



The Elizabethan

Vol. XVII. No. 19. WESTMINSTER, FEBRUARY, 1925.

Price 9d.

THE 'PHORMIO,' 1924.

ONCE again, we are glad to say, we are able to offer our readers a translation of the Epilogue, which came, wonderful to tell, unhopd for and unimportuned. For this we owe our thanks to an Old Westminster, who, realizing the dearth of poets, and being himself a former Editor, took the task upon himself. We hope, however, both for his sake and that of our successor, that we shall not be considered to have set a precedent in the matter.

By request, the puns have this year been italicized. It is to be hoped that this will not be considered a reflection on the intelligence of our readers. It is only to prevent their sweetness being wasted on the desert air of the non-classical mind.

One more apology: the Play number and the February number are again combined: not for reasons of economy, nor yet from want of energy on the part of the Editor; but because it is not possible to fill a reasonably sized number with Play news alone. It seems, moreover, a little illogical to produce three numbers in the shortest

term in the year, when the others rest content with two. For the benefit of those not already familiar with the plot of the 'Phormio,' it is as follows:

Demipho and Chremes are two brothers. The former has a son named Antipho; the latter is husband of Nausistrata, by whom he has a son named Phaedria. Nausistrata, of whom Chremes stands in considerable awe, has property in the island of Lemnos, and Chremes is in the habit of going thither year by year to receive the rents. While there on one of his visits, under the feigned name of Stilpho, he marries a Lemnian lady clandestinely, and has by her a daughter named Phanium, born sixteen years before the opening scene of the Play. On this Lemnian family Chremes spends a considerable part of his wife's income. Demipho is aware of this connexion of Chremes, and has further agreed that his son Antipho shall marry Phanium, passing her off as a distant relation of the family.

The Play opens at a time when Demipho and Chremes are both absent from Athens, the former

on a visit to an old friend in Cilicia, and Chremes on a journey to Lemnos, whence he means to bring his second wife and her daughter for the intended marriage with Antipho. Upon his arrival, however, he finds that they have already left the island in search of him, and he returns alone. They arrive safely, but, being unable to discover anyone in Athens of the name of Stilpho, are reduced to great poverty and distress: in the midst of which the mother dies, and Phanium, the daughter, is left alone with her trusty old nurse, Sophrona.

During this period the two young men, Antipho and Phaedria, are left at Athens in charge of Demipho's confidential slave, Geta.

ACT I.—In the opening scene Geta narrates his experiences to his friend Davus. Finding it impossible to control a pair of wild youths, he gives up the attempt, and lets them follow their own devices.

Phaedria first falls desperately in love with a music girl, who turns out afterwards to be an Athenian citizen, but who is now in the hands of a slave merchant, Dorio, for sale at thirty minae; but as Phaedria has no money to pay for her, he can do nothing but escort the young lady to and from the school where she is completing her education. Just at this time Antipho is told a touching story of a beauty in distress at a funeral. He goes to see, and it proves to be none other than Phanium weeping over her mother's corpse. The young man is immediately captivated by her beauty, but being afraid to marry her without his father's consent, he applies to Geta, who in his turn has recourse to Phormio, a shrewd parasite. Phormio immediately takes up the cause of Antipho, by whom he has often been entertained, and pretends that he is a kinsman of Phanium, and that Antipho is her nearest relation, and finally sues Antipho—who, of course, makes no defence—and compels him to marry Phanium off-hand. (Scene 4.) Repentance follows, and Antipho is wretched between the prospect of meeting his father and of losing Phanium.

Demipho now (Scene 5) returns home, angry with everybody on learning, as he thinks, that all his plans for Antipho's marriage with Phanium have been frustrated.

ACT II.—He gets into a violent quarrel with Phormio for the part he has taken, and also (Scene 3) consults three lawyers as to the course to be pursued, who gave ridiculously opposite opinions, and leave him in a greater state of doubt than before.

Meanwhile (Scene 4) Phaedria is left in sad plight, being unable to persuade Dorio to part with Pam-

phila, the music girl, and finding that she is about to be sold to someone else.

Again Phormio comes to the rescue; he sends a message by Geta to Demipho and to Chremes (who has now returned home) to say that he (Phormio) is himself engaged to be married; but that he is ready to break off the match and take Antipho's bride off their hands, if they will give him the same sum which he is to receive as portion with his present *fiancée*, and enable him to pay off certain debts. Poor Antipho overhears Geta making this proposal to the two old men, and, not being in the secret, is greatly distressed. Demipho, scared at the largeness of the sum required, resists; but Chremes, anxious to get his daughter Phanium married at any price, to escape exposure of his own misdoings, agrees to furnish the money. Phormio receives it and hands it over to Phaedria, who redeems Pamphila from Dorio's hands and marries her.

ACT III.—No sooner has this arrangement been completed than Chremes stumbles upon Sophrona coming out of Demipho's house, and is frightened at hearing her, under the very windows of his Athenian wife, Nausistrata, address him by his Lemnian name, Stilpho. He stops the old woman's mouth, and forbidding her to mention it, discovers that Phanium, his daughter, is the identical lady whom Antipho has married.

An amusing scene follows on his attempting to impart this piece of news to Demipho in Nausistrata's presence. The two old men now request Phormio to break off his arrangements with them and refund the money. Meanwhile, Geta has overheard the explanations between Chremes and his daughter, and has communicated them to Phormio, who thereupon, knowing that he will no longer be required to marry Antipho's bride, stoutly refuses to refund, saying that he is still ready to complete the bargain.

A furious quarrel ensues, during which Phormio loudly relates the tale of Chremes' misdoings (as if of a third person), and finally threatens to go and tell all to Nausistrata. This brings matters to a climax, and a struggle ensues, during which the stentorian lungs of Phormio are used to bring out Nausistrata from her house, to whom Phormio pours out the whole truth to Chremes' utter confusion. Nausistrata is frantic, until Demipho endeavours to calm her, and intercedes for the guilty husband. Phormio is triumphant, and invites the public to Chremes' 'funeral obsequies' and further explains all about Phaedria's marriage to Pamphila, and the trick by which the purchase-money was secured. Chremes, on hearing this,

begins to fume, but is at once crushed by the biting retort from his imperious spouse, that the son might well have one wife, if the father had two. Phormio then asks Nausistrata for an invitation to dinner, as a reward for his own services and as a punishment to Chremes; and they all go into the house as the curtain falls.

On the First Night the audience—as is the way with first night audiences—was inclined to be 'sticky.' The more obvious jokes of the Epilogue were well received, though some were spoilt by too great a hurry on the part of the actors. Curiously enough no one on any of the three nights seemed to see the point of 'Quo properas improbus ire?—Paris iudicium bene dat.'

The Second Night audience was much more appreciative and the play went with a swing. Among those present were Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, the Lord Chancellor, Mr. Justice Tomlin, Mr. Justice Sankey, Mr. Justice Salter, the Greek Minister, the Persian Minister, the Hungarian

Minister, the German Ambassador, the Japanese Ambassador, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Bishop of Worcester, the Dean of St. Paul's, the Dean of Christchurch, Canon Carnegie, Archdeacon Charles, Mr. Justice Lawrence, Sir Cecil Hurst, the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Rt. Hon. Charles Trevelyan and the Rt. Hon. W. C. Bridgeman. The Dean being absent through illness, the chair was taken by Canon Carnegie.

The Third Night went even better than the second. The audience included the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Austrian Ambassador, Sir Douglas McGarel Hogg, the Master of Dulwich, Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare, Dr. Nairne, His Hon. Judge Sir Alfred Tobin, Sir Vincent Baddeley, the Dean of Balliol, Dr. Harold Spender, Sir Edward Boyle, Lord Belham and Stanton, Lord Blanesburgh, Mr. Justice Talbot, and Sir John Sykes. Mr. H. F. Manistry, K.C., took the chair.

PROLOGUS IN PHORMIONEM.

GRATUM, patroni, Prologo impositum est opus.
Primum iubet vos salvere, ut qui fluctibus
Uno bis anno objecti comitialibus
Nunc maxime exoptetis salvos vos fore.
Quot homines tot suffragia, et suus cuique dux;
Superarint autem quaelubet partes, tamen
Cunctos eadem gratia Terentius
Nostris quidem salutat in subselliis.

Deinde explicabo sultis, interea loci
Quonam egerit Fortuna nobiscum modo.
Memoranda sunt non multa. Sors felix data est,
Fallentis illam semitam vitae sequi.
Quanto tamen sudore, qua patientia
Studiis sit unusquisque devotus puer,
Dum celerem mentem et huc et illuc dividit
Musasque sano non sine corpore excolit,
Aut nostis omnes aut potestis fingere.
Sunt qui Theonis dente semper gaudeant
Scholas mordere publicas. Nil his placet,
Aut quod fit aut quod non fit. Culpam
agnoscimus.

Qui laudat autem exacta solum tempora
Negatque inesse nostris vel micam salis
Sileat et actutum abeat in malam crucem!
Fortes enim vixere post Agamemnona;
Quare et severiorum et aspernantium
Suis rumores aestimemus assibus.

Sed, ne quis erret, scilicet majoribus
Veros honores, non nothos, concedimus.
Testor libellum diligentia Attica
Nostrate ab homine nuper conscriptum, nova
Qui quaestione monumentorum non nihil
Aetate longa absconditum in lucem tulit.
Fructus laboris hosce suo natus patri¹
Vix dedicarat, orbis et relinquitur;
Quali et parente orbatus, quo consortio!
Heu, quantum in illo est lumen extinctum viro!
Olim domus magistrum amantem amaverat,
In otio senentem coluerant senes.

Eadem haec domus nuperrime alteram accipit
Cladem, gemit quam tota communem schola.
Nam illius deinceps qui² in locum successerat,
Vixdum receptus vulnere ex gravissimo
Insignis ille militari gloria—
Cum jam per annos quinque recte ac naviter
Hanc curam exercuisset, en volnus vetus
Ab conjuge atque amicis juvenem sustulit.
Sic transiit, sed miles, sed pro patria.

Brevissime addam quae siluisse esset nefas.
Potestne mater stirpis obliviscier?
Immo deplorat mortuos; vivis favet;
Plaudit quibusdam qui recentes laures
Domum reportavere; luget denique
Absentiam aegri Praesidis.³ Dixi satis.

¹ Ralph Tanner, Assistant Master 1881-1919; Master of Grant's 1890-1919; died August 29, 1924. His son, L. E. Tanner, recently published 'Westminster School: its Buildings and their Associations.'

² Donald Patrick Shaw, D.S.O., Assistant Master 1912-1924; Master of Grant's 1919-1924; died October 9, 1924.

³ The Dean of Westminster, Chairman of the Governing Body of the School.

EPILOGUS IN PHORMIONEM.

PERSONAE.

DAVUS	<i>A British Workman</i>	A. B. L. MURISON.
PHORMIO	<i>An Inventor</i>	E. C. LESTER.
DORIO	<i>An Emissary from a Foreign State</i>	J. M. H. HOARE.
GETA	<i>A Political Party</i>	A. L. BINNEY.
HEGIO	<i>A Banker</i>	D. C. WATHERSTON.
DEMIPHO	<i>Another Political Party</i>	A. J. D. WINNIFRITH.
CHREMES	<i>Yet another Political Party</i>	H. F. de C. PEREIRA.
CRITO	<i>An Organiser of Boxing Matches</i>	H. PAGAN.
ANTIPHO	<i>A Pugilist</i>	J. H. SHAKESPEARE.
PHAEDRIA	<i>A Rival Pugilist</i>	A. E. HOWELL.
CRATINUS	<i>A Wild Man from Scotland</i>	M. F. L. HAYMES.
NAUSISTRATA	<i>A Cow-girl, engaged to Phaedria</i>	S. CHAPMAN.
SOPHRONA	<i>A Post-war Young Lady</i>	E. F. BARLOW.

PERSONAE MUTAE.

A Bill-sticker	J. PHILPOT.
A Taxi-driver	W. A. MACFARLANE.

SCENE:—*A street. At the back the approach to a bridge, which is blocked with a wooden barricade. On the left the entrance to an Exhibition. On the right a barber's shop. DAVUS is hammering the last nails into the barricade. He nails up a notice: 'HIC PONS CLAUSUS EST.'*

DAVUS. Tandem finitumst. (*Looks at watch.*)
Aderit mox hora bibendi.
Sexta mihi semper colligit hora sitim.
(*Takes money from pocket and examines it.*)
Pocula quot nummi mihi ement—(*Enter*
Phormio who bangs at the barricade—
hi mista! Laccessis
Occlusas vana vi strepituque fores.
Dic age cur pulsas?

PHORMIO. Cupio transire.
DAVUS. Quid ultra?
Non poteris.
PHORM. Nonne hoc est Elephantis iter
Castellique?
DAVUS. Fuit. Tenui tibicine fultus
Nunc titubat, ripaeque ulterioris amor
Nil valet. (*Points to notice.*) Hoc lege sis,
'Stat clausus sanguineus pons.'
Non pedibus licitumst ire—natare licet,
Si cupis.

PHORM. Aediles nequeunt reparare?
DAVUS (*contemptuously*). Loquuntur,
Festinant lente.

PHORM. Dic mihi, quid faciam?
DAVUS (*pointing in opposite direction*). Volvitur
hac platea quidam currus generalis
Omnibus.

PHORM. At quanti temporis istud eget?
DAVUS. Si fortuna favet (*thinks*) credo tria milia
repes

DAVUS. Well now, it's done (*looks at watch*). And
what about a drink?
By twelve I'm mighty thirsty. Here's the
chink.
(*Takes money from pocket.*) How many
pints.—(*Enter PHORMIO.*) Hi, mister!
no use nohow,
To knock them boards about and make a
row!
Why bang like that?

PHORMIO. I want to cross.
DAVUS. You can't,
So there!
PHORM. Isn't this the way to the Elephant
And Castle?
DAVUS. Well it was. But there's a pier
What's shaky. 'Wishing for the further
bank.'
Is no darned good. (*Points to notice.*) Just
read this, please, 'The blank
Old bridge is closed.' What! cross on
foot? No fear!
Swim, if you like.

PHORM. But really, can't the Board repair it?
DAVUS. Talk about it. But oh, Lord!
They're mighty slow.

PHORM. Tell me, what shall I do?
DAVUS. Well, there's a motor-bus that passes
through
This street.

PHORM. How long?
DAVUS. (*Thinks.*) If you're in luck you'll crawl
The distance in three hours or four. For all

Horis aut tribus aut quattuor, in triviis
Tantae turbae obstant et inextricabilis error.
I pedes.

PHORM. At nimiumst sarcina nostra gravis.

DAVUS (*lifting bag*). Iuppiter, ut gravis est!
Quid habet?

PHORM. (*whispering*). Radius latet intra
Mortifer.

DAVUS (*starting back in terror*). Aufer abhinc te
radiumque tuum.

PHORM. Hinc subitae mortes atque intestata
senectus—

(*Starts to open bag; DAVUS pulls him away.*)

DAVUS. Ne tangas! Ego sum spes columnaque
domus.

Est mihi namque domi coniux septemque—
(*counts on his fingers*)—vel octo

Infantes.

PHORM. (*reassuringly*). Dormit. Salvus, amice,
manes.

DAVUS (*struck with a brilliant idea*). Est etiam
socrus—salva concordia socru

Desperanda mihi—. Visne probare?

PHORM. Tace.

[*Enter BILLSTICKER, who puts up at one end of the barricade a poster with a picture of a cat and the words 'Kinema Tiburtinum. Representatio Continua.'*]

Felix heu nimum felix! Gaudere theatris
Non sinimur solitis.

DAVUS. Ambulat iste tamen.

[*The BILLSTICKER puts up at the other end a poster with the words 'Sancta Ioanna. Comoedia Shaviensis.'*]

Anne placet melius tibi quicquid Shavius
audax

Ludit in historia? Non mihi.

PHORM. Sed quis adest?

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus
hospes,

Barbatus Scythiisque horridus exuviis?

[*Enter DORIO. They draw to one side.*]

DORIO. Multas per terras et multa per aequora
vectus,

Advenio ad patriam, Curzone saeve, tuam.

Qua servile genus durorum oppressa superba
Calce tyrannorum plebs miseranda gemit.

(*Noticing the others, aside.*) Servorum ecce
unus. Nunc *propaganda* fides est.

Aggrediar. (*To DAVUS*) Salve, servule
care.

DAVUS (*angrily*). Probe!

Me servum appellas? Ego liber, amice,
Britannus.

Qui mihi dat calcem sentiet iste meam.

Fare age quid venias ad flumina nostra?

The cross-roads are a hopeless block. Resign
Yourself to walking.

PHOR. Not with a load like mine.

DAV. (*lifting bag*). Gawd! What a weight!
What's in it?

PHOR. (*whispering*). A death ray.

DAV. Here, you be off! Take the damned thing
away.

PHOR. 'Hence sudden deaths, old men that leave
no will—'

DAV. Don't touch it! I've a wife and fam'ly still.
I've seven young children: *seven*—or is it
eight?

PHOR. It's gone to by-byes; don't you worry,
mate.

DAV. Worry? There's Ma-in-law. No peace for
me

While she's alive. If you would like to see. . .

PHOR. Hush. . . (*Enter BILLSTICKER.*)

Felix! too, too much Felix. The Cinema
quite

Empties our theatres.

DAV. 'Felix runs' all right.
Do you prefer Shaw's travesties of history?
Because I don't.

PHOR. (*Enter DORIO.*) But who's this man of
mystery?

This bearded alien from overseas,
Stiff with the spoil of Russian royalties?

DORIO. Borne across far leagues of ocean; sped
from many a foreign strand,

I have come at last, proud-hearted Curzon,
to thy fatherland,

Where the wretched proletariat groans in
servitude to feel

Day by day a worse oppression under tyrant's
cruel heel.

Why here's one of the slaves! My chance,
hooray.

Now for some propaganda! Slave, good-day!

DAVUS. Slave? I'm a Briton; and I'd have you
know

Who tries to tread on me shall feel my toe.

Why have you come?

DORIO. Getam illum
 Quaerimus atque novae foedera amicitiae.
 DAVUS (*aside*). Nil tua verba moror. (*To DORIO*)
 Venit en ipsissimus ultro,
 Sodalisque novus ditior Hego adest
 (*Impressively*) Argentarius.

[*Enter GETA and HEGIO, followed by CRATINUS, who carries a bag labelled 'Foedera,' and a hat box labelled 'Petasi.' GETA wears a lounge suit and a red tie.*]

DORIO (*to HEGIO, bowing servilely*). O quid agis
 dulcissime rerum!

HEGIO (*haughtily*). Suaviter ut nunc est. (*Turns his back on him.*)

DORIO O Geta, dulce caput,
 Te salvum cupio.

GETA. Quid quaeris?

DORIO. Nil nisi nummos.
 Versuram minimo faenore, care, peto.

GETA (*pointing to HEGIO*). Hunc potius rogita;
 est nummatus.

HEGIO (*to DORIO, angrily*). Nonne trecena
 Iamdudum debes, flagititose, mihi?

DORIO (*aside*). Experiari fraudem. (*To HEGIO, impudently*) Profer documenta.

(*HEGIO produces a bond from his pocket and shows it to DORIO, who examines it and hands it back, airily.*) Sigillis
 Non haec est nostris syngrapha facta.

HEGIO (*taking bond back*). Vafer!

DORIO (*aside*). Nil curo, quid enim salvis infamia
 nummis?

Hunc iterum aggrediar. (*Turns to GETA*)
 Tu, precor, auxilium

Fer mihi.

GETA. Si foedus quaeris, sunt omnibus apta
 Gustibus in nostra condita sarcinula.

Huc ades. (*Leads him to one side; CRATINUS opens the bag and produces documents, which GETA and DORIO discuss.*)

HEGIO (*still indignant*). Huic nummos? Audent
 cum talia fures,
 Quid facient domini?

DAVUS. Nonne poeta canit,
 'Aurum habeant alii, tu, felix Anglia, solve' ?
 (*Sounds of persons singing to the tune of the Sentry's Song in 'Iolanthe' heard off.*)

PHORM. At
 Quis recitat numeros, diva Iolanthe, tuos?

[*Enter DEMIPHO and CHREMES arm-in-arm.*]
 DEMIPHO and CHREMES (*singing together*).

Mihi splendidum videtur,
 Fal la la,
 Ut natura machinetur;
 Fal la la,

DORIO. I seek your Labour Party
 New treaties to propose and friendship hearty.
 DAVUS (*aside*). Yes, that's all fudge. (*To DORIO*)
 Look here, he comes himself,
 And with him a new friend more rich in pelf;
 A banker he. (*Enter GETA and HEGIO.*)

DORIO. How are you, my dear sir?

HEGIO. Well enough, thank you.

DORIO. Gracious Premier,
 Best wishes.

GETA. What do you want?

DORIO. Money, that's all.
 A loan, dear friend; the interest very small.

GETA. Better ask *him*. *He* has the cash.

HEGIO. Heaven aid me,
 Why you're the knave who borrowed and
 never paid me!

DORIO (*aside*). I'll try a bluff.
 Show me your proof. This seal
 Is forged. I don't admit it to be real.

HEGIO. Swindler!

DORIO. No matter; while I keep the gold,
 Dishonour's nothing. You, dear sir, I'm told
 Will help me.

GETA. Well, if its treaties you design,
 I've treaties for all tastes in this bag of mine.
 Come over here. (*Leads him aside.*)

HEGIO. What, give this fellow gold!
 When thieves become so impudently bold,
 What can we do?

DAVUS. Doth not the poet say
 'Others may have the cash; let England pay'?

[*Enter DEMIPHO and CHREMES.*]
 DEMIPHO and CHREMES (*together*).

I always think its comical,
 Fal, la, la!
 How nature always does contrive,
 Fal, la, la!

Feminina vel virilis
Omnis infans natus vivus
CHREMES. Est aut parvus Liberalis,
DEMIPHO. Aut parvus Conservativus,

GETA (*mimicking*). Aut parvus Socialistes
Fal la la.

Sic ranae in limo veterem cecinere querelam.
Iam superat partes victor utrasque Labor.

DEMIPHO (*points to CHREMES*). Nonnisi summis-
sus currum patiensque iugi bos
Traxisset. Solus nam improbus iste Labor
Nil agit.

[DORIO and CRATINUS come forward with a long
document, which DORIO presents to GETA.]

DORIO. Huicce placet lepidae subscribere chartae?
GETA (*takes document and signs*). Immo placet.

(DEMIPHO and CHREMES read it over his shoulder.)
CHREMES (*contemptuously*). Vox et praeterea
nihil est.

HEGIO (*angrily*). Mi saltem nimium verbosum et
grande videtur.

(To GETA, *pointing to CRATINUS and DORIO*.)
Communis tibi vox est sociisque tuis,
Communes habitus.

GETA. Expecta. (*Exit*.)
CHREMES. Quid facit iste?
DAVUS. Vestimentum hominem non facit.

[*Re-enter GETA, wearing a morning coat, otherwise
the same clothes.*]

GETA. Hoc melius?

HEGIO. Nil agis.

DEMIPHO. Hoc nihil est.

GETA (*changing red tie for a black one*). Nigrum
placet hocce?

DEMIPHO. Colori
Non credo.

GETA (*to CRATINUS*). Topper trade novum petasum.
[CRATINUS produces top-hat from box, hands it
to GETA, who puts it on.]

HEGIO (*approvingly*). Euge pater patriae!

Petasum qui in vertice portat

Civilem est nostra dignus amicitia.

(*Shakes GETA by the hand.*)

DORIO (*coming up close to HEGIO*). O parasite!

HEGIO (*alarmed; searches his clothing, feels on
his neck, etc.*). Vides parasitum? Ubi?
Non video. (*Finds something on his
sleeve*) Ohe!

Insiluit nuper. Non meus; (*with low bow
places it on DORIO's coat*) at tuus est.

CRATINUS (*to GETA*). Impurate, tuos comites sic
deseris ultro,

Teque tyrannorum cum grege consocias?

Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis

That every boy and every gal
That's born into this world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative,
Fal, lal, la!

GETA (*mimicking*). Or else a little Socialist.
Fal la la.

'Tis thus the frogs their ancient quarrels croak.
Labour has both the old Parties overthrown.

DEMIPHO. Only because one came beneath the
yoke
And pulled the cart for it. Labour alone
Is naught.

DORIO. Please sign this treaty.

GETA. Yes, I will (*signs*).
And gladly too.

CHREMES. 'Vox et praeterea . . . nil.'

HEGIO. A wordy and pretentious document.
I find it communist to all intent;
So are your clothes.

GETA. Just wait!

CHREMES. What will he do?

DAVUS. Clothes do not make the man

GETA. D'ye like me noo?

HEGIO. No use.

DEM. No, that's no good.

GETA. Well, then, how's that?

DEM. I do not trust it.

GETA. Bring me my new top-hat.

HEGIO. Hail patriot! He who wears a topper,
quite
Deserves our friendship.

DORIO (*to HEGIO*). Oh, you parasite!

HEGIO. Parasite? Where's the parasite? Where,
oh, where?

I do not see one. Yes, one jumped, just there.
But he's not mine; he's yours.

CRATINUS. Vile traitor, you
Forsake your friends and join the tyrant crew.
Not help like yours, not such defenders needs
The people; but will follow where *he* leads,

Plebs eget. (*Pointing to DORIO*). Hunc potius diligit et sequitur.
 Dictatura placet mihi proletaria, et esque Permaneo classis conscius ipse meae.
 Nunc abeo ad socios; (*takes a bomb out of one pocket and a revolver out of the other and flourishes them*). Bombo dux ipse revolver.
 Raucisono. Interea vos pereatis.
 (*Exit with DORIO.*)

GETA (*in comic despair*). Olor
 Scoticus ut strepitat, calidi quantum aëris efflat!

DEMIPHO (*aside*). O utinam murus, dive Hadriane, tuus
 Quem contra Scotos struxisti, excelsior esset!
 Tanta in nos semper gens ea mole ruit!

CHREMES (*aside*). Cambriacis haedis utinam quoque murus obsesset,
 Talia dant nobis taedia Davidii
 Ingenium velox, audacia perdit.

DEMIPHO (*to GETA*). Sed tu
 Quo res consilio restituaetur habes?

GETA (*pointing to his hat, mysteriously*). Hic latet.

DEMIPHO. At dic sis quid sit.
 GETA (*pompously*). Sollemnia quaeris,
 Improbe, rimari consilia imperii?

Codicibus plenumst.
 DEMIPHO. Amissa volumina Livi
 Repperit iste, bonis gaudia discipulis.

[CHREMES meanwhile has moved to the other side of the stage, and has been talking with PHORMIO, who explains the death-ray to him. CHREMES by signs tells PHORMIO that he wants to buy the ray in order to turn it on GETA, who has his back to them. They come to a bargain; CHREMES hands money to PHORMIO and points the instrument at GETA.]

GETA. Immo hercle leges quas promulgabimus—
 (*CHREMES presses the button. GETA claps his hand to the small of his back*)—
 Hades

Corripit infando membra dolore mea.
 HEGIO (*sympathetically*). Novi, lumbago est, miserande.

[HEGIO and DEMIPHO rub GETA'S back; he recovers.]

CHREMES (*to PHORMIO aside, angrily*). Imposta manus te
 Haec caedet meritis, improbe, suppliciis.

Redde mihi nummos aut te in ius ecce vocabo.
 PHORMIO (*placing his thumb to his nose and extending his fingers*). Turpibus ex causis actio non oritur. (*Exit, leaving his bag.*)

A proletariat dictatorship
 Is what I want. And to my finger-tip
 Class-conscious I remain. Wait till I lead:
 Bombs and revolvers, curse you, are my creed.
 (*Exit.*)

GETA. How the Scot raves! What hot air doth expire.

DEM. Would that thy wall, great Hadrian, had been higher;
 The wall you built to keep the Scotchmen out;
 Still they swoop down on us in horrid rout!

CHREMES. And would his wall had blocked the Cambrian horde:
 With David's nimble wit I'm fairly bored,
 And David's cursed audacity.

DEM. But you,
 Well, what's your plan for reconstruction?

GETA. True,
 It's here.

DEM. But just what is it?

GETA. Wretch, wouldst pry
 Into imperial secrets shamelessly?
 It's full of 'texts.'

DEM. Good luck! he's brought to light
 Livy's Lost Books, the school-boy's dear delight!

[CHREMES meanwhile has moved to the other side of the stage, and has been talking with PHORMIO, who explains the death-ray to him. CHREMES by signs tells PHORMIO that he wants to buy the ray in order to turn it on GETA, who has his back to them. They come to a bargain; CHREMES hands money to PHORMIO and points the instrument at GETA.]

GETA. Look at the laws we're going to pass. . . .
 Oh! hell
 Has gripped me suddenly. Why, I cannot tell.

HEGIO. Poor fellow, it's lumbago.

CHREMES (*to PHORMIO*). Wretched cheat!
 Pay back my money, or you'll quickly meet
 Dire punishment, when I take legal action.

PHORMIO. You can't take into court a base transaction.
 (*Exit.*)

GETA (*quite recovered, harangues the others*).

O fortunatos natos me consule cives!

Anglia, iam redeunt aurea saecula tibi.

Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas.

Magnus ab integro—

CHREMES (*impatently*). —Nux ea castanea est.

(*Points to GETA'S hat*) Monstra, si quid inest.

[GETA removes his hat. DEMIPHO and CHREMES feel in it, and DEMIPHO pulls out a rabbit.]

DEMIPHO. Merus ecce cuniculus exstat!

Tantula res tanto nascitur ex petaso!

CHREMES (*examining the rabbit*). Mortuus est!

GETA. Quidni? Non omnia possumus omnes.

Id saltem, quod vos non potuistis, ego

Confeci. Miles iam tandem e Rure recedit.

Imposui morem pacis. At iste quis est,

Quem sese ore ferens?

HEGIO. Quam forti pectore et armis!

DAVUS. En alius quoque adest, feminaque insolita.

Vestimenta ferens.

[Enter from opposite sides PHAEDRIA arm-in-arm with NAUSISTRATA, and ANTIPHO with SOPHRONA. PHAEDRIA and ANTIPHO each carry a bag, one labelled 'Spes Alba,' and the other 'Infans Batterseaensis.' They stand on opposite sides of the stage and glare at one another with folded arms.]

DAVUS. Pugiles ambo esse videntur.

(*Aside*) Displicet haec mihi gens; est cerebrosa nimis.

ANTIPHO (*talking to PHAEDRIA*). Dic mihi sis cuium os video? Quis homunculus audax

Me invictum pugnis provocat? Unde venit?

PHAEDRIA. Phaedria, si nescis. Vel Carpentarius ipse

Mecum invitatus proelia inire timet.

ANT. Pugnando tu illum? Aut unquam tu caestibus istas,

Phaedria, nexisti, flagitiose, manus?

PHAE. Nonne ego te audivi in nostro quondam amphitheatro

Uno ictu tactum procubuisse solo?

ANT. Parcius ista viris tamen obicienda memento. Vis quid possit uterque experiamur?

PHAE. Ita est.

Numquam hodie effugies, manibusque his, improbe, posthac

Pluribus efficiam dentibus ut careas.

ANT. (*addressing the others*). Equis praemia dat?

GETA. How blest who live in my official reign,
England, thy Golden Age comes back again.
Now come the times by Sybil's voice foretold
'Magnus ab int—'

CHREMES. Stop! That one's rather old.
What have you there?

DEM. A rabbit, naught but that!
This tiny rabbit from that great big hat!

CHREMES. It's dead!

GETA. What of it? None can e'er command
Success in all things. Yet of this I'm sure
One thing you wouldn't do, I've done. The
Ruhr

Is occupied no longer; Peace at hand.

Who's this now?

HEGIO. Whom do such strong arms defend?

DAVUS. And here's another, with a lady friend
Most strangely dressed.

[Enter from opposite sides PHAEDRIA arm-in-arm with NAUSISTRATA, and ANTIPHO with SOPHRONA. PHAEDRIA and ANTIPHO each carry a bag, one labelled 'Spes Alba,' and the other 'Infans Batterseaensis.' They stand on opposite sides of the stage and glare at one another with folded arms.]

Prize-fighters in the pink.

(*Aside*) But I don't like that sort; too hot, I think.

ANTIPHO. Now *who's* this mug? *Who's* anxious to be eaten?

The chap that wants to fight *me*, the unbeaten?

PHAEDRIA. Phaedria, I'd have you know. Carpentier

Fears to accept my challenge to the fray.

ANTIPHO. What you fight *him*? You put the gloves on, you!

Such feeble hands as yours are, Phaedria, too!

PHAEDRIA. Oh yes, I've heard how in the Albert Hall

You were knocked out first round.

ANTIPHO. Oh, is that all?

A point like that you know one should not press.

But shall we try what each is good for?

PHAEDRIA. Yes,
And from these hands not lightly shall you 'scape

That mug of yours with fewer teeth shall gape.

ANTIPHO. Who's putting up the purse?

PHAE. Sed qui venit aspice Crito
Digna mea fama praemia sufficiet.

[They remove their coats as CRITO enters with a small bag labelled 'AURUM,' which he places on the ground between them.]

CRITO. En gravidus sese victori sacculus offert.

ANT. (They put on their coats again.) Non satis est. (CRITO goes to side and returns with larger bag.)

PHAE. (feeling its weight). Parvumst. (CRITO fetches a very large bag.)

ANT. Optime, nunc loqueris.

PHAE. (feeling its weight). Euge! Bonum ovum!

CRITO (to DEMIPHO and CHREMES).

Hic te, te nunc habet ille secundum.

(Pushing the seconds to their respective sides.)

Cedite vos retro.

[GETA, HEGIO, DAVUS, NAUSISTRARA and SOPHRONA form a semi-circle at the back.]

Pergite iam pueri.

[ANTIPHO and PHAEDRIA remove coats, take gloves from bags and put them on. They square up to one another, and after a few feints PHAEDRIA knocks ANTIPHO out with the first blow. Count. PHAEDRIA picks up bag of gold and stands proudly in the middle of the stage. The rest applaud.]

SOPHRONA (going up to PHAEDRIA and taking his arm.)

Salve, noster amor!

NAUSISTRATA. Quid garris, improba? Non est Iste tuus. Meus est. (Shows her engagement ring.)

Annulus ipse probat.

SOPH. Mi placet, hoc satis est; sit pro ratione voluntas.

NAUS. Proh Pudor!

SOPH. Antiquos parce ciere deos.

Iamdudum iste Pudor languet, Nausistrata.

NAUS. Feles!

DAVUS. At saltem inter vos iudicet ipse.

GETA. Benest.

Heus tu, dic, illam praefers huic?

PHAE. (after hesitating between the two, points to SOPHRONA.) Hanc sequor.

NAUS. O mi

Phaedria, quo properas improbus ire?

SOPH. (waving her umbrella in triumph). Paris Iudicium bene dat. (She signals to the wings. Enter taxi-driver. She points to the bag.)

Nostra est (taxi-driver picks it up)

Victoria. (Taxi-driver touches his hat and exit with bag. To NAUSISTRATA.)

Tu valeas (walking off arm-in-arm with PHAEDRIA);

hodie dulcia poela (waving her hand) bibi.

PHAEDRIA. This gent will see
The prize is worth a champion like me.

CRITO. See! Here's the purse and may the best man win.

ANT. That's not enough.

PHAEDRIA. Too little.

ANT. You're getting in.

PHAEDRIA. Well done—good egg!

CRITO. You be his second: you
Be tother's. Stand back all. Now boys,
set to. (They fight.)

[ANTIPHO and PHAEDRIA remove coats, take gloves from bags and put them on. They square up to one another, and after a few feints PHAEDRIA knocks ANTIPHO out with the first blow. Count. PHAEDRIA picks up bag of gold and stands proudly in the middle of the stage. The rest applaud.]

SOPHRONA. Well done, my love.

NAUSISTRATA. Shut up, you shameless thing.
He's not your love, he's mine. See here's the ring.

SOPH. I like him; that's a quite sufficient reason.

NAUS. For shame!

SOPH. Oh, that's a notion out of season.

Shame's out of date, Nausistrata.

NAUS. You cat!

DAVUS. Can't he judge for himself?

GETA. Yes, make it that.

Which lady do you choose?

PHAEDRIA. My choice is here.

NAUS. Phaedria, where are you off to?

SOPH. Paris, dear!

Judgment of Paris! We have won. Good-bye!

This is our taxi. Spoils of victory! (Exit.)

NAUS. Quid faciam? Fraudes spretaeque iniuria
formae
Obscurant animos (*thinks and takes her
lassoo*). Hoc tamen auxilio est.
Protinus iniciam lasso retinacula collo,
Et Rhodio capiam fortia membra dolo (*runs
off after them*).

HEGIO. Curre.
(*They all try to see what is happening.*)

CRITO. Tenet?

DAVUS. Nondum.

DEMIPHO. Ah! Iam funem conicit.

GETA. Euge!

Ingenti spira corripuit medium.

DAVUS. Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos.
Frustra certantem en huc trahit illa virum.

[*Re-enter NAUSISTRATA dragging PHAEDRIA caught
in the lasso; he is carrying the bag of gold.
SOPHRONA follows dejected.*]

NAUS. (*out of breath*). Cautim—Phaedria mi—
tibi posthac invigilabo.

Da mihi sarcinulam (*he meekly hands the
bag to her*).

Non iterum effugies.

Nos ambo accipiet cras Mauritania, tales
Ne texas rursus, flagitiose, dolos (*relents
and offers him a bit of chewing gum*).

Gummi placet? (*He takes a piece, she
does the same, they are friends again.*)

Iuvat hoc nostras lenire querelas.

Iurgia sugendo composuisse bonumst.

PHAE. Mi placet hocce!

NAUS. Boni quoniam convenimus omnes,

Cur non Wembliacis iam cito porticibus
Huc succedimus? En foribus se limen apertis
Exhibuit. Nummos ipsa ego suppedito.

GETA. Admirabile consiliumst.

CETERI (*except DAVUS and SOPHRONA*). Sic dicimus
omnes!

[*Exeunt all except DAVUS and SOPHRONA into
the Exhibition. As they are moving off SOPHRONA
takes a looking-glass out of her bag and examines
her hair.*]

SOPH. Shingula iam tandem sunt odiosa mihi.
Antiquus modus est ornamentumque comarum
Simplex munditiis taedia dat. Quid agam?
Tonstrinam aspicio. (*Exit into a barber's
shop.*)

DAVUS. Varium et mutabile semper
Femina vana. (*Takes out pipe and fills it.*)

Magis tu mihi, Bacche, places.

Ecce iterum adgreditur. (*Re-enter SOPH-
RONA wearing a wig.*) Fit transformatio!

SOPH. Qualis
Est metamorphosis! Phaedria mi valeas!
Nonne natare alii dicuntur in aequore
pisces? (*Exit into Exhibition.*)

NAUS. What shall I do? He's spurned me and
betrayed me.

My wits are in a whirl. But this will aid me.
Strong as he is, I know a trick to catch him.
Rodeo and a rope may yet o'ermatch him.

HEGIO. Quick!

CRITO. Has she got him?

DAVUS. No, not yet.

DEMIPHO. Well thrown!

The lasso's round his neck, and he is down.

DAVUS. Vainly he tries to twist out of the coils.
See! Here he comes, still struggling in the
toils.

NAUS. Caught you, my lad; and this time you'll
remain.

Give me that bag. You shan't escape again.
Our passage for to-morrow we will fix

On board the *Mauritania*—No more tricks!
(*Relents.*) Have a bit? 'Twill be fine, if you'll
have some,

To make our quarrels up by chewing gum.

PHAEDRIA. Nyum—nyum!

NAUS. Well, since we're all good friends again,
Let's go to Wembley. Then who cares for
rain!

The open doors show us the nearest way
To the Exhibition. Come along, I'll pay.

GETA. A good idea.

THE REST. And so say all of us!

SOPHRONA. For shingling I no longer care a cuss,
I'm tiring of the good old-fashioned style,
Simplicity and neatness without guile!
Oh, here's a coiffeur's.

DAVUS. 'Mutable and various
Is woman.' 'Baccy' is less contrarious!
Lord! here she is; and what a transformatio-
tion!

SOPHRONA. I'm changed indeed, Phaedria, go
hang for me.
'There's other fish,' they say, 'found in the
sea.'

[Enter from Exhibition GETA struggling with DEMIPHO and CHREMES. GETA breaks loose.]
 GETA. Non ego per divum iuro hominumque fidem,
 Tantum in me admisi crimen.
 CHREMES. Sed quis fuit et quo
 Consilio?
 GETA (blandly). Rogitas? Quis nisi *Patricius*?
 DEMIPHO. O facinus! Tu consilium nonne ipse
 dedisti
 Tu comitesque tui, pessime?
 GETA. Consilia
 Nulla dedi. Consultum . . . inconsultum fuit.
 DEM. Ohe!
 Censura es dignus.
 GETA. Non ego.
 CHREMES. Vel potius.
 De tota re *inquire*.
 GETA. Magis divina placet mi
 Vox populi; populus mox dabit arbitrium.
 CHREMES. Sicine tu? Populus te sibilat.
 GETA. At mihi plaudo
 Ipse domi. Iustus propositique tenax
 Me laudo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris?
 Nescio, sed fieri sentio et—
 DEMIPHO. Excrucior!
 [DORIO and CRATINUS meanwhile have crept in
 cautiously unseen. They deposit a large red
 bomb on the ground and creep out again. The
 bomb smokes.]
 Est iam tempus abire. (*Turns to go off and
 sees bomb. Starts back in alarm. The
 others appear frightened.*)
 Sed haec quae machina fumat
 Inferna? (*To GETA*) Anne tui clam posuere
 solo
 Sodales?
 CHREMES (*sniffing*). Nasus Russos olfactat odores.
 GETA (*shaking his fist as if at DORIO*). Quos ego—
 (*approaches the bomb cautiously; very
 seriously*). Sed vere est machina terri-
 bilis.
 DEM. Est genuina, putas?
 GETA. Immo credo . . . aut genuina . . .
 Aut falsa est . . . dubiumst (*Confidently*).
 Res tamen omnimodo
 Publica salva manet me duce et auspice me.
 [Picks up bomb and exit, followed by CHREMES.
 A loud explosion is heard. GETA staggers back
 on to the stage and collapses.]
 GETA. O qualem artificem me occidunt! (*Dies*.
 DORIO pokes his head round the corner.)
 DAVUS (*pointing at DORIO excitedly*). Edidit iste
 Hoc facinus!
 DEM. (*kneels and feels GETA's heart*). Vere est
 mortuus. (*Aside*.) Ast ego sum
 Vivus adhuc. (*Addressing the body*.) Quam-
 vis post mortem surgere doctus,

(Enter GETA, struggling.)

GETA. I take my oath and solemn declaration,
 I never did it.
 CHREMES. Who did then?
 GETA. Of course
 It was Sir Patrick.
 DEMIPHO. Fie, that's worse and worse!
 You and your Cabinet, you *did* suggest . . .
 GETA. No I made no suggestion—only a kind
 Of mention—but without suggestion, mind.
 DEM. Censure is what you need.
 GETA. No, no.
 CHREMES. 'Twere best
 To hold an enquiry, and to make it wide.
 GETA. I'd rather have the people's voice decide.
 CHREMES. They hiss you.
 GETA. But at home, in modest pride,
 I praise myself; perchance you may enquire
 why so I do.
 I know not, but I know 'tis so . . .
 DEMIPHO. I've had enough of you.
 DEMIPHO. 'Tis time to go. But what's this
 villainous thing
 All smoking? Did your worthy comrades
 bring
 This here?
 CHREMES. I smell a very Russian stink.
 GETA. Oh, if I . . . Yes, it really is, I think . . .
 DEMIPHO. You think it genuine?
 GETA. Genuine, I believe:
 Or forged perhaps—for forgery can deceive.
 But while I'm Premier, of this be sure,
 The public safety's perfectly secure.
 [Explosion. GETA staggers back.]
 Oh, what an artist perishes in me!
 DAVUS. Look! There's the chap: 'e did it!
 DEMIPHO. Truly he
 Is dead—But I'm alive!—And tho' so clever
 Is your 'post-mortem' surgery, you'll never
 From this by any art of medicine rise.

Non surges iterum ; ars nil medicina valet.
 Vita fugit, densaeque oculos pressere tenebrae ;
 ' Actum ' inque, ' est de me ' ! Trade coronam
 alii ! (Rising.)
 ὦς ἀπόλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε 'ρέζοι'

[Enter PHORMIO in search of the bag he has left behind. He sees on the ground a packet of chewing-gum which NAUSISTRATA has dropped. He picks it up and tastes it.]

PHORMIO. *O dea ! Quid lingo ? (Comes forward and speaks to the audience.)*

Vosne probatis ? Ego

Talia dispeream si possum ferre, Quirites.

Sistere iam ludos tardior hora iubet.

Res manet una tamen post quam discedere
 fas est ;

Antiqua haec solito ' Floreat ' aula sonet !

Life's fled ; and darkness closes o'er your eyes,
 So say ' I'm out and down
 To others pass the crown.'

ὦς ἀπόλοιτο καὶ ἄλλος ὅτις τοιαῦτά γε 'ρέζοι'

[Enter PHORMIO.]

PHORMIO. Heavens, what a lingo ! Do you like it, pray ?

Curse me if I can stand it anyway.

But it grows late, and we must end our ' Play.'

There's but one thing before we go, and that
 Is, as of old, to give you ' Floreat.'

FLOREAT.

Correspondence.

THE ' PHORMIO,' 1924.

To the Editor of ' The Elizabethan.'

SIR,—It was the misfortune of your critic that he was only able to attend one night of the Play. It needs two visits at least to ripen acquaintance to the point at which criticism becomes confident or worthy even of an indignant reception. So much by way of an apology.

The general impression carried away from this year's Play is in any case clear enough. All reports from the two nights on which I did not attend confirm it. In my opinion and in the opinion of those better qualified to judge, the ' Phormio ' of 1924 was played with a spirit and a vigour equal to the best which the Westminster stage has seen and such as the years since the war have hardly given us. The latter part of that statement must be taken as measure not of readiness to praise the more distant past—the past has a good conceit of itself and praise would be wasted on it—but of eagerness to hail new talent. It is evident that College at the present time has more than its quota of actors. In recent years the star parts have not been unsuccessful in finding star performers. The star parts of this year's Play were excellently done. We found merit where we had a right to find it and rejoiced. We also found conspicuous merit where Terence gives us no right to expect it, and rejoiced still more. Some of the minor characters had been studied with feeling and imagination and were very material contributions to the success of the cast as a whole. This

is equally true of Play and Epilogue. One larger part, which we have been accustomed to regard as beyond redemption, was most handsomely redeemed. Everyone remembers the year when Dash was so brilliant as Puer or when Blank brought down the house as Storax. (Delicate ground, this.) I think we shall remember the Play of 1924 as the one in which, with the least effort of faith and piety, we crossed the line of amiable tolerance and found ourselves believing implicitly in the existence of one Phaedria. For that surprising deception we owe Mr. Howell our collective thanks. They suggest no disparagement of his fellow-actors. Far from it. Others there were who made exceptionally good running, but they did not have the fortune to be carrying Phaedria's weight.

Of the Play in general, it must be said further that it was taken cleanly and crisply throughout. The intervals seemed shorter than usual. The dialogue went at a smooth and natural pace and did not bump over the cues. *Pace* some of the public prints, I thought that the blind-eye and quis-me-vult situations were handled with whatever ingenuity is possible within the limits of a narrow convention and our modern stage, and that the placing of the actors to grapple with this Terentian predicament was well devised. (Would it not be the most plausible method, wherever practicable, to get the retreating slave clear of the stage before one of these recognition-passages begins, so that he may roar his ' Quis homo est ? ' from the wings or back and supply, if not himself, at least the audience with grounds for his subsequent astonishment ? Deaf to well-known

voices, it is decreed, he must be—but blind, too? The audience can be relied upon at all times to be good-natured or instructed, or both, but it might appreciate some such little attention.) Very little was seen of stage-fidgets—a commendably stable cast. Only those who do not know what it is to act in thick and wrinkly fabric gloves and stockings will venture a word about gesture. A long and acrimonious correspondence on ‘fleshings’ once raged in your columns. It seems almost time that space permitted it should rage again.

My next duty follows logically from these premises. It is to congratulate the Captain, Mr. E. C. LESTER, on a very successful Play. In his first appearance as Prologus he set a standard for the evening in clear, unflinching and significant speaking. Therein he was abetted by the happily turned lines he had to speak. His Phormio in the Play showed all the required command and composure. He was always the cool master of himself and the stage. If I had a criticism to offer, it would be that he had taken Hamlet’s counsel to the players too strictly. He hardly filled out all the flowing lines of Phormio’s rather sporting rascality. Phormio deserves that the modesty of nature should be something o’erstepped. But this is a matter of interpretation and opinion. Some will prefer their Phormio fatter, some leaner. None will dispute with Mr. Lester a very competent piece of acting.

Davus (Mr. A. B. L. MURISON) was the opening character in the Epilogue as he also is in the Play. I think it would be possible to guess which part he preferred. In the second innings he showed us some masterly strokes and made no mistake. Davus in the Play is not a long part, but by no means without its opportunities to score. If it was lack of confidence that caused Mr. Murison to poke at them, the Epilogue proved it to be quite unwarranted. Antipho is a poorer and more lachrymose creature than Phaedria. Perhaps it was easy to put, as I did on the score of past performances, my expectations of Mr. J. H. SHAKESPEARE too high. Mr. Shakespeare had a thankless rôle and never quite settled to it. For that I should be prepared to make, not him, but Antipho responsible.

I have already made mention of Mr. Howell’s Phaedria. It was an easy and natural piece of acting throughout. To meet Phaedria again and to find him neither insipid nor gauche, not an exciting creation, but at least modelled in the human likeness, was a rare pleasure. Demipho was in the hands of Mr. A. J. D. WINNIFRITH, and they proved to be safe hands. It is very easy to make Demipho a ranter and a bore. Mr. Winni-

frith’s restraint guarded him, and he always had something in hand for his climaxes. His voice had the authentic tone of the part. The three lawyers (Mr. D. C. WATHERSTONE, Mr. M. F. L. HAYMES and Mr. H. PAGAN) were profound, polished and sententious, and made their contribution with even more than the traditional dignity. There was a touch of Mr. Nigel Playfair about their synchronised bowings. I, for one, am not going to complain that their scene should have been so frankly conventionalised. It has an existence almost apart from the Play. The shrill ‘res magerest’ is a distinct heirloom of Dormitory. Indeed, the old stager who wanted to pick a hole would probably point out that in 1924 it lacked something in shrillness and substituted three words for the customary two. Mr. J. M. H. HOARE, with the imaginative assistance of the maker-up, presented Dorio to my captivated gaze as the most cold-blooded, insolent, mercenary and enchanting ruffian that ever engaged in blackmail. It was a highly finished study, on which I congratulate Mr. Hoare most heartily. Chremes (Mr. H. F. PEREIRA) was an excellent foil to Demipho. His Chremes fitted perfectly into the scheme of things—a pleasant, likeable, irresponsible old gentleman, most innocent in his guile, most pitiable in his discomfiture. Mr. E. F. BARLOW (Sophrona) is another for whom we hope there is a Play or two still to come. He was capital as Sophrona Nutrix. Transformed into Sophrona Jeune Fille, he showed other powers in a brisk, confident and amusing performance. Nausistrata (Mr. S. CHAPMAN) was less of a shrew than usual and none the worse for that. Ignoring the *ex parte* and conscience-stricken evidence of Chremes (‘*saeva*,’ etc.), we have nothing to suggest the virago in Nausistrata.

If Chremes always got off as lightly as in the last scene, he was lucky. She was a much-provoked woman who yet had not parted with her sense of humour. Such Mr. Chapman rightly made her. When, in the famous line, she (he) bit off Chremes’s head for offering deprecatory comment on Phaedria’s love affairs, the applause of the audience was true discernment such as even the discipline of the ‘gods’ does not command. I come last to Geta (Mr. A. L. BINNEY). Geta, like his compeers elsewhere in Terence, is very nearly the hero of the piece. If he failed, no one else’s brilliance could retrieve the disaster. The more depends on him because Terence has not designed him to live as rapidly or as dangerously as, for example, Davus in the Andria. Mr. Binney saw to it that Geta did not fail. It is a pleasure to round off this account of the Phormio with an acknowledgment of his ability and success. A first-rate Play.

AN O.W. REUNION.

AMONG the audience assembled on the third night of the Play were six members of the Election who were seniors in 1874. They had met together in a similar way once before—at the Play of 1907, but the present occasion was of the nature of a Jubilee. The reunion of so many closely-allied contemporaries at their old School after the lapse of so long a period must be a very unusual occurrence anywhere. How unusual it is at Westminster is indicated by the fact that of the three later Elections (1875-7) not one single member was present at this year's Play, and of the three earlier Elections (1871-3) only one member.

The names of the six veterans, in their Election order, are E. V. Arnold, late Professor of Latin in Bangor University, P. G. L. Webb, C.B., C.B.E., late Assistant Comptroller in the Patent Office, Board of Trade, Walter C. C. Ryde, K.C., W. H. A. Cowell, G. Murray Hill, and Sir Charles Fortescue-Brickdale, late head of the Land Registry.

*
THE FIELDS.

K.SS. v. T.BB.

This match, which took place on December 4 last term, has been changed from its traditional place at the end of the Lent Term to a date earlier in the year, following the House Matches. The alteration took place at the suggestion of Mr. Knight, and has advantages for all concerned. The game this year resulted in a win for Town Boys by six goals to none; but was not so unequal as the score would suggest. Particularly during the second half K.SS. put up an energetic defence; and although playing against a much stronger and heavier side, managed to give the Town Boys a good game. Four of the goals were scored during the first half and the other two just on time.

K.SS.—M. F. L. Haymes, E. C. Lester, A. A. G. Black, P. May, W. A. Macfarlane, S. Chapman, C. H. V. Sutherland, H. L. Jones, K. H. L. Cooper, J. B. Sturdy, P. D. Taylor.

T.BB.—L. Clare, C. A. Harvey, J. C. A. Johnson, C. P. Allen, S. J. P. Rock, A. Clare, M. M. W. Wingate, W. K. Allen, H. F. Bull, G. L. Oliver Watts, O. G. Waller.

WESTMINSTER v. CASUALS.

(Lost, 0-6.)

Played on January 22 under excellent conditions; the School were outclassed from the start. Being very much the heavier side, the Casuals got through at first mainly by weight, and scored two goals in the first half. Hepburn and Lindsay on their right-wing were always dangerous when in possession, whereas our forward line failed to take

advantage of their opportunities when in front of goal. The second half marked a revival on our part, and we were down at their goal much more than in the first half, mainly owing to C. P. Allen on the left-wing. Hepburn scored three times in the second half, and later a fourth goal was added. A. Clare in goal, despite the score, played excellently.

Westminster.—A. Clare, J. A. Cook, L. Clare, M. F. L. Haymes, G. E. Johnstone, W. K. Allen, M. M. Wingate, C. F. Bull, S. J. P. Rock, J. H. Lindsay, C. P. Allen.

Casuals.—H. N. Homer, H. Cook, R. H. Couchman, A. Jeacocke, G. C. Miller, J. G. Orange, R. M. Lindsay, S. F. Hepburn, J. G. Williams, J. S. Wallace, M. B. Lawson.

WESTMINSTER v. H.A.C.

(Lost, 2-0.)

Playing on January 24, the first eleven suffered another defeat at the hands of H.A.C. Throughout the game our defence was superior to the attack, A. Clare in particular doing good work. The forwards were ineffectual in their efforts to score, though Rock nearly succeeded in doing so by a good head. Time was called at 3.55 owing to the failure of light caused by the eclipse.

Westminster.—A. Clare, C. R. Lane, J. A. Cook, W. K. Allen, L. Clare, M. F. L. Haymes, C. P. Allen, J. H. Lindsay, S. J. P. Rock, A. M. Shepley-Smith, M. M. Wingate.

H.A.C.—Clarke, Thompson, Taylor, Mackenrot, Clay, Holden, Mackenrot, Austin, Covington, Scole, Cox.

WESTMINSTER v. LANCING OLD BOYS.

(Lost, 0-6.)

Played on January 31. A disastrous match ended in defeat by six goals. Our opponents broke through twice at the beginning of the game, and scored through Matthews and Bax. After this, Westminster made an effort and looked like scoring. The second half, however, proved too much for our powers, and by an almost continuous assault four more goals were added to their score.

Westminster.—L. Clare, J. A. Cook, C. P. Allen, A. M. Shepley-Smith, S. J. P. Rock, A. Clare, W. K. Allen, M. J. Lindsay, M. M. Wingate, C. R. Lane, G. E. Johnstone.

Old Lancing Boys.—A. L. Hilder, C. E. Mercer, J. P. Crown, W. F. Pearce, F. A. Ferguson, B. R. Forster, W. S. Radford, M. G. W. Matthews, G. H. Coley, E. M. Bax, J. R. Stranack.

WESTMINSTER II. v. ST. ANDREW'S BOY'S CLUB.

(Lost, 0-3.)

Played on the same day, this match was an uninspiring performance interspersed with a good deal of foul play; which, however, appeared to escape the notice of the umpire. St. Andrew's deserved to win, if only because we deserved to lose.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

ONE of the most interesting lectures of the Play term was held on November 26, when F. R. Guymer, Esq. (O.W.), spoke on 'The Applications of X-Rays to Surgery.' After a brief explanation of the properties of the rays, the lecturer described the diseases that can be diagnosed by their aid. So gruesome were his descriptions of fractures and ulcers, illustrated by a series of slides from X-Ray photos, that we were quite prepared to find ourselves at the end afflicted with 'stones in the kidney,' acute arthritis, leprosy, and other dire diseases. We were reassured, however, when Mr. Guymer assured us that these maladies were pleasures in store for us, since we were not old and decrepit enough to indulge in them as yet.

Through the kind offices of Mr. Rudwick, we received on December 5 the honour of a visit from Sir Richard Paget. The attendance at this lecture on the 'Production of Vocal Sounds' was, thanks to the counter-attraction of a School Concert, a record one. Sir Richard's work on this subject is too well known to need, and too comprehensive and intricate to obtain, any adequate account here. The recollections that we retained from our enjoyable evening was that he had begun his work by analysing the vowel sounds into their component notes, had identified and plotted these notes, and then had started to make machines that would reproduce these sounds. The various stages leading to final success were illustrated by the demonstration of the different instruments used from those which, when blown through, emitted a's and e's, to those which, with incredibly deft manipulation of fingers and hands, were made to produce whole sentences at will.

In short, whether explaining the method he had used to ensure perfect silence when analysing the sounds; making his instruments produce human speech in uncanny fashion; showing the theoretical differences between the Kensingtonian 'paper' and the Cockney 'poiper,' or giving his views on free English and phonetic—or is it 'fonetik'—spelling, the lecturer at once interested and entertained us.

—*—

AN UNKNOWN JOHN RUSSELL.

ABOUT twenty years ago a book appeared bearing the above title and containing extracts from letters left in a country house in the eighteenth century. Most of them were addressed to a John Russell who was appointed Consul at Tetuan in 1726, subsequently served as Clerk of the Cheque at Woolwich and Deptford, became British Minister at the Court

of Portugal in 1751, and died at Lisbon in the following year. He had a son also named John Russell who can be claimed as an O.W., though our information concerning him is incomplete. For instance, we do not know his mother's maiden name, though it would appear to have been Aubrey.

The evidence as to the son's connection with Westminster seems fairly conclusive, for in 1751 the father wrote to Lord Holderness:

'I have had the honour of being in His Majesty's service almost fifty years; had the honour to be sent twice to the Court of the Emperor of Morocco; renewed the peace and redeemed the captives; and was so happy to have my negotiations meet with His Majesty's approbation; when I came home from my second Embassy for the benefit of my son's going to Westminster School, I took a house in Barton Street, opposite to where your Lordship boarded.'

And a Mr. Latton, who seems to have succeeded John Russell the father at Tetuan, writes to him thence on July 10, 1733:

'I suppose your son is become a Grammarian from ye learned soil of Westminster.'

John Russell, the son, and his brother Edward (who died in 1734) may be the 'Russell, Major' and 'Russell, Min.' whose names appear in the School List dated February, 1728, in which also occurs the name of 'Robertus, Comes de Holderness.'

John Russell, the son, started life as purser to Admiral Byng (then Captain Byng of H.M.S. *Sutherland*), with whom he saw some service in the West Indies and on the North American station. In 1744 he was with the Channel Fleet in the *Captain*. But he did not care for his employment. 'I do not know who would be a Purser,' he writes to his father; 'to run as many hazards as we do and then not have our Ballance bills paid. I assure you if ever I have two or three hundred pounds to spare, I'll buy into the Marines.' Subsequently he was employed on shore at Gibraltar, whence he writes:

'I rest quite easy till you are pleased to get my place of abode altered to a different climate (I mean England), and I believe upon such agreeable tidings coming to me, I should conform to the long established rules of Gib. to get Drunk for once, though all their rhetoric and art at present cannot prevail upon me.'

Eventually he was appointed naval officer at Chatham, and was living at Greenwich in 1794, whence he wrote an indignant letter to his brother-in-law, Samuel Eyre, of New House, Wilts, sometime M.P. for New Sarum. But one searches the

correspondence in vain for any trace of the School as he must have remembered it in the last days of Friend.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CLUB (1919) LTD.

61, CURZON STREET,
LONDON, W. 1.

Candidates for election to the above Club may within 12 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.*



School Notes.

ON Sunday, February 1, a party of Australian schoolboys visited Westminster and were shown over the School, and entertained to lunch in Hall.

The Ireland Prize for Latin Verse was won by H. F. de C. Pereira.

The Gumbleton Prize for English Verse was also won by H. F. de C. Pereira.

The Phillimore Translation Prize was won by S. Chapman.

The collection on the Feast of the Purification amounted to £3 os. 5d.

On Friday, February 6, the School was privileged to hear a lecture by Dr. D. J. Hogarth, of the Hellenic Society, on 'Digging in the Near East.'

Old Westminsters.

WESTMINSTERS have done most things; but Lord Headley is perhaps the first Westminister who has refused a throne. It is said that the Crown of Albania has been refused by him on three occasions.

The Rev. J. H. Armitstead, Vicar of Sandbach, has been appointed an Honorary Canon of Chester.

The Rev. W. Cyril Mayne, Principal of Bishop's College, Cheshunt, has been appointed Rector of Poplar.

Mr. A. G. N. Cross has been awarded a Craven Scholarship at Cambridge.

Mr. A. C. T. Perkins has been appointed Senior Casualty Officer at King's College Hospital.

Mr. A. Hyde has been called to the Bar at the Inner Temple.

Mr. E. C. T. Edwards has been rowing regularly in the Oxford Boat, and there is every likelihood of his rowing in the Boat Race. It is some years since Westminster has had a Rowing Blue.

Mr. R. G. H. Lowe has been elected Hon. Secretary of the C.U.A.F.C. for next Season.



Marriages.

MCCANCE-BOWER.—On December 1, Captain H. M. McCance, late the Royal Scots, to Amy, younger daughter of the late Canon Bower, of Carlisle, and Mrs. Bower, Canterbury.

SHEARMAN-WHITE.—On December 10, Captain C. E. G. Shearman, Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, to Evelyn Winifred, only child of Lt.-Col. F. A. K. White, R.E., of Colchester.



Our Contemporaries.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—

Harrovian, Marlburian, Haileyburian, Eton College Chronicle, Cantuarian, Ulula, Wykhamist, Salopian, Meteor, Wellingtonian, Our Boys' Magazine, St. Edward's School Chronicle, Bradfield College Chronicle, Rossalian, Artist Rifles Journal, Blue, Ousel, Malvernian, Edinboro' Academy Chronicle, Fetesian, Trinity University Review, Stoneyhurst Magazine, Tonbridgian, Felstedian, Albanian, Beaumont Review, Allynian.

Obituary.

WE regret to have to record the deaths of several old Westminsters.

A very senior Westminster has passed away in Canon CECIL EDWARD FISHER, who died on January 13, at the age of 86. He was the youngest son of the Rev. W. Fisher, Canon of Salisbury, and was at Westminster from 1851 to 1857. As Captain of the School he spoke the Prologue to the 'Andria' in 1856. From Westminster he was elected to Christ Church. Much of his clerical career was spent in the diocese of Lincoln. He was Vicar of Grantham for some years and a Prebendary of Lincoln. From 1890 to 1904 he was Vicar of St. Peter's, Bournemouth. Since that date he had lived in retirement at Shirley Warren, new Southampton.

A contemporary of his, ALAN STEWART, died on Christmas Day. He was the younger brother of Admiral Walter Stewart (O.W.), and a son of Arthur Stewart, a descendant of the Earls of Galloway. Through his mother, a daughter of Spencer Madan (adm. 1770), he could trace a Westminster descent of several generations. He was admitted in 1854 and elected into College in 1859. He acted in the 'Andria' of 1862, when the present Lord Phillimore (as Captain) spoke the Prologue, and until a year or two ago it was his proud boast that he had never missed a Westminster Play since he left. He was called to the bar in 1869. His son was at the School in the 90's. With his death there has passed away a very loyal Westminster who all his life was proud of having been at the School, and took the keenest interest in its welfare.

ARTHUR PRICE HILL was up Grant's from 1869 to 1873, when he was elected to Trinity. He was ordained in 1878 and became a Naval Chaplain. He was present at the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. After his retirement he became in 1910 Chaplain to the British Legation at Vienna. He died there on November 28, aged 70.

PERCY VIPONT WEIR was at the School from 1873 to 1876. He died on February 5, aged 65.

Many of our readers will be grieved to hear that VICTOR HENRY CARTWRIGHT lost his life

in distressing circumstances on December 3 last. Born in 1907, he was at the School, as a member of Ashburnham House, from 1921 to 1923, when he left to take up engineering. A few months ago he joined his elder brother on a cotton plantation at Douglas, Griqualand West. On December 1, while attending to some machinery, he was shockingly injured by burning oil. It was found that the only chance of saving his life was to take him to the hospital at Kimberley. This involved a long drive over rough country roads. He was in a terribly exhausted condition when he reached Kimberley, and soon after his admission to the hospital he died. For thirty-six hours he had suffered intense pain. He bore it—so we learn from the doctor who attended him—with a truly heroic courage and self-control.

Cartwright will be remembered at Westminster as a cheerful, contented boy, keen on the School, and, in spite of serious ill-health, eager to share in its activities. At home he was a devoted son. His mother writes, 'Tell his schoolfellows how he died, and ask them to try to be the same joy and blessing to their mothers as he ever was to me.'

Correspondence.

DR. SCOTT AND THE SUB-DEAN.

LINCOLN'S INN,
January, 1925.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

DEAR SIR,—The story told by Mr. Walter C. Ryde (in your December number) of Lord John Thynne's encounter with Dr. Scott and Mr. Bovill was current all through my time at Westminster; though I certainly never heard it from any of the three persons implicated. It was never to my knowledge explained how the act of trespass was committed. It will be remembered that Ashburnham House was then cut off from Little Dean's Yard by the wall and gateway referred to by Mr. Ryde. The gateway was always closed, and the trespassers can hardly have got over the wall.

The story had a sequel of a sort. In 1879 the Play was *Trinummus*, and the official Epilogue was so feeble that another was written for private circulation in College; this other Epilogue of course was never performed, being (I fear) rather scurrilous. It followed to some extent the plot of *Trinummus*, in which Charmides comes home to find that his house has been disposed of during his absence. In the Epilogue Lord John Thynne was supposed to be dead, and Charmides represented his ghost; Dr. Scott was given the part of Megaronides and Mr. Bovill that of the Sycophant. Charmides returned from the other side of Styx to Ashburnham House with the intention of evicting the School who had taken possession; but was routed by Megaronides and the Sycophant, who assured him that if he haunted the house the School would make the place too hot to hold him. So Scott

and Bovill were to that extent revenged; popular sympathy being with them and not with the Sub-Dean, who was regarded as an obstructionist.

Yours faithfully,
W. A. PECK.

PS.—On the other point raised by Mr. Ryde's letter may I add that the late Judge Wheeler, K.C., told me many years ago that the inscription on the Memorial in Broad Sanctuary was written by Scott.

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOOL REGISTER.

7A, OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MANSIONS,
MARYLEBONE ROAD, N.W. 1.
January 16, 1925.

To the Editor of 'The Elizabethan.'

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

Williams, Francis Ernest; adm. 1877, left 1880.
Williams, George Arthur; adm. 1864, left 1865.
Williams, George Harvey Graham; adm. 1866, left 1867.
Wimbush, John Ewart Barnes; adm. 1881, left 1884.
Winans, Ross Revillon; adm. 1866.
Winans, William George; adm. 1867.
Woodhouse, Clause Henry Chaloner; adm. 1882, left 1885.
Woodley, Francis William; adm. 1864, left 1865.

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.'

SIR,—It is not often that your readers are moved to complaint, but there is one matter which I feel ought to be brought more forcibly before the eyes of the authorities: I mean the state of the Fives Courts. One might have thought that the few which we possess would have made up in quality what they lacked in quantity. If we had thirty courts to care for, a certain amount of neglect might be excusable. But having only three, there seems no reason why they should not be kept in a fit condition. As it is they are so rough that a pair of gym. shoes wears out in a single afternoon's hard play, while balls often go through the covers before they split at the seams.

The walls are so cracked and stained, that one wonders whether apology is offered to visitors before asking them to play here. Personally, I consider that they should not only be refaced but also covered in. They would certainly not be any more of an eyesore in that condition than they are now.

I do not for a moment suppose that this letter will have any result. A letter to the *Elizabethan* usually has about as much effect as writing to *John Bull* about it; but if indignation makes verses it also makes prose, and I feel that possibly this may meet the eye of one who, like myself, has an interest in the game, and who, unlike myself, has some influence in the matter.

Yours faithfully,
555.

SELECTED ADDRESSES OF JAMES GOW.

(Macmillan & Co.)

ALL O.W.'s, especially those who were at the School between 1901 and 1919, will, we are sure, be glad to have their attention drawn to a volume of selected addresses by the late Dr. Gow. With two exceptions, these consist of sermons preached in Abbey to the School on Saints' Days and Election Sundays, and included among them is the beautiful and touching address delivered at the O.W. Memorial Service held in Abbey on April 7, 1919. The selection is a typical one: all the sermons are characteristic of the man who preached them, and as one reads, one recalls vividly his attitude and hears the tones of his voice.

The prefatory memoir by Mr. R. M. Barrington-Ward is a model of what such a memoir should be, and adds greatly to the value of the volume, giving as it does a delightful and appreciative account of a great headmaster by one who was in close contact with him.

OLD WESTMINSTERS LODGE, No. 2233.

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

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

NOTICES.

ALL contributions to the March number of THE ELIZABETHAN should reach the Editor at 3, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W. 1, before March 1, 1925.

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.

The terms of subscription to THE ELIZABETHAN are as follows (payable in advance):—

	£	s.	d.
ANNUAL (payment in advance)	0	5	0
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LIFE COMPOSITION	6	5	0
„ „ (after the age of 30)	5	0	0
„ „ („ „ „ 40)	3	15	0
„ „ („ „ „ 50)	2	10	0

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.

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