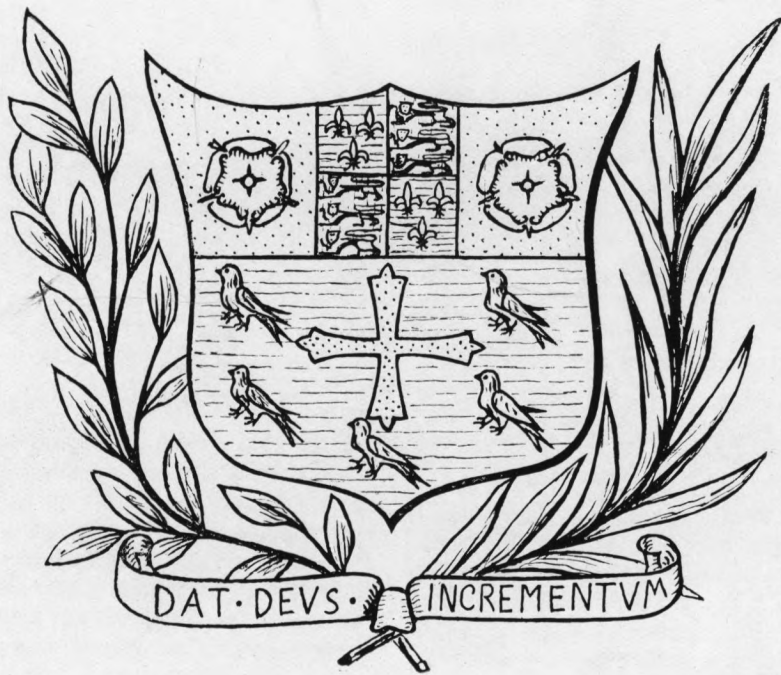


THE ELIZABETHAN



WESTMINSTER
IN HEREFORDSHIRE
MARCH, 1941

THE ELIZABETHAN

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TALLER TO-DAY, WE REMEMBER . . .

We have settled in. The cooker companies who treated us so badly in the last issue belied their reputation by providing us with cookers only a few days after we went to press. Decimated last term by lack of these necessities, and through the uncertainty of times and seasons, we are decimated this by the usual outcrop of the usual diseases and the usual one or two unusual ones. Spring, although it has not woken yet, will soon be with us, and then with the fruit trees and all the accompaniment of rebirth in the country our pastoral will be sweet indeed.

But spring will bring with it problems; so did winter. Yet the main problems of the spring will be of a different order. The autumn brought a Westminster homeless, an unknown countryside, houses with snags in them, hills, buses, cookers or not; the winter, all the obvious visitors—snow, permutations of epidemics, pipes frozen, engines frozen, fingers frozen, roads

frozen; the spring brings warmth, health, gaiety, love and sunshine, and "good-bye to all that"—and the biggest problem of the year. What is it?

The difficulty of any move is how to make a passable present out of an impossible past and an impassable future. We cannot do what we used to. We cannot laze in a willing deckchair by the pavilion, eating ices and strawberry sundaes, watching Westminster beat Charterhouse, with the towers of the Abbey over the rooftops. We cannot fence in Ashburnham Garden to the tune of the Song School and the subdued roar of London's traffic beyond the arena. We cannot even stroll in the long shadows of the cloister on a glorious Saturday with nothing to do but live in the past. The present is much too important in the country. Yet we can hope—hope to return to the past, to the past of two and the past of a thousand years ago; meanwhile we must enjoy the present with only the future to console us.

And what if we dig the summer away, and paint the shadows from our country houses, lay bricks, cut wood, mend gates? How can we ever get back again? What if we try to remodel the country out of the town—can we live in the past out here? No. We must decide for all time. Either the past must flee outworn for ever at the dawning of a new and more spacious age, or else we must face the sadness of a mere pastiche, living on the hope of a future past which we know must go for ever with the spring; for—

“Spring is an issue of blood
A season of sacrifice.”

VALLEY LIFE

London Town in its great forward surge once threatened to engulf that little oasis of quiet and peace, the Abbey and the School buildings; but however noisily it clamoured round it, it failed to overwhelm it. And the result has been that whenever Westminster, old or young, have passed through the archway into Dean's Yard, they have felt pervading them a spirit of calm and happiness, enabling them to stand apart from the vast metropolis, whose echoes just reach their ears, and to regard its rush and hurry without themselves being caught up in its toils. It has, in fact, been the privilege of Westminsters of all times to be part of London and yet apart from it.

Some of us can still experience that feeling now. Probably we who live in Whitbourne are more fortunate than our fellows who dwell on the exposed hills of Herefordshire. As we look up from our placid valley to the jostling clouds overhead or to the summit of Ankerdine with its tablecloth of snow, we feel as we did when we stood in Yard with its mellow beauty around us and listened to the dull roar of London. And descending in Mr. Pettifer's luxury coaches to our low-lying homes beside the Teme, and seeing the tower of Whitbourne Church in the noon sunlight first rising above the brow of the hill and then sinking, as we sink, behind the trees, is not unlike entering Dean's Yard on a summer afternoon, when the London streets have been more than usually dusty, and absorbing the ever-fresh sights that give us new understanding each time we gaze on them.

The Teme, then, has replaced the Thames, the racing storm-clouds the trams on Westminster Bridge; the only guns we ever hear are those of the local farmers' shoot. The peaceful valley of Whitbourne is our new Dean's Yard. Green has grown immensely and stretches away towards every horizon, dividing us by many miles of rolling lawn, forest and meadow from the busy town which is our home. Round us are seen the works of beauty that are the handiwork of Nature, not of Man. And summer is to come, storm clouds will pass; perhaps even Buckenhill, that bleak block of masonry now smarting under the lash of wind and rain, will in June partake of the warm placidity of Westminster in London.

This is no phantasy; we can only draw comparisons. In the heart of the country we dream of town, and in things near we see things that are far away, the reflection of a distant image. Westminster is mindful of her own.

THE ELIZABETHAN

Of all the letters which pour into the Editor's postbag some criticise and these are welcome; some—a few—congratulate, which is cheering; most are merely dull, and these are filed or sent to some great-hearted Old Westminster who, past the need of cheer and even perhaps beyond the reach of criticism, spends his retirement in doing some of the intensely laborious team-work which forms for him one of his most cherished links with a glorious past, and for us one of the most valuable cogs in the machinery of the relentless present. One of these, one of the best-loved, who for some years has been among the foremost of the team, has lately run his course to the end. But a tribute to his work may be found elsewhere from a fitter pen than mine, and thus, with a fleeting record of our regrets and sympathies, we must pass on.

Of all our correspondence the most disheartening is the sort which complains that “I have had no ELIZABETHAN for six months. Are you doing anything about it, or is the School going to pieces?” Well, the School has gone to pieces—six or seven pieces, each several miles from the next. But our correspondent is most unkind. Yet lest you too, reader, should have wondered when your ELIZABETHAN was coming, or where it had gone to, the Editor must lay down his

office manner and his privileged pronoun for a few rash moments and divulge a secret: *Reader, there is a war on.*

Now this has no doubt been urged before; indeed, many people may have noticed it for themselves by now. The Government, for instance, have reduced our supplies and we are rationed in all the things that make food worth eating. We, too, must ration our readers. They have done nothing to deserve it, nor have we. But unless some generous reader can afford to make an equally generous gift to THE ELIZABETHAN before next term, there is no hope of more than one number a term for the time being.

This, reader, is not an apology—"the Editor seldom feels it necessary to justify his policy," if we may be allowed to misquote from memory a former writer in this column—this is a rebuke. We are sorry if you have not received a December ELIZABETHAN, and we are sorrier still if you received one and did not like it. But we are not going to be put off.

SCHOOL NOTES

THE FOLLOWING HAVE BEEN ELECTED TO CHRIST CHURCH:—

TO SCHOLARSHIPS:—

- T. J. Brown, K.S. (Classics).
- M. W. Sweet-Escott, K.S. (Classics).
- N. J. P. Brown, K.S. (Classics).

TO EXHIBITIONS:—

- J. P. Johnston, K.S. (Natural Science).
- M. P. L. Hamburger (Modern Languages).
- L. A. Wilson (Head of Grant's), G. M. Woodwark (Head of Homeboarders), and D. H. R. Archer (Head of Rigaud's) have been appointed School Monitors.

The following elections have been made by the Games Committee:—

- To be Captain of Cricket—K. A. H. Hinge.
- To be Head of the Water—P. B. Taylor.
- To be Secretary of Football—I. A. Renny.
- To be Secretary of Cricket—R. W. Young.
- To be Secretary of the Boat Club—J.D.Lever.

We welcome to the Abbey as Canon and Rector of St. Margaret's the Rev. Alan Campbell

Don, Chaplain to the King and to the Speaker of the House of Commons.

School Confirmation will take place on May 25th, not, as is usual, this term. The service will be held in Bromyard Parish Church.

The Mure Scholarship has been won by R. W. Young, K.S.

On Saturday, March 15th, half term, and again on Ash Wednesday the whole School met for morning Abbey in Bromyard Parish Church. There was an address by the Head Master on both occasions.

There was no Pancake Greaze this year.

THE ELIZABETHAN

The Editors apologize for the following errors in the last issue of THE ELIZABETHAN.

Mr. Willett's term time address as Hon. Secretary of the Westminster School Society at New Road, Bromyard, is No. 20, not No. 40, as previously stated.

Derek Keppel Coleridge O'Malley, Flying Officer, R.A.F.V.R., was killed in action on September 15th, 1940, not on active service.

A. K. N. Williams Treffgarne was stated to have divided the Robert Ross Scholarship at the Slade School of Fine Art. His initials should read A. R. H.

We must also apologize for the inordinate number of copyist's errors that appeared in Mr. Lionel James's letter on Rutherford on page 80. In line 8 of the first column for *censured* read *claimed*; in line 14, for *bitter* read *little*; in line 18, for *my* read *any*; and in line 17 of the second column, for *to* read *the*.

AN OXFORD LETTER

Sir,

We are now more than half-way through a term that began with the promise of a frost to equal the great frost of the early months of last year. We were disappointed in our hope; this year there was to be no ice hockey on Christ Church meadow, no skating by moonlight on the Cherwell. Heavy and frequent falls of snow brought with them the acute discomforts of cold with none of the compensating advantages, and we were thankful enough when the grass of

Peckwater became green once more. A scare at the beginning of the term resulted in elaborate arrangements being made for fire watching and roof spotting, but fortunately there has not been as yet the slightest excuse for putting these to the test, though most undergraduates are officially performing some A.R.P. duty. The O.T.C., or rather the S.T.C.—the difference, we are told, is that the former trained us to be Brigadiers, while the latter is training us to be Bombardiers—has provided considerable surprise and merriment to the university by issuing the whole of the Artillery Unit with genuine battle-dress, and the R.A.C. Unit with a wonderful uniform that looks at a distance as if it were made of the most beautiful black satin. A minor sensation occurred when Mr. Kinchin Smith appeared on parade with a Coronation riband to brighten the gloom of his battle-dress, and, when another O.W. was bold enough to follow his example, one of the Permanent Staff Instructors forgot himself so far as to exclaim:—"So you've got one of those something fancy medals, too!"

In one of his lighter moments Mr. Barrington-Ward suggested that all the Christ Church O.W.W. should descend together on Bromyard in one small motor vehicle. It is only to be regretted that lack of petrol makes this delightful suggestion somewhat impracticable. In spite of the difficulties of transport we received a welcome visit early in the term from Mr. Adams and Mr. Staynes, who ventured the perilous journey from their fenland seminary. We nearly lost Mr. Flanders when the eight in which he was rowing was dashed headlong over Iffley Weir in many small pieces, but he succeeded in depriving the lock-keeper of salvage money by striking out boldly for the bank, in company with the rest of the crew. Mr. David Pears is usually to be found in Christ Church playing Battleships with Mr. Lloyd-Jones. Mr. Seale is still occasionally to be found cycling down St. Giles with the top of his head just visible from beneath swathing bands of pink scarf. Mr. Instone is entertaining us all with his experiences of coal-mining and journalism, while Mr. Kidner has decided that sleep is really an unnecessary luxury, to be indulged in only as a short respite between the exigencies of Duke Ellington and Bishop Berkeley. Mr. Carlyle and Mr. T. J. Brown are flirting with the newly-founded Ballet Club, while Mr. Kinchin

Smith executes the business of his numberless societies to the accompaniment of the Bandits' Club Orchestra stamping holes in his ceiling. And now, sir, as we have trespassed on your time for long enough with these triflings, we remain,

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

A CAMBRIDGE LETTER

Sir,

I have always had theories about the writing of Cambridge letters, but with the Tripos only twelve weeks away, and Cambridge what it is, I find myself without the time to put them into practice. Lacking the imagination and wit to describe an imaginary bicycle tour of Cambridge (which, anyway, would have been blatant plagiarism), and recollecting the discovery of one of my recent predecessors that all Cambridge letters were merely rehashes of yet earlier efforts, I decided owing to my innate love of truth, to make a real bicycle tour. I had hoped thereby to add that touch of realism that makes all the difference to a description. But under pressure of work, O.T.C. and other activities, I lack the time (and also the bicycle, since Mr. Skrender purchased a padlock which defies even my abilities as a cracksman) for this experiment.

Life here seems to go on much as usual; the war has fortunately not affected us in the way of material damage. The political life of Cambridge continues to be active, and the Undergraduate Council has been making very strenuous efforts to prevent the Proctors from assuming the power to ban political meetings. Freedom, they keep telling us, is in peril. People seem to work rather harder now than in peace time, and Cambridge has toned down very much in the way of rowdyism and practical joking, except for occasional attempts by Rugger toughs, rowing men and other reactionaries to break up the more left-wing political meetings. Hence the action of the Proctors, who have reason to fear breaches of the peace.

Of the Old Westminster colony Messrs. Clout and Skrender are the patriarchs, being the only Third Year men in residence. Mr. Clout lives at the joint expense of Trinity and H.M. Navy, and does himself very well on it. Mr. Skrender is seldom seen and appears to work very hard.

Mr. Batten lives in the smallest room in Trinity and emerges from time to time in a leather overcoat. Messrs. Adams and Wilkinson share the fo'c's'le quarters together ("Afraid we're closing early to-night. Mind the bulkheads on your way on deck!") Mr. Hawthorne is Secretary of the C.U.B.C. and is usually to be seen on the river. Mr. Nicholas is never in, but his desk is always piled with books and papers to give the impression of enormous industry. Mr. Staynes is something of a recluse, spending most of his time absorbed in the profundities of Schopenhauer. Mr. Garner lives in incredible luxury in the new buildings of St. John's, with H. and C., central heating, and a 'cello. Mr. Abrahams boxes for the University, and Mr. Craig indulges in amateur theatricals. Other once familiar faces to be seen from time to time are those of Mr. Woodwork, Mr. Fitzhugh and Mr. Yealland. Mr. Castle Cleary designs stage scenery and will forge you a Cézanne in half an hour for ten shillings. If, in the course of conversation with Mr. Bailey, you happen to mention that your fire smoulders and burns too much coal, he will whip out of his pocket a copy of his magnum opus entitled "Rational Firing Principles," which solves all problems by telling you how to make your fire go out scientifically.

I hate to break a tradition of so long standing, but it is quite beyond my literary abilities to round off my Cambridge letter in the customary manner. I am sorry.

YOUR CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

THE SCHOOL MISSION

Up to a few months ago the Mission Club at Napier Hall and the Cadets at Lammas Hall were working on a more than pre-war scale, Napier Hall opening for six nights a week instead of three, and the Cadets having nearly doubled their strength. One would naturally expect that an institution such as the School Mission would increase the scope of their activities in wartime, and it is not surprising that this is the case.

With the night attacks on London the position changed. Napier Hall and Lammas Hall, at Battersea, the home of the Cadets, were both in very vulnerable areas and became unfit for night meetings. Lammas Hall was actually bombed.

In both cases it became necessary to restrict activities to Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Since then the Army has taken the Club's Superintendent at Napier Hall (and the Mission has had to rely for supervision on some old members of the Club), and most of the staff at Lammas Hall have been similarly taken. This restriction of activities to Saturdays and Sundays is, of course, only temporary; and please do not suppose that the Mission has in any way closed down. On the contrary it is to be hoped that it will not be long before the Club and the Cadets are again running on top gear. For the Club a plan is already in hand for combining with other Clubs in Westminster in a building which, besides providing room for them all (each retaining its own identity) will also have in the basement shelter accommodation, approved by the city authorities, so that night work can be carried on. As for the Cadets, consultation with the battalion authorities as to how a more normal state of affairs can be restored is being carried on.

Now that we have looked at the activities of the Mission in wartime, we come to the uninteresting but none the less essential side of the Mission. I refer, of course, to the financial side. A glance at the Mission accounts for 1939 will show that out of a total income of just over three hundred pounds, approximately one-sixth was contributed by the School. Thus it is all wrong to suppose that the School entirely supports the Mission, but it will also be noted that the expenditure of the Mission would vastly exceed income without the support of the School. Thus the question whether subscriptions from the School are really needed does not arise.

In the past the School Mission has been called a "charity." This term is quite out of place and nowadays inappropriate. The Mission boys are not charity boys. They earn their own wages and pay their own Club subscriptions. What Westminsters are invited to do is to hold out a hand by way of companionship, and not patronage, to their poorer cousins. I sincerely hope that this misnaming of the Mission is over, once and for all. If a further and more detailed account of the Mission's activities is desired, I should like to refer the reader to the current issue of the *Grantite Review*.

P. N. RAY, *Asst. Hon. Sec.*

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL MISSION ACCOUNTS, 1939.

INCOME.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Abbey Offertory	28 14 0	Napier Hall	100 0 0
Westminster School and Masters	51 3 0	Cadet Corps	85 0 0
Other Subscriptions and Donations	183 2 0	Games Ground Rents.....	24 0 0
Income Tax Refund on Subscriptions under "Covenant"	17 18 9	Holiday Fund	15 0 0
Interest on War Loan and Savings Bank Deposit	37 3 2	Club Expenses.....	5 0 0
		Club Manager's Honorarium.....	60 0 0
		Reports, Printing, Postage, etc.	12 0 0
		Surplus of Income over Expenditure.....	16 12 11
	<hr/> <hr/>		<hr/> <hr/>
	£318 0 11		£318 0 11

WESTMINSTER IN HEREFORDSHIRE

COLLEGE

College has now adopted for itself a round of amusements sufficiently varied to educate the most determined bookworm.

The system is that from 2.15 to 4.15 each day various outdoor jobs are done by gangs of scholars who quickly become, if not strictly speaking expert, at least tolerably fast at their particular jobs. The woodcutters have found sufficient fuel for their enthusiasm every day since November; the estate workers do useful tidying-up jobs from time to time, mending gates, fences, paths, walls and so forth; a circular brick incinerator has risen behind the out-buildings, though the diggers and the bricklayers alike have suffered from the frost which makes their particular jobs impossible. When this happens, or rain or snow hold up the proceedings, there is plenty to do inside. College now runs its own laundry—this is not a society, but entailed the redecoration of the existing laundry house. The Scout basement, in the top of a barn, had to be roofed inside with roofing-felt. A certain amount of interior decoration has been necessary in the house as well, and this has been done, except for papering, chiefly by boys. Football, fencing, Corps and Scouts add to the variety of afternoon life.

In the evening the hour from eight to nine is given up entirely to societies. The wave of society fever which has spread through College

in the last month or two would have delighted the heart of many an old society fan in the days of peace in London, and especially of a certain editor of THE ELIZABETHAN some years ago, whose name is still a byword in College, and to whom this account of society life is, without permission, dedicated.

The simplest way of describing evening activities is to do so by days. On Monday the time is given up to book-binding—largely a Scouts' Society—and printing. Several weeks were taken up with building racks for cases of type, cleaning the press, and other preparations, but College lists have already been printed as well as several sorts of notepaper. On Tuesday College Orchestra used to meet, but the time is now given to rehearsal for the School Orchestra. On Wednesday the Quartet Society still meets, and combines rehearsals for Sunday with some of its old favourites. Junior Amb. Soc. (it has never been called Ambulance Society and, like most other Societies, probably never will) also meets on Wednesdays. Senior Amb. Soc. meets on Thursdays, but at present their activities are restricted by the black-out. Next term we shall be able to have some more realistic practices on the Lancing pattern. The Gramophone Society has been dealt with elsewhere. On Saturday night what is perhaps the queerest society of all holds its meetings. It is called Saturday Society, and its activities include reading plays, prose, short stories and foreign poetry, holding debates

and mock trials, hearing lectures and, in fact, doing anything it can think of which does not encroach on the private preserves of any other society. This is one of the most successful of all, and twenty-seven Scholars have joined it. Recent meetings have included the following: on February 15th a debate with Rigaud's on the motion that the "present form of the Public School has outlived its usefulness." The motion was defeated by 14 votes to 13, after an extremely good debate. Archer and Ellis of Rigaud's opposed the motion; it was proposed by Cary and Sleightholm, K.S.S. (It is interesting to note that, with very few exceptions, all K.S.S. present voted for, and all Rigaudites against this very pertinent motion!) Earlier in the term an Editor of the "King's Scholars' Chronicle" was acquitted by a jury of his peers of a charge of corrupting morals; on another occasion four short stories were read, and a short meeting was held at which members read in Greek, Latin, French, German, Russian, Scots and English.

Sunday has always until now been a day of rest in College, if seldom elsewhere. The whole week-end is now one long society meeting. During a normal week-end the following societies meet in College, apart from the Saturday Society: the Essay Society; Poets' Corner, which reads poetry of all periods and is another successful new venture; Design Society, which builds houses in the air; the Gramophone Society; the Choral Society; and a curious affair which calls itself a "Plastics Group." For further details of this intriguing but exclusive circle apply to College scientists. The Essay Society and the Choral Society are school societies which meet at Whitbourne merely for convenience. An account of their activities will be found elsewhere.

Altogether College has settled in comfortably, and if the war brings us to a sticky end it will not be from boredom.

N. J. P. B.

RIGAUD'S

Last term was but a prelude, the overture to prepare us for the smoothly flowing and steadily developing symphony of house and school life in our new quarters. Now Rigaud's, in country beside which Dean's Yard, however great the

pulls of tradition and settlement, must seem dark and cramped, is firmly settled into a new way of life.

Station is now in full swing in the afternoons. There is football, for the house on the ground kindly lent to us by Captain Evans of Whitbourne Hall, or for a few at Clater, with gardening and woodcutting, when possible or necessary, as alternatives. When these stations have been impossible, we have climbed Ankerdine, or had a training run. Once a week there is, for some, a pilgrimage to Worcester, to remind them of the smell of petrol and the sound of traffic; or, for others, a walk or ride with no aim but enjoyment of the countryside.

As for the indoor activities of the house, the ever-present thought of war has immensely popularized the political debate, almost to the exclusion of other topics, and many spirited arguments have taken place. The newly-formed Discussion Society, too, found much to talk of when, at its inaugural meeting, it touched on the great problem of reconstructing Britain after the war. An additional recreation for many, despite the high mortality among balls, has been provided by the practical members of the house, who have turned a loft into a very good table-tennis room.

Remote though Dean's Yard is, we still preserve as many old customs as can be adapted to our new life—the school service in the evenings, school dress on Sundays, and even a Rigaud's pancake greaze on the lawn on Shrove Tuesday, won by A. L. Dorling.

Thus, while last term was spent in forming a constitution, in adapting the detailed rules of the London Rigaud's to the less exacting and less formal conditions of life of the country Rigaud's, this term the constitution has been put into practice, and, apart from slight adjustments, is justifying the trouble taken over its formation.

D. H. R. A.

ASHBURNHAM

Ashburnham does not boast of an Essay Society or a Political and Literary Society as yet. Perhaps when we have settled down in our new room at Clater, which provides much more space for societies of these kinds, more Ashburnham

societies will be founded. At the moment we find that our week-ends are taken up with football, a Sunday service at Brockhampton Chapel, walks, prep. here and there, and play reading on Sunday evenings. The latter is perhaps the most popular society, if one may call it that, that Ashburnham has ever possessed. We have discovered, much to our surprise, that, although entirely voluntary, those people not reading will come and listen to the play, and enjoy it. We have read a number of plays, including "The Apple Cart" by Shaw, "The Silver Box" by Galsworthy, and "Leave it to Psmith" by Wodehouse, everybody obtaining a great deal of enjoyment from them.

It is to be hoped, however, that the popularity of this society will not cause a loss of interest in the Debating Society, which flourished at Westminster and at Hurst. The most difficult part of a debate is always the subject; once having surmounted that difficulty, I feel sure that we can make a success of the actual debate, as we did at the end of last term.

K.A.H.H.

HOMEBOARDERS AND BUSBY'S

Although Buckenhill in the wilds of Herefordshire is situated farthest west of all the centres, and is thus the remotest from civilization, those who come over here for work will find that we have been by no means inactive. It had been said when we first arrived that if a bomb hit the house the difference would not be noticeable; since then many improvements have been made. Where it was once dangerous to walk (you were reminded of it by a notice "unexploded bomb") you can now go fearlessly; a large part of the house has been redecorated and indeed here and there reconstructed. Although the "ram," the source of our water supply, has not always behaved itself, it seems to have quite reconciled itself to the extra strain, and the tank no longer temperamentally overflows at three in the morning. Nor is there any excuse for not doing prep.; the new dynamo is seeing to that, ably supervised by our Chief Engineer, Mr. Young, who, by the way, can also be seen loading up his new trailer, of which he is very proud, in Bromyard of an afternoon. The library has moved from "School" down to Bromyard, and the seemingly

everlasting stream of the Head Master's furniture has ebbed away.

The snow has come and gone, or so we hope. Any aspirations we may have entertained of a continuous round of tobogganing were unfortunately dispelled; besides, most of our time was spent digging out certain gentlemen's cars, which, in valiantly keeping up communications with Bromyard—now maintained by a mile or two of new shining copper wire—and keeping us well supplied with food, became stuck in deep drifts.

But no less important have been the mental activities of the two houses here: the Debating Society has proved stimulating, the very informal Gramophone Society has met regularly, Busby's Carpentry Society has been vieing with the school carpenters, and our minds have been well occupied by solving the mechanical problems of felling trees as expounded by Mr. Earp. Mr. Willett has been methodically mowing round the house, and we hope to see soon the first fruits of Mr. Fisher's labour in the garden, and later on perhaps to eat them.

This incomplete survey of Buckenhill activities will, we hope, at any rate give the impression that we are by no means succumbing to disease and death under the onslaught of the cruel Welsh winds, but rather that we are certainly alive and kicking.

I. J. C.

GRANT'S

When we returned at the end of the holidays, the main difference we found was that some of the rooms had been changed round. The Monitors are now in the room formerly occupied by the Chiswickites, who are also now in a larger room. This has been brought about by more people sleeping at Huntlands, which is our farthest outpost, a farm just over a mile away, and the result is that everyone is a lot more comfortable. Fernie proved its adaptability when thirteen boys went out of school with measles, and were all accommodated in Fernie itself, where usually there are only five boys sleeping.

Grant's has just become a pig club. As it was necessary to form a club before being allowed to keep pigs, the whole house was immediately enrolled, and two small pigs were bought. The idea is that they shall become large pigs by the end of the term, and then appear on the table.

The hens, which have had to be cut down, on account of the rationing, to sixty-six, provided several very good meals, and the remainder seem to have felt their responsibility more strongly, now producing about a dozen eggs a day. Fifty day-old chicks have also been ordered, which should replace our present stock by October.

As for our own activities, the usual stations are in full swing: football, fencing and running, each on two days a week. These are staggered so that jobs are done every day, by those not doing station. The jobs include sawing wood for the fires, attending to the acetylene generator, hedging, cleaning windows and, of course, gardening.

The House Debating Society, which was started at Lancing, is now meeting again, every Sunday evening. Apart from this and a service, held at Fernie when it was not possible to go to the church in Bromyard, Sunday is free for everyone to do what they like. Most people take advantage of this opportunity to explore the countryside on foot or bicycle. A much older House Society, Lit. Soc., still meets each week, before supper on Saturdays.

All these things go to show that we have quite settled down at Fernie Bank, and this unaccustomed life seems quite ordinary.

L. A. W.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES

THE POLITICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY

After its year of reduced activity at Lancing and Exeter, it was hoped to salvage the society when the School should return to Westminster in the autumn of 1940. Several meetings were arranged: the Hon. Harold Nicholson had very kindly agreed to come and speak on War Aims, Mr. Leonard Woolf on Common Sense in History and Politics, Monsieur G. Boris of the Forces Francaises Libres on Free France. But then the months of waiting came to an end, and London was inside a war. The School never returned, and with it scattered across the countryside of Herefordshire great activity seems scarcely possible.

On February 23rd, 1941, the President of the Society, the Head Master, spoke on The Novel. This he defined as "an imaginary story in prose," and it was born in the eighteenth century when under the touch of Fielding the first character came alive; mere entertainment became real creative activity. But the English novel was not to descend from Fielding and Smollett or, later, Walter Scott painting vivid action across a broad canvas, but rather from a little lady who, in spite of her early death, had time to record her vision—true, unflinching, slightly ironical but never contemptuous—Jane Austen. An indelible mark she left on English literature. Slightly apart stood Dickens with his vigour and essentially English qualities; and Thackeray, Trollope the

descendant of Fielding but without his genius, and the Brontës.

Slowly, though, the novel developed into the "nice story," merely out to entertain. There had to be another bifurcation. In the books of Hardy or of Meredith and James, the introverted writers, the highbrow novel developed. Character was to be looked at from the inside, personality got at by paring off the externalities. This was developed as far as it could go by E. M. Forster, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf. The novel must change, must embody the broad sweep and the piercing intuition; this seems to be a possibility now that attention is changing from the individual to the group, and moreover there is the eternal example in Tolstoi, the greatest of all novelists.

R. A. W.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY

Although there are very limited opportunities for archæological research in this district, we are very fortunate in being surrounded by much of architectural interest within a very small radius.

There are, besides the two cathedrals, Tewkesbury where there is a very fine abbey, Stokesay Castle, Lower Brockhampton and Ludlow, to mention only a few. Although it is very difficult to organise the society for an outing under existing conditions, we hope very soon to begin a series of them.

A. R. B.

ESSAY SOCIETY

In spite of the School's new situation, the Society renewed its activities at the beginning of this term and has so far held five meetings at which the essays read have been well varied both in style and subject.

On January 12th R. A. Wollheim read an essay on "The Romantic Movement"; this was an extremely erudite essay, full of pertinent references and penetrating criticisms. The essayist began by contrasting the atmosphere of the eighteenth century with that of the movement, a fundamental difference being the attitude to society. Leibniz had believed in the goodness of society as a whole; Rousseau believed in the goodness of the individual living in a bad society. Having traced and distinguished the early signs of reaction against the eighteenth century, the essayist turned to the great English Romantic poets and analysed each one in turn, not without allowing his personal prejudices to colour his criticism. He then rounded his essay off by considering where their aims were similar.

On January 26th R. S. Faber read an essay on "Sir Thomas More." The essayist gave a clear outline of More's life from his birth in 1480 to his execution in 1535, showing him to be a man of exceptional goodness; he also described the character of the "Utopia," and gave some interesting revelations of More's habits and manner of living, illustrating his statements with well-chosen extracts from More's works and from contemporary historians. Though not very full of detail, this essay was well written and its style compared favourably with that of the extracts from More's works which it contained. The discussion afterwards centred round the "Utopia."

The next essay was read by J. M. Erde on February 9th. The subject was "Mathematics," and the essayist, in a rough outline of its history, from the early Greeks to the present day, tried to give an impression of the nature of mathematics and its position in man's activities. This essay was by its nature bound to be in the form of a lecture and, with the essayist using a blackboard, was at times reminiscent of the form-room.

On February 16th D. C. Hampton-Smith read an essay on "The Delphic Oracle." He began by giving the various accounts of its divine initiation and traced its early development in the accounts

given by contemporary historians and in their "explanations" of the phenomena. Having described the precincts, he described the actual procedure at a consultation and discussed the genuineness of the pythia's trance. He ended with a long series of examples of the oracle's pronouncements, all of which were extremely interesting, especially the ambiguous cases. The discussion afterwards was as to how far the oracle was authentic.

On February 23rd N. J. P. Brown read an essay entitled "Catholic or Christian?" The essayist began by tracing the early history of the Church up to the Reformation; he then tried to ascertain the relations of the various churches established in England to the organic body of Catholicism. He ended with a vision of the Church in the future, united under a centralised authority, "essentially catholic and catholic in its essentials."

J. M. E.

THE MUSIC

It may have occurred to those who have heard nothing of Westminster's musical activities since the concert in July that music, as a mere pastime, had suffered the inevitable and vanished into the maelstrom of drains and limewash buckets. But not so. One of the first victims of the decoration fever at the Court was an old stable, smelling of hay (old) and woodwork (rotten). This was hastily stripped; the partition inside was removed and re-erected as an outer door to keep in warmth and keep out the light after black-out hours. The walls were limewashed, pink on top, brick below, the ceiling distempered, the floor of brick was washed down and covered with an old felt and two carpets, an old stove appeared in the wall as though by magic, and there was a music room which has held since then anything up to fifty people.

This term Mr. Foster, the Director of Music, has left London and is staying permanently at Whitbourne Hall. Music lessons occupy every day in the week. We are visited by a violin and viola master, a clarinet master, and a 'cello teacher from Worcester, and Mrs. Foster teaches the flute. College Orchestra and Quartet Society had been in action ever since the early days of last November; now they are merged in a School Orchestra which meets every Wednesday;

and a new and noble enterprise, a Choral Society, boasting nearly sixty members, which is not bad for a country village. In this we are joined by a force of sopranos and contraltos from the surrounding countryside, and apart from a slight lack of confidence the balance is surprisingly good. We are studying a Bach Cantata and some other short choral pieces. The Orchestra, too, flourishes under the sympathetic baton and dry humour of the Director. The chief works are Beethoven's C Minor piano concerto, in which D. I. Swann is playing the solo part, and a suite of Town and Country Tunes arranged by Adam Carse. We welcome one or two helpers from the village. May we appeal for a bassoon player?

One of the most successful undertakings has been the Gramophone Society. This at the moment is a College Society, a state of affairs which I hope we can remedy in the finer weather. It meets on Friday in the evening and boasts over half College and several Rigaudites as its members. Short introductory talks on the works to be played are given either by the Director of Music, who is President of the Society, or by the Head or Assistant Head of Music, who are Vice-Presidents. The chief difficulty is lack of records. If any O.W. who reads this has any records of good music in fairly sound condition which he does not want, they would be most gratefully received as the basis of the record library which it is hoped to establish in more peaceful times. Programmes so far have included :—

- Bach—Brandenburg Concerto No. 4.
Piano Concerto in D Minor.
- Beethoven—Symphony No. 7.
- Brahms—Symphony No. 4.
- César Franck—Symphonic Variations for Piano
and Orchestra.
- Delius—Brigg Fair.
- Elgar—Falstaff.
- Prokofiev—Classical Symphony.
Piano Concerto No. 3.
- Stravinsky—Ballet Music, "Petrouchka."
- Tchaikovsky—Symphony No. 6.
Piano Concerto No. 1.
- Weinberger—Polka and Fugue from Schwanda
the Bagpiper.

Informal meetings have also been held as time allowed during week-ends, and a surprisingly large number of people came to second or even third hearings of a Friday's work.

It is hoped that in the Election term, when weather is brighter, illness less prevalent and there is (at least according to popular fallacy) more time to spare, the society will become a flourishing School institution, and that music in general will go on from its very promising re-birth to heights surpassing even those of its greatest days at Westminster.

N. J. P. B.

THE SCIENCE LABORATORIES

The primary problem of finding suitable housing and form room accommodation having been solved, the major secondary problem set by the evacuation of the School had next to be tackled.

This was to find quarters for the science laboratories. Science is exacting in her demands. Even in wartime she insists on her accustomed amenities, and is not prepared to forego running water, gas and main electricity supplies.

This combination in a suitable building was hard to find in a small market town like Bromyard, but patient search resulted in the discovery of a long-disused loft in the old tannery. At first sight it was not exactly prepossessing, but by now we have been trained to discern possibilities in most unpromising material, so its conversion into a chemistry and physics laboratory was begun last term in enthusiasm and faith.

Meanwhile Mr. Burd had claimed for his own a room at Buckenhill. By his single-handed endeavours, a properly-equipped and furnished biology laboratory was actually open for use there before Christmas.

Work on the loft at the tannery continued through the holidays, the school laboratory assistants, G. Aldridge and G. Bladon, giving devoted and unremitting labour to the almost overwhelming variety of tasks involved in the process of transformation. Thus, before any apparatus could be put in place, walls had to be panelled, flooring repaired, partitions erected, drainage arranged, heating stoves installed, and gas and electricity supplies connected.

But in the final result, the School now has the use of a very adequately equipped chemistry laboratory and lecture room, a physics lecture demonstration room and laboratory.

In general convenience the building leaves little to be desired, and work has been in full swing there since the end of January.

THE J.T.C.

Our Junior Training Corps has celebrated its change of name by a so far extremely satisfactory term, in spite of the fact that all parades had to be cancelled for a fortnight owing to wintry conditions.

The whole contingent parades together on Fridays, at Buckenhill, whereas last term this could not be managed, H.BB., BB. and A.HH. parading at Buckenhill, and College, RR. and GG. at Whitbourne, on different days of the week.

Buckenhill is certainly an ideal spot for parades. The actual form-up takes place in a courtyard behind the house, which, though small, is adequate, provided the Certificate A candidates do not

parade. The Armoury is in an outbuilding, and next door is a sand table room, while Sergeant-Major Stewart is building a miniature range on the archery green, a large lawn in the garden.

But above all we have the country at our doorstep, with open, grassy valleys, which might have been made for tactical exercises. As a result technical exercises play a large part in the programme for each platoon, and we concentrate less on drill.

There is an extra large number of candidates for the new War Certificate A (which takes place towards the end of March), who parade informally with the Officers. The Sergeant-Major also takes additional parades for the Certificate A candidates and N.C.O.s on Tuesdays at Buckenhill and Wednesdays at Whitbourne.

There is another Certificate A examination at the end of next term, and it is also likely that we shall have an inspection and a house squad competition. It is laid down by the War Office that we should have three field days, so the summer term promises to be exceptionally full for us.

P. W. W.

WESTMINSTER UNDER SCOTT AND RUTHERFORD

By LIONEL JAMES (Q.S. 1882-1887)

(Concluded from December issue)

That Rutherford was himself a deeply and sincerely religious man there is no doubt, but I have little recollection of his sermons. Later I think his effectiveness as a preacher developed, and some of his sermons, reprinted in the *Key of Knowledge*, are, by their intellectual sincerity, impressive. Nor did his Confirmation class of those days leave any lasting mark. But from his first preparation, (in 1884), one incident is stamped indelibly on my memory. He had each boy into his study for an intimate talk; I don't remember a single word of what passed—he was, I suppose, somewhere right above my head—but I can never forget the impression of a strong man literally shaken with deep feeling as he prayed at my side. I think he looked on me as a veritable child of the Devil, and he was wrestling with the Evil One for my soul.

His great services to Greek scholarship are a matter of history; on his merits as a teacher there is less agreement. In the finer points of scholarship he was far below Scott, but he strongly impressed those under him by his absolute honesty of intellect and judgment. Many of his boys, from the days of Jack Phillimore and Eddie Marsh, won great distinction at the Universities; but a good share of the credit must certainly go to Raynor and John Sargeant. Personally, I must own that I did not find him very inspiring—no doubt it was my fault. We were out of sympathy—these things are largely a matter of temperament. But one great debt I and my generation owe to him for the many passages of great English poetry that he made us learn by heart. He insisted on the strictest verbal accuracy: we were to lay up these treasures of verse so firmly in our minds that we should be able to repeat them, he would

say, "on our death-bed." To this day I keep stored in my memory all Wordsworth's *Ode on Immortality*, all Shelley's *Adonais* and *Skylark*, large parts of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and much else. As his own ruling passion was Greek this is evidence of a certain width of vision. We learnt by heart besides much Virgil and Ovid, but oddly no Horace, whom he disliked. It was certainly a bad gap in the classical equipment of a boy going to the University to have done no Horace since my first term at Westminster, when I read with Reginald Dale (and have never forgotten) the *Ars Poetica*.

Rutherford had a genuine, if rather "pawky," sense of humour. He would repeat to us Porson's epigram on "Hermann the German," and the lines about "Polyphloisboisterous Homer of old"; and he had a favourite story of the historian Freeman saying, "Whenever I want to go anywhere by train, I always go to Clapham Junction." My contemporary Goldie has a pleasing story, repeatable I think in "the decent obscurity of a dead language." Rutherford had set for rendering into Greek iambs Brutus' address to Portia beginning "You are my true and honourable wife." This a young Hellenist had rendered οὐ μέν οὐ πρόρη: Rutherford mildly deprecated this version as "a little strong, boy-y"; the boy's defence was "Please, sir, it's meoisis!"

Undoubtedly Rutherford mellowed as the years went by, and his genuine and rugged personality, hewn from the rock of his native Scotland, did win regard and even affection from later generations at Westminster. It is unfortunate that two at least of those who could best have borne witness to this, Jack Phillimore and Charles Fisher, are gone; but I hope someone will be found to do justice to this side of the picture—Eddie Marsh's contribution in his delightful reminiscences is a little disappointing. I have tried honestly to show the side that I saw, from a more intimate angle than most of my contemporaries, "setting down naught in malice," but giving the facts as they presented themselves to me. But I would round off this attempt with extracts from letters of two of my contemporaries which will, I think, help to complete the picture.

The first is from R. R. Sandilands, half a century ago finest of outside lefts and surest of slips, certainly no weakling, who pictures most vividly the nightmare sweats from which he

would wake in dread that Rutherford was going to sack him for idleness or incapacity. "The sight of W. G. R. taking school steps two at a time was a sight to strike dread into any small boy who had not prepared his work." . . . "I only once foxed Rutherford in form, and that was when he came to make a surprise visit to the Upper Vth. He had just put on Boyd-Carpenter, who had collapsed in tears under his terrifying cross-examination. It was one of the Catiline Orations, and I had done it with my father, and had been made to learn by heart that particular passage. Rutherford could not make it out, and came back at me again, but my old Guv'nor won. Rutherford knew I was not running true to form, but could not shake me."

Even then there were glimpses of a more human and less terrifying side:—"Old H. B. Street and I went to ask leave to see England v. Scotland at the Oval. As there seemed a slight hesitation, I said I thought Scotland would win; Rutherford looked me over rather steadily, and then, with a suspicion of a grin, gave me leave."

And in the end came mutual understanding:—"I was rather touched by his article in THE ELIZABETHAN on his retirement. It was really an *Apologia pro vita sua*, and showed me how much he really liked Westminster."

The other is from that keen yachtsman and writer of stirring sea stories and verse, Warrington Smyth, who illustrates very happily how the ogre of early days softened into the warm and humorous friend. His picture of Rutherford's outward aspect and his mannerisms is masterly; and no less masterly is the short concluding paragraph in which he sums up the character of the man. The conversion of the hostile critic and iconoclast to friend and lover does credit alike to Westminster and to Rutherford. He was indeed a "generous foe."

"The coming of Rutherford to Westminster was to us ordinary boys of the School like a terrifying cataclysm of Nature. After Scott's mild regime Rutherford's fierce gusts of passion, his voice of thunder, his uncouth Scots rolling out reverberating R's, his restless flashing eyes, his long and purposeful stride, struck terror to us all. He seemed suspicious of everybody, at enmity with every idea and custom to which we held.

“There is little doubt that he might have commanded loyalty and co-operation from masters and boys alike, but he would have none of them. He appeared to think us all evil, from the highest to the lowest; to have been led by some mysterious and sinister influence to look at Westminster as some sort of sink of iniquity, slothfulness and ignorance, to which he was called as a Crusader to do battle and to purge. There seemed to be no common ground upon which understanding could be based. We could only take the man as we found him, and we put all the blame on him. To us it seemed that he had never been a boy; that he had been born clothed in that long black cassock, that untidy white tie, that vast swinging gown, fully equipped with that thunderous voice, that devastating sarcasm, that firm and angry mouth, those vast and powerful hands. His tempestuous entry into any class-room reduced everyone to quaking inability to construe or to think. His impatient strides up and down the dais as he waited for masters and boys to come up school to prayers, the restless working of his hands, the ever-angry looks which he directed upon us, the terrific violence of his guttural voice when he addressed some unfortunate boy who caught his attention, combined to create in the minds of most of us an indelible impression of a man gripped by passion, fury and almost hatred towards us all. The abolition of water, and the reasons given for it, broke down the last chances of a mutual comprehension of one another’s point of view.

“Years later, after travels in the Far East, I stood again by the School steps and was suddenly addressed by that great voice, but it seemed to hold a different quality in its tones.

A few minutes later, to my considerable surprise, I found myself sitting in the Head Master’s study, smoking a cheroot. Opposite me, with his gown thrown off, and his boots on the mantelpiece (unbelievable sight!), and with a pipe in his mouth, Rutherford was discoursing on the mission of England in the Far East. His knowledge of our commercial and strategical position in Asia was profound; his belief in Britain’s influence and methods of administration was lofty and inspiring. Here indeed was quite another man from the one I thought I knew as a boy, looking far afield, deeply read in military history, at heart a soldier, with the thrill in his voice of the old campaigner.

“Later he used to speak with great discernment of social developments in Australia and New Zealand; but, most of all, roused by news of my brother’s* soldiering in the East, he used to throw himself with enthusiastic zest into talk about North-West frontier questions, events in the Sudan, or the history of Napoleon’s campaigns and his ambitions in the Near East. One day he turned on me with his quick abrupt manner and said: ‘You Old Westminsters think you only know or care for Westminster. I’ve been here longer; I am more a Westminster than any of ye. D’ye think I’ve learned nothing? Eh-h?’ And he laughed his great laugh in huge enjoyment.

“He was in soul a fighter, and to have known Rutherford is to be able better to understand the character of Oliver Cromwell. Carlyle would have loved him. He was a Man.”

* This was Major-General Sir Nevill Maskelyne Smyth, V.C.—EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

RUTHERFORD

Sir,

Owing to the fact that my ELIZABETHANS have been reaching me very irregularly I have only just had the opportunity of reading Mr. Lionel James’s exceedingly interesting account of Westminster under Rutherford. I have also re-read this article on Dr. Rutherford’s Head Mastership which appeared in your issue of November, 1938. I cannot claim, of course, any personal experience of those troublous days, but I claim to have been brought up in a “Rutherford” atmosphere. He was, in fact, Head Master in my first year at Westminster—a greatly feared but greatly liked and honoured figure. Later, when I began to

be interested in School history, I often discussed his Head Mastership with my father, who greatly admired him but was by no means blind to his faults. I have talked with Westminsters of all generations about him; with those who never forgave him—like an old friend of mine, admitted to this School nearly a hundred years ago, in whose copy of “Water at Westminster” (now in my possession) Rutherford’s name on the last page is underlined and a note added in pencil, “For whose name all good Westminsters will wish a special clause added to the Commination Service”—and with those who were his whole-hearted admirers. Further I have read much about the period, including a good deal of inner history preserved in my father’s

papers. When, therefore, I came to write this section on Rutherford in my History of the School, I was well aware of the difficulty and wrote it with very great care, weighing each word, and endeavouring like the Provincial Mayor "to swerve neither to partiality on the one side, nor to impartiality on the other."

I share Mr. James's admiration for Rutherford's great qualities, but as an historian I entirely agree with his estimate of those first few years. However necessary reforms may have been—and some, at least, of the hostile criticism was misdirected—the evidence is, I venture to think, too strong to be ignored that Rutherford's methods were unfortunate both for himself and for the School. When Dr. Gow retired he was elected a member of the Elizabethan Club on the ground (brilliantly suggested by Bishop Watkin-Williams) that "it was quite impossible for him to say that he had not been educated at Westminster after having been Head Master for nearly twenty years." The same might have been said of Rutherford, but as my father always maintains in his case the tragedy was that he came to Westminster too young and without any previous experience of a boarding-school. The Rutherford of 1893 was a different man from the somewhat "raw" scholar of 1883; the Rutherford of 1901 was a great Head Master and an outstanding figure.

May I add one further comment—on Rutherford's unfortunate scheme for abolishing College? Without detracting in any way from what Mr. James says about his memorandum, which was, I have no doubt, of great value, I remember my father once remarking—and it was so unlike him to take away any credit for his work at Westminster that it stuck in my memory—

FOOTBALL

Westminster v. Malvern

Played at Malvern

Lost 2-6

At the start of the game Westminster seemed overawed by the size of the ground and by the fast moves of the Malvern forwards. Westminster in fact were not used to the full-size ground, having played only at Clater before this. The defence never cracked, however, though hard pressed at times, and Ferrers-Guy and Casper were prominent with their first-time kicking and hard tackling. The Malvern outside right had a good shot well saved by Woodwork, who made many good saves in goal. Most of the Westminster attacks were originated by Renny, playing a hard-working, clever game at inside left. The latter, J. C. Trebucq and Hinge combined well in a move which resulted in Hinge shooting wide. Apart from some dangerous breakaways on the Malvern right wing most of the play was in mid-field, until a gap in the Westminster defence gave the Malvern centre forward an easy chance

that he believed that it was very largely due to the opposition organised by Fox and himself that the scheme was defeated. My father, not unnaturally, intensely disliked finding himself in open opposition to his Head Master, but Rutherford was too great a man to allow such opposition to interfere for a moment with the close personal friendship which always existed between them.

I am, Sir, etc.,
LAWRENCE E. TANNER.
at/George's,
Houghton,
near Stockbridge, Hants.

THE ELIZABETHAN

Dear Sir,

My friend Colonel Lutley told me a while ago that Westminster was coming to Brockhampton and other houses in the neighbourhood, and after they had arrived that they were "a very nice lot of fellows"; so it is advisable not to show him THE ELIZABETHAN, where on page 69 you call him Colonel Nuttley!

Being myself a Herefordshire man and with my old School driven from pillar to post, I trust that the School will enjoy a peaceful time in the country and that the time will not be far distant when they can return to Little Dean's Yard.

Yours faithfully,

J. R. H. HURLEY,
(Major, Royal Welch Fusiliers).

P.S.—The first three lines of "An Oxford Letter," page 69, THE ELIZABETHAN, are unfortunately worded. Drill Hall, Shrewsbury.

[The Editors apologize for the mistake above mentioned.]

to score. Not long afterwards Malvern scored their second goal, following pressure by Westminster forwards. Just before half-time Westminster decreased the lead with a goal by M. Trebucq, after Cooper had headed past the goalkeeper.

The second half started peacefully, then came a glut of goals, after which the game ended again on a peaceful note. For the first ten minutes Westminster attacked strongly, both Renny and J. C. Trebucq shooting wide from corners forced by clever runs down the right wing by M. Trebucq. Malvern suddenly attacked and scored two goals, one put in by a Westminster defender and the other a penalty; Westminster, too, were awarded a penalty from which Hinge scored, only for Malvern to add two more goals in quick succession, the last being the best of the game, a solo effort by the outside left. All these goals must have been scored within the space of a quarter of an hour; for the remainder of the game neither side gained the advantage, and Westminster certainly never gave up trying to make the score appear more flattering.

Westminster were beaten by a faster side, and, what was more important, by a side accustomed to fill up those gaps which a large ground is apt to make in any school side. The backs took some time to settle down, Hodges being wild and inclined to rush his man. The wing halves were often out of position, Young especially playing too far back, although he played a good defensive game. In fact, the defence as a whole did play a good defensive game, but never had time to help the forwards, of whom Renny was the best, always ready to shoot, never getting rid of the ball until he had drawn his man, and then making sure of his passes. M. Trebucq dribbled well, but was inclined to hold the ball too long, while J. C. Trebucq did not make the most of his chances, although combining in some good moves. Woodwark, in goal, made some excellent saves and was well up to the standard of Westminster goalkeepers.

TEAM: G. M. Woodwark; A. C. P. Casper, J. R. B. Hodges; R. W. Young, R. O. I. Borradaile, J. H. Ferrers-Guy; M. Trebucq, W. A. Cooper, K. A. H. Hinge, I. A. Renny, J. C. Trebucq.

Westminster v. Lancing

Played on Saturday, December 14th, at Ludlow

Won 3-1

With J. C. Trebucq and Whitehead both out of School, Westminster had a weakened attack in this game; it was their superior forward play, however, that gave them a good victory in this keenly contested game. Westminster started with some good movements, and Zinn was kept busy in the Lancing goal. Lee-Warner was slow in anticipating a forward pass from Hinge, missing a good opportunity to score, which he made up for shortly afterwards when he scored with a good right-footed drive from some distance out. Westminster fully deserved this early lead, as the forwards had been pressing hard, and playing clever football. Sheldon tried to break through for Lancing, but shot wide, and Woodwark pushed a shot from Roberts over the bar. At last Lancing equalised when Roberts scored direct from a corner. Westminster tried hard to regain the lead before half-time, but Zinn saved well from Hinge, and Renny, Trebucq and once Hinge slipped with only the goalkeeper to beat.

Shortly after half-time Lancing made a great effort to score, Townend missing a good opportunity after he had beaten Borradaile, but for the rest of the game the defence was on top, with Casper and Borradaile outstanding; they both kicked and tackled hard, never giving the Lancing forwards time to break through. With Ferrers-Guy, Young and Borradaile all playing an attacking game, the forwards gradually gained the upper hand. Renny, playing excellently, nearly scored from a corner, and later had a shot well saved when put through by Cooper. At last Westminster gained the lead when Hinge dribbled down the middle and slid through the mud to push the ball past Zinn. Once again Lancing came near to scoring when Woodwark saved a shot from Roberts in brilliant fashion; shortly afterwards he dived at Sheldon's feet to save again. Ten minutes from the end a good movement between Hinge and Renny resulted in the latter shooting hard into the corner of the net. It was fitting that Westminster should have made the game safe with such a goal, for safe it was, and Westminster were still attacking at the end.

The defence played much more confidently than at Malvern. Casper, Borradaile and, in the second half, Hodges, all kicked better under more difficult conditions than in the first match. Ferrers-Guy and Young came up with the attack in a convincing manner, and the forwards played well together, although there was not much penetrative ability on the left, where Cooper and Lee-Warner gained more confidence as the game went on. The result was very satisfactory, coming as it did against a school that beat us 6-1 last year, and after the disappointment of the Malvern match; it showed that Westminster have an eleven which should be well up to standard in normal years.

TEAMS: *Westminster*—G. M. Woodwark; A. C. P. Casper, J. R. B. Hodges; R. W. Young, R. O. I. Borradaile, J. H. Ferrers-Guy; M. Trebucq, I. A. Renny, K. A. H. Hinge (capt.), W. A. Cooper, T. J. Lee-Warner.

Lancing—J. Zinn (capt.); R. H. Burton, P. B. Jackson; P. W. Pierrepont, R. H. Bradley, M. J. S. Spearing; D. J. M. Meikle, J. S. Townend, J. B. Sheldon, J. A. Molyneux, B. Roberts.

M. Trebucq was awarded his Pinks after the Malvern match; Casper, Woodwark and Young after Lancing. Ferrers-Guy was awarded his Half Pinks; Cooper, Hodges and Lee-Warner Thirds after the Lancing match.

The Second XI beat Bromyard Grammar School and Old Boys 2-0 on the Bromyard ground on Saturday, December 14th, W. E. A. Fowler and J. W. Sinclair scoring the goals. Thirds were awarded to J. R. Russ, J. A. Holloway, P. O. Bodley, R. E. Plummer and J. W. Sinclair.

On Saturday, March 8th, the First XI was defeated 1-0 by the Worcestershire Regiment at Brockhampton. A return match has been arranged.

The return First XI match with Lancing, arranged for Saturday, March 1st, and to be played on the Brockhampton ground, has been cancelled.

The results of Seniors and Juniors and an account of the match against the Worcestershire Regiment will be given in the next issue.

K. A. H. H.

FENCING

This term, except for the time when we were snowed up, fencing has kept up its tradition of uninterrupted station. It now takes place in the open air in a stone courtyard at Brockhampton twice a week. Matches have so far been difficult to arrange, but it is hoped to fix some up for next term.

L. A. W.

ATHLETICS

Owing to the difficulty of arranging sports this year, a full account is not available at the time of going to press, but they will consist largely of relays and a long-distance race. Results will appear in the next issue.

D. C. H. S.

OLD WESTMINSTERS

In the New Year's Honours Mr. G. T. Boag, C.S.I., C.I.E., was made K.C.I.E.; Lieut.-Col. L. H. Chidson, M.B.E., was made O.B.E.; and Mr. C. M. Alport was made M.B.E.

Flight-Lieutenant M. J. Baird-Smith has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for the outstanding part which he played in an air attack on the Island of Rhodes. Flying-Officer G. E. P. Green has also been awarded the D.F.C.

Colonel C. L. Howard Humphreys has been appointed Director of Works, in the recently-formed Ministry of Works and Buildings.

Sir Cecil Hurst is the Chairman and Sir Harold Morris and Mr. Kenneth Macmorran, K.C., are members of the Interned Enemy Aliens (Austrians and Germans) Tribunal appointed by the Home Secretary.

BIRTHS

BRADBURY.—On January 19th, the wife of the Hon. Paul Bradbury, a son.

DAMS.—On January 26th, the wife of the Rev. C. T. H. Dams, a daughter.

GORMAN.—On December 30th, 1940, at Toronto, the wife of Robert W. P. Gorman, a son.

HUBBACK.—On December 10th, 1940, the wife of David Hubback, Royal Signals, a daughter.

JONES.—On November 30th, 1940, at Luanshya, N. Rhodesia, the wife of H. L. Jones, a daughter.

KNOX.—On December 21st, 1940, the wife of Dr. John Stuart Knox, a son and daughter.

LEISHMAN.—On March 7th, 1940, the wife of Major A. W. D. Leishman, R.A.M.C., a daughter.

MORCOM-HARNEIS.—On July 19th, 1940, the wife of the Rev. T. W. Morcom-Harneis, a son.

MUSPRATT.—On July 7th, 1940, the wife of Jasper N. E. Muspratt, a son.

ORANGE.—On February 17th, the wife of Richard B. Orange, a son.

PRANCE.—On January 23rd, the wife of Miles Prance, twin boys.

RATTENBURY.—On April 7th, 1940, the wife of Robert M. Rattenbury, a daughter.

RICHMOND.—On March 28th, 1940, the wife of Squadron-Leader R. Calvert Richmond, R.A.F., a daughter.

SAMUEL.—On May 12th, 1940, the wife of Marcus F. Y. Samuel, R.A.F.V.R., a son.

SHELDON.—On February 7th, the wife of Captain W. B. Sirr Sheldon, R.A.S.C., a daughter.

TIERNEY.—On March 20th, 1940, the wife of Major T. Fane Tierney, R.A.M.C., a son.

WADDINGTON.—On February 5th, at New Delhi, the wife of Hilary Waddington, of the Archæological Survey of India, a son and daughter.

MARRIAGES

ARGYLE-PROTHEROE.—On December 21st, 1940, Major Harold Victor Argyle, R.A., to Stella Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Protheroe, of Trent House, Willington, Derbyshire.

HARE-JONES.—Second Lieutenant Robert William Powel Hare to Peggy Mitchell Jones.

HILL-YARROW.—On February 1st, Major John Arnold Hill to Esme Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Yarrow.

HUNT-CABELL.—Captain Alan Garnet Hunt, R.A., to Eileen Mary Cabell.

LYNE-PIRKIS-AUSTIN.—On November 23rd, 1940, Richard Hugh Godfrey Lyne-Pirkis, R.A., to Ellinor Bessie Maureen, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel F. C. K. Austin, R.A.M.C., Nowsherra, and Mrs. Kyle Austin, of Litton Cheney.

MAITLAND-SHIPTON.—On June 4th, 1940, the Rev. A. S. F. Maitland, eldest son of the Rev. the Hon. S. G. W. Maitland (O.W.) and Mrs. Maitland, to Irene, eldest daughter of the late Rev. C. P. Shipton, Rector of Halsham, Yorks, and Mrs. Shipton, of Worthing.

MOLLER-MACKENZIE.—On January 1st, Saville Moller to Pamela Helen, only daughter of Captain Kenneth Mackenzie and Mrs. Anson.

READ-PROUDMAN.—On April 5th, 1940, Geoffrey E. Read to Josephine Proudman.

TATE-WHYTE.—On November 23rd, 1940, William Kenneth Tate to Lorraine Gowans Whyte, of Sutton.

WEIGALL-COAD.—On November 30th, 1940, Anthony Denny Brome Weigall to Molly, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Coad, of Southborough, Kent.

WILLIAMS-TREFFGARNE-FREEMAN.—On August 3rd, 1940, Arthur Robert Howard Williams-Treffgarne to Blanche Freeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Freeman.

OBITUARY

We announce with regret the deaths of Mr. C. F. Watherston, lately Director of Finance and Actuary at the War Office, and a Governor of the School; of Admiral Sir Richard Phillimore, who in the course of a distinguished naval career commanded the First Battle Cruiser Squadron of the Grand Fleet, 1916-18, and was the first Admiral to command a force of aircraft as part of a British Fleet; of Sir Herbert Cuming, a Puisne Judge of the High Court, Calcutta; and of the Rev. R. W. Reed, Rector of Clifton Campville, Lichfield.

Memoirs of these and other Westminsters, together with a tribute to the late Sir Ernest Knapp Fisher, Secretary to the Governing Body and Receiver-General of Westminster Abbey, appear below.

CHARLES FELL WATHERSTON, who was born on January 6th, 1875, was the eldest son of the Rev. Alexander Law Watherston, Head Master of the Grammar School, Hinckley, Leicestershire. A correspondent writes of him: "Many have lost a dear friend, and the School a faithful servant, with the death of Charles Fell Watherston on December 30th of last year.

"He came to Westminster with the Election of 1888—a small shy boy with little experience of school life, but with plenty of pluck which carried him through the difficulties of his new situation. This pluck and the unselfishness, which was the most prominent factor in his character, won him general respect wherever he went. He won the Phillimore Prize for the English Essay and played Footer for College.

"Mathematics was his particular subject, and the impression one got at the time was that his instructors left him largely to go his own way, and that way led him to a Mathematical Scholarship at Balliol in 1893 and to a University Scholarship in 1895, wherein he falsified Rutherford's forecast, expressed in the usual blunt manner, when Watherston went from Westminster to sit for the examination.

"He took a First in the Final School in 1897 and in 1899 was successful in the Home Civil Examination, and was posted to the financial department at the War Office.

"In Watherston's early experience was the

strain and overwork due to the South African War ; this stress and strain was repeated in the Great War and its aftermath. Watherston never spared himself and there is no doubt that his untiring self-sacrifice on such occasions was largely responsible for his comparatively early death.

" He climbed the financial ladder at the War Office from Assistant Actuary in 1902 to Director of Finance in 1924. He was made a C.B. in that year, and retired in 1936. He immediately took to local activities in Harrow, where he had built himself a house early in the century. When the A.R.P. service was started he threw himself also into this with his usual energy, and the incessant work as Senior Warden, largely at night, undoubtedly hastened his end.

" All through his life he had been a lover of the School ; in many ways he gave his time and support to its doings. He was active and helpful on the Committee of the Elizabethan Club, where his financial experience made him particularly useful. His recent nomination to the Governing Body was the cause of great joy to him.

" Watherston was indeed a lovable character. ' Faithful and thorough ' sums him up, and I would add an innate old-world courtesy and a Christian happiness. Altogether he was of a type which we want more and more these days, and the world is the poorer for his passing.

" In 1902 he married Constance Eva, daughter of Mr. T. W. Clark, of Hinckley, a very dear lady and a sympathetic wife. Their one son is in the Colonial service and there are three daughters."

RICHARD FORTESCUE PHILLIMORE was the eldest of the six sons of Admiral Sir Augustus Phillimore, who was Commander-in-Chief at Devonport in 1884-87. His mother was Harriet, daughter of the Hon. George Fortescue, second son of the first Earl Fortescue. When Phillimore entered the School at the age of 12 in 1876, he represented the fourth generation of his family in a direct line to come to Westminster, his great-grandfather, Joseph Phillimore, having left in 1768. He was a cousin of the first Lord Phillimore, the great ecclesiastical lawyer, who had left Westminster some fifteen years before he came to the School.

On leaving, Phillimore entered the Royal Navy, and as a Sub-Lieutenant in 1884 he served in the

brig *Pilot*, and was thus one of the few officers in the last war, thirty years later, who had been afloat for any length of time in a vessel having only sail power. Promoted Commander in 1899, he was in the battleship *Goliath* during the operations of the China War of 1900, and was also in command of the cruiser *Mohawk* during the operations in Somaliland in 1904.

At the outbreak of the last war he was Chief of Staff to Admiral Sir Berkeley Milne, Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. In November, 1914, at the Battle of the Falkland Isles, Phillimore, now promoted Captain, was in command of the *Inflexible*, and at the Dardanelles in the following year he took part in the grand attack on the Narrows forts in the same ship. In August, 1915, he was appointed Chief of the British Naval Mission to Russia, and was present on board the Russian flagship in the bombardment of Varna on October 27th when Bulgaria entered the war against the Allies.

In 1916 he was chosen to command the First British Cruiser Squadron in the Grand Fleet, and fifteen months later he took up a new command, unique at the time, of a squadron of aircraft carriers in the Grand Fleet, with the title of " Admiral Commanding Aircraft." He was promoted Admiral in 1924, and from 1928 to 1929 he was First and Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp to the King.

Phillimore was made M.V.O. in 1906, K.C.M.G. in 1918 and K.C.B. in 1919. He married, in 1905, Violet Gore, daughter of the late Mr. H. H. Turton.

ARTHUR HERBERT CUMING was the son of the late Mr. W. Cuming, Deputy Accountant-General of the Navy. He was at Westminster from 1884 to 1888. From Oxford, where he was at Oriel, he entered the Indian Civil Service, and in the course of his career in India he served in Bengal and Assam as District and Sessions Judge, and finally as a Puisne Judge of the Calcutta High Court.

He married, in 1905, Beryl Christine, daughter of Captain Henry Austen, and has a son, who was at Westminster from 1920 to 1925.

ROLAND WILLIAM REED, who was up Grant's from 1900 to 1905, was the son of the Rev. William Reed, Rector of Clifton Campville,

Staffs. After leaving Oxford, where he was at Christ Church, he was ordained. He was Curate of St. Mary's, Dover, from 1910 to 1913, and from 1915 he had been Rector of the family living of Clifton Campville.

Those who visited him at Clifton Campville will have vivid recollections of him, showing with pride the beauties of his church, for which he and his father did so much; or sitting in the study of his pleasant eighteenth-century rectory, surrounded by his cheerful family—a family of Westminsters, past and present. He was something rare in these days—a parson blessed with sufficient of this world's goods and interests to give the layman confidence in his judgment on everyday problems, and at the same time a parish priest of character and spiritual force. Wise in counsel, uncompromising in matters of principle, he was a man of whom Westminster could be proud, just as he himself was proud of Westminster.

ROBERT CRAIG DUN, who died on January 31st, was the son of the late Finlay Dun, of Liverpool. He was at Westminster from 1883 to 1884. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, Berlin and Berne, and served in the R.A.M.C. during the last war.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FREDERICK CHARLES DUNDAS, who died on January 23rd, was the son of Commander Frederick George Dundas, R.N. He was at Westminster from 1879 to 1882, and on leaving entered the Army in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He married, in 1905, Elizabeth Drummond, daughter of James Thomson, of Glenpark, Midlothian.

ERNEST HOWARD LART was the youngest of three brothers who were at Westminster in the 'eighties, the sons of Captain Edmund Lart, of the War Office. He married, in 1907, Dorothy, daughter of George Tomlinson, of Huddersfield, Yorks. He died on January 6th.

FREDERIC MACQUARIE LASSETER, who died on February 24th, 1940, was the only son of Colonel Harry Lasseter, C.B. He was at Westminster from 1909 to 1911. He married, in 1921, Nancy, eldest daughter of Colonel Henry Kilgour, Northumberland Fusiliers.

HENRY PARKER LOWE was the second son of Henry William Lowe, of Norwood, Surrey. He was in College from 1882 to 1885. In the latter

year he was elected head to Christ Church. He was called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1890, and practised on the Northern Circuit. He was unfortunately totally blinded in a shooting accident. He married, in 1894, Mabel Alicia, daughter of Sir John Brunner, Bart.

CHARLES PATRICK MATURIN, who died on September 11th, was the son of Lieut.-Colonel Francis Henry Maturin, of Lymington, Hants. He was at Westminster from 1920 to 1923.

ALEXANDER MACLEAN, who was at Westminster from 1881 to 1884, was a barrister and an artist. He exhibited his first picture at the Royal Academy in 1895, and was Vice-President, R.S.B.A., in 1918. He died on April 15th, 1940.

ROLAND THOMAS PATRICK, who died on May 6th, 1940, at the age of 80, was at Westminster from 1876 to 1878.

ARTHUR IVOR PRYCE, who died on July 4th, 1940, was at Westminster from 1880 to 1885. He had been Registrar of the Diocese of Bangor since 1901.

MAJOR GEORGE CONRAD ROLLER, D.C.M., who died on January 4th, at the age of 84, was at Westminster from 1871 to 1872. In the South African War he fought with the Imperial Yeomanry, was recommended for the V.C., and was mentioned four times in despatches.

He was a lifelong friend of Sargent, and was well known as an artist and illustrator in the 'seventies. Throughout the 'eighties and 'nineties he was a gentleman rider under National Hunt rules, and later in life he took to painting pictures of horses. He was twice married.

HUGH CAMERON WILSON, who died on December 13th, 1940, was the son of Duncan Herbert Hastings Wilson. He entered the School in 1890, and on leaving studied medicine at Edinburgh University. After serving as Senior House Physician at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, he settled in practice at Maidenhead, where he was Surgeon of the Maidenhead Hospital. During the last war he served in the R.A.M.C. as a surgical specialist with the rank of Major. He was married.

We also record with great regret the death of SIR EDWARD KNAPP-FISHER, Receiver-General, Chapter Clerk and Custodian of Westminster

Abbey, from 1917 to 1938, who died on November 28th, 1940, at the age of 76.

The second son of Mr. George Henry Knapp-Fisher, he went to Westminster in 1877, and was admitted a Solicitor in 1887. In 1918 he became Secretary to the Governing Body of the School. To his offices in School and Abbey alike he brought geniality, tact and charm, and many Westminsters will remember with affection the dignified figure, in wig and gown, without which no Abbey ceremony seemed complete. For his work in arranging the details of such ceremonies he was admirably suited. "Conflicting claims," as a correspondent wrote to *The Times*, "were smoothed out, harassed officials were comforted, and all who came into contact with him went away happily convinced that he had been in complete agreement with all that they had put before him. In the result, it would be difficult, perhaps, to attain to a higher standard than was reached in the great post-war services in the Abbey when Ryle was Dean, Westlake Custodian, and Knapp-Fisher Chapter Clerk."

He had an unaffected delight in what might be called the trappings of state, but his simple and kindly nature transformed what in others would have seemed a fault into an engaging characteristic. He won the affection of people of all types and classes, and when, in 1930, he received the honour of knighthood for his services to the Abbey, the tribute which would perhaps have pleased him most, had he known of it, came from the stationmaster of a remote Dorset village whom he had befriended and for whom he had obtained preferment in the hierarchy of the Great Western Railway. "A knight?" was the comment. "Well, if they had made him a duke or an earl he would still be the same kindly gentleman!"

Knapp-Fisher married, first, in 1892, Winifred, daughter of Mr. J. W. Home, and, secondly, Ethel Mary, daughter of Mr. J. B. Burgess. She survives him.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

FLYING OFFICER DENNIS KIRALFY, R.A.F.V.R., who was killed in a flying accident on New Year's Day, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Kiralfy. He was at Westminster from 1926 to 1930. At Cambridge, where he was at Pembroke, he won distinction as an athlete, and he swam and played water-polo against Oxford in 1936. From 1936 to 1939 he was employed with the British Aviation Insurance Company, and in the latter year he was appointed a junior operations officer, Department of Civil Aviation, Air Ministry. He became a Pilot Officer, Reserve of Air Force Officers, in 1936; was promoted Flying Officer in 1938; and transferred to the R.A.F.V.R. in the same year.

We offer our deep sympathy to his parents and to his many friends.

CONTEMPORARIES

The Editors of *THE ELIZABETHAN* acknowledge the receipt of the following contemporaries:—

The Aldenhamian, Alleynian, Beaumont Review, Blundellian, Boys' Magazine (3), Bradfield College Chronicle, Brightonian, Christ College Register, City of London School Magazine, Cliftonian, Crimson Comet (2), Edinburgh Academy Chronicle, Eton College Chronicle (6), Fettesian, Glensalmond Chronicle, Haileyburian (2), Johnian, King's College School Magazine, Lancing College Magazine, Limit, Malvernian (2), Meteor (2), Milton Bulletin, Pauline, Reptonian, Royal College Magazine, Salopian, Sedburghian, Shirburnian, Sotoniensis, St. Edward's School Chronicle, St. Thomas College Magazine, Stonyhurst Magazine, Taylorian, Tonbridgeian, Trinity University Review, Unicorn, Wellingtonian, Wykehamist, Wycombe Abbey Gazette.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

EVENING IN AUTUMN

Under the bridge the river softly flows ;
 Each hanging branch with autumn's richness glows ;
 The evening sunshine laps the banks in rose
 Light and in amber.
 Singing a wagtail swoops in sudden flight,
 Gracefully dropping from his swerving height :
 And for a moment the whole world is light,
 Late in September.

R. S. F.

MORNING WATCH

Strong wind ahead, the foredeck lashed with spray,
 White horses gleam and pass ; to eastward, see,
 First eager rays of dawn. Each wind-tuned stay,
 Chanting the age-long hymn of ships at sea.
 Sings to the star-strewn vault. Whence come they all,
 Those wondrous laws which speed these waves of light
 Down through the paths of time and space, to fall
 In jewelled radiance upon our sight ?

Here on my watch, I send to Him my call,
 Without whose aid we have not wit to see
 God's hidden face, to understand at all
 This universal law and mystery.

In those unfathomable depths of space,
 Those far unmeasured distances of time,
 As in His daintiest handiwork we trace
 A power stupendous and a mind sublime.

His thought has made those fleeting colours shine
 In ecstasy of dawn on this fair earth.
 Surely in them is given to us a sign
 That our brief passage here is something worth.

Yes, on my soul, bright as that dazzling sky
 The vision breaks, and all the questing years,
 The mounting joys of work and friendships, cry—
 God's spirit reigns in spite of human fears.

The greatest miracle of life rings clear,
 Filling the heart with courage, strength, content ;
 We were not meant alone our course to steer,
 For He, so far, supreme, omnipotent,
 Is yet to human hearts and lives so near—
 For this, we men were born and Christ was sent.

H. W. S.

These lines are reprinted by courtesy of the author, an O.W. now serving with the Navy, and *The Times*, in which they originally appeared.

MOONLIGHT

Moonlight,
 With the lake replying,
 And the fir-tree on its lonely island
 Nervously eyeing
 The fall to its brother in the water.

Moonlight,
 With shadows hiding
 Behind bulky rhododendron bushes,
 Patiently biding
 To escape in the half-light of the morning.

And the star fell.

Romantic—
 But the screech-owls
 Split the silence and the fairy tale
 With aural ghouls,
 Like howling trains on lonely lines.

The cloud covered the moon.

Sentimental—
 But was not the ladder,
 That stretched its length on the garden path
 And shattered self-illusion,
 Significant ?

J. M. E.

The gloom of a city,
 City of streets and of houses,
 Where echoes wander between high walls.
 The flame still burns,
 Impure, defiled,
 And the nonentity beneath, unnamed for all time,
 Quivers in his capacity
 Of Unknown Soldier.
 Great monuments with memory-haunting names
 Rear unscarred heads against the sky.
 I would rather they were ruins :
 O Paris, I would rather you were ruins,
 That, Phœnix-like, new life might rise from ashes,
 And your children's feet
 Tread not where swine have trod.
 New winds will blow,
 New times will come,
 But never shall the memory lose its hold :

The old will remember
 The raucous voice, the oath-foul breath
 Of the brute, Conqueror.
 Old bones will twitch,
 Sunk nostrils quiver,
 As, scene upon scene, bright painted by time,
 Rear up behind failing eyes
 In nightmare profusion.
 Then will he take his grandsons on his knee :
 " My children, learn to hate,
 For you are despised for my sins.
 The world is full of hatred :
 Brother hates brother,
 City hates city,
 Nation hates nation,
 And there is blood.
 My children, learn to hate
 As you are hated."

M. D. I.

SONNET

Damp, dark, impenetrable, thick,
 A mist pervades our lives : monotony ;
 Madly despairing, ailing, wailing, sick.
 A discord enters in : cacophony.
 Unrelenting in discipline, the stick
 Whips into a rhythmic acquiescence.
 The devil jitterbugs, or whines the theme ;
 With confidence in human diffidence,
 He lets us dance our dignity away ;
 (The mournful voice of Reason cannot scream).
 We shake our fingers, fling our feet and sway,
 And sometimes, solo, we may blow or sing ;
 But if we pause to think, a voice will say :
 " You hear the drums : swing it or you will swing."

M. P. L. H.

TWO LANDSCAPES

Sussex—May 1940

The bomber implicit
 In the steel-twisted
 Pylon's knife and the
 White hawthorne, as grit
 Torn from the eye, sears
 The landscape with engine's
 High-pitched whistle-shriek ;
 Its sharp shadow shears
 Where the cement-works hollows
 The white down's womb.
 Complacent, smiling we point, yet soon
 It will be death, our death.

Hereford—Winter

Fingers against the sky
 In this museum-field
 Stricken monsters riven
 Into time's rotting decay
 Frame the hard-hedged ridges
 Into this house ; now steeled
 And shriven O once they viewed
 Its earth-domed marshes,
 Grained in shadow the porch's flutes,
 Were the terrace windows' wide view.
 Consider this the age-hard yew
 And regret how we fall to-day, to-day.

I. J. C.

SUBURBAN PASTORAL

The seagulls startle up from the Middlesex furrow
And swim over the tractored land :
(The frost loosens the catarrh).

Along the off-white band of the road the cars
Grandly sweep and stray towards the great arterial.

In the distance the untidy slag-heaps look
Like vast unmade beds ; against the wet sky
The local factory stack pokes up
The sights of Metroland.

In the warmth of the woollen hand
The pricking blade of grass uncrystallises.
The homely summer scene has hardened ;
The afternoon is grey like Scrooge's childhood.

The ploughman with his potato hands
Handles the earth with its hoar-frost frill.
The stubborn clods like grey tin boxes
(Dangling a worm) drag out the dreadful evening.
(This is the natural, this is the pastoral land.)

The shops are nearer than hope, and brighter.
The leafless trees clutter up the sky. The lighter
In the passing car shows a white-washed face
Pulled out of the front-seat darkness. The flare
Fails and the face falls like a petal.
They go to home or rendezvous.

Night follows the plough along the seedy groove
Towards six o'clock ; the shadow falls into line
Darkling ; the timbre of this countryside
Is sepia and umber ; Uccello on the loam.

R. A. W.

AUTUMN 1940

Autumn fell on us out of the sun,
After the bombs came the broken cloud,
Damp impasto squeezed of rain
To break off the sun like an open bud.

The rain scrubbed the sky and scoured
The blue with a pregnant cloud,
And the light was dead with the mist
And summer was washed to a paste.

And the sunset was red with crying,
And the greens fell flat to a whisper,
And only right up in the upper
Regions was the day good for flying.

When autumn fell out of the sun.

R. A. W.

REQUIEM

I think the souls of men long far away
Go back to where they once were glad, and where
Like smoke their laughter lingers on the air,
While their old fire is gone with yesterday.
For now my exiled heart is never gay,
But sees far off amid this life of care
A hill—the lock of home—the rowan fair,
And longs to be where once it used to play.

And thus when I at last shall come to die,
My weary soul shall hear the rowan call,
And shall fly home. And there, not knowing fear,
My soul remote shall live—the mist my pall,
My dirge the howl of winds across the sky,
My friends the eagles and the wild red deer.

J. P. J.