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Price 1s.

DR. JAMES GOW.

HEAD MASTER, 1901-1919.

As briefly recorded in our last number Dr. James Gow passed away on February 16 from the after effects of a severe operation last December.

He was born in 1854, the son of James Gow, a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, and was educated at King's College School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. At Cambridge he was third Classic and gained the second Chancellor's Medal. He became a Fellow of Trinity, and was subsequently called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1879, but he never practised extensively and devoted his time to research. In 1884 he published 'A Short History of Greek Mathematics,' and for this work obtained the degree of Litterarum Doctor the following year. In the same year he was appointed Master of the High School, Nottingham. There he did excellent work, and the School, as it now exists, is largely his creation. In 1901 he was appointed to succeed the late Dr. Rutherford as Head Master of Westminster.

The eighteen years of his Head Mastership were singularly eventful, and the School owes much to his wise and firm rule. To Dr. Gow were due the new Science Buildings in College Street, the College Sanatorium, the institution of the O.T.C., and the revival of Water, besides many improvements in the School buildings. During his Head Mastership the numbers of the School greatly increased and its great traditions, both in scholarship and games, were fully maintained. It should be remembered, too, that he never failed to press the legitimate claims of the School to recognition at Abbey functions, and that it was due to him and to the late Mr. John Sargeant that the ancient privilege of the School to be the first to acclaim the Sovereign at a Coronation was successfully upheld.

During the sixty years previous to his appointment the reputation of the School had steadily increased, but it was one of Dr. Gow's deliberate objects to interest the outside world in its progress. In this he was successful and the visits of H.R.H. The Princess Louise and H.R.H. Princess Beatrice to the Plays in 1903 and 1911, and finally the memorable visit of the King and Queen and Prince

of Wales to the Pancake Greaze in 1919 were but one indication of a revived public interest in the School and of a recognition of his work.

Dr. Gow's personality was an outstanding one. Of the scholar nothing more need be said here: a few impressions of the man will perhaps not be out of place. In giving these one feels that superlatives had best be avoided; not that they are untrue, but that Dr. Gow himself would have disliked them. The most genial, warm-hearted of men, ever ready to help a lame dog over the stile, and quick to sympathise and to encourage, he did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. A man of robust common sense and conspicuous honesty of thought and purpose, he had a supreme contempt for cant and humbug, and had little use even for convention. He was sometimes abrupt in manner and curt of speech; if he disagreed he said so, but the often recurring phrase 'The man's a fool' might express anything from absolute contempt to slight difference of opinion, though it must be admitted that he did not suffer fools gladly and did not try to be all things to all men. But he was something better: he was the same to all men, and to all boys absolutely genuine.

This is not perhaps the place to speak of his religious opinions, and it is enough to say that they were his own, and especially in his sermons they were expressed without ambiguity and often in striking and unexpected phrases which struck his hearers and linger in the memory.

One other trait cannot be passed over in silence, and that is the splendid courage with which he fought against the approach of blindness and with which he accepted the inevitable when it came, though he felt that there was so much that he wanted still to do. Whatever his private dejection,

... 'Of that we saw
Nothing—to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.'

It was a calamity the harder to bear because it was accompanied with bodily pain and failing strength, but his courage was to all who witnessed it at once a marvel and an inspiration. Death, when it came, was a release:

'The earthly veil, worn pure by many sorrows,
Is rent away;
And the great soul that sat within its prison
Has found its day.'

* * * *

We reprint the following tribute, from a former Captain of the School, which appeared in the *Observer* :—

'Death has lifted the shadow of blindness that closed tragically in upon Dr. Gow's last years.

The news sent the mind back across the war-gulf to Westminster in the first decade of the century and the days of his full power. Those who knew both will need no effort of memory to recall the picture of a fair-haired, broad-shouldered, erect, and impassive figure, pacing across the Yard under the afternoon sun on his way up School. It was a physical frame built for the open air. The face, you would say, with its firm lines and more than a touch of decision about the jaw, was that of the man of action. But for the finely-shaped head, you would not have expected the suggestion of letters and learning which cap, gown, and glasses added to the physique that seemed an inheritance of the northern uplands.

'The outward seeming was for once a true guide to the inward reality. The contrast and combination of qualities not commonly bestowed in equal measure in a single personality went to the depth of his nature. The life of books and writing never weakened or obscured for one instant the courage or clearness of his practical judgment. All that was human and robust and native in him lent vitality to his scholarship. He was a scholar of the front rank, and he had the common sense which is uncommon. At Cambridge he was a scholar of Trinity and third classic. Later he was successively Fellow of Trinity and of King's College, London. Long before he took his Doctorate in literature at his own University, he was an authority on Anglo-Saxon. He was a trained lawyer, he was equally at home in mathematics, science, and modern languages, a student of music and musical theory, the author of a work on Greek mathematics, of the standard "Companion to the Classics," and of one of the standard editions of Horace. It is an astonishing record of mental versatility, judged even by that list, but all the richer because conjoined with gifts of character that do not fall easily into a catalogue.

'Out of this commingling of life-with-letters came much of his power with boys. His lightly-borne learning did not overawe them. He was incapable of boring them. The even and unsparring sanity which determined his outlook on men and matters pervaded his teaching. He derided the oracular. He liked to state a problem in its simplest and most concrete terms. Unnecessary complexities he broke up with homely strokes of a disconcerting candour. There was as little trace of pedantry in his teaching as of conventionality in his preaching. What fell from him in the class-room, in the Head Master's chair, or in the pulpit was always the unexpected, always clear-cut, fresh, and interesting, and salted with humour. He had little—sometimes too little—patience with what he regarded as the trivialities of ceremony and with red-tape in any form.

Dignity of the self-conscious kind was unknown to him. On one occasion some uncertainty in the text held up the construing of Horace. His own edition was in use. He turned to the notes and read out a long one bearing on the passage. It did not help. "Thank you for nothing," said the author of the note aloud to himself, amid the inexpressible delight of the form. He understood boys, and they trusted his absolute directness, justness, and kindness. He was always, as it were, on their side and was felt to be so. He was readily approachable. A daring proposition either of personal or public concern might meet with abrupt and effective rejection. Equally it might meet with a broad, appreciative smile and the usual expression of consent, "I don't see why you shouldn't."

These few out of many recollections can only convey very faintly the impression of a strong and lovable man. Dr. Gow's work at Westminster and outside placed him in the forefront of head masters of our time. But Westminster owes him a special debt. Part of the eighteen years which he gave the school were spent, against medical judgment, in steering it through the war, and to the Armistice and after his marked business ability did not fail it. Thus the war, which cost him his sailor son, cost him also his sight and probably his life. He falls a casualty like many of the boys who under him learnt to quit them like men in the day of trouble. Many will echo what one of his boys wrote to him of three years' experience in India and Mesopotamia. He could not help noticing, he said, how often fellow Westminsters in conversation "identified you with all that was best, not only in Westminster but in themselves."

THE FIELDS.

WESTMINSTER *v.* CHARTERHOUSE.

THIS—the most important—of our School matches, was played at Vincent Square on February 24, and resulted in a victory for Charterhouse by one goal to nothing. This year we had a very great chance of at last pulling off a victory against our great rivals, but it was not to be. We pressed during the greater part of the game, and time and again delivered attacks on our opponents' goal which seemed as if sooner or later they must bear fruit, but our forwards, playing beautiful football in mid-field, yet failed time and again to drive home their splendid attacks, and never once did we succeed in scoring. Charterhouse have the stubbornness of their backs largely to thank for this, but above all we have ourselves to blame, in that we refused absolutely to take 'snap' shots at goal, but preferred to attempt to rush the ball through,

or at any rate to get within three or four yards of the goal before shooting. It is true that luck was not with us, but fortune, they say, only favours the brave. In the first five minutes Charterhouse were 'all over' us, and with our halves and backs kicking badly, anything might have happened. But very soon we settled down, and twice we almost scrambled the ball through in a *mêlée* in front of goal. Hartley saved well from the visitors' inside-left, and a moment after Lowe just skimmed the bar with a glorious left-footed effort. Then occurred the great thrill of the first half: Pickering, getting a good pass from Harvey in mid-field, ran with great pace, and tricking both the opposing half and back, he wound up a great effort by sending the ball slap against the crossbar, a shot which, if it had been only an inch lower, would have been bound to score. Then, just before the whistle, the visiting inside-right crashed in a great shot which had Hartley completely beaten (no fault of his), but which struck the bottom of the right upright and rebounded right across the goal-mouth and which was eventually safely cleared. Level pegging at half-time with the scores 'love all.' Could we get that all important goal was now the thought of everybody. Somehow Charterhouse did not look like scoring when the second half started. A glorious corner kick by Horton came to nothing, and Harvey missed an open goal, but the ball, it is true, bounced very awkwardly. Our halves were now taking full control of the game, and with Witherby in the centre feeding Lowe time and again, our forwards began sweeping up the field in what appeared to be irresistible style. One great movement in particular: Harvey, being bored towards the left touch-line, gave a beautiful *reverse* pass to his right to Lowe, who dribbling straight on, gave the ball to Hornsby about 25 yards from the Charterhouse goal; the latter took a first-time shot—would that we had done that more often—and the ball, perfectly timed, travelled hard and low and seemed to be passing through the goal about six inches inside the left upright, but the Charterhouse goalkeeper, with wonderful anticipation, just got to the ball at full length and turned it round the corner—a great piece of football. A moment after, our inside forwards, following up a high kick from one of the halves, had the goalkeeper on the ground, lying on top of the ball. Nothing could have saved a goal, but the referee, thinking that he was badly hurt—he went down like a log from Lowe's charge—blew the whistle, and the game was stopped and the ball was thrown up; the visitors succeeded in clearing from the 'mix up,' and their outside right—a fine player—taking the ball right down the field forced a

corner. The kick was perfectly taken and—it looked like the Charterhouse inside right—headed it through, giving Hartley no chance. It was a fine goal and it gave Charterhouse the match, for we never afterwards succeeded in piercing the stubborn and plucky Charterhouse defence. It was a great game, and the visitors have a deal for which to thank their goalkeeper; their captain and centre-half, Morgan, was ubiquitous and one of the best players on the field, while the outside right played a great game. Their forwards contrasted with ours in that they indulged in the long passing game and always looked more dangerous than we did in front of goal, although in mid-field play and in close dribbling we think that Westminster excelled. For us, Hartley in goal played his best game of the season; he always seems to rise to the great occasion, while Murphy was the better of the two backs, showing speed and using his head in *both* senses. Baker was really magnificent in the determination of his tackle, while Witherby and Blair both fed their forwards with well placed and gentle ground passes; the former improved as the game went on, and in the last five minutes looked as though he might dribble clean through on his own. Our two right wing forwards—especially in the first half—were frankly disappointing, but Horton played well in the second half; his corner kicking was good. But Hornsby—except for his great shot—never found his true game, and passed most recklessly before there was any need and without looking where the ball was going. Lowe fed his wings well, but did not trust to his own undoubted individual dribbling powers enough, especially in the last desperate ten minutes, when an equaliser was all important. Harvey and Pickering were the better wing, the former's footwork being at times delightful, while the latter showed more resource and more variety in his methods than usual.

A great game, in which although it could not be said truly that Charterhouse were lucky to win, yet Westminster were a little unlucky to lose.

D. J. K.

WESTMINSTER *v.* HARROW.

Played at Vincent Square on March 8.

Our victory of three goals to one was fully deserved, and we owe it mainly to the really splendid combination and thrustfulness of our forwards. We also beat Harrow for pace and speed in all positions of the field, and that too was a great factor in our success. Harrow attacked all through in spasms, and granted that these so called 'spasms' spelt danger for us, yet they did not occur often enough, and the attacks were not sufficiently sustained, to cause us real anxiety. But what our opponents lacked in finesse and in

cleverness with the ball, and in the all-important factor of speed, they amply atoned for in their splendid robust and bustling tactics. Nothing could have been finer in the second half, when we had finally assumed the upper hand and the control of the game, than the way in which their backs and halves stuck to our forwards.

We started slowly and our football was distinctly ragged in the first twenty minutes. Harrow took advantage of this and off a ghastly mis-kick by one of our defenders from a corner, the inside-right beat Hartley with a good shot. But we settled down after this and Harvey scored a good goal off a corner kick by Horton. Just previously Hornsby—who had evidently completely recovered his form, and who was about the trickiest forward on the field that day—had missed the post by three inches off a first-time shot taken twenty yards out. Half-time arrived with the score 1-1. In the second half a change was seen at once, and our forwards quickly settled down to play about the best game they have done this year. Beautifully controlled and led by Lowe, who plied his four partners time after time with delightful passes, which were taken at top speed and on the run (so very important this) time and again they swept up the field literally to 'brush' the Harrow halves aside. Soon our efforts were rewarded, and Lowe headed through from a typical 'Horton' corner kick. The latter had a great share in our victory, as indeed he did against Bradfield; he provided a splendid example of the untold value of careful and accurate corner-kicking.

Harrow were well held now, but their efforts did not relax. Hartley was called upon to tip over the bar a stinging shot from the centre-half, while the Harrow wings just about now showed more pace than hitherto. A little later after a good run and pass by Harvey, Hornsby was left in possession three yards in front of the Harrow goal, but he dug his foot into the ground and the ball travelled slowly to the goalkeeper. Then suddenly Pickering simply dashed past his opposing right-back, converged into goal, and swung across a grand oblique shot, which the Harrow keeper knocked up into the air but which in the rebound was rushed into the net by our three inside forwards (who actually scored we know not). A grand goal this and one of the best of the year. Nothing further was scored, and so we ran out winners by 3-1.

Cooper, the big Harrow back, played a great game, and if only he had a little more speed would make a most formidable defender. The outside-left, too, showed pace and cleverness. For us the whole team played at the top of their form. Murphy again, after a bad start, played most gracefully, and Young judged his tackles

with more accuracy than usual. All our halves were good, while Harvey and Hornsby showed clever, and dainty footwork, the former's speed being very noticeable. Lowe, as we have said, kept his forwards well together and plied them all with frequent and well-judged passes and openings, while the two wing forwards throughout easily had the pace of their opposing wing halves.

— D. J. K.

CHARACTERS OF THE XI.

LOWE (*centre-forward*), Captain.

Has proved a great success in the centre-forward position. Makes splendid openings and if anything errs on the side of unselfishness—a good fault. Uses his weight well, and only needs a little more pace to become a really first-class player. Deadly shot with his left foot.

HARVEY (*inside-left*).

Has pace and beautiful control of the ball. Has good knowledge of the 'through' and the 'reverse' pass. Wants to sling the ball about a little bit more and not rely too much on the short passing game.

HORNSBY (*inside-right*).

When in form a most dainty and pretty player. A poor shot on the whole. Feeds his outside well with long passes to the corner flag, but is apt to neglect his two inside forwards when near his opponents' goal. Wants to get back more and fetch the ball.

HORTON (*outside-right*).

Much improved. Has great pace which he quite rightly uses in short sharp bursts, and can control the ball. Centres well and is a splendid kicker of corners. Should make use of his inside-forward a little more when in difficulties.

PICKERING (*outside-left*).

An improving player. Has learnt to vary his methods of attack. Should converge in towards the goal when given a clear run. Apt to stand off-side.

WITHERBY (*centre-half*).

Very clever dribbler and a splendid feeder of his forwards. Wants to show more pace in getting back to his own goal, when the opposing centre-forward has beaten him. A poor shot at goal, who could improve with practice. Has been a most successful pivot to the whole side.

BLAIR (*left-half*).

Wonderfully improved player. Shows pluck and never knows when he is beaten. Is always close up on his forwards, when near the opponents'

goal, to help in keeping the attack going. Wants to sling the ball over to his inside-right a little more.

BAKER (*right-half*).

A most tenacious and determined footballer. A deadly tackler who knows how to use his physique. Has not even yet quite mastered the art of gently placing the ball to the feet of the forwards in front of him. Should avoid the wild left-footed kick across the field when hard pressed near his own goal.

YOUNG (*right-back*).

Has played some good games, and ought to improve. Not an accurate kick, and at present a little vague as to when to run in and tackle. Should remember that his pace ought to be his greatest asset on the football field and should recover more quickly after a missed tackle.

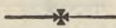
MURPHY (*left-back*).

A most graceful and pretty player to watch. Especially good with his head and a sure kick. Has speed and judges a tackle well. Must be careful not to drop back too close on his goalkeeper and thus to mask that player's vision of an opposing forward's shot. Has all the makings of a class full-back.

HARTLEY (*goal-keeper*).

Has played some splendid games, notably on the 'big occasions.' Active and a good kick with his left foot. Wants to employ the 'sling' a little more frequently in getting rid of the ball, and should never hesitate to run out, as being the only remedy when an opposing forward has penetrated *right* through the backs.

D. J. K.



VALE.

MR. E. L. FOX, THE MASTER OF RIGAUDS.

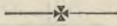
THE end of this term sees the retirement of Mr. Fox, the *doyen* of the staff, after 40 years of service. During this long period he has been successively Master of Home Boarders, where, in his efforts, as a pioneer to run a Day-Boy House on Boarding-House lines, he was eminently successful; Master of Ashburnham, and some fifteen years ago he went up Rigauds in the room of the late Rev. W. Failes, and here again he scored heavily. Despite a natural reserve, which was occasionally mistaken for a lack of sympathy, he knew well, as a man of his word, how to beget confidence and trust among his boys, whom he zealously fathered, and a stricter

or doughtier champion of our traditional practices it would be hard to find.

He served for many years on the Games Committee, which he practically controlled, and where his athletic instincts, as a keen and good cricketer and expert Eton-Fives player, had full scope and recognition. It is interesting to note that he was the inaugurator amongst us of compulsory games—a burning question in Public Schools in the early 'eighties.

In the Classical Upper Fifth, where Mr. Fox taught so long, the young Westminster quickly recognised, if he were wise, that here the serious side of his school life had begun, and that childish things had to be laid aside, and he also found, when he got his remove, a similar atmosphere prevailing in the class-rooms of Mr. Fox's two other able colleagues, Mr. Nall and Mr. Raynor. Under these Triumvirs, whose system of teaching and method of discipline were singularly, and perhaps unconsciously interlocked, the classical tradition has developed and flourished. To his brother masters Mr. Fox's retirement will be a distinct blow, for he was their Nestor and in very many instances their Mentor as well; with his philosophic mind he could look at things from many points of view. His advice in matters of public policy and administration was eagerly sought after, and much weight placed on what he thought and on the line he took. The question: 'What does Fox think about it?' was on everyone's lips, for it was always evident that his opinion would be based on conviction, backed by experience and sincerity.

The grateful respect and good wishes of many generations of Westminsters will follow him always, and as Mr. Fox is not leaving London, we can be sure that he will not forget the way to Vincent Square.



GUMBLETON PRIZE.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

An Ode to 'The Rose of France.'

There grew a garden once most beautiful,
With gay flowers floating in the dreamy spring,
And roses dipping to the gentle breath
Of a young south-breeze, trailing on his wing
The first sweet scents of summer. Far seemed
death,

Far from that garden cool.

Only the bee which sucked the honey'd broom
Whispered how all below was thick with
weeds,

And many a fever which contagion breeds,
With darker portents of impending doom.

And over all there hung one lovely rose,
But in the night the baleful weeds awoke
And smote the blossoms, and plucked out the shoots
Then sprouting to the spring, and by this stroke
Found range and nourishment for all their roots.

Yet doth the morn disclose—

Waving aloft and smiling to the sky

And planted in a patch of sacred ground—

The royal rose unharmed, but all around
A thousand crusting stalks stood dead and dry.

And now the rose looked down,—the pond-weed's
horns

Hustled her slender stem, and with the dead
Light hopes, gay banquets and hush'd scandal lay
With all the joyous life she erst had led.

She thought:—'To flatter them I'll live as they

And shed my royal thorns,

And make pretence to share their hopes and fears';

They only cried:—'This rose is mortal yet,

And common is the ground where she is set,'

And shattered her at dawn despite her tears.

Alack! Alack! the garden was all spoiled,
And night's smooth mantle stained with brutish
deeds!

O'ergrown were all the tended pleasaunce walks
With rank, luxuriant tufts of scurvy weeds
Where once the blossom swayed, and round dead
stalks

The baneful toothwort coiled.

So fair a garden, France, thou wert, before

Dark passions muffled long and hid away,

Now flaming in the fruitful light of day,

Laid bare the rodent canker at the core.

And, oh! thou lovely queen who wert the rose!

Why didst depart that happier Austrian soil?

For thou, so simple in thyself, for kings

And laughter wert created, not to spoil

On such as had no use for lighter things.

But in that age of woes

Thine innocence was taken for a lure;

Thine every girlish act was misconstrued,

And those dear charms by which thy youth
was wooed

Brought thee to heaven ere they could mature.

Passions less brute succeeding years can show;
Time ripens, and some blossom opes again,
Swayed by soft breezes, swept by summer showers.
No trace is there of suffering or of pain,
While o'er the blackened stems of fallen flowers
Ten thousand grasses grow.

And tho' the glories of her former state

Are from the garden flown, yet peace is there,

A cloak which after storms the stricken wear,

More sober-bright, and how less passionate!

Fair queen, nor this nor that were home for thee!
 A low, large sun has dropt behind the hills,
 And with him golden seas and magic isles
 Of radiant happiness, where pains and ills
 Were never known, but over all God's smiles
 Shed ceaseless ecstasy.
 For us thou didst forsake those regions bright
 Where all are born for loveliness and joy,
 But grosser men trod down the tender toy,
 And homeward wing'd thy soul his sorrowing flight.

Into the sunset fled the sorrowing soul,
 Yet something lingers where we liv'd and lov'd,
 Some subtle essence into which may swim
 The soul, when braver regions he hath rov'd,
 And watch the source of earthly labour dim,
 And comprehend the whole.
 Over the garden now this hope is set :—
 Till France grow fair and lovely as before
 From Heav'n triumphant rangeth evermore,
 A guardian angel,—Marie Antoinette.

P. M. MAGNUS.

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School Notes.

THE School attended the Memorial Service in Abbey for the late Dr. Gow on Monday, February 19.

The O.T.C. will take part in the Public Schools' Field Day at Aldershot on Tuesday, March 20.

The Sports this year will be on Thursday and Saturday, March 22 and 24.

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HISTORICAL NOTE.

THE JAWBONE OF RICHARD II.

IN 1413 the body of Richard II. was brought up from Langley and buried in his own tomb at Westminster. All things were done decently and in order. Henry V. was present at the funeral and ordered that four large tapers should burn continually at the tomb; it might have been supposed that Richard would rest in peace. But even those distant days were not always peaceful for royal persons buried in the Abbey. Thus Henry V.'s own queen, Katherine of Valois, had her coffin in the Lady Chapel, till Henry VII. demolished that part of the building; her body was then enclosed in a piece of lead taken from the roof and was apparently treated as mere lumber till Charles II.'s time, when it was exhibited as a curiosity. It will

be remembered how Pepys saw it on one of his visits to Westminster, and recorded in his diary the proud fact that he had kissed a Queen.

Richard was left in his tomb, but he suffered from archæologists as well as from visitors. Thus, in Dean Thomas's time, we read that 'Mr. King with Sir Joseph Ayloffé and some other gentlemen put their hands through the holes in the side of the tomb and examined the skull, with a view to ascertaining whether it bore any marks of the blow attributed to Sir Piers Exton. This they did by passing their hands through the holes in the panelling caused by the removal of the metal shields on the tomb.' Some of the damage of this description was attributed, perhaps with justice, to members of the School; for J. T. Smith reports Nollekens, the sculptor, as saying to John Catling, the verger of Dean Horsley's day (who lived till 1826):—'You had better tell Mr. Dean to see that the monuments don't want dusting and to look after the Westminster boys, and not let them break the ornaments off to play at sconce with in the cloisters.'

After another century had elapsed, Dean Stanley began his celebrated researches among the royal tombs, which so quaintly recall the proceedings of that 'honest tradesman,' Mr. Jeremiah Cruncher. In due course the resting-place of Richard II. was opened and its contents investigated. Their range (like Mr. Weller's knowledge of London) was extensive and peculiar. In addition to the shears of the plumber who had assisted in 1413, they included (amongst other things) four pieces of cork, a handful of marbles, two segments of a leather ball, an iron buckle, a jew's harp, a dog collar, a miscellaneous collection of buttons and birds' bones, three broken knives and a peach stone, as well as the skeleton of the King, from which, however, the jawbone had departed. Its disappearance was accounted for in the following letter written in 1873 by Mr. Charles Gerrard Andrewes:—

'It may interest you to know that my grandfather, Gerrard Andrewes, afterwards Dean of Canterbury, saw a Westminster scholar poke his hand into the tomb of Richard II. in the year 1766 and fish out the lower jaw bone of the King. My grandfather received the jaw bone from the boy, and it is now in my possession. I have often shown it to medical men, who say it is the jaw bone of a man in the prime of life. There are two teeth remaining in the jaw. On a card attached to the bone is written (the handwriting is my grandfather's, Gerrard Andrewes): "The jaw bone of King Richard II. taken out of his coffin by a Westminster Scholar, 1766." My grandfather was himself a Westminster Scholar at that time, sixteen years of age, having been born in 1760.'

There would seem to be a strong presumption that the future Dean of Canterbury was himself the gentleman who removed the jaw bone, though when telling the story to his descendants he modestly attributed the feat to a school fellow. Whoever took it originally, it was returned to Westminster for burial on February 26, 1906, by the Reverend G. T. Andrewes.

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THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB (1919) LTD.

61, Curzon Street,
London, W. 1.

Candidates for election to the above Club may within twelve months of leaving School be elected on the nomination either of the Head Master or Honorary Secretary of the Old Boys' Association.

The Club contains 23 bedrooms and the usual public rooms. Old Boys' Associations at any time can have the free use of a room for their meetings, the Club acting as a centre for Old Boys' Associations.

The Club takes a number of arbours at Lords for the matches, Oxford *v.* Cambridge and Eton *v.* Harrow, where luncheons and teas are provided for members and guests. Billiard and golf competitions are held amongst the members from time to time.

The entrance fee for members under the age of 21 is £2 2s., Subscription £2 2s. (town or country).

Upon attaining the age of 21 the annual subscriptions are:—Town, £6 6s.; country, £4 4s.; foreign, £1 1s.

W. R. WILLIAMS,
Secretary.

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Old Westminsters.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM B. LEISHMAN, K.C.M.G., C.B., F.R.S., etc., has been appointed Director-General of the Army Medical Service. Sir William Leishman, who was lately appointed the representative of the Royal Society on the Governing Body of the School, is one of the most distinguished living authorities on Tropical medicine. He has had an exceptionally brilliant career, and during the war he played a great part in the work of perfecting the inoculation against typhoid fever, which saved countless lives. He was at the School from 1878 to 1880, and his son is at present a boarder up Grant's.

Dr. E. D. Adrian has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Mr. Michael Holroyd, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, has been awarded the Arnold Historical Essay Prize at Oxford.

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Sub-Lieutenant M. Richmond, R.N., *H.M.S. Excellent*, played three-quarter back for the Royal Navy against the Army in the Annual Rugby Football Match.

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Births.

MELLOR.—On March 4, at Cairo, the wife of Aubrey Rollo Ibbetson Mellor, M.C., of a son.

TURNER.—On November 21, to Mary and Francis G. Turner, of Tormore School, Upper Deal, a daughter.

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Marriage.

PITE-WILLIAMS.—On February 20, Ian Beresford, elder son of Professor Beresford Pite, F.R.I.B.A., to Charlotte Brooke, second daughter of the late Commander A. P. Williams, R.N., and Mrs. Williams, of Sandhurst, Kent.

Obituary.

DEATH has closed with tragic suddenness the distinguished career of COLONEL EDWARD GEORGE CURTIS, C.M.G. He was the third son of Col. Reginald Curtis, R.A., and was at the School from June, 1880, to August, 1881. He joined the Bedfordshire Regiment in 1888 and saw service in India with the Chitral Relief Force. He retired in 1909 as a Major, but on the outbreak of the War was appointed to command the 4th Battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment, which he trained and took to Gallipoli. He was present at the landing and evacuation at Suvla Bay. He was awarded the C.M.G. for his services and was six times mentioned in despatches. Latterly he had been Secretary of the Royal Naval Club, Portsmouth, where he was very popular and efficient. He suffered, however, from the effects of war service, and malaria, and they seem to have unhinged his mind. His body was found on the railway on March 7.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

March 11, 1923.

DEAR SIR,—A remark in the article on last Cricket Season, which appeared in the November number, has greatly worried me. It was said 'all Westminster boys seem stiff in the back and unable to bend' in fielding. May I say a little about this, and as an old Captain of the Westminster Cricket XI. I naturally want only to help and not to carp.

It seems really incredible that Westminster boys are different physically from others; and, if your writer's statement is correct, I think the explanation is this. I know from some years of coaching preparatory school boys at cricket that the normal boy does not *naturally* get down to the ball in the field and does not *naturally* make that 'all-out' effort which marks a true fieldsman, and he has to be trained to it by hard practice daily. By this alone a really good fielding side can be made, and though I have often had many 'non-benders' (as I call them) in May, they are all 'benders' by July—if there is an exception, he does not get in the XI. I know many Westminster boys come from London Preparatory Schools, which have not the opportunity to give their boys this daily fielding practice. Hence the 'non-bender' is still a 'non-bender' when he gets to Westminster, and if he is allowed to remain so till he is in the Big Game he, probably, will always be so.

Now, Sir, my point is this: surely, instead of thinking Westminster boys have abnormally stiff backs, would it not be better (and it would be quite simple) for daily fielding practice to be given, either by Houses or by Games, to all promising juniors? Perhaps one 'Pink' might be told off daily to give this practice in front of the pavilion—for publicity's sake, as that is most stimulating! But he must abuse the 'non-bender' and continue to give him at least three balls to cut off or to catch for each one he misses. Honestly, I believe this would improve Westminster fielding—and therefore all its cricket—50 per cent. No one would get in the Big Game until he had been taught to field, and then all would be plain sailing. I often wonder why hours are spent in coaching a boy to make runs, while only occasional minutes are spent in teaching him to save them, though the latter can be done much more easily and surely.

Let me say at once that when I was Captain of the XI., though I realised the importance of fielding, I did all the things I now find fault with and none of those which I am advocating, so please do not think I feel myself a superior person writing in a captious way! I only hope this letter may help those in authority to put their fingers on a weak spot. Of course, the born fielder will bend whether taught or not, but this letter refers to the 95 per cent. who are not born fielders and *must be taught relentlessly*.

For obvious reasons I feel it is better not to sign my name.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
O.W.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—In the course of a conversation with a member of the School, I was surprised to learn that beer is no longer provided in Hall. I understand that this ancient and honourable custom was allowed to lapse during the war for reasons of economy. I should have thought that the Bursar could see his way to reinstate it.

I need hardly say that in my day such a breach with tradition would never have been tolerated.

Yours in anger,
A VERY OLD WESTMINSTER.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL REGISTER.

7A, OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE MANSIONS,
MARYLEBONE ROAD, N.W. 1.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—Information is desired by the Editors about the following O.W.W., of whom but little or no details are given in the Register:—

Gabriel, Edward; adm. 1881, left 1881.
Gadsden, Roger Charles Edward; adm. 1868, left 1870.
Gage, Henry; adm. 1813, left 1817.
Gage, W. H.; 1796. Name on School walls.
Galloway, William George; adm. 1851.
Gard, Richard Sommers; adm. 1859, left 1861.
Garden, Alexander William; adm. 1862, of Magd. Coll., Camb., B.A., 1861;
Garrett, Frederick Mills; adm. 1873, left 1874.
Gibbon, Edward Anacleto; adm. 1861, left 1862.
Gibbon, Henry Frederick Howard; adm. 1847.
Gilbertson, Lewis; adm. 1878, left 1882.
Gilliat, Arthur; adm. 1868; left 1869.
Gleig, James Hope Morillian; adm. 1848.
Glen, Augustus Cunningham; adm. 1873, left 1875.
Godfrey, Edward Lee; adm. 1879, left 1880.

To save time and trouble, as well as valuable space in your columns, I should be greatly obliged if any of your readers, who can help us by supplying information, would kindly communicate direct to me.

Yours faithfully,
G. F. RUSSELL BARKER.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—It is so long since an Oxford letter appeared in the *Elizabethan* that I have almost forgotten what is said and how to say it. Nor have I any past numbers of *The Elizabethan* by me to help and guide me, so I must boldly take the plunge and hope for the best.

The Oriel professor, Prof. C. C. J. Webb, is now at our head, and we have one other representative at Magdalen in Mr. Darlington. At Brasenose there is Mr. W. T. S. Stallybrass and Mr. M. Holroyd, who has just distinguished himself by winning the Arnold Essay Prize. L. Rice-Oxley represents us at Keble, and Mr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe and Mr. H. L. Henderson at New College. Mr. R. F. Harrod enters upon his duties at Christ Church next term, being at present engaged in studying on the Continent, and Mr. J. G. Barrington-Ward will soon enter upon other duties, being also engaged—but in a more serious way. Our heartiest congratulations to him. Mr. R. H. Morrison is also still at Christ Church, but only appears in order to put up notices of the University French Club.

Of the junior members of the University, Merton can boast of triplets; and New College and Worcester, twins; while Balliol, Brasenose and Queen's have one apiece. Of these, at Merton, Mr. Dix honoured this term by attending his fourth lecture; since then he has decided to stop work again. He is now usually entertained by Mr. Petitpierre, who plays a violin when Mr. Dix is nowhere near; Mr. Willoughby plays a gramophone.

Mr. McGregor spreads socialist doctrine and newspapers throughout New College, while Mr. Bennett, it is said, disapproves. Mr. Bennett rows, which may account for much. Mr. Palmer and Mr. Martin are freshmen at Worcester; Mr. Samuel keeps up our reputation at

Baliol (we hope); Mr. de Selincourt lives in Brasenose, but has a bicycle and several large maps of the surrounding country.

The majority of us are as usual at Christ Church. Mr. Calm owns half a dog, and Mr. Chisholm the other half. Mr. Bevan has all the air and bearing of a fourth-year man, but Mr. Pantin is too mediæval to take much notice of present-day affairs. Mr. Hendy works in the country and is seldom seen in the House. Mr. Stevens walks about with eyes fixed on the ground, dreaming of 'the drunkenest places under the sun.' Mr. Durham is still a great authority on the cinema; so is Mr. Cocks. Mr. Gibson rows, Mr. Fisher rides, Mr. Byam-Shaw has given up dancing for Demosthenes. This is not to be permanent, we understand. The jazz-band continues:—Mr. Burford plays the drums, Mr. Archibald Chisholm hums, while Mr. Henry Chisholm strums. Mr. Simpson has just got a suit of plus fours. Mr. George is a playwright and wears suede shoes. Mr. A. H. T. Chisholm also wears suede shoes, but is not an author. Mr. Little works when not prevented (*a*) by sleep, and (*b*) by friends.

Mr. Abady has a piano—so has Mr. Whitlamsmith. The former plays all night and the latter all day. Mr. Berman has a great partiality for the name 'Brown,' and it is rumoured wishes to attach it on to his own. Mr. Taylor is generally accompanied by a new pipe and Mr. Stonier, Mr. Stonier also smokes a pipe, but Mr. MacFarlane has other ways of amusing himself. Mr. Baliol-Scott plays tennis, and Mr. Warburton is silent all day and often noisy at night.

This, Sir, is all that time will allow. I trust it may suffice to let you know that we are still alive. I hope there are no omissions; if there are it is entirely through inadvertence; there is no offence meant.

Believe me,

Yours truly,

EX. AEDE. CHRISTI.

March, 1923.

THE SCHOOL MISSION.

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

The Mission is largely responsible for the upkeep of Napier Hall, where the club-rooms and hall are used by the St. Mary's (Westminster School Mission) Club for young men and boys, and by the St. Mary's Troop of Boy Scouts. Religious instruction is provided by the clergy of the parish. Physical training and gymnastic classes,

lectures and debates are held, and the club provides a library, billiards, and the usual recreations. The club has its own football and cricket ground. More personal help from Old Westminsters is urgently needed.

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

Subscriptions should be sent to the Hon. Treasurer, B. F. Hardy, Esq., Westminster School. Offers of service and of gifts in kind should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, R. R. Calkin, Esq., O.W., 15, Corfton Road, Ealing, W.5.

OLD WESTMINSTERS LODGE, No. 2233.

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

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

NOTICES.

ALL contributions to the May number of THE ELIZABETHAN should reach the Editor at 3 Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1, not later than May 21, 1923.

Contributions must be written *on one side of the paper only*.

Back numbers are obtainable from the Editor, price 1s. each.

Subscribers are requested to notify any change of address to the Secretary, 3 Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1.

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	£	s.	d.
ANNUAL (payment in advance)	0	5	0
TRIENNIAL	0	14	0
LIFE COMPOSITION	6	5	0
" " (after the age of 30)	5	0	0
" " (" " 40)	3	15	0
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Subscriptions now due should be forwarded at once to I. F. SMEDLEY, Esq., Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1 (*not* addressed 'The Treasurer').

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

Floreat.