



# The Elizabethan

WESTMINSTER PLAY NUMBER, 1921

ONE SHILLING

## THE 'FAMULUS.'

IF the 'Adelphi' of 1919 has the distinction of bridging a gap of six years and proving the vitality of the tradition of the play, certainly the 'Famulus' of 1921 will always be remembered by Westminsters as the last produced by the Rev. A. G. S. Raynor.

The Head Master in the Prologue paid a graceful tribute to Mr. Raynor, and voiced the general sorrow at his departure, but no words can adequately express the debt which the Westminister Play owes to the man who has guided it so successfully for the last thirty-five years. Only those who have acted under his direction can appreciate the devotion which Mr. Raynor showed in the rehearsing of every Play or realise how much of each success was due to him rather than to the actors.

We can say no more; his loss is well-nigh irreparable, and none can feel it more keenly

than College which he loved so well and whose greatest tradition he did so much to maintain.

We print below the plot of the 'Famulus.'

Thais, a young and pretty widow residing at Athens, has two suitors—Phaedria, the son of her neighbour Laches, and Thraso, a swaggering soldier of fortune, whom she detests. One day she refuses to see Phaedria when he calls at her house, but on the morrow invites him to come and receive an explanation of her seeming discourtesy.

ACT I. (Sc. 1.)—In conversation with Parmeno, his father's slave, Phaedria rails at the fickle Thais and swears he will see her no more. Parmeno applauds this resolve, but thinks it a counsel of perfection. He is moralising on the folly of lovers and giving Phaedria some sage advice when (Sc. 2) Thais herself appears, and in reply to Phaedria's reproaches explains

why she refused to see him on the previous day. Thraso, she says, has just returned from abroad, bringing with him a beautiful young slave-girl as a present for herself. Finding, however, that during his absence she has encouraged the attentions of Phaedria, he has refused to give her the girl unless she will bring the flirtation to an end. Now Thais has discovered what Thraso does not know—that the girl is none other than her foster-sister, Pamphila, an Athenian citizen, who, through a series of misfortunes, has been parted from her family and sold as a slave. Thais, as she tells Phaedria, is eager to restore her to her relations. But first it is necessary to cheat Thraso into the belief that he has triumphed over his rival. Will not Phaedria help on the scheme by absenting himself for a while? Phaedria at first ridicules the proposal and accuses Thais of jilting him, but in the end consents to go into the country for two days.

ACT II. (Sc. 1.)—To please Thais, Phaedria has bought for her two slaves—a footman and a waiting-maid. Before setting out for the country he bids Parmeno take them with his compliments to Thais' house. As he goes off Thraso's parasite, Gnatho, appears with Pamphila. (Sc. 2.) After indulging in a lengthy soliloquy on his own cleverness and exchanging some impertinences with Parmeno, the parasite disappears into Thais' house, taking with him the slave-girl and an invitation to Thais to dine with Thraso. (Sc. 3.) Parmeno sees Chaerea, Phaedria's younger brother, coming up the street at full speed. The two enter into conversation. Presently it comes out that Chaerea has seen Pamphila and is over head and ears in love with her. Parmeno says in jest that if he wishes to be near his beloved he might impersonate the footman. Chaerea eagerly catches at the suggestion, and in spite of Parmeno's remonstrances insists on carrying it into effect.

ACT III. (Sc. 1.)—Thraso comes to fetch Thais to the dinner-party. His companion, Gnatho, is playing the toady, as usual (Sc. 2), when Thais appears, thanks the captain for his present, and makes ready to accompany him. Just at this moment Parmeno presents the slaves, one of them being, of course, the

impostor Chaerea. Thais takes them indoors and then sets out with Thraso. (Sc. 3.) Chremes has been asked by Thais to call on her. Knowing nothing of his relationship to Pamphila, he thinks that Thais is setting her cap at him, and is with difficulty persuaded to go and see her at Thraso's house.

ACT IV. (Sc. 1.)—Phaedria has broken his promise and returned to Athens. (Sc. 2.) Thais' head servant, Pythias, tells him the startling news that the footman has run away, taking Pamphila with him. Phaedria goes to look for the culprit and presently (Sc. 3), returns with the real footman (Dorus), whom he compels to confess the truth, and then (in Chaerea's interest) to deny it. (Sc. 4.) Chremes appears, followed soon afterwards by Thais. (Sc. 5.) The latter has quarrelled with Thraso—who imagines that Chremes is another rival—and has left his house in high dudgeon. She now tells Chremes that she is going to restore to him his long-lost sister, and produces proofs of the girl's identity. Knowing that Thraso will try to recover Pamphila by force, she puts her house into a state of siege. (Sc. 6.) Thraso, supported by a band of ruffians, demands the restoration of Pamphila, but on meeting with a firm refusal thinks discretion the better part of valour and retires.

ACT V. (Sc. 1.)—Thais now discovers that her *protégée* has been kidnapped. (Sc. 2.) Chaerea, accused by Thais of abducting an Athenian citizen, replies that he loves the girl and means to make her his wife. (Sc. 3.) Chremes returns with an old nurse who has helped to identify Pamphila. As they go indoors, Parmeno approaches the house. (Sc. 4.) Pythias fools him by pretending that Chremes, infuriated by the abduction of his sister, has bound Chaerea hand and foot and is about to brand him on the forehead as a runaway slave. (Sc. 5.) Utterly distracted, Parmeno tells the whole story to his master Laches, who has just returned to Athens from his country place. Laches rushed into Thais' house to rescue his son—as he thinks—from torture and mutilation. (Sc. 6.) Pythias tells Parmeno that she has made a fool of him and leaves him ruefully reflecting that he has now incurred the wrath both of Laches and Chaerea. (Sc. 7.) Thraso returns to make his peace

with Thais, but finds that his suit is hopeless. (Sc. 8.) Laches accepts the situation with a good grace. Phaedria is betrothed to Thais, Chaerea to Pamphila, Parmeno's fears are set at rest, and so all ends happily.

#### THE FIRST NIGHT.

The First Night was Thursday, December 15. The house was fairly full, and the audience remarkably appreciative. Both Play and Epilogue went well, and were quite up to the standard of First Night performances.

#### THE SECOND NIGHT.

On the Second Night, December 19, the audience was larger and more critical than on the First Night. Play and Epilogue were both successful and many jokes in the latter which had previously escaped notice, were on this night fully appreciated. The Chair was taken by the Dean of Westminster, and there were present The Japanese Ambassador, The Swedish Minister, The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Lord Sumner, Lord Justice Bankes, Lord Muir Mackenzie, Mr. Justice Sankey, Mr. Justice Sargant, Mr. Justice McCardie, The Rt. Hon. Sir A. Griffith Boscawen, The Solicitor-General, Lord Phillimore, Adm. Sir R. Phillimore, Mr. G. G. Phillimore, Mr. C. A. Phillimore, Mr. H. A. G. Phillimore, Mr. H. F. Manisty, K.C., Prof. C. C. J. Webb, The Mayor of Westminster, Sir Henry Craik, Canon de Candole, Canon Storr, Sir Wm. Beveridge, Sir S. Chapman, Sir John Stavridi, Mr. J. Sargeaunt, and many others.

#### THE THIRD NIGHT.

The Third Night, December 21, was easily the most successful of the three. The Play was very well received, and the Epilogue applauded from beginning to end. At the close of the performance Mr. Raynor received a magnificent and well-merited ovation for his services to the Play. The Chair was taken by The Rev. R. B. Dickson, and the audience included The Dean of Christ Church, Viscount Bryce, The President of the Board of Trade, Bishop Gore, Gen. Sir R. Egerton, Gen. Sir N. Smyth, V.C., Gen. Sir R. Hoskins, Mr. Justice Peterson, Judge Sir A. Tobin, Professor J. P. Postgate, The Archdeacon of Middlesex, Sir C. F. Brickdale, Sir C. Bright,

Capt. J. Thorpe, M.P., The Master of Dulwich College, Mr. Cyril Bailey, The Rev. C. Mayne, Mr. Lionel James, Mr. M. L. Gwyer, Mr. F. Barrington-Ward, K.C., and many others.

#### Play Notes.

THE Prologue was the work of the Head Master. It expressed our grief at the departure of the Rev. A. G. S. Raynor after thirty-five years' service as director of the Play, and briefly touched on the acquisition of a boat-house at Putney; the rebuilding of Grants and the unveiling of the War Memorial by the Duke of Connaught. Finally it lamented the death of several distinguished O.W.W. and of Mr. Kneen, the late Art Master.

The Prologue was remarkable for its extreme lucidity, and for the grace with which it treated both its cheerful and its sadder themes.

Notices of the Play were published by *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, and *The Westminster Gazette*.

*The Times*, as usual, printed the Prologue and Epilogue.

Sir Charles Fortescue Brickdale, who was a Q.S. from 1871-1875, and whose talents as an actor are still remembered by an older generation, has done us signal service by renovating parts of the Play Scenery with great artistic skill. His kindness was commemorated by a few lines added to the Epilogue. As these were too late for publication, we reproduce them here.

THR. Sed feror, ecce, novam  
In scenam. Qualis nitor est! renovata  
videntur  
Omnia: parietibus iam foribusque color.  
Est suus: agnosco certe vestigia gnari  
Artificis.

Sir Charles was ably assisted by M. C. Petitpierre and E. C. Lester, to whom our thanks are also due.

The Epilogue was written by D. M. Low, Esq. It was very warmly received and thoroughly deserved its success. Its fun was inexhaustible, and the idea of introducing three characters from 'The Beggar's Opera' a brilliant one. The Author is to be heartily congratulated on performing his task so successfully.

The School Orchestra performed on all three nights.

## FAMULUS, 1921.

LACHES . . . . .	H. W. Dulley.
PHAEDRIA . . . . .	G. C. Curtis.
PARMENO . . . . .	J. G. Tiarks.
THAIS . . . . .	A. G. N. Cross.
GNATHO . . . . .	C. H. Taylor.
CHAEREA . . . . .	R. A. Wilson.
THRASO . . . . .	G. D. Popplewell.
PYTHIAS . . . . .	H. E. Wood.
CHREMES . . . . .	M. de Selincourt.
DORUS . . . . .	A. H. W. J. Cocks.
SANGA . . . . .	J. H. Blair.
SOPHRONA . . . . .	H. D. Berman.

*Personae mutae :*

PAMPHILA . . . . .	A. T. Lloyd-Jones.	SYRISCUS . . . . .	J. A. Peck.
SIMALIO . . . . .	D. B. Murphy.	ANCILLULA . . . . .	S. Chapman.
DONAX . . . . .	E. B. H. Baker.	DORIAS . . . . .	T. V. Ruddock.

## PROLOGUS IN FAMULUM.

SALVERE iussos ex animo vos, hospites,  
 Qui nostrae adestis benevoli scenae, velim  
 Nunciam in medias res continuo raptarier  
 (Nam post aulaea Phaedria expectans latet)  
 Ne nimia nostri garrulitas proemii  
 Fatiget aures linguave haesitet metu.  
 Sed est quod unum nec tacere possim ego  
 Nec voce digna, quanto est pondere, proloqui.  
 Nam Turpio,<sup>1</sup> eheu, noster abscedit domo,  
 Abscedit orbatumque deserit gregem :  
 Quem iam laborum septimo quinquenni  
 Virtute summa, summa perfunctum fide  
 Amicum amici, discipulique antistitem  
 Hodie valere, si sineret maeror, iubent.  
 Quali ingenio vir, qua sit elegantia,  
 Quantas Camenae illi adnuerint faecias,  
 Quanto et lepore haec, quae nos facimus, carmina,  
 Corrector actor auctor idem, in omnia  
 Partes suas infuderit Attici salis,  
 Quis nescit ? At nunc exuenti antiquum onus  
 Laudes agamus. Floreat, et cum coniuge  
 Laetis fruatur annis, ac longum in novo  
 Negotio versetur otiosior !

Verum progressus hactenus incerto pede  
 Pauca addere ausim, si venia vestra licet.  
 Aquam<sup>2</sup> canamus ! Optima nempe est rerum  
 aqua !

Testor poetas, testor e prosapia  
 Nostra senes qui fluminis quondam aequora  
 Pueri solebant verrere intenta manu.  
 Et nos studemus gloriam aemularier  
 Iuvenes avitam remigioque incumbere  
 Nuper relato. Sed scaphis paranda erit—  
 Immo parata est (gratias Fortunae ago)—  
 Statio tutissima, unaqueque lintrium

<sup>1</sup> Rev. A. G. S. Raynor, Master of the King's Scholars and director of the Latin Play for over thirty-five years, is retiring to a country vicarage after Christmas.

<sup>2</sup> 'Water' having been revived a few years ago, a Boat-house has now been purchased at Putney, supplying a much-felt want.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. William Kneen Art Master at the School for thirty-seven years, died during the present term.

Ne plena rimarum hac et illac perfluat,  
 Inhospitaque remiges in margine  
 Nudi relictis frigore horreant. Sed ah !  
 Redemptio huius milibus sestertium  
 Multis stetit. Mendicus ergo si stipem  
 Pro causa, alumni, tam pia quaesivero,  
 Inopes querellas numquis aspernabitur ?  
 En aliud munus dura quod necessitas,  
 Quod durior quidem usus exercentium  
 Campestres ludos intulit ! Nam vidimus  
 Pueros, magistros, plures ex nostratibus,  
 Quos fidus evocarat ad laborem amor,  
 Pubem dolabra et pala, vehiculis senes  
 Sudare fodere scindere—Heracleum opus—  
 Glaeba ut solum virescat effetum nova.  
 Novatur etiam—quaeque debita est diu  
 Iam solvitur res—Grantiae aliqua pars domus.  
 In tempus artis vivitur penatibus :  
 Mox commodiore vivent incolae loco.

Morem institutum denique ut decet, ut libet,  
 Servemus. Assignetur mortuis honos.  
 Quorum, quot immortale mēruerant decus  
 Bello perempti maximo omnium, omnibus  
 Suae perenne stat monumentum gloriae,  
 Inauguratum nuper Regio Duci.

Alios desideramus, inclutum gregem,  
 Quorum si laudes, nam fugit hora, omisero,  
 Nilo minus fovemus memoria pia.

Unus<sup>3</sup> tamen, magister dilectissimus,  
 Non est silendus, lustra qui cum plurima  
 Apellis artes hac docuisset in schola  
 Studioque miro impleset omnem animum suo,  
 Paucis abhinc diebus abreptus iacet.

Dixi ; nisi oro ut insulis Britannicis  
 Cunctisque mittat gentibus pacem Deus.

## EPILOGUS IN FAMULUM.

## PERSONAE.

PARMENO . . . . .	<i>A railway-porter</i>	J. G. TIARKS.
THRASO . . . . .	<i>An operative highwayman</i>	G. D. POPPLEWELL.
THAIS } . . . . .	<i>Rivals for his affections</i>	{ A. G. N. CROSS.
PYTHIAS } . . . . .		{ H. E. WOOD.
CHREMES . . . . .	<i>A sportsman</i>	M. DE SELINCOURT.
DORIAS . . . . .	<i>A barmaid</i>	T. V. RUDDOCK.
GNATHO . . . . .	<i>A foreign chef</i>	C. H. TAYLOR.
DORUS } . . . . .	<i>Filmy stars</i>	{ A. H. W. J. COCKS.
PAMPHILA } . . . . .		{ A. T. LLOYD-JONES.
DONAX . . . . .	<i>A constable</i>	E. B. H. BAKER.
LACHES . . . . .	<i>A supreme councillor</i>	H. W. M. DULLEY.
PHAEDRIA . . . . .	<i>An armament-reducer</i>	G. C. S. CURTIS.
CHAEREA } . . . . .	<i>Victorious athletes from abroad</i>	{ R. A. WILSON.
SIMALIO } . . . . .		{ D. B. MURPHY.
SYRISCUS } . . . . .		{ J. A. PECK.
SANGA . . . . .	<i>A book-maker</i>	J. H. BLAIR.
ANCILLULA . . . . .	<i>A girl-guide</i>	R. W. P. GORMAN.
SOPHRONA . . . . .	<i>Her mother</i>	H. D. BERMAN.

SCENE:—*A platform at Clapham-in-jail Junction. On either side, a lock-up, one for men, one for women: at the back a buffet, waiting-rooms, etc. PARMENO is chatting with DORIAS: to them enter THRASO.*

THR. Gavisus lyrico paullisper abesse theatro,  
Adsum securus. Ludibrio esse piget:  
Excludunt: revocant: redeam? non:  
mille pati me  
Dura iuvat potius. Terra Caledonia  
Me vocat, ut iam pace fruar lateamque  
parumper.  
(*sees PARMENO*) Heus, gerule, in Scotos quando  
erit ire mihi?  
PAR. (*gloomily*) Numquam.

THR. Sed quid fit?  
PAR. Statur: non curritur usquam:  
Deest carbo: ut mos est, otia fossor  
agit.

[THAIS *trips on, closely followed by* PYTHIAS.]

THR. Ei mihi! quae sequitur me femina? nostra  
quidemst, pol!  
Et quae se in media haec altera luce  
locat?

PY. (*wildly*) Huius amore an alo volnus?

THA. (*tragically*) Quid agit meus heros,  
Non hoc pollicitus turpe suae?

THR. Perii.

PY. Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, invictaque  
furto  
Dextera!

THR. Quid faciam?

THA. (*in tears*) Luce carere velim.

THR. The Hammersmith stage is no longer my  
cage; I am sick of the past with its  
outs and its ins;  
No hardship I fear if I can but get clear;  
I am off to the land of the lochs and  
the whins.  
For a bit I retire from the heat of the fire.  
Here, porter, the Scottish express.

PAR. No such luck.

'Tain't running.

THR. What's up?

PAR. All's come to a stop. It's the way of the  
day and the miners have struck.

THR. Strike me pink! Who is here? What,  
Polly, my dear? and Lucy beside her?

PY. Oh, woe in my heart.

THA. My hero, you've broken the word that was  
spoken.

THR. I'm done for, I might as well be in the  
cart.

PY. Oh, the valour of old, the devotion untold,  
oh, the hand that in filching was still  
to the fore.

THR. For me not a light.

THA. That Lucy's my blight.

THR. (*producing papers*) Fit census populi : mihi  
multa rogare necessesit.

Quot tibi sint anni dicere forte velis.

THA. (*indignantly*) Forte ? ego non dico.

THR. Varium et mutabile semper  
Femineast aetas, sicubi censor adest.  
(*humming*) Utramvis teneam laetus, cara altera  
desit.

PY. Cantat olor.

THR. (*to THAIS*) Carmen tune probas ?

THA. Minime.

THR. Quid tum ? nusquam iter est : res municipi-  
palis agendast.

Conciliumne iuvat vos populare ?

THA. PY. (*with fervour*) Places.

[*As all three retire, CHREMES advances towards  
the buffet.*]

CHR. Te veniente die, te decedente bibemus.

DORIAS. Quid vis ?

CHR. Te cupio : nil mihi te potius :  
O quam non taetra facie formosa videris !

[*DORIAS produces tea-things.*]

DORIAS. Potandumst vili, si quis omisit opes.

CHR. Ast oblitus eram : mihi grandis epistola  
venit.

[*He takes a letter from his pocket and opens it.*]

(*Stammering with excitement*) Eugae-gae ! gran-  
dest aes mihi : vicit equus,

Cui favor it noster : felix, o nunc ego bac-  
cher !

DORIAS. Vis cenam ?

CHR. (*pointing to bottle*) Cyathos sex, age, funde-  
meri :

Deinde sodalicios mihi parciore adde liquores.

Dulcius haud quicquam hoc, o mea vita,  
bibit. (*Exit.*)

PAR. Omne tulit damnum qui coctile miscuit,  
aiunt.

[*Enter GNATHO with a frying-pan.*]

Ullo tu coquus es nomine ?

GNA. Gallia me

In primis habuit : sit opus nam lautior esca,  
(*displaying chop*) Quid melius, quaeso, hoc ars  
parere ulla potest ?

Sed me maior penna per aethera sustulit  
altum,

Meque per ora virum picta tabella rapit.

Iam redeo in patriam : mihi sed prius iste  
supremus

Consultor sua volt credere consilia.

THR. It's the year of the census with questions  
galore.

What's your age ? Forty-two ?

THA. Pray, what's that to you ?

THR. L'age souvent varie on the censoring day.  
How happy could I be with either, with  
either, were 'tother, dear charmer,  
dear charmer away.

PY. The swan and his note.

THR. And on it you dote ?

THA. Not a bit of it I.

THR. Not a train, not a 'bus.

Never mind, try the furrow of work in the  
borough with places in Poplar.

THA. PY. Good places for us.

CHR. In tea I believe both at morn and at eve.

DORIAS. Your pleasure ?

CHR. A tea-cup, the crown of the day.  
And you, too, my belle ; my, don't you  
look well ! Just gaze at your face in  
the glaze of the tray.

DORIAS. On the cheap you must drink if you  
haven't the chink.

CHR. I forgot, here's a letter from Epsom for me.  
I am rich, that's a fact, through the horse  
that I back'd. Hurrah and huzza for  
the gallant gee-gee.

Now, Mary, look frisky ; a good double  
whiskey with soda.

That's fine now, so, Mary, bye-bye.

DORIAS. With a cocktail they say there's the  
devil to pay. Are you the great chef  
at the grill and the fry ?

GNA. Great chef, Pare ? Oui, oui ; the most best  
de Paris, and now en retour from your  
kind Angleterre.

But ze portrait's ze sing vis ze uproaring  
ving and your painter has lifted me  
high in ze air.

But first ze great man who is moulding  
ze plan of ze world to be new would here  
say me ze word.

[Enter DORUS with PAMPHILA.]

PAR. O qualis facies, et quali digna tabella!  
Os sibi distorsit, mirificeque fluit  
Pes vagus e bracis.

DORUS. Num quid vis?  
GNA. Anne novellum  
Filium aliquod tractas?

DORUS. Id quidem agens abeo.  
Pamphila me sequitur: sic transit gloria  
mundi,  
Humani generis deliciae, maria. [Exeunt.  
GNA. Mobilitate viget famamque acquirit eundo.  
Feturas pariet mox vafer ille novas.

PAR. Illi fortunaest facies.  
[Re-enter THRASO, THAIS and PYTHIAS with  
DONAX.]

THR. Succurrite, amici.  
DON. Os premito.  
PY. Immeritos vincula saeva manent.

PAR. Quidnam fecistis?  
THA. Nos, heu, ratus omnia posse  
Exigere, haec praeter turpia dicta dedit:  
'O cives, cives, quaerenda pecunia prim-  
umst:  
Virtus post nummos: exigit ergo rata  
Pro parte aes.'

PY. Nos, ut fortes decet, omnia ferre  
Malumus.

DON. Huc, vir, ini: femineum genus, huc.  
[DONAX guides them to their respective quarters,  
and LACHES, entering with PHAEDRIA,  
addresses GNATHO.]

LA. (unfolding a map) Hoc opus, hic labor est:  
cartam sic findere oportet  
Ut placeat. Rides?

GNA. Finibus ista novis  
Cur zonast?

LA. Feci, sed quare dicere nolo.

GNA. Quidve siles ea quae—  
LA. Nescio: tu reseca.

GNA. (using knife) Aut hac, aut illac—nil refert:  
dirige cultrum.

LA. (admiringly) O, quam difficilis res abit in  
facilem!

GNA. Quid porro virtus et quid patientia possit,  
Exemplar nobis utile proposuit  
(picking up and bisecting a worm)

Vermis, quem media disiungere parte po-  
testis,

Et gaudet, simplex qui fuit, esse duo:  
Utere sic populis.

PAR. Oh my, if here ain't just the face one should  
paint. His nose how he's twisted, his  
lips how he's blurr'd.  
His toes are all bare and his breeches  
half air.

DORUS. What tsher want?  
PAR. A new film is it?

DORUS. That's what's in hand,  
And *Mary will pick* for delight and for  
chic her way,

Sir, with me, sir, o'er sea and o'er land.  
GNA. How the moovies have paid him and fame  
they have made him, and soon we shall  
see him a millionaire.

PAR. 'My face is my fortune, Sir,' she said. I  
can't help the words, so the rhyme you  
must spare.

THR. My friend, give me help, give me aid.  
DON. Stop the yelp.

PY. We're innocent, yet to the jail we are  
haul'd.

PAR. And what's your offence?  
THA. The judge on the bench declar'd we could  
pay and he bellow'd and bawl'd,  
'You must first get the chink and may  
afterwards think about charity's call,  
about equity's claim.'

PY. We'd liever, be sure, any hardship endure.  
Any person of spirit would just do  
the same.

DON. The women this side, the men must there  
bide. So in with you all till you've  
finish'd your game.

LA. Now what we've to do, a hard job, it is  
true, is to cut up the map so that all  
may agree.  
You laugh?

GNA. But the zone, what is that for?

LA. I own I made it, but why you can't get  
out of me.

GNA. And why pas un mot about—  
LA. Hang'd if I know. You cut it.  
CNA. I'll cut it, it matters not how.

LA. Thus what was so hard now slides by the  
card.

GNA. Your pattern for courage and patience  
I'll show

In the worm cut in half, for the creature  
will laugh to find itself two when just  
now it was one.

No blame and no shame to treat nations the  
same.

PHÆ. (*horrified*) Cultros mihi tollite : visos  
Non tolero.

GNA. (*in surprise*) Hem, quid ais ?

PHÆ. Sunt odio arma mihi,  
Sanguineus culter, navis formidinis expers,  
Quaeque ratis carpit sub mare mersa  
viam :

Hoc genus omne odi, et propero ut gens  
exuat omnis

Talia, fraterno iuncta sodalicio.

LA. Optima res agitur.

GNA. Sed nondum paenitet hostem  
Culpa; armamentis his opus est—et erit.

PHÆ. Angor agit mentem, rupto male foedere :  
nondum,

Heu, nondum redeunt aurea saecula viris.

[PYTHIAS escapes from her prison.]

PY. Effugio. Ut taedet claudi cum Thaide in  
arto

Robore ! pol, nimio densius illud erat.

THR. (*from prison*) Quid nos non patimur, qui  
nunc interque Charybdim

(*displaying a basin*) Scyllaeque horrores excruciamur ?

PY. (*with sympathy*) Habes  
Hoc ius immerito foedum : sine iure teneris,

Nondum damnatus.

THR. (*ruefully*) Plurima damna tamen.

THA. (*from prison*) Quae turba haec ? Nobis bene  
fit, namque omnia habemus

Quae volumus.

PY. (*indignantly*) Pro di ! lex ut iniqua locat  
Carcere inaequalem sortem vobisque virisque !

THR. (*appealing*) Tu, coque, me serves.

GNA. At venio, o bone vir. (*Exit.*)

[Enter CHAEREA, SIMALIO and SYRISCUS with  
CHREMES. They watch the scene with amazement.]

LA. At qui nunc adsunt homines ?

THA. Quin eripitis me ?

PY. Exaudire, viri, non decet hanc.

THA. Scelus es :

Hoc erat in votis ?

PY. Male sanae adhibere necessessest  
Vincula.

THA. Nonne pudet fingere talia ?

PY. Ego

Rem matri prodam.

THA. Mendax es.

PY. Tu quoque mendax.

(to THR.) Ecquid amas tu me ?

PHÆ. Ugh, I loathe every knife that is under the  
sun.

GNA. What ?

PHÆ. I hate all your arms and your battle  
alarms, your Dreadnought, your tank,  
and your submarine.

When the League is in play we shall cast  
them away, and never again shall have  
wigs on the green.

LA. I entirely agree.

GNA. But the banks of the Spree are still for  
kultur by the cult of the gun.

PHÆ. It grieves me to view them break treaties  
anew ; no age yet of gold is in sight  
of the sun.

PY. I am out. 'Twasn't jolly thus shut up with  
Polly. That quadding me there was a  
little too thick.

THR. Charybdis and skilly I bear willy-nilly, and  
torture like this makes me perfectly  
sick.

PY. Prison fare you must bear, though it's very  
unfair, and a habeas corpus you rightly  
may claim.

THR. My corpse has no joys.

THA. Man, why all this noise ? I have  
all that I ask for, and Lucy the same.

PY. It's unfair you should bear so much larger  
a share of all the discomforts that  
come in jail.

THR. Cook, save me.

GNA. Oui, oui ; I will soon let you free.

LA. Why, who are this company hearty and  
hale ?

THA. Let us out, sirs.

PY. Don't hear her, don't go any nearer.

THA. You wretch, was it this that you hoped  
then to try ?

PY. For you far the best coat would be a strait  
waistcoat.

THA. What a shame to invent so malicious a lie.

PY. I'll just tell my mother.

THA. You liar.

PY. You other. (to THRASO) D' you love  
me ?



CHÆ. Discupio hae quid agant  
Scire, nisi hora adsit iamiam petere ultima  
terrae.

PAR. Festina lente : non facietis iter.  
Quid tu fers tecum ?

CHÆ. (*displaying the Ashes*) Virtutis praemia,  
sacros  
Hos cineres porto : nosque lares petimus  
Quisque suos laeti, cum iam certamine in  
omni,

Angle miser, iaceas. (*Exit.*)

SIM. (*emphatically*) Victus utroque polo. (*Exit.*)

CHR. (*to SYRISCUS*) Praemia nempe tenes nunc,  
sed mox illa resurget  
Nostrorum virtus.

SYR. (*oracularly*) Forsan : erit quod erit. (*Exit.*)

[SANGA rushes in excitedly.]

SAN. Vidistisne Chremem ? quem sese abscondere  
velle

Audivi, et secum aes huc rapuisse meum.

CHR. (*advancing*) Anne meum esse tuum simulas,  
scelus ?

SAN. Omnia oportet

Reddere te.

CHR. Garris.

SAN. Me dare verba putas ?

Omnia—

CHR. Vicit equus.

SAN. Nil est : nam reddere iussit

Praetor.

CHR. Cras mittam.

SAN. Redde hodie.

CHR. Nequeo.

SAN. In ius pone sequens ibis.

PHÆ. Lascivia legum

Quam mirast ! manus haec dona dat,  
illa rapit.

[*Re-enter THRASO with GNATHO from prison.*]

THR. Eximus missi.

PY. Lepidum caput ! i pede fausto.

THR. (*knocking at THAIS' door*) Tu quoque libera  
eras.

PY. (*nastily*) Qua manet, haec maneat.  
O mi vir.

THR. (*glumly*) Mea lux.

PY. Solvisti ?

THR. Non.

PY. Mihi quid fit ?

THR. Qui non solvebant solvere nos placuit.

[*THAIS gets stuck fast in her doorway.*]

THA. Ne tangas nostrum—

PY. Quid nostrum ?

THA. Hic haesimus.

PY. Attat !

CHÆ. I wonder what all is about,  
But now I can't stop as I'm off in a hop to  
Botany Bay now the season is out.

PAR. No hurry, no train ; but kindly explain  
what you've got in that jar there.

CHÆ. The prize, man, the prize.  
The ashes return in this conquering urn,  
for your England is beaten.

SIM. Ay, under both skies.

CHR. For the year they are yours, but anon will  
be ours.

SYR. That, sir, is as may be. What will be,  
sir, will.

SAN. Seen Chremes ? They say he is hiding  
away and means to deprive me of  
money and bill.

CHR. Deprive ? I opine that the money is mine.

SAN. You must pay up in full.

CHR. It's all rubbish you say.

SAN. Do you think I'm a cheat ?

CHR. My horse wasn't beat.

SAN. I don't care a hang, the court says ye  
must pay.

CHR. To-morrow.

SAN. No, now.

CHR. But I can't anyhow.

SAN. Then to quad.

PHÆ. What the law gives the law takes away.

THR. I am out, I am free.

PY. Dear hero, what glee.

THR. Now, Lucy, I loose 'ee.

PY. No, see she remains.  
My dear.

THA. My delight.

PY. You've paid.

THR. Not a dight.

PY. And me ?

THR. When a bond's not a bond this explains.

THA. Just leave him alone, he is bone of my bone.

PY. Your bone ?

THA. I am caught in the door.

PY. Mercy me.

THA. *Ampla patens vestis non sinit ire foras.*  
 PY. *Macra cavum repetes artum quem macra subisti.*  
 THA. *Veste, inquam, teneor.*  
 PY. *Fit mora mole adipis.*  
 THA. *Quam laeta evado!*  
 PY. *Sed visu foeda.*  
 THA. *Nitebo*  
*Rursus, ter iacto pulvere in ora. (to THRASO) Comas*  
*Come, comes comis, sodes.*  
 THR. (*shocked*) *Non convenit.*  
 [*Enter SOPHRONA with ANCILLULA.*]  
 GNA. *At quae*  
*Haec anus, et virgo quae comitatur anum?*  
 SO. *Virgo dux facti.*  
 GNA. (*mystified*) *Dux facti virgo? quid ergo?*  
 SO. *Ergo dux facti virgo erit.*  
 GNA. *O, sileas.*  
 SO. *Nota ratis, sic fama refert, Antarctica visit,*  
*Et secum portat nobile par, pueros*  
*Exploratores; quorum unus fertur iniquos*  
*Oceani fluctus non potuisse pati:*  
*Questa meos casus, viso num forte magister*  
*Navis in aegroti supposuisse locum*  
*Hand nostram velit: est robusta alacrisque puella.*  
 ANC. *Au!*  
 GNA. (*suddenly*) *Mente mihi maius nascitur et melius*  
*Consilium, quo terrae huius mala cuncta licebit*  
*Effugere.*  
 THR. *A, narras somnia.*  
 THA. *Perge loqui.*  
 GNA. *Census—*  
 THA. *Non census!*  
 GNA. *Qui vectigalia saeva*  
*Non tolerare potest, quique laboris eget,*  
*Me videat. Navem nos conducamus et ipsi:*  
*Exploratores possumus ire procul.*  
 SAN. (*with alarm*) *Non exploratum, sed quo celebratur, eundumst.*  
 GNA. *Confiteor; nomen sed speciosum opus est.*  
*Tres annos aberunt nostri: quis me comitatur?*  
 ANC. *Quis non?*

THA. *My crinoline sticks.*  
 PY. *In a regular fix. You must lighten your ribs if you mean to be free.*  
 THA. *It's the dress, Miss, not I.*  
 PY. *It's the fat on your thigh.*  
 THA. *I'm glad to be out.*  
 PY. *What a sight, though, to see.*  
 THA. *For a moment I'm rough, but a touch of the puff will set me all right; you comb me, my dear.*  
 THR. *Me comb you? No, no; that's not comme il faut.*  
 GNA. *But see, an old dame and a damsel appear.*  
 SO. *She's a Dido the second.*  
 GNA. *From that what is reckon'd?*  
 SO. *That Dido the second's like Dido the first.*  
 GNA. *No jesting.*  
 SO. *Oh, no: there's a vessel, or so by rumour is said, that is eager to burst*  
*Into waters that roll by the cold southern pole, and a couple of scouts have been listed aboard;*  
*But one is so sea-sick the strongest of physic relief to his sufferings cannot afford;*  
*And to me 'twere a grace if the ship in his place my girl here would take; keen and active is she,*  
*And has learnt to be pat in the language of Latin.*  
 GNA. *Well, speak it.*  
 GIRL. *O, noli relinquere me.*  
 GNA. *Ah, a notion I've got that just touches the spot, and good-bye to the troubles that worry us here.*  
 THR. *Rot!*  
 THA. *What?*  
 GNA. *Why the tax—*  
 THA. *Confound it!*  
 GNA. *If backs cannot bear it and jobs for us nowhere appear,*  
*Let us charter a ship, give collectors the slip, and as scouts to the end of the world let us steer.*  
 SAN. *Scouts? No, but to go, that's the trick for Jim Crow.*  
 GNA. *Yes, yes, but exploring's a plausible way. Three years on the sea: who goes it with me?*  
 GIRL. *Quis nolit?*

THR. (*looks intently at THAIS and PYTHIAS*)  
Quis manet hic ?

THA. Non ego.

PY. Non ego.

THR. (*alarmed*) Ehem !  
Quid mihi nunc fiet ? num ambabus tradar  
in una  
Nave catis infans ?

PY. Mitte timere : procus  
Me petit hic dives (*indicating CHREMES*)

CHR. Concede hanc.

THR. (*with intense relief*) Nempe erit harum  
Huic numquam nimium : do tibi ; dique  
iuvent !

(*dancing*) Nonne choros voltis ? iacito sua crura  
sub astra  
Quisque : etenim minuet gaudia nostra  
nihil.

LA. Iam satis. At qui nunc clangor mihi per-  
sonat aurem ?  
[*A bell rings loudly, and PARMENO rushes in with  
a lump of coal.*]

PAR. Suppetit, en, carbo : munera fossor agit.

GNA. (*examining the coal*) Vis rara in terris,  
nigroque simillima saxo.

PAR. (*waving them all off*) Iam tandem vobis  
omnibus ire licet. (*Exeunt omnes.*)

LA. (*coming forward*) Finis adest ludo : finis sola  
illa decebit  
Quam pietas suadet notaque forma pro-  
bat.  
Tristis adhuc caelo facies, totumque per  
orbem  
Vis rabida motus bellaque voce ciet.  
Ludimus interea puerorum iure quotannis,  
Omnia et insonti tangere dente libet :  
Plurima ridemus ; sed enim dolor altius  
haeret  
Verus, et omne nefas ira perosa tumet.  
Namque, ut maiores, sapienti a matre  
fovemur,  
Quid virtus, docti, quid queat alba fides.  
Quo magis hac solita laetantes voce pre-  
camur,  
' Floreat, o semper floreat alma domus !'

THR. Who stops here ?

THA. Not I.

PY. And not I.

THR. In these things I'm a child, and betrick'd  
and beguiled I should be with both  
Polly and Lucy aboard.

PY. A young Croesus I've got who will share me  
his lot.

CHR. Yes, give me up Lucy the truly adored.

THR. With some there's no medium, never comes  
taedium. Take her, and blessings the  
bargain attend.  
So now for a dance and a high-stepping  
prance, and in glad minuets let the  
elbows ascend.

LA. Now enough. What, a bell ?

PAR. (*entering*) All's well now, all's well. The  
miner's at work, there is coal in the  
land.

GNA. A great curiosity made for velocity.

PAR. Now on the platform no more you need  
stand.

LA. Now, the sport o'er, our thoughts are bent  
To piety and precedent.  
Dark still the sky, and through the world  
The battle-flag is still unfurl'd.  
In sport we use our boyhood's right,  
No trace of malice in the bite ;  
And yet a pang assails the heart  
And righteous anger plays its part,  
Bred as we are to heed from youth,  
The voice of honour and of truth.  
So through our walls with fervour roll  
The ' Floreat ' of the faithful soul !

## FLOREAT.

## SOME PLAY TRADITIONS.

THE interesting article on the Play which appeared in *The Times* after the First Night calls for one or two comments. The First Night has long been called the Ladies' Night; but can any O.W. tell us when ladies were first admitted to see the Play? It must have been after 1773, for in that year Mrs. Strange had to put on man's clothes in order to see her son, Thomas Andrew Strange (afterwards Chief Justice of Madras), take the part of Demea in 'Adelphi.' The presence of ladies seems to have been tolerated originally when the First Night was regarded more as a dress rehearsal than a regular performance of the Play; and after the ice had thus been broken, their claim to come in their present very limited numbers on the Second and Third Nights was established. First Night ladies never saw the Epilogue till 1881, and they had to wait till the end of the last century before they were allowed to hear the Prologue. But the Epilogue of 1881 celebrated the triumphant acquisition of Ashburnham House; and the Prologue of 1898 was devoted to the memory of Dean Liddell, though he had not assisted the School in the matter of that acquisition. Formerly ladies were not allowed in the O.W. pit on the First Night; they only occupied the young O.W. pit in addition to their own pit. Their admission to the O.W. pit in 1879 deprived the senior Town Boys of their privilege of sitting on that night in the first row of seats; a survival of the custom (probably as old as Friend's head-mastership) by which the front rows were reserved for Town Boys of noble birth. The same year furnishes the only known instance of a lady obtaining admission to the Play by means of a forged ticket; it should be explained that she was an innocent party to the fraud. Just before the Second Night the then master of Rigaud's (the Reverend B. F. James, commonly called Jimmy) applied for a ticket on behalf of an American lady who was most anxious to see the Play. He was told (as the fact was) that all ladies' tickets had been disposed of for some time. Jimmy persisted; the lady was on the eve of her return to her own country, and possibly would never have another chance of seeing the Play. Jimmy, as a rule, was not fond of Queen's Scholars; but on this occasion the Q.S. who was in charge of the ticket arrangements was impressed by Jimmy's persistence. He remembered an attack on Jimmy in the ELIZABETHAN (about which the Head Master had made a few pungent remarks), and also that the poor man had recently lost his wife; here was a chance of making amends and administering

consolation. All the apparatus for the issue of tickets was at hand; if a superfluous lady turned up on the Second Night, the pit-keepers and the ladies' men could be trusted to deal with the situation; and the real culprit having a part in the Play would (as he well knew) be out of the way on the other side of the curtain. An extra ticket was forged and presented to Jimmy, who asked no questions; the forger kept his own counsel; and the Second Night passed off without any disturbance in the Ladies' pit. Possibly some holder of a genuine ticket did not come. But not long afterwards there came from the other side of the Atlantic a glowing account of that Second Night in an article in *Scribner's Monthly* (now *Scribner's Magazine*), the reference to which still appears in the School bibliography published in the *Public Schools Year Book*. There was at least one person in this country who thought that he knew how that article came to be written.

That even Play traditions are not immutable is shown by the statement in *The Times* that the Second Night is Dean's Night, and the Third the Old Westminsters' Night. It has certainly been the custom of late years for the Dean to take the chair on the Second Night; but he used to preside quite as often on the Third. And both in 1882 and 1883 THE ELIZABETHAN calls the Second Night the O.W. Night. The truth seems to be that as the invitations are issued for both nights, both of them (to quote *The Times*) are 'representative of public life' and at the same time have their 'own domestic character.' The present practice of putting the senior O.W. present in the chair on the Third Night certainly does not date from time immemorial. And it should be remembered that the Chairman has duties to perform besides that of calling for the Cap. It is his business to direct the applause, and not to leave that important matter entirely in the hands of the God-keepers; and the reason why the young O.W.W. have their pit next the stage is that they are supposed to watch the Chairman and follow his lead. The elder generation will remember what an admirable Chairman the late Sir Robert Phillimore always was; and no captain of that time will readily forget the hand-shake and the word of congratulation which he received from Sir Robert across the footlights at the end of the Epilogue. In those days the Courts still sat at Westminster, and the Common Law Judges were known by sight at any rate to most members of the School. But Lincoln's Inn was too far afield, and the Chancery Judges were strangers unless they came to the Play, as the great Jessel himself did in 1877. 'Why, he couldn't have understood a word of it,' said one of his successors in the Chancery Division,

when told of this fact at the Play the other day. When the lawyers left Westminster Hall, the Prologue said :—

' Noster haud posthac puer

Linguam audiendis acuet causis, civica  
Jura aut percipiet auribus : sed Judicium  
Amplissimum illum, ut ante, oramus ordinem  
Nostris frequens ut adsit in spectaculis,  
Solitoque actores adjuvet suffragio.'

And so there is seldom a Play Night without a Judge. At one time indeed the Third Night was known to a few as the Judges' Night ; but those were the days when the late Germain Lavie was a Chancery Registrar and always had a dinner-party on the Third Night at his house in Queen Anne's Gate, where judges and others used to meet on their way to the Play. (Does any O.W. still possess a copy of the account of a Play Night in College which Mr. Lavie wrote in the fifties and printed for private circulation? If so he certainly ought to present it to the Scott Library or have it reprinted.) More recently a little band of Old Westminsters used to meet and dine in the Strangers' room of a certain University Club before the Third Play ; the late Provost of Oriel generally presided at one of the tables, and 'Floreat' used to be drunk, a ceremony which caused respectful amazement among those present to whom the rite was a mystery. But the head-waiter knew all about it. 'Westminster Play-to-night, sir?' said he to an O.W. member when a remnant of the former company met after the War. 'This is quite like old times. What a pity that the Provost can't be here!'

Even *The Times* is fallible. For instance the Captain does not wear Court dress when he speaks the Prologue. His bands, knee-breeches, and shoe-buckles are relics of the time when all King's Scholars wore them. And what of 'Setting up Night'? Surely when 'Bunk' was Under-Master boys 'put up' (not 'set up') for parts in the Play. But at least one O.W. who himself had carried a rod to summon masters to a rehearsal had forgotten that pleasing custom until *The Times* reminded him of it. Perhaps in future *The Times* will admonish Old Westminsters (who ought to know better) that they should not bring guests into the O.W. pit ; or insist on accompanying ladies there on a First Night. Who is to observe traditions if they do not? And yet precedents are not adhered to slavishly even in College. Probably there has never been a greater breach of all Play traditions than the ovation given to Mr. Raynor after the Third Night of 1921. Certainly there has never been any such breach which was so unanimously applauded and approved.

## Correspondence.

THE 'FAMULUS,' 1921.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—The Play of 1921 will be remembered, not only for its own considerable merits, but as the last of Mr. Raynor's long and memorable series of productions. It is not perhaps my province to speak of Mr. Raynor's services to the Westminster stage. But I am to write of the Play, and, for any of the present generation of Westminsters, the Play and Mr. Raynor are inseparable. Just this much then must be said of both. The admirable performance of the 'Famulus' that has just been given after a lapse of nine years made one marvel again and rejoice that the precious and intricate tradition of the Play should have survived in all its integrity the longest hiatus in its long history. That tradition owed much before the war to the late Master of the K.S.S. It now owes him its very existence. During six years, while a whole generation passed, Play-less, through College, he became sole trustee for the school's oldest and best possession. How devotedly and how triumphantly he discharged his trust every member of last month's audience was again enabled to judge. I need not express their views. They expressed them with enthusiasm at the time. Mr. Raynor saved the Play for us and we are not likely to forget it.

Reviewing last year's 'Famulus' as a whole, your critic finds himself making a natural comparison with the other performances of this Play that have been given since it recovered its place in the Westminster cycle. Over periods of nine and thirteen years such a comparison may not be made with anything approaching accuracy. Subject to that proviso I can state my general impression that this performance of the 'Famulus,' lively and pleasing as it was in many ways, did not present quite as keen a sense of character as its predecessors. The actors did not seem quite as fully steeped in their parts and identified with them. One or two members of the Cast, to whom the Play gives exceptional opportunities, seemed to lack the extra touch of confidence which gives colour and individuality to a *persona*. I suspect, that the claims of examiners 'in other places' had much to do with this. It is not easy to grow into a part with the cares of a scholarship examination to interrupt and distract the growth, and to limit the occasions of rehearsal, formal and informal.

None the less the Play, if it be ranked below the exceptionally good years, had virtues which raise

it high in the average of performances. *Neminem in hac scena nemo videre potest*, complained Epilogus some years ago. No one needs to be reminded how awkward are many of the exits and entrances in the Terentian play on our stage, and how foolish they can, with the least mishandling, make both the actors and the situation. They repay study and ingenuity. Nothing makes for smoothness and the successful maintenance of artificial situations more than success in this perplexing matter of the play's 'joints.' It is very much to the credit of the players that they manipulated these movements with the minimum of creaking from the machinery.

To Mr. DULLEY, then, as Captain—also as the dignified and intelligible speaker of a particularly graceful and simple Prologue—the warmest congratulations are due. In the Play itself Mr. DULLEY took Laches, one of the lesser parts, of which he gave a quiet and discreet rendering.

The main responsibilities of the plot rest upon the shoulders of Parmeno, of Thraso and Gnatho, of Thais and Pythias. All these parts are brimful of life and humour. Parmeno, for ever tangled in his own devices; Thraso the ample and humorous rogue; Gnatho a subtler type of villainy; Thais the charming, the resourceful, the courageous; Pythias the loyal, the mocking and saucy. Perhaps Mr. TARKS hardly made enough of Parmeno. He was too melancholy a figure, too bitter, and gave way to his difficulties too soon. I rather think the true Parmeno would have stayed the course longer. Mr. POPPLEWELL was certainly a fine figure of a Thraso. His appearance gave him much to live up to and he could have afforded a little more boldness and brassiness, a little more of the bully. Mr. POPPLEWELL must fix his own martial presence with the responsibility for that criticism. For the rest, it was a very amusing and successful presentment. Mr. TAYLOR, as Gnatho, made an excellent foil. His sly sallies never went astray. His duplicity was well and not extravagantly drawn. Thraso and Gnatho were a worthy combination.

It was not the fault of Mr. CROSS that his voice from time to time betrayed the illusion of *Thais vidua*. It is a handicap natural to the part. I can well understand that it hampered him in suggesting the full resource of his character, the managing of Chremes, the defying of Thraso, the disciplining of Pythias and the rebuking of Chaerea. The change of tone to quiet dignity was, for example lacking in his *Non te dignum, Chaerea, fecisti*. These are rather fine points, but worth making in the case of an actor who has shown that he can act. Pythias (Mr. WOOD) did her teasing pretty well and was sprightly as Terence made her. But

neither Terence nor Mr. Raynor succeeded in getting out of her the consuming and malicious laughter which the discomfited Parmeno deserved. I am bound to admit it. Parmeno was let off.

Next the young men, Chaerea and Phaedria (types that Terence employs so consistently and so ungratefully) and Chremes, a rarer specimen, the country bumpkin. It is customary, in the type of composition I am essaying, to offer condolences and perfunctory thanks to the young men in red and blue, and to wish them better luck next time. Mr. PECK (Chaerea) and Mr. CURTIS (Phaedria) have enabled me to do better by them, and I am grateful accordingly. The two 'young men' had some real spirit in them. They move and lived. Mr. PECK sacrificed something to speed. He tended to clip his words and now and then was hard to hear. Mr. DE SELINCOURT gave us a satisfactory Chremes, but could he not have emphasised his rude rusticity a little more strongly, especially in Act IV. Scene 5 (*vicit vinum quod bibi*)? The time-honoured cadence of 'bi-bi' was not echoed in this year's Play.

Sanga (Mr. BLAIR) worked his broader vein of comedy with success. Dorus (Mr. COCKS) showed the right mood of puzzled compliance before the violence of Phaedria. As Sophrona Mr. BERMAN accompanied a petulant *moveo* with the necessary degree of physical decrepitude. The *personae mutae* looked solemn, picturesque or comic as their parts demanded of them and served what will no doubt prove a fruitful apprenticeship.

With that, and with the heartiest of tributes to all the members of a hard-working cast, the task you lay upon me is ended. Yet you will perhaps allow or even expect one word about the Epilogue. It was an Epilogue rich in well-chosen and well-varied topics—it was a particularly apt stroke that transformed Thraso into Macheath—and displaying a degree of internal coherence which is very necessary in an epilogue, very difficult to get and not seldom missing altogether. It had, however, a marked weakness to which attention is here called not from any desire to pick holes grudgingly or ungratefully in the epilogue under review but, if possible, to catch the eye and ear of the as yet unknown author of the next epilogue. The present epilogue carried one point higher the tendency of the past decade of epilogues to rely on verbal humour, English puns in the Latin. These require an amount of ingenuity which, by taking the author off his rightful business of humorous fantasy and scholarly satire, weakens his work and distorts its authentic purpose. Moreover, unless the author—which the gods forbid—has the brain of an acrostic and anagram champion, it is bound to mean the almost annual

repetition of the less inspired jests such as 'sileas.' The laughter that greets it is not less traditional, but not more tolerable than the joke itself. But the joke has a violent, if silent reaction in other minds that wear only the mask of a smile. I suggest (*haud innocens ipse*) an annual maximum of six purely verbal quips, all of which must be new.

I must repeat that I offer the suggestion in no ungrateful temper. It is as much a belated recantation as a criticism. In all other respects the latest Epilogue tickled the ear. More than that, it pleased the eye.

Pray, Sir, forgive my prolixity. Allow me to entrust you with my final charge—that of compliments to the School Orchestra—and to sign myself,

Your obedient servant,

EO IMMITIOR.

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NOTICE.

Photographs of the Cast and Epilogue may be obtained from Mr. A. F. Brown, 185, South Lambeth Road, S.W. 8, the producer of a series of photographs of the school. All particulars from Mr. Brown, not on application to the Captain.

**Floreat.**