



The Elizabethan

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THE 'ANDRIA,' 1927.

As we feel sure that the plot of the 'Andria' is already well known to our readers, we have omitted to print it this year. We are printing as usual texts both of the Prologue and Epilogue, and fortunately have managed to secure translations of both. Mr. D. C. Simpson has translated the Epilogue, while the translator of the Prologue prefers to remain anonymous.

FIRST NIGHT, DECEMBER 17.

The Epilogue went very well for a first night, nearly all the more obvious puns being appreciated. The Play was very well received, and went quite well.

SECOND NIGHT, DECEMBER 19.

The Play went very much better and was very well received. The Epilogue went better also, but some of the puns were surprisingly missed. Owing

to the severe cold, the audience was rather smaller than is usual. Among those present were the Dean of Westminster (who took the Chair), General Sir Frederick Sykes, General Sir John Maxwell, Admiral Sir Richard Phillimore, the Bishop of Sheffield, the Bishop of Birmingham, the German Ambassador, the Greek Minister, Mr. Justice Salter, Sir Henry Hobhouse, Sir Henry Miers, Sir Ronald Waterhouse, Mr. Justice Bateson, Sir George Sutherland, Canon Woodward, Mr. Justice Wright and Mr. Owen O'Malley.

THIRD NIGHT, DECEMBER 21.

Both Play and Epilogue went very well, and the standard of acting throughout was good. The Rev. R. F. Bruce-Dickson took the Chair, and the audience included the Lord Justice P. Ogden Lawrence, Lord Peel, the Dean of St. Paul's, Judge Sir Alfred Tobin, Sir Edward Boyle, Sir George Craik, Sir Vincent Baddeley, Sir James Reith, Sir Arthur Knapp and the High Master of St. Paul's School.

PROLOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

Terentianam, amici, rursus fabulam
 Agemus hodie tritum insistentes iter.
 Plautum valere iussi usque in triennium
 Quamvis redux placuerit; nam suasum est mihi,
 Neque enim hoc insulse philosophatur Sosia,
 Adprime in arte esse utile, ut ne quid nimis.
 Quare oro ut notis nota benevolentia
 Adsitis rebus, neve Aristarchi stilo
 Notetis delicta imperitorum gregis.

Iam prologi est mos, sultis, interea loci
 Garrire in medium quicquid in buccam venit.
 Nos igitur scitote hostium infandos dolos
 Vix iam evasisse demum et incolumes larem
 Servasse nostrum ab impetu insidiantium.

Est quaedam specie bestiola exiguissima,
 Sed dira ingluvie monstrum immane ingens ferum.
 Xestobium tessellatum huic nomen inditum est,
 Ignobili ortae genere, patribus improbis.
 His solum alimentum, deliciarum unum caput,
 Suppeditant durae robore antiquo trabes.
 Huc illuc rostro pro terebra usae perforant,
 Rimanturque epulis tota dum penetralia
 Suae arcis tandem lignee comederint.
 Iamque harum ad arma concitos dux ordines
 Praemisit, edenter tignorum aesculeam dapem
 Quis nostri nempe exstructum est laquear atrii,
 Insigne forma, mirum religione opus.
 Exitur; depugnatur; immo haud multum abest
 Quin fractum id illabatur et pavidum obruant
 Ruinae populum, ni aliter visum esset deis.
 Ne multa, subvenitur; res suo tempore
 Refecta est; quin lucellum, luce aucti nova
 Conclavi in omni, ex damnis aliquod fecimus.¹

Quod restat—quidnam restat?—nos ea gens
 sumus

Ante omnes felix cui fallentis semita
 Vitae obtigerit, nisi unum est quod nolim tegi;
 Nam, Sparta Athenisque inter se luctantibus
 Victricibus pro palmis, de prosapia
 Nostra firmabant partes, alter alteras,
 Par² iuvenum quorum unus quidem in certamine
 Utriusque generis geminam accepit lauream.

Denique Vale Vale optimo est fandum seni:³
 Nos, non amores nostros, abiens exiit.
 Quos quondam excipere vivos intra hos parietes
 Placebat, sed nunc compositos flerunt sui,
 Ploremus. Quis non memoria grata tenet
 Illum,⁴ Senatu clarum et consilii Scholae,
 Vel hunc,⁵ magistrum vixdum donatum rude,
 Vel quos—? Tacendum est; sed non obliviscimur.

¹ Together with the repair of the roof of School, new electric lighting has been installed throughout the buildings

² Blues have been gained by J. A. Cook for Association Football at Cambridge, and W. N. McBride both for Football and for Cricket at Oxford.

Here, friends, to-day to ornament our stage
 Terence, three years an exile, we engage,
 And for three years of Plautus take our leave,
 Though welcome his return. For I believe,
 —And Sosia's remark is apt and smart,—
 'Too much of one thing's good for naught in art.'
 So, with your well-known kindness to our Play,
 Itself to you well known, attend I pray,
 Nor with the pen of Aristarchus mock
 The efforts of our inexperienced flock.

'Tis Prologue's custom, please you, here and there
 Whate'er occurs ingenuous to declare.
 Know, then, to machinations of our foes,
 Dastard in guile, we scarce superior rose,
 And scarce preserved our hearth and home at last
 From our destroyers' deadly ambush-blast.
 There is a beast, in size a tiny mite,
 But vast, tremendous, huge in appetite.
 'Tis called the Tiled Xestobian, the seed
 Of wicked ancestors, ignoble breed.
 Their only food, their one delight, it seems,
 Is the hard strength of antiquated beams.
 Hither and thither with gimlet beaks they dart,
 Grope at their feast, until the very heart
 Of their own wooden fortress they devour.
 These then their leader armed, a mighty power,
 And sent, the oaken rafter-feast to taste,
 Whereof the ceiling of our hall is faced,
 Most wondrous, with associations rare.
 They march; the battle's fought; within a hair
 The roof had fallen utterly, and we
 Were crushed beneath, save for the gods' decree.
 In short, help came; all was repaired amain
 In its own time. Nay more, a certain gain
 We have contrived to make, our loss despite
 Made rich in all the hall with gay, new light.

For th' rest—what rest is there? That happy
 race

Are we that has no history to trace.
 Save for one thing I would not wish concealed.
 For when the rival armies took the field
 For victor's crown, two saplings from our tree
 Strengthened the sides—he Sparta, Athens he,
 And one with zeal for either contest fired
 In either sport a double crown acquired.

Lastly, alas, we say farewell, bereft.
 Us, not our love, a good old friend has left.
 Lament we those whom once within these walls
 We loved to know, and mourn that now Death calls.
 In loving memory first him we hold,
 Dear to the School, and in the Senate bold,
 And him, who scarce his task aside had set,
 And those—Nay, peace. But we do not forget.

³ F. F. Burrell, Senior Mathematical Master.

⁴ The Right Hon. Sir Henry Craik, Bart, M.P., Governor of the School.

⁵ A. C. Liddell, who retired from his Mastership last year.

EPILOGUS IN ANDRIAM.

PERSONAE.

SIMO	<i>A British Statesman</i>	C. M. HARRISON.
PAMPHILUS	<i>A British Sailor</i>	H. L. JONES.
CHREMES	<i>An American Sailor</i>	J. W. GRIGG.
SOSIA	<i>A Japanese Sailor</i>	D. J. JONES.
MYSIS	<i>A Waitress</i>	J. C. P. ELLISTON.
DAVUS	<i>A Messenger</i>	J. H. LEE.
CHARINUS	<i>An Inventor</i>	M. MACKENZIE.
BYRRHIA	<i>A Newsboy</i>	K. H. L. COOPER.
DROMO	(<i>A Policeman</i> (1))	J. M. S. WHITTOW.
	(<i>An American Statesman</i> (2))	I. C. ALLEN.
LESBIA	<i>A Telephone Operator</i>	J. A. EVETTS.
CRITO	<i>A Bishop</i>	E. F. F. WHITE.

PERSONAE MUTAE.

Two Bishops G. G. SIMPSON, H. A. R. PHILBY.

SCENE:—*Somewhere in Downing Street. At back, R., a notice: 'Ad Aulam Albam.' L., 'Ad Aerarium.' The house on the left is under repair, and a notice reads: 'X Via Duningensis. Materiam hinc veterem renovandam "Tempora" curant.' Another notice declares: 'De re navali hic agitur: sis, ore faveto.' In the centre is a long table around which are seated SIMO, CHREMES, PAMPHILUS and SOSIA.*

SI. Quinque igitur, tres, quinque suae sint cuique tributae
 Censemur partes; tertia palma datur
 Huic (*indicating SOSIA cito; nos ambo, (to CHREMES) pariter bellare paratos,*
 Communem orbi pacem imposuisse iuvat.
 SO. Aequa placet ratio.
 CH. Gratam offers spem paritatis
 Centum per centum scilicet Americis
Dandae; non iam undis tu sola, Britannia,
 regnas;
 Imperium debes consociare maris.
 Anglia nunc pariter pariterque Columbia reg-
 nent—
 (*aside*) Dum primas sedes occupet America,
 Ut meritum est. Sed enim timeo Anglos
 dona ferentes;
 Quis dolus hic lateat, miror; opinor, olet.
 (*to SIMO, challengingly*) Expendas classem;
 quot libras in rate quaque
 Concedes? Nobis aedificare placet
 Navigii moles sine limite, sive biremes
 Seu terno remos ordine construimus.
 Totum intra numerum ducat sua quemque
 voluptas.

SCENE: *Somewhere in Downing Street. At back, R., a notice: 'To Whitehall.' L., 'To the Treasury.' The house on the left is under repair, and a notice reads: '10, Downing Street. The cost of repair borne by Printing House Square.' Another notice declares: 'Naval conference meets. Do not talk in the streets.' In the centre is a long table around which are seated SIMO, CHREMES, PAMPHILUS and SOSIA.*

SI. Very well, Five, Five, Three, the proportion shall be, with Japan junior partner, and us (am I right?) (*to CHREMES*)
 Proceeding until we bring peace and good will among men—being equally ready to fight.
 SO. I approve of the scheme.
 CH. Oh my! What a dream! When you offer the States fifty-fifty at sea!
 No longer, Great Britain, alone shall you sit on your throne in the waves; you must share it with me.
 Half each we shall hold, New England and Old, and the larger half goes to the New—we deserve it.
 John Bull gives a share! Uncle Sam, have a care! There's a fly in the ointment; I think I observe it.
 (*to SIMO, challengingly*) When constructing your fleet, what arrangements will meet your desires as to tonnage? *We* strongly incline
 To unlimited size—no restrictions or ties—of destroyers or cruisers or ships of the line.
 Within the amount let each keep his own count.

SI. Anglia non quas vult aedificare solet,
Verum quas debet naves.

PA. Immo aedificatur
Ut quimus, quando non licet ut volumus.

SI. Tum fisco reliquum si Cancellarius aeris,
Structa extrema nave, aestimet—

PA. (*impatently*). Actum agimus :
Winstonius populo nisi vectigalia tollet,
Tax erit in saeptis in tua terga, Simo.

SI. Pauperis est numerare rates. Germania victa
Luxuriat ; victrix Anglia plorat inops.

So. (*to* CHREMES). Sed quis erit modus ? aut quo
nunc cum pondere tanto ?

CHR. (*sulkily*). Res sola Americis maxima quaeque
placet.

Magnae stant arces ; sunt magna negotia
nobis ;

Maxima ludorum ars : (*defiantly*) maxima
habenda ratis.

So. (*aside*). Et magno mare vestra Chicago ornatur
ab illo

Praefecto, qui regem Anglum amat et
populum.

CHR. (*angrily*). Si quis mi insultet—

(*Enter* MYISIS.)

MY. (*to* SIMO). *Te certe redde* Leonum,
Ne pigeat, curae ; cena parata ; veni.

SI. (*to* CHREMES). Linqvere deinde utinam *ah ! te*
vellet saeva cupido.

Interea fiet, spero, aliquid. Sequere.

PA. (*to* MYISIS). St ; *notae formae* nigraeque
albaeque aliquid fer.

MY. Hic alit India *te tota* liquore suo.

(*All go in except* MYISIS. *Enter* DAVUS, *who begins*
to tidy the table.)

DA. (*grumbling*). Sic *committe ah ! ter committe* ea
agenda Ministris ;
Semper idem exit : 'mox,' praetereaque
nihil.

Me miseret miserorum : horae sine fine
laboris ;

Nulla quies ; rogitant frivola *nempe* senes ;
Post unum altera damna. Simo sed fumat,
et aequo

Sperat adhuc animo.

(*MYISIS has produced a 'toy-Peke' vanity-bag, and*
is powdering her nose.)

At quae fera forma ?

SI. Great Britain builds only the ships that she
should.

She doesn't pursue what she wishes to do.

PA. No, we build as
we can, since we can't as we would.

SI. If Winston would say what the country must
pay for the whole naval programme—

PA. (*impatently*). We've settled that section.
Should he run into debt any more, you will
get a slap in the face at the coming elec-
tion.

SI. If we count ships, be sure it's because we are
poor. The Bosch, who was beaten, wears
scarlet and gold ;

But Britain, the winner, must beg for her
dinner.

So. (*to* CHREMES). But what
is the limit, and what do you hold

Is the point of gigantic—

CHR. (*sulkily*). Across the Atlantic we must
have the greatest, whatever is done ;

Our business, our papers, our Woolworth sky-
scrapers,

Our 'Varsity athletes are second to none ;
So we must have a boat the greatest afloat.

So. (*aside*). And great is
Old Bill of Chicago, the Mayor,

The boast of the town, who worships the
Crown and the Commons of England.

CHR. (*angrily*). You'd better take care—

(*Enter* MYISIS.)

MY. (*to* SIMO). To the ravenous Lyons surrender
your clients. Look nippy ; tea's ready ;
this way for a cup.

SI. (*to* CHREMES). I wish you'd let be with your
cupidity. If we wait a bit something is
sure to turn up.

PA. (*to* MYISIS). No, nippy, no tea, but a nip of B.P.
MY. We have only

tea. Totally alcohol free !

(*All go in except* MYISIS. *Enter* DAVUS, *who begins*
to tidy the table.)

DA. (*grumbling*). They come and confer with the
Prime Minister, and the end of it's always
the same : 'Wait and See.'

I pity the blighter—Work ad infiniter. No
rest ; and the questions of members !
You know

How trivial they are. Why it's simply
ODTAA ! But the Chief goes on smok-
ing, and hoping.

(*MYISIS has produced a 'toy-Peke' vanity-bag, and*
is powdering her nose.)

Hullo ! That's a bit of a freak.

MY. Nova
Haec pecus est, animal propter medicamina
natum.

DA. (*in pretended alarm*). Alsatiam caveo. At
quid facie facis?

MY. Au,
Naso, indocte, legas quae det praecepta
puellis;
(Parvus, sed cura grande, libellus, opus).
Hic iubet inducta candorem quaerere creta,
Quaeque parum natura, arte rubere docet.

DA. (*sarcastically*). Docta puella, tuam suffla per
vota Minervam,
Dum suffragandi det tibi iura dea.
Sed tamen errabas; coram vetat iste laborem;
Celet opertus se (*snatches her bag away*).

MY. (*sentimentally*). Ah! qui haec deus otia das,
Jixius es; mimas quot iam mimosque Bri-
tannos
Lex cinematicos adiuvat, Americis
Exclusis; Russosve loquar, quos, seditiosum
Insidiis ruptis, expulit urbe, genus?
Unus homo Rutilus eiectis restituit rem.

DA. A Keltis possis discere maius opus.
Jinxius unus homo—absistendo restituit rem.

MY. (*impatently*). Vir bone, de Keltis desine vana
loqui—
Iam mihi satque superque auditum est—deque
Valera;
Qui iurat lingua pignora, mente negat.
(*Enter BYRRHIA, with placards and a bundle of
evening papers.*)

BY. Stella Novum Vespertinum, serissima Norma:
Horribili casu ferrea fracta via;
Terribili motu tremat Asia terra; repletis
Ad Tamesim fossis omnia rura natant.

DA. Da mihi, sis, Stellam. Cape: (*throws him a
coin*).

BY. Cepi. Perge, puella, (to MYSIS)
Discere, sis, currant pignore quo posito,
Seu praefectus coniciat quos voce suprema,
Seu quos praemoneat vincere maior equos.

DA. (*reading the paper, horrified*). Hem! campo
Ovali quae dira eventa videmus!
Tu dux lusorum o prime, iacesne? Pilae
Iactae crura obstant male suraeve auxiliantes.
Prandendi ante horam tota caterva perit.

MY. Oh, it's just my toy-Peke—an animal
born to administer aid.

DA. (*in pretended alarm*). It's a hound from Alsace!
But what's wrong with your face?

MY. Get away, and read Ovid's Advice to a
Maid.

You are illiterate, and the book's simply
great, though it's not much to look at.
He taught us initially

To powder the nose if it's red, or, suppose
one's unblushing by nature, to blush
artificially.

DA. (*sarcastically*). Oh, flapper so literate, 'guess
you'll reiterate prayers to the powers till
they give you a vote.

Besides, you're not right; he says, 'Paint out
of sight, and never let us see.'

MY. (*sentimentally*). Divine! How I dote
On old Jix; he's the boy. Just think of the
joy that he's brought to our movie stars,
female and male,

By expelling the Yanks; and the Bolshevik
cranks—against Jixie their treachery did
not avail.

He cares not to be great if he saves not his
State, so he cleared away Arcos.

DA. But Jinks and the Dail!
He cares not to be great if he saves not his
State, so he cleared off his carcass.

MA. (*impatently*). My dear boy, don't shout,
About Ireland and sneaks like Valera, who
speaks fair words with his mouth and
dissembles in heart.

(*Enter BYRRHIA, with placards and a bundle of
evening papers.*)

BY. Star, Standard, or News! Late Edition!
Best Views! Great Railway Disaster:
Expresses Collide!

Earthquake shocks in the East: Many thous-
ands deceased!
The Thames bursts its banks: Floods extend
far and wide!

DA. Here! I'll just have a Star, if you please.
Here you are (*throws him a coin*).

BY. I thank you. Now, Miss, (to MYSIS) aren't
you going to inquire
The winners for Nottingham—who's good at
spotting 'em—

Captain Coe's finals, the Major's late wire.

DA. (*reading the paper, horrified*). An Oval collapse!
Quite a string of mishaps. The foremost
of batsmen out most inauspiciously.

Couple of blobs! Oh, Jackie, oh, Hobbs!
Was he leg-before-wicket or yorked sur-
reptitiously?

All ten wickets fall before luncheon.

MY. Num dimissi omnes? Quanam post prandia facta?

DA. Cessant ludi omnes, dum sine fine pluit.

(Enter CHARINUS, a Jewish-looking creature.)

CHAR. Inventa est—gratare auctori—ars τῆλε videndi;

Diffidne? precor, perspice, remque proba. Omnia quae spectare velis, distantia quamvis, Hac scaena (*unrolling a screen at the back*) ante oculos plana videre licet.

Exemplum dabo: vi certant et pondere vasto (Lumina iam dempsi; (*the lights go out*) tunc vides?) pugiles. (*Two boxers appear on the screen.*)

Septima pars pugnae; hic Genius iacet; ille iacenti

Iam superimpendet, vix referetque pedem. Tu nunc elige.

DA. Primum opto spectare—

MY. (*interrupting excitedly*). Mane quin Femineasque para delicias—(*a mannequin parade appears for a moment*).

DA. Apage;

An quisquam vere potuit freta Gallica nando Hoc transire anno, femina, sive viri?

(*The open sea appears on the screen.*)

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

(*A boat appears, with people on board.*)

MY. A te docta, ellam in nave vehi video.

BY. O utinam ante oculos certet mihi glaucanum vis,

Dum plausu fremit urbs alba, lepusque fugit.

(*The picture changes to a greyhound race, with Entry Badge, Ever Bright and Dilly fighting for first place.*)

Sex ego contra septem Ineundi Insigne gerenti Pono—pone—favens.

DA. Accipio. Ecce ruunt.

Vincis, Semper Clare.

MY. Sed ille prior volitando.

Daedale, ted ille ipsum Icarus ante volet.

(*The sun suddenly shines out and the picture fades away.*)

DA. Va! per nubila fulget—avis rarissima—Phoebus,

Marcidaque incensa pallet imago face.

Insolitum splendorem aegre patiuntur ocelli; (*to CHAR.*) Picturam revoca, atque obtegat umbra diem.

MY. What! All? After lunch?

DA. It's been raining without intermission.

(Enter CHARINUS, a Jewish-looking creature.)

CHAR. Congratulate me! The inventor you see of the art of *clairvoyance* indeed—Tele-vision.

What! Don't you believe it? You soon shall perceive it. Make trial; whatever you wish on this screen,

(*Unrolling a screen at the back*). Though distant the place, right in front of your face, you shall see it occurring. I'll show you a scene.

I will stage you a fight; now, then, turn out the light (*the lights go out*). Can you see now? Two heavyweight boxers appear. (*Two boxers appear on the screen.*)

They have reached the eighth round. And old Gene's on the ground, while Dempsey still threatens and will not stand clear.

Now I leave it to you.

DA. Well, I'd like to—

MY. (*interrupting excitedly*). Oh, do have a mannequin show, the delight of the women.

(*A mannequin parade appears for a moment.*)

DA. That's enough! Can I see whether any there be, man or woman, who's crossing the channel by swimming?

(*The open sea appears on the screen.*)

The Armada of Spain has been scattered again.

(*A boat appears, with people on board.*)

MY. Look! A ship. The aquatic she-doctor is there.

BY. Oh, give me a sight of the crowd at the White City, pack of greyhounds and electrical hare.

(*The picture changes to a greyhound race, with Entry Badge, Ever Bright and Dilly fighting for first place.*)

Will you take two to one upon Entry Badge?

DA. Done! They have started, and who's that in front? Ever-Bright?

MY. They are beaten by Dilly. He makes them look silly—the Dallies so dilatory in their flight.

(*The sun suddenly shines out and the picture fades away.*)

DA. Here's the sun! Well, I'm blest, an unusual guest. His colour is lurid as seen through the haze.

So unwonted a sight hurts my eyes, it's so bright; (*to CHAR.*) Let us have back the picture, and shut off the rays.

CHAR. Hem ! mene orbes coelestes mutare ? Charinus

Sum, non Joshua. Quid nunc faciam ?
Memini.

Tempus adest, solis quo culmine Gigglesicensi
Eclipse observant acriter astrologi.

MY. Non cuivis contingit adire ad Gigglesicensis.

CHAR. Me duce, mons ad vos Gigglesicensis adit.
Sed primum, precor, haec specula atrato
induite orbe ; (*handing each a piece of
smoked glass*),

Ne teneros urat sol radii oculos.

Ecce ; (*pointing at the sun and counting the
seconds*) novem, octo, septem, sex (*sneezes,
to make up for quinque*) iam quattuor
instant,

Tres, duo, deficit unum—En ! subit umbra.
(*The sun is eclipsed.*)

DA. ET MY. Bene !

CHAR. (*going round with the hat*). Sed nummis
opus est ; vin parva peculia nobis
Credere ? credentem maxima lucra manent.
Prospectus clarus (holds out papers) ; profit-
emur et optima—

DA. At istaec
Lex vetat.

MY. Et tales acta diurna petunt.
Nemo sodalem alienum (*points to article in
'Daily Mail'*) auscultet, sive rogantem
Nummos, sive auri spe facilisque lucri
Credentem invitet.

DA. Nimium ne crede roganti—

MY. (*finishing the sentence*). *Hau ! cur* lictores
cesso vocare ?

DA. Tace ;
Ipse vocabo bene. Heus ! *per laesam* te in-
voco legem—

(*Enter DROMO.*)

DR. Nunc, age, cunctari *parcite ; longa mora*
Hic vetita est. Quae turba foro ? aut quae
causa vocandi est ?

DA. Nescio quid poscens iste molestus adit—

DR. Hem ! tune, improbe, compellare hos ausus
es ultro ?

CHAR. Nil ego commisi ; dixerat iste (*pointing to*
DAVUS) prius.

MY. Au ! pol tute homo non es sobrius.

DR. Hem ! quid ais tu ?

Ebrius est ? (*sniffing CHARINUS' breath*)
vinorum hic, nisi fallor, odor.

Me sequere ; exspectat bibulos via Vineae,
Praetor

Cognoscet causam, vir bone, mane tuam.

CHAR. Oh, hold on, your Highness, I'm only
Charinus, not Joshua.

Why ! But of course ! Watch my skill.

They're just getting to grips with a total
eclipse—the astronomers sitting on Gig-
gleswick hill.

MY. Not for all of us is it our Mecca to visit.

CHAR. I tell you the
mountain shall come to Mahomet,

But quick ere it passes just take these smoked
glasses ; (*handing each a piece of smoked
glass*), you might hurt your eyes with the
rays that come from it.

It is time ; (*pointing at the sun and counting
the seconds*) twelve, eleven, ten, nine
(*sneezes to make up for eight*), seven, six,
five, four, three, two, one—the Solar
Corona ! (*The sun is eclipsed.*)

DA. AND MY. That's fine !

CHAR. (*going round with the hat*). It needs cash.
Have you any to splash ? Great profit,
believe me, accrues to the donor.

This gives all essentials (*holds out papers*) ;
the soundest credentials.

DA. Your conduct's illegal.

MY. The papers are out.

Against your type, I guess, when they daily
express (*points to article in the 'Daily
Express'*) their advice to the public :
'Impostors about,
'Do not swallow their dope or indulge in the
hope of becoming rich quick.'

DA. Oh, no, don't let him—

MY. (*finishing the sentence*). Stop
Me from calling 'Police.'

DA. Oh, let me do it please. Hie ! Constable,
swindler and robber to cop.

(*Enter DROMO.*)

DR. Now you'll have to clear out. What is all
this about ? Who was it who called me
from over the way ?

DA. Here's a fellow molesting with plans for
investing.

DR. Aha, my friend ; you've been accosting
them, eh ?

CHAR. I did nothing, I swear. *He* spoke first to
me (*pointing to DAVUS*).

MY. There ! The man
isn't sober.

DR. What's that ? Is he drunk ? (*sniffing
CHARINUS' breath*).

It's an alcohol smell. I can usually tell.
Come with me ; there's a Vine Street for
them that are vinous.

In the morning, my friend, we shall gladly
attend to your case.

CHAR. (*climbing the ladder*). Me cape ; non ita
sum ebrius ut non scandere possim.

DR. (*grabbing his coat-tails*). O cives, profugit fur
—retinete—catus.

DA. (*hurries up with a rope*). Ellum confidens !
fero iam retinacula, *restim*.

CHAR. Siquid mentitus sum, rapito.

DR. (*grimly*). At rapio.

CHAR. Insons appellabo hinc quarta sedilia, certus
Iudicibus causa flectere corda mea.

Ut posco, ut pereo, ut me malus abstulit
error. (DROMO *drags him off*.)
(SIMO *and the rest come out again*.)

DA. Nunc *ope tu mensam*, Mysi, repone mea.
(*The telephone bell rings ; DAVUS answers it ;
then comes across to CHREMES*) Tecum
colloquium mulier, quae nescio, tele-
phono, quod nunc *specto*, *usa* cupit valide.
Interea linum tenet ipsa.

CHR. (*to SIMO*). Licetne vocato
Hoc uti ?

SI. Licet.

CHR. (*at the telephone*). Ullo an tibi colloquio
Mecum opus est ?

(*LESBIA is discovered in the wings, R., sitting at
the telephone exchange.*)

LESB. Quis tu hic loqueris ?

CHR. Victoria, septem,
Octo duplex, duo.

LESB. Septem, octo, duplex duo ?

CHR. Non :
Septem, octo, octo, duo, aiebam.

PA. Dormitat, opinor ;
Haec operatrices ludere inepta solent.

LESB. (*severely*). Regula quid moneat, saepe, o
studiose, requiras,

Ne mihi consumas tempus ; at usque tene.
Te desiderat A—

(*The line is cut off ; LESBIA disappears from sight.*)

CHR. Abscissa est linea ; *cur sit*
Sic semper *truncum* nescio colloquium.

(*A long pause ; CHREMES holds receiver to his ear.*)
Semper ego auditor tantum ? numquamne
reponam

Instrumenta morae ? (*Replaces receiver
with a bang.*) Tinniat iste iterum.

(*Bell rings : he takes up receiver again.*)

LESB. (*reappearing*). Quid detinnisti ? Facilis tibi
lusus, aselle,

Sed numerum revocare, hoc opus, hic labor
est.

CHAR. (*climbing the ladder*). You must catch us
before you confine us.

I am not yet so tight I can't climb out of
sight.

DR. (*grabbing his coat-tails*). Help the
Law ! The cat's jumping.

DA. (*hurries up with a rope*). You rascal, don't
squeal.

Here's a rope.

CHAR. If I lie, you may take me.

DR. (*grimly*). That's why I am taking you.

CHAR. Guiltless, I think I'll appeal,

I will go to the Lords to establish my words.
My story will melt even judges of stone.

I only requested, and now I'm arrested, and
all through a misunderstanding.
(SIMO *and the rest come out again*.)

DA. (*to BYRRHIA*). Be gone,

Now come along, Mabel ; a hand with this
table.

(*The telephone bell rings ; DAVUS answers it ;
then comes across to CHREMES*) A lady
inquiring for you on the 'phone,
It's a most urgent call.

CHR. (*to SIMO*). Do you mind ?

SI. Not at all.

CHR. (*at the telephone*). What
is it ? You wanted to get me alone ?

(*LESBIA is discovered in the wings, R., sitting at
the telephone exchange.*)

LESB. What number are you ?

CHR. Seven, Five double, Two.

LESB. Seven, Five, Double Two ?

CHR. No, no ; Seven, Five, *Five*, Two.

PA. I expect she is deep in a novel, or sleep ; their
stupidity strangers are scarcely alive to.

LESB. (*severely*). Do study the rules. They're
intended for fools. And don't waste my
time so, but hold on a minute.

A—

(*The line is cut off ; LESBIA disappears from sight.*)

CHR. Cut off ! Well, cursing does no good.
Conversing is always truncated before you
begin it.

(*A long pause ; CHREMES holds receiver to his ear.*)
Can I listen all day to such stuff ? Get away
with that bauble. (*Replaces receiver with
a bang.*) They'll ring me again.

(*Bell rings ; he takes up receiver again.*)

LESB. (*reappearing*). You're an ass,

To ring off when you're through. It's quite
easy for you ; but to get on again—few
can bring it to pass.

CHR. (*furiously*). Mene vocas asinum? Tuto te condere *portu*
 Numquam hodie poteris, si reperire velim.
 Edico tibi, ne in pistrinum hinc, improba, vincta,
Saucia verberibus, me *duce missa* ruas.
 Nec tu haec post dices tibi non praedicta.

LESB. Caveto ;
 En tibi rursus adest, te vocat America.
 Labitur ipse sonus, nulloque per aethera lino
 Vox aures *radio* personat aereo.

(DROMO (2) is discovered in wings, L., speaking on the telephone.)

CHR. Dic mihi—
 DR. Non possum audire—
 LESB. Heus! Qua, surde, susurras
Spe? cupis audiri; et lina *secant, ere, mox*.

CHR. Dic, nisi lassabo, cuius vox? an Magruder?
 DR. Non, sed Calvinii praesidis; ipse loquor.
 Non equidem captare iterum suffragia plebis
 Opto; valete. (*Disappears.*)

CHR. Abiit, nosque reliquit homo.
 Dicta satis gravia auditu memorandaque sane,
 Sed nihil ad rem nostram edidit Alba
 Domus.

SI. Haec non successit via; nunc alia aggredien-
 dum est— (*breaks off, seeing a hand de-*
posit something in front of door L.)
 Num vidi saccum deposuisse manum?

CHR. (*in great agitation*). Hei mihi! de sacco
 subitum tremor occupat artus,
 Et *bombi* resonant auribus horribiles.

SI. Errabam; non saccus erat; forma esse videtur
 Pyxidis.

CHR. Ah! metuo a pyxide.

SI. Amice, quid est?
 CHR. Dramata visendo crucior nervisque tremesco,
 Edgare, quae, Valla, scribere multa soles.
 Me modo Tinnitor, dein Terror et horrida
 imago
 Sanguinis exsucti, Dracula, nocte premunt.

SI. Nimirum es timidus post haec spectacula. Sed
 nunc
 Collige te.

CHR. Faciam. I prae; sequor.
 SI. Aggredior.

(*Marches bravely to the box and picks it up; he reads from the label*)

'Pyxida quam spectas, Ioanna ego South-
 cotiana
 Olim, hospes, clausi; te violare nefas

CHR. (*furiously*). An ass was it, Miss? You'll be sorry for this; you won't escape *me*, though you try for a week,
 So be quite sure of that. You'll be put on the mat, and hauled over the coals if I've any more cheek.

And don't say in the morning I gave you no warning.

LESB. Look out! Hold the line; it's America calling.
 I am catching the tone on a Marconi 'Phone; they are radio waves on your tympanum falling.

(DROMO (2) is discovered in wings, L., speaking on the telephone.)

CHR. Say—
 DR. I can't hear a word.
 LESB. Speak up; don't be absurd; they will cut you off shortly, and then you'll be squawling.

CHR. Before I grow ruder, is that you, Magruder?
 DR. No; President Coolidge is speaking himself. I'm about to resign altogether; that's final.
 Good-bye. (*Disappears.*)

CHR. He has gone, and left us on the shelf.
 It has nothing to do with me or with you, though the statement's undoubtedly grave and profound.

SI. It's no use. *Cul-de-sac!* We shall have to turn back— (*breaks off, seeing a hand deposit something in front of door, L.*) Did I notice a hand put a bag on the ground?

CHR. (*in great agitation*). Dear, dear, I am black! Oh, a bag or a sack. Oh, they both give me shivers; I hear the bombs clatter.

SI. It's not a bag; pardon. A box with a card on,

CHR. There's death in the box.

SI. My good man, what's the matter?
 CHR. Oh, please don't mind me; it's from going to see the plays Edgar Wallace produced in such numbers.

The Terror, The Ringer, the awful death-bringer, the blood-sucking Dracula, visit my slumbers.

SI. Afraid after a play! Come, collect yourself, pray.

CHR. All right, you go first.
 SI. Beard the beast in his lair!

(*Marches bravely to the box and picks it up; he reads from the label*)

'The box that you see was first locked up by me, Joanna, Miss Southcote, but woe, if you dare

- Arcanum, nisi, cum respublica sit labefacta,
Pontifices adsint, sacra caterva, loco.'
- PA. Inveniam o ubi pontifices duo tresve? (CRITO enters, his clothes covered with mud and his gaiters torn.) Sed eccum est;
O salve, pater. At quam maculata luto
Est toga! num pede lapsus es? aut tantum tibi damnum.
Unde datur? tu dic.
- DA. Rite ligata cito
Vestis erit tibi iam lepide.
- CRITO. Salvere iubemus
Vos etiam. Ibam Aula Alba, et meditabar
iens
Qua possem arte novam Dominis excudere
formam—
- SI. (*interrupts, alarmed*). Sis, pater, ore fave, de
dominisque loqui
Parce: (*in a loud whisper*) flagellatores hoc
monuere cavere.
Haec itaque—
- PA. Haud curat scilicet id populus.
- CRITO. Esto, ut vis. Plateam transibam, Aedesque
petebam
Curia quae nostra est, in mediaque via,
Intra fixa mente atque amota omnibus, instans
Ictu me subito rhaeda volutat humi.
- SI. (*sympathetically*). Urbs sane saeva et Juvenalis
versibus apta—
- CRITO. Scitisne aedilis regula quae nova sit?
Continuo nunc circuitu sese omnia volvunt;
Fas versum atque nefas; omnibus una via
est
Non locus hic senibus, non pax est ulla
pedestri.
Rus redeo. (*Turns to go.*)
- SI. At nobis auxiliare prius.
Pyxida pontifices iubet hanc aperire Sacerdos.
An tecum collega unus et alter adest?
- CRITO. Solus sum; quid vis?
- SI. Plures adstare necesse est.
- DA. Nunc magicis opus est artibus. O domine,
Est tua magna nimis dominatio; sit mihi
partes
In tres divisa.
- CRITO. Hem! non ego Gallia sum
Omnis.
- DA. At hercle ego non sum Martis de grege porcus,
Communis agros qui voret esuriens
- To open it, stranger, till England's in danger,
and Bishops, Right Reverend Fathers,
are there.'
- PA. Oh, where shall I find two or three of this kind?
(CRITO enters, his clothes covered with mud
and his gaiters torn.) Here is one. A
warm welcome, my lord. But your dress
Is all covered with mud. Did you fall in
a puddle or how did you get in this terrible
mess?
- DA. Let me fasten your gaiter, and then you'll
look straighter.
- CRITO. To you, Sirs, my
greetings are equally warm.
Just now as I wandered down Whitehall I
pondered on plans that concerned Second
Chamber reform.
- SI. (*interrupts, alarmed*). Best not utter a word on
that subject, my Lord; (*in a loud whisper*)
the government whips have been quite
minatory.
They have—
- PA. Yes, but the classes don't interest the
masses.
- CRITO. Well, just as you like. To proceed with
my story:
I was crossing the street to the place where
we meet, to Saint Stephen's, you know;
when, in Parliament Square,
All from pondering thus on to-day's syllabus,
I was knocked to the ground by a taxicab
there.
- SI. (*sympathetically*). It's the City Destruction—
a Bunyan production—a Vanity Fair.
- CRITO. New police rules, they say.
Perpetual motion's revised all our notions of
right and of wrong, all go home the same
way.
It is old buffers' bane and pedestrians' pain.
There is no place like home. (*Turns to go.*)
- SI. But first help us we pray.
Have you not got a few other bishops with
you? If you've not, we can't get this box
open to-day.
- CRITO. I am quite alone. What do you want?
- SI. On this spot we want bishops
in plenty.
- DA. What *they* want's a wizard.
Your dominions too wide; will you let me
divide you in three parts?
- CRITO. I am not All Gaul to be scissored.
- DA. And I'm not in the line of the Gadarene swine
—the Army in East Surrey commons
that wallows.

Μάψ, ἀτὰρ οὐ κατὰ κόσμον. (*Produces map of the Diocese of Winchester and a pair of scissors.*) At ipse eris integer; huius

Scissa dioecesis sit tua sub specie.

(*Mysteriously, cutting up map*) Scinditur ut charta haec, triplici diversa colore,

Ex uno ternos sic creo pontifices:

Ad Guildense Vadum, Portus Os, Wintona Castra.

Unus (*enter second Bishop*) et alter adest.

(*Enter third Bishop.*)

CRI. Tertius adsum equidem.

SI. Nunc agite, o cives, vatis sic iussa secuti,
Praemia tollamus; pyxis aperta siet.

(*He opens the box: all crowd round to see.*)

CRI. Rasa latet tabula.

SI. At magicas inscripta notas.

PA. Num

Glozelio ex agro?

SI. An musica signa? (*to CRITO*) Lege,

Sis.

CRI. Itane? hem? (*Hums a tune*) Numeros me-
mini, si verba tenerem.

BY. Spumigerorum ordo sic sua rite canit (*peep-
ing at other side of paper*)

Carmina. Sed video versus hac parte latentes.
Aspice.

SI. (*takes paper and reads*). Quae legis haec car-
mina, voce decet

Edere communi. 'Nam quo magis itur ad
unum,

Laetior est animus; carus et ille mihi est,

Quem tu, care, foves; sic haeret amicus amico,

Sic hilarissima mens.'

PA. Carmina digna choro!

(*He jumps on the table, picks up the ruler for a baton,
and beats time.*)

Iam iam turba tonet. (*All sing together, to
tune of Frothblowers' Anthem, 'Nam quo
magis,' etc., etc.*)

CHR. Accipiamus avem.

SI. Auspiciisque bonis iam communique labore

Exploremus iter prorsus amicitiae.

PA. (*coming forward, to audience*). Sed iam sera

novos intercipit hora labores,

Et fessos homines suadet abire domum.

Vos quoque sic dimitto, ut pleno oretis euntes

Ex animo superos, Floreat Alma Domus.

Saying, 'L'Etat c'est moi.' (*Produces map of the Diocese of Winchester and a pair of scissors.*) You'll remain as you are.

But your diocese I will divide up as follows:

(*Mysteriously, cutting up map*) Watch the scissors run through by the red, white and blue. So from one reverend prelate I thus create three.

Here is Portsmouth, here Guildford, from Winchester pilfered.

The first (*enter second Bishop*) and the second (*enter third Bishop*).

CRI. Of course the third's me.

SI. Let us closely adhere to the words of the seer.
We will open the box and secure the prize yet.

(*He opens the box: all crowd round to see.*)

CRI. There's white paper inside.

SI. Yes, but amply supplied with hieroglyphic.

PA. From Glozel, I bet.

SI. Is it music, my Lord? Can you read it?

CRI. My word! (*Hums a tune.*)

The tune is familiar—the words I forget.

BY. It's the solemn Te De of the A.O.F.B. (*peeping at other side of paper*). There are words on the back of the sheet that the tune is on.

Read them out if you can, Sir.

SI. (*takes paper and reads*). 'The following stanza goes best if the company sings it in unison.

"For the more we are together, together, together, the more we are together, the merrier we'll be.

For your friends are my friends, and my friends are your friends, so the more we are together the merrier we'll be.'"

PA. Indeed, it's a song for us all; come along!

(*He jumps on the table, picks up the ruler for a baton,
and beats time.*)

Now let everyone sing.

(*All sing together, to tune of Frothblowers' Anthem, 'The More We Are Together,' etc., etc.*)

CHR. It's a sign from above.

SI. It's an omen all right; we shall have to unite, and together embark on a labour of love.

PA. (*coming forward, to audience*). Our revels are done, and we must be gone, for already the night bids the weary depart.

So away from the show; but we pray, as you go, you'll let Floreat rise from the depths of your heart.

Correspondence.

THE 'ANDRIA,' 1927.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—The well-known stage is set, the familiar curtains illuminated. The benches of red baize are thronged and lively. Prologue has appeared, has recounted the history of the School during the past year, has bowed and disappeared. The bell tinkles. The curtain rises, not silently as elsewhere, but with the sound of ropes and the creaking of pulleys. And we are once more in that charmed space on the hill above Athens where old men meet together in the sun to discuss their troubles, and young men their love-affairs, and where the spirit of comedy mocks them in the person of a slave.

The spell which binds audience and players together in the Dormitory of College is a peculiar one. It is partly the fascination of the theatre, here savoured in its most primitive elements and therefore irresistible. It is partly the effect which is produced on the mind by a ritual which, ancient in its provenance and solemn in its requirements, is not only accepted in all faith but is filled to the brim with enthusiasm. There is much virtue in ceremonial when it is the outward garb of an essential pride, and Westminster bears witness to the fact in an age which mistrusts anything that is old, despises most what is most native to our country and race, and abhors dignity. The sight of these Elizabethans taking pains to illustrate to their guests the value of a tradition which is peculiarly their own exercises a powerful magic. To this must be added the extreme pleasure of hearing Latin beautifully spoken by voices that do not grate upon or deaden the ear. But when all is said and done, it must in the end be granted that the Play, while resembling a rich tapestry into which are woven many different strands both of personal and impersonal memory, of tradition, piety, scholarship, wit, seriousness and gaiety, has as its predominant colour the colour of Youth. For that is the actors' concern.

A play performed by boys has always this immense advantage, that it is unfaillingly fresh. And when the play is one, like the 'Andria,' which is at once human and direct, the inexperience of the actors lends it a *naïveté* which adds to, rather than detracts from, its success. Such actors almost always look well and speak well. While, if the object of acting be to create illusion, they very often succeed better than enterprises of far greater pith and moment—and that for two reasons, because they possess dignity, and because they leave so much to the imagination.

The present Play was no exception. It was noticeably well delivered, not merely in enunciation, but in phrasing and emphasis. There was little to comment upon in the general appearance of the actors, though Davus found it necessary to change his beard after the first night, and might very well have worn a shorter dress. It is a great advantage to have got rid of fleshings—at least from the point of view of the spectators.

The young men looked very gallant, and came with credit through their ordeal of loving very desperately ladies whom neither they nor the audience ever see. Of Glycerium we do at least know from an interested source that she was 'vultu adeo modesto, adeo venusto, ut nihil supra.' Mr. H. L. Jones as Pamphilus had some facts to build upon. But Mr. Mackenzie as Charinus had from his mere imagination to invent his torment, and performed the task with cheerful courage. One felt that so optimistic a lover could not in the end be disappointed, and hoped that Chremes' daughter was after all not a monster. Mr. Jones, on the other hand, although his troubles invited it, was inclined to be over serious and to exaggerate his emotions rather than dissemble them, as comedy demands. Where, however, genuine emotion was required, and particularly in the scene with Mysis where he relates the dying appeal of Glycerium's sister, he was at his very best.

One of the greatest difficulties in the performance, in a classical play especially, of a long part, is to act the whole time you are on the stage. Mr. Harrison, as Simo, aided by a make-up as severely classical as the sculptured figure of the Laocoon, achieved this distinction, and was convincing in all his moods, whether earnest, dignified, grieved or angry, although on the last two nights he was a little inclined to let his voice and his feelings run away with him. He bore the weight of the Play on his shoulders and bore it easily, from the long opening narrative with its sly undercurrent of contempt for his son's virtue (aut ad philosophos!) through his encounter with Chremes—one of the best scenes in the Play—and his peremptory summoning of Dromo, to his incredulous repudiation of the indignant Crito. It was a Simo whom we could genuinely admire and sympathise with rather than one whose mystification was laughable. This was partly caused by the manner in which Mr. Lee read the part of Davus.

The part of a slave is always a difficult one. The servile mind, its determination to manage everyone and offend no one, is foreign to the Imperial breed, and to be at once plausible and resolute, to mislead while obeying, and to carry all off when it has all utterly failed, are tasks that

require more observation than actors at Westminster have commonly had time to give to the subject. The result is that the slave rarely takes his part, as it must be taken, seriously. He fails to make significant the difference between his world and that of his masters. He plays to the audience rather than to the actors. And in consequence the comedy suffers and with it the balance of the play. To be comical you *must* first be serious, otherwise the other parts will lose something of their effect.

Mr. Lee fell into this trap and tended to force his lines, with the result that he did not convey the impression of believing wholeheartedly in the reality of the Play. He suffered also from one or two tricks of attitude which took away from the effect of what he was saying. But he was alive, and made a great many of his points effectively. Especially good were 'Davus sum, non Oedipus,' 'Mihine?' and 'Sed quid mi obtigerit?'

In days that are now no more, members of the caste of the Westminster Play used to repair sub rosa in the foggy autumn afternoons to a drawing-room in Red Lion Square, which was once the studio of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and where an old man with a beard, whose distinction it was to have played Shylock *au naturel*, instructed them in the art of using their eyes. There are two ways of using the eyes, the introspective, when you turn off their light and soliloquize, and the active, when you focus them on the matter in hand and render their expression a powerful aid to the action of the Play. When you are conversing with another person your eyes should be active and should follow or precede your words.

Mr. Grigg knew this, and knew also how to stand, and he gave the part of Chremes, which is a nice part—not too long, and with good things in it—a great deal of character. His choleric greeting of Simo, his magnificent bow, his investigation of the baby, and his various interjections were all good and full of humour, and his contribution to the action was a most useful one.

To Mr. Elliston was granted the distinction of being the only noticeably feminine character in the Play, and as Mysis he gave a straightforward rendering, realising, however, the pathos of the part better than its comedy. While missing some opportunities in the scene with Davus, he delivered the appeal to Pamphilus with dignity and feeling. That he was not incapable of humour he revealed only in the Epilogue. As usual, Mysis delighted the audience by shedding the baby as soon as possible and only assuming it again with reluctance.

The Crito of Mr. White was admirable, giving just the right effect of age and considerable per-

sonal dignity. The simplicity with which he told his story and the sense of affront which he contrived to put into his exclamation 'Sanusne es?' could not have been bettered, and the part, in his hands, became among the most effective in the Play.

Of the remaining parts, Mr. D. J. Jones as Sosia was serious and sympathetic. His concern at the goings on of young Pamphilus, and the unconcealed eagerness of his enquiry 'Bona, fortasse?' were very funny. Mr. Cooper as Byrrhia, caused a sensation by the unkind manner in which he revealed what was the matter with Charinus, and was always cool and very much himself. Mr. Allen caused a still greater sensation by his appearance as Lesbia and his falsetto voice. Betsy Prig herself could hardly have spoken his few lines with more ghastly relish. As Dromo, Mr. Whittow acted with commendable violence. Mr. Simpson's appearance as a slave was too fleeting for criticism.

The Prologue, from the pen of the Headmaster, had the qualities to which we are now accustomed, of being perfectly suited to the occasion, delicately witty, and concealing its art with the appearance of a most happy simplicity. In the Epilogue Mr. A. P. Waterfield achieved a very difficult thing. Without yielding to any of his predecessors in wit or scholarship, or in the kind of pun which can only be described as 'Ignobili ortum generis, patribus improbis,' he produced a really first-class dramatic spectacle which not only gave an opportunity to the actors of further distinguishing themselves—an opportunity they were not slow to take—but greatly enhanced the effect of his abundant humour. If for nothing else the Epilogue of 1927 will long be remembered for its successful exploitation of stage mechanism. To attempt the representation of a cinematograph show, a telephone exchange and an eclipse of the moon, was no easy matter. The result was startling, and, it may be predicted, will have its effect in future years. The Epilogue proved one other thing, that can hardly be in doubt, that it is not the most elaborate punning that most delights the audience, but the apt use of familiar words in ludicrous circumstances.

Quite the best things in this year's Epilogue (apart from the mannequin parade) were the 'mox, praetereaue nihil' of the official conference, the 'ut posco, ut pereo, ut me malus abstulit error' of Charinus and the wistful delicacy with which Crito, as a bishop, tried to recapture the tune of the Frothblowers' Anthem with the words 'Memini numeros. . . .'

It was a source of very great regret to all who were present that Mr. Luce, after rehearsing the

Play almost to the end, was unable through illness to attend at its performance. To know that it was successful, can have brought him small consolation. And everyone will join in tendering him their sympathy and in wishing him a better fortune for 1928.

I am sir,
Your obedient servant,
TITYRUS.



AN HEIRESS HUNTING O.W.

IN 1826 Miss Daulby presided over a ladies' school at Liverpool; and on March 7 of that year a carriage arrived at her house and a French servant delivered a letter addressed to her and containing news for one of her pupils, Miss Ellen Turner, the only child and heiress of Mr. William Turner of Shrigley Park, Cheshire. It stated that Mrs. Turner had been stricken with paralysis in the absence of her husband from home, and was anxious to see her daughter; who, however, was only to be told that her mother wished her to come home at once. This letter was signed 'John Ainsworth, M.D.' Dr. Ainsworth may have been the medical adviser of Mrs. Harris; at any rate there was no such person; but Miss Daulby had not access to or did not consult any medical directory. The servant gave circumstantial details of Mrs. Turner's illness, but said that Miss Turner would not know him as he had only recently entered her father's service. Miss Turner, who probably had no objection to a break in her studies, remarked that the carriage was not her father's, but was at once informed that it was Dr. Ainsworth's and had been sent to save time. The story was not very probable, but it passed and Miss Turner was driven off, but not to Shrigley. She arrived however at Manchester, where she was met by a stranger who announced himself as a friend of her father's, sent to take her to him.

This obliging person was an O.W., Edward Gibbon Wakefield. Born of Quaker stock (his great grandmother had been a relation of Gibbon the historian) he had been at the School in Carey's time and was probably one of those boys who always have excellent reasons for doing what they are told not to do. In 1816 when 20 years old he had got into trouble with the Lord Chancellor by eloping with a ward of Court, Miss Eliza Susan Pattle; but this lady died in 1820, and her husband was subsequently employed at the Paris Embassy. He was now to try his luck with another elopement. He informed Miss Turner that the story of her mother's illness had been devised to conceal the involved state of her father's affairs; and that her father was anxious

to see her at once. Naturally alarmed by this story, Miss Turner again drove off, this time accompanied by Mr. Wakefield and his brother, through Halifax and Kendal to Carlisle. On the way she was further informed that her father was almost ruined by the failure of two banks and that his only chance of escape was for his daughter to marry Mr. Wakefield at once, as in that event 'the property would be hers.' It was fairly safe to assume that Miss Daulby's curriculum did not include the study of the law of property. When the party arrived at Carlisle where Mr. Turner was supposed to be, he was not to be seen, as it appeared that he was hiding from the pursuit of Sheriff's officers; but an urgent message purported to come from him to his daughter that she was to marry Mr. Wakefield at once. So the Border was crossed, and the marriage was duly solemnised at Gretna Green by the traditional blacksmith on March 8. The event was celebrated with champagne in the orthodox manner; and on the same day the wedding party returned to Carlisle (where again Mr. Turner could not be found) and thence to London and Calais, where the bride and bridegroom arrived on March 11th. On the following day the London papers containing an announcement of the marriage, and Miss Daulby, on enquiry after her missing pupil, arrived almost simultaneously at Shrigley Park; the scene which ensued can be imagined; unfortunately no description of it has survived.

On March 15 two of Miss Turner's uncles accompanied by the family solicitor arrived at Calais and explained matters to the lady, who willingly returned with them after her brief but not uneventful holiday. Mr. Wakefield followed a few days later and found himself in difficulties. Eventually he and his brother were tried at Lancaster on March 23, 1827. To steal an heiress and marry her against her will was in England a felony; the defence relied on the fact that the marriage had taken place in Scotland. The learned judge however pointed out that the stealing occurred at Manchester. The four counsel for the defence, all of whom afterwards became judges (Scarlett, Coltman, Parke and Patteson) then tried to prove first that the lady had consented and secondly that the marriage was valid. They had much more trouble over the first point than over the second. Brougham, for the prosecution, vainly tried to shake the legal and other witnesses from Scotland; and eventually an Act of Parliament had to be passed to declare the marriage null and void. But the case against the prisoners was clear enough, and the jury had no difficulty in finding them guilty. The result was that Wakefield got three years in Newgate and his brother spent the same period in confinement at Lancaster.

On coming out of prison Wakefield, like Mr. Bottomley, published an account of his experiences which had some success at the time. He afterwards became one of our Empire builders and promoted the colonisation of New Zealand in spite of much cold water from the Colonial Office and the unveiled hostility of the Church Missionary Society. But he perhaps contributed to a more famous chapter in history; for the memory of his elopement was recent when Mr. Pickwick found himself shut up on a rainy night in the back garden of a ladies' school in order to frustrate the perpetration of a similar outrage alleged to be contemplated by Mr. Jingle.

In Vol. XVIII No. 6 (Feb. 1926) we published a list of Life Subscribers to THE ELIZABETHAN. Since then we have received Life Compositions from the Hon. Mr. Justice Cuming, Lt.-Col. H. V. Ravenscroft, and Messrs. J. Armytage Batley, R. R. Calkin, E. Horne, A. E. Howell, D. S. Robertson, C. Graham Wells, and H. B. Willett.

School Notes.

H. B. RIPMAN has been elected to a Domus Exhibition in Classics at Balliol College, Oxford.

The Phillimore Translation Prize was divided between H. L. Jones and T. H. S. Wyllie.

The Gumbleton Prize for English Verse was divided between T. H. S. Wyllie and J. W. P. Bourke.

The Ireland Prize for Latin Verse was not awarded, but a second prize was given to D. J. G. J. Jones.

On Monday, January 23, a Two-Piano Recital was given up School by Messrs. Arnold Goldsbrough and Leslie Heward.

‘THE ELIZABETHAN.’

REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDED DECEMBER 31, 1927.

<i>Dr.</i>				<i>Cr.</i>			
				By Subscriptions—			
		£	s. d.		£	s. d.	£ s. d.
To Printing six numbers	...	173	5 2	O.W.W. and others	46	4 6	
„ Postage	...	8	0 6	School	82	5 6	
„ Addressing	...	1	15 0	Masters	4	14 6	
„ Stationery (printed)...	...	2	2 0	Proportion of Life Compositions	12	0 0	
				Paid in advance at 31/12/26...	70	16 4	
							216 0 10
				Less Paid in advance at 31/12/27	52	19 6	
							163 1 4
				„ Odd numbers			2 0 3
				„ Dividends			10 0 0
				„ Bank interest			4 4 10
				„ Balance, being Deficit for the year			5 16 3
							<u>£185 2 8</u>
							<u>£185 2 8</u>

BALANCE-SHEET AT DECEMBER 31, 1927.

<i>Dr.</i>				<i>Cr.</i>			
				By Investment (£200 National War Bonds, 5% (1929), at cost			
		£	s. d.		£	s. d.	£ s. d.
To Subscriptions in advance	...	52	19 6	„ Cash—			
„ Life Compositions as at 1/1/27	284 6 0			On Deposit	160	0 0	
„ Add Life Compositions received in 1927	20 0 0			On Current Account	46	14 10	
							206 14 10
Less credited to Revenue	12 0 0						
„ Surplus as at 1/1/27	69 15 6						
Less Deficit for 1927	5 16 3						
							<u>£409 4 9</u>
							<u>£409 4 9</u>

H. L. JONES, *Editor.*

I. F. SMEDLEY, *Hon. Treasurer.*

On December 31, 1927, there were 113 Life Subscriptions, the liability on which was estimated at £292 6s.

The Elizabethan Club.

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

Hon. Treasurer.—SIR ERNEST GOODHART, Bart., Stroods, Uckfield.

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

Hon. Secretary Games Committee.—W. N. McBRIDE, Esq., Craigmore, Pampisford Road, Croydon.

THE WESTMINSTER DINNER.

Of late years the feeling has gained ground that the annual dinners of the Elizabethan Club have not continued to fulfil their purpose of fostering the spirit of fellowship and goodwill founded on common interests amongst the younger generations of Old Westminsters.

To further this object it was agreed at the General Meeting of the Club on July 13, 1927, to ask Mr. E. R. B. Graham to direct his well-known energy and powers of organization, already manifested by the highly successful Westminster Ball of 1926, in promoting a dinner which should have a wider appeal and bring together a gathering representative of all generations.

This he agreed to do, and called together a committee of over 40 members of all ages, of whom R. T. Squire (Chairman), Sir Ernest Goodhart (Treasurer), A. L. Leighton, Sir George Sutherland W. N. McBride, M. F. Young, and, (as joint Secretaries) E. R. B. Graham and D. C. Simpson acted as the Executive.

Several full meetings were held at the Public Schools Club, and as a result a dinner took place on Tuesday, December 20, 1927, at the Hyde Park Hotel, which can without hesitation be described as an unqualified success. Old Westminsters of all ages were present, from the Rev. R. B. Dickson, who entered College in 1855, to half a dozen who left school as recently as Election, 1927.

The rooms were properly decorated with pink carnations, and the Army Dinner Calls, by a bugler of the Coldstream Guards, announced dinner; and when Grace had been offered by the Dean of Westminster, Lord Phillimore took the chair, supported on his right by the Dean, and on his left by the Head Master, while amongst others seated at the high table were members of the Governing Body, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir Raleigh Egerton, K.C.B., K.C.I.E., Sir Richard Phillimore, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., M.V.O., Mr. E. Giles, Mr. W. S. Rawson, and Mr. P. G. L. Webb, C.B., C.B.E. In all 234 Old Westminsters and guests were present.

After dinner 'For these and all Thy mercies.' was delightfully sung by the Westminster Singers, who also contributed further musical items in their usual inimitable manner in the course of the evening.

When the customary loyal toasts had been given with musical honours, and the toast 'In piam memoriam,' proposed by the Chairman, had been honoured in silence, Sir Raleigh Egerton proposed the toast of the Guests, on whose behalf the Dean of Westminster replied in a witty and happily worded speech. Speaking as an Old Carthusian he congratulated the School on their first victory for many years over the football team of his own Alma Mater, and, humorously deploring the vanity of early aspirations, remarked that many boys who embarked on their careers with the hope of leaving their footsteps on the sands of time only succeeded in getting their finger-prints recorded at New Scotland Yard.

The Chairman, drawing on his memories of seventy years as an O.W., ably proposed the toast of 'Floreat,' and after the 'Carmen Feriale Westmonasteriense' had been sung by the Westminster Singers and the chorus taken up by the whole assembly, the Head Master replied with a brief summary of the School's activities during the past year, and referred especially to the new playing fields at Morden. He voiced the feelings of all present when he expressed his gratitude for the highly successful result of Mr. Graham's efforts for a cordial Westminster re-union.

By degrees ceremony yielded to informality, and the remainder of the time before dispersal was spent in the recognition of old friends (sometimes, owing to the disguise of advancing years, with no little difficulty), and the renewal of old friendships, which it had been the purpose of this function to promote. T. C. S. K.

'THE RECORD OF OLD WESTMINSTERS.'

'The Record of Old Westminsters' is now in the press. At the suggestion of the Head Master it has been decided to include an appendix containing the names of all those who entered the School from 1921 to 1927 inclusive. The price of the two volumes is £1 1s. (post free) to those who subscribe before April 1, £1 6s. after that date. Arrangements will be made for boys in the School to order it before that date.

CRICKET.

(Sec.—W. B. FRAMPTON, Esq.)

The O.W.W. Channel Islands Tour has been arranged for August 8 to 15, 1928.

FIVES AND SQUASH RACKETS.

(Secretary—W. E. GERRISH, Esq., Ashburnham, Sandown Road, Esher.)

FIVES.

Dec. 31—Old Citizens. Lost 0-2. (2 matches unfinished).

Jan. 15—C.O.W.W. Lost, 0-3. (1 match unfinished).

„ 21—Westminster School. Won, 3-1. (1 match unfinished).

SQUASH RACKETS.

Dec. 18—Esher. Won, 6-3.

Jan. 8—Wentworth. Lost, 1-7.

Additional Squash Rackets Fixtures have been arranged:

Feb. 8—R.A.C. (at the R.A.C.).

„ 12—Bank of England (at Roehampton).

FOOTBALL REPORT, JANUARY, 1928.

(Sec.—C. J. PINDER, Esq., 5, Coleherne Road, S.W. 10.)

A.F.A. Senior Cup.—The Club was defeated by Nottingham University in the 1st round; an account of the match appears below.

Arthur Dunn Cup.—The Club obtained a walk-over in the 1st round, our opponents, Old Etonians, scratching.

It has been arranged to play our 2nd round tie *v.* Old Wykehamists on the Corinthians ground at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, February 11.

Annual Dinner.—The Annual Dinner of the Football Club will be held at Pagani's Restaurant, Great Portland Street, on Saturday, March 31.

Morden.—Thanks to the courtesy of the School authorities, we have played on two occasions at Morden, where we are promised a ground regularly.

Easter Tour.—A four days' tour has been arranged at Easter, when the Club will visit Antwerp at the invitation of the British Sports Club of that City. Three matches have been arranged, the party leaving London on the evening of Thursday, April 5, and returning from Antwerp on Monday, April 9.

The Secretary will be very pleased to hear as soon as possible from any member who would like to take part in the tour.

A.F.A. SENIOR CUP.

OLD WESTMINSTERS *v.* NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY.

Played at Vincent Square, Saturday, December 10.

(Lost, 0-2.)

The toss was won by our opponents, which resulted in the Old Westminsters kicking off from the Church end. For the first ten minutes the game was of a very scrappy nature, but a run up

the right wing by Leighton nearly resulted in a goal, and shortly afterwards we pressed hard and were unlucky in not scoring, the ball being kept out of the University goal by their centre-half with the goalkeeper out of position.

Nottingham then attacked strongly, and, after a good save by Hill, forced a corner, the resulting kick being headed only just over the bar.

Nottingham seemed stronger in attack than in defence, and after the first quarter of an hour their forwards combined well and came near to scoring on two or three occasions, Hill however being very safe in goal. Up to half-time the game was even, and at the interval neither side had scored.

After the restart Nottingham pressed at once, and a corner kick resulted in a goal from a shot which gave Hill no chance. Nottingham continued to have the better of the game, and Hill failing to clear a hard shot from close range, the ball fell at an opponent's feet, who promptly kicked it into the corner of the net.

The O.W.W. tried hard to reduce the lead, and for the last twenty minutes of the game—which was played in semi-darkness—the ball was continually in the University half, but, as usual, so soon as our forwards got in front of goal they became utterly helpless and no score resulted.

Time arrived with the score 0-2 against us, as stated.

Individually the O.W.W. played well, in particular Keily, Radermacher and Harvey, but there were many signs that the team had not played together before. Nottingham's victory was due entirely to better combination, as individually they were not so clever as the Old Westminsters.

Old Westminsters.—K. H. Hill; E. F. Lutyens, G. B. Keily; E. R. Munt, D. A. Radermacher, E. N. Hansen; A. L. Leighton, C. A. Harvey, W. E. Newall, R. G. H. Lowe, N. P. Andrews.

*
THE FIELDS.WESTMINSTER *v.* ALDENHAM.

(Drawn, 4-4.)

Played at Vincent Square on December 15, 1927.

This was a very good game, which we only just managed to draw at the very end, though we looked like scoring on many occasions. The ground was wet and heavy and Aldenham took some time to settle down. They were, however, the first to score, as a result of a scrimmage round our goal. Soon after this they settled down to a series of attacks, one of which resulted in a further goal. Westminster then began to get together more and Foster scored from close in; soon afterwards Porterfield equalised, making good use of a pass from Cooper. Westminster continued to

attack, but just before half-time Aldenham ran through to score again. In the second half Westminster did almost all the attacking, but on several occasions failed to put the finishing touches to good passing movements. Aldenham made combined attacks from time to time, and as a result of one of these, scored a further goal. A few minutes afterwards, however, Gardiner scored our third goal with a fine shot. Still, we looked as if we would never equalise, until, just before the end, Cooper scored from a good pass by Graham. On the run of the play Westminster deserved to draw, and if our forwards had shot harder and straighter we should have won.

Westminster.—D. A. Bompas ; A. C. Bird, H. L. Jones ; C. E. Lonsdale, I. W. A. Symington, L. J. D. Wakely ; M. Porterfield, K. J. Gardiner, K. H. L. Cooper, N. L. Foster, H. B. Graham.

Aldenham.—Leaver ; Nicholson, Bird ; Low, Schofield, Gross ; Wright, Hardman, Golding, Hardman, Gwyther.

WESTMINSTER *v.* OLD WESTMINSTERS. (*Won*, 5-3.)

Played at Vincent Square, December 17.

Westminster had the best of the play in the first half, when we scored three goals to the Old Westminsters' one. In the second half the game became more even, though Westminster never lost the lead. Our goals were scored by Foster (2), Graham (2) and Gardiner ; for the Old Westminsters Lowe scored twice and Leighton once.

Westminster.—D. A. Bompas ; A. C. Bird, J. K. Luard ; C. E. Lonsdale, I. W. A. Symington, L. J. D. Wakely ; M. Porterfield, K. J. Gardiner, K. H. L. Cooper, N. L. Foster, H. B. Graham.

O.W.W.—C. W. Myring ; G. B. Keilly, E. F. Lutyens ; Hanson, D. A. Radermacher, E. R. Munt ; A. Leighton, Moon, R. G. H. Lowe, N. P. Andrews, C. E. Bull.

WESTMINSTER *v.* THE CASUALS. (*Draw*, 3-3.)

Played at Vincent Square on January 26.

The ground was very sodden on the surface, and the football was surprisingly fast at times. Westminster took the lead after some even play, Gardiner scoring with a hard shot. The Casuals, after this, had more of the game, and A. R. Cronin scored with a low ground shot. In the second half the play went mostly in Westminster's favour, and further goals were scored by Cooper and Graham. However, the Casuals managed to draw the game, and A. Terry and A. R. Cronin scored goals for them. Westminster had bad luck in this half, the ball on several occasions rolling right across our opponents' goal mouth. We must say a word of praise to P. Aitken, who deputised for the Casuals and played a very good game for them in goal.

Westminster.—D. A. Bompas ; A. C. Bird, H. L. Jones ; C. E. Lonsdale, I. W. A. Symington, L. J. D. Wakely ; M. Porterfield, K. J. Gardiner, K. H. L. Cooper, H. B. Graham, J. W. M. Aitken.

The Casuals.—P. Aitken ; C. P. Mead, P. A. Sergeant ; A. F. Hurlstone, P. E. Mellor, H. G. Occomore ; S. P. Hepburn, A. Jeacocke, A. Terry, A. Janzen, A. R. Cronin.

The following are the results of matches played this season :—

1ST XI.

<i>v.</i> Old Malvernians	<i>Drawn</i>	4-4
<i>v.</i> Old Harrovians	<i>Drawn</i>	0-0
<i>v.</i> Old Bradford Boys	<i>Lost</i>	2-5
<i>v.</i> H.A.C.	<i>Won</i>	3-1
<i>v.</i> Old Aldenhamians	<i>Won</i>	13-2
<i>v.</i> Trinity, Oxford	<i>Lost</i>	6-7
<i>v.</i> Charterhouse	<i>Won</i>	4-1
<i>v.</i> Old Boys' F.L.	<i>Lost</i>	1-3
<i>v.</i> Malvern	<i>Lost</i>	2-10
<i>v.</i> Aldenham...	<i>Drawn</i>	4-4
<i>v.</i> O.W.W.	<i>Won</i>	5-3
<i>v.</i> Casuals	<i>Drawn</i>	3-3
<i>v.</i> Old Lancing Boys	<i>Drawn</i>	2-2

2ND XI.

<i>v.</i> Old Cholmelians	<i>Lost</i>	0-4
<i>v.</i> School Mission	<i>Lost</i>	1-9
<i>v.</i> H.A.C.	<i>Lost</i>	2-4
<i>v.</i> St. Andrew's Mission	<i>Won</i>	6-2

Old Westminsters.

In the New Year Honours, Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, C.H., C.B., M.P., Chairman of the Conservative Party, was made a Privy Councillor ; Mr. F. G. Hallett, O.B.E., J.P., Secretary, Joint Examining Board, Royal College of Physicians of London and Royal College of Surgeons of England, and Mr. Justice Arthur Herbert Cuming, I.C.S., Judge of the High Court of Indiatore, Calcutta, received the honour of knighthood ; Mr. Arthur Stretton Gaye, O.B.E., Commissioner of Crown Lands, was made a C.B., and Mr. George Townsend Boag, I.C.S., Secretary to Government, Finance Department, Madras, was made a C.I.E.

Mr. H. M. Hake has been appointed Director and Keeper of the National Portrait Gallery.

Mr. J. A. Cook has been awarded his 'Blue' for Association Football at Cambridge.

Mr. W. S. de G. Rankine has been elected to the Boden Sanskrit Scholarship at Oxford.

Births.

PITE.—On August 17, the wife of A. G. Pite, of a son.
 MUNRO-FAURE.—On December 2, the wife of C. A. Munro-Faure, lately resident in Valparaiso, of a son.
 MONTAGU.—On December 27, the wife of the Hon. Ewen E. S. Montagu, of a son.
 HILARY.—On December 20, the wife of Robert J. Hilary, Housemaster of Busby's, of a daughter.

✱
Marriage.

HARVEY-JONES.—On January 7, at West Bromwich, Leslie Francis Harvey, Assistant Master at Westminster School, to Adelaide Jones.

Obituary.

WE regret to have to announce the death of HAROLD OSMAN SAUNDERS. He was a son of T. L. Saunders, and was up Ashburnham from 1903 to 1906. He died recently abroad, aged 38.

WILLIAM TENISON LLOYD was admitted up Rigaud's in 1883. He died recently, aged 56.

Correspondence.

THE HOSPITAL,
 WORTHING,
 January 15, 1928.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—As I have had my leg smashed by a motorcyclist (*quem di perdant!*), my annual visit to the Play had to be omitted this year, and I had to study the reports and translate the Epilogue from the printed page. May I be allowed two comments on it?

Mr. A. P. Waterfield seems to have produced as witty and lively an Epilogue as I can remember, and is especially to be congratulated on cutting out an unpleasant method of playing to post-war taste which has been a feature of several epilogues of late years. I mean the introduction of 'bad language.' To work in the syllable 'dam' and the adjective 'sanguinolentus' and the like is not only an exceedingly low form of wit, but strikes many of us O.W.W. as quite out of place and in bad taste, and there are plenty who would join with me in hoping that this will not be re-introduced in the future. It is quite needless.

The other criticism is regarding your modern tendency to multiply puns—many of them simply tortured out of the Latin. To try to solve some of them induces headache. Surely the paronomasia should be obvious, when read and especially when spoken. An instance of what I call a really good pun comes from an Epilogue in which I acted (in the

nineties, alas!), but perhaps none the worse for being Victorian. President Kruger arrives from South Africa and has a dispute with his 'cabby': the motor-car had just begun a tentative existence in those days. 'Monstrum horrendum informe ingens: non fumus ademptus.' The cabby in disgust flings down the portmanteau, and remarks: 'Procumbit humi box': to which Kruger replies 'Olim truncus erat?' Now here the puns are obvious, and three classical allusions are cleverly worked in. Possibly the modern multiplication of complicated puns is to amuse the ladies, who never have any suspicion that it is Latin at all, but surely the Westminster Epilogue is not intended as a diversion for those unacquainted with the language, but a feast of wit for those who do know it. The wittiest parts of this year's effort, as it struck me, were the lines about television and the eclipse, and the business with the telephone exchange. 'Semper ego auditor tantum' and 'Sed numerum revocare hoc opus hic labor est' seem to me in the best tradition of classical foolery. No one could ever beat Calverley's:

'O fumose puer, nimium ne crede Baconi:
 Manilas vocat; hoc praetexit nomine caules.'

But Mr. Waterfield has caught a good portion of the prophet's spirit.

I am, yours faithfully,
 JOHN ASTON (O.W.).

THE RECTORY,
 CHINGFORD, E. 4,
 ESSEX.
 November 29, 1927.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—In May, 1926, during the General Strike, Stanley Harris died at the early age of 45, in the midst of his great work amongst young boys. In ordinary times, the event would have roused greater interest. Newspaper reports appeared as soon as possible, notably in *The Times*. Memories went back to stirring times and to one of the outstanding personalities of the football field. Poignant regret was felt at the cutting short of a most promising career and of an important work amongst boys at a Preparatory School. And a movement was set on foot to perpetuate his name and his work.

Briefly, it is a Scholarship or Exhibition at Pembroke College, Cambridge (his old College), tenable in the first instance by an old boy of St. Ronans, West Worthing (the School of which he was Headmaster), failing that, by an old Westminster. The MINIMUM needed is £2,000, towards which some £150 is still required.

At Westminster Stanley Harris was a double Pink at a time when the standard was high. O.A.H. will remember him more as the one who, by his personality, raised the House to a new level, though he was never Head—a forecast of what he was to do after. At Cambridge he captained the Soccer eleven when they gained a pronounced victory, 5-0 over Oxford, a fine team, made finer by the inspiring lead of its chief. He captained England on several occasions, and played regularly for the Corinthians in those great days of that Club, and was one of the side that beat Bury, the chosen professional champions, in the 'Sheffield' Charity Cup, 10-2, perhaps the high water mark of amateur Soccer. His personality and beautiful play at inside left made him deservedly popular, and after his first International match at Glasgow, the delighted Scots, though beaten, carried him off the field shoulder high, perhaps the finest tribute a footballer has ever received.

Westminster owes much to him. He found his life work amongst young boys, and his School at St. Ronans, West Worthing, quickly achieved a very high reputation.

His methods were largely his own and he has left a record of them in his book, 'The Master and his Boys.'

His influence was amazing, and his work was of truly national value, for nothing can be more important than the training of boys. The basis of it all was his deep, strong, healthy and simple religion. His work is being carried on by his brother, and by those whom he has inspired, and is not in danger of coming to an end.

It was my privilege to know him at Westminster from his first day and to be honoured by his friendship till his death. There must be many O.W.W. of all generations who would like to take part in this memorial to a great O.W. and a great Christian gentleman. And, as his oldest friend (though far less known than other O.W.W. on the Committee of the Memorial), I suggest, Mr. Editor, that you should give all O.W.W. an opportunity of subscribing before the balance of £150 is made up and the Fund closed. Small sums will be very welcome from those who cannot give large. The Treasurer is Lady Corcoran, 62, Cornwall Gardens, S.W. 7, or I would be willing to receive them myself.

Yours faithfully,
CECIL B. HOWARD KNIGHT.

18, ADELAIDE ROAD,
SURBITON.
December 15, 1927.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DALE'S HOUSE.

SIR,—The mention of Dale's House in your December issue prompts me to ask (1) in what year was Dale's House instituted? (2) What House, if any, did it succeed? (3) Was it always at 18, Dean's Yard?

I was up Dale's during the last two terms of 1884. At the end of that year the house dissolved, and H.B.B., who had previously been housed at No. 1, Dean's Yard, were transferred to No. 18 in January, 1885.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
R. R. HOWLETT.

222, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C. 2.
January, 1928.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—We take the early opportunity of thanking all O.W.W. who helped us by attending the 'Westminster Dinner.'

Yours faithfully,
E. B. H. GRAHAM,
D. C. SIMPSON, *Hon. Secretaries.*

Our Contemporaries.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—

Eton College Chronicle (11), *Our Boys' Magazine* (4), *The Salopian* (4), *The Wykehamist* (5), *The Hailyburian* (3), *The Harrovian* (3), *The Corian*, *Brighton College Magazine*, *St. Edward's School Chronicle* (2), *The Meteor* (4), *The Marlburian*, *The Radleian* (3), *The Uhula* (2), *The Wellingtonian* (3), *The Limit* (2), *Lancing College Chronicle* (2), *St. Peter's College Magazine*, *The Cliftonian* (2), *The Pauline* (2), *The Reptonian* (3), *The Royal Air Force Cadets' College Magazine*, *The Malvernian* (2), *The Johnian*, *The Felstedian* (2), *The Blundellian* (2), *Bradfield College Chronicle* (2), *The Cheltonian* (2), *Trinity University*

Review (3), *The Alleynian* (2), *The Edinburgh Academy Chronicle* (2), *The Rossalian* (2), *The Penn Charter Magazine*, *The Dovorian* (2), *The Shirburnian* (2), *The Tonbridgian* (2), *Beaumont Review*, *Albanian*, *Canturian*, *Blue*, *Elean*, *Cholmelian*, *Stonyhurst Magazine*, *Portcullis*, *Clavarian*, *King's College Magazine*, *Hermes*, *City of London School Magazine*.

THE SCHOOL MISSION.

THE Mission was founded in 1888, and began work as a Boys' Club in Soho. In 1891 it moved to Westminster, and the work is now carried on in the parish of St. Stephen with St. Mary, Westminster.

The Mission is largely responsible for the upkeep of Napier Hall, Hide Place, Vincent Square, where the club-rooms and hall are used by the Parish (Westminster School Mission) Club for young men and boys, and by the 1st (City of Westminster) Troop B.P. Scouts. Religious instruction is provided by the clergy of the parish. Physical training and gymnastic classes, lectures and debates are held, and the club provides a library, billiards, and the usual recreations. The club has its own football and cricket ground. More personal help from Old Westminsters is urgently needed. The Hon. Secretary will give further information gladly to anyone willing to help.

Financial assistance is also given by the Mission to the 'E' (Westminster) Company, 1st Cadet Battalion, London Regiment, 'The Queen's.'

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

OLD WESTMINSTERS LODGE, No. 2233.

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

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

NOTICES.

ALL contributions to the March number of THE ELIZABETHAN should reach the Editor at 3, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1, before March 1, 1928.

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

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

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