Chaucer detained him with a touch on his weather-stained sleeve.

"'Tell me,' asked the poet.

"'Tell you what, master?' answered the shipman suspiciously.

"'Some adventure of your voyagings,' Chaucer said."

THE FIELDS

WESTMINSTER v. HIGHGATE

February 9, 1935

A scrappy game at Vincent Square ended in a draw, each side having scored one goal. The ground was in first rate condition, but there was little good football seen. Highgate had, on the whole, the better of the game and would probably have won if they had directed their attention more to the ball and less to the man; whatever the effect on the result might have been, a less lenient enforcement of the rules by the referee would certainly have secured a higher standard of football. Westminster scored in the first minute of the game, a thoughtful long pass putting

Corrie in possession of the ball right in front of goal. Highgate equalised soon after the beginning of the second half, through a misunderstanding between back and goalkeeper, and on several other occasions they came near to scoring. The danger point in their attack was the right wing where Calvert and Biscoe showed an excellent understanding. Calvert, indeed, is clearly a very good footballer, but the rest of the forward line was not up to his standard and his best passes were frequently wasted through lack of anticipation on the part of his colleagues, whilst Scott kept the centre forward well under control. The Highgate backs were very sound and Fenner in particular kicked the ball prodigious distances, so that it was seldom that Westminster looked like adding to their early goal.

The Westminster side did not play as well as we have seen them play in subsequent matches and probably the robust methods of their opponents had something to do with this. But even so, they were slow in moving to the ball, and the forwards lacked incisiveness near goal. Symons, though always constructive, was not in his best form, and was clearly feeling the effects of a recent leg injury. One must, however, give credit to the defence for positioning themselves well during periods of considerable pressure, and Béranger in goal showed that his long absence with a broken wrist had not impaired either his confidence or his ability.

Apart from these general remarks, the game was too scrappy to merit detailed description.

C. H. T.

Teams.

Westminster.—S. C. W. Béranger; M. E. Dean, N. M. Beys; G. Holliday, W. D. Scott, P. J. Sutton; J. A. G. Corrie, A. E. Long, H. F. B. Symons (Capt.), F. F. Richardson, G. M. Abrahams.

Highgate.—C. K. Ingram; C. H. Fenner (Capt.), I. M. Ziar; J. K. C. Scott, A. G. A. Turnbull, J. A. Woodward; H. E. V. Biscoe, H. G. Calvert, R. C. Wheeler-Baker, G. Newton, L. V. Monk.

WESTMINSTER v. WINCHESTER

February 21, 1935

This match played at Winchester resulted, after an exciting struggle, in a draw of one goal to each side. A strong wind blowing nearly straight down the ground made the ball difficult to control and had its effect on the finishing of both sides; for all that there were many interesting movements in mid-field and the two goals scored were, in quite different ways, fine ones. Westminster had the wind in their favour in the first half, but failed to take advantage of it, and there had been no scoring when the teams changed over. Within five minutes Westminster scored after a fine passing movement which, originating among the half-backs, sent Corrie away on the right wing; he drew one back and at precisely the right moment put down the middle a long pass of such a nicely calculated strength that Long was able to run past the remaining back on to the ball, take it on a few yards, and fire it past Hawkins from close-range. Thereafter with the wind behind them and the desire to equalize spurring them on, Winchester attacked hotly, but so sound was the positioning of the Westminster defence and, above all, so brilliant the goalkeeping of Béranger, that it became clear that some extra special shot must be produced if Winchester were to save the game. Seven minutes before the end Foster produced it; a centre came across from the left; there was no possibility of steadying the ball for he was closely marked; so with his left foot he let drive on the half-volley, and hit it perfectly at enormous speed into the right-hand corner of the net. Béranger had no chance at all; it was a shot which comes off perhaps once in a hundred.

No one could deny the justice of the equalizer, for Winchester had territorially three-quarters of the game. Still it is goals that count, and the Westminster attacks, though far fewer in number than those set up by their opponents, did, I think, look more dangerous. There were two reasons for this: first that the Westminster inside forwards controlled the ball better than the Winchester insides and kept it more on the ground when making their passes; and secondly, that the Westminster defence, though slower than Winchester's, marked their men more closely, and guarded the approach down the middle more effectively. In the closing minutes of the game, the Corrie-Long manoeuvre almost claimed a second reward, but Long was brought down just outside the penalty area, when right through, and the ensuing kick was too well blocked to be of any avail. However, as I have said, a draw was certainly a fair result.

The Westminster forward line, with the exception of Abrahams, who had a poor day, played good constructive football. Symons, in his true position at inside right, stood out for football brains and neat footwork: his dribbling indeed was at times bewildering to his opponents. Corrie showed great dash on the right wing, but sometimes held the ball a shade too long. Richardson was neat, as always, and is an enormously improved footballer since last term. Long lacked confidence in the first half, but after his goal in the second half, he played really well; he is beautifully balanced and shows great promise, but he will have to learn to use his left foot far more powerfully before he becomes a really good centre forward.

In the defence one must first mention Béranger's performance, which can seldom have been bettered by a schoolboy: his agility, soundness, confidence and judgment were all alike remarkable. Apart from him, backs and half backs did clear defensive work well, with Dean perhaps catching the eye for his excellent positioning and heading; the wing half backs showed considerable improvement in their constructive work, though they still do not give their forwards the accurate service which they need. Beys again revealed his happy knack of interception and Scott guarded the middle strongly.

On the Winchester side both backs kicked well and Grant looked a very sound player: of the half backs I liked Swinnerton, and in the forward line, Kingsley, though not all his passes went where he intended them to go, showed that he has much of his brother's constructive ability.

Finally, one would like to allude to the courtesy of the Winchester authorities in consenting at short notice to a change of date for the match, in order to enable us to play our full side against them.

C. H. T.

Teams—

Winchester.—C. A. V. Hawkins; I. D. R. Grant, L. C. Pitman; C. G. D. Swinnerton, J. D. Eggar, W. H. Cliff-Hodges; D. S. Harris, P. G. Foster, H. S. Disney, A. B. Kingsley (Capt.), C. P. Greenway.

Westminster.—S. C. W. Béranger; M. E. Dean, N. M. Beys; G. Holliday, W. D. Scott, P. G. Sutton; J. A. G. Corrie, H. F. B. Symons (Capt.), A. E. Long, F. F. Richardson, G. M. Abrahams.

WESTMINSTER v. OLD REPTONIANS

At Vincent Square.

(Won 2-1.)

There was no score up to half-time. Twenty-five minutes after the interval Raynor scored for the visitors. Five minutes later Symons scored

for Westminster, Richardson giving us the lead three minutes later.

WESTMINSTER.—S. C. W. Béranger; M. E. Dean, N. M. Beyts; G. Holliday, W. D. Scott, P. J. Sutton; J. A. G. Corrie, H. F. B. Symons, A. E. F. C. Long, F. F. Richardson, G. M. Abrahams.

WESTMINSTER *v.* CASUALS "A."

(*Won 2-1.*)

Westminster beat the Casuals "A" in Vincent Square by two goals to one. A strong wind made ball control difficult and all the scoring took place in the last quarter of an hour. Abrahams opened the scoring for the School, Richardson increasing their lead directly afterwards. In the last minute Maddison scored for the visitors.

WESTMINSTER.—S. C. W. Béranger, goal; M. E. Dean and N. M. Beyts, backs; G. Holliday, W. D. Scott, and P. J. Sutton, half-backs; J. A. G. Corrie, H. F. B. Symons, A. E. F. C. Long, F. F. Richardson, and G. M. Abrahams, forwards.

CASUALS "A."—R. P. Wakeford, goal; I. B. Ingall and W. M. Tonkinson, backs; G. W. Russell, R. V. Kingston, and P. A. Freeman, half-backs; E. P. D. Clarke, C. Maddison, A. G. Woodcock, J. S. Haywood, and C. C. Klein-Brackenbury, forwards.

THE WATER

THE BUMPING RACES

ON Tuesday and Thursday, March 5th and 7th, informal bumping races were held between the first Four Eights. On the first day the Fourth Eight started first, with the Third Eight about $\frac{1}{4}$ length behind. Two lengths behind the First Eight was the Second Eight, while the First Eight was three lengths behind them. The course was against the tide from Beverley to Harrod's. Very soon after the start the Third Eight bumped the Fourth Eight, who started out in the stream. The First Eight, in spite of atrocious water further churned up by Three Eights in front, steadily reduced the Second Eight's lead. At the Mile Post they were about $1\frac{3}{4}$ lengths astern. Here they gave their first ten, which brought them within half-a-length, and in a few more strokes they made their bump. From the Mile Post the First Eight moved extremely fast,

and caught up the last two lengths in an astonishingly short time.

On the second night the Third Eight started head, with the Fourth Eight a quarter of a length behind them. About eight or ten lengths behind them came the First Eight, with the Second Eight half a length astern. The course was from Harrod's to Beverley. The Fourth Eight got away very quickly at the start, and almost caught the Third Eight, but gradually lost their advantage. The First Eight did not start very well and at first only just kept their distance from the Second Eight, but soon began to draw away. The conditions, though less violent than before, were very nearly as unpleasant, and lasted over the whole course, whereas on Tuesday the water became calmer towards the finish. About half-way down the fence the First Eight had got within two lengths of the Fourth Eight. They took their boat in extremely hard along the fence and only just failed by three feet to bump the Fourth Eight, which bears witness to the skill of the handicapper. The Third Eight was about a length in front of the Fourth Eight, while the Second Eight was a long way behind the First. The finishing order was thus the same as the starting order. The First Eight did not row so well as on Tuesday. The extremely difficult conditions made the row rather uncomfortable and un-rhythmical. The crew responded well, however, when called upon to take their boat in.

Unfortunately the intended racing on Saturday had to be abandoned owing to the weather.

FIVES

THIS season we have had the difficult task of building up a new team from very few players, all but one of last year's team having left. The new team has shown promise and has given quite a good account of itself in its many matches.

We are glad to see that the Homeboarder houses are taking a much greater interest in Fives than previously. In former years they have perhaps been a trifle out of the swim of the game, but many of their members are now regular players, and the future will, we hope, show an increase on the present number.

The number of players in general is much the same as usual, but those who take an interest

in the game in the various houses would be doing a great service in teaching and coaching the newcomers (some of whom are even ignorant of the whereabouts of the courts) and thereby laying a foundation for future years.

In the Inter-House Junior Competition, King's Scholars succeeded in retaining the Cup, beating Grant's in the final.

The Colts team began its season in doubtful manner by losing 4-0 at Lancing, the strange courts playing an important part in the defeat. They followed this with a good win on the Aldenham courts by 3-1, and completed their season by drawing against Highgate 2-2, at Westminster. Wilkinson and Channing-Pearce form a first pair well above the average standard.

The School team is handicapped by lack of choice of players. The first pair is, however, permanent, and forms a strong combination. O'Brien's left hand enables him to play on the left wall of the court and in the box to great effect, and his smashing and volleying have improved greatly in the season. He was awarded a well-earned half-pink after the Charterhouse match.

The outstanding match was the Charterhouse match, won by Westminster by 3 games to 1. Owing to the different half-holiday system they could only produce one pair, who were opposed to Bindloss and O'Brien. The visitors found the courts very strange at first and the home pair took the first game without much trouble. The second game fell into our hands—nothing seemed to be able to go right for Charterhouse or wrong for Westminster, who led 2-0. In the third game Charterhouse fought back in great style, and taking advantage of a bad spell in the play of Bindloss, took the game. The last game was a great struggle for both sides, the standard of play suffering somewhat in the excitement. Finally, chiefly by the efforts of O'Brien, the home pair were successful in taking the game and match at 3-1.

Of the other School matches, Aldenham beat us by 3 matches to 1, the visiting pairs playing a fast and confident game, thoroughly deserving their victory. They seemed to become accustomed to the fast Westminster courts in a very short time, and outwitted the home pairs in their own style of game.

The match with Lancing, played at Lancing, resulted in a defeat by four matches to love. The Westminster first pair were unfortunate to lose against the Lancing second pair, but a bout of hard, high shots going out lost them their essential chance.

Against the City of London School we were successful both times, the speed of our game giving us a great advantage over the rather slower Citizens. The scores in the two matches were 3-1, 4-0.

In the final School match, the home team lost to Highgate by 3-1. After a shaky start in the first game, the first Westminster pair only relinquished the second game at 19-16. The second pair did not fare so well against their opponents, whom the first pair were able to beat to make the score 3-1.

This gives us a score sheet in School matches of: Played 6, won 3, lost 3.

The general results for the season are as follows: Played 14, won 5, lost 9. A. A. B.

SCHOOL MISSION NOTES

ON Wednesday, February 13, the Head Master very kindly invited Sir Arthur Knapp, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., C.B.E., O.W., Chairman of the General Committee of the School Mission, Captain B. Stuart Horner, O.W., the Honorary Secretary, and Mr. H. L. Hollis, the Superintendent, to address the School for five minutes each about the Mission clubs.

After introductory remarks by the Head Master, Mr. Hollis described the various activities of the boys as catered for by the club, and Captain Stuart Horner added to this a description of the Cadet Company's activities, and also alluded to the Scouts and Cubs. He pointed out how Old Westminsters could assist, personally or by becoming subscribers. Finally, Sir Arthur Knapp spoke on the way he hoped Westminsters while at School would show a keener interest in the clubs than had been customary, and referred to the new appointment by the Head Master of the Rev. A. H. Franklin as School-Secretary of the Mission clubs, which should prove most successful in making Westminsters proud of the Mission clubs, which bear their name, and eager to lend a hand in the work done there, both while at, and after leaving, School.

Mr. R. T. Squire, President of The Elizabethan Club, has presented to the School a large and handsome silver bowl. The "Squire Cup," which is too large to be placed on a bracket in any of the Houses, will live in College Hall, where it will be placed on one of the tables from year to year, the name of the winning House having been inscribed on a silver shield upon the plinth. The Cup will be awarded at the end of each School year to the House which has gained the greatest aggregate of marks for all the athletic events of the year, the marks being scaled according to the relative importance of the various events.

CHESS

THE Society, despite lack of numbers, has played two matches this term and has several more fixtures ahead.

The first match, played on Feb. 26, against St. Paul's School, was not a great success, Westminster losing by $\frac{1}{2}$ point to $5\frac{1}{2}$ against a much more experienced team.

Against Merchant Taylors' School, away, we had better luck, although we could produce only five players.

The score was as follows:—

H. B. Fox, 0, J. Scholes, 1; S. R. Asquith, 1, J. Crocker, 0; I. E. Geffen, 1, W. M. Spinner, 0; R. E. Pattle, 0, D. R. Nicoll, 1; M. R. Turner, 1, K. W. Watkins, 0.

Westminster thus won by 3 points to 2.

The Society is always ready to receive new members and anyone who is interested in chess should see either Asquith or Fox about joining. It is proposed to arrange a Junior Competition on the same lines as the Open Competition, which is now running, and it is hoped that as many as possible will enter for it. H. B. F.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of *The Elizabethan*

WHAT NEXT?

Sir,

I believe many Old Westminsters will resent, as I do, the introduction of political articles in their School Magazine.

Such articles appear to me utterly out of place and are to be deplored. If we desire to read a political essay, most of us know what literature to select. I should certainly never have chosen THE ELIZABETHAN.

I only hope other Old Westminsters will support me in this contention, then perhaps the bad taste which has inspired these articles will disappear. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A. B. JOHNSON

(Ashburnham, 1905-1909).

West Green, Burgh-by-Sands, Cumberland.

March 8th, 1935.

Dear Sir,

I was frankly surprised to see an article like the above appearing in THE ELIZABETHAN.

The worst of Socialism is that after it is once introduced it will be impossible to go back how-

ever unsuccessful the system (forgive the word) may prove. It is, therefore, obviously desirable that even if we move in that direction it should be done very carefully.

Our experiences of Russian Socialism with its 10,000 killed is hardly encouraging.

Our experiences in the last Government in this country (and here I may mention that no question of the genuineness of the Socialism of Lord Snowden and Ramsay Macdonald was ever breathed until the National Party was formed) was such that within two years the credit of our country was lower and unemployment greater at the end of it than at any time in our history. By a strange process of reasoning M. W. B. argues that had that Government had a freer hand all would have been well. The cure of a disease is to allow it full play. This is hardly an encouraging outlook for Socialism.

The National Party took over the reins of Government at the lowest moment of our financial history and at a time when the economic outlook was at its worst. Not the most sanguine supporter of the National Government expected that things could be put right in less than ten years, but within less than four years the

Government has managed to restore a very considerable amount of prosperity and confidence and materially diminished unemployment far beyond expectations. They cannot be held responsible for the condition of the world at large which still adversely affects them.

And yet M. W. B. suggests a return to the conditions of 1931 with the limitations imposed upon the Socialists for doing harm removed.

Throughout his article he plants terms like capitalism, private profit, etc., all of which mean very little but suggest deep thought on the principle no doubt that

“If this young man expresses himself in terms too deep for me,

Why what a very singularly deep young man this deep young man must be!”

But surely it is a great pity, and quite contrary to the traditions of THE ELIZABETHAN, to allow the use of their paper for political propaganda.

Yours faithfully,
E. S. B.

40, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

March 5th, 1935.

Sir,

When I was a very small boy I knew of course that there was blood in my body and I imagined that my body was a hollow vessel containing a quantity of floating blood, and I used to wonder why the blood did not pour out of my mouth when I stood on my head.

The New Fabian Research Bureau appears to have equally infantile theories regarding the circulation of money, as one of its members (signing himself M. W. B.) states, in the February number of THE ELIZABETHAN, that “millions of pounds accumulate and lie idle in the banks.” He seems to think that when money is paid into a bank it is put into a strong room and remains there until the depositor draws it out again.

It is open to question whether a School magazine should admit political articles to its columns (surely there are enough printed in the daily newspapers), but if it does it ought to print or the same page corrections of childish fallacies.

Yours faithfully,
P. G. WATERFIELD.

Buckerell House, nr. Honiton, Devon.

7th March, 1935.

TERM LECTURES

Dear Sir,

With reference to the correspondence in your columns regarding “Term Lectures,” I find in the February number of THE ELIZABETHAN, 1883 (Vol. IV, No. 1), under the heading “Notes and Queries,” a query entitled “Term Lectures,” which I will quote in full.

“Term Lectures.—In a book called “Term Lectures, addressed in Westminster Abbey to the Boys of Westminster School,” written by the late Canon Conway, there is a preface stating that by the Statutes such a lecturer, or “reader of Theology,” was ordered to be selected by the Dean and Chapter to explain Holy Scripture, for the edification of the common people and of the hearers. “This office was always held,” says Canon Conway, “by one of the Canons, except once, when it was held by Dean Ireland.” The predecessor of Canon Conway was the present Bishop of Lincoln. The “Term Lectures” are “to teach and instruct the people and principally the King Scholars, Officers and Servants of the College in the principles of Christian religion.” These lectures were delivered on four Saturday afternoons in the course of the year at the close of the usual service in the choir. Why and when were these discontinued, and does any Canon now bear the title of Term Lecturer?”

The query went unanswered as far as I have been able to trace, though at that date there must have been many people able to reply. As (*vide* Mr. P. G. L. Webb’s letter) the custom had then only lapsed for some ten years, it was probably felt that it was better to let “sleeping dogs lie.”

The then Bishop of Lincoln was the former Canon Wordsworth.

I may add that I am in a position to give this reference owing to my having come into the possession of nine bound volumes of THE ELIZABETHAN, the property of my brother, the late W. A. Peck. He entered the School in January, 1874—the year in which THE ELIZABETHAN was started. Every copy of the paper he carefully kept, and had bound, two volumes together (1874-1880, 1880-1885, etc.). The small boy of thirteen had faith in THE ELIZABETHAN as a permanency, which faith was probably not shared by some of his seniors, of whom Mr.

Marshall and Mr. James could remember the short life of the "Nugae Westmonasteriensis."

He was a frequent contributor to your columns for many years, mainly on its antiquarian and historical side. He took great delight in unearthing the careers of less known O.W.W. such as Mr. Coote, of Trinity (Vol. XVI, No. 7) and the Revd. David Jones (Vol. XVIII, No. 8), not all of which contributions were signed by him. And this, although professionally he was a very busy man. The Revd. F. M. Yglesias' kind reference to him shows that he had become recognised as an authority on Westminster traditions and customs.

May I conclude with a query of my own. Has any other Old Westminster got THE ELIZABETHAN bound from its beginning? I need hardly say that I shall keep up the series as long as I am in a position to do so.

Yours, etc.,

J. H. PECK.

Brighton, 11th February, 1935.

REMINISCENCES

Sir,

Mr. Gwilt is quite mistaken about the etching of Little Dean's Yard, with "Scott coming." It was entirely the work of C. F. Brickdale (now Sir Charles). He was a most versatile artist. I remember that heraldry, distemper painting, illuminated manuscripts and caricature in turn attracted him. At that moment etching was his preoccupation. He did not only the "Scott-coming" drawing, but also the two sketches of the characters of the Trinumus, and the two delicate little sketches of the stairs to Jericho Parlour and school steps from the Dark Cloister which appeared in the next two numbers of THE ELIZABETHAN. His distemper performances have long disappeared from College Dormitory and the Kettle Room, but his beautiful work may still be seen in the Prayer Book, still, I think, used by Mr. Mounters up School. His caricatures were famous at Ch. Ch. Two odd little mistakes appeared in the etchings. In the first copies of Dean's Yard, Dr. Scott had no head, and in the drawing of the characters of the Trinumus the "r" of personae was omitted,

and this gave rise to the idea that it was a copy of an ancient bas relief, which it was not.

Yours faithfully,

W. H. A. COWELL.

Sir,

I read with interest the Rev. F. L. Denman's letter in your December issue because of his reference to new boys being sent to procure a map of the undiscovered islands. The custom had died out at Westminster by my time, but it also obtained at Eton, if not at other schools. My father, who was at Eton in the early fifties, often recalled the custom in after life. But I hope Mr. Denman will not think me captious if I point out that his statement that Byron was at Eton would cause a fluttering in Harrovian dovecotes.

Yours faithfully,

A. LAMBTON.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.

Sir,

I was very much interested by Mr. Cowell's letter in your December number. I was admitted to the School in the year after Mr. Cowell left, that is, in 1876. The name "Praepostor" was certainly wholly unknown in my time. The Head Town Boy (*Princeps Oppidanorum*), who kept the Town Boy Ledger, which was (if my recollection serves me) older than any ledger preserved in College, and the other heads of Town Boy houses had monitorial authority outside of College; but the only Monitors who were admitted to office up School, and who held the offices of Monitor of School, of Station and of Chamber, were throughout my time (1876-1884) the Queen's Scholar Monitors. The first Town Boy to be Captain of the School was J. S. Stirling, in 1887 (who, by the way, is wrongly given as Q.S. in the *Record*, p. 1098).

The Commemoration now held, not up School, but in Abbey (though followed by a reception up School) dates from 1889. It was at first annual, but is now triennial.

If any Harrovian should read THE ELIZABETHAN, he will be taken aback by learning from Mr. Denman that Byron won a prize when a boy at Eton! But it has often been pointed out that the famous line *Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit* cannot be claimed, as in the tradition to

which Mr. Bruce Dickson referred in your October issue, for Westminster as an *impromptu* of Dryden's, since it appeared in the *Epigrammata Sacra* of Crashaw (a Carthusian) when Dryden was three years old.

Yours faithfully,

CLEMENT C. J. WEBB.

Dear Sir,

The swallow-tailed coat was certainly worn as late as 1876, as one boy, who I see left in that year, always wore it up School, though he went home in an ordinary tail coat. I could give his name, but it is best to say he was a Homeboarder up Rigaud's. To the best of my recollection the wearing of this coat was supposed to be the right dress for boys in the Sixth or Shell who were too tall for an Eton jacket. The rule was not enforced and was dying out in consequence.

In addition to the bundle of quills issued monthly by Ginger, every boy could have Quarterns and a Fairshower. The former consisted of loose sheets of ruled paper and by a polite fiction were supposed to have fifty lines on them though there were only 46. The Fairshower was a bound book, as its name implies, to make a fair show in. Ginger was an interesting man if you could get him to talk about his recollections of the School or on fencing, in which he had been an expert. On the School taking over the sale of books, etc., the upper rooms of his house was used for unmarried masters. In my time W. B. Wildman and Sidney Irwin lived there.

Miss Sutcliffe's shop was at the corner of Great College Street and Tufton Street. Her trade was solely to the boys and I believe she shut down during the holidays, and closed in school hours.

I wonder how many of my contemporaries remember a man named Brumfit who sold us fives balls? He lived in a tenement house in Tufton Street; the second bell from the top would summon him.

I have many recollections of Rigaud's in the seventies, with its house customs and rules, not the least the extremely insanitary conditions under which we lived and the extraordinary good health we had—we were never ill.

I am, etc.,

BERTRAM M. H. ROGERS.

14, Mortimer Road, Clifton, Bristol.

March 17th, 1935.

Sir,

De Mortuis, etc. In your October number reference was made to "a rather shady rival" to "Suts" (we never said anything else in my day) "round the corner." Many O.W.W. will remember, as I do, much kindness received from Mr. and Mrs. Simpson and probably wish that they now had the money spent in their shop. Perhaps they were *too* kind in giving us tick, but at any moment and, apparently without keeping accounts, they could tell one what was owing, and I should think they never overcharged anyone a farthing. And what a delight it was—and how grand!—to come down after a match and swagger into the back room where a gorgeous tea was provided! "Joe" was a man of portly habit, and as the Abbey organ was then blown manually, it used to amuse us on hot Sunday afternoons to have a peep at Joe and his three fellow-blowers sweltering in a kind of "black hole" under the Screen.

Your obedient servant,

M. R. BETHUNE,

Q.S. 1879-84.

DECLAMS

Sir,

In Mr. Tanner's book, which it is a joy to possess, it is stated that declams were verses on reigning Seniors and were recited before the whole of College by the Juniors. In my time, 1891-6, they were on leaving Seniors only and were recited by Under Elections before Upper Elections. It was a shock to learn that they no longer survive.

Yours faithfully,

J. H. REYNOLDS.

OLD WESTMINSTERS

Mr. N. F. Cachamaille-Day was awarded "The London Architecture Medal, 1934," by the R.I.B.A., for his design of the new church of St. Saviour's, Eltham. This is the first time that the medal has been awarded for a church design.

THE Revd. C. Chitty, domestic chaplain to the Bishop in Egypt, has been appointed Rector of Sculthorpe, Norfolk.

Mr. R. N. Heaton has been appointed an Assistant Principal at the Board of Education.

The following note has been received from a correspondent in Hong Kong:—Please to Remember in your Prayers: John Gilbert Hindley Baker, to be ordained Deacon at the Church of Our Saviour, Canton, on Palm Sunday, April 14th, 1935, by The Right Rev. Bishop of Hong Kong and South China.

BIRTHS

- BEDFORD.—On March 9, the wife of David E. W. Bedford, a son.
- BURFORD.—On January 19, the wife of the Revd. J. W. Burford, a daughter.
- BUTLER.—On February 23, the wife of E. Norman Butler, a son.
- FRASER.—On February 18, the wife of Ian J. Fraser, a son.
- HANCOCK.—On February 13, the wife of Dr. F. R. Thompson Hancock, a daughter.
- HAWORTH-BOOTH.—On February 8, the wife of Michael Haworth-Booth, a son.
- PHILCOX.—On February 3, at Johannesburg, the wife of Geoffrey Philcox, a son.
- RUSSELL.—On February 23, the wife of H. N. D. Russell, of Singapore, a son.
- STEVENS.—On February 16, the wife of Geoffrey P. Stevens, a daughter.
- WILLOUGHBY.—On January 18, the wife of J. L. Willoughby, of Khartoum, a son.

MARRIAGES

ABRAHAMS-ADLER.—On February 7, Edward Arthur Davis Abrahams to Bettie Marie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Adler, of Upper Hamilton Terrace, London.

PHILLIPS-LUCAS.—On March 9, Eustace Dockray Phillips to Helen Aurelia Lucas.

SHORE-BRODIE.—On February 5, at Nunney, Somerset, Richard Arabin Shore to Sidonie Anna Franziska Brodie.

OBITUARY

WE regret to announce the deaths of several Old Westminsters.

IAN GREGOR BRODIE was the youngest son of the late Professor Thomas Gregor Brodie, M.D., F.R.S., of Matheson Road, London, and was at the School from 1916 to 1921. He died at Cape Town on February 21, aged 31.

HENRY PASSMORE EDWARDS, who died at the age of 63 on March 6, was the only son of Mr. John Passmore Edwards, M.P., of Bedford Square, London, a well-known newspaper proprietor and philanthropist in his day. He was admitted in 1883, went up to Christ Church in 1890, and, after taking his degree, went for a short time to Heidelberg. He joined the Artists Rifles before the beginning of the South African War, and during the Great War was a Major in this battalion and served both at home and in France. He was also a prominent Freemason, and attained Grand Lodge rank in 1907. He married, in 1895, Grace, daughter of F. C. Hill, of Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.

ERNEST ROWLAND FRERE, who died on December 20, 1934, aged 75, was the son of George Frere, of Great College Street, Westminster. He was at the School from 1871 to 1876, and on leaving took up chartered accountancy, becoming Fellow of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in 1892. He married, in 1886, Elizabeth Charlotte, eldest daughter of James King, of Skea, Enniskillen, Co. Fermanagh.

HUGH FREDERICK WHITMORE was the younger son of Frederick John Whitmore (O.W.), and

was at the School from 1906 to 1910. During the War he served in the 3rd and 1st Bns. Manchester Regiment, and was promoted Captain in 1925. He married, in 1927, Amy Dorothea Mansfield, youngest daughter of the Revd. Herbert Court Sturges, Vicar of Bodenhams, Hereford. He died in Jamaica, on March 2, aged 42.

OLD WESTMINSTERS' LODGE, No. 2233

THE installation meeting of the Lodge was held up School on Thursday, 20th December, 1934, when Bro. R. G. Bare was installed as Master of the Lodge for the year 1934-1935 in succession to Bro. H. L. Geare. The following were then appointed and invested as officers:— G. E. S. Fursdon, S.W.; G. B. Sutton, J.W.; Rev. H. Costley-White, D.D., Chaplain; A. Bevan, Treasurer; W. J. Armitage, Secretary; W. Hepburn, D.C.; J. Poyser, S.D.; H. D. Berman, J.D.; W. H. H. Wilkes, I.G.; J. P.

Bowen and R. B. Orange, Stewards; and W. Bowler, Tyler.

After the meeting dinner was held in College Hall and by the kind permission of the Dean the Brethren assembled before dinner in Jerusalem Chamber.

THE Annual Shrove Tuesday Dinner of the Westminster students at the Law Society's School of Law was held on March 5, the Principal (Dr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe) in the chair. The President of the Law Society (Mr. H. R. Blaker) was the guest of the evening. Those present included:—

Sir Maurice Gwyer, K.C.B., K.C., Sir Edward Knapp Fisher, Mr. R. N. R. Blaker, Mr. W. B. Enever, Mr. P. B. Henderson, Mr. G. F. Pitt-Lewis, Mr. A. W. Matcham, Mr. G. E. Tunnicliffe, Mr. J. B. Whitmore, Mr. G. N. Cross, Mr. T. G. Lund, Mr. J. A. Abbot, Mr. R. E. Ball, Mr. J. R. H. Chisholm, Mr. D. Cragg-Hamilton, Mr. G. M. Davis, Mr. E. N. Grace, Mr. R. N. D. Hamilton, Mr. B. H. Howlett, Mr. H. C. E. Johnson, Mr. R. H. Lloyd-Jones, Mr. E. H. V. McDougall, Mr. W. G. R. Oates, Mr. G. M. E. Paulson, Mr. E. C. Robbins, Mr. J. B. Stevens, Mr. R. Walters, Mr. P. B. Williamson, Mr. J. T. Woodgate.

WESTMINSTER BALL, 1934

RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS ACCOUNT

| | £ | s. | d. | | | £ | s. | d. | |
|---|------|----|-----|----|---|-----------------------------|----|----|---|
| To Balance brought forward from Westminster Dinner Account, 1933 | £62 | 3 | 6 | | By Dorchester Hotel Account ... | 369 | 2 | 0 | |
| Less Further Payments | 3 | 9 | 9 | | Casani Club Orchestra ... | 115 | 10 | 0 | |
| | | | 58 | 13 | 9 | Printing and Stationery ... | 33 | 19 | 0 |
| Sale of Tickets | £620 | 4 | 0 | | Postages | 19 | 4 | 11 | |
| Less Returns | 20 | 2 | 6 | | Staff and Gratuities | 11 | 16 | 0 | |
| | | | 600 | 1 | Expenses of Meetings at Dorchester Hotel | 10 | 12 | 0 | |
| Donations | 9 | 15 | 0 | | Advertising | 5 | 0 | 0 | |
| | | | 668 | 10 | Insurance | 4 | 1 | 0 | |
| | | | 3 | | Sundry Expenses | 2 | 10 | 0 | |
| | | | 668 | 10 | Donation to Westminster School Mission | 10 | 10 | 0 | |
| | | | 3 | | Balance carried forward to next account, being Cash at Bank | 86 | 5 | 4 | |
| | | | 668 | 10 | | 86 | 5 | 4 | |
| | | | 3 | | | 668 | 10 | 3 | |

(Signed) JOHN POYSER, *Hon. Treasurer.*
 E. R. B. GRAHAM, *Hon. Secretary.*
 Passed at General Committee Meeting held the 26th day of February, 1935.
 (Signed) RALPH T. SQUIRE, *Chairman.*

Examined and found correct.
 (Signed) A. R. C. FLEMING,
Chartered Accountant.
 London, 20th February, 1935.
 (The actual profit on the Ball was £38 1s. 7d.)

